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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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By Old, Sea-Washed Beyrout.

It Lies in the Lap of the Mediterranean, and is as Venerable as History Itself—Probably of Phœnician Origin—The Scene of Great Gospel Activity—Its People and Their Progress.

AMONG those cities of antiquity that have preserved their identity to the present day, there are few that are better known to travelers in the East than Beyrout. It is identified by many historians with the Berothah of the Phœnicians, and has for many centuries been an important seaport. It lies on the Mediterranean coast, nearly sixty miles northwest of Damascus, and is situated on rising ground, on a

tinian's reign it was one of the few places in the empire at which law was permitted to be taught, and its colleges were held in the highest estimation. Nearly 1,400 years ago, an earthquake inflicted general damage on the city, but it was again rebuilt. Baldwin I., the Crusader, captured it from the Moslems after a determined siege, in 1111, but it again fell into the hands of the Turks in the seventeenth century, after having

many European structures, including churches and schools. Indeed, in some parts, it has the appearance of a European or American city.

Beyrout has long been a renowned centre of missionary work, which has been prosecuted vigorously for fully forty years by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and for nearly half of that time by the American Presbyterian Board. Large



THE FAMOUS SYRIAN SEAPORT OF BEYROUT, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

promontory known as Jebeler-Rosesh. The Beyrout of to-day (which is shown in the colored illustration on this page) probably bears but slight resemblance to the ancient city which was once under the supremacy of Sidon, one of the most famous of Oriental seaports in the time of the Jewish kings. About 140 years before Christ, it was levelled by Trypho, the Syrian usurper, being restored nearly two hundred years afterward by the elder Agrippa, after the Roman invasion, and raised to the dignity of a Roman colony. In the third century Beyrout was a noted school of law, and in Jus-

been the leading city of the Druses during the long interval. In 1772, it was bombarded by a Russian fleet, and in 1840 almost destroyed by an English naval force.

Since that time, Beyrout has languished, and has never attempted to regain its old influence and prosperity, although it is still the most important of Syrian seaports and a point of general interest for the tourist. Its streets are wide and its buildings lofty and spacious, while the suburbs are beautifully interspersed with orchards and gardens. Like most Eastern cities, it abounds in mosques and bazaars, although there are

numbers of native youth of both sexes have been educated and sent throughout Syria as preachers and teachers of the Gospel. Every year brings an extension of the mission work in the city and suburbs, among a population as varied in character as that of any city in the world, and which includes Druses, Mohammedans, Maronites, Greeks, Arabs and other races. Girls' and boys' schools, ragged schools, orphanages, hospitals and many excellent charities and philanthropies have been established and are in successful operation, supported by various Christian denominations.



From Lilies to Thorns.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text, II. Corinthians 8: 9: . . .



HAT all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. To describe his celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, grey of chrysoprase, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rail, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediter-

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

anean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the prince rose from all the blissful circumjacence, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn-door. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was, examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and see what vineyard, or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the Senate. The world had ap-

plause for imperial butchers, but buffet-ing for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing-smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath-breaker, wine-bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from cover to cover to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused his cause, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If he had a purse at all it was empty, or we would have heard what the soldiers did with the contents. Poor? The pigeon in the dove-cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk-worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ had not. A poet says:

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
On the bosom of the cliff.
If almost with eagle pinion
O'er the Alps the chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion
Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about three o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly

of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let in the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:
Amazing grace, how sweet, the sound,
That saved a wretch like I, etc.

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound
And all the earth shall bear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is titled, "Grace Abounding." "For the grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when being examined for admission into church membership he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest!" Oh the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king ordered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief that saved the jailer, that saved not that the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. And there are here hundreds homesick for heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments. For the sick, very homesick, for the father and the mother, and the music that you hear now is the song of free grace, the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor!"

Yes, yes; for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. "For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall or your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sakes!" For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this, than this earth is poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up.

Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, nor an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered to be constructed. Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the North, but our Father's house with the wide heart crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer: something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

Our Congress and Struggling Cuba.

Intervention Hardly Probable, but American Sympathy Strongly Excited — Premier Canovas Speaks for Spain — She will never Consent to let Cuba Go.

greatly aided their cause. Late advices from Havana, received in Washington, represent the revolutionary movement as still active and hopeful, though the military leaders are depressed in consequence of the serious illness of Gen. Maximo Gomez, the leader of the revolution. Gomez is an old man, and the death of Maceo seems to have weighed heavily upon him. He is said to be physically unable to perform the duties of a military leader, and it is even asserted that he has signified his willingness to end the war, provided this can be arranged through the friendly offices of the United States government. Just what his conditions are, or how reliable the rumor of his intentions may be, as a whole, cannot now be known. Should the statement concerning Gomez's attitude prove to be well-founded, the present Cuban campaign, like all its predecessors, may soon terminate. Spain giving assurance of such concessions as would be most likely to restore tranquility and confidence on the island. The whole story, however, is scouted by the Cuban Junta

emphatic manner in the present controversy. He declares that Spain means to continue the war in Cuba until her sovereignty is acknowledged; and that, while his country is ready to grant local self-government to the island, it will only do so after the insurrection has been completely subdued. Spain, he adds, does not court war with the United States, but will, nevertheless, resist with all the forces at her command any aggressive movement on the part of our government. Spain will not yield an inch to force or threats, nor will she consent to be directed in her domestic affairs by any other government. She seeks peace, but will not shrink from war in any matter touching her honor. If we force war upon her, he says, Spain will defend herself; but she will not be the aggressor. Premier Castillo then proceeds to discuss the possibility of a Cuban republic, which he declares would be a very grave menace to the peace of America, and a worse experiment in its results than Hayti. At no time has our Administration believed it probable that the Cuban difficulty



SENATOR J. D. CAMERON.



OUR controversy with Spain over Cuba continues to engross the attention of the nation, as no other topic has done since the memorable trouble with Chili several years ago. Now, as then, there is a very ardent and enthusiastic element among our people, who favor the adoption of a policy by our government that would have the result of bringing matters quickly to a focus. On the other hand, the more conservative, in and out of Congress, advise making haste slowly, hoping that the difficulty may be adjusted satisfactorily, without involving a diplomatic rupture that might lead to serious results. In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the story was told of the passage of Senator Cameron's now famous Cuban recognition resolution by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and also of Secretary of State Olney's opinion dissenting from that resolution, claiming for the President the exclusive right to act in such a contingency, and intimating that a Presidential veto awaited any resolution of recognition, if passed by Congress. This contention has been widely and warmly discussed, in and out of Congress, and both sides have many advocates. Its effect has been to delay Congressional action. There is much disappointment among Cuban sympathizers with the prospect of American intervention being postponed, as the recognition of Cuba at the present time, they believe, would have



ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN.



HON. RICHARD OLNEY, SECRETARY OF STATE.

late, and as the wealthy people of the country have furnished the necessary funds to continue the war in Cuba, Gen. Weyler will no doubt continue to receive reinforcements with due regularity. With two costly campaigns already under way, Spain would seemingly risk a third than abate one jot of her claim of supremacy in the interest of humanity and justice. Her prompt rejection of the friendly offer by our government to aid in bringing about peace in Cuba on the basis of a concession of home rule on the island, shows how bitter and uncompromising is the Spanish attitude toward the unfortunate "Gem of the Antilles."

Our photographic illustrations on this page are of special and timely interest. Senator Cameron and Secretary Olney represent the opposite views as to the policy of our government on this great question. The Queen Regent and her son, King Alfonso XIII, are probably less important factors in the present case in a political sense, than Premier Canovas del Castillo, who has given expression to the Spanish policy. Madrid, the capital is at this moment alive with war excitement, which is not likely to abate for some time to come. Spain is passing through an ordeal of great severity, in which only the wisest statesmanship and the most enlightened and humane policy can effect real service to the ancient nation, once great and influential, but now occupying only a secondary place in the European sisterhood of monarchical states.



PUBLIC SQUARE IN MADRID, THE SPANISH CAPITAL, NOW THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT OVER CUBA.

in America, whose members declare that it is unfounded and that the revolution is still progressing with every prospect of ultimate success. They point to the general enthusiasm that prevails in Cuban circles and to the fact that reinforcements of men and arms continue to reach the island. One of the largest of these filibustering expeditions was safely landed in Cuba last week, after an exciting brush with a Spanish launch and a gun-boat.

Possibly another cause of Gomez's discouragement may be found in the dissensions that are said to exist among the Cuban leaders themselves. These allegations of dissension, the Spanish government is making the most of. The Havana authorities have published broadcast the statement that Maceo's death was attributable to the quarrels and non-support of the Cuban Council, and that he practically threw his life away in desperation and sorrow. This new version of Maceo's fate, however, originated with Dr. Zertucha, the man who is believed to have basely betrayed Maceo to the Spanish commander, Gen. Ahumada, and who is interested in exculpating himself, if possible.

Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish Premier, and who may be regarded as representing the sentiment of the Spanish people, as well as the policy of his government, has placed himself on record in an

would embroil us seriously with Spain. One result of the dispute, however, is that steps have been taken to put our Navy in the best possible condition—not with any view to hostile contingencies but on general principles. The War College has for three years past been busy upon the plans for the defense of the coast, and a scheme for the arming of a number of auxiliary cruisers, to supplement the regular naval vessels, is proposed. In all this preparation there is no undue haste or excitement. Much of it was begun before the present trouble arose. In Spain, however, every nerve is being strained to get the Navy on a war footing, and the dockyards are working with quadrupled forces. It is announced by cable that the Spanish Minister of the Navy has even supplied maps of the American coast defenses to the officers of the fleet, although this is probably an exaggeration.

The youthful King Alfonso, being still a mere lad, is under the tutelage of his mother, the Queen-Regent, and can hardly be supposed to comprehend the grave questions that are just now troubling the statesmen of his nation. The Queen is said to be intensely patriotic in regard to the necessity of making any sacrifice to save Cuba to the Spanish crown. Her ministers and advisers, without exception, agree that Castilian honor demands that the integrity of the nation be kept invio-



PREMIER DON ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO.



MARIE CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

A CHURCH FULL OF SOUL-WINNERS.

The Metropolitan Temple of New York City and its Campaign for Aggressive Christianity—The Focus of the "Forward Movement."

THE Metropolitan Temple of New York City, now known to the religious world as the headquarters of the Forward Movement for Aggressive Christian-



REV. SAMUEL PARKES CADMAN.

ity, was formerly the Central Methodist Church. In its great days, under the old regime, the saintly Alfred Cookman was among its pastors. Here General Grant worshipped, and here also Bishop J. P. Newman's eloquent ministry crowded the building to the doors. But its down-town location on Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, had latterly hindered its growth. The older members died, the younger ones moved away, and the huge population all around it knew little of its history and cared less. In the meantime, the Forward Movement had begun in the Metropolitan Meetings in the old Scotch Presbyterian Church on 14th street. A few godly laymen with ample means determined at all hazards to reach the people. They succeeded, and as the members gathered around them, they demanded a church home and pastoral care. When the trustees of this time-honored building threw open its doors to the leaders of the Metropolitan Meetings, they gladly took possession, and the present magnificent structure was the result of the re-modeling of the old edifice. A new name, expressive of its larger purpose, was given it, and the reopening services drew together the leaders of the Protestant denominations of New York and other cities.

The Parisian life of the great metropolis, full as it is of deadly indifference to spiritual affairs; its cosmopolitan character, its agnostic materialism, its foul abysses of vice, lewdness and corruption, make New York the problem of problems for evangelical Christianity. It is the chosen battle-ground of the contending forces of good and evil. Nor can it be won for Christ without a grasp upon the full, rich qualities of Christ's Gospel, qualities which strike into the roots of individual life, and branch out into every sphere of its many-sided and opulent civilization. Yet the fight has been measurably won in this church. One year and eight months ago the actual membership of both the Central Church and Metropolitan Hall was not more than 200. To-day the membership of the Temple is about 800. Rev. S. P. Cadman, the pastor, has received 614 members in that space of time, and 340 of these have been admitted to church-fellowship, this since last April. There have been 656 reported conversions, and many of these of extremely interesting character. Much of the accomplished good is due to house-to-house visitations. Although four churches have been torn down in that district during the past two

years, the audiences at the Temple have grown from week to week. The attendance for the year ending December 1st, 1896, was 284,925, an average of 5,450 per week. The Lord's Day audiences at night find the Temple too small, and it is one of the two largest Protestant congregations in the city. These figures do not include the attendance at the Reading-rooms, the Chautauqua Circles, the Sewing School, receptions, class-meetings, etc. They do convey a measure all their own as to the effectiveness of Christianity in reaching the people when fearlessly trusted and applied. These figures are strictly within limits. The people have been reached pre-eminently by the preaching of the Gospel. All roads lead to Calvary; all words point to Christ. However much the moods and methods vary, the end is one and never changes: it is to bring back men to the living and present Saviour, waiting to receive them.

Beginning on Lord's Day morning at 9 o'clock, the services go on nightly, forty-two a week, and each evening has some special feature, made attractive by wise variations. The Sunday audiences are large, that in the evening being one of the largest in the city. Stress is laid upon the preaching. Dr. Cadman firmly believes in the supreme function of the

proclaim Christ as the heralds of old proclaimed their King.

Monday evenings are devoted to councils, when a theme is announced beforehand, and the audience takes a hand in this discussion. How much of latent ability is undeveloped in our churches none may

laid upon the conscience of the members to duly observe God's hour. At 8:30 the bugle sounds and all meet together in one



JUVENILE VESTED CHOIR OF THE CHURCH.

Whose one hundred fresh young voices lead the Praise Service.



INTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

great congregation of joy, praise, prayer, and Bible readings. Open-air work is followed the entire summer. Thursday evening's service on the steps of the building often draws hundreds who are invited within to the evangelistic meeting. Conversions are frequent at all these services. The Friday evening questions have aroused considerable curiosity. Editors, professional men, the clergy, as far away as Memphis, Tenn., and Chicago, have made inquiries about this service. The audience will number on specially interesting evenings as many as 700. Largely men. They write their questions, which are read from the platform, and answered by the pastor. The Saturday night concerts have reached more people than any other service save that of Sunday night and the programme is a most attractive one.

The one ideal that is constantly kept before the Temple officers is holiness to God, the root of love, fatherhood, sacrifice, redemption, without which a church is a corpse, and not the less dead because dressed in the garments of life. Members are received every Sunday. Acceptance of pardon in Christ Jesus is continually pressed home, and the conversions are faithfully followed by systematic visitation. A thousand visits a week can be arranged for in case of special effort.

One of the features of the church's work is a vested choir of one hundred voices under the leadership of Mr. C. J. Evans. Every Lord's Day morning they render a full choral service and many are drawn to the Temple by the excellent music. On Sunday afternoon a Pleasant Hour Bible Class, under Mr. P. W. Rad-

cliffe, has an average attendance of about 500. There are, besides, many organizations that deserve mention, and which furnish opportunity for every member to be active in some line of Christian work.

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, the pastor, is a young man of little more than 30 years of age. He was born near the city of Birmingham, England, and was educated in Richmond College, London, where he graduated at the head of his class. In 1891 he was appointed to Millbrook, N. Y., where he began, in addition to his ministry, an extensive literary career. He is in constant demand as a lecturer, and his lectures on "Lincoln" and "Life in London" have delighted large audiences at Chautauqua. His career, as a preacher has been still greater. Two years at Central Church, Yonkers, N. Y., were so successful that he was called to lead the Forward Movement in Metropolitan Temple. He has the love of all the membership and they admire him for his character as a man as well as for his excellent work. Rev. W. W. Alexander, his Senior assistant graduated at Wesleyan University in 1890. He spent several years as a teacher, took special work in Union Theological Seminary and after one year in a regular pastorate was appointed to the Temple. Rev. J. Lewis Hartsock, his junior assistant, graduated at Johns Hopkins in 1891 and at the Yale Divinity School in 1894. He was appointed to the Temple in 1895.



REV. W. W. ALEXANDER.



REV. J. L. HARTSOCK.



EXTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, NEW YORK.

ministry as being in danger of neglect. Musical features are proper so long as they express reverence and devoutness, but the one business of the ministry is to

On Wednesdays, holiness meetings are held, with class meetings in every available room, and the auditorium given over to the development of spiritual life. It is

"The Isle that is Called Patmos."*

An Interesting Description of a Visit to the Scene of St. John's Apocalyptic Vision.

By Rev. W. E. Geil.

SHAPED like a crescent, the white spotted island of Patmos naturally divides into three parts, which are united by narrow strips of sand. The length is eleven miles, the width varies from forty furlongs to a few hundred feet. Marvelously serrated, it offers four excellent harbors, the principal one being Sakla on the Asiatic side sheltered from the east winds by Khelia and Lipso, fantastically shaped islands of the Icarian Sea.

Quite recently small Greek steamers have begun to ply between Smyrna and the Sporades touching at Patmos. It was on one of these I went by way of the port of Ephesus, and arising early in the morning, I hastened on deck and saw what seemed a mountain reaching from the eastern shore to the western coast of an island and the summit appeared to be covered with snow. "What land, helmsman?" I shouted to the wheel-house, "Patmos, sir," he answered. When the eastern light grew brighter I saw on the summit a huge structure towering above the others like a mediaeval castle and white houses clustered around it. 'Twas the Mount and Monastery of Saint John, and Phora, the city of Patmos. Halfway between the city and the wharf stood the Monastery of the Apocalypse, built over the cave or grotto where St. John, tradition says, wrote the Gospel and the Revelation. I afterward visited it and saw the place where St. John pillowed his head, the little cavity where he put his hand when kneeling down to pray, facing a cross which he had cut in the living rock. I also saw the three crevices in the roof of the cave which were made when the earthquake shock rocked the island of the Ægean and the words "I am Alpha and Omega" were spoken, or as another tradition says, when John had been ten days without food suddenly a voice said: "Write, in the beginning was the Word."

And the singular legend was told me as one pointed out the two holes through which the apostle put the string which he fastened to his thumbs to keep himself awake when he prayed. I landed at La Skala, the business centre of the famous isle. From there to Phora a rough and steep paved road extends. It was constructed by a wealthy monk early in the present century. The population of the island is about 4000 men, of whom 150 live near the fortress. The monastery of St. John, was begun by St. Christodoulos in 1688 A.D. and stands where stood the temple of Diana. The people from first to last I found very kind and while much in their religious life and teachings is certainly not Biblical yet it made me think of Brown-

body belongs to the Greek Church except the twenty Turks who represent the Sublime Porte. The highest mountain—and the island is naught but mountains and glens, a most barren, weird and fantastic landscape—is crowned with the monastery of St. Elias, which affords a beautiful view from the roof. In the great Monastery of St. John is a valuable library of some 240 books and manuscripts. I saw Gospels that were written in the fifth century, with the names of the Trinity in gold. This building has also a wealth

with great difficulty and the stench from their decaying bodies was so great as to necessitate the carting of them beyond the city wall where they were buried in long trenches. When rain is wanted on Patmos all the one hundred relics are brought forth, including the top of the skull of St. Stephen, and a procession is formed, the monks bearing the sacred relics and all chanting praises and prayer. Then it always rains, I was informed. It is not well to be frivolous concerning the bones of the dead; but I could but think that if the sky had any feelings at all, it would surely weep at such a sight. There are forty-four monks and forty nuns on the

island. The people make pottery, knit hose, and fish for sponges. There is one piano on Patmos, but nobody can play it. When I inquired how many horses there were, a young Patmonite said "five and one-half," meaning five horses and one colt. A monopoly has closed down the salt works and I saw a fast steamer belonging to the Tobacco Monopoly of Turkey in the port of La Skala.

The name of the Hermit of Patmos is Theostestos, said by the natives to mean "Built by God." When asked if he would receive me, he said, "I prefer to meet but few of human kind, but I cannot be so inhospitable as to refuse to welcome one who has come from such a distant land." I was admitted by a large, partially rotten wooden door, in the outer wall of what was once the school to which the flower and chivalry of Greece and the Archipelago had gathered. For more than a century the robed priests had here taught the youth of the Hellenes, but since freedom from the Turk had been obtained by Greece, schools have multiplied, and the College of Patmos, once so

nine. 'Tis here he lives. There was a strong smell of fish, which I soon discovered came from a drying octopus spread out on a board, nailed near the roof. He made us welcome at once by bringing a



ST. JOHN'S GARDEN, ISLAND OF PATMOS.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OR GROTTO OF ST. JOHN.

very clean bowl filled with water and a glass of syrup. We each tasted the sweet with the same spoon and drank from the same bowl of water. After this he talked freely. He was a boy in Thyatira, and has lived on Patmos fifteen years. When he came he located in a dreary and barren spot far away from any one, but many came to see his beautiful garden, and hence to enjoy solitude he fled to the ruin. The priests of the monastery did not wish him to come, but he told them if they did not let him live in the old college, "he would go and live with Kynops, the devil." This last argument prevailed. He knew the legend of Kynops. The legend is that Kynops was a magician, who was on the island when St. John arrived, and as the Evangelist was making enough converts to disturb the priests of Apollo, they conspired to get rid of St. John. To this end, they employed Kynops. So Kynops gathered a great crowd together on the shore, and said to John, "Now, I will do a wonder you cannot do," whereupon Kynops said to a man, "Have you a son?" "No," answered the addressed, "I had a son, but he was assassinated." Then the magician jumped into the sea and brought up a ghost-like thing which looked like the son, and also likenesses of the two men who had murdered him. When the people saw this, they asked John to do as much, but he said, "My business is not to raise the dead, but to help save the living." St. John knelt down and prayed to God. He arose, and placing his arms in the form of a cross, commanded the magician in the name of that emblem, to depart into the sea and never return. He was drowned soon after, the legend says.

"Theostestos, kindly tell me why you live the life of an Anchorite?" I asked. He seemed pleased, and answered, "I've given myself to God. 'I am going to die, and will have to appear before God, and now I am thinking about what answer I will give him.' On the window sill there was a human skull with a cross on the forehead, in blackest black. Pointing to the skull, I asked about it. He said, 'I keep it to look at; I knew the man well,' he continued: 'have had many a talk with him. He told me how, when he was ready to go to Constantinople, a friend asked him to purchase and bring back to the island a mirror. He made the journey, and upon his return he told the man to get his friends together, that he would the next evening bring it. They were all assembled, and in expectant mood, when the traveler stepped in, and taking a skull from under his coat, said: 'Here is the mirror. Only a little while and you will look like this.'"

After I had passed out of the old ruin, the recluse stood for a moment at the open door, and I waved my hand and said, "Hermit of Patmos, farewell!"



THE PORT OF LA SKALA, ISLAND OF PATMOS.

and praises chanted with prayers to drive the grape worms off the wine-island. The skull prevailed and the worms left. The people gave the monks \$1,500 for the visit. Fifteen years ago the grasshoppers visited Smyrna in large numbers and destruction was greater than a vast hostile army. "I was then the skull of St. Thomas was taken in a large silver goblet by a company of monks to Smyrna. After prayer and praise, the skull was held aloft. 'Tis said that as soon as the grasshoppers saw it they hopped into the sea where they were so thick that small boats could go

famous, is abandoned. The hermit received me most cordially. He was dressed in a loose garment, dark colored, reaching from the shoulders to the feet, and drawn in round the waist with a piece of rope. It was old and shiny. He wears no other clothes. His hair and whiskers were long and iron gray, but he had a kindly and intelligent face. There was a flash in his eyes at times which seemed to tell of other days when he, too, was in the thick of this world's enthusiasm. The room built in the corner of the large ruin of the College of Patmos, is eight feet by

Not only the light
Of a garment vast and white,
With a cross that I could recognize.

There are about 60 churches on the island of Patmos, some say 364. Every-

* Copyright 1877, by W. E. Geil.

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

About Saying "I Thank You,"

And About Letters.

It is not worth while for all of us to consider our ways in the matter of thanking people for kindness done to us? The proper thing when a gift has been received is to acknowledge it, if possible, in one form by letter sent to the one whose kind thought took you into its purpose and bought or made for you something which was intended to be a useful possession or pleasant souvenir. In writing such a letter of thanks, it is well worth while to be explicit, telling why the gift pleased you, and what place you mean to have it among the things you value. Never put off such a letter for several days or weeks; the grace of gratitude is twice as beautiful if exercised at once.

Sometimes one cannot send a letter because the present or token is given by a member of the family or by an intimate friend who is out and in the house constantly, so that a letter would be too formal. In this case we must never stint the expression of our thanks, but tell the thoughtful giver in plain words, cordially and lovingly, how much we are indebted to the kindness shown. It is a good rule in correspondence of all kinds to send our answer very promptly, because a letter is in some sense a part of the friend who writes it. Nothing else except a printed book is so living as a letter.

When some one sets down and writes to me telling me her wishes or experiences, or giving me little bits of chat about home and friends, I feel a warm glow at my heart, and it is just as if in the lingering twilight she had slipped her hand in mine, and, sitting sociably down beside my fire, had told me delightful things she wanted me to know. If I do, our exchange of letters will be very much like a conversation carried on through a telephone, only it will be much better and less formal, because we can say more with our pens than we can say with our lips, at least through a telephone, which has its limitations, though it is a great contrivance!

We should always take pains with our letters, and especially with letters to members of our own family who are away from home. If the mother and daughter, or the mother and son, are separated by many miles, if new interests are coming in to divide them and new associations are being formed, the home feeling can still be kept warm and strong by means of frequent letters. The letters should not be homilies.

I once knew an instance in which a son away from home was absolutely antagonized and made more homesick than before by the constant sermons which were sent to him by his well-meaning parents. He said one day, "The dear old people never tell me a thing about the neighbors or about the farm or about themselves; they simply preach, and preach, and preach, so that I do not take any pleasure in their letters." This was a great mistake. After all, what we do in this world, and what we say, are of much less importance than what we are, and we do not have to preach at our dear ones if our lives are always sweet testimonies to right living and right thinking.

I would like to say just here that it is a good rule for all one's life never to write a letter in an angry spirit. If you are out of temper, wait till the feeling of irritation has entirely passed, and you are again calm and tranquil. Sleep over anything which troubles you; sometimes to-morrow morning throws a very different light on a situation from that which it appeared to have yesterday. A wise man once said to his sister, when she brought him a letter which she had written to one who had

offender her—a letter full of hot resentment and righteous indignation: "This is a very good letter, my dear, and does credit to your power of expression, but shall I tell you what to do with it? Put it right in the fire and burn it up: it will make a bright blaze, and that will be the best way to treat it. If you send this letter you will make an enemy where you may yet have a friend. Always leave a loop-hole for penitence and pardon."

I am moved to write this way about letters at the end of the year, because it is a good plan before the year quite finishes its work to sit down and get out of debt to all your correspondents. Is there anybody far away from home or near to whom you have been owing a letter? Is there somebody who, for some reason or other, is in trouble or ill; some friend in a hospital whose days move slowly on; some boy away from home; some young girl whose life is shadowed by sorrow, or who is fighting temptation? This is a good time now before the year wanes to send to such a one a letter full of Christmas joy, and of merry wishes and happy thoughts for another year. It may be in your power to slip a pretty card or a little gift of some sort into your letter. If so, that will make it all the better worth sending, but the letter itself is a very personal and intimate gift—the best you can send in many cases.

Some one asked me not long ago to give directions about the appropriate sort of



THE CHILDREN OF THE "POCKET SUNDAY SCHOOL."

stationery to use in private correspondence. There is no special rule, but plain white paper, unruled, with envelopes to match, is always in fashion and in good taste. We should avoid, so far as possible, all sorts of fancy papers. Tinted papers, and papers with little pictures in the corner, such as flowers, brownies, fern leaves, and so forth, may do very nicely for little children who like such things in their stationery, but grown people prefer simplicity.

Of one thing we cannot be too careful, and that is always to sign our letters in full and very plainly. Many people write a letter legibly all the way to the very end, and then their signatures taper off into scrawls which no mortal can read. A fine, strong, clear signature is a splendid thing to have. You know the way we sign our name is indicative of our character, and shows whether we are straightforward, honorable, scrupulous people, or whether we are careless, untidy and apt to leave our affairs at loose ends. In a business letter one must most carefully guard two or three things: one is the giving of one's post office address in full, state, town and county. Another is adding the date with care and pains, and the last, as I may be pardoned for saying again, is the giving one's name in letters so clear that no mistake can be made about them.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Brewer's Dog.

While walking one evening along one of the streets of the North End, Boston, says a writer, we saw two men supporting a third, who appeared to be unable to walk. "What is the matter?" we inquir-

ed. "Why," was the reply, "the poor man has been badly bitten by the brewer's dog." "Indeed," we said, feeling somewhat concerned at the disaster. "Yes, sir, and he is not the first by a good many that has been thus bitten." "Why do they not kill the dog?" "Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with long ago, but the law won't allow it. It is strong drink, sir—that's the brewer's dog."

Neglected Children.

There are, Alas! too Many, of Whom the More Fortunate World Takes Little Heed.



ALTHOUGH there are, in our large cities and towns, many excellent benevolent and philanthropic institutions for the benefit of unfortunate children, there are thousands of little ones living at places remote from all such advantages, and who cannot hope to share in them. To the youthful inmates of isolated homes in distant states, there may come at times a dream of something better and nobler than the life that surrounds them, but many grow up in ignorance and poverty, and so pass on to maturity and old age.

Many times has THE CHRISTIAN HERALD directed the attention of its readers to the pitiful fate of those neglected children. Letters from earnest, Christian men in North Carolina, Missouri, Arkansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota have disclosed the fact that in the outlying districts of those states there is work enough for scores of missionaries. It is in such fields as we have described that the veterans of the American Sunday School Union and our own missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, have won their best triumphs.

In a letter from Mr. Rogers, a South Dakota missionary, we are afforded a realistic picture of social and moral conditions in some rural district of that State. He writes:

"The Pocket" is a tract of land almost entirely surrounded by the Missouri River. Here I found a very ignorant and needy people; only a few families, but almost entirely cut off from all school and church privileges. The children were growing up in ignorance and poverty. I found one girl, sixteen years old, unable to read or write, and one family of six children, none of whom had ever been to school. The father had taught his children to read. A Sunday School was organized, and held in a private house, as there was no school building in the place. I have visited this school often, and was always greatly pleased to find the children so eagerly interested. It was a school that would remind one of the days of Robert Raikes. The children were taught to read as well as to learn their Sunday School lesson.

Another section, full of poor, neglected children, is known as the "Bottom," near Vermillion, S. D. The first Sunday School was held in an old creamery building, and it could hardly be kept up, but now there are about forty children who attend.

THE COMFORTER.

WHEN my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay,
When the scenes of this world shall vanish and flee,
When sunshine and shower alike pass away,
Then, Light of the blessed, shine sweetly on me.
When heedless of earth and of all that surround me,
For pardon and mercy I'll call upon thee;
When death with its fetters forever has bound me,
Then, Jesus, sweet Jesus, be Jesus to me.
When, weeping, my friends shall with fervor implore thee,
My strength, my protector, my succor to be;
When, helpless and lonely, I tremble before thee,
Then, Fountain of mercy, have mercy on me.
Then, dear Lord, the dark chain of my miseries sever;
Then, Rest of the weary one, call me to thee;
Then, Crown of the just, be my portion forever;
Then, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.
WALLACE YOUNG

A Deluge of Letters.

THAT'S just what it amounts to. If any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should visit our offices in the Bible House and see the avalanche of mail matter we are daily, ay hourly, receiving, he would possibly think a Presidential election was in full progress. But these letters contain something pleasanter even than votes—al tho' they are votes, in a sense, for they record the unhesitating and spontaneous vote of thousands upon thousands of bright men and women all over the land, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library No. 2, is the finest, most interesting, most valuable and handsomest set of ten volumes ever put together in one case and sent out broadcast by any Publisher on the globe.

We have read these letters until their words of eulogy seemed stamped on our brain. They left nothing unsaid; they simply exhausted the dictionary and left us not a syllable to say ourselves, without incurring the charge of direct plagiarism. We realized that Premium Library No. 2, had indeed filled "a long felt want," as the popular saying goes. It had come like snowflakes at Christmas and was as universally and jubilantly welcomed. Everybody likes it, reads it, and commends it. If we were to print all the glowing letters we have received about it (and which, as we write, are now stacked high around us in great piles, thousands deep), we could fill many successive issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and crowd out everything else. Here is a sample of many hundreds of them:

24 Milton St., Readville, Mass.
CHRISTIAN HERALD PUBLISHER:—You may well call your Library Premium "marvelous"—it far exceeds my expectations. I am simply delighted, and although I sent for the Library for the purpose of having the books for Christmas gifts, they don't help me out one bit, for I want them all myself. I fear your ministers will look very grave at this, but perhaps I may give some of them away another year. I must read them all first. Please accept many thanks.
L. C. DOWNING.

Another writer is also puzzled about it. Here is his letter:

"Prairieside Park," Raritan, Ill.
PUBLISHER, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:—The excellent and beautiful CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, No. 2, for 1897, is just received. How you can give these ten useful and entertaining books, and also the best of all religious weekly papers for a year for \$3, is a marvel, and past comprehension.
ANDREW HAGEMAN.

This friend sums up her pleasure in a single graphic phrase. She writes:

Wellsville, Mo.
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.—I am delighted with the PREMIUM LIBRARY. I have shown it to a number of friends and they think it a "perfect gem."
LYDIA KUHNE.

But we shall not yield to the temptation to print more of the letters, although their perusal has afforded us much gratification.

For the benefit of those who have not yet got a set of Premium Library No. 2 (and we trust that no CHRISTIAN HERALD reader will neglect this opportunity of acquiring something that will give the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to every recipient), we will state that this Library is totally different from that sent out last year. We are striving every season to improve upon the preceding season, and this year we have reached the top notch in our Library Premium. It consists of ten elegantly bound volumes, averaging 300 pages each and the whole enclosed in a handsome case. As can be seen by a glance at the list, they cover a wide variety of topics and are sure to suit the reader, no matter in what direction his taste may run. The titles are:

1. The Wedding Ring.
By REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.
2. The Secret of a Happy Home.
By MARION HARLAND.
3. Notable 19th Century Events.
By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, D.D.
4. How to Succeed.
By ORISON S. MARDEN, M.D.
5. Holiday Stories for the Young.
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
6. The Land we Live In.
By HENRY MANN.
7. Winter Evening Tales.
By AMELIA E. BARR.
8. Recitations for the Social Circle.
By JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.
9. The Fairy-Land of Science.
By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.
10. Many Thoughts of Many Minds.
By LOUIS KLOPSCH, PH.D.

We should be sorry, after the opportunity has gone, to learn that any of our friends had altogether missed the chance of securing a set. It has already met with such warm praises and given so much satisfaction on all sides, that we feel justified in urging all who can possibly do so, to send at once for the Library. For \$3 you can have the ten volumes, case included, sent to you by express, prepaid, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mailed to you weekly for one year. Address your order, without delay, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.



T. De Witt Talmage
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Neither Cold Nor Hot.

AFTER we have been taking a long walk on a summer's day, or been on a hunting chase, a draught of cold water exhilarates. On the other hand, after standing or walking in the cold air and being chilled, hot water, mingled with some beverage, brings life and comfort to the whole body; but tepid water, neither hot nor cold, is nauseating. Now, Christ says that a Church of that temperate acts on him as an emetic: "I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The Church that is red-hot with religious emotion, praying, singing, working, Christ having taken full possession of the membership, must be to God satisfactory. On the other hand, a frozen Church may have its uses. The minister reads elegant essays, and improves the session or the vestry in rhetorical compositions. The music is artistic and improves the ear of the people, so that they can better appreciate concert and opera. The position of such a Church is profitable to the book-binder who furnishes the covers to the liturgy, and the dry-goods merchant who supplies the silks, and the clothiers who furnish the broadcloth. Such a Church is good for the business world, makes trade lively, and increases the demand for fineries of all sorts; for a luxurious religion demands furs and coats, and gaiters to match.

Christ says he gets along with a Church, cold or hot. But an unmitigated nuisance to God and man is a half-and-half Church, with piety tepid. The pulpit in such a Church makes more of orthodoxy than it does of Christ. It is immense on definitions. It treats of justification and sanctification as though they were two corpses to be dissected. Its sermons all have a black morocco cover, which some affectionate sister gave the pastor to wrap his discourses in, lest it get matted in the dust of the pulpit. Its gestures are methodical, as though the man were ever conscious that they had been decreed from all eternity, and he was afraid of interfering with the decree by his own free agency. No strong meat, but only flour and water—mostly water.

The church prayer-meeting is attended only by a few gray heads, who have been in the habit of going there for twenty years, not because they expect any arousing time or rapturous experiences, but because they feel only a few will be there, and they ought to go. The minister is so-so. The membership sound. The number good. If, standing in a city of a hundred thousand people, there are five or ten conversions a year, everything is

thought to be "encouraging." But Christ says that such a church is an emetic. "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Better warm up or freeze over. Better set the kettle outside in the atmosphere at zero, or put it on the altar of God and stir up the coals into a blaze. If we do not, God will remove us. Christian men are not always taken to heaven as a reward, but sometimes to get them out of the way on earth. They go to join the tenth-rate saints in glory; for if such persons think they will stand with Paul and Harlan Page, and Charlotte Elizabeth, they are much mistaken. When God takes them up, the church here is better off. We mourn slightly to have them go, because we have got used to having them around, and at the funeral the minister says all the good things about the man that can possibly be thought of, because we want to make the funeral as respectable as possible. We never feel so much tempted to misrepresent as when an inconsistent and useless Christian has died, and we want, in our final remarks, to make a good case out for the poor fellow. Still it is an advantage to have such a man get out of the way. He is opposed to all new enterprises. He puts back everything he tries to help. His digestion of religious things is impaired, and his circulation is so poor that no amount of friction can arouse him to spiritual activity.

A Forward Movement.

IT is high time that we stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live to see the Armageddon, all the Armies of heaven and hell battle array, for I know our Conqueror on the White Horse will gain the victory. When Moses, with his army, was trying to conquer the Ethiopians, profane history says it was expected that he would go by a roundabout way and come by the banks of the river, as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared go across that serpent-infested region; but Moses surprised them. He sent his men out to gather up ibises. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent-slaying. These ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets, and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and coming up to the serpent-infested region, the crates were opened and the ibises flew forth, and the way was cleared and the army of Moses marched right on, and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they fled in wild dismay. O, army of righteousness! You are not to march in a roundabout way, but go straight forward, depending on winged influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living God, march on? The world moves and it moves in the right direction. Our cities will be redeemed. All nations will yet salute the flag of Prince Emmanuel.

Work Done.

WHY should we ever be disheartened about this world, when we remember that out of the sixty centuries of its existence the devil for fifty-nine had it mostly his own way? Within the present century all the Missionary Societies born, all the Bible Societies born, all the Tract Societies born, all the Seamen's Friends Societies born. Do you expect a fragment of the nineteenth century to undo the work of the preceding fifty-nine centuries? Instead of being dismayed that so little is done, be glad that so much has been accomplished, and that a fragment of the nineteenth century has staggered the kingdom of darkness which was being built during fifty-nine centuries. By old-fashioned "Rule of Three" figure out how soon, at that rate, the whole world will be ransomed. Stand out of our way, with your soporifics, and give us a few drops of double-distilled exhilaration. Let pastors, reformers, and Christian workers pitch all their tents toward the sun-rising.

A Timely Word to Subscribers.

THIS being the first issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 1897, we republish for the information of our Subscribers, the following explanation of the system by which the management of this journal is governed in dealing with unrenowned subscriptions. This explanation appeared only in a limited portion of last week's edition, and we now repeat it in order that it may reach the hands of every CHRISTIAN HERALD subscriber:

* * *

A subscriber in Harlem, N. Y., writes as follows: My CHRISTIAN HERALD for this week has not yet come to hand. I presume you have unceremoniously cut me off. Do you think it just right to treat a subscriber of twelve years' standing in that manner?

No subscriber is ever "unceremoniously" cut off from our list. We invariably send, a month previous to the renewal date, an expiry notice, politely informing each subscriber of the approaching expiration of his subscription, and respectfully inviting a continuance. This notice is sent in a separate envelope, and is accompanied by a prospectus, a premium announcement, a subscription blank, and an addressed return envelope. In addition, every copy served to a subscriber bears a tab with his name address and the exact date when, unless renewed, the subscription will cease. When these various reminders fail to enlist the attention of the subscriber, we feel justified in concluding that he does not wish the paper continued, and it is then, and not till then, that his name is taken off the list.

* * *

The law permits a publisher to continue the service of the paper until a written order discontinuing it is sent, and even then the subscriber cannot stop it until every copy received has been paid for, and many publications avail themselves of this extraordinary privilege, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has consistently refused to place its friends under involuntary tribute by sending the paper after their subscription has expired, thus compelling them to pay for what they have not ordered.

We believe that as a rule, our subscribers would much rather that we govern ourselves strictly in accordance with their written orders than exercise discretionary powers at their expense.

* * *

Many subscribers who order THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to relatives or friends, have expressed the greatest satisfaction with this system. They feel perfectly safe that when the term paid for has expired, the paper will be stopped, and hence they do not incur the risk of having eventually a bill presented for several years of service never contemplated at the time of placing the order.

* * *

Now, as regards the discriminating in favor of old subscribers, however well intentioned or kindly disposed we may be, the size of our subscription list renders such favors absolutely impracticable. If the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were to undertake to familiarize himself with 500 different names daily, he could not in a single year cover his list of nearly 200,000 subscribers, a list so large that it precludes the possibility of detailed information in regard to individual subscribers. A business of such gigantic proportions cannot be handled otherwise than according to certain well-defined, thoroughly understood and systematically enforced rules, ensuring uniform attention and fair treatment to one and all, with prejudice or favor. Any other course must result in hopeless chaos.

* * *

No subscriber has ever yet appealed in vain to have a reasonable extension of time for the renewal of his subscription, during which the service has been continued without interruption, but to generally extend this favor without so much as a postal card requesting it, would involve us in the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars annually, and eventually land our subscription list in interminable confusion.

* * *

Let every subscriber give heed to the admonition conveyed by the expiry notice, and promptly renew his subscription, and we can assure him that he will never have the slightest cause to complain of a system which is the result of many years of careful study, and best calculated to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number, without any snares or pitfalls to entrap the unwary and confiding subscriber.

BRIEF NOTES.

Subscribers should be sure to read carefully the notice in the adjoining column relating to renewals.

Mr. Carrington, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Siam, reports that during a recent tour of the suburbs of Bangkok he sold in eight days over a thousand Bible portions.

Those who contemplate renewing subscriptions for missionaries in Turkey, will do well to remember that there is a possibility of their good intentions miscarrying through the interference of the Sultan's press censors, who have seen fit to stop the delivery of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in several places in the Ottoman realm. This is because the Christians of America made it the medium of their charitable gifts to the persecuted Armenians. Letters from several friends in Turkey inform us that they get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD only at intervals; others have not received it for many months.

A "Christian Alliance" has been formed by the Baptist, congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian and United Brethren churches of Wisconsin for co-operation in aggressive Christian work.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding services in Ottawa, Canada. On January 28 he commences services at Oakland, Cal. He expects to work on the Pacific coast during the remainder of the winter.

Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins have had wonderful meetings in Edinburgh. Even the afternoon meetings were thronged. Over eight hundred persons attended the Bible readings. The evangelists spent a week in each city-district.

A statement by some Roman Catholic dignitary that the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia were released through the appeal of the Pope, is negated by King Menelik himself, who says that they were released on the queen's birthday as a compliment to the King of Italy.

While portions of the Bible have been translated into nearly four hundred languages and dialects, the whole Bible has been published in one hundred and seven. Of these 40 are in Europe, 41 in Asia, 13 in Africa, 10 in Australasia and Oceania, and 3 in North America.

Evangelist Grant C. Tullar's services in the Old Leonard St. Church in Brooklyn Eastern District were productive of the best results. Several Methodist ministers assisted in the services, and are holding special meetings for the converts who have joined their churches.

The Chicago liquor dealers are threatening, says the *Advance*, of that city, to take vengeance upon the anti-saloonists by closing all saloons for four months, and thus depriving the city of \$1,000,000 revenue. And the victims are only too eager for the vengeance to begin.

A remarkable gift to the cause of education, probably the largest ever made by one individual to the cause, is reported from Europe. It is announced that Alfred Nobel, the Swedish engineer who died recently at San Remo, Italy, left the whole of his fortune of ten million dollars to the University of Stockholm.

Rev. S. A. King, of Kingston, Ont., writes us that there has been a gracious outpouring of the Spirit in that town. Evangelist E. Ryerson Hermon, held a series of services there which were very largely attended. The whole Western part of the town was deeply stirred, and there were some wonderful conversions.

The religious and philanthropic societies of New York have arranged to hold monthly conferences on charitable work, under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society, in the assembly hall of the United Charities building. The first was held on Dec. 15, when about fifty benevolent institutions were represented.

A proposal is under the consideration of the British prison authorities for the solution of the prison problem of competition in labor. The making of mats and other articles has been complained of because of injuring the business of manufacturers who have to pay the wages of honest workmen. It is now proposed to have the prisons lighted with electricity, the motive power to be furnished by a mill to be turned by men who have been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor.

An article in the French Journal *Revue des Revues* states that the conversions of Jews to Christianity are increasing at an unprecedented rate. In the city of Berlin alone 711 Jewish families have joined Protestant denominations within three years. In Great Britain during ten years two hundred Jewish rabbis have embraced Christianity. The same writer states that many Jewish rabbis now openly preach Christian doctrine in their synagogues.

The Services in Cooper Union, New York, are being continued this week by Dr. A. C. Dixon, and other ministers take part in them. Mr. Ira Sankey has charge of the musical exercises. Next week they will be in charge of Mr. J. H. Burke, who assisted Mr. Sankey while Mr. Moody was conducting the services, and who formerly accompanied Evangelist John McNeill in his round-the-world tour. The meetings begin at noon, and are intended to be a rallying-point for Christian workers, who, it is hoped, will labor in the evening in their own churches.

A pathetic story of medical Missions comes to a contemporary from China. A military graduate who was successfully treated for cataract at the Mission Hospital at Hankow was seized on his return home by forty-eight blind men who begged to be taken to the foreign doctor. A rope was fastened to each, and thus a strange procession headed by the cured man and the others following in single file each man holding the rope of the man ahead of him, walked two hundred and fifty miles to the hospital. All of them were treated and listened to the Gospel. One is known to have been converted and others are inquiring.

The Kansas city *Star* states that a community of fifty young men and women who have consecrated their lives to God, have rented a house in that city, and have given their lives to mission work. They have given up business and in some instances lucrative positions, and are depending entirely on God for all their supplies. Hitherto they have received sufficient food for their daily needs, and sufficient money for the rent. Every member is expected to share in the daily work of the house and to preach and teach in the city. Two of the number have left the community to go out as missionaries to Ecuador. When they sailed from New York they had only \$1.40 left after paying their passage. The community is not anxious about them, believing that God will take care of them.



Cossacks on Guard.

EUROPEAN expectation is aroused as to important events, of which news may soon come from Constantinople. It is generally believed that M. Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador at the Sultan's Court, has returned there from St. Petersburg, charged with a difficult and delicate commission. As the Sultan has chosen to put his trust in Russia, the other great Powers of Europe have apparently agreed to intrust Russia with the task of reforming him. Current reports in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and London concur in stating that M. Nelidoff is to demand certain specific reforms in Armenia, including the appointment of Christian governors in certain districts and other guarantees of good faith which shall dispel fear of a repetition of the massacres. In the event of the Sultan refusing to yield or being dilatory in instituting the reforms, it is expected that the combined fleets of the Powers will at once proceed to Constantinople, and that Armenia will be occupied by Russia. How easily the latter change could be effected will be seen by a glance at the map. Since the Russians swarmed over the Caucasus, capturing the renowned prophet warrior Schamy, and taking Tiflis and subsequently Kars and the whole trans-Caucasian plain, the way to Armenia is open to them. Following her usual custom, Russia maintains on the Armenian frontier a force of Cossacks, which could in case of need be poured into Armenia without the delay of a week. The picturesque location of one of these Cossack stations is shown in the picture on this page. Here the Cossack is in his ideal condition. He likes the duty of patrolling a frontier, and he has no lack of that kind of employment, for Russia has six thousand miles of frontier stretching from Poland in the West across Northern Asia to the Sea of Okhotsk in the extreme East. Everywhere the Cossack is the living rampart, the eye, ear and hand of the Empire keeping watch over its outposts and ready at a word to extend the dominions of the Czar. Since the Cossacks were reduced to submission near the close of the sixteenth century, they have borne the brunt of the military service of the empire. Hardy, fond of adventure, and accustomed to warfare with Asiatic tribes, they lived and were happy under hardships which would have broken down regular cavalry. Their relation to the government has never been the same as other citizens, and to this day they have never been thoroughly assimilated. They own their horses and supply all their accoutrements except the rifle, which with ammunition the Czar supplies. Though the government insists on appointing their chief officers and governors, the Cossack communities elect all their minor officials and manage their own affairs. To a large extent they have paid their dues to the Government in military service and up to a recent date, if not at the present time, that contribution is all that the Cossacks rendered as evidence of their Russian nationality. In time of peace, every male Cossack is required to serve from his eighteenth to his twentieth year. He then gets a year of rest and is afterwards liable to serve for fifteen years on any part of the frontier to which he may be ordered. Commonly he does not serve more than half that time, but if there is war, he finds his term of service indefinitely extended. It was formerly the custom for rich Cossacks to escape service by providing a substitute, but some fifty years ago, that privilege was abolished, and now every male Cossack between the ages of eighteen and forty, holds himself at the Czar's orders and is ready if an emergency rises, to take his place in the field. Their loyalty, their readiness to leave their homes and bear hardships in the service of their sovereign are qualities which the Christian might well emulate in his service to his Heavenly King. He, too, is expected

to render personal service and it is his privilege and glory to extend his Master's dominions and to bring new subjects under his sway.

Suffer hardships with me as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No soldier on service entangles himself in the affairs of this life: that he may please him who has enrolled him as a soldier. (11. Tim. 2: 3, 4, R.V.)

A Girl Leader of Highwaymen.

One of the most astonishing criminal discoveries is reported from Minneapolis, Minn. It appears that highway robberies in that city have increased in numbers of late, and some of them have been very daring, and have involved the loss of large sums of money. A short time ago two men were arrested on suspicion, and an investigation of their rooms furnished

plicity in highway robbery. Her parents, who are very respectable people, are broken-hearted over their daughter's disgrace. There is no doubt that her love was the cause of her fall. It may be the means of her rising again if she will give it to Him who said of another sinner:

Her sins which were many are forgiven; for she loved much. (Luke 7: 47.)

A Convict's Mother.

A remarkable instance of a mother's devotion is described by the *Figaro*. It states that there is now living in the French penal colony of New Caledonia a woman whose devotion to her convict son is so self-sacrificing as to deserve the Montyon prize which is given for the highest virtue. A few years ago, the woman's son, an idle, dissolute fellow, who on the strength of his good looks was supported by his mother and relatives who adored him, was brought to trial for a brutal murder. He would have been sent to the guillotine but for the pleading of his mother, who came to court every day and begged with tears for the life of her son. He had disgraced her and treated her with cruel indifference, but she loved him and her pathetic entreaties saved him from

est love known to the world was not inspired by the worthiness of the object but by the Eternal Goodness:

God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. (Rom. 5: 8)

A Long Lost Daughter.

A joyful reunion of a mother and a daughter after a separation of thirteen years took place in Chicago recently. In 1883, a widow with three children was making a painful effort in Kansas City, Mo., to earn a living for herself and family. She managed to support them until sickness came upon her and she could work no longer. Her situation was made known and benevolent people came forward with offers to adopt her children. The widow was reluctant to part with them, but concern for their welfare at last overcame her natural affection and she consented to their being received into the families of the people who had offered them homes. It seemed for some time as if she would die, but eventually she recovered sufficiently to make the voyage to her native town in England where she lived until she had regained her strength. There, she married again and returned to America. Her husband being prosperous, she desired to regain possession of her children. But her elder daughter was grown up and was married, her son had grown to manhood and had settled in Chicago; and her baby daughter she could not find. The mother longed for her inexpressibly and began a protracted search for her. Many clues were followed up in vain. At length she heard of a man in Chicago who had adopted a little girl about the time she gave up her own child. He could not be found, but his wife had preserved the clothes the child wore when she had been received, and these were sent to the mother for examination. She recognized them at once and went to Chicago where she had the joy of finding her daughter, now a beautiful girl of sixteen. It may be hoped that the daughter is as glad at the reunion as the mother. It would be a great grief to the mother if, after her long search, she found that her daughter had no love for her, and was content to remain with the people who had adopted her. Yet how often has the voice of God calling to his children, met with such indifference, and he has spoken them vainly.

I have spoken unto them but they have not heard, and I have called unto them but they have not answered. (Jer. 35: 17.)

Diamonds from Niagara.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington, D. C., to the New York *Herald*, reports the preparation of a scheme for turning the electric power of Niagara Falls to a new purpose. A scientist of some eminence proposes to build a laboratory in proximity to the Falls for the manufacture of diamonds. It has long been known that diamonds could be made out of charcoal, but the process was so expensive and the results so poor that the artificial gem was almost as costly as the natural product, and by no means so hard or brilliant. The Washington scientist declares that all that is needed is a higher voltage of electricity than has hitherto been applied, and a purer carbon to work upon. He proposes to obtain the purest carbon that can be had from the coal mines, which can be purchased at a comparatively low price, and to submit it to a force of electricity of at least six thousand volts. He believes that this power, which can be had at Niagara, will suffice within a few days to crystallize the carbon. It is supposed that nature requires a million years to do this work of crystallization by natural process, but the scientist has convinced himself that electricity directly applied in this enormously concentrated form will effect the same result. He hopes, in this way, to turn out from his laboratory diamonds that will rival the Kohinoor in size and lustre at a very small expense. Whether the man is a dreamer remains to be proved. Electricity has performed so many wonders that it is possible it may be able to turn a piece of carbon into a jewel as magnificent as those produced by nature. Transformation does take place in the spiritual world. The jewels which will adorn the crown of Christ will not be of nature's forming, but those which have been transformed from material more unpromising than carbon.

The Lord their God shall save them in that day; they shall be as the stones of a crown. (Zech. 9: 16.)



COSSACK SCOUTS PATROLLING THE RUSSO-TURKISH FRONTIER.

clear proof of their guilt. Several articles of jewelry which had been taken from the victims of the highway robberies were found concealed in their apartments. Further investigation developed the fact that more than one of the victims had been friends of the daughter of the janitor who had charge of the house in which the prisoners lived. A curious coincidence was that each victim had been "held up" after taking a walk with this young lady. The police suspected that she was concerned in the robberies, to extract a confession from the prisoners. It was found that the girl was in love with one of the prisoners, and eventually the other prisoner made a confession incriminating her. He said that she was so infatuated with his companion that she would do whatever he wished. She had been persuaded to make the acquaintance of men who were known to carry considerable sums of money, and after a time to invite their escort to a lonely part of the outskirts of the city. They usually consented, and she would then notify her lover, who, with his companion, would rob the man on his way home. The girl has accordingly been arrested. She is said to be a modest, intelligent, beautiful girl, whom no one would dream of suspecting of com-

execution. He was condemned to penal servitude in New Caledonia. The mother sold her furniture, her cow and chickens, and followed him. She managed to obtain employment by washing and scrubbing and is barely able to maintain herself. But, however poor she may be, even if she cannot buy a meal for herself, she never fails to bring a dinner to her son. Every day, she makes her way to the quarry where, with a ball and chain around his ankle, he is employed in breaking stones. She carries a basket in which there is some hot soup and some little delicacy, that she has earned by toiling like a slave. The son eats it greedily never utters a word of thanks, nor kisses the old woman. He is utterly incorrigible and has killed one of his fellow-prisoners since he has been in the prison. He would have been executed for that offence, but for the regard the authorities had for his mother's feelings. Yet he has not the least affection for her, insults her and despises her; but he is her son, and she lavishes all her love upon him and is killing herself with work and privation that he may have his daily meal. It is marvelous that a being so depraved should have inspired a love so devoted, but as we wonder at it, we remember that the great-



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Puzzled One," Syracuse, N. Y. 1. In Genesis 4:17, there is a reference to Cain's wife. Whom could he have married if there were no other persons in the world but those mentioned in the sacred history? Where is the land of Nod in which he found refuge?

1. If you accept the historical truth of the Book of Genesis, you have no alternative but to believe that Cain married a sister whose birth is not recorded. The expression used Genesis 3:16 would lead us to believe that many children must have been born of whom no mention is made. The question is an old one, and many suggestions have been made by way of solution, but the one given above is the only one consistent with the doctrine of the historic accuracy of the Bible. 2. The land of Nod cannot now be identified. The Hebrew word means "Flight," and may simply have been used as a general term indicating a place of exile.

Reader, Wilkesbarre, Pa. Some people here insist that we ought to wash each other's feet, and quote John 13:14, which seems conclusive. Is it a duty?

It is not a duty as a church rite. If there were need of such a thing through the inability of a brother to perform it for himself, the Christian ought to do it, as he would render any other service that is required. It was considered menial work in Palestine at the time. Men wore sandals with the top of the foot bare, and after a walk on a hot, dusty road, the washing of the feet was very refreshing. The lowest servant in the house was usually assigned to the work of washing the feet of the guests. Christ's command was practically to be willing to do a servant's work. His disciples had been disputing who should be the greatest. He gave them an object lesson of humility and told them to do as he had done, and consider no task too menial for them to perform if there was need. There are many better ways of obeying the spirit of Christ's command than that of washing a man's feet.

Subscriber, Fall River, Mass. I fear I have committed the unpardonable sin mentioned in Matt. 12:32. I am in great distress. Can you tell me what that sin is?

Many conjectures have been made as to its exact nature. The one generally accepted is based on the context. The Pharisees being unable to deny the miracles, explained them on the theory that Christ was possessed by a devil, and that Satan gave him the power to perform miracles. This insult to the Holy Spirit showed such perverse malignity that Christ said it was beyond forgiveness. Theologians are divided as to the possibility of committing it in the present time. Those who believe it may be committed, think it consists in ridiculing the operations of the Holy Spirit in conversions as at revivals. Your distress is a strong ground for believing that you have not committed it. A person who had committed the unpardonable sin would not be in distress, but would be callous and indifferent.

L. M. E., Brooklyn, N. Y. Is it any use for a backslider to try to regain his lost position? In Hebrews 6:4 it says that it is impossible for those who have been once enlightened to be renewed if they fall away.

It is certainly of use for the backslider to try, and he is encouraged to do so by many explicit promises of pardon and restoration. (See Job. 22:23; Jer. 3:12; Micah 7:19; 1 John 1:9, etc.) The passage you refer to in Hebrews is not a threat, but a statement of experience. It does not refer so much to backsliders as to those who have a theoretical knowledge of the way of salvation, and have deliberately rejected it. They have tasted of divine things, but have not drunk deeply of the water of life. Every clergyman knows that none are so hard to be won as those who have been very near to the kingdom of God without entering it. They are disappointed. The writer of the Epistle had evidently been in contact with such persons, and he declared it impossible to convert them, but nothing is impossible with God.

Mitron, Topeka, Kan. Do you think it right for women to conduct a Christian behavior meeting in a church when the Apostle enjoined them to silence? (See 1 Cor. 14:34.)

Who better a woman, if converted and qualified, is perfectly justified in conducting such a meeting. A literal obedience to the injunction of the Apostle would prevent her even joining

in the singing, which would be ridiculous. The apostle had reasons for his prohibition which do not exist to-day. In Corinth and other cities of his time the position of women in society was one of subjection. The only women who were prominent and free of restraint were women of bad character. If he had permitted women to take a prominent part in the infant church it would have caused reproach. People would have charged him with encouraging boldness and immodesty. Paul adopted his usual course of avoiding any shock to prejudice. Another instance of it is in his dealing with the question of eating meat sacrificed to idols. He thought it nonsensical (See 1 Cor. 4:13), but he yielded to avoid hurting the conscience of others. Had he lived in our day we do not think he would have written the passage to which you refer.

Reader, W. Va. 1. Does Paul intimate in 1 Cor. 6:9 that women may not be saved when he says that the effeminate are excluded? 2. Does the prohibition against inordinate affection (Col. 3:3) imply that we are not to dearly love our families and Christian friends?

1. No, Paul is not speaking of women at all, but of men who at that time in Corinth and

if they knew them to be unscriptural. On each side of the dispute are men of learning and eminent piety who differ diametrically and who believe that the mode they favor is the Scriptural one. Hundreds of volumes have been written on the subject, but neither side is convinced. 2. There is no evidence. The subject seems to have had unpleasant associations in Paul's day, otherwise he would not have thanked God he had baptized so few (see 1 Cor. 1:14). 3. Mention is made (Acts 16, 15, 33) of the baptism of households in instances where the head of a family became a believer, and they may have included infants, or may not.

Old Subscriber, Scranton, Pa. 1. Why do we observe the first day of the week instead of the seventh day as the Sabbath? Is there any command in the Bible to observe Sunday as the Sabbath? 2. When was the change first made?

1. We observe Sunday in celebration of our Lord's resurrection from the dead which is believed to have taken place on that day. It was the culminating evidence of Christ's divinity and changed the darkness and gloom of Calvary into joy and hope. It was natural that the day should become, especially to Gentile Christians a holy, sacred day far more delightful than the Jewish Sabbath, the observance of which was burdened with absurd and trivial restrictions. A man must not carry a walking-stick or a pocket-handkerchief on that day because that would be carrying a burden. He must not give water to a thirsty animal, must not kindle a fire in his home and must not do other ordinary duties. Christ set the example of disregarding these prohibitions. He healed the sick on the Sabbath, bade a man whom he had healed take up his bed and carry it on the Sabbath, and defended his disciples for plucking the ears of corn. There is

body. Christ's parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16:22-31) is far removed from the idea of a sleep in his grave. His assurance to the penitent thief (Luke 23:43) is of a like character though a different construction is placed upon it by some eminent scholars. The appearance of Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration is another ground for belief in conscious existence. But the strongest ground appears to us to be Paul's expression (Phil. 1:23) of his preference for death over life. He desired to depart "and to be with Christ which is far better." A man so full of energy and love of active service would not have thought it far better to be asleep in the grave than to be working for his Master. He evidently thought that death would admit him at once to the presence of the Lord.

Student, Chicago, Ill. Am I right in regarding Evolutionists as infidels?

Not necessarily. An evolutionist may be an infidel, but he may be a sincere Christian. There are many clergymen who are preaching the Gospel and doing faithful Christian service, who hold the doctrine of evolution. You must remember that evolution does not account or profess to account for the origin of matter; it deals with the process of development and propounds a theory of its various stages. Christian evolutionists regard the doctrine as showing the manner in which God worked in the production of the universe. Even agnostic evolutionists admit that there must have been a potent force in operation of which evolution cannot tell us anything. The real difficulty the Christian evolutionists have in reconciling their doctrine with their theology, is as to the Fall. Believing that the progress of man was always upward, they are obliged to reject the doctrine that man fell from a state of perfection by eating the forbidden fruit.

Clericus, Toronto, Ont. What authority has the Apostles' Creed? Is there any foundation for the claim that it was composed by the Apostles?

All that is known of it is that it is very ancient. Ambrose, who lived in the third century, quotes it as we have it, with the exception of the clause, "He descended into hell." It does not seem probable that it was composed by the Apostles. Luke, in writing the Acts, would not have been likely to omit all mention of so important a matter. Nor would the early Fathers in disputing with heretics have failed to use so concrete and conclusive an argument if they had it at command. It was probably composed after the death of the Apostles, as a summary of their teaching. The Westminster divines in adding it to their catechism wrote: "It is here annexed, not as though it were composed by the Apostles or ought to be esteemed as canonical Scripture, but because it is a brief sum of the Christian faith agreeable to the Word of God."

Reader, Wilson, Kan. We cannot tell. 3. Baptist and Episcopalian, we believe. Free transportation is given. —Subscriber, Millneck, N. Y. Consult a reputable lawyer; lay advice in such questions is unreliable. —J. M. B., Pittsburg, Pa. Cigarettes in any shape are vile. You had better keep them alone, if you wish to keep your health. —Subscriber, Baltimore for the desire

inquire of the trade in Baltimore for the desire information. —J. L., Bethlehem, Pa. There is no absolutely certain method of erasing tattooing. —Reader, Lewiston, Ill. Write to Ditson or Novell music publishers, New York. —Mrs. J. R. F. Montpelier, Vt. 1. Not now published. 2. Doctor of Philosophy—Ph. D.—Mrs. Hattie J. C. Worcester, Mass. We cannot state as to the future. Your best course is to secure a copy of the book you mention now. —Q. T., Troy, C. Such an acquaintance is unfit to be continued. —Mr. J. A. Stanton, Adams county, Miss. Can you religious literature to advantage in missionary work in his neighborhood. —Mrs. J. L. S., Lakeside, Cal. Send to the chaplain of any jail of any town in the territory. —J. G. C., Glendale, Ariz. Write to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. —R. W. G., U. S. Canada. Write to Historical Publishing Company, Philadelphia. —Mr. M. E. P., Fort Scott, Kan. Every letter is pronounced except the c, which is silent. —J. M. P., Whiteville, Conn. We do not approve of it. —Mr. M. M., Kortright, N. Y. Inquire of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Bible House, New York. —Mrs. L. L. H., Wilmington, Vt. Send to 105 Bowery, New York. —Miss. —V. I. Coverton, Pa. We cannot tell of it lately. —Mills Berwick, Pa. 1. No. 2. Address Rev. Dr. Simpson 602 5th Ave., N. Y. —E. S. E., Beardston, I. Yes. —Elen F., Broomfield, N. J. It is a reliable concern. —Isabella W., Gadsden, Tenn. Consult a year-book or encyclopedia. —E. W. S., M. Nicholasville, Ky. 1. The law is not intended to produce such a result, but there are many who will doubtless make it an excuse for the condition affairs you mention. 2. The latter, undoubtedly is the lesser evil, if it be an evil at all, which may question. —L. A. H., Winfield, Md. Yes, I will accept it. —Joseph K., Paso, Cal. Small profits are constantly arising. —H. M. G., Galveston, Ind. No, it is out of place. —Mapleton, Cou. Yes, at 30 cents each. —H. M. G., Elizabeth, I. J. Write to the Manager, Oneida, N. Y., for late report. —Mrs. Maggie S. C., Jonesboro, N. Y. 1904 is Leap Year. —R. W. G., N. S., Canada. N. the Authorized Version.



MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, AFTER THE RECENT GREAT SNOWSTORM.

A snowstorm is a costly luxury in the metropolis. The recent heavy snowfall—the first great storm of the present winter—cost the city \$19,000. Hardly had the skies cleared when Street Commissioner Waring had 3500 carts and an army of shovelers briskly at work clearing the streets and by daylight Broadway was absolutely clear, and the main arteries of traffic were comparatively free of snow. In another twenty-four hours, there was hardly a trace of the storm visible where, before, all had been covered with snow. Our photograph affords a view of Madison Square, after a passage had been cleared for vehicles and pedestrians through the deep snowdrifts. Another fall, equal in severity, followed and again the city had to be cleared. It costs forty-two cents per cubic foot to remove the snow, and a five-inch snowfall in New York represents an outlay of \$125,000. It is estimated that the two snowstorms cost the city \$295,000. Whatever may be said of the beauty of a snowstorm in the country, and however poets may sing its praises, it is by no means a welcome visitor in the city where it impedes traffic, hinders all kinds of business and adds to the misery and suffering of the poor. At the same time, it furnishes a brief employment to thousands of idle men, who see in the falling flakes the opportunity of earning a few dollars by clearing the streets and sidewalks.

other European cities were losing their manhood by degrading vices. 2. Natural affection is never condemned in the Bible. Inordinate affection refers to a love which is ruinous alike to the subject and the object. You may have seen a child spoiled by an affection which could deny him nothing. It is a man's duty to love his wife, but if he loves her to such a degree that he will displease God rather than offend her, he has inordinate affection. If a man is placed in pecuniary embarrassment and he has an opportunity of saving himself by committing forgery and he would not do it on his own account, but will do it because he cannot bear to see his wife and family suffer poverty, that man has the inordinate affection which Paul condemns.

E. C. Day, Cincinnati, O. 1. Which is the Scriptural mode of baptism—immersion or sprinkling? 2. Which was used by Paul in baptizing Gentile converts? 3. Is there any ground for believing that infants were baptized by the apostles?

1. If your question could be answered authoritatively a dispute which has long disturbed the Church would be set at rest. The advocates of either mode are sincere men who would abandon their views without hesitation

no direct command to observe Sunday as the Sabbath, and we do not so observe it. It is not a day of rest but a day of consecrated service. When, at the first great Christian council, the question arose whether the Gentile converts were to be required to keep the law, it was decided that they were not. You will see (Acts 15:23, 29) that the Apostles stated explicitly what was expected of the new converts, and added that no other things were required of them. The observance of the seventh day Sabbath was not among the things required. 2. We infer from Acts 20:7, that the first day was observed in Apostolic times. Justin Martyr mentions it as the day of worship in his day, which was A. D. 140, and other early writers show that the practice has been continuous from the time of the first churches.

Bereaved Mother, Jersey City, N. J. Does the soul go to heaven or hell immediately after death, or does it sleep in the grave until the resurrection?

God has not definitely revealed the state of the soul immediately after death. We are, therefore, left to draw inferences from what is revealed. Several passages afford ground for inference, and these appear to us to imply a conscious existence of the soul apart from the

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY



BY
GENERAL:
JOHN:
EATON:

Mormon Missionaries.

Gen. Eaton Describes their Methods—Thousands at Work all over the World, Spreading the Doctrines of Polygamy.

SINCE the adoption of Statehood there has been a manifest increase of missionary activity among the Mormons. If Gentiles have found that the

mission of common virtues, much less of godliness, was not necessary to the supremacy of Mormon leaders, they have become convinced that piety and



JOSEPH P. SMITH.



MRS. MARY A. FREEZE,
Pres. Y. L. M. A. S.

personal worth are less conspicuous as characteristics of the missionaries. It is impossible to describe them in word. If they are ever sent because of worth at home, they are undoubtedly frequently sent that those who are their superiors may be rid of a disturbing element. It has been often stated that for this cause Brigham Young in his early experience was sent to England. A single case has been so often mentioned as to become famous. An ex-judge having incurred the displeasure of the leaders was sent on a long mission to Van Dieman's Land. Going on a mission among Christians is understood to be a matter of consecration; going on a Mormon mission is a matter of orders. Should the mission order be disobeyed no one can tell in how many different ways the displeasure of the church may be visited upon the disobedient. This fact must not be overlooked in measuring the zeal of those sent. Mormonism from the first, has emphasized missions. Latter-Day Saints they claim, came to save the world; they were the only saints, all others were Gentiles or heathen. They have divided the most Christian nations into stakes. During the last few years the Edmunds Laws have lain so heavily upon the church, the amount of property illegally collected and held by it and finally taken from it by *escheats* was so large that the public have heard less of Mormon missions.

Mormon interest in gaining Statehood is explained, if we remember that the United States Constitution is silent upon marriage, that marriage is a subject, which with many others, is left entirely to State regulation. In spite of the Edmunds Laws and in spite of the Mormon manifesto suspending polygamy which followed the enforcement of those laws, it is well known that many Mormons in Utah and especially in out-of-the-way places continue to live in polygamy. All these remnants of the practice may be said to be starting points for its restoration and Bishop Hart, soon after Statehood was entered, did not hesitate to declare that the church would return to its practices. Indeed the doctrine is stated strongly in their Compendium of Faith, revised as late as 1892. If polygamy is restored many anxiously ask, will all the rest of the old order come back? The persecution of Gentiles, apostates and "Jack-Mormons" or those not up in their practice to the requirements of those over them? On the answer to this question, hangs the destiny of Utah—answered wrong, in vain will be the salubrity of its climate, its natural desirableness as a place of residence, indeed all that may constitute its prosperity for the future. Whatever may be said for the leaders, the people are honest, they

want to keep their own promises and they want to see the promises of the church kept. The young, generally, and the liberal, progressive element of every age are anxious to bring on the full noon-day splendor of the day of promise which has dawned upon Utah in the last few years.

The number of missionaries sent, since Statehood has been adopted, is variously estimated; the largest estimate gives 2300, the lowest 1000. How does this compare with the number of missionaries sent out by any one of the larger of the Christian Evangelical denominations? A local paper published in Utah gives information from their mission in Brooklyn, N.Y., direct. There were present twenty elders in this mission, distributed as follows:

Seven in New York State, five in Pennsylvania, six in the New England States and two in Canada. New Jersey is occasionally visited by the elders in Brooklyn, which is headquarters. The writer goes on to say, "This most densely populated part of our great Republic is virgin soil for the Gospel. A new generation has grown up since the early work of the missionaries, and millions of people have never seen or heard a Mormon. Baptisms in some parts are quite frequent. Inquiries are coming in from all sides. Elder Richards, the president, is in communica-



"AMELIA'S PALACE"—THE RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE WIFE.

tion with several prominent people. One of them a Jewish scholar in New York and connected with a periodical printed in Hebrew, has become greatly interested in the work and has offered space in his paper for an occasional exposition of our doctrine. A young Armenian became a convert, recently, and intends to translate some of our tracts into his native language." A good authority reports that twenty missionaries went out from one small town in Utah. Two conferences have been reported well attended in Mississippi. Six years ago Minnesota reported 224, Maryland 457, and far-off Maine 442 faithful followers responsive to Mormon orders. Many of their books are printed in England. A recent telegram states that Mormons in Iowa are planning to erect a college. A Mormon elder is stated to have applied for membership in the Ministers' meeting in his city. The Presbytery of Utah have felt called upon to state in print why they cannot extend Christian fellowship to Mormons. It should be remembered that Mormon missionaries are sent out without salary and compelled to secure their own support and pay their own expenses. They draw many comparisons and contrasts between themselves and Christian missionaries. Good authority reports a Mormon head-

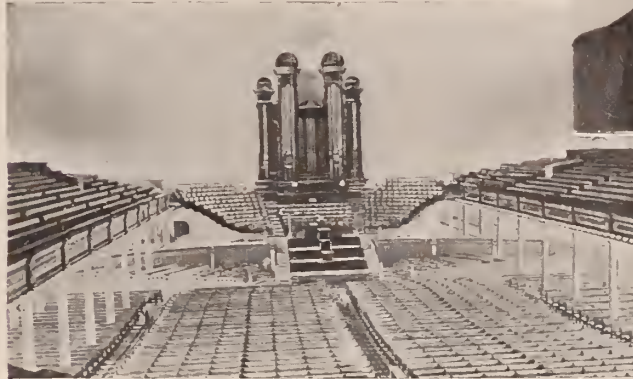
quarter, located at Chattanooga, Tenn., from which a considerable group of missionaries operate in that and other States. The reporters from the New York press have been seeking information at the Mormon headquarters in Brooklyn. Their reports are instructive. The reporter for the *Herald* did not describe the place as attractive or the people as winning in their manners. One Mormon present said in reply to the reporter's questions:

"We are here not to do anything aggressive or offensive, but to give those who wish to join our church an opportunity to do so. Why

"How are the divorce laws in Utah, in case I should not like my husband?" I inquired. "There's no need of divorce laws there, for every woman's husband is in duty bound to support his wives, and that's about all they care for, you know," said the elder. "Give a woman the comforts of life and she is not going to



EVAN STEPHENS,
The Choir Leader.



INTERIOR OF MORMON TABERNACLE, SHOWING THE CHOIR.

not? There are splendid opportunities in the West for young women. If there are features of our church which they do not like, they are not obliged to embrace them. We believe that we are working for the good of mankind."

"Have you secured any converts?"
"Quite a number," he replied.
"Have they been shipped West?"
"Those who desired to go West have been sent West. We do not send converts against their will," was the reply of the Mormon.

A young woman whom the elder had

make much fuss about anything else!"
"And my transportation?"
"Oh, you need not worry about that. I want you to come over and see me again on Saturday and Sunday. We will go down to the little town in New Jersey, where we will have a meeting, and I'll introduce you to some of the ladies who are going in the next car."

Another journal reports that forty-five converts had been sent West, and still another reports in addition that converts are multiplying so rapidly that a request for twenty more missionaries has been sent to Utah. It quotes Elder Richards as saying:

"Our duty is to go without purse or scrip, but to such as go to Utah we can say that they will find a thrifty and prosperous people among our sect, who, since Utah became a State, represent the majority of the voting power and constitute about two-thirds of the population. The Church now numbers about 300,000 members."

He adds that the elder claims that polygamy is now discountenanced both by church and state.

JOHN EATON.

An African Congregation.

Our church is always full, writes an African Missionary. On a recent occasion there were quite 7,000 present in the church and in the veranda of the church where they hear as well as in the church itself. We sat on the women's side. How nice they all looked in their bark clothes; no odd, gay colors, as you see on the coast, but wherever the eye turned this universal terra-cotta color. Another day we paid a visit to the queen-mother. She is a regular heathen princess, with a grim, hard face that made one quite believe her capable of all the many acts of cruelty which they say she committed. She sat in state on an embroidered Indian rug spread on the ground, holding a large knife in her hand made of copper and brass mixed, and was most autocratic in the way in which she ordered us to stand up and sit down, that she might get every

possible view of us. One could not help contrasting her with the Christian women—the difference is most marked.

failed to convert was more communicative. She said, in reply to a question:

"I was informed that several of the women I had seen were going West in the 'next car.' I was not delighted at the prospect of having them for companions."

"Having decided that there was nothing in further discussion, I prepared to take my departure. 'There is no doubt that you are a capable and willing girl,' said the elder, 'and if you will go to Salt Lake I will give you a letter of introduction and commendation to some wealthy brother there who will care for you most tenderly until I come.'"

"And then what?" I asked. "We might find it advisable and desirable for you to marry," he said. This sort of talk made me mad. "How many times could I marry?" I asked, "and how many husbands could I support there if I became very successful in my business career?"



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY
OF THE
BROADER
CHRIST-LIFE



WRITTEN
SPECIALLY
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER III—Continued
JESSIE'S AFFAIRS.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

"W. E. A. I. T. H." continued John, "is given to be spent in good works, and the holders are agents for him who declares the 'silver and the gold are mine.' As for me I should fear the awful responsibility of wealth. 'Godliness with contentment' is the great gain I desire."

"Yet you are admitting that wealth is a power for good."

"At the same time, I do not say it is necessary for the noblest work. Did Paul, or Luther, or Whitefield, or Wesley depend upon it? Indeed, no! When Pope Leo the Tenth realized that Luther could not be bought, and said angrily, 'this German beast cares nothing for gold,' he hit the truth about all great moral leaders. As a social regenerator, gold, in the hands of a good man, is a potent factor. It can build churches, and colleges, and libraries. It can bind men together with the iron ties of railways, and cables, and telegraphs. It can prepare succor for the sick and dying in hospitals. It has a thousand great works to do, for the uplifting and comforting of humanity. But if wealth is not spent in this manner, then the increase of wealth means only the increase of misery."

"But John, how few rich men do spend their wealth in social regeneration. They hoard it and luxuriate in it, and then leave it to their children."

"Then they must pay the dreadful penalty of false stewards. Their hearts will grow as fat as brawn, and cold as ice, until upon their sinful selfishness crashes the awful message—'Thou fool! This night!'"

"John you terrify me. Are we then to live only for others?"

"Oh, Jessie, in living for others we live for ourselves best, and most of all. We are the children of the King of heaven and earth, and we serve him not for wages but for love. We are taking the journey of life through this world on his order. We are 'in the King's highway.'"

"It is a very sorrowful and dangerous way to many."

"It is, Jessie. The devils of murder and robbery, of drunkenness and lust, of greed and oppressions of every description are to be met on it. Apollyon has straddled over the whole width of the way; but then, what are we here for but to 'prepare the way of the Lord' and to make its paths clean and straight, and utterly destroy whatever defiles it? When men have done this the millennium will be here."

"You make life such a terribly solemn thing, John."

"Solemn, but sweet; for we have so much love and loving-kindness, as we take it together: father and mother love, brother and sister love, husband and wife love; friends, and books, and neighbors, and fellow-travellers; good men and women, all going the same way—the way of holiness, the King's highway."

"You ought to be a preacher, John, and not a lawyer."

"Every man and woman may be a preacher in the house, in the railway, in the highway and the byway. For instance, in teaching Miss Lloyd music, you may teach her many other things."

"Miss Lloyd is an uncertain quantity, John. She may be able to teach me 'other things.' I will tell you more about Miss Lloyd a month hence. Now John, I have had a hard day and am very tired. I must go to sleep."

"The sleep that rounds our little life, is it a sleep, Kitty?"

"Oh, John, don't set me any more hard questions to-night. I am going to shut my eyes and dream." Then he kissed him, and it must be admitted, just away from her consideration all that he had said. Her

*Christian. And now, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness, the way of life.

And now, I am a little straddled quite over the whole width of the way, and said, I am void of fear to us, I am.

Pragm. Herald. JOHN BRYAN.

interest did not lie in that road at present. She let the thought of riches and the obligations of riches slip from her consciousness, and began to wonder where Steve was, and what he was doing, and if he was thinking of her. Then with a sigh she closed her eyes and whispered to herself—"What is in my heart shall lie quiet a little while. I am tired—tired of everything."

CHAPTER IV.

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

The month which Jessie had allowed herself for determining the value of her first kind reception at Lloyd Park, went swiftly away; and during it Alice disappointed none of the expectations her gracious behavior had indicated at the first meeting. Indeed in spite of Jessie's doubting, touchy, individuality, a kind of friendship had grown up between the girls; though Jessie was more and more puzzled, as to what possible circumstances had brought them together. For it was soon evident to her, that Alice was no enthusiast about her music; she would have shirked her lessons, if her conscientious teacher would have allowed her to do so. She preferred evidently to ask Jessie questions and to talk to her endlessly about her life and likings. And though Jessie was not destitute of that dubious dislike and suspicious want of confidence which seems the natural condition between employer and employee, she found it hard to maintain it in the presence of Alice.

Had Jessie known that she was being wooed for Steve's sake, she would have resented the familiarity; but which of us is proof against kindness, we believe to be given freely to our own person and attributes? Jessie's "unselfishness" vanished gradually, before the girlish confidences that followed the usual music lesson; for there was always a delicate little lunch ready at its close; and if people do not become good-natured while eating together, then they ought to drop their association at once, and for ever.

Their first confidence related to Lord Medway. For two weeks he remained at Lloyd Park, and the music lessons were much interrupted by his intrusions. He himself was receiving at the same time a lesson, which his vanity could not comprehend, until it was put into unmistakable English for him. Jessie had divined his admiration at their first meeting; at their second, he made it still less equivocal. He had discovered by this time, that she was present simply as Miss Lloyd's teacher; and his ideas about women were always modified by their rank or wealth. His underhand furtive admiration deeply offended Jessie; but he would not accept such tokens of her annoyance, as it was in her power to give, without making herself and him also unpleasantly conspicuous. At her fourth visit, she found him in the train, when she entered it to return to her home; and he immediately addressed her in language, whose affectionate tenor there was no mistaking.

She looked at him with a calm and sovereign contempt, and answered, "We have nothing in common, sir. My affections are placed far beyond you. I would not marry you for all the coronets in England."

He flattered, but he was angry enough, as he continued—"I did not ask you to marry me. Telling a pretty girl you love her is a long way from wishing to marry her."

"Not in my case, sir. Loving a girl is the way to marry her, as I have been taught. But there is no question of love

between you and me. I should find it impossible on my part."

"You are a saucy little minx. And yet, you are so piquantly and provokingly tempting, that I intend to—"

"If you say another word to me, sir, I will report you to the conductor. Therefore, if you do not wish to be left on the roadside, you will do well to find another seat. I will not endure your company any longer."

Then he lifted his hat and went to the other end of the car, an angry and a mortified man; and Jessie smiled serenely at the courtesy. "It is the force of habit," she thought; "he is one of those creatures, who always lift their hats to women, but never, under any circumstances, respect them." In this decision, however, Jessie was wrong. It was the force of virtue, that for once bared the nobleman's head; and in spite of his mortification he watched the proud, self-respecting girl, with a very sincere admiration and esteem.

When she went to Lloyd Park the following Saturday, Lord Medway was in Newport; and Alice took Jessie into her confidence. "I think he wishes me to marry him," she said, "and perhaps I may do so; for father desires the match very much. Have you ever been in love, Jessie?" she asked.

"No—not quite—that is, I don't know. I have met a young man lately whom I could love, if it was prudent to do so."

"Oh, then, you are not in love; you are in prudence. What kind of a young man? Is he handsome?"



SHE FOUND HIM IN THE TRAIN.

"No, and yes. I will tell you what kind of a young man. He was at a Trade's meeting with my brother John and I, one night, and some one speaking there called A, and B, and C, and D, and Nicholas Lloyd, 'hellish incarnations of selfishness and covetousness.' And he leaped on to the platform and told the working-men there and then, to their faces, that they were in their way every bit as selfish and covetous. And a big bullying fellow ordered him to make an apology, and Steve flung off his coat, and flung the man before he knew what had happened."

"Oh, how splendid! I would have given a thousand dollars to have been there! Did you say his name was Steve?"

"Yes; Steve Morrison."

"How can you help loving a man like that? Does he love you? Let me kiss you for him." Her face was one charming smile. Her eyes full of radiant tears. She was thinking to herself, that in spite of the misunderstanding between Steve and his father, Steve would not sit still, and hear his father called a "hellish incarnation." "Good! Good!" she ejaculated; "and indeed, Jessie, I cannot see how you can help loving such a man as that! What hinders?"

"I don't know who he is. He says nothing of his past; nothing of his future; nothing of his friends. He admits that he is lazy, and too fond of travel. He is a fine scholar; and yet, when he needs money, he does any kind of rough, menial work to obtain what he wants—that, and no more. He has the carriage and manners of a well-bred man, and yet he is poor. He is an enigma; and no sensible girl wants to marry an enigma. Now with Lord Medway it is different. You know who, and what he is; and where he comes from; and you may imagine fairly enough, the kind of life you will be likely to lead with him. This Steve Morrison may be a proper person—and he may not."

"Oh, I am sure he is nothing wrong; I think I could trust him."

"You know only the right side of the garment of life. I have seen the rough, frayed inside. I go with John among the laboring classes sometimes, and in our own home, we have learned what pinching and wanting means; not lately, not since John and I could work, but the scars of poverty, are never obliterated, by any number of years. I don't want, therefore, to marry a poor, struggling man. I never wish to see my husband toil and suffer, as my father has done. I could not bear it as sweetly as mother bears it. I should become cross and disappointed, and perhaps wish for anarchy to reign in every one's affairs."

"So then, this poor Steve Morrison, will have to become rich Steve Morrison, before you permit yourself to love him."

"I don't want riches. I want competence and security. I like work. I should be glad to help him; but he must like work also; I mean steady, respectable work."

"I can understand that, to be just and right; and yet, it does seem a pity, that Love has to take money into consideration."

"Money is a never ceasing consideration with the poor. How is it with the rich?"

"Much the same. Do you believe Lord Medway would marry me if I was a poor girl?"

"Perhaps not?"

"I am sure not. I should be as much out of his thoughts as a three-roomed cottage to live in; or a ready-made suit of clothing to wear."

"If you look at the matter in that light, Alice, I would drop it altogether. There ought to be love between you; money is not enough."

"Yet, you will not love without money. I have always read that love was the first and the last thing; that

we ought to marry for love, and work for money—and so on."

"We must do as the world does; and not as it says. The world frowns on imprudent marriages. I think it is right Steve himself told the working men that if they married within half-a-dollar of starvation, they are brutally selfish; and they are."

"Nevertheless, I am sorry for the poor splendid fellow. I wish you could love him—just for himself."

"You wish me to marry for love. Do you love Lord Medway?"

"He is pleasant and kind, and I am proud of his position. I like to think of the title I shall bear; of the magnificent old home I shall go to; of the society and travel, yes, and of the grand wedding feast he has promised me. Any girl would like such things; and would not dislike the man who gave them to her, unless he was remarkably ugly or disagreeable. Lord Medway is fairly good-looking; he has an aristocratic way with him; and he professes to think me the loveliest woman he ever saw. After he went to Newport, certainly missed him for a day or two, suppose then I have a little love for him—a little love, which time and circumstances may make more."

"Still, Alice, I do not think you are in love. I remember the first night I met Steve. We were all sitting at dinner when he came to us. I thought I had never seen a man with such a radiant face."

(To be Continued.)

Revivals.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning January 17. II. Chron. 30: 13-27.

COMMON parlance has given a meaning to the word, revival, that it did not originally convey. When we hear that there has been a revival in a town, we suppose that some evangelist has been there teaching the Gospel with eloquence, and leading with sinners to accept the offer of salvation and that men who have not previously known Christ have turned from sin and have given themselves to the Lord. In one sense this is a revival inasmuch as it is a renewal of energy that was latent. The word, however, in its first and natural sense implies a quickening of the spiritual life in the hearts of Christian people, a renewed consecration, a trimming of the lamp, a tightening of the grip on God's truth, a fresh promise and on his power. It is a new life, a fresh accession of the energy of the Holy Spirit, operating on souls responsive to the influence. Its effects are usually seen in a withdrawal of worldly Christians from scenes of frivolous amusement, a relaxation of the numbing struggle after wealth and an increase in attention to the preaching of the Gospel and to prayer.

That such times are very necessary to the life of the church every observer knows. Times of deadness and coldness inevitably come. Those who are in the world are apt to become of the world. Principles and practices in vogue society insensibly influence the Christian who is not living near to God and take a boat on a strong current, he is carried out of his course. The revival serves a useful purpose if it causes him to make an examination analogous to the work known to the sailor as taking the reckoning. The captain takes an observation of the sun and with his chronometer and his chart works out a reckoning by which he finds out his exact position on the wild ocean desert. If the wind or the current has carried him out of his course, he discovers the fact and he gives a new order to the man at the wheel. If a preacher can induce his hearers to perform a like duty as to the spiritual voyage, a revival is likely to follow. There will be regret for wasted time, sorrow for neglected prayer and overlooked opportunities of usefulness, and an increased realization of the paramount importance of spiritual growth. This is revival in its true sense, if it leads to amendment and earnest prayer or more grace.

When this spiritual quickening takes place, there is nearly always an accession to the church from the world. It is partly due to direct effort. When the Christian realizes his privileges and the power of true godliness in his own life and the joy of union with Christ, he tries to bring others into the fold. Appeals are made to men with whom he comes in contact in business and social life, and assurances are given that religion increases and does not diminish the happiness of life. Such efforts usually have more power than any sermon, being disinterested and non-professional. Besides this there is a silent influence of a very potent kind proceeding from a man who is living in close communion with God, that reaches far and wide. As the steel filings that adhere to a magnet themselves become magnetic, so the soul that is in close contact with Christ draws others to him. This is the mechanism of a revival of the right kind. But it is the mechanism only. The real Power operating, is the Holy Spirit, the vital force which moves in favorable conditions. Like the wind, which bloweth as it listeth, the Spirit comes, but if no sails are set, if there is no receptive disposition, the Power has no effect, almighty as it is. God does not force men into his kingdom. He will cooperate with the willing soul and will make that soul, though it be weak as the feeblest thing in creation, strong with his strength. Thus a revival is never the result of organization, though organization may be an effective element in it. The power is of God, and by that alone can it come, but when organization in a church shows that a revival is desired, and there is faith to expect it the power comes.



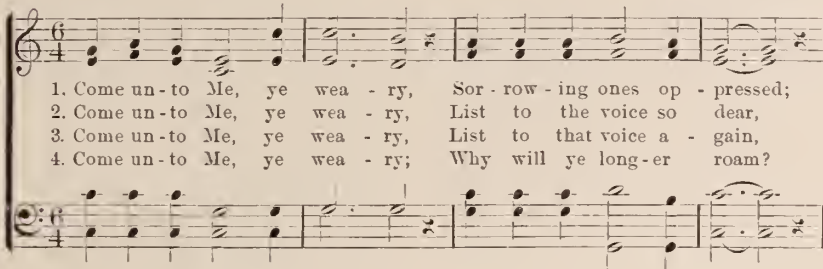
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

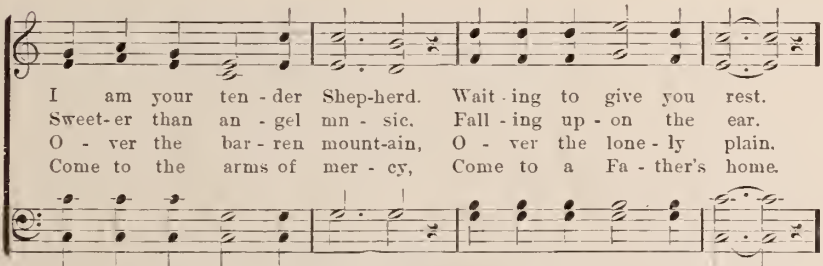
"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

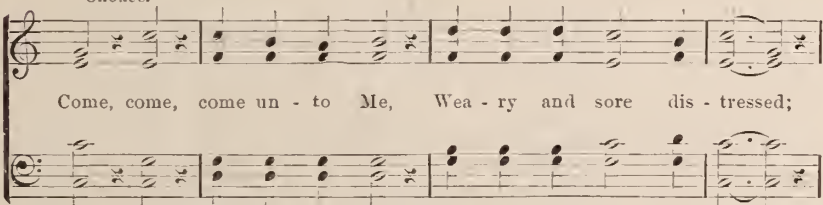


1. Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, Sor-row-ing ones op-pressed;
2. Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, List to the voice so dear,
3. Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, List to that voice a-gain,
4. Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry; Why will ye long-er roam?

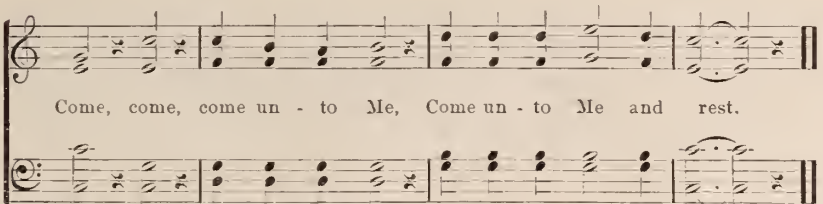


I am your ten-der Shep-herd. Wait-ing to give you rest.
Sweet-er than an-gel mn-sic. Fall-ing up-on the ear.
O-ver the bar-ren mount-ain, O-ver the lone-ly plain.
Come to the arms of mer-cy, Come to a Fa-ther's home.

CHORUS.



Come, come, come un-to Me, Wea-ry and sore dis-tressed;



Come, come, come un-to Me, Come un-to Me and rest.

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From the New Book, SACRED SONGS No. 1. By per. The Biglow & Main Co., Publishers.

"BEHOLD THE BRIDGROOM!"

ARISE! Oh, bride, and don thy garments white,
Set wide thy door.
Let all thy windows blaze with welcoming light.
Waiting is o'er.
Awake! Arise! nor longer slumbering lie,
The King, thy Bridgroom, surely draweth nigh.
Awake! Arise! though he hath tarried long,
And late the hour.
Hearken! hear thou afar, that glorious song.
Rising in power?
Myriads of voices chant that heavenly strain;
Oh, bride, be ready! join the glad refrain.
Let not the world lull thee to sensuous rest,
Biding in ease.
Arise! prepare for thy majestic Guest,
Indifference cease.
Oh, haste thee! haste thee! lest thou be too late;
The bridal train is even at thy gate.
Dost thou still linger? Hast thou then forgot?
He came to save,
And yet, his very own, received him not,
Nor welcome gave.
Oh, bride, wilt thou so cold, so careless be?
He bore the cross, the blood-stained cross, for thee.

Chillicothe, Mo.

—LOUISE J. STRONG.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

HAND in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf ones own;
Never, walking heavenward
Can we walk alone.
Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the glowing hearth-fires—
Everywhere—we meet.
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of paradise;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.
Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise;
By the same straight pathway
Prince and beggar rise.
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-embrowed and worn,
Then one link with heaven
From our life is torn.
Hand in hand with angels!
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers;
Giving light, they see.
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one;
Sinking earth he grapples
To the great white throne.

—LUCY LARCOM.

The Lord's Coming.

What the Scriptures Teach as to its Manner and Time.

BY REV. CAPEL MOLYNEAUX, B. A.

HE will come in person, not as some contend in spirit and in doctrine, or by the messenger of death. Jesus Christ, who lived and died on earth, and afterwards rose and ascended into heaven, will himself return, the same Jesus Christ, the same Man, who once trod this earth's highway, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" even he the same, though in highest glory instead of deep humiliation; though garbed in light instead of shrouded in a "body marred more than any man"—otherwise the same, even as the angels testified, "this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

When, and wheresoever, the Bible says the Son of Man will come, I believe it means precisely what it does say, that the Son of Man will come, and nothing else! and to explain this of anything else—of death, the destruction of Jerusalem, or even the outpouring of the Spirit, or of anything whatever, but what the words evidently declare—does seem to me to confound things palpably different, as words can make them.

He will come suddenly! When the world is crying "peace, peace;" when the remote expectation of his coming shall not generally prevail; when men are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; planting, buying, selling, absorbed in their ordinary concerns, overcharged with cares, interests, and pleasures of this world; when the heart whispers, if the lips give not birth to the sentiment, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Then, at such a time, even then, he will come!

He will come manifestly. "Every eye shall see him." It will be clear, palpable as the sun at noon-day. The advent will be "as the lightning which lighteneth from one end of heaven to the other"—manifest as lightning, clearly manifest, at the same moment everywhere. This, observe, the universal manifestation, and not the rapidity of his coming, is the object of this beautiful illustration. The Lord, in the context to the passage (Matt. 24: 21-28) where the illustration occurs, is warning his disciples against false Christs who will appear in the latter days, and deceive many. He bids his people to be on their guard, and when they shall hear it said, "Behold he is in the desert," they are not to "go forth;" "behold he is in the secret chambers," they are to "believe it not." For, he adds, "as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be"—so! even as evident, clear, manifest, as the lightning. There shall, therefore, be no doubt or possibility of questioning about it; no need to go forth, and search and look for it; it shall not be in a corner, or in a chamber, or in a desert! No man shall tell his neighbor it is come—for his neighbor, like himself, shall see it! It shall be terribly obvious—seen alike in the palace and the cottage; in the mansion and the cabin; in the court and the change, and the field; in the squares and the lanes of the city; in the brilliant assembly and the darkest abode of squalid destitution; where men are revelling, and where men are praying; where the world is decked out in fashion's gaudiest plumage, and where rags and tatters are the only habiliment. It will burst on all, an appalling, unmistakable reality—on all alike, all without exception, all at once. "Even as the lightning which lighteneth from one end of heaven to the other, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

When will the Lord come? We do not know exactly, but we know where it will come relatively. Thus we are informed by the Lord himself that "when the Gospel shall be preached as a witness to all nations," then the end, which includes, or terminates in the advent, shall come; again, Paul testifies that when the man of sin shall be revealed, then at the close of his day, the "advent" of our Lord shall come, for the man of sin is to be destroyed thereby.

(To be Concluded.)



The Gift of Imagination.*

HOW signal a place does the imagination hold in the realm of science and invention. Reason itself is only an under-servant. It has no creative skill. Memory makes no discoveries. But the imagination is a wonder worker. One day, chancing upon a large bone of the mammoth in the Black Forest, Oken, the German naturalist, exclaimed: "This is a part of a spinal column." The eyes of the scientist saw only one of the vertebrae, but to that one bone his imagination added frame, limb and head, then clothed the skeleton with skin, and saw the giant of animals moving through the forest. In that hour the imagination wrought a revolution in the science of anatomy. Similarly, this creative faculty in Goethe gave botany a new scientific basis. Sitting in his favorite seat near the castle of Heidelberg one day the great poet was picking in pieces an oak leaf. Suddenly his imagination transformed the leaf. Under its touch the central stalk lifted itself up and became the trunk of the tree; the veins of the leaf were extended and became boughs and branches; each filament became a leaf and spray, the imagination revealed each petal and stamen and pistil, as after the leaf type, and gave a new philosophy to the science of herbs and shrubs. When a pistachio tree in Paris with only female blossoms suddenly bore nuts, the mind of a scientist suggested that some other rich man had imported a tree with male flowers, and careful search revealed that tree many miles away.

And in every department of science this faculty bridges over chasms between discovered truths. Even Newton's discovery was the gift of imagination. When the eyes of the scientist saw the falling apple it was his vision faculty that leaped through space and saw the falling moon. When the western trade winds, blowing for weeks, had cast the drift wood upon the shores of Spain, Columbus' eyes fell not only upon the strange wood but also upon a pebble caught in the crevice. But his imagination leaped from the pebble to the Western continent of which the stone was a part, and from the tree to the forest in which it grew.

This faculty has performed a similar work in the realm of mechanics. Watt tells us that his engine worked in his mind years before it worked in his shop. In his biography Milton recognizes the beauty of the trees and flowers he culled from earth's landscapes and gardens, but in his "Paradise Lost," his imagination beheld an Eden fairer than any scene yet found on earth. Napoleon believed that every battle was won by the imagination. While his soldiers slept, the great Corsican marshaled his troops, hurled them against the enemy, and won the victory in his mind the night before the battle was fought. Even the orator like Webster must be described as one who sees his argument in the air before he writes it upon the page: just as Handel thought he heard the music falling from the sky more rapidly than his hand could fasten the notes upon the musical bars. Thus every new tool and picture, every new temple or law or reform has been the imagination's gift to man.

And when imagination has achieved for man his progress, happiness, and culture, it goes on to help him to gain personal worth and character. Above every noble soul hangs a vision of things higher, better and sweeter. It causes the best men even in their best moods to feel that better things still are possible. By sweet vision it tempts men upward, just as of the old bees were lured onward by the honey dropped through the hunter's hands. The vision of a higher path leads discontented men with to-day's achievement and takes the flavor out of yesterday's victory. In such hours it is not enough that men

have bread and raiment, or are better than their fellows. The soul is filled with nameless yearnings and longings. The deeper convictions, long hidden, begin to stir and strain, even as in June the seed aches with its hidden harvest.

Steps to Happiness.†

TWO youths, tired of life as only the young can be, sought the Prophet who dwelt alone. One youth said, "O Prophet, I have had all wealth and pursued all pleasures; but I have not found happiness." "It could not be," said the Prophet, "pleasure is in things without. Happiness is from things within." "True, O Prophet," said the other youth, "so I believed; and I sought to know all mysteries and all knowledge, knowing that happiness is within. But I, too, have not found happiness."

The sun was shining with midday strength, and the Prophet bade him look fixedly at its shining orb. For an instant the youth turned eager and wistful eyes towards the heavens, and then he withdrew his gaze as one in pain. And the Prophet said, "What seest thou?" and he said, "I see blackness everywhere. The grass grows black, and the flowers are black, and even your faces are darkened to me." And the Prophet said, "Mysteries thou canst not fathom. None can look on God's face and live. We know in part. Happiness is not in knowledge." Then there was silence while the young man's eyes recovered. And then said the Prophet, "Look once more, but look not on the heaven but on the earth." And the young man looked—and was glad; for meadow, stream, and hill were bathed in happy sunlight. And the Prophet said, "What seest thou of heaven?" And the youth answered, "I see the sunlight everywhere."

Then said the Prophet, "Be content. Mind not high things. Seek not to know mysteries. But seek goodness, purity, righteousness, and kindness, and thou shalt see God's sunlight everywhere; and thou shalt find happiness within. Herein is the blessing of the Lord, that a man be satisfied in righteousness."

Then the youths left the Prophet; and, as they journeyed to their city again, he that had sought to know mysteries said: "I remember that it is written, 'In thy light shall we see light.'" And the other, who had sought happiness in pleasure, made answer: "I, too, remember One who said, 'I am the Door. By me if any man enter in he shall be saved.'"

The moment this is realized, the whole conception of life changes. As long as we are blinded by worldly ideas, and falsely imagine that life consists in the abundance of the things which a man possesses, we are keenly alive to our own misfortunes. We are inclined to declare that life is not worth living, because we measure the worth of life by material standards. But when we begin to perceive that life is moral discipline, and its end the perfecting of character, we can be content with food and raiment, for we are sure that a nobler enrichment is going forward. The varied experiences of life are working towards that happiness which is above all earthly gain, because it is a happiness within ourselves, a happiness of disposition and character. If happiness consists in the fulfilment of the end of our being, human happiness must be found in growing into that likeness in which we were made, and in the attaining of which we reach our true maturity, and realize the purpose of God. It is thus that man is brought to understand what is meant by fellowship with God. Discord within and meanness of conscience mean want of harmony between what our lives are

and what they ought to be; they reveal how far we are from fulfilling the true purpose of life; they show that we are out of harmony with the order of our life, that is with the will of God. Peace within means the end of this discord, the harmony of our will with God's will. When we desire what he desires for us, our moral dispositions are in sympathy with him, and, this being so, we reach that stage of religious progress which may be called fellowship with God.

Un-Poetic Hymns.*

AS in British letters the sacred verse of Milton, Addison, Pope, and Cowper is a normal form of poetic utterance, so when our representative American poets enter the domain of the religious lyric they but add another evidence of their genuine gift and mission as poets. In this high sense, a hymn from Holmes or Whittier is as appropriate as when it comes from the pen of Hastings or Palmer. Just here it is in place to state that, as we have in English and classical literature debates and orations that were never pronounced in public, so may we expect to find, and do find, some of these sacred lyrics which have been composed with no reference whatever to their use in the exercises of Christian worship, but simply as one of the types in which poetic genius embodies itself, composed as literature, and not specifically as religious literature. Thus Whittier wrote his lyrics "The Eternal Goodness" and "Our Master," which, though not written as hymns, may be so used if need be. Thus Holmes and Bryant and Lowell wrote reflective verse as verse, but so imbued with moral and spiritual life as to make it serviceable in the rites of the Church. In this way, what Brooks calls "the theology of the English poets" has been made an essential and attractive part of English literature.

So, on the other hand, hymns as such should possess some distinctive literary character, should have an artistic as well as a religious quality, and should be in good taste from an esthetic point of view, so as to commend themselves to all students of form and lovers of literary art. The violation of this principle is far too frequent, so frequent as to have brought the whole department of hymnology into peril at the hands of literary critics. The mere fact that such lyrics are composed for the service of the Church and the needs of the common people does not, in their judgment, justify the absence of definite artistic excellence. Readers of taste are often pained by these unliturgical and non-literary effusions that are found in our collections and pass for sacred poetry. In no sense known to criticism can they be called poetry, and should not as such be imposed upon the acceptance of worshippers. It is, indeed, because of the presumable literary ignorance of the people as a whole that they are thus imposed, devoid as they are both of the structure and spirit of genuine verse, ill-conceived and ill-expressed, and worthy of the name of verse only in the sense that the lines are metrical. It is needless to say that much of the hymnology in use by the modern lay evangelist is greatly at fault in this particular, a mere jingle and doggerel and trick of words, as illiterate and unpoetic as verse could well be and be verse at all. It cannot be wondered at that such an order of sacred song should offend the cultivated taste of literary men, and estrange them permanently from the ordinances of the Church.

*From *American Meditative Lyrics*, by Theo. W. Hunt, Ph.D.; illustrated. An interesting and well written little volume on American Lyric Verse, leading poets only being discussed. Pp. 205; cloth binding; price \$1. E. B. Treat & Co., N. Y., pub'rs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Max and Zan and Nicodemus; by Mrs. M. A. Hayne Fisher. A story of the lives of two little children, who dwell in the mountains, which will delight both juveniles and elders; 120 pages, cloth covers, illustrated, price 75 cents. W. J. Shuey, Dayton, O., publisher.

The Century Magazine (Bound vol. 52, May to October, 1890), contains 490 pages, with 90 full page illustrations and a host of minor ones. The contents embrace the concluding articles by Prof. Sloan, on the Life of Napoleon, two Serial Novels, one by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the other by William Dean Howells, and two complete novelettes; illustrated articles by distinguished travelers, literateurs and specialists on Rome, Spain, Africa, China, Venezuela and China; a series of contributions on Art; sixteen short stories, poems, contributions on miscellaneous subjects, and a number of illustrated papers on various topics. The whole affords a feast of literary and artistic enjoyment, such as only this famous magazine can supply; gold cloth binding, price per volume \$3. Century Co., New York, publishers.

How People Get On in the World

TO be Successful! This has become one of the grandest tests of merit; for even the Church in our age, has grasped the promise of this life, as well as the next, and begun to look upon a genuine success, one of the legitimate fruits of the Gospel. And when we consider that but for successful men there would be far fewer churches, hospital schools, etc., and vastly crippled missionary and charitable enterprises, we must acknowledge the blessedness of Success, in its general results.

And when we regard it individually, Success is in most cases an inward grace, as well as an external gain. The qualities that have been cultivated in order to attain to it, are in the main excellent qualities; for though people talk "luck," success does not come by chance. This world is run with far too tight a rein to permit of fortuitous events, and Providence beyond all doubt, gives us good things by our own hands.

First, the successful man knows how to wait. Patience is genius, and failures are mostly consummated by want of faith, and want of patience. To concentrate every power on one object, and go directly for it; converging collateral aids, and to be determined to succeed, is to succeed, as a general rule. But if on we begin to doubt, we begin to sprawl; and our days specialties only attain to eminence. We think Admirable Crichtons pleasant to know, but we don't do business with them.

Over-sensitiveness is a great drawback to success. Before men are successful, they must take rebuffs, and plenty of them; but the man bound for the top of the ladder, has that to act of purpose, and that moral bravery finely expressed in one of those wonderful nursery rhymes, which are the unconscious oracles of a dead world. I refer to the famous Man of Thessaly; who

Jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes;
But who had the heroic stuff in him, of which success is made; for

When he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into the quickset hedge,
And scratched them in again.

Selfish men, as a rule, do not succeed. Providence helps those who help themselves; much more does he help those who help others, as well as themselves. "The liberal is a devilish liberal thing; and by liberal this shall he stand." There have been hours in the lives of all successful men, when everything depended upon someone throwing them a rope or lending them a hand. It is not only Christianity, it is also bad policy, to keep one's hands too much in one's own pocket. Indeed selfish men are often a wonder to those who know them. They get much and give nothing. They are like those Jews who built themselves ceiled houses, while the house of God lay waste. If they had minded his affairs, he would have minded theirs; for we can't serve God—or man either—for nought. Now, says God of such, "Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe ye, but there is none wax; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages, and put it into a bag with holes." Self-reliance is a good thing; but mutual-reliance is a far better thing.

The Preacher, Thinker, Philanthropist, and all men who work with mind and spirit, cannot be paid in matter; therefore their success must be measured by moral and mental influences; and for this reason, the world often calls them "failures," a definition, applicable still more startlingly to men who band together for good causes, which are apparent successes. But these men are not "failures" if we consider that we are eternal. This may take but one step in a century, but it never recedes; and even forlorn hopes, like their glad and glorious days. Beneath the fire of storming batteries, we touch something diviner than earth; and it is in the hottest conflicts, we meet our heavenly brethren.

The world may thank God that there are men and women, who for their convictions and ideals, are content to be what it calls "unsuccessful"—to be of the minority, against the majority. These are the "foolish" one to whom God says "Forward!" and barbarian crumblers, and nations are kindled to a common compassion; and men give their lives to destroy slavery, and their money to feed the hungry, and teach the ignorant. These are the men who make us revolt at masses, who succor desolate women, and nourish orphan children, and protect animal life. Well then, though material success is a great peer for good, there is a higher success than a golden one. Let us not despise it, because it appears so unreal. Beautiful ideals expand hearts that welcome them; and like the lighthouse, guess at springs that have not yet flowed. People may smile at the disproportion between our ideals and realities. Never mind. It is just here that we touch the first step of the ladder, which leads up to the region of light; and to that gloriously comprehensive Divine verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Amelia E. Pa...

*From *A Man's Value to Society*, Studies in Social Character, by N. D. Hillis, Jr., published by Fleming H. Revell, New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

†From *The Great Charter of Christ*, by the Right Rev. W. Lloyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C. A series of lectures on the Sermon on the Mount. They show the profound philosophy of the Great Teacher and how his words apply to modern life. Pp. 300; price \$1.50. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

THE NIGHT WIND.

AVE you ever heard the wind go
"Yooooo!"
Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
Is the voice of the night that broods outside,
When folks should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried
In the darkness that brooded far and wide
Over the land and deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooo! Yooooo! Yooooo!"
My mother told me long ago,
When I was a little tad,
That when the night went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then when I was snug in bed,
With the blankets drawn up round my head,
I think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooo! Yooooo! Yooooo!"
That this was true, I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yet, though I am quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test:
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yooooo! Yooooo! Yooooo!"

Shopping in Mid-winter.

aking Holiday Purchases in Arctic Weather
—New York's Crowded Thoroughfares.

VERY winter, as the holidays approach, New York draws to itself as with an irresistible magnet, great multitudes of shoppers. They come from long distances, by train or steamer, and they overflow the hotels, fill the street cars and her conveyances, and in the principal thoroughfares, join with city shoppers in crowding stores and sidewalks to an extent that frequently makes locomotion almost impossible. Our photograph shows a section of the popular Sixth avenue shopping district during holiday week, and it may be accepted as a fair specimen of the condition of many other parts of town. Not only are the mammoth establishments inundated with buyers, but the less pretentious stores find their trade quadrupled in holiday week. For many businesses, the brief season toward the close of December, is the annual harvest, and all their resources are energetically applied to make it as big a harvest as possible. This is especially true of those businesses that deal in such articles, as are specially designed to be used by the purchasers as gifts to friends and relatives. Just how much money is expended in New York City, on purchases during holiday week, it would be difficult to estimate, but it aggregates many millions daily. All classes of society contribute to this extraordinary output of wealth. In the great nurseries, where almost every article may be found on sale, thousands of shoppers crowd the various departments, requiring the services of an army of clerks and saleswomen to attend to their multifarious wants. Almost every nationality is presented in these holiday crowds, and poor and rich may stand alike on an equality and buy at the same counter—the lady in wealth spending her hundreds, while the poor widow, or the hard-worked sewing girl, having only a dollar or two in the world must measure her gifts accordingly. To those who come from the country to shop in the big metropolis for the first time, the mammoth stores on Broadway, Sixth and Eighth avenues, Fourteenth street and Twenty-third street, are a wonderful revelation. Here, in a single building, or group of buildings, perhaps nearly a block in extent, are furniture, jewelry, silks and satins in piece, tailor-made

gowns, and the other garments, laces, stationery, millinery, leather goods, toys innumerable, and games for adults: groceries, hats, shoes, music and musical instruments: enough books to stock a good-sized town library, and a thousand other varieties of merchandise. The stranger is bewildered by the seemingly endless variety, and very naturally wonders how such a vast business can possibly be conducted without hopeless confusion. But each department has its responsible head, and system rules everywhere. All purchases are recorded, no matter how insignificant. Trained detectives guard every aisle and watch lest professional pickpockets should enter and attempt to ply their nefarious trade among the unsuspecting shoppers, and they also look out sharply for the "shop-lifters," whose thievish fingers may stray too long among the goods on the counters. Then the great stores have cared for the comfort of their patrons in



A WINTER HOLIDAY SHOPPING CROWD ON SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

other ways, by providing reception rooms, restaurants, photograph galleries, and even banks and post-offices, within the limits of their establishment.

Thus, a day or two among the big metropolitan stores, during the holidays, is a pleasant experience, not to be forgotten, especially if one is reasonably well supplied with money, and has the habit of observation which greatly adds to the enjoyment.

New Year's Calls Declining.

Soon the old custom of making New Year's calls will be a thing of the past. This year it was noticeable in many cities that fewer calls were made than ever before. Apropos to the changed style of observing the day, it is interesting to note how it was kept in the time of our forefathers. When the metropolis was Nieuw Amsterdam, Alice Morse Earle tells us, there was a constant controversy between Governor Stuyvesant and the easy-going "little bench of justices" over the celebration. The burgomasters and schepens would not hold court or do any legal business at New Year. Then Stuyvesant sent out a proclamation expressly forbidding on New Year's and May Days any firing, or planting of maypoles or beating of the drum; nor shall there be at those times any wines, brandy or beers dealt out. But it took a more powerful enemy than Stuyvesant to annihilate New Year's

Day—it perished under modern indifference and formality. At the beginning of this century the streets were thronged on New Year's Day with all who could not ride; and great four-horse stages packed with hilarious mobs of men rode from house to house visiting any and every friend of any one of the stage load, eating and drinking at every house. Gradually this has died out, or is dying, and the January festival has become decorous and quiet, with hardly a feature left of the old time revelry and indulgence. It is far better as it is.

In the Stepmother's Behalf.

Our "Plea for the Stepmother" which appeared on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in Dec. 16 issue, seems to have awakened sympathetic echoes in several quarters. Mr. W. G. H. Meaford, Ont., writes us a remarkably interesting letter in which he says:

I read your plea for the stepmother. Some years ago, when I was quite a young man, it fell to my lot to board among strangers. One cold winter's day, the house door had by some means been left open for a moment, when the father of that household, said, "Please shut that door, for a stepmother's breath is blowing in." No one knows how keenly I felt that remark: for I had a stepmother. But, Oh! such a mother she was to me! There was no coldness in her breath. The atmosphere of the home where she reigned as queen, was warm with her sweet unchanging love. My own mother went to her rest in heaven when I was only three

FRANKLIN'S WHISTLE.

OUR young folks are probably familiar with the story of Franklin and his whistle. It was related in a letter by Benjamin Franklin to a friend in Philadelphia, in 1779, in which he wrote:

When I was a child, about seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind what good things I might



THE BOY FRANKLIN.

have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle," and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle. *** In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by giving too much for their whistles.

A beautiful statuette of the boy Franklin and his whistle, executed in Carrara marble, my Pasquale Romanelli, has been presented to the Newark, N. J. Public Library by Dr. J. A. Coles and his sister Miss E. S. Coles. It stands as a pedestal of Algonian marble. The figure is very graceful, and the attitude is one of boyish thought. Underneath the statue is the legend "Don't give too much for the whistle," which inculcates a sound, homely philosophy that every boy would do well to keep in view daily with the temptations that arise as he approaches young manhood.

Winter Sunrise in the Woods.

Dr. C. C. Abbott, in a description of a winter stroll in the woods, gives this very charming "bit" from nature: "Decide beforehand whether you will ramble, and make an early start. Sunrise I have always associated with mirth, and sunset with melancholy. It is reasonable to do so. Be astir at sunrise then, and receive the greeting of that lover of the dawn, the blackcap. Chick-a-dee-dee means 'cheerfulness,' as he who hears it quickly learns, for the chill of the early hour is tempered. Those who never see the world at such a time have strange ideas of winter. Frost is a gardener of most excellent taste, and when he has encased seed pods and dry grass in crystal, all their beauty is restored."

How Japanese Children Count.

"We count on the knuckles," said a bright little Japanese lad. "The knuckles are the long months and the spaces between them the short ones. The first knuckle is January, long, and the space between is February, short, and so on to the knuckle on the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December."

weeks old, so that I have no personal remembrance of her.

No man ever had a better mother than my stepmother proved to me. Her relationships to me, through all my childhood, crowd upon me to this day in sweet, tender, and hallowed memories. The longer I live, the more do I revere her for that beautiful Christly life, which seems to glow with a richer radiance, the further time carries me away from her. There may be some stepmothers who are not all they should be, but if the children who have stepmothers, would only treat those mothers with loving and kindly consideration, instead of treating them with coldness and suspicion, the harshness of such mothers would soon become only a forgotten proverb.

Dull Boys who Became Famous.

Premature brightness, or precocity, is not always a desirable trait in children, nor is dullness always an evidence of lack of brains. Parents should not be discouraged because their children are not always bright as those of their neighbors. When Isaac Barrow was a boy he appeared so stupid that his father said, if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. Yet that boy lived to be one of the greatest divines of the Church of England. Douglas Jerrold was also a dull boy, and Napoleon's teacher said he would need a gimlet to put learning into the head of the future conqueror of Europe. Sir Walter Scott, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Chatterton and many others were notably dull boys. General Grant was also called dull by his neighbors and schoolboy friends.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 20, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Sorrowing Mother, of Relatives and Friends.

Yorktown, N. J., asks prayer for the conversion of her son, who is sick, and that he may live to serve Christ.—Reader, Ft. Worth, Ill., that two brothers may give themselves to the Lord.—Constant Reader, Saco, Me., that a dear son may realize his need of a Saviour and yield himself to Christ.—Friend, Russellville, Tenn., for the conversion of a friend and his wife and children.—J. M. P., Delhi, Ia., that the peace which passeth understanding may be found by an elderly lady who is earnestly seeking Christ.—J. A. Stockton, Manitoba, that God would look in mercy on six sons, who are intent on worldly things and indifferent to the concerns of their souls, and that they might be aroused to seek Christ.—Forsaken Mother, Hampton, Va., for the conversion of her daughters and their husbands, who are far away from Christ and are neglectful of their filial duties.—Aged Widow, Miltona, Minn., for the conversion of an aged man.—Reader, Sheekshumpy, Pa., that a dear son who once made a profession of faith, but has been led into sin, may be truly converted and be true to Christ.—E. R. R., Altamont, Kans., that a wayward son may be brought to Christ.—H. E. L. C., for the conversion of a young man whose life is being spoiled by his bondage to liquor.—W. D. Kittanning, Pa., that light may be granted to a young man who is seeking Christ, but is in thick darkness; also that his family may be guided to the Saviour.—Subscriber, Hastings, Minn., for the conversion of a wayward son, and of a daughter who is being prejudiced against religion by an unbelieving husband.—Praying Mother, Alberta, Can., that God would touch the hearts of her three sons and bring them into his fold.—Sorrowing Sister, Trumansburg, N. Y., for the conversion of husband, son, and daughter, and that present affliction may be sanctified to spiritual progress.—Reader, Farmington, Cal., for the salvation of a brother who has become the slave of strong drink, and that he may turn from his evil ways to serve the Lord with all his heart.—Broken Hearted Mother, Mt. Gilead, O., that her son-in-law, who is harassing his wife and family, may have a new heart given to him, and may learn of Christ to be kind and loving to others.—Praying Mother, Demorest Ga., for the conversion of a son-in-law whose drunkenness and profanity are making his family miserable, and that he may have strength to lead a new life in Christ.—W. C. Key West, Fla., that God would grant converting grace to a whole family, consisting of husband, wife, two sons and a daughter, who seem unable to give up their own ways and seek salvation through Christ alone; also that a wayward brother who is in bondage to drink and evil passions, may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ.—Praying Mother, Camp Creek, S. Dak., that God would deliver her husband from his love of strong drink and make him a good man.—Mother, Clinton, Iowa, for the conversion of her husband and four children.—Father and Mother in Nebraska, that a dear son who has caused shame and sorrow to his parents, may be brought to repentance and be saved through Christ.—Mother, Wetmore, Kan., for the salvation of her son, a young man for whom many prayers have been offered.—Grieved Wife, West Superior, Wis., that her husband may be cured of his propensity for strong drink, and may be made a true child of God.—Reader, Licknell, Ind., for the conversion of a son.—"One who believes," for the conversion of a dear friend whose reason is imperilled by the consequences of a sinful life, and that he may have strength to renounce his sins.—M. B., Mithell, Colo., for the conversion of a very wicked man, who keeps a saloon and is leading his neighbors to ruin, and that his saloon may be closed.—A. C. J., Richmond, Va., that God in his mercy would bring her three sons and her daughter into the kingdom.—"Immanuel," that God would bring an unfaithful wife of a Christian minister to repentance, and cause her to seek forgiveness.—M. C. S., Grinnell, Iowa, for the conversion of a son who was consecrated to the Lord at his birth, but has gone into the world and is indifferent to Christ.—M. A. L., Bloomfield, N. J., that God would change the heart of a beloved boy who is very stubborn.

For the Restoration of Health.

N. V., that God in his mercy would restore a dear mother who has long been a sufferer.—Subscriber, Jackson, Mich., for the recovery of a man who has partially lost his reason.—E. P. R., Altamont, Kan., that a dear sister who is suffering in mind and body may be restored by the Great Physician.—Believer, Lemon, Pa., for the recovery of a daughter who is critically ill.—Grandmother, Duck Lake, Mich., that her daughter's son, who has been ill for three months past, may be restored to health.—Constant Reader, Saco, Me., for the recovery of her husband whose mind is unbalanced.—Barrett Worker, Columbus, Ga., that a beloved daughter may be restored

to health and usefulness.—Believer, Chelsea, Mass., that a dear friend may be saved from blindness and may recover the full use of his eyes, and that God would avert in her own case a dreaded disease.—Wife and Mother, Philadelphia, Pa., for the recovery of her husband from rheumatic trouble.—Believer, Nashville, Tenn., who acknowledges now the answer of many prayers in the past, asks prayer that a dreaded operation may not prove necessary and that Christ would give full restoration of health.—Reader, Damascus, Pa., on behalf of two friends, one of whom has lost the use of her limbs and the other is demented, that God would in mercy restore both.—M. Clinton, Ia., for the recovery of a dear father and a friend.—Praying Mother, S. Dak., for the recovery of a niece who is afflicted with a distressing disease.—J. B. F., Adrian, Mo., that God in his mercy would grant the restoration of reason to a beloved son who has gone insane through grief.—The following persons request prayers for their recovery from various diseases: Reader, Averett, Va.; Subscriber, Winona; Believer, Bucknell, Ind.; Believer, Remsen, Ia.; W. H. F., Atlanta, Ga.; A. L. R. D., Washington, D. C.

For Special Blessings.

Reader, Adrian, Mich., asks prayer that a young man separated from his family may soon be able to find employment and may be cheered in his despondency by assurance of God's compassion.—Reader, Fort Worth, Tex., that God would grant speedy relief from financial troubles and give grace to do and suffer his will.—A Sister, that a man in distress through inability to meet an obligation may be enabled to get the help he needs.—Subscriber, San Jacinto, Cal., that two persons who have fallen into grievous sin and brought reproach on the cause of Christ may be led to repentance and renounce their evil ways.—N. R. V., Haymond, Va., that a young married man may be able to secure employment suited to his capacity.—Suffering Wife, Ont., that her husband may have grace to control an unhappy temper and that his son may be delivered from the curse.—E. A. F., Wampum, Wis., that a Christian young man whose conduct has brought misery to his family and reproach on the name of Christ, may be led to know and do the right thing.—M. C. L., Mt. Vernon, O., that God would raise up friends for a cause which is sorely in need of funds and that the work of soul-saving begun in his strength may not be interrupted, but, cleared of debt, go on with increasing blessing through the winter.—Believer, Beach, Ga., for grace to trust God implicitly and that when work fails a new position may open.—Reader, Lansing, Mich., who is in sore trouble and fears that her husband is losing his reason, asks prayer for deliverance and that the means may be provided for the family need.—H. E. L. C., for the funds so urgently needed for necessary food and clothing.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

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THE HEART'S GIFT.

HERE is my heart—my heart so hard before, Now by thy grace made meet; Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour Its anguish at thy feet; It groans beneath the weight of sin, It sighs salvation's joys to win. My mourning heart!

Here is my heart!—in Christ its longings end, Near to his cross it draws; It says, "Thou art my portion, O my friend! Thy blood my ransom was." And in the Saviour it has found What blessedness and peace abound. My trusting heart!

Here is my heart!—ah, Holy Spirit, come, Its nature to renew, And consecrate it wholly as thy home, A temple fair and true. Teach it to love and serve thee more, To fear thee, trust thee, and adore. My cleansed heart!

Our Children's Home.

The following sums have been received for the work at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn:

Nellie Weaver.....	1 00
A Friend, Ft Wayne.....	4 00
J. E. Baird.....	10 00
N. H. & W. B. Woodruff.....	30 00
J. H. Cook.....	5 00
Total.....	\$50.00

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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HOW many words do you think you can correctly spell with the letters in the word OPPORTUNITIES? Using each letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in Opportunities. Proper nouns, obsolete and foreign words not allowed. Words spelled alike but having different meanings, count as one word. Work it out as follows: Poor, Tim, This, Nut, Run, Runs, etc.

Our Offer.—We will pay \$100 for the largest list, \$50 for the second largest, \$25 for the third, \$10 each for the next five, \$5 each for the next ten, and \$1 each for the next twenty-five. That is to say we will divide among forty-three contestants the aggregate sum of \$300, according to merit. Don't you think you could be one of the forty-three? TRY IT.

Our Purpose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to MODELS, by May Mantion, the most popular up-to-date Fashion Magazine in the world. Its 36 pages, replete with beautiful illustrations of the latest styles in ladies' dresses and children's garments, make it a real necessity in every household; the Designs and Fashion Hints, being by May Mantion, render it invaluable as an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.

Our Conditions.—You must send with your list of words 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Three Months' Trial Subscription to Models.

Our Extra Inducement.—Every person sending 25 cents and a list of 15 words or more, will, in addition to three months' subscription, receive by return mail a pattern of this ladies' bebe waist with mushroom sleeves, No. 659 (illustrated above), in any size from 22 to 40 inches bust measurement.

Our Aim.—The present monthly circulation of Models exceeds 50,000. We aim to make it 100,000. This contest will close February 15th next so the names of successful spellers may be published in the following issue of Models, but SEND IN YOUR LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we refer you to any Mercantile Agency. Address: MODELS FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 366 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.

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The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 1 year and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he was sound as a baby. Yours truly, M. F. JAMES, M. D. STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 1, 1896.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grooved people. DERRICK CITY, Pa., June 1896. R. W. SIMS, M. D.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever had. I was day 1 got it I put it on and moved grass all day and I noticed that I had it on me. TEXAS, N. C., July 2, 1896.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured would have written to you about this before but wanted to say it was permanent. O. G. HAYMAN, \$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial by us is not genuine. Address C. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Kindling the Gospel Fire In a Northern Wigwam.

ONE of the most magnetic men it has ever been my privilege to converse with, is the Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young, the famous Missionary to the Indians of British Columbia. Mr. Young is one of those untless souls who would have won success and fame in almost any department



REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

to their wishes and determinations, all he could get from them was, "As our fathers lived and died, so will we."

Tired out and sad at heart, the Missionary sat down in quiet communion and breathed up a prayer for guidance and help in this sore perplexity. In his extremity the needed assistance came so consciously that he almost exulted in the assurance of coming victory. Springing up, he shouted out, "I know where all your children are, who are not among the living! I know, yes, I do most certainly where all the children are whom death has taken in his cold grasp from among us, the children of the good and of the bad, of the whites and of the Indians, I know where all the children are."

Great indeed was the excitement among them. Some of them had their faces well shrouded in their blankets as they sat like upright mummies in the crowded wigwam. But when he uttered these words, they quickly uncovered their faces and manifested the most intense interest. Seeing that he had at length got their attention, he went on: "Yes, I know where all the children are. They have gone from your camp-fires and wigwams. The hammocks are empty and the little bows and arrows lie idle. Many of your hearts are sad, as you mourn for these little ones whose voices you hear not, and who come not at your call. I am so glad that the Great Spirit gives me authority to tell you that you may meet your children again, and be happy with them forever. But you must listen to his words which I bring to you from his great Book, and give him your hearts, and love and serve him. There is only one way to that beautiful land, where Jesus, the Son of the Great Spirit, has gone, and into which he takes all the children who have died; and now that you have heard his message, and seen his Book you, too, must come this way if you would be happy and there enter in."

While he was thus speaking, a big, stalwart Indian from the other side of the tent sprang up, and rushed toward him. Beating on his breast, he said, "Missionary, my heart is empty, and I mourn much for none of my children are left among the living; very lonely is my wigwam. I long to see my children again and to clasp them in my arms. Tell me, Missionary, what must I do to please the Great Spirit, that I may get to that beautiful land, that I may meet my children again?" Then he sank upon the ground at Mr. Young's feet, his eyes overflowing with tears, and was quickly joined by others, who, like him, were broken down with grief, and were anxious now for religious instruction.

To the blessed Book they went, and after reading what Jesus had said about little children, and giving them some glimpses of his great love for them, Mr. Young told them "the old, old story," as simply and lovingly as he could. There was no more scoffing or indifference. It was the beginning of a blessed work which resulted in the winning of nearly the entire tribe to a happy experience of the saving love of Christ.

Do You Suffer from Asthma?

If you do, you will be interested in knowing that the Kola Plant, a new botanic discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa, is pronounced an assured cure for the disease. Most marvelous cures are wrought by this new plant, when all other remedies fail. Rev. G. Ellsworth Stump, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Newell, Iowa, writes that the Kola Plant cured him of severe Asthma of twenty years' standing; Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the Farmer's Magazine, of Washington, D. C., testifies that it cured him when he could not lie down at night without fear of choking, and many others give similar testimony. It is really a most wonderful discovery. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, No. 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who suffers from any form of Asthma. They only ask in return that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. This is very fair, and you should surely try it, as it costs you nothing.

Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness, and tones the whole body. Give it a trial now.

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As the snow-capped summit of an isolated mountain peak, all a-glitter with the slanting sunshine, compels the gaze of the dweller in the valley, so Quaker Oats does the exalted pre-eminence of health challenge the intelligence of the whole of Christendom. There it stands! over-top-ping, overshadowing all competition, with its wide extended base of genuine merit resting upon the popular approval of a whole world, and its cloud-reaching superiority reflecting the crowning glory of honor and success. Quaker Oats might well serve as the text from which to preach a sermon on "The Reward of Real Merit," for only by reason of its inherent excellence has it become "The Architect of the Breakfast Table."

It has been said that, "The man who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor." How much greater the achievement of making a dime equal to a dollar in purchasing power! Quaker Oats has done this, placing within the grasp of the wealthy and poor alike, the greatest health food and dietary delicacy. In the mansions of the rich, in the cottages of the poor, in princes' palaces and in dingy tenements alike has Quaker Oats become a household word. To the epicure it is a dainty morsel to tempt the appetite, to the dyspeptic a solace, and to the poor man a pleasant offering, offering the most healthful and nutritious diet. Small wonder then, that Quaker Oats has met with the universal indorsement of intelligence, and that to-day it stands alone! the recognized standard of excellence, a synonym for a good breakfast, the people's choice.

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The Plagues of Egypt.



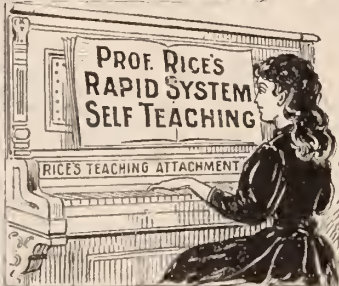
REMARKABLE change of tactics has been observed recently in the assaults of the enemies of the Bible on the Book. Formerly we used to be gravely assured that the miracles recorded there, could never have taken place—that these wonders were impossible. But electricity, chemistry, and the sciences have made gigantic strides in this generation and have proved to these wise men that there are phenomena in nature not dreamed of in their philosophy. They have learned the lesson, and have adroitly changed their point of assault. These wonders which were formerly declared to be impossible, they now admit may have occurred, but they were not supernatural, but the result of natural laws and forces. The object of these assaults is to get rid of the supernatural, but the Christian believer will see in the argument only a proof that when God determines to effect a purpose, he has in nature an abundance of forces which he can use. The scientists, if they are right, have not disproved the miracle, but have merely indicated the means by which it was worked.

A German physician, resident at Cairo, writing to the *Leipziger Christliche Welt*, makes some interesting observations. His personal experiences and investigations led him to the conclusion that the story of the ten plagues of Egypt, related in the Pentateuch, was in effect a remarkable demonstration of the power of the Almighty in combining natural forces and elements to accomplish certain purposes. Thus the miraculous turning of the river into "blood" might be accounted for by the sand storms which about November blow from the Libyan Desert, and which have been known at times to contain minute red infusoria, which, falling into the water, turn it a blood color. Whether this in itself causes the fish to die, is not known, but the sinking of the river causes about this time an immense mortality amongst the fish, which, left by the retreating waters, die, and cause the land "to stink." At this season, also, frogs and toads are developed in the standing water, and these, as the water retires, cover the land. Nature by miraculous impulse might be made to multiply these into millions. This visitation is often accompanied by swarms of lice, ants, snakes and snails, which might be similarly augmented. In December the condition of the ground left by the retreating waters is favorable to the development of epidemics amongst the cattle. As to the plague of "blains," the Upper Nile is the home of this disease, which in its worst form breaks out as black boils—a striking fact when the Scripture story is remembered. The

plague of locusts would follow in the early spring, generally in March. In April comes often the south wind, called the "Chamsin," which brings with it a fine sand which often seems to blot out the sun and to cause a temporary darkness. This miraculously produced, intensified and continued, would excite a general panic. The German writer concludes that the year of the plague must have been a phenomenal one, in which the tremendous natural agencies employed in so strange and miraculous a manner, were calculated to strike both Egyptians and Israelites, and impress them with a sense of divine interposition.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

THE house I live in has grown old,
Some parts of it are in decay,
The thatch upon the roof, once black,
Is nearly now all turned to gray.
Light through the window-panes is dim,
So that I cannot clearly see;
Two new ones I have now outside,
Have been a wondrous help to me.
The grinders from the kitchen gone,
I miss their presence every day,
Some others that I once put in
Are of poor service anyway.
The unseen, noiseless engine's beat,
That has not ceased for sixty years,
Is still at work, but slower now
Its action to my sense appears;
And the warm liquid that it sends
Through the old house to heat its walls
Grows cold as round about the place
Black winter's withering snow-flake falls.
Though I have had the house repaired,
Sometimes outside, and oft within,
Yet as the silent years roll on,
I feel the walls are growing thin.
'Twill grieve me much to leave the place,
Each nook and corner I revere,
Sweet, joyous days I've spent therein
Through many a bright, glad, golden year;
To me its walls are sacred, too,
Within them I have suffered long.
"But God has been my strength and stay,"
In weakness he has made me strong.
And he has come and "supped with me,"
And soothed my sorrow, eased my pain,
And made the place like "Bethany's home,"
Bright with restored life again.
Soon this old house will be dissolved,
Not lost, but only laid away,
And I shall then be taken home
In Father's inner rooms to stay,
Till the whole family shall meet,
From every land beneath the sky,
And this frail house be built anew,
For me once more to occupy;
A tenant in a changeless home,
No windows dim, and no decay,
No sorrow, sickness, and no death,
"For former things have passed away."
West Newton, Mass. W. I. N.



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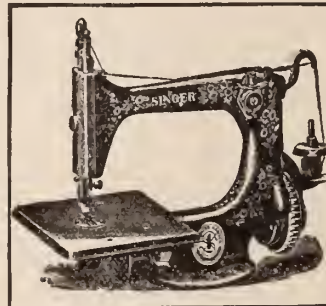
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Three Answered Prayers.

The following was read at the Converts' Prayer-meeting of the Bowery Mission, on December 6: "I desire most humbly and reverently and with a most abject consciousness of my worthiness, to record my own experience in relation to the Bowery Mission. In September of last year, I was in great anxiety about a family trouble which seemed to threaten utter ruin. It appeared to be inevitable—no way of avoiding it. I sent a request for prayer to the Bowery Mission. It was answered in a marvelous way, and the trouble was averted. A new and entirely different trial was harassing a family, and that also appeared to be a cross that must be endured; but I sent a request asking for its removal. The prayer was heard and it was removed. Last week I sent a third request. It was that the way might be opened for a friend in urgent need of an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. Within three days of your prayers being offered, the answer came. I am informed that my friend is now in the way of securing a good income. I feel as Peter did when he said, 'Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord'; but I trust that he will never leave me, and that I may be changed by his loving presence with me, and enabled to renounce all my sins and walk humbly with my God. I am awed by this experience of the nearness of God."

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Near, and far away,
To the distant millions,
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And the crowded mart.
Words of timely warning
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The cross of Christ to show;
Bearing always, ever,
"The mark of Christ" our Lord,
In the open forehead,
By His kingly word.

Onward "Christian Herald"!
Through the distant years,
Bearing gospels ever,
Good news that banish tears;
News of Christ the Saviour,
For sinners ever slain;
News of highest wisdom
That man may ever gain.

Homer, N. Y.

C. A. P.

A Judge Upholds the Sabbath.

In the Supreme Court of New York, a few days ago, a decision was rendered by Justice Pryor, which is attracting more than usual attention. A Hebrew society had applied for incorporation, and in its application, among other matters, that it was proposed to hold its annual meetings on the second Sunday in January each year. Justice Pryor refused the certificate of incorporation, and in his decision made use of the following language with respect to the observance of the Christian Sabbath by the American people:

"It (the society in question) is not a religious corporation, and its annual meetings are for the performance of precisely such secular business as is transacted by other civil corporations. The question is not whether such meetings on Sunday are illegal, but whether they should be approved by a Justice of the Supreme Court. A thing may be lawful and yet not laudable. In the State of New York the Sabbath exists as a day of rest by the common law, and without the necessity of legislative action to establish it, and may be protected from desecration by such laws as the Legislature, in its wisdom, may deem necessary to secure to the community the privilege of undisturbed worship and to the day itself that outward respect and observance which may be deemed essential to the peace and good order of society, and to preserve religion and its ordinances from open reviling and contempt." (Lindenmuller vs. The People, 33 Barb., 548.) "The Christian Sabbath is one of the civil institutions of the State, and the Legislature, for the purpose of promoting the moral and physical well-being of the people and the peace, quiet and good order of society, has authority to regulate its observance and prevent its desecration." (People vs. Moses, 140 N. Y., 215.) This sanctity of the Christian Sabbath is sanctioned and secured by repeated acts of legislation extending from the colonial period to the present year, and as well by the impressive deliverances of the Court of Appeals. As Justice of the Supreme Court I may not approve that which the immemorial and uniform policy of the State condemns.

"Although not explicitly stated, it is nevertheless an inference, from the face of the certificate before me, that the members of the proposed corporation are of a race and religion by which not the first but the seventh day of the week is set apart for religious observance. The fact might be of decisive importance were a desecration of their holy day contemplated; but the act intended is an aggression upon the Christian Sabbath. The law, which scrupulously protects them in the observance of their ceremonial, gives them no license, and I am sure they have no desire to affront the religious susceptibilities of others. True, to a prosecution for work or labor on the first day of the week, the defendant may plead that 'he uniformly keeps another day of the week as holy time and does not labor on that day, and that the labor complained of was done in such manner as not to interrupt or disturb other persons in observing the first day of the week as holy time' (Penal Code, Section 264); but otherwise the legislation of the State against profanation of the Christian Sabbath is operative and imperative upon all classes of the community. Because the holding of corporate meetings on Sunday is contrary to the public policy of the State, if not to the letter of its law, I decline to approve its certificate."

As might have been expected, the decision has evoked much criticism, and especially from those who are not in sympathy with the effort among Christian people everywhere to preserve the integrity of the American Sabbath. It was certainly courageous to proceed from the Supreme bench in these days of latitude in religious matters, but it was in harmony with the spirit of the Sunday laws now in force in the State of New York.

The Orphans of Armenia.

There Are 50,000 Whose Parents Were Martyrs—A Pitiful Sequel to the Massacres.



MISSIONARY letters from Armenia give a more hopeful view of the situation than at any time within the last six months. At Arabkir, the work of rebuilding the ruined homes is progressing, and the strain on the Relief Committee is not so severe as it was. At Egin, the prospects are that the Christians will leave the place and seek homes elsewhere. Large numbers are still receiving aid at both cities. Friends in England are forwarding looms to aid the people with employment. At Malatia, the Armenians are rebuilding, being aided by the Relief Committees. Nearly 3,000 are still receiving aid.

The great problem, next to the meeting of immediate wants, is the orphans. It is estimated that there are over 50,000 children whose parents perished under Moslem attack in the massacres or died of privation. To care for this army of helpless little ones will be a task for the whole Christian world. Malatia has 1833 orphans, Arabkir 1943, Egin 1,000. Erzurum 1,500, and the other cities in proportion.

In a letter from Harpoot, it is stated that in the villages of Tulcka, Habab, and Socrat, there have been recent deaths from hunger. Relief work continues at all the stations.

The following contributions for the Relief Fund were received last week:

Mary J. Landon.....	2 00	Lillie M. Copp.....	1 00
Luella Small.....	1 00	Mrs Matilda Weiss 2 50	
I Girod.....	1 00	Miss Carrie R Weiss 2 50	
Nazareth Bible Cl.....	10 00	M G Stillman.....	2 00
I H N.....	3 00	Friend, Highland.....	10 00
Kate Haws.....	1 00	Millie Mayo.....	1 00
Mrs M B Fordham.....	1 00	A cup of cold water,	
A Canada girl.....	1 00	Chicago.....	20 00
Mrs M P Jacobsen.....	1 00	Children, Coloma SS 4 15	
G L & D, Frank-		Willie Criley.....	1 15
fort Spgs.....	50	Col'da, Jersey City.....	50
Sarah E Coover.....	50	Cl of Girls, N. Bap	
H Shepard.....	3 00	S S, Jersey City.....	6 94
Friend.....	3 00	L McC, Phila.....	10 00
W S Moffatt.....	3 00	Christian Ch C E S,	
—, Cedarville, N J.....	10 30	Woodland.....	10 30
—, Annapolis, Md.....	7 00	E Hinkley.....	22 00
Geo E Hoar.....	25 00	Mrs P Mingle.....	1 00
Ethel M. Allegheny.....	1 00	Malinda Geiger.....	5 00
Mr Wallace.....	50	Mrs A M Fretz.....	1 00
R M C, Aurora.....	1 00	Mrs J H Alexander.....	1 00
Z E Goodrich.....	2 00	Friend, Patterson.....	1 00
Mrs M Mixon.....	50	Mrs H I Hoyt.....	2 00
Sophie Rogers.....	50	Mrs & Mrs Wm J Peck.....	2 00
E A Smith.....	3 00	Mrs J I Kopke.....	2 50
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Friend, Eastport.....	1 00	Mrs B Newbury.....	2 00
Rev W H Wroton.....	1 00	I H N, Beverly.....	4 00
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Mrs Cath A Hughes.....	1 00	ville.....	1 65
C A Hagaman.....	5 00	P E Ch, Ansonville.....	1 50
Cl No 6, Crenshaw		I H N, Seneca.....	2 00
S S.....	4 25	In Jesus' Name,	
Friend, Washington		Pawnee City.....	40
Mrs Fannie Miller		In Jesus' Name,	
& daughter.....	3 00	Lynchburg.....	1 00
2 brothers, Byron.....	2 00	Christian Society,	
E Moriches.....	2 00	Winter Haven.....	2 00
"Q," Newtonville.....	5 00	Cong Y P S C E,	
A child of God,		Waupun.....	5 00
Jamestown.....	5 00	Hattie M & Ella A	
Mrs J W Marsh.....	5 00	Conant.....	10 00
C E S, Cadwallader		I H N, Leeburg.....	25
Eleanor, Freeport.....	5 00	Friend, Washington	
NH & WB Woodruff		30	
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numerable windows everywhere. There must be great wealth to build and support such places. Everywhere there is a great appearance of religion. Go into a mosque any hour you will and you will see a priest or layman sitting in a quiet corner, fenced with a wooden rail, cross-legged, repeating the Koran. On our way back we pass that favorite resort of the Turkish holiday-makers—the Valley of Sweet Waters—and have a good view of the hospital at Scutari—built by Florence Nightingale and now utilized as barracks—and of the monuments in front of the cemetery in memory of the officers and soldiers who died during the Crimean War

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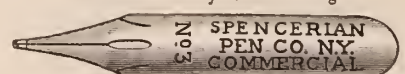
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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Price Five Cents.



A UNIQUE NEW YORK CHARITY—FREE MIDNIGHT DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD AND COFFEE. (See page 26.)



The Song of the Drunkards.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } "I was the song of the
on the Text: Ps. 69: 12: } drunkards."

WHIO said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career, and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is, the more iniquity hates him. Of the best being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said:

The byword of the passing throng,
The ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song.

The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sang a song. The Israelitish army safe on the bank of the Red Sea and the Egyptians clear under the returned water, Moses sang a song. One of the most important parts of this great old Book is Solomon's song. At the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelic prima donnas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoyment by the ballads, the canticles, the discants, the ditties, the roundelays, the epics, the lyrics, the dithyrambs. But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discoursed upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saloon, or a residence in which dissipation is ascendant, or after you have retired at night you hear it coming out of the street from those who, having tarried long at their cups, are on their way home—the ballad of the inebriate, the serenade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the Song of the Drunkards.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that wellknown cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the Song of the Drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighing of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the Song of the Drunkards. That tune was sung at least four thousand two hundred and forty three years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth for all ages the first known drunkard. He sounded the first note of the old music of inebriety. An Arab author of A. D. 1310, wrote: "Noah, being come out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterwards they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the pippins and fruits of which they had found in the ark,

The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devil had desired it, and indeed had some right to it. Hereupon Noah summoned him to appear in the field, and said to him: 'O accursed! Why hast thou carried away the vine from me?' 'Because,' replied the devil, 'it belonged to me.' 'Shall I part it for you?' said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him,' said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take half,' replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' responded Gabriel. 'He must have two-thirds and thou one, and when thy wine shall have boiled on the fire until two-thirds are gone, the remainder shall be assigned for thy use.' A fable that illustrates how the vine has been misappropriated.

Benhadad and thirty-two allied kings, rioting in a pavilion, took up the same bacchanal. Nabal was rendering that drunkards' song when his wife, beautiful Abigail, came back from her expedition to save her husband. Herod was singing that song when the daughter of Herodias wheeled in the dance before him. Beishazzar and a thousand lords renewed that song the night the handwriting came out on the plastering of the wall and the tramp of the besieging host was heard on the palace stairs. Ahasuerus sang that song when, after seven days of carousal, he ordered Vashti to come into the presence of the roaring guests without her veil on—a January storm trying to command a June morning. Oh, yes! The song of the drunkards is an old song. King Cyrus boasted that he could drink more wine than his brother. Drunkenness was so rife among the Lacedaemonians that Lycurgus had all the vines of the vineyards destroyed. Paul excoriates the Corinthians for turning the communion of the Lord's Supper at church into a carousal. Isaiah mentions the drunkards of Ephraim. So much were the Athenians given to wassail that a law was passed giving a man double punishment for crime while intoxicated, the first punishment for the crime, and the other for the intoxication. It was a staccato passage in that song when Alexander the Great arose from a banquet and struck a spear through the heart of Clitus while putting up the curtains, and horrified at what was done, withdrew the sword from the dead body and attempted to take his own life. In the time of Oliver Cromwell the evil was so great that offenders were compelled to wear what was called "the drunkard's cloak," namely, a barrel with one end of it knocked out and a hole in the opposite end, the arms thrust through holes at the sides of the barrel. Samuel Johnson made merry of his own inebriety. Oh, this old song! All the centuries have joined in. Among the first songs ever sung was the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is an expensive song. The Sonntags and the Parepa Rosas and Nilssons and the other renderers of elevated and divine solos received their thousands of dollars per night in coliseums and academies of music. Some of the people of small means almost pauperized themselves that they might sit a few evenings under the enchantment of those angels of sweet sounds. I paid seven dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing when it was not very easy to afford the

seven dollars. Very expensive is such music, but the costliest song on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs ruin of body. It costs ruin of mind. It costs ruin of soul. Go right down among the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful and luxurious homesteads that were expended in this destructive music. The lights have gone out in the drawing-room, the pianos have ceased the pulsation of their keys, the wardrobe has lost its last article of appropriate attire. The Belshazzarean feast has left nothing but the broken pieces of the crushed chalices. There it stands, the ghastliest thing on earth, the remnant of a drunkard's home. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expensive of all music is the Song of the Drunkards. It is the highest tariff of nations—not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death. This evil whets the knives of the assassins, cuts the most of the wounds of the hospital, makes necessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum, and puts up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American Republic. It is the taskmaster of nations, and the human race crouches under its anathema. The Song of the Drunkards has for its accompaniment the clank of chains, the chattering teeth of poverty, the rattle of executioner's scaffold, the creaking door of the deserted home, the crash of shipwrecks, and the groan of empires. The two billion twenty million dollars which rum costs this country in a year, in the destruction of grain and sugar, and the supporting of the paupers and the invalids and the criminals which strong drink causes, is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is a multitudinous song—not a solo, not a duet, not a quartette, not a sextette; but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcoholism has this field all to itself. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other nations: hasheesh, and arrack, and pulque, and opium, and quavo, and mastic, and wedro. Every nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. This Song of the Drunkards is rendered in Chinese, Hindoo, Arabian, Assyrian, Persian, Mexican—yea, all the languages. All zones join it. No continent would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this deathful music which is already mastered by the orchestras in full voice under the batons in full swing. All the musicians assembled at Dusseldorf, or Berlin, or Boston Peace Jubilee, rendering symphonies, requiems, or grand marches of Mendelssohn or Wagner or Chopin or Handel, were insignificant in numbers as compared with the innumerable throngs, host beside host, gallery above gallery, who are now pouring forth the Song of the Drunkards.

Years ago, standing before a bulletin board in New York on the night of a Presidential election day, as the news came in and the choice of the American people was finally announced, there were people in the streets who sang roistering and frivolous songs; but in the street one man, in deep, strong, resonant voice, started, to the tune of "Old Hundred," "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and soon all up and down the street the voices joined in the Doxology. May God speed the day when the song of rescue and salvation shall drown with an overwhelming surge this mighty Song of the Drunkards!

Again, the Song of the Drunkards is a suggestive song. You hear a nursery refrain, and right away you think of your childhood home, and brothers and sisters with whom you played, and mother, long since gone to rest. You hear a national air, and you think of the encampment of

1863, and the still night on the river bank and the camp-fires that shook their reflections up and down the faces of the regiment. You hear an old church tune, and you are reminded of the revival scene amid which you were brought to God. Nothing so brings up associations as a song sung or played upon instrument, and the Drunkards' Song is full of suggestion. As you hear it on the street—quite late some night, you begin to say to yourself, "I wonder if he has a mother? Is his wife waiting for him? Will his children be frightened when he enters the fro-door and staggers, whooping, up the stairs? What chance is there for that young man started so early on the down grade? In what business will he succeed? How long before that man will run through his property? I wonder how he got so far astray? Can any influence be wielded to fetch him back? He must have got into bad company who led him off." So you soliloquize and guess about this man whose voice you hear on the street under the starlight.

Notice that the second noun of my text is in the plural. Not "Drunkard," but "Drunkards." It would be dull work to sing that song solitary and alone. It is generally a chorus. They are in groups. On that downward way there must be companionship. Here and there is a man so mean as always to drink alone, but generous men, big-hearted men, drinking at bar or in restaurant or in club-house, feel mortified to take the beverage unaccompanied. There must be some one with whom to click the rim of the glasses, some one's health to propose, some sentiment to toast. There must be two, and still better if four, and still better if six, to give zest to the Song of the Drunkards. Those who have gone down could mention the name of at least one who helped them down. Generally it is some one who was a little higher up in social life or in financial resources. Our friend felt flattered to have an invitation from one of superior name. Each one drank not only when he felt like it, but when the other felt like it. Neither wanted to seem lacking in sociality when he was invited. So a hundred thousand men every year are treated into hell. Together are they manacled of evil habit, together they travel toward their doom, together they make merry over the cowardice or puritanical sentiment of those who never indulge, together they join their voices in the Song of the Drunkards. If the one proposes to stop, the other will not let him stop. When men are getting down themselves they do not want their associates to turn back. Those who turn back will be the scoff and caricature of those who keep on, and there will be conspiracy to bring them back to their old places and their old environment, and so have them renew the Song of the Drunkards. There was a tragedy in New York September, 1845. A man of marvellous natural gifts, had, after arriving from his home in England, fallen into dissipated habits, and being a fine singer as well as impersonator, entertained many a bar room group at Newburyport, Boston, and New York; but by the grace of God and the kindness of one Joel Stratton, had been rescued and took the platform for temperance, and moved vast audiences to ward a better life. "Destroy him!" said some of his old associates, and they set a trap for his feet. "How do you do, Mr. Gough?" said some one on the street in New York. He pretended to be an old acquaintance, and said, "I suppose you are so pious now and have got to be so proud that you will not drink a glass of soda water with an old shipmate." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Gough, "I will drink a glass of soda water with anybody. I will drink glass with you." They went down Chatham street to Chatham street, and into place where "Best Soda" was announced at the door. After some delay there was handed to him a glass of soda water said to be flavored with raspberry, but alas! it was rum, that flew to his brain and set him through the street an insane man, an

Weeks passed before he came to himself and implored the pardon of the Christian church that he had joined, and resumed his wondrous career for God and righteousness. But all the grogshops and places of dissipation rang with merriment at the temporary downfall. All the grogshops and wine-cellars of America took up with new voice and new gusto and new enthusiasm and new diabolism the Song of the Drunkards.

There looms up in my memory one of the best and noblest friends I ever had. He had been for thirty years a consistent member of the church. I knew not that at about twenty-one years of age he had followed the sea and habits of inebriacy had been fixed upon him. But converted to God he began a new life. Yet it was a thirty years' war against the old appetite; but about this struggle I knew nothing until he was dead. While absent during my summer vacation I received a telegram announcing his death and asking me to come and officiate at his obsequies. I arrived at the moment the service was to begin, and had not much time to make inquiries about his last hours. In my remarks, without any limitations, I extolled his virtues while living and spoke of the heavenly raptures into which he had entered. Afterward I found that he had died of delirium tremens in the hospital, because he was so violent he could not be efficiently restrained in his beautiful home. He had been seized in the street with violent pains of body, and went into an apothecary store to get medical relief. Something there given him set on fire his old appetite for strong drink, and utterly irresponsible, he went from liquor store to liquor store, until, a raging maniac, the officers of the law bound him and took him to the hospital, where he died. Some time after I said to the doctor in the hospital, "Of what did he die?" and he answered was, "Congestion of the brain." I said, "Doctor, I want to know the bottom facts, for I was his pastor and he was one of the best friends I ever had. Was it delirium tremens?" and the doctor responded "Yes." Did I regret that at his obsequies I had extolled his virtues and spoken of the heavenly joys upon which he had entered? No. I do not think that my friend was any more responsible for the mode of his taking off than a typhoid fever patient in delirium is responsible for leaping out of the fourth-story window. But while we were heart-broken about his going away, I think that in the saloons, to those who heard of his membership of the Church and the tragedy of his departure, he became, as did he David and the Christ of my text, the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, the Song of the Drunkards is easily learned. Through what long and difficult drill one must go to succeed as an elevated and inspiring singer. Emma Abbott, among the most eminent cantatrices that ever enchanted academies of music, told me on ocean ship's deck, in answer to my question, "Whither are you bound?" "I am going to Berlin and Paris to study music." "What!" I said, "after all your world-renowned successes in music, going to study?" Then she told me through what hardships, through what self-denials, through what almost killing fatigues she had gone in order to be a singer, and that when, in her earlier days, a great teacher of music had told her there were certain notes she could never reach, she said, "I will reach them," and through doing nothing else but practice for five years she did reach them. Oh, how many heroes and heroines of musical achievement! There are songs which are easy to hear but most difficult to render. When Handel, with a new oratorio, entered a room where a group of musicians had assembled, and said, "Gentlemen, you all read music?" they said, "Yes, we play in

church." "Very well," said the great composer, "play this." But the performance was so poorly done Handel stopped his ears and said, "You play in church! Very well; for we read the Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, and forgiving of iniquity, transgression and sin. But you shall not play for me." Pure music, whether fingered on instrument or trilled from human lips, is most difficult. But one of the easiest songs to learn is the Song of the Drunkards. Anybody can learn it. In a little while you can touch the highest note of conviviality or the lowest note of besottedness. Begin moderately, a sip here and a sip there. Begin with claret, go on with ale, and wind up with Cognac. First take the stimulant at a wedding, then take it at meals, then take it between meals, then all the time keep your pulse under its stealthy touch. In six months the dullest scholar in this apolynomic music may become an expert. First it will be sounded in a hiccup. After awhile it will be heard in a silly ha! ha! Further on it will become a wild whoop. Then it will enable you to run up and down the five lines of the musical scale infernal. Then you will have mastered it—the Song of the Drunkards.

The most skilful way is to adopt the modern theory and give the intoxicant to your children, saying to yourself, "They will in after life meet the intoxicants everywhere, and they must get used to seeing

scripture of a doctor for aids to digestion or breaking up of infirmities, and close life by rendering the Song of the Drunkards so well that all Pandemonium will encore the performance and want it again and again.

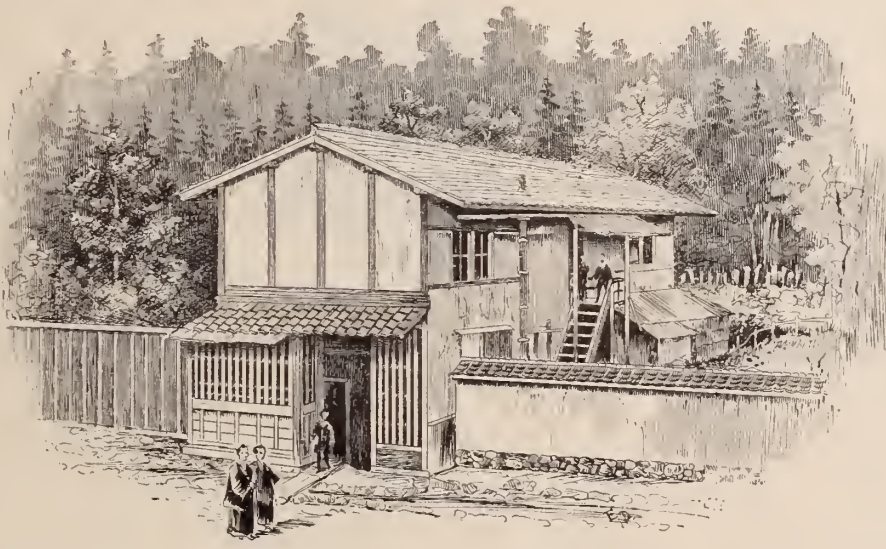
Furthermore, the last characteristic of the Drunkards' Song is so tremendous that I can hardly bring myself to mention it. The Drunkards' Song is a continuous song. Once start that tune, and you keep it up. You have known a hundred men destroyed of strong drink. You cannot mention five who got fully started on that road and stopped. The grace of God can do anything, but it does not do everything. Religion saves some. Temperance societies save some. The Bowery Mission saves some. The Central Mission saves some. But one hundred thousand who are annually slain by strong drink are not saved at all. I have been at a concert which went on for two hours and a half, and many people got up and left because it was too long; but 95 per cent. of those who are singing the Drunkards' Song will to the last breath of their lungs and the last beat of their hearts keep on rendering it, and the galleries of earth and heaven and hell will stay filled with the astounded spectators. It is such a continuous and prolonged song that one feels like making the prayer which a reformed inebriate once made: "Almighty God! If it be thy will that man should suffer,

up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike thirteen that same midnight, and so the man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the Drunkards' Song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound something that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue: But it is a risky "perhaps." It is exceptional. Go ahead on that wrong road and the clock will more probably strike the twelve that closes your day of opportunity, than that it will strike thirteen, the sound of your deliverance.

A few Sabbaths ago, on the steps of this church, a man whom I had known in others years confronted me. At the first glance, I saw that he was in the fifth and last act of the tragedy of intemperance. Splendid even in his ruin. I had seen that craft when it ploughed the waters, all sails set and running by true compass; wife, and children, and friends on board, himself commanding in a voyage that he expected would be glorious, putting into prosperous harbors of earth and at last putting into the harbor of heaven. But now a wreck, towed along by low appetites, that ever and anon run him into the breakers,—a wreck of body, a wreck of mind, a wreck of soul. "Where is your wife?" "I do not know." "Where are your children?" "I do not know." "Where is your God?" "I do not know." That man is coming to the last verse of that long cantata, that protracted threnody, that terrific Song of the Drunkards.

But if these words should come, —for you know the largest audience I reach I never see at all,—I say if these words should come, though at the ends of the earth, to any fallen man, let me say to him: Be the exception to the general rule, and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate, as he was going out of church where there was a great awakening, "Why don't you sign the pledge?" He answered, "I have signed it twenty times, and will never sign it again." "Why, then," said the gentleman talking to him, "don't you go up and kneel at that altar, amid those other penitents?" He took the advice and went and knelt. After awhile a little girl, in rags and soaked with the rain, looked in the church door, and some one said, "What are you doing here, little girl?" She said, "Please, sir; I heard as my father is here. Why, that is my father up there, kneeling now." She went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and said, "Father, what are you doing here?" and he said, "I am asking God to forgive me." Said she, "If he forgives you will we be happy again?" "Yes, my dear." "Will we have enough to eat again?" "Yes, my dear." "And will you never strike us again?" "No, my child." "Wait here," said she, "till I go and call mother." And soon the child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside her husband, said, "Save me, too! Save me, too!" And the Lord heard the prayers at that altar, and one of the happiest homes in England is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon, I have warned others against a dissipated life, with the fact that so few return after they have once gone astray, for the encouragement of those who would like to return, I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly than any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle, and folded it in her arms, and crooned over it a lullaby, and rocked it to and fro, the Lord will take you up and fold you in the arms of his pardoning love.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.



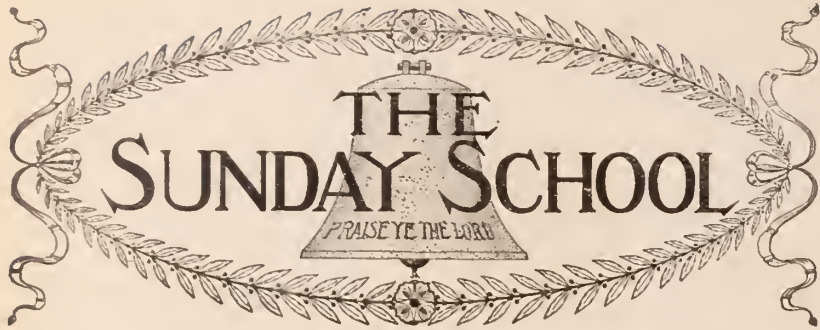
THE THEOLOGICAL HALL OF THE DOSHISHA IN JAPAN.

The report of the deputation which went to Japan recently from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has just been published. Naturally, the future of the University founded by the late Joseph Neesima occupies an important place in the report. It is disappointing to learn that no arrangements could be made to insure the institution being Evangelical in its teaching. The Doshisha, it appears, is to be nominally Christian, but as the trustees declined to pledge themselves that "the beliefs for which the college stood in Japan should include belief in a personal God, in the divinity of Christ and the future life," it will be seen that there is little ground for hope that the Doshisha, under its new management, will be, in the sense of the Evangelical Church, a Christian institution.

them and tasting them and controlling their appetites." That is the best way of teaching them the Song of the Drunkards. Or if the education of the children in this music should be neglected, it is not too late to begin at twenty-one years of age. The young man will find plenty of young men who drink. They are in every circle to be found. Surely, my boy, you are not a coward, and afraid of it? Surely you are not going to be hindered by sumptuary laws or the prejudices of your old father and mother? They are behind the times. Take something. Take it often. Some of the greatest poets and orators have been notorious imbibers. If you are to transact business, your customer is apt to buy more if you have taken with him a sherry cobbler. If you are to make a speech it will give you a glibber tongue. Gluck could compose his best music by having his piano taken into the midst of a meadow, and a bottle of champagne placed on each side of him. The earlier you begin to learn the Song of the Drunkards the easier it is: but none of you are too old to learn. You can begin at fifty or sixty, under pre-

whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I look for light, let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God! Save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen."

You see this sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start, if you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck thirteen one midnight, and so saved the life of a sentinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight; but he declared that he was awake at midnight, and in proof that he was awake he said that he had heard the unusual occurrence of the clock striking thirteen instead of twelve. He was laughed to scorn and sentenced to death; but three or four persons, hearing of the case, came



The Lame Man Healed.

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 24.
Acts 3:1-16. Golden Text, Acts 3:
16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HE power given to the Apostles to preach and to heal, and which seems to have been suspended, or at least become inactive, after the sad strife among them which should be the greatest, was now abundantly restored. The Lord had promised it after his resurrection (Mark 16:15-18), and very fully were his words verified by the preaching of Peter, and by the "wonders and signs" done by the apostles in the power of the Holy Spirit. But a great change had come over them. Before the Lord had suffered, self had played a very prominent part in the ministry, not only for the twelve but also for the seventy, who had come back from their mission, saying: "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us in thy name." The Lord had to speak of Satan's fall in order to open their eyes, and he warned them not to rejoice because the spirits were subject to them. Perhaps it was the personal element in the ministry, both of the twelve and of the seventy which accounts for there being no further mention of their preaching or their healing until the time of Pentecost. Now the apostles had learned

The Lesson of the Cross

and had taken the lowest place, and now the Lord could use them, not as before, in their own energy and self-consciousness, but as empty, yielded instruments who would show forth not their virtues, but his. The fact that they were filled with the Holy Ghost did not make Peter and John or the other disciples independent of the accustomed times of worship. The ninth hour was the time of the evening sacrifice, the hour when Jesus died: and just because they knew it was fulfilled in the oblation of the Lamb of God, it meant more to them than to any others. It was at this hour that Peter and John were going up into the temple when a well known beggar accosted them, asking as usual for alms. They had probably often seen him, perhaps sometimes helped him, before. But now, as men filled with the Holy Ghost their relations to all men had undergone a change, they knew no man after the flesh (11. Cor. 5:16). It could no longer be a question with them as to whether it was convenient or not, whether even possible or not to help the man with money. Everything which came before them now was a question for God, not for them: to be measured by his resources and not theirs; decided by his will and not theirs. The good fight of faith, in the life of God-filled men, is to keep steadily in this position.

Peter's whole body was full of light and God the Holy Spirit was directing him as he said to the crippled beggar, "Look on us." What was the man to see? Not two rich men, full of benevolence, who would relieve him with unusual bounty: but two poor and unlearned men who, nevertheless were linked to and filled with, the very life of God himself. The man looked up and gazed steadily at them, and Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And he took him by the right hand, and raised him up, and immediately his feet and his ankle bones received strength. How the contorted muscles were brought into shape, how the bones, which probably had been mere gristle until that moment, were rendered hard, firm and solid, and how the man who had never walked, received the internal conviction that he could bear his own weight, only he knows who alone doeth wondrous things," and who

does them at this day where he is trusted. The man's faith as thus practically exhibited was as great a miracle as the Impartation of Strength

to his helpless members. Instead of rising very slowly, and gradually letting his weight rest, first on one foot and then on the other, he actually leaped up and stood, an erect man, and began to walk without ever having learned to walk as a child! His first steps were directed towards the temple, when he entered with Peter and John, and in the new joy of his unexpected healing, he could not contain himself; he was "walking, leaping and praising God." The hand of God was in this: the man would not have been so conspicuous had he simply walked like any other man; but a man more than forty years of age (Acts 4:22), leaping with joy in the temple, very naturally attracted the attention of the public. They "saw him walking and praising God," and knew that it was the same familiar beggar who used to sit at the Beautiful Gate of the temple: "and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him."

Peter had taken the man by his right hand, and now the man held him, and John, and, as is usual when something quite extraordinary happens, "the people ran together." This was no accident; it was God's way of calling an audience together. By this time they had reached Solomon's porch, and there the multitude assembled. It was

A God-given Opportunity.

Peter understood it; and in answer to the amazement of the people, he said, "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this?" Many had been the miracles of healing wrought among them during the past three years and more, this was not an isolated case: they had indeed crucified him who "went about doing good and healing all that were possessed of the devil, for God was with him" (Acts 10:38); but God still lived; divine power to work miracles lived while God lived, and man could not destroy it.

Yet another question, "Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" In these words, Peter utterly disclaims an intrinsic power or holiness by virtue of which this deed of healing was done; he was but the instrument of the living God. Thousands who seek for divine healing really believe that some person can either heal at will, or can pray and believe for the healing of others at will, quite independently of the leading of the Holy Spirit. This is a great error, man can serve, but can never command God, and it is by virtue of what he is, and what he has said, that men can be healed, and in no way by virtue of the spiritual progress of any Christian.

Peter's explanation was that the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus . . . And his name through faith in his name, hath made the man strong, whom ye see and know, yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all."

The Proof was There

before their eyes; it needed no medical certificate to prove that this man had never been able to walk until this moment, and it needed no stronger evidence than that of their own eyesight that he was walking now. Who had wrought the change? The only witnesses knew that it

was Jesus of Nazareth. What? this Man so dangerous to the influence of the priests and scribes, this Man whose teaching had swayed the multitudes, whose touch had given sight to the blind, at whose word sickness and even death had fled, and whom they had succeeded at last in silencing, was he exerting this mighty power from the grave itself, or were the rumors of his resurrection true, and was he again at large to condemn by his very presence those who had brought him to the cross?

The Jews were in a dilemma: neutrality was impossible: their very success in accomplishing the execution of the Lord had proved to be that which had increased his power. Instead of a few isolated disciples, thousands now were followers of the Crucified, and the works of power which he had done were repeating themselves among his disciples: what was to be done? Those who wanted to know the truth were at no loss, they saw they had made a grand mistake, they were broken and won.

Lesson Points.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



AN ORIENTAL BEGGAR.

ELP for the helpless was the key-note struck by the first miracle wrought in the Apostolic era. Christianity began well its long career of beneficence. It is very significant that the first person to profit by the power imparted to the Apostles should have been not some rich or powerful man, but a lame beggar. Sitting at the beautiful gate of the Temple, with the magnificent building behind him and the lovely prospect of mountain and valley spread out before him, the beggar derived no benefit from

nature or art. Christianity, represented by the two Apostles, on the way to the Temple to pray, approaches. The spectacle of the beggar was a test. Would these men, representing the new religion, pass him by as beneath their notice, or be so absorbed in the thoughts of devotion to which they were going that they would pay no heed to him? Christianity, in those days, did not so conduct itself. Its Founder had again and again suspended his teaching to heal the sick; he had left listening throngs to go to the comfort of a bereaved household; and his immediate followers acted in his spirit. The cripple asks a gift as he doubtless asks every passer-by. It was money he wanted, not knowing that something far better for him than money could be had from these two men. Since his day many a homeless wretch has entered the refuges opened in his name, craving only food and shelter, and has received blessings far more precious than he had ever conceived. Peter, frankly confesses his poverty, but the spirit of helpfulness is in him and of that he will give. "Such as I have give I thee," is his reply. That is still the measure of the Christian's resources. He may be poor, but he should have kindness and sympathy and love in his heart and if these were always ready at the call of the needy, the world would be far happier than it is. He has the secret of eternal life, but he is not always ready to impart it. "Such as I have give I thee" would be a good motto for every one who bears Christ's name. "Look on us," he says to the beggar, raising his expectation. Not too common, now, is that direction. We are too apt to refer the poor to some society, or to some benevolent organization, rather than bid them look to us to take the burden on ourselves and think out some plan of relief. Then the character of the help Peter has to give is disclosed, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, walk." Peter must have had strong faith in the power of that name to give such a command. But he was a changed man from the Peter who had denied his Lord and had taken upon himself to reprove him.

It takes a man who is himself changed, to work any kind of miracle. The teacher and the preacher must have experienced the power before they can impart it to others. The effect on the man is marvelous. It is an observant physician who is telling the story and he notes that Peter "took the man by the right hand and lifted him up and his feet and ankle-bones received strength and leaping up, he stood and began to walk." Contact is needed still for beneficent work. Nothing can be done while the church hold aloof and keeps at a distance from work that might soil its hands. It must go to those whom it would help and take them by the hand and raise them up. When it does that, the halting and helpless will receive strength for their own support.

Silver and gold have I none. The story is told that a Pope was conducting a visitor through the magnificent halls of his palace of the Vatican and showing him the jewels and treasures gathered there from all lands. "The day is past, you see," said the Pope, "when the Church has to say, 'silver and gold have I none.'" The visitor assented. "Yes," he said, "and the day is also past when the Church could say to the lame man, 'Rise and walk.'"

Such as I have, give I thee. A college professor, taking his constitutional walk on a winter evening, was accosted by a miserable man whose woe-begone face revealed the despair in his heart. The professor's sympathy was moved, but on searching his pockets he found, to his dismay, that he had no money. "My brother," he said, laying his hand on his shoulder, "I am truly sorry for thee; I wish I had something to give thee, but I have not." The man looked at him with eyes suffused with unaccustomed tears. "God bless you, sir," he said, "your compassion does me more good than anything you could give me."

Took him by the right hand. Mr. Gough used to give a similar account of the help he received in his early struggles to shake off his bondage to intoxicating drink. It was soon after he had signed the pledge. He was feeling all the horrors of the drunkard who had resolved to quit. Horrible shivering, as if there was ice in the marrow of his bones, followed by flashes of heat, as if every pore was punctured by a red-hot iron. He said: "I longed for just one glass. I knew that would give me relief. I believed the doctor would say I ought to have it. Then came the reflection, if you don't stick to the pledge you are lost. I wanted encouragement, sympathy. I went to the man I worked for and told him I had signed the pledge. The man smiled. I said, 'I mean to keep it.' He replied, 'they all say that.' I went back to my bench, crushed. I said, I have had enough of this. I shall die, and I may as well die one way as another. I cannot stand it. It is too hard for me.' Well, in the moment of despair I heard a cheerful voice: 'Good morning, Mr. Gough, good morning. Don't you know me? Mr. Goodridge, the lawyer. I saw you sign the pledge last night. I had a minute to spare this morning. I thought I'd just look in to see you. How are you feeling?' I said, 'I am feeling very badly.' He said, 'Yes, I suppose so. God bless you; keep a brave heart. Will you shake hands with me? Come in and see me any time. You will succeed if you will hold on.' He went out leaving me a different man. I repeated his words, 'keep a brave heart.' I said to myself, 'Yes, I think I can, now.'"

His name. How much a name is worth was realized not long ago by a young merchant who came to New York to buy goods. He was well connected and respected in the town where he was beginning business, but he was a stranger in New York. He went to a large house and told them he intended to be a customer, and was going to buy his first parcel then and there. The firm asked him a few questions, and the young man showed them statements as to his capital and his plans. The firm hesitated. Did he know any one who would endorse his note? The young man said that his father had a friend in the city and he would see him and call again. The next day he called with a brief note from his father's friend guaranteeing the account. The head of the firm glanced at the name at the foot of the letter, and said, "That is sufficient. You may have all the goods you want. He had faith in the name."

FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA.

Widespread Distress Caused by Failure of Crops—Suffering Equal to that in the Famine of 1877—Enormous Appropriation by the Government.

FROM press correspondents, from missionaries, and from Government officials comes the sad news that India is in the throes of one of her periodical famines. A theory is current in India that a famine must be expected in that country every nineteen years, and it is a singular coincidence that it is exactly nineteen years since the last great famine, in which it was computed that five million persons died of starvation. The scarcity, it is thought, will be as widespread and as severe this year as it was in 1877 and 1878, and the need for relief consequently as great. From various sources an estimate is made that seventy million persons will need partial or entire support for several months, until the spring crops of rice are gathered in.

Happily, the Government is better prepared to deal with the famine now than it was in 1877, although the prodigious number to be supported must severely tax both its resources and its powers of administration. The difficulty formerly experienced was that of procuring and conveying food to the needy districts, but now railroads are in operation which will quickly carry supplies to any district in which they are needed, and already the Government has prepared for the strain by purchasing wheat from Odessa and from our California shippers. It has also commenced relief works which are designed to serve the double purpose of giving employment to the needy and of increasing the facilities of transportation. Already three hundred thousand men have been set to work in this way, thus providing them and their families, numbering in all probably from one and a half to two million persons, with the necessities of life. One hundred and thirty-five million dollars have been voted by the Government for these various systems of relief.

The north and northwest provinces will suffer most severely, though the pressure hitherto has been felt chiefly in Madras and Bengal, in the east. But it is in Oudh,

bad, which are all densely populated. There the people are poor, and though they can exist on as little as about a cent a day, they are unable to get even that small sum. The cost of wheat in those districts is now three times its normal price, and is consequently far beyond the reach of the very poor. In the most prosperous times they live from hand to mouth, and are never far removed from starvation. The slightest disturbance of the labor market, or a rise in the cost of food, reduces these people to hunger. Already, cases of most deplorable suffering are reported. The Rev. Herbert J. Molony, of the Church Missionary Society, writes: How can I describe the sights seen in the bazaar, and even at our own door—the veritable living skeletons in rags who struggle in from the villages, and who look so bad that you feel you must give them food or they will lie down where they are and die! These we keep for a few days in sheds near our house, and when they get a little stronger we send them down to the rest-house in the town provided with a relief ticket, which will ensure them daily food until they are strong enough to go on the relief works. About a dozen of these have died in our compound, and others at the rest-house. The little children are the most piteous cases. We have nursed some ourselves, tending them hour by hour, and others have been cared for under our constant supervision, and with medical help; and yet they die—some at once, some after weeks of fighting against dysentery, dropsy, or emaciation.

A peculiarly distressing incident is reported by a missionary at Aminabad. A man who had not been able to get any food for his family in four days, took his only son and sold him into servitude. He had not been able to obtain more than the equivalent of a dollar for the boy, but he was able to get food, and he took enough for a meal to his home. His wife, knowing nothing of the sacrifice by which the food had been secured, prepared the meal. But she refused to eat until her hungry son could join his parents. Then the poor husband and father was obliged to confess what he had done. The woman was distracted with grief, and in her frenzy committed suicide. Her husband, grieving over the loss of his boy, was overwhelmed with this new calamity and promptly followed his wife's example.

The Rev. A. Muller, of the Kurku mission at Elechpur, writes: "I have seen starving men, women and children like skeletons, covered with skin, crouched like bundles alongside railway stations, hoping to get help from the passengers. The number of beggars imploring food has increased immensely. In one case I saw 1,500 men, women and children seated in rows. Two big spoonfuls of cooked rice and two little cakes were given to each applicant. This is quickly devoured, and with an almost invariable wail they cry in vain for more food, tormented by the

tions by the obstinacy and lack of energy of the native officials, who are not only dilatory in administering the relief provided, but sometimes actually hoard for themselves the food for want of which the people are dying. The extent of this ob-

struction cannot be realized by any one not familiar with the Hindoo character. A correspondent who witnessed the famine of 1877, says that there was one case which came under his own observation. The government had sent a wagon load of sacks of rice to a district where the famine was reported to be very severe. The English convoy left it at the house of the native official to distribute to his starving countrymen. His house was soon filled with people dying for lack of food, who came eagerly when they heard the news of the arrival of the rice. They waited patiently the great man's pleasure to begin the distribution. He proceeded in a leisurely fashion to take the name, residence and other details about each applicant, and to enter them neatly in his books. Several hours after the rice had arrived, the English officer who had superintended its removal found the official still entering the names, and in his presence were some corpses of applicants who had died while waiting for the food. The officer ordered his men to tear open the bags with their bayonets, and with his own hands helped the starving crowd to the food. The Hindoo official wrung his hands in despair to see men receiving government supplies, whose names had not been recorded. An experience such as this will doubtless lead to a more expeditious system of relief work in the present crisis.

Mr. J. L. Lawson, of the American Methodist Mission at Aligarh, North-west Provinces, writes: "The horrors of the famine are indescribable. A few days ago I made a tour through several villages in my district. In one place I found 137 little children, most of them under twelve years of age, and many of them not more than four or five, whose parents had died or deserted them. These children were found in the streets and bazaars picking up grain which had fallen on the floor, and eating it raw. Temporary provision is being made by the government for the daily food of these children. I could have brought away a hundred, if I had the money to support them."

The following letter from Mr. Nikambi, the Christian Hindoo teacher, gives a vivid picture of the situation:

It is now well known to all the civilized world that India is visited with a universal and most terrible famine at the present time. Its devastating and destructive effects have been felt, alike, all over the country, from east to west and north to south. The extreme misery and the untold human distress, for want of food, are unparalleled in the whole history of the country. It cannot, however, be denied that India is subject to partial famines in every ten or fifteen years, but those famines are nothing compared with the present most awful famine.

Fifty millions of people are actually starving, and it has become an urgent problem how to save so many from starvation during the

coming twelve months. The English government and the people of that country are doing their best to send food to the starving multitudes, but it seems practically impossible to provide adequately to satisfy the cravings of hunger of such an immense population, unless the benevolent and charitable Christian nations of the world unite to help. Though people may differ in faith, race, and color, yet they are children of the same Father in heaven and hence brothers.

It has been our highest privilege while in America during the last fifteen months, to watch with interest the doings of the philanthropic and Christian people of this country. Especially we remember the sympathy aroused for Armenia. I must confess that I was greatly struck with the generosity and liberality of the people of America, and I have learned from this circumstance, that the Americans have very sympathetic and kind

hearts. I believe if they are convinced of the suffering in India, many will gladly contribute towards its relief. I hear of native parents selling their children for food, others drowning themselves rather than face sorrow and suffering. I am extremely sad to hear also that many poor native Christians are on the verge of starvation along with their millions of most unfortunate non-Christian countrymen. A committee, consisting of four leading Christians in Bombay, and the Rev. E. Abbott of the American Marathi Mission, Bombay, has been formed to receive funds. Subcommittees have also been appointed at different centres to distribute help. If sympathetic friends in America desire to send help to India, I am sure their timely sympathy would be greatly appreciated. They have sent many missionaries to preach the Gospel to the people of India, and therefore they will see the importance of helping at such a time as this.

M. B. NIKAMBI.
Bombay.

For the convenience of those who desire to aid the relief movement for India, a Fund has been opened by the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church in New York, and contributions can be sent to A.

B. Leonard, Secretary, 150 Broadway, New York City. The pictures on this page illustrating the people of the suffering districts of India are reproduced from photographs for which we are indebted to the Misses Leitch of the American Board.

What One Man Did for Christ.

Bishop Mallaliu writes of the founder of Gammon Theological Seminary: "Yonder in far-away Maine is a young man who heard the call of God to preach the Gospel. A throat trouble disabled him. He was obliged to leave the ministry and go into business, and in due time became possessed of hundreds of thousands of dollars. He decided to lay his wealth on the altar of service and selected Atlanta as the seat of the mission he would found.

"Hence we have this school of the prophets, with a plan and endowment of no less than \$600,000. Elijah Gammon, disabled, discouraged, thwarted in what he thought God had told him to do, has laid the foundations and provided for the needs of a seat of learning where tens of thousands of young men shall be trained to become able ministers of the Gospel."



A NATIVE MOTHER.



A BEARER.



FRUIT-SELLER.



OIL VENDER.

UNDER PUNISHMENT.
NATIVE TYPES IN INDIA.

SERPENT CHARMERS.



VILLAGE STREET IN INDIA.

Rajputanah, and the Pungab that the lack of rain, which is the cause of the famine has been most marked. There the greatest failure of the crops has occurred, and the suffering must be most acute. The northwest provinces and Oudh cover an area of 25,000 square miles, with a population of thirteen millions. The next in urgency is an area of 30,000 square miles, with a population of fourteen millions, and there is a third area in which, it is said, there have been partial crops in which there are twelve and a half million persons. The worst districts at present reported are those of Allahabad, Lucknow, and Faiza-

gnawing of hunger. Hundreds of voices clamoring in every key for the food we cannot give produce a bitter chorus of crying. Now, as in the famine of 1877, the government is embarrassed in its relief opera-



THE MARCADO (PUBLIC MARKET) AT VILLA RICA, PARAGUAY.

Little Paraguay and its People.

A Diminutive South American Paradise, where Customs Never Change and all Nature is Delightful—Its Surplus of Women.



EVERY passing year serves to bring us nearer, commercially and socially, to our neighbors on the southern side of the Gulf of Mexico. This increased familiarity with the peoples of the South American sisterhood of republics has helped to forge stronger and closer ties than those of commercial interest alone.

Mr. I. G. King, a traveler, who has visited almost all of the South American countries, and some of whose letters from those lands have at different times appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has sent us, together with two interesting photographs which appear on this page, the following pleasantly descriptive letter, relative to a recent visit to Paraguay:

The least favored to-day of the Southern Republics are Ecuador, Bolivia, and little land-locked Paraguay. These retain more or less the social customs that were known to exist two or three hundred years ago, their populations being similar in character and habits of life. I remained in Paraguay for some months and made its people a study.

Paraguay is indeed a beautiful land,—a tropical forest, cloven by broad rivers with gardens fair as that of the Hesperides, intervening between the places of denser growth; a realm of lotus-eaters where the worn traveler, like the followers of Ulysses, might be tempted to cry, "I will no longer roam." Many a traveler or sailor is here captivated by the lazy influences of the soft, beautiful climate, and has stayed, unwilling to return, settling amid those gentle hills that slope to the Paraguay River, amid groves of oranges, bananas and pawpaws, with white-robed, silent Indian women serving him as slaves.

The Guaranis were nearly exterminated in recent wars, and to this day it is said that there exist nine women to one man. Many are the virtues of these poor brave Paraguayans. They are hospitable, kindly and honest, and deeds of violence are rare among them. The men are below the average height of North Americans, but well developed and muscular, dressing similar to the people of Argentina, who are designated as Guachos, with white pantaloons and poncho, a broad belt and an apron of trimmed leather, except in the cities. The upper class affect the European mode. In the country, the children are allowed to go unclothed, except in the coldest days.

The girls are taught to carry water jars on their heads as soon as they can walk, and when grown, they are scarcely ever seen without some burden. Toys are almost unknown to the children. Give the girls a doll and it will be handled with curiosity and admiration for a while, but is sure to be soon appropriated by their elders, probably to appear presently dressed up as a gorgeous saint. These children are scarcely if ever seen romping in play, but go about like old people. I have seen them engaged at playing church with the greatest solemnity and apparent devotion.

The women are not unclothed; they are well moulded, have lustrous eyes, and are of various shades, from mahogany to a complexion almost as fair as the Anglo-

Saxon. Their dress consists of a snow-white tunic, worn quite short, and often a white shawl, a contrast to the dingy-black robe of Argentina. They are always barefooted, only the upper classes wearing boots. "The shod people" is the Guaraní expression for aristocracy. The language of the conquered and not of the conquerors alone is spoken amongst them, and the phrase "mother-tongue" has there its full significance, except among the highest families, who, in these latter days, are educated in Castilian at their schools. In spite of their isolation from the rest of the world and their want of education, Paraguayans are remarkably polite in their manners and address. In approaching a house there is some ceremony to be observed. One is expected to halt and call out; then comes the reply, "Sin pecado," and you receive the invitation to enter—"Adelante, señor."

No one works from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. The hours intervening are strictly devoted

diverging branches for handles, the trunk four or five feet long with the point sharpened and hardened by burning; a couple of oxen hitched to it by means of a bar across their horns, and the implement is complete. Spinning cotton, probably the most ancient art there—is still performed with the distaff. The women make a kind of lace that is extremely beautiful and a marvel of delicacy. Marketing and agricultural pursuits are carried on by their women alone while supporting the male part of the population in indolence and idleness. One of our photographs shows the women wholly in control in the market-place, where all the business passes through their hands. Another illustration presents a boat-loading scene, where the women are performing the work of longshoremen. The finest oranges in the world are harvested in Paraguay during nearly every season of the year. They are picked and transported to their shipping centres by the women, being carried in baskets on their heads. The loading of steamers with the fruit is performed by gangs of chattering and light-hearted women and girls, who wait around the docks for work of that description.

Warned by a Child.

A pastor relates the following instructive incident: A Christian lady lay upon her death-bed. Her husband was already dead; and reflecting that her little daughter would soon have to be handed over to the charge of her grandfather, who was an infidel, she was filled with anxiety at the prospect, and, calling the child to her side, she obtained from her a promise that for her sake she would read one chapter of the Bible to herself every day. The child soon after was removed to the house of the infidel, and, faithful to her promise, was found by him one day reading to herself in the garden. Inquiring to know what book it was, she replied it was her Bible. He at once began to make light of



WOMEN LOADING A STEAMER WITH ORANGES AT SAN ANTONIO, PARAGUAY.

to breakfast and siesta, a season for lounging in hammocks and sipping yerba, a dry and powdered leaf (from a native shrub of the holly family) which contains a bitter principle, similar to that found in tea and coffee. It is taken in a very odd way. A gourd, stained black (which is the mata), holds about four ounces of yerba, it filled to the top. The bombellia, a tube of metal with a bulbous end pierced full of holes, is then inserted, the gourd is filled with boiling water and the infusion sucked through the tube. Every herb and flower is supposed by these people to be a remedio, and there are legions of plants growing in Paraguay known to be medicinal. I heard an Englishman relate his experience in gathering wild-flowers, one day, when a country girl came along with a bundle of vegetables on her head. After watching him for a moment she inquired shyly, "For what disease is that a remedy?" Said he, "None that I know of." "Then why do you pick it?" "Because, like you, it is light and pretty," was the reply. "Ni-nah che carai" (don't tease me, sir), said the girl, and turned away as if insulted.

Those appliances belonging to agricultural and domestic manufactures are exceedingly primitive. The loose, sandy soil of Paraguay demands little dressing, and is merely scratched with the rudest of plows, the thick bough of a tree with two

it, declared that it was useless to read such a book, and asked what was the good of it. She answered that she might learn of God. "God," he said: "there is no God."

The effect of this upon the child can scarcely be described, so great was her fright and amazement. For the moment she appeared petrified; but, recovering herself, exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "Oh, grandfather, you're a fool; you're a fool; you're a fool!" The man was amazed at this extraordinary audacity on the part of his granddaughter; but the child continued to exclaim, "Oh, grandfather, you're a fool! The Bible says you are a fool! 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'" (Psalm 14: 1.) The man listened no longer; but to forget it was impossible. Wherever he went, by night and by day, every waking moment seemed to come into his mind, "You are a fool! The Bible says so!" The result was that he became miserably unhappy and broken down before God, and the Lord graciously used the circumstance to his conversion.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

An Odd Midnight Charity.

(See Colored Illustration on First Page.)



IF the absence of ostentation and public display in the administering of our charities be a merit (as the Scriptures declares), there is assuredly a special degree of merit and worthiness in the very remarkable charity which our artist has depicted in the strong and realistic illustration on the first page of this issue. When all New York, with the exception of the few whose callings keep them up at night, is fast asleep, and when the great avenues of trade are silent and deserted, any pedestrian who might happen to walk in the vicinity of Tenth street and Broadway about midnight would witness a singular sight. Along the sidewalk on the northerly side of Tenth street he would see a long line of men, and if he were to go sufficiently near, he would discover that they were in almost every instance poorly clad, with hungry-looking, eager faces and a general air of hopeless poverty. This line, usually about 300, but sometimes nearly 500 strong, assembles every night at the same hour, and by 12 P.M. it is complete. Sometimes there are a few destitute-looking women in the line, but the great majority are men. The head of the line is midway between Fourth avenue and Broadway.

At the stroke of midnight, a door opens and light streams out on the dark sidewalk. The crowded line presses up toward the open doorway, where several white-capped and white-aproned men stand beside great piles of loaves of bread. There is a grateful odor of coffee, too, and it is soon apparent that the outside crowd is appreciative of the fact, for they press the harder as one after another at the head of the line receives from the white-capped men a loaf and a mug of hot coffee, and then mumbling his thanks, marches off to make room for the next. Some receive half a loaf, others a whole one, and if the night be chill and frosty, the coffee is in as much demand as the bread. And so the distribution proceeds, until all are supplied. Some carry their loaves home, to wife or children hungrier, perhaps, than themselves. Others begin to eat their portion at once, and gulp down their steaming coffee. In cases of special need a couple of loaves are given. By one o'clock the line has vanished, the door has closed, and Tenth street has resumed its wonted quiet.

This unique scene—the only midnight charity in America—is enacted nightly at the Vienna Bakery, whose Tenth street side entrance is directly opposite the great business block erected by the late A. T. Stewart. It has been going on for twenty years past, though comparatively few New Yorkers know it. In 1876, Mr. Louis Fleischmann, having a successful business there, decided to give to the poor all the bread that was left undisposed of after his wagons came in for the night. He began to give a few dozen loaves at first, but the demand for the bread grew, and the gift brought blessing, for his business steadily increased also. The midnight distribution is made all the year round, in the hot, sweltering nights of summer and the arctic chill of the winter. Among the beneficiaries are poor, idle workmen, and many homeless tramps, all nationalities being represented. There are never any discords in the quiet line that gathers nightly, and which encircles nearly half the block; the men know that a disturbance would mean the stoppage of their free gift, and that they cannot afford to sacrifice. A loaf of bread means much to a penniless, homeless man in New York. There are at the present time many thousands of honest idle men in the city, and to this deserving class and those who may be dependent upon them, the nightly gift of a loaf or two comes like heaven-sent manna.

The giver of this weekly secret charity (if anything that takes place on the streets of New York can be called secret), has purposely avoided publicity as far as possible; but the grateful prayers of the many thousands who have been helped by the "midnight loaf," during these twenty years, doubtless afford him a deeper and more enduring satisfaction than could be derived from mere worldly approbation of his generosity. It is truly Christian charity, with a single eye to the helping of a class whose members are helpless indeed.

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

THE SADNESS OF JERUSALEM.

It is a City Without Recreations—Its People are Gloomy, its Children Joyless, and even its Animals are Dull—The Struggle to Live.

It is an ancient belief that mirth and song affect the character, and on the other hand that by them character is expressed. Experience has proved this to be true both of individuals and of nations. One has said that he could control a nation's laws were he allowed to make its ballads. We know how inspiring are the hymns of our Christian faith, we remember well how the patriotic songs of our country stirred our hearts in the days of battle.

The Hebrews had a variety of words expressing *mirth, gladness, joy, to make merry*, and the like, and with them men, the ancient Assyrians, such words were always associated with the ideas of peace, pleasantness, light, and triumph. Old Jerusalem seems to have had its share of pleasure-making, song and joy, but in the Jerusalem of today there is a noticeable absence of these things. When a nation's life is healthy we expect there will be manifested a good degree of mirth and gladness, we expect light hearts, bright hopes, laughing children, every expression characteristic of a happy people. When such things are wanting, we feel that there must be a reason for the fact, and it is on this account that our topic appeals to us with special interest. For our hearts, one and all, turn to Jerusalem with delight, and her welfare is our pride. One and all we grieve over her decay and ruin, and eagerly ask why her streets and homes are places of sadness.

No one desires or expects that Jerusalem should be given up to merry-making nor, quite as certainly, does the stranger expect to find in the cheerless, joyless, mirthless city that it really is. It has no public entertainments of any kind. Some years since, outside the walls, a building was erected designed for a playhouse, and it was thought by certain natives together with a few Greeks and Italians of the commonest class, that the new resort would become at once popular and prove a financial success. These hopes were quickly blasted, for the place never had funds for its support, it had no actors, and no patrons, and not many months elapsed before the upper portion was turned into a very cheap coffee shop, and the basement into a donkey stable. This was the beginning and the end of the only attempt in modern times to establish a theatre in the Holy City. It was entirely out of place. The inhabitants have no taste for such a thing, and even if they had, could not patronize or support it, simple because they are very poor. A stranger might argue that even if Jerusalem had no theatre there might be other forms of public entertainment; but I would assure him that this destitution extends to every variety of amusement known to American life.

If the absence of pleasure making is decidedly conspicuous in Jerusalem, it does not follow that universal quiet reigns, for the streets of the city are terribly noisy, not equalled in this respect by any city of Europe. There is a superabundance of loud talking and a great deal of shouting, but there is no fun; there are numerous street quarrels, but no street songs. The songs, if any, are the plaintive monologues of beggars. The inhabitants, on the whole, are a sober people, for although almost without exception they use intoxicating liquor, they are not drunken in the streets, so that the noise cannot be attributed to

such a cause, nor indeed do their quarrels arise from drink, but nearly always from their extreme poverty. This makes them exacting in the most minute details of any transaction; I have known quarrels to arise scores of times over so small a matter as three-tenths of an American cent.

The lack of cheerful stirring enterprise in the people accounts for the dullness which is so apparent and, like the men and women, the children also are heavy and stupid. They have no sprightliness. With us a boy is sometimes so full of life that he is the terror of the household; but in Jerusalem, what does a boy's life amount to? He cannot swim for there is no water. He cannot play ball for there is no field smooth enough for the purpose. He cannot engage in any athletic sports for the boys there never do such things, and

were he to even attempt to do it he would be thought crazy. He is not taught to read, and has no books. To means for his diversion, no one ever gives a thought. As soon as he is able to do any work he joins in the universal struggle for daily bread.

In our own country, if young people, even those who work hard, get a little lei-

that gambol or young domestic animals of any kind that skip and leap for joy. These creatures, from the first months of their lives, are as moderate in their movements and as sedate in all their behavior as cows of mature years. How much their living has to do with this I cannot say; but cattle as well as men have to struggle for the scanty food which they obtain.

Possibly I ought to mention a form of amusement which is very popular with the Arabs, but which, for several reasons, is indulged in only to a limited extent, and that is horse-racing. Only the sons of well-to-do parents can afford this pastime, and moreover there are no roads or smooth places in the fields where trials of speed can be had at a given distance, so that the style of Arab horse-racing is quite different from ours. The horse is made to plunge forward suddenly and at full gallop, and after a few yards is stopped as suddenly; this brings the entire weight of the rider and his beast upon the forelegs, and the strain upon the animal's knees is terrible. Not infrequently a valuable horse is in this way completely ruined. This practice comes down no doubt from the time when mounted men fought with spears in close combat, and I base my judgment upon what I have seen of warfare among Bedouins of the desert.

In Oriental places gambling is under the head of amusements. This vice prevails universally, is the curse of young men, and the only thing that keeps them from ruin is their very great poverty. A man who has nothing can lose nothing by gambling. The sin of the act is not measured by the amount staked. In camp, in coffee shops, among muleteers, among workmen and

gate, get a cup of coffee (by "cup" one must think of those used in children's play-houses), and a smoke (in a hubble-bubble pipe) for about a cent for both, talk a little, sometimes listen to a long story, sit hour after hour on a low, hard stool, fall asleep,



CHILDREN TAKING A DONKEY-RIDE.



BAND PLAYING IN FRONT OF THE TURKISH BARRACKS.

watch their companions, pass a great many meaningless compliments, and persuade themselves that this is the height of pleasure.

What shall we say of that country or condition of social life where, for tens of thousands of the inhabitants, this is the chief amusement of their lives? I am not making this picture to criticise, but merely to acquaint my readers with the facts. In appearance and character these coffee shops do not change from generation to generation. In commendation of them it should be said that nearly all of these places close at sunset.

Among children, and in fact among grown people, one notices the absence of pets. The time and thought bestowed upon such things with us is in striking contrast to the condition of things in Jerusalem. It would be out of the possibilities to make pets of dogs, for they are unclean. Cats are despised and if they live about a house it is in a semi-wild state. Occasionally a caged bird is seen, but generally these are instances where the families have come in contact with foreigners. Chickens, lambs and young donkeys are never petted, but they do not seem to be at all wild, for they live, sleep and eat with the children of the household as though they had equal rights with them.

In recent times the band of native musicians connected with the garrison plays in the street, near the barracks, almost every day, and a crowd is always attracted to the spot. The music is of a very common order, the exercise is agony to Europeans, and whether the street listeners enjoy it or not, it is hard to say, for they are silent and undemonstrative, and disperse as quickly as they came together.

Within three years past the city government has made an effort to establish a public garden. The entire work of grading and planting shrubs was done over no less than three times, owing to the ignorance of those in charge of it. One could say beforehand that in Jerusalem such a garden would be a failure, because they had no water. After much effort it was completed; still it compares very unfavorably with even the smallest gardens in European countries. But the thought and the effort to establish such a garden in Jerusalem ought to be commended, although it can never become a pleasant resort.

In connection with the fact just mentioned, the people of Jerusalem and Palestine seem, in spite of their Oriental indifference and fixedness of life, to have some power of imitation. The desire to adopt other modes of life is not wholly foreign to them. What I have observed in regard to native boys, will serve as an illustration. Whenever they come into contact with European boys with their sports, games, and many activities, they soon want to do the same things. Let us regard this kindling aspiration for something better, a few signs of which we see here and there, as a ground of encouragement for the inhabitants of dear old Jerusalem.

SELAH MERRILL.



A PUBLIC GARDEN IN THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

sure, they think they must do something in the way of diversion. They get up a picnic, they go boating, or they play tennis. They are full of energy, and spend the same in the many forms of recreation and pleasure that are open before them. In a very hot country like Palestine, boys, whenever they get a short respite from work, as they are scantily fed, and hence not overflowing with animal spirits, never think of going anywhere to have a good time; they simply lie down in the shade of a tree or of a great rock. No doubt climate has its influence in diminishing or stimulating sprightliness of temperament.

A curious fact which I have noticed on hundreds of occasions is, namely, that animals are affected like human beings and exhibit similar characteristics. If one never sees, in Palestine, children romp and frolic, in like manner, he never sees lambs

boys, among all classes, and at almost all times, we see small groups of people who are gambling. The vice is certainly a popular one, and there must be a fascination about it which is quite unknown to those who never indulge.

The coffee shops of Jerusalem afford a sort of diversion unlike anything with which we are acquainted in America, and they come nearer being places of amusement than anything else. They are exclusively for men, as women never frequent them, nor do children. There are scores of these places in the city, many of them being very rude, small, dingy, dirty rooms hardly fit for donkey stalls, around the entrance to which men sit, while the best of them are barren and cheerless, seldom neat, always unattractive. Natives having been accustomed to them all their lives, appear to enjoy them. Here men congre-



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Home Defence.

IT is of vast importance that the military regiments of our cities be maintained.

There are in all our cities populations that can understand gunpowder as an argument for peace better than they can understand any other argument. The consciousness that back of the law and back of the ballot-box, and back of the mayor's chair, there are bayonets, is a mighty inducement to keep order. The chief use of our home regiments is not merely to put on parade dress and to the step of a brass band, march up and down in front of balconies filled with the beauty and fashion of the town, but to be ready when mobs arise or populations are panic-stricken, or a foreign enemy suddenly drops down. For the home regiments of our cities, I bespeak all honor and support, and may God grant us such quietude that their services shall never be wanted save in festivity and commemoration. Stack arms!

While I was living in Philadelphia that city was threatened with mobocracy. I joined a regiment. There were in the regiment many clergymen. It was the most awkward squad of men ever gotten together. We drilled a week or two, and then disbanded. All together, I do not believe we could have defended, a hen-roost. I then felt the need of troops, drilled month after month and year after year.

He Was a Man.

IN our extollation of Christ as divine we forget that he was just as certainly human. That side of the Saviour's nature we need more strength to understand. We must have a Christ who is able to walk with us day by day, up and down these streets, and cross with us these ferries—a Christ to come into our parlors and help us in the socialities of life, into our nurseries to help us in the care of our children, into our dining-halls and kitchens to help us in the annoyances and irritations of housekeeping. While the Unitarians will not go with us in worshipful treatment of Christ as divine, we will go with them in the recognition of a Saviour's humanity. O, thou Man of Sorrows! Take all our griefs. O, thou Man of Pain! Take all our sickness. O, thou Man of Sympathy! Give us thy companionship. O, thou Man of Bethany! Stay at our homes and help Mary in her devotions and Martha in her anxieties. What an eternal sedative, the thought that Christ was bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and that he understands

us, for that he traveled the same road, suffered the same wrongs, and wept the same bereavements. Into the hands of this Being, who was thorough Man as well as thorough God, we commend you. May his blessing be upon all your souls and you be enabled to employ the following words of an anonymous writer, as sweet words as you ever read:

O, to be nothing, nothing, only to lie at his feet; A broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's use made meet:

Emptied that he might fill me as to his service I go;

Broken, that so unhindered his life through me might flow.

O, to be nothing, nothing; an arrow in his hand, Or a messenger at his gateway, waiting for his command—

Only an instrument, ready for him to use at his will,

And should he not require me, willing to wait there still.

Thine may I be, thine only, till called by thee to share

The glorious heavenly mansion thou art gone before to prepare.

My heart and soul are yearning to see thee face to face,

With unfettered tongue to praise thee for such heights and depths of grace.

Stagnation vs. Sensation.

WITH two offensive words we head this article. We do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. This fact is, that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses.

We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as that word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith, and repentance, and heaven, and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences let them quit philosophizing, and hair-splitting, and botanizing, and without gloves take hold of men's sins and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook, opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative, and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our Churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats, and go out to see how good a swathe we can cut, and how much grain we can garner.

"The Little Gospels."

THIS is the beautiful and affectionate term given to those wonderful condensations of the popular heart, with which the Master-Preachers of Christianity, from Christ until the close of the eighteenth century, feathered every arrow in their sermons. For though arguments are the pillars of a discourse, proverbs and metaphors are its windows. Without stopping to consider the prominence given to proverbs in the Old Testament, we may notice that Christ, at his first appearance in the synagogue, and in all his prominent discourses, set these "little Gospels" in the pure gold of Christian ethics. The Sermon on the Mount is full of Jewish proverbs, current among the common people for centuries; yea, even in the grief and love of the Last Supper, he defines the treachery of Judas in a proverb, and later, in the majesty of his risen glory, arrests the persecuting Saul by another.

Perhaps no feature of Christ's teaching is more remarkable than that he who spake as never man spake, should choose words already dear to the popular heart, and which, being the outcome of universal experience, would have an universal and everlasting meaning; thus—"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," is identical with the Arabic—"Purchase the next world with this, and so win both." "No man can serve two masters," resembles the Greek, "He who has to serve two masters, must lie to one;" and again, "He giveth his beloved [in their] sleep," is but another form of the Roman proverb, "The net of the sleeping fishermen takes."

The early fathers not only used the rich store of pagan and biblical proverbs, they originated many now in use. But if we would see the real value of proverbs in preaching, Luther must be studied; for it was by the mother-wisdom of the trenchant, pathetic proverbs of Germany, he opened the hearts of the people to the doctrines of the Reformation. Truly few preachers can wear Father Luther's shoes, but they may follow in his footsteps. Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, Richard Baxter, Isaac Barrow, are mines of proverbial ecclesiastical wealth, and even the Scotch Covenanters found it well to point their arguments with popular wisdom. "I'll down the nests, and the crows will fly away," edged the fury of those that demolished the strongholds of popery.

None of the noble preachers anterior to our own century, disdained the popular maxims which fastened the truth as with a nail in a sure place. There is no better proof of this than Matthew Henry's "Exposition," which is a very "Mosaic of proverbs on a basis of sandal wood." This same popular element was one of the secrets of the wonderful success of the early Methodist preachers. It was "the Hebrew tongue" to which "the common people gave the more silence." That this mighty influence has become unfashionable in the pulpit, is a marvel. Why do not our preachers, so eager for popularity, consider this means of acquiring it, for no matter how much a preacher may know, preacher and peasant know more than preacher alone; since there is no shade of character which has not passed through the alembic of the great heart of humanity, and become a proverb.

I have called sacred proverbs "Little Gospels," and I will quote a few, to illustrate the propriety of the term:

God builds the nest of the blind bird.
When God gives, he asks not, whose son art thou?
God is an ancient giver.

When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses.

Our extremity is God's opportunity.
Charity gives itself rich.

God never smites with both hands.
The tree God plants, no wind hurts.

Get the distaff and spindle ready, God will send the flax.

God blesses the giving hand, and makes it a getting hand.

Let the grapes pray for the branches, without branches there would be no grapes.

Finally, let us add the rabbinical precept in regard to the Bible:

Read it, and read it again, for everything is in it.

Have I not proved that good proverbs are like steel in a fountain? the sparkle pleases the eye, the tonic strengthens the heart; they are the "Little Gospels" which our ancestors graved over their hearthstones, and on their dining-tables, and the lintels of their doors; hopeful earnestness of that day, when the prophecy of Zechariah shall be fulfilled, and "on every pot, and upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord" shall be inscribed.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

No more orders can be filled for "Gospel Hymns" No. 1 to 6, Consolidated, Music Edition, our stock being entirely exhausted.

The number of Christian Endeavor Societies in Great Britain has now passed the four thousand mark.

The Methodist and Congregational churches of Barre, Mass., united recently in revival services conducted by Evangelist E. A. Whittier. Both churches cordially co-operated, and many conversions are reported.

Evangelist Gale has closed his meetings at Skowhegan, Me., and has begun a series at Houlton. About three hundred persons in the former town made public confession of faith in Christ during the series of services.

A contemporary which has been collecting the statistics of colleges states that there are now in public institutions preparing for the ministry 7,657 young men. Of these the Presbyterians have a larger number than any other denomination.

The twenty-third anniversary of the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church was celebrated recently by special services in the Church of the Reconciliation in Brooklyn, N. Y. Bishop T. W. Campbell outlined the history of the church.

Count Leo Tolstoi is to be placed on trial for Heterodoxy. The Holy Synod, the supreme authority in the Russian Church, has summoned him to appear at its bar to answer the charge that his books are calculated to undermine the orthodoxy of the readers and so weaken the authority and power of the church.

The McAll Missions in France are burdened with a debt of eight thousand dollars. A citizen of San Francisco who attended the recent annual meeting, having listened to the report, volunteered to give half of the total debt if other friends of the mission would raise the other half before the end of next March.

The annual gain of Christians in the various mission fields is now estimated by the *Missionary Review of the World*, at one hundred thousand. Ten years ago, by the same mode of calculation, the annual increase was found to be sixty thousand. In 1825 there were only sixty thousand Christians in the mission churches of the world.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, sends from Europe, as a suggestion to the Christian Endeavor societies of the world, the plan of occupying a few moments in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, or at least occasionally, with a summary of the pastor's morning sermon. The plan should prove helpful alike to young people and pastor.

New York had a visit from Dr. Alberto Diaz, the apostolic evangelist of Cuba, who had a narrow escape for his life in getting out of the hands of the Spaniards. Dr. Diaz preached in Calvary Church in New York, where he received a warm welcome. His references to the condition of the island to the evangelization of which he has given his life, showed the charity and magnanimity of the true follower of Christ.

The prison officials of Walla Walla, Wash., would be pleased to receive religious books and magazines for the use of the prisoners. There have been several notable conversions of convicts recently under the preaching of Prof. Allen P. Dow, of Whitman College, who has held regular services in the penitentiary during the past year, and there is an inquiry for Bibles, Testaments, and religious literature.

In a recent meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth said that the Volunteers have organized during the past eight months over two hundred posts. They have now four hundred commissioned officers. The Volunteers are taking special interest in the reforming of convicts. Mrs. Booth says that she believes that fully eighty per cent. of those who in prison profess conversion become, when released, respectable members of society.

Mr. Moody's appeal to the churches to hold evening services receives support from the statistics recently collected by the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. In reply to queries addressed to churches in various cities 51 were received from New York, 75 from Philadelphia, 100 from Chicago, 37 from Brooklyn, 29 from Boston, and 23 from Washington. In every instance, the evening congregations are larger than those of the morning.

A settlement of college women is to be established for missionary work in the neighborhood of Bombay, India. The project is a development of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union. It is to be something like a deaconess institution for evangelistic, educational and medical work. Those who have projected the scheme are going themselves, chiefly at their own charges. Two are already in Bombay, and four are ready to sail soon.

Evangelistic services were held in Brooklyn, Eastern District, last week, in various churches. A council of ministers and Christian workers divided the city into districts and arranged for the holding of the meetings in one church of each group on the evening of each day. Every afternoon a united meeting for conference and Gospel song was held in some centrally situated church under the charge of Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. T. L. Cuyler, and other ministers.

The emancipation of the slaves in Madagascar caused some anxiety among the white residents, but it appears to have passed without the dreaded excesses. A missionary writes:—"Some of the slaves, we hear, behaved very badly, grossly insulting their mistresses. Still, the prevailing feeling among us is surprise that the great event has passed off so quietly. We used to plan in our minds various ways of branding about gradual emancipation, and here, by a stroke of the pen, the thing is done and the fetters are struck from about a million slaves."

Mr. D. L. Moody held two Services in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on January 3d. The great building was densely crowded. More than a third of the congregation rose to ask for prayer in response to Mr. Moody's invitation. Mr. Moody strongly urged attendance at the meetings to be held in Cooper Union during the week, under the charge of Dr. A. C. Dixon and other ministers. He also pressed all to hear Rev. F. B. Meyer when he came to New York in February, and not to be offended if Mr. Meyer told them their faults, as he was sure to do. Referring to the Cooper Union Services, Mr. Moody said that after paying all expenses of the hall, printing and advertising, there was a balance of \$722.26 left, which would be used in putting the Bible in prison cells.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Flood and Landslides.

DISASTERS are reported from widely separated localities. Pictures of three of the districts which have suffered, appear on this page. The first is the beautiful Lake of Killarney in Ireland, one of the loveliest scenes in the world. Not far from the Lake is the town of Rathmore in the vicinity of which is an eminence about a thousand feet high known as Boy Hill. A part of the hill is of that soft nature which in Ireland is called a bog. It is a morass covered with a peculiar spongy growth known as peat, which, starting from decomposing vegetable matter, sends out new shoots and grows rapidly. The depth of a bog is in some instances as much as forty feet. The spongy mass shakes and quivers at the slightest pressure. A false step from the comparatively hard path through it which is usually marked by bushy "tussocks" rising above the surrounding vegetation, means a plunge into a quagmire in which a man sinks as in a quicksand. Sometimes the surface of the peat-bog has been known to rise two inches in a year. For some months past there have been heavy rains in the Killarney district, soaking the peat which gained enormously in weight. Meanwhile subterranean springs and streams were loosening the soil below. Suddenly, without any warning, the whole side of the hill began sliding down toward the valley. Gaining momentum as it moved, it swept downward with a roaring sound, carrying rocks, trees and everything before it for miles. In some places the path of the landslide was a mile wide, and as it moved along it buried everything, entirely changing the aspect of the section over which it passed. A cottage which stood in its way was entirely demolished and not a sign left to indicate where it had been. The occupier with his wife and seven children were carried away under the huge mass, and their bodies have not been found. Horses, cattle and farm implements disappeared before its resistless force. At latest accounts the bog is still moving toward the basin in which lies the beautiful Lake of Killarney. A second disaster is that reported from Greece. An inundation of the River Ilissos has submerged the suburbs of Athens. It was preceded by a terrific thunderstorm which worked fearful havoc in various parts of the Greek capital and in other towns in Attica. Athens was the worst sufferer, as the river having an insufficient outlet at Phalerum, rose to an unprecedented height and spread over the low-lying country. A train on the Peloponnesus Railroad was floated from the tracks. The engineer was killed, but the passengers fortunately escaped. Thirty-three lives were lost in Athens, some by drowning, and others by the fall of houses swept by the torrent from their foundations. The general alarm was increased by the prevailing darkness. The gas-works which supply the city with light were the first to suffer, and for several nights could not furnish gas. A third catastrophe is that reported from the Azores, the well-known group of islands off the coast of Portugal. The governor of the islands announces that a gigantic waterspout burst over the city of Povoaças in the Island of St. Michael, completely devastating the town. Tons of water fell,

carrying away the homes of thousands of persons, and tearing a wide channel nine miles long through the most fertile district of the island. Three such calamities occurring within a few days of each other, would in former times have caused consternation, but in our days men look to science for an explanation. It is right that they should do so, if they do not forget the God of whom the prophet wrote:

For the Lord the God of hosts is he that toucheth the land, and it melteth and . . . he that calleth for the waters of the sea and poureth them out upon the face of the earth. (Amos 9: 3, 6.)

Sight Without Eyes.

Recent experiments with the Roentgen Rays open possibilities of wonders greater than have yet been witnessed. The most astonishing effect was that produced on a Boston scientist whose experience is described in the *Hartford Times*. Dr. J. R. Cocke lost his sight when he was only three weeks old, by the accidental application of acid to his eyes. From that time to the present this has been a dark world to him, so that although not actually born blind, he has never had the slightest conception of light or the appearance

new light has led to the astonishing discovery that the brain has powers of vision independently of the eye. The existence of such powers in the brain was never suspected, although we have known on Apostolic authority that there is a sense in which the heart may see when it is not wilfully blinded.

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their heart. (Eph. 4: 18.)

Diseases of Gems.

A belief is current among jewelers that certain stones are as liable to disease as are human beings. Every jeweler who has kept a large stock has stories to tell of the unaccountable discoloration, fading, or darkening of pearls, rubies, topazes, or opals. Pearls frequently grow sick and develop blotches which destroy their value. A sick ruby loses its light and color, becomes lighter in tint and less brilliant. The topaz, on the other hand, becomes dark and muddy when its health fails. The opal is, however, the most delicate of all the gems and the one most susceptible to disease. Its prismatic colors are said to be due to minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the varied tints for which the opal is admired. When the opal becomes sick, it is liable to split in pieces. The cracks which give it beauty, open and the stone separates into two or more fragments. The diseases of all these stones were mysteries until modern times. Science has solved some of them now as it has so many other mysteries. The diseases of the ruby and the topaz are not diseases at all, but are merely the consequence of a prolonged exposure to a strong light. The disruption of the opal, is due to the fact that its chief constituent is a combination of silicic

must be some subterranean passage-way, for the evaporation would not dispose of the rain and melted snow with which its waters are supplied. Prof. Diller, who has thoroughly studied the geologic formation of the mountain, believes that it was once fifteen thousand feet high and was filled with seething lava. The intense heat and frequent eruptions, of which signs remain in the congealed lava of the whole district, he believes, weakened and undermined the sides of the mountain, until the shell was too weak to support the gigantic weight of the cone, and nine thousand feet of it fell into the hollow of the earth. Since that convulsion, which occurred in some remote age, there has apparently been no eruption, and the lake has gradually formed in the basin which was once full of seething, molten fire. It would seem that there has been a literal precedent, if Prof. Diller's theory is correct, for the figure under which God threatens the destruction of those that oppose his will:

I am against thee, O destroying mountain that destroyest the earth, and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain. (Jer. 51: 25.)

A Farm-hand's Romance.

The death of an aged man who had worked all his life as a farm-hand in Fulton county, Pa., brought to light a romantic story. It appears that early in the century a thirteen-year-old boy was one of the passengers on board an emigrant ship which arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland. The boy's passage had not been paid, and in accordance with the custom of the time he was offered for sale to farmers for a term of years. The farmer who bid the highest price was allowed to have the boy until his earnings were sufficient to repay the farmer the price paid to the owners of the ship for him. The boy's story was that he was heir to a title and large estates, but on his father's death, his uncle had smuggled him on board ship and had deserted him. His story was not believed, until two Irishmen, several years later, spent a night on the farm. They came from County Wexford and they knew the boy. They reported that his uncle had circulated a story of his death, and had succeeded to the title and estates as next heir. They offered to return home with the rightful heir and testify in his behalf, but until the farmer's claim was satisfied he was not allowed to go. He worked until he attained his majority, and

having fallen in love with the farmer's daughter, he stayed on to win the father's consent to their marriage. Afterwards, aided by some lawyers in Philadelphia, he went to London and instituted a suit to recover his rights. The process of law was slow, the uncle was in possession and

knew how to make use of his vast wealth to thwart his nephew's efforts. Before he could secure a judgment in the Irish court of last resort, he died. In the meantime a son had been born to him in this country, but neither the mother nor the grandfather of the babe, who were of Dutch extraction, knew how to prosecute his claims, and before he was of an age to understand them and press them for himself, too long an interval had elapsed, the witnesses had disappeared, and a suit would have been hopeless. The child grew up on the farm and continued to be a farm-hand until his death a few days ago. One cannot but be sorry that he and his father should have lost the title and estates which rightly belonged to them. It may be hoped that they have not missed the heavenly inheritance which God offers to all who seek it. No fraud could keep them from it; though they might lose it as so many do by their own fault.

Let us, therefore, give diligence to enter into that rest that no man fall after the same example of disobedience. (Heb. 12: 4.)



THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.



THE FLOODED SUBURBS OF ATHENS.



A TOWN IN ST. MICHAEL, AZORES.

of things. But his other senses have developed to marvelous acuteness. He can tell the exact dimensions of a room by sound and can describe accurately by touch the figures on a fabric that he handles. He succeeded in working his way through college, by an occupation in which delicacy of touch was essential, and his marvelously retentive memory enabled him to retain the lectures he heard. He has been a diligent student, and is now an acknowledged authority in chemistry and nervous diseases. The wonders of the Roentgen Rays had a personal interest for him, and a few days ago he devised a test in his own person. He directed that the most powerful tube in existence should be used, and he seated himself beneath it at a distance of four feet, and in a position which brought the rays on the top of his head. When the rays were turned on he had a strange indescribable sensation which ceased when they were turned off. A pair of pliers held above his head, between it and the light, were distinctly perceptible to him, and he described them minutely and accurately, and when they were put in his hands he recognized them at once. Letters cut in a sheet of tin foil he also described. A hand held over his head was also recognized, and he was able to tell when it was turned flat or edgewise. Held at the side and the back of his head he perceived it too, but the impression was more vague than when held above his head. If these facts are as reported, the

acid, with a tenth to a seventh of water. Exposure to heat causes the water to evaporate and disintegration ensues. If these facts had been known earlier, many people would have saved gems worth large sums which they lost, as they supposed by disease. It is not so, however, with the souls of God's children, which are his jewels. We are assured that he knew them thoroughly from the beginning and they will be kept intact and undimmed to the last:

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels. (Mal. 3: 17.)

A Lake in a Crater.

The most wonderful lake in this hemisphere, and in some of its features the most wonderful in the world, is described in a recent publication by Professor J. S. Diller, of the United States Geological Survey. The lake is in the crater of an extinct volcano, in the Cascade Mountain Range of Southern Oregon. The lake is over six thousand feet above the level of the sea; it is about six miles in diameter, and is nearly circular in shape. The water is intensely blue, and is fully two thousand feet deep. It has no known outlet, but there is ground for believing that there



Questions and Answers.

IN last week's issue of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* it was announced that no more copies of Marion Harland's famous book, "*The Home of the Bible*," could be supplied. It should have been explained that this notice was designed to refer only to those who might send in new subscriptions. A sufficient number of copies of "*The Home of the Bible*" has been reserved to supply all of our old subscribers who on renewing their subscriptions may designate that book as the premium of their choice. It is our invariable policy, as far as possible, to make provision for our old subscribers.

Several Readers. We cannot fill any more orders for "Gospel Hymns," our stock having been entirely exhausted.

Sunday School Teacher, Cleveland, O. Was the miracle of the tongues worked on the Apostles at Pentecost (Acts 2: 6-12)? Does not the narrative imply that the people who heard them speak were the subjects of the miracle?

The reasonable supposition is that each apostle had command of one or more languages, not that two persons of different nationalities listening to the same preacher at the same time were both able to understand him. Peter's explanation (Acts 2: 13-18) shows distinctly that it was upon the apostles that the miracle was worked, not upon their hearers.

I. N., Danville, Ind. 1. Can a woman, having property in her own name, lawfully will it to her own children, leaving her husband nothing, he already being well provided for? 2. Could such a will be broken?

As the laws affecting inheritance and the rights of married women vary greatly in different States, the safest way is to consult some reputable lawyer in your own State. Lay advice in such questions is an unsafe guide.

H. M. N., Jura, Ont. Is it right to invite those who are sinners to Sunday School, to play an instrument, in company with the singing?

It would be a difficult and possibly an unwise policy to attempt to exclude from church and Sunday School choirs all but converts; still, due discretion should be exercised in selecting those who are to render instrumental or vocal music at religious services, or to take any prominent part. A notoriously immoral person would be an offense to many.

P. T. L., Syracuse, N. Y. 1. How many countries are represented by the explorers who have gone in search of the North Pole; what are their names, and the names of the explorers? 2. Who built the Great Pyramid, what was it built for, in what year was it opened, and is it true that by using the entrance passage, as you would a telescope, the Draconius, or true polar star, was in a direct line of vision 2170 B. C.? 3. Is it in any way a prophetic building?

1. Almost all the countries of Europe and our own as well are represented in these expeditions, thus far, the principal explorers being Willoughby, Chancellor, Burrough, Pet, Fishburner, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Scoresby, Behring, Cook, Barrow, Franklin, Ross, McClure, Grinnell, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Payer, Petermann, Weyprecht, Nordenskjöld, Nares, Schwatka, De Long, Greely, Peary, and Nansen. 2. The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is believed from certain inscriptions to have been founded by Shufu I. (B. C. 2178-2186). It was designed as a royal sepulchre. The astronomical theory of its form and structure is held by many, but it is incapable, at this distant date of being established beyond dispute. 3. The same remark applies to the last question.

O. I. Subscriber, Troy, N. Y. Who were "the spirits in prison" to whom Christ is described (1 Peter 3: 19) as going and preaching?

Several explanations of this mysterious passage have been suggested. The one most widely accepted is that they were the antediluvians, as mentioned in the next verse. It is not necessary to suppose that Christ descended into the abode of the lost spirits and there preached. Peter may have meant that Christ preached to them in their lifetime through the testimony of Noah, as a minister speaking of a number of his flock who had been sent to prison might say that he had preached to that man in prison, meaning that he had preached to him before he went to prison.

D. B. M., Fort Wayne. In reading the book "Ivanhoe" by Walter Scott, I find the following on page 178, the popular tradition places the number of slain babies in Bethlehem at 10,000, yet it is also there remarkable that more than a score were slaughtered, and it is still more curious that with the facts and conditions to believe that the number did not exceed a dozen. Canon Farrar in his book "The Prince of Glory" (on page 178) says: "The probable number of the innocents has been extraordinarily exaggerated considering that Bethlehem was but a village of two thousand inhabitants, we may safely hope that even in all its boundaries not more than twenty male children were sacrificed and perhaps not half that

number." My Bible says (Matt. 2: 16): "That Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof from two years old and under." Now where do they find authority for saying that only male children were slain in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, and consequently only a small number, perhaps not more than ten or a dozen were slain?

As the actual number is uncertain, the various authors are entitled to their different estimates. That only male children were slain is a natural inference.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. What does the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews refer to by laying aside every weight (Hebrews 12: 1)?

The allusion is to the races and athletic contests of the Olympian games. He is trying to stimulate Christians to strive after the higher

The parable was a reproof to such persons, but it also conveyed a weighty lesson as to the evil of sin. Although the father forgave his younger son and gave him joyful welcome, he said to the elder, "All that I have is thine," thereby intimating that the younger son's lost patrimony could not be restored. The sinner is urged to repent, and is promised pardon, but the time he has wasted, and the health he has injured, and the mischief his example has done, are irreparable evils.

C. O. A., Forest City, Mo. 1. Who was St. Cecilia? 2. Is 1900 a leap year?

1. One of the so-called saints of the Greek and Roman calendar. She is said to have suffered martyrdom about 230 A. D. She is also said to have sung praises, with instrumental music, just before her execution, and hence she has been called the special patroness of church music. 2. 1904 is the next Leap Year.

Reader, Providence, R. I. What is the present tobacco and drink production per annum of our country?

Tobacco—over four million cigars and four and a quarter million cigarettes—a large increase over 1895. Drink—Mr. Josiah W. Leeds, an authority on the subject, estimates that our national drink bill represented in silver dollars, placed upright and close together would make "a double silver track or 'dram-

to one system, the birth of Abraham was B. C. 2164, the birth of Moses B. C. 1738, and the fall of Jericho B. C. 1617. According to the other system all these events occurred 166 years later.

Mrs. G. Mina, N. Y. How large is the sea of Galilee?

It is 12 1/2 geographical miles in length, and about 6 in breadth—equal to 16 by 7 1/2 Roman miles.

S. S. Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is anything known of the mother of David?

No; the history gives no clue to her identity. It has been suggested that Nahash (mentioned in Samuel 17: 15) may have been her name, but the probabilities are against it. Nahash is a man's name, though it may have been given to a woman. Scholars are of opinion, from the construction of the Hebrew text, that the Abigail and Zeruiah, spoken of as daughters of Nahash and sisters of David, were the daughters of David's mother by a former marriage to a man of the name of Nahash. The reference to them in 1 Chron. 2: 16 appears to imply that they were not daughters of Jesse.

R. M., Pottsville, Pa. I see by the New York newspapers that the Sunday press has come in for a considerable share of attention from the pulpit lately. What is Mr. Moody's position in this respect?

Mr. Moody has placed himself on record, recently, as saying: "I would not touch a Sunday paper any more than I would touch tar. They have done more to demoralize the church of God than anything else."

H. A. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. During a conversation the assertion was made that the Church of Rome has had female Popes. The fact being doubted even by an editor of a religious weekly, I appeal to *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* for a full statement of their names and dates.

Although the Roman Church denies it, some early historians have asserted that at one time in the ninth century the Papal chair was filled by a woman—the "Popess Joan." This personage is mentioned by Marianus Scotus, a monk of Fulda, who lived about 1040-1080, and who, in his chronicle, says that when Leo IV. died, in 853, he was succeeded by Joan, whose pontificate lasted two years, five months and four days, she in turn being succeeded by Benedict III. Anastasius and Hincmar, both contemporary with Leo IV., in writing of the succession, make no mention of any occupant of the Papal chair between Leo and Benedict.

Mrs. C. C., Wis. How long did it take Noah to build the Ark, and where in the Bible is it stated?

See Genesis 6: 3. The accepted interpretation of the passage is that the 120 years were allotted as a period of warning before the Flood, to afford an opportunity for the race to repent.

Constant Reader, New Haven, Conn. Is there any way of finding out what was the number of the people who left Egypt under the command of Moses, and what was the number that entered the Promised Land?

Not exactly. The number of adults over twenty years of age who left Egypt is stated in Exodus 12: 37, at about six hundred thousand. Allowing the normal proportion of children to such a host we should infer that the total number was about two millions. Three centuries later, when they were at Sinai, a more careful count was made and the number is then given (Ex. 38: 26) at 603,550. Two years later another census was taken and the number is stated (Num. 2: 32) at exactly the same figure, but as the Levites were not included and there were 22,000 of them, we may assume that by that time the adults numbered about 625,000. Thirty-eight years later, immediately after a pestilence had swept away large numbers and just before entering Canaan another census was taken. The figures are given (Numbers 26: 21) as 601,730, which shows a slight decrease. Of these only two—Joshua and Caleb—were left of the adult who crossed the Red Sea.

Endora S., Rhinebeck, N. Y. The International Bible—Subscriber, Chickasaw, Ia. It is from poem written many years ago by an author named Watson, now dead.—Irwin C., Lynn, Pa. *The Gazette*, of Venice. Editor unknown.—M. F., Drango, Cal. We can arrange to hold them for you for a limited period.—Reader, Savona, N. See D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation" if he is not mentioned there, you may be sure was unimportant.—A. M. L., Elgin, Ill. 1. Nowhere given. 2. Estimated 700, not including subordinate dialects.—Mrs. Sophia L., Monroe, Wis. 1. We know nothing of her history. 2. It not true.—L. H. Howes, Paterson, N. J. I will supply CHRISTIAN HERALD leaders at 75¢ each. 2. You will find treatment for stammering advertised in our columns.—Hettie B., Etna, All the letters are pronounced except the "y" which is silent.—E. H., Point Pleasant, W. Va. Yes; on receipt of \$1.50 additional, it will be sent.—C. P. Association, Allison, Ia. Write to Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C., for accurate instructions.—Rebecca F. S., Newport, N. Y. I was a visionary and enthusiast.—Tillie M., Derry Station, Pa. We have no data on the subject.—H. S. C., Verona, Pa. It is so claimed, many, but the evidence is not sufficient to establish the claim beyond question.—C. H. C., 1. Veri Co., Chicago. 2. Biglow & Main, Ninth Street New York.—E. L., Forks, N. Y. Write to Scribner's, publishers, New York.—Subscriber, I write to this office, sending full name and address and stating what premium is desired.—C. E. Send them to the nearest mission, hospital, almshouse or prison, and they will be greatly appreciated.—Arnold T., Dodgeville, Wis. Experts in granulated sugar or old honey, in cells, proves satisfactory for winter storage.



A STREET "UNDER THE FORT" IN MONTREAL, CANADA.

At the present time, our Canadian friends are in the midst of the usual winter recreations, and most of their cities are clad in a snowy mantle. Every winter, Montreal attracts numerous visitors on account of the festivities that are held there at that season. Its winter carnivals, ice palaces, vast toboggan slides and snow-shoe chibs have long been famous. Our photograph, taken before the winter set in, shows a historic part of the quaint old Canadian city—a street below the famous fortress on the heights of Mount Royal, from which the city derives its name.

attainments of the Christian faith. Every believer has some special and peculiar hindrance to his progress. When he is saved by faith in Christ, he should endeavor to reach perfection. If his mind is set on wealth, or if there is some indulgence which he is fond of, which divides his attention and prevents him concentrating his energies on higher spiritual attainments, he should lay it aside. It may not be sinful, but if it is a hindrance, it should be given up by one who is striving to rise. Though it be harmless, it may be a weight which must not be carried by one who is running the heavenly race.

B. S., Hoboken, N. J. Who is represented by the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15: 25-32)?

Primarily the Pharisees and chief priests who were scandalized by seeing Christ associate with the lower classes and notorious sinners. The lesson applies to some people in our own day who have no sympathy with the work going on at rescue missions, and are sceptical about the conversion of evildoers.

way' ten thousand miles in length with enough left over to extend the track 300 miles up into the air." For the latest statistics write to The American Temperance Union, Reade St., New York.

Mrs. Eugene, S. D. In book-binding what do the terms 4to, 8vo, and 12mo stand for?

They stand for quarto, octavo and duodecimo, and indicate the size of the page and the number of pages to a sheet, thus: In quarto the sheets is folded into 4 leaves, in octavo into 8, and in duodecimo into 12.

Robt. M., Newburgh, N. Y. I am told that the dates in the margin of our Bibles are unreliable. Is it possible to fix approximately such dates as the birth of Abraham and Moses and the entry into Canaan?

Secular history shows that the accession of Saul was about the year B. C. 1094. For dates prior to that time there are two systems of reckoning. One of these fixes the period of the Judges at 334 years and the other at 500. As the reckoning is made backward, this difference affects all previous dates. According

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Bearing of Trouble.

I AM looking out of the window at a most beautiful snow-storm. It began last night. I heard the wind blowing great guns, and driving the sleet against the rattling windows, and I thought with pity of the motormen standing in the freezing cold, and guiding the sleigh-cars with the flakes dashing in their faces, of the sailors along our perilous coast, and the ships that were fighting their way in the teeth of the icy gale, of the blizzard piling itself up and stopping the railway trains. Then I fell asleep to a dream of summer and roses.

All day the snow has fallen steadily. It has bit it has heaped the street up in front of my door, and now it has blocked all of the basement windows, and it reminds me of the snows we had when I was a child. In latter years we have had great snow-storms near my home, but I remember going to school through banks of snow as high as my head, and ever since then I have loved the feathery flakes as they fly before the wind.

This storm was coming on all yesterday; the air was keen, and here, near the window, it cut you like a knife. I went with a friend to make a call in the afternoon, and we shivered under our furs and had to walk very fast to keep warm. But we were glad there was the prospect of a good-fashioned snow-fall.

In my childhood we had not begun to keep Christmas as everybody does now. The first day of the year was the great day, when presents were given to the children and exchanged between their elders, when friends went from house to house making calls and wishing each other a happy new year.

We used to care a great deal about the "first foot" over the threshold on New Year's morning. It was pleasant to have the first visitor cheery and beautiful and fair. Somehow the year began best if the "first foot" was that of a caller who brought good will and beauty into the house.

Thinking of this, as my mind wandered over the many homes of my CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, I knew that to some of them the New Year would not bring unalloyed satisfaction. Few years do. And now and then a year must come to all of us freighted with care and worry and disappointment, perhaps with heart-break and sorrow.

We call the bearing of prosperity easy. We think anyone can meet joy, but how about the bearing of grief? Dear mother, with your heart forever moaning as you moans on the harbor bar, how are you going to bear the desolation which came to you with that grave where your darling sleeps?

"Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary," sooner or later to every one of us comes trial.

There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there; There is no household, howsoever defended, But has one vacant chair!

Pardon me for telling you, dear friend, that there is a Christian way and there is a right way of meeting and bearing trouble. The former accepts it as God's appointment, grieves over it, for "he knoweth our infirmities and in all our affliction he is afflicted," but tries to look above it to the heaven where the loved one has gone. The heaven of the living, not of the dead. The heaven that is the Father's house. The heaven where nothing can any more touch or vex or disturb those who are safe within its gates.

This triumphant uplooking of the Christian means that she, if it be a woman who suffering the pangs of bereavement, will think how best to help others who are sorrowing. The snow which is to-day falling on so many graves in God's acre, is not hither than the robes the ransomed wear. We are going home to our beloved, and one day we shall find our lost ones all at the feast in the Lord's presence. So, let

us bravely bear trouble, and help our fellow-pilgrims on the road home.

I have just finished reading a very lovely book, a son's tribute to an adored mother. I read it with tear-dimmed eyes, for it brought my own mother very near to me, though she has long been at rest from this troublesome world. In the book there is the glory of a home, simple, plain, God-fearing—a home at times of poverty, and never a home, at its best estate, of wealth. But oh! the confidence, the tenderness, the loyalty, the loving sacrifices of that small Scottish home!

To homes as deeply pious, as full of wholesome affection, of the family bond, of the love of God, this paper goes every week. In them are the young getting ready for life, the middle-aged in the thick of the fight, the old, whose day is almost ended.

And to all of them I wish, my hand in theirs, my love going forth to them,

probably nothing like this in all the world save possibly in the mountains and jungles of the tropical regions. Rainfall is so copious, vegetation so luxuriant and decay so slow that the forests are like one vast heap of logs, trees and undergrowth. It costs several hundred dollars to clear an acre of ground, and it is of no particular value when cleared, save for raising a few garden vegetables and watery tubers, like turnips, radishes, carrots, and such things. None of the cereals will ripen on account of the cool summers and lack of sunshine.

Armenia's Helpless Orphans.

Over 50,000 Left Friendless and Alone—A Spectacle for the World's Pity—The Orphans at Oorfa.

IN these days, when good people all over the civilized world are exchanging greetings of love and affection, and when the poor of our own land are being generously remembered by those who have comfortable homes and incomes, it must bring a feeling of sadness to many hearts to learn of the pitiful plight of the orphan children of Armenia. Missionaries in Asiatic Turkey write us that there are over 50,000 children of tender years, who have been deprived of parents and guardians by the recent massacres. This vast

kingdom at heart to help this movement, and the opportunity so afforded should be seized before it passes away forever.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar with the story of the massacres, which have been fully described in these pages by eye-witnesses and others. But the mind shudders at the contemplation of the fate which awaits the orphan children of Armenia—a fate beside which even death seems merciful. Several weeks ago a remittance was made from our American Relief Fund for the purpose of aiding the missionaries in caring for the orphans. This week \$1,000 has been cabled from the fund to Miss Corinna Shattuck, the missionary of the American Board at Oorfa, where there is a great multitude of destitute orphan children—more probably than in any other city of Anatolia. We have asked Miss Shattuck, by cable, to apply this sum at once to the relief of as many Armenian orphans as she can arrange to feed, clothe and shelter, and should the result of our inquiries warrant it, further aid will be sent from the Fund to Oorfa, with the view of affording substantial aid in a quarter that seems to be the neediest of all. We feel confident that our friends, knowing these facts, will cordially support the effort for the rescue of these innocent children, now orphaned and friendless. It is a new and unexpected phase of the great work of Armenian charity.

Miss Corinna Shattuck, whom we have specially requested to oversee this work of orphan rescue, is one of the most experienced missionaries in Asia Minor. She it was who, when the great massacre occurred at Oorfa, stood as the heroic protector of the young students of the American mission school there. We are assured that she is as ready and willing to serve in any movement for the aid of the orphans of Oorfa now as she was ready and willing to risk her own life in behalf of the young students at the mission, in the time of their peril.

Our photograph on this page shows a group of orphan boys of Cesarea and vicinity. At Oorfa there is a very large number of orphans, and the need there is greater than at any other point in Armenia.

The remittance of \$1,000 to Oorfa is the eleventh weekly remittance of \$1,000, and with previous amounts sent to the Armenian field, makes the total disbursements from the Fund for relief purposes, to date, \$53,000. The following contributions were received during the past week:

Prev. rept. \$53,886.88	Smyrna S. of Needy 2 45
Ack. last week \$320.80	M Yeager..... 5 00
Child of God, Lanna 1 00	C A Hagaman..... 3 00
Syracuse Christmas 15 00	J D P. Canandaigua 5 00
Mrs C S Richardson 1 00	 Batavia..... 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Pomfret..... 1 00	H L Potter..... 1 00
Mrs H B Cushman..... 5 00	Friend, Amherst..... 1 00
Miss Ida Cushman..... 1 00	L C Tobias..... 4 00
Syracuse Child 2 12	Mrs A Braun..... 2 00
Friend, Hartford..... 10 00	Mrs Stephen Smith 25
Mrs W P McElhinny 1 00	Mrs John Twiss..... 25
Mrs H Shoudy..... 1 00	Mrs J E Woods..... 2 00
Mrs S W Patton..... 1 00	R Easton..... 50
Etta Rogers..... 50	Mrs J B Campbell..... 2 00
Corah B Karr..... 1 00	 Gordon..... 1 00
Collected by Mrs Wm Schneider..... 63 11	A R Byerly..... 1 00
OYPCU, Fairfield 315	Mrs J Chamberlain 1 00
J A Woolman..... 5 00	Mrs Nellie Knapp..... 1 00
Mrs C C W Hyde..... 2 00	S S Webb..... 1 00
Park..... 2 00	New London S. S. 1 50
Mrs M C Kiburn..... 5 00	I A I, Conway..... 3 00
Friend, Los Angeles 25	Plessis Presbyter. 2 00
Alice Armstrong..... 25	Mrs M C Kiburn's daughter, Bowling Green..... 2 25
Friend in Christ, Franklinville..... 1 00	A little girl, Johnstown..... 25
J W W. Mass..... 1 50	Individuals, Johnstown..... 2 00
D G Kalb..... 5 00	Friend E. Brookh..... 10 00
Friend, Guston..... 1 00	Y P S C E, Bapt Ch, New Hartford..... 3 55
A M Rankin..... 2 00	Y P S C E, Cascade 5 00
Mrs C D Youngman 1 00	U S G Jones..... 5 00
R S W Rupert..... 1 00	A E Curtis..... 3 00
W H East..... 1 00	People of Huntsboro 10 00
Mrs S A Hickok..... 5 00	Mrs Chas D Battell 1 00
Mrs Kate Ball..... 50	Gresham Union S. S. 87
Friend, Crested Butte..... 5 00	Beulah WMS Fairbury..... 2 30
Elmira Kinser..... 2 00	S E G. Opelika..... 1 00
Peter Thompson..... 1 00	Reader, Vermillion..... 1 00
Elizabeth Spain..... 5 00	P I, Soule..... 1 00
..... Woodhaven..... 1 00	H T Mosher..... 1 00
Jane K W Warren..... 10	F B Earl..... 1 00
Mrs J W Warner..... 2 00	B Chappell..... 1 00
Friends in Winston and Salem..... 27 55	C Chappell..... 1 00
Miniota Prayer Cir 11 00	H De Graaf..... 1 00
Bertha B Taylor..... 3 00	Mrs Greeley..... 1 00
Henry Willard..... 1 00	Mrs Hopkins..... 50
C. Mott..... 5 00	A Friend of the Orphans, Hoboken..... 1 00
S. L. Etter..... 1 00	Miss P J Stone..... 2 00
Subr. Townsend Harbor..... 1 00	Mrs J A Franklin..... 1 00
Mrs J W Kyle..... 50	H N Seavey..... 2 00
Ellis & Bernard Kyle 50	A Friend in Christ, Rednerville..... 5 00
I H N. Buffalo Spgs Sta..... 1 00	Miss Georgia Murrick..... 1 00
L P Bickerdike..... 1 00	J C Smith..... 50
Mrs Aug Bret..... 1 00	J S Elliott..... 5 00
Susanna Wilson..... 1 00	A Friend, Shor..... 2 50
Mrs M E Stacy..... 2 00	C H Durant..... 1 00
Mrs E E Bandy..... 1 00	Edward G Sharp..... 3 00
Mrs N G Hinkley..... 2 00	
Friend, Lincoln M M B, Northfield..... 1 00	
Reader, Southbridge 2 00	
Total.....	\$51,519.86



From a Photograph furnished by an American missionary in Armenia.
A GROUP OF ARMENIAN ORPHAN BOYS OF CESAREA AND TALAS.

that 1897 may be to them a blessed and a truly happy year.

If trouble come God send us grace To see the shining of his face.

If joy be ours, God give us peace, So that our joy may have increase.

And day by day, and hour by hour God bring our lives from bud to flower.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Alaska's Bleakness.

A less promising picture of any country could hardly have been drawn than this remarkably frank description of Alaska, by *The North Star*, a paper published there:

There is nothing to induce the laboring man, the merchant, mechanic or professional man to migrate to Alaska. Hundreds and even thousands seeking employment have come to Alaska during the past season only to be doomed to disappointment. Aside from the enjoyment and pleasure of the trip, there is absolutely nothing here to induce any one seeking employment or location for business enterprises to turn his face toward Alaska. It is a bleak, mountainous, almost uninhabitable region covered with swamps and impenetrable forests. It is only about twenty-five miles across this, Baranoff island, and yet we have never known of any one who has crossed the island overland. The dense primeval forests, the mountains, the swamps and the tundra render an overland passage almost impossible. There is

multitude of little orphan girls and boys are innocent victims of tyrannical Moslem rule, and unless the Christian world stretches out its protecting hand to shelter and care for them, they must inevitably meet the fate common to all waifs who are abandoned in Mussulman lands. They will be taken into Moslem homes in the capacity of slaves, they will receive Mohammedan names, and their recollections of Christian parents and friends will be effaced as completely as though they had never known any other than Moslem surroundings. Worst of all, they will be proselytized to the Mohammedan faith, and Mohammed will usurp the place Jesus has occupied in their young hearts. They will be taught the infamous doctrines of the Koran, and will learn to despise the name of Christ, and to hate his followers. That this is the universal fate of all children who fall into Turkish hands, past experience has abundantly proved.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the Christian world, roused to action by such an appalling prospect, should have bestowed itself to save these helpless little ones. Already a movement has begun looking to the establishment of Christian orphanages, under missionary auspices, in a number of the cities of Anatolia, but the field is so vast that it will require a superhuman effort to accomplish any substantial result. Yet the children must be saved to Christianity! It is the duty of every one who has the cause of Christ's

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IV—Continued A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

"HE had such a happy, careless, up-head manner," continued Jessie, "such kind, thoughtful ways. His eyes were full of light and laughter; and if I speak the truth, I must say that I loved away myself in one short hour; yes, in one short minute. And I confess, moreover, that I never was so happy in my life. It was joy to be in his presence; and even when he was gone away, the sense of the delight remained."

"How I envy you, Jessie!" said Alice.

"That night I said to myself, 'Love is not our choice, it is our fate.' Afterwards, I brought reason to my condition; for I feel pretty sure, Love only conquers, when we dare not, or will not, reason with him."

"But, oh, why wish to conquer, or to reason away so sweet an experience? If I could feel such love, I would give up everything for it; that is, if the man who inspired it was a good man; and worthy of a good woman's love."

"I doubt it. You would think of what people might say. Your prospective title already fills your imagination. Your wedding, and your wedding dresses, have become familiar thoughts. Your talk is very much of the English Court, and of English Society; and if your one true lover was now to appear, and he was a poor man, you would feel it as hard to accept him as I find it difficult to accept Steve Morrison, with all the uncertainties of his position."

"I might. I am not sure—for I know not Love. Still, I have a presentiment that I shall never marry Lord Medway—why, I cannot tell. Do you believe in presentiments?"

"I see no reason for not doing so. A good man or a good woman is allied to the heavenly intelligences—only a little lower than the angels. Why should they not be informed and impressed by their allies? I have a presentiment that I shall in the end marry Steve; and yet my reason is against it. What does Mrs. Lloyd think about your marriage with Lord Medway?"

"She is very much opposed to it. She does not wish me to go so far away from her. Father says —"

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Lloyd entered the room. He was much pleased to find Jessie there, and said, "I was going to write a few lines to your brother, and tell him how much I approved his last paper in *The Forum*. It was a lucid and forcible argument. I should like to have a conversation with him. Can he dine with me on Monday? Tell him I shall have two or three gentlemen present who are of his way of thinking."

"I will give John your message, sir. I am sure he will be pleased to accept your invitation."

This courtesy made quite an excitement in the McAslin home. Mrs. McAslin thought, "Nicholas still remembers. He favors my children, because he has not forgotten the old days." John thought, "Mr. Lloyd is a sensible man. He may be covetous and selfish, but on the financial aspect of national affairs he holds sound opinions." Mr. McAslin said with some pride, "Well, children, we may not be rich, but the McAslins are of the best blood in Scotland. If we look back on our history, John is like a page out of a romance—my page has been but a dull and difficult one, but who can tell what adventures and what good fortune may come to John?"

If John had any presentiment of an adventure, he kept it still in his heart; and when Monday arrived, prepared for his visit with an air of real, or affected unconcern. He said, it was "unfortunate Jessie could not go with him," and Jessie answered: "Monday is the one impossible day in the week for me. I have pupils until after the last train for Lloyd's station, that is available for the dinner hour—and pupils

are of more importance than a social entertainment; so you will have to go without my protection, John."

When we cross the threshold of a strange house, it is always an event to be noticed. Nothing of perceptible importance may follow; and again, our footsteps may be full of fate, and leading us on a road from which there is no return. John crossed the Lloyd threshold with every feeling held in abeyance, and yet at tight tension. He knew nothing of the ground he was on; but he was alert, and watchful of himself; and in that neutral mood of equipoise, which is ready to accommodate itself to whatever is pleasant and equally ready to repel whatever is antagonistic.

Mr. Lloyd met him cordially. He had two gentlemen with him, Mr. Moran a wealthy capitalist, and Max Lehman a fiery advocate of Karl Marx's opinions. They soon fell into a lively discussion, and John was particularly interested in Max Lehman. He had heard of him often. He was associated, in his mind, with East-side sweating shops and Trades halls, and all other places where dissatisfied labor congregated. The argument, dropped for a few moments at John's entrance, was soon renewed.



"I am for the transfer of land and capital and of all the material and instruments of production from the individual

to the state. The government ought to organize labor," said Lehman, curtly.

"If the government organized labor," answered Mr. Moran, "it would soon come to a square fight between the government and the working classes, that is if they imposed upon the government, as some do upon their present employers."

"They would not impose on the government. They would be willing that the government should hold property that they are not willing to have in private hands. Proudhon's famous saying that property is robbery, is not far from the truth."

"I admire your frankness, Mr. Lehman," said Lloyd. "You would then do away with capitalists?"

"It was understood that I was to speak frankly when I accepted your invitation. As for capitalists, yes, I would do away with them; they are by no means necessary adjuncts to capital. In every good business there is a surplus value. This surplus is produced by the laborer, but it is intercepted by the capitalist, who gets it without paying for it. State organization would do away with this element of personal selfishness and aggrandizement."

"Mr. Lehman," said John, "there is more than one kind of labor in any good

business. You are supposing that there is only one kind—that of the hands. You are leaving out of account altogether that of the head. The inventor, the improver of processes, the discoverer of new markets, the whole work of management and direction, is paid for out of surplus values, and this mental work fully earns its payment. Without head work there would be little hand work, and one class of workers are as worthy of payment as the other."

"That is right," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Besides," continued John, "it is very doubtful if the government would be any more liberal than the capitalist. Under present circumstances it gets its work done at the very lowest figure possible. How are you going to prevent buyers buying in the cheapest market?"

"Legislation, sir, will —"

"Legislation, Mr. Lehman," said John, "is out of the question. It is as much beyond legislation as are the fogs of the Atlantic. You cannot kill the capitalist goose, and retain the income of the golden eggs. Say that legislation equalizes capital to-day, who would make capital for the needs of the future. Men are not bees; if their honey was taken as soon as their hives were full, they would cease to make honey."

"The state would then take the place of the capitalist."

"No state could take the place of that great band of capitalists who, at this hour, are sustaining the industries of the country."

"It is a false condition. We want a fairer division of wealth. Capital and property are fatal to the equal rights of men. All should be equally well off."

"But to make all equally well off we shall have

to vastly increase production. How is this to be done?"

"Organization—communism—the diffusion of power will lead to the diffusion of wealth."

At this point a servant announced dinner, and the gentlemen rose, but as they went to the dining room, the conversation was continued—"yes, sir, organization and suffrage, as an experiment, if it fails —"

"What then?"

"We will try communism. Property is fatal to equality."

"Communism is fatal to liberty."

They were just within the door as John uttered the words. They fell from his lips with a force and conviction that left on his handsome face a very becoming dignity, and the next moment a beautiful woman stood before him. His eyes caught her eyes, and then Mr. Lloyd introduced his daughter to John. Both went through the same strange, vivid experience, but what it meant neither of them at the time knew or cared. They had simply found each other. The recognition was instantaneous; the greeting mutually happy and free from doubt; the influence on both distinctly exhilarating. Mr. Lloyd perceived nothing unusual in this meeting; the mystical mother was clearer-eyed. She saw in both faces a fine intangible revealing of something not yet known to themselves; she saw it in their smiles, and in the quick, wide opening of their eyes, for the eyes are ever the leaders in love.

"This is the beginning of some predestined end," she thought; and through all the clash of contradiction and assertion she watched John with an interest he was quite unconscious of.

A conversation so absorbing to a parties could not be long interrupted by minor subjects. Mr. Lloyd praised his fine wines, as if their possession was a personal merit; but that subject raised little enthusiasm; and Max Lehman quickly returned to his Communistic dreams. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Moran put in occasional denials of his position, but John listened until the German Socialist had exhausted his argument. Then he spoke with a calm decision that had in it no element of fear or doubt.

"The destruction of capital and the transfer of land to the government—then, is what you want! But these things mean pillage, bloodshed, national mass, misery and ruin, not only to the rich and to the middle class, but most intractably of all, to the poor. To teach the ignorant, the lazy, and the criminal that their property is plundered from them by the manufacturer and the capitalist is to turn partial distress into universal catastrophe."

"In the midst of so much poverty and wrong, are we to sit still and do nothing?" John McAslin asked Lehman passionately.

"God forbid!" John answered with equal fervor. "There is work enough for all to do. But is it not better to cut the causes than to dally over effects?"

"That is what the Socialists desire to do."

"No; they flatter or they madden the audiences. They do not dare to tell that a great deal of their misery is caused by their own laziness and vice. Their harangue against the sins and self-indulgence of the rich; they have not the courage to point out the sins and vices of the poor—their thriftlessness, their carelessness, their early and improvident marriages, and above all, their drunkenness."

"They are no worse than others."

"They profess to be better, and they are not, and you know they are not. The poor clergyman and the poor clerk are thrifty. In many cases they make more than the skilled workman, yet they bring up their families decently and within their narrow means. When wages are high do the working classes save for bad time? No, they are not only extravagant, they are wasteful. They do seem to realize that luxury and extravagance are as bad in the poor as in the rich. In the middle classes a man does not marry until he can support a wife and family; a laborer will marry on a dollar, take his wife into squalid, crowded rooms, and bring into the world such starved, wretched children as, in the terrible language of South are 'not so much born as damned into the world.' But drunkenness is the master fiend of their poverty and distress; and drunkenness is in itself a whole world of sin. If there was no other sin, it would be sufficient to bring us every calamity. Communism will make the poor man thrifty, self-denying and sober; on the contrary, it would increase his extravagance and self-indulgence and intemperance."

"At any rate, it would be well to try the effect of more money and more leisure on him."

"You have not considered that there is a destiny in riches, and that they are beyond our control. Riches do not come by chance or by accident. And I, for one, do not consider the possession of great wealth an enviable condition. No thoughtful man would do so."

"For what reason?" asked Mr. Lloyd.

"Because of the responsibility attached to it—a responsibility not to be shirked and for which there will be a strict accounting. Wealth is blessed and honorable, when the holders of it understand that they are the stewards of it, and not the owners. God gives wealth to be employed in good and great deeds."

"But if rich men add million to million for their own glory and pleasure, what then Mr. McAslin?"

It was Mrs. Lloyd who asked this question, and her soft, even voice, had a singular thrilling quality. It penetrated, as if rain penetrates the earth; and there was a moment's silent pause ere John answered —

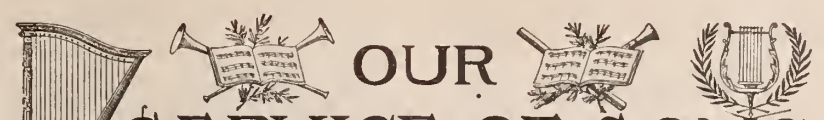
"You have doubtless read, Ma, what St. James says of such men. 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are rotted, and your garments are eaten.'"

(To be Continued.)

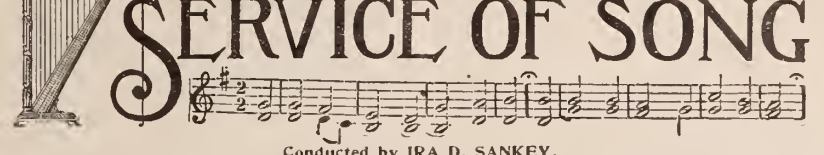
Success and Failure.
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Jan. 24. Luke 5: 1-11.

LIFE is full both of failures and successes. They do not alternate but frequently follow in a series, disconcerting and surprising us as they find us unprepared for them. To the unthinking, the experiences like luck, or fatality, something uncountable, which must be endured with such equanimity as we can command. Enterprises commenced under excellent auspices, and in the most propitious circumstances encounter unexpected obstacles and end disastrously; while some adventure that seems fanatical and foredoomed to failure, achieves success. It is so, too, in our spiritual experience. There is no time when there is so much danger of falling into sin, or of yielding to temptation, as when there is self-confidence and elation, and there is no time when we are so safe as when dangers menace and we are distrustful of ourselves and conscious of the possibility of falling. Reviewing any past period of life, without holding a clue, we are apt to think of God as capricious and to become dispirited as to the future. But nothing can be further from the truth. God, like a wise father, is teaching us by every failure and by every triumph, but we do not always understand and too often we feel resentment instead of making an earnest, humble effort to learn the lesson. The Psalmist said to the people of his day, "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee," and he might have said the same to us with equal propriety. The bit and bridle are needed and sometimes the spur has to be applied, because we have not brought the problem of the intelligence and the penetration we bring to business matters. It is worthy of notice, too, that we do not always recognize our failures and our successes, when we see them. The writer of Ecclesiastes describes a succession of such failures. He evidently succeeded in getting the wealth and power and knowledge and fame and pleasure that he sought. So far, his efforts were successful, but they were a failure in the end, and he had to admit, "This also is vanity." God was letting him try experiments and giving him the largest measure of the things he strove to attain, that he might learn once for all that the good he wanted was not in them. So it is in the experience of the modern Christian at times. When he has set his heart on a thing, God will sometimes answer his prayers by giving success to his efforts to obtain it, and has allowed him to learn by painful experience that it is not the blessing he believed it to be. Thus if he is wise he learns, too, not to dictate to his Heavenly Father that it is best for him to have, and henceforth prays only that God will give him what he in his wisdom deems it best that he should have.

Many and various are the lessons we may learn, if we will, from both our successes and our failures, but the one general principle, the key to more of them than we often realize, is that which the disciples learned, as described in the passage associated with the Topic. Alone, they had piloted all night without taking anything, but with Christ in the vessel, and acting at his command, they had so much success that they could not gather it without help. It is in union with Christ, in association with him that all our power comes. In our own spiritual life, and in our attempts at service, this result all depends on whether Christ is in the ship, whether he is directing us and whether we are following our own devices or are saying, "Nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net." It is when the preacher depends on his own eloquence, when the worker is depending on his own test, when the young Christian is so sure of himself that he does not avoid temptation, that failure comes. Success is achieved when there is close contact with Christ in faith and prayer. From him alone comes strength to resist evil and power for service. In some way, uncomprehensible to us, Christ unparts both.



OUR SERVICE OF SONG



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Onward! Onward!

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

ROBERT BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On - ward, on - ward, look - ing un - to Je - sus, Cast - ing quick - ly
2. On - ward, on - ward, look - ing un - to Je - sus, Press - ing for - ward,
3. On - ward, on - ward, look - ing un - to Je - sus, Joy a - waits us

ev - 'ry weight a - side; While we run the race that's set be - fore us,
we the race will run; Claim - ing ev - er His Di - vine pro - tec - tion,
on the oth - er shore; There we'll sing the song of our re - demp - tion,

CHORUS.

Firm as a rock let our faith a - bide.
We shall not fail till the crown is won. } Lo, a cloud of
Safe, safe at last when the strife is o'er.

wit - ness - es behold us, They thro' faith were vic - tors in the race; Let us
glad - ly fol - low their ex - am - ple, Trust - ing the Saviour for strength and grace.

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From the New Book, SACRED SONGS No. 1. By per. The Biglow & Main Co., Publishers.

The Lord's Coming.
What the Scriptures Teach as to its Manner and Time.
BY REV. CAPEL MOLYNEAUX, B. A.
(Continued from page 13.)

IT is clear that the time of the advent, relatively considered, will be, when Israel's trouble closes; when Anti-christ's work is done; and when the Gospel shall be preached throughout the world as a witness; then Christ will come, but not till then. Christ comes to put an end to the tribulation of Israel; but Israel's tribulation, though consummated only in Antichrist's time, began, as the Lord testifies (Luke 21), at the destruction of Jerusalem. This tribulation, has, therefore, continued from that day to this, and will yet continue till the advent. How then can there be a millennium, a state of universal blessedness, prior to the advent? All in reference to Israel at least, is, and is to be, tribulation, till the advent. Nor is it otherwise predicted of the world at large; the tares and wheat are to grow together in the field (which is the world) until the harvest; good and evil to co-exist throughout the whole dispensation; and the mystery of iniquity, which by Paul's testimony, wrought in his days, is, according to the same authority, to continue to work, until it shall resolve into its consummation—"the man of sin,"—and be destroyed by the Lord's advent.

Thus, trouble and evil, and iniquity are to exist and prevail, and at best be mixed up with their contrasts, throughout the whole period, from the ascension of Christ till his return; and equally plain is it also, therefore, that no place for a millennium can be found during the same. Hence it is observable, as might be expected, that the Gospels, which especially refer to the present dispensation, and the epistles as well, make no mention of the millennium. They speak of the world as it is, and as it is to continue; of the righteous and the wicked, of their states respectively, and their end; and of the advent as closing this age; but not of the millennium, just because it has nothing to do with this closing age; it belongs to another age, to which they point, but of which, except as preparing the world for it, they say little. The only passage where the millennium, or the age of blessedness, is distinctly referred to, is in Matt. 19: 28: "Verily, I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And here, in accordance with what I have above shown, and with Scripture everywhere, the regeneration state, or the new state, the millennial time, is represented as consequent on the advent, contemporaneous with the session of the Son of Man on the throne of his glory, and with the reign of the apostles over the twelve tribes of Israel in the restoration.

Since believers in all ages and generations are bidden to be ready and look for the Lord, then it follows, and must be believed, that in any age or generations, the Lord may come; and no interpretation of prophecy, whether of the millennium, or ought else, which is inconsistent and incompatible with this, should commend itself to our acceptance, or be regarded as Scriptural for a single moment.

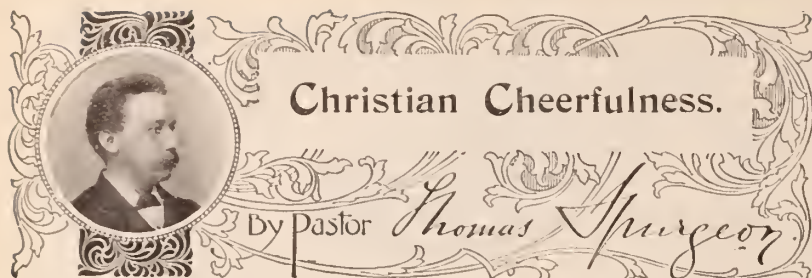
I must also add that this argument, as far as it goes, bears with equal force also, against the historical, as contrasted with the literal and futurist principle of interpretation of prophecy. The literal principle interposes nothing but what Scripture literally interposes between the Ascension and the Advent; and Scripture literally interposes nothing but the preaching the Gospel for a witness unto all nations—the restoration of Israel in part—the revelation of the man of sin—and the battle of Armageddon: these are the only events Scripture interposes, and these, literally understood, would not of necessity, and (with the exception of the first) will not, we believe, in fact, require more than a few years—some seven years or so—for their entire accomplishment. Perfectly does this principle harmonize with the admonitions in question.

THE TITLES OF OUR LORD.

OH! what is Jehovah, Messiah, to me?
My Lord and my God, my Immanuel he.
My Prophet, my Priest, and my Sacrifice, too,
My Advocate, Holy One, Faithful and True;
And he is my Life, and my Truth, and my Way.
My Leader and Teacher, for him I obey;
My Ransom, Redeemer, for him I Kinsman, my Friend,
All sweetly in Jesus the Nazarene blend.
And he is my Peace, and my Altar beside,
Physician, and Shepherd, and Keeper, and Guide,
My Wonderful, Counsellor, Wisdom and Light.
My Shadow by day and my Beacon by night,
My Horn of Salvation, my Captain in war,
My Dayspring, my Sun, and my bright Morning Star,
My Raiment, Crown, Diadem, Treasure untold;
My Pearl and my Glory in him I behold.
My Saviour is he and my Mediator,
My Bread and my Water, my Dwelling, my Door,
My Branch, and my Vine, and my Lily, my Rose,
My Rock, and my Refuge, whatever oppose;
My sure Resurrection, my Righteousness proved,
My King in his beauty, my Bridegroom, Beloved—
My All is this Son of the Blessed to me;
Now tell me, my brother, what is he to thee?

GOD'S CALL.

GOD calling and shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?
God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
God calling yet! and shall he knock
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his spirit grieve?
God calling yet; and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake,
He calls me still! My heart, awake!
God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking,
And I my heart, my ear still firmer locking.
He still is ready, willing to receive me,
Is waiting now, but oh! he soon may leave me.
God calling yet, and I no answer giving;
I dread his yoke and am in bondage living;
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still, oh, my poor heart, awaken.
God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.



Christian Cheerfulness.

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon

IT is the bounden duty of every child of God to be happy. He who has said: "Be ye holy, for I am holy," has, in effect, said: "Be ye happy," for he himself is so. Ours is a glad and gladdening God. He is the blessed, i. e., the happy God, and he is never so happy as when he sees his children "taking after" their rejoicing Father. Jesus, man of sorrows though he was, "rejoiced in spirit." As springs of fresh water rise even in the sea, so cheerfulness manifested itself even amid the brine of his sad life. The Emperor of woe, whose sorrows were unsurpassed, nevertheless "exulted" in spirit, and we would fain be as he was in the world.

The Holy Ghost is glad. 'Twas in the Holy Spirit that the Son of God "exulted." Is he not the author of joy, the source of all true cheerfulness? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

Moreover, the injunction is so plain. The Old Testament commands it. The New Testament commends it. The prophets predict it, and the Apostles prescribe it. Jesus, and James, and Peter, and John all enjoin it. Paul repeats and emphasizes the obligation, saying: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again, I say, rejoice."

One of the greatest hindrances to the speedy spread of the truth is the joylessness of its professors. My old schoolmaster used to say: "Boys, I never advertise. You are my advertisements!" Perhaps that was why he made us wear caps with gold bands about them. We are God's advertisements, so let us bear the glittering circlet of a joyful spirit. No one will want to enter the college of Jesus if his pupils look sour and sorrowful. Alas! how many do, although his yoke is easy and his burden light. The Lord would have his people be as sky-larks, not as scare-crows. Enough religion to make one miserable is not enough for me. God forbid that any of my readers should look as if their Christianity disagreed with them. Sour visaged saints provide a sorry recommendation of the sweet Lord Jesus. I once in a Queensland town enquired the way to the sugar refinery, the manager of which I wished to see. "Oh," said one. "It has been turned into a vinegar factory." So I gave up my quest. Turn your vinegar distilleries into sugar refineries if you will, but not vice-versa, for there is bitterness and crabbedness enough, God knows, on every hand. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. Jehovah cursed Israel because, said he: 'Thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart.'"

I came across a canary once which could not be made to sing at all. Even sugar did not make it say "sweet," nor did music set it singing. Not a sound was heard, not a single note. Closer examination revealed the fact that it was "as dead as a herring." Its sorrowing friends had stuffed it, propped it up on its accustomed perch, and provided food and water to aid the delusion. What a fraud! For my part I would not tolerate such an imposition in my parlor. I had almost rather have a cage of unclean birds than such mockery. Wire cages are meant for living birds, glass cases are most suitable for dead ones. I wonder if these words will be read by any who are fairly represented by this mocking bird. Do you sit in the pew, or perhaps on a high official perch in the sanctuary, and yet never really praise God? Are you surrounded by gospel viands—"Bread of Life," and "Living Water," which remain untasted? I pray you be not a Christian of the stuffed canary sort. Be what you profess to be—happy Christians, "Singing all the time."

Then serve with mirth, his praise forth tell
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Those who are right hearted should be bright hearted. Of croakers there are enough and to spare. Let us not swell the

number. "But," saith one, "we have sorrows surging round us, storms threatening and temptations trying us. I have not forgotten this. How could I? for I myself am a man, and 'man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.' Joy would scarcely be praiseworthy if it thrived only under sunlit-skies. Christian cheerfulness, unlike the ordinary sort, flourishes despite opposing and repressing circumstances. Like the stormy petrel it loves the gale. It paints rainbows on the blackest clouds, and finds brightest jewels in darkest mines. It hails the night that it may twinkle star-like, it welcomes the fire that it may grow greener when the flame has passed. It resembles love in that it survives its trials. Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it. As, according to the legend, the golden organ which the monks threw into the rushing river when their monastery was being sacked, poured forth its melody for many a day beneath the stream; so Christian joy refuses to be silenced even by floods of sorrow. It may be more subdued, but it is not less melodious. I well remember a Christian lad, who having to do a somewhat menial task in the dark cellar, started, singing, 'Go bury thy sorrow,' as he set to work. The singing and the song were both appropriate. A cheerful disposition helps the weary worker greatly. A snatch of song is as an extra pulley or second lever when the weight proves heavy. How the sailors sing as they heave and tug. I have seen a ponderous main-yard that had been lowered for repairs, rise slowly but surely to its place again without the aid of machinery, as 'all hands' strained at the tackle singing merrily meanwhile.

Our griefs are only as the wind without which the melodious Aeolian harp would remain silent, or as the bow whose friction charms the music from the old viol. Some of David's sweetest psalms were evoked by trial. The songs which from the desert rise are amongst the most acceptable to God. If we can but believe that our Father has permitted our tribulations we shall be able to sing in the storm and to praise him in the furnace. Hezekiah's was a mournful dirge until he cried, "He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it." Then only did he get out of the minor key. He who had chattered like a crane or a swallow was soon singing like a nightingale. Hear him: "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Ah! yes, there, just there, is our reason for ceaseless song. Pardoned sin is cause for eternal praise.

The removal of sin, the source of sorrow, is a source of perennial joy; for pardon brings peace, and peace involves power, and power over sin produces purity, and purity is the promise of paradise. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Wherefore let us shout aloud to the glory of our covenant-keeping Jehovah. "It is good to sing praises to our God." If Paul and Silas could pray at midnight and sing praises unto God, though they were bound in the inner prison, surely we who walk at liberty should bless the Lord at all times! His praise should continually be in our mouth. Or if we, too, have our feet fast in the stocks we may praise him still. "The prisoners were listening," so says the record in the book of Acts. Perchance they were set a singing, too! Who can tell whose hearts we may inspire if we can only say with Madame Guyon

A little bird I am, shut out from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing to him who placed me there,
Well pleased a prisoner to be, because, my God, it pleaseth thee."

Come, dear reader, it is time to get out of the "doldrums" and the "dumps." Cultivate what little gladness still remains to you. It will make surprising progress in an atmosphere of prayer and hope. Jesus can extract music even from a bruised reed. Your case seems desperate, but you are still living. "Never say die." Moreover, "the Lord liveth." "He faileth not." I do not ask you to maintain the perpetual grin which some affect, but I do urge you to "rejoice evermore" with a joy that results from calm confidence in God. You can encourage yourself as David did in God when all else is gone. Ziklag smoking, wives kidnapped, goods stolen, and the people insubordinate, "but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Joy rises high that comes from such a source. It is because the tanks are elevated several hundreds of feet that the fountains at the London Crystal Palace leap to such a height. Climb the water-towers and you will cease to wonder at the altitude of the geyser-like jets of water. Thus it is in the realm of grace. The nether springs are fed by the upper. Joy in the Lord is not evanescent and paltry. He who truly trusts can really rejoice. Oh, for more gladness of the estatic and exultant sort! Oh, for Icelandic geysers of delight instead of joy of the penny squirt order! Oh, for God's gladness and the Spirit's sacred mirth. Oh for that joy of which Jesus said, "I have spoken to you that my joy might remain in you, and that



A ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH IN NORTH DAKOTA.

your joy might be full." Do not be afraid, dear reader, of being cheerful. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Do you feel the streams of gladness stirring within? Seek not to keep them pent. "Spring up. O well, sing ye unto it."

Snow-ploughs and their Uses.

Snow-ploughs are now an indispensable adjunct of transcontinental winter travel, and every railroad that traverses our northwestern states has more or less occasion for their use. Our photograph on this page shows a plough on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is interesting to see one of these ponderous-looking machines, turning with tremendous swiftness and power, as it bores its way into some huge drift, making the snow rise about it like a cloud and fall in long lines on either side of the track. Sometimes, when the snow is unusually heavy and packed, it is necessary to use several engines behind the plough, but however deep the drifts may be, they never fail to give way ultimately to the battering of the powerful machine. On the Canadian roads very heavy snow ploughs are used to keep the lines open. In some northern cities electric snow-ploughs have lately come into use upon the trolley lines.

Children's Home.

The following sums have been received for the work at our Children's Home at Mont Lawn:

Previously reported	\$5,025.31
Acknowledged last week	50.00
Ebbie Diesel	3.00
Alice Armstrong	25
Mrs S. Barnes	7.00
A. D. Matthews	7.00
Jacob Noll	1.00
Mrs Charles D. Battell	1.00
Mrs K. Wallin	50
Total	\$5,085.00

The Sultan's Home Life.

Splendid Luxury of the Yildiz Palace
—The Harem and its Rules.

WHILE his own country is in a condition bordering on revolution, the result of a long period of misgovernment and of frightful barbarities among certain classes of his subjects, the Sultan of Turkey continues to live a life of semi-seclusion and indifference at the Yildiz Palace. The Echo, a Berlin newspaper, publishes a most interesting account of a visit to the Yildiz Palace. The part most interesting to foreigners is probably that which is reserved for the women—the Harem. It is divided into several courts (Dairas) each of which is ruled by a prominent member of that terrible female hierarchy which numbers no less than 1,500! The women of the Imperial Harem are divided into three classes: Rhadines or legitimate wives, Ikbals or favorites, out of whose ranks the Rhadines are chosen, and Ghienzades who have a chance to advance to the rank of Ikbals. By law all the women of the Sultan must enter the Harem as slaves, and the ruler of Turkey is therefore invariably the son of a slave. The majority have been stolen or purchased very young in Circassia and Georgia. As soon as one of these women bears a child to the Sultan she becomes free and advances to the rank of a princess. Every orthodox Mussulman has four Rhadine, or Iyrbimah, and so of course the Sultan has them. The first is called the *Bai Rhadine*, the second *Skindgi Rhadine*, the third *Artame Rhadine*, and the fourth *Rutshuk Rhadine*. Though they have precedence according to their number, their households are exactly alike. They stand, however, under a common mistress, the *Valide Sultan* or mother of the Sultan, to whom as much deference is shown as to the Sultan himself. If she dies, her place is taken by the Sultan's nurse, and then by the *Hassau Uda* or housekeeper of the Sultan.

There are several nominal Christians among the women of the Sultan, and strange to say, they are not asked to renounce their faith. Jewesses, however, cannot become members of the Harem. Each daughter or sister of the Sultan adopts the title as a distinguishing family name, being called Leila Sultan, Fatma Sultan, &c. The women of the Harem wear European dresses, made in Paris or Vienna. On when they appear before the Valide, they dress in orthodox Turkish style. As long as they are properly veiled, they may visit, go to the bazaar, and walk as they please. In the palace itself, there are extensive and beautiful gardens for their occasional amusement.

The Sultan himself arises at 6 A. M. and works with his secretaries until 1 o'clock, when he breaks his fast. Then he takes a ride or a sail, and afterward he gives audience. He dines at 8 P. M. generally alone, though occasionally an ambassador is invited. In the evening he plays with his children. Curiously enough he may not speak any other language than his visitors talk Turkish or Arabic, although he talks the best of French, a quietude compels him to make use of an interpreter.

His Good Work to Go On.

When, in 1867, George Peabody left \$3,000,000 for an educational fund, he empowered the trustees to distribute the principal at the end of thirty years, if they desired. Since that time \$2,400,000 of income has been spent on education, and \$2,000,000 in capital remains. All but two of the original members of the board of trustees are dead. But the present board has just decided that this is not an opportune time for the distribution of the principal, and the income will be used as heretofore. The money has been distributed in the South, and was a great relief to educational institutions suffering from the impoverishment of the war. Thus the good work inaugurated through the liberality of Mr. Peabody will go on without interruption and thousands will be the beneficiaries.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

"Curling" on the Ice.

Bracing Winter Sport that is Becoming Popular with Americans.

AMONG the winter sports that have been imported from other lands, there is probably none that holds greater promise of enjoyment for the participants than the game of curling, which is illustrated in the photograph on this page.

Where the game originated is not known, but it has been popular in North Britain for three centuries at least. Some writers trace it to a Teutonic origin, the word "curl" being derived from the German *kur wail*, meaning a game, and "tee" from the Teutonic word *tighen*, to point out, while "bonspiel" (a curling phrase) is traced to *bonne spel*, a Belgic local term, and "rink" is similarly distinguishable in the Saxon word *krink*, meaning "a strong man." It is thought possible that Flemish merchants may have introduced it to Britain about the sixteenth century. The game has long been a favorite one among our Canadian friends, who play with great skill, and of late years it has grown in favor here and is now played on many American ponds and rivers every winter. It calls for eight players, four on a side, and may be briefly described as follows: It calls for a rink about forty-two yards long and eight feet wide, with a "tee" at either end. It is played with round, flat stones, weighing from thirty to forty-five pounds, and about nine inches in diameter. Strong wooden handles are fastened to the stones to enable the players to hurl them with sufficient force. A smooth sheet of ice is chosen for the rink. At each end of the rink a number of concentric rings, called "broughs," are drawn, the centre of which is the "tee." Each player has a pair of curling stones, and a director of the game, called a "skip," is chosen. The players on each side play alternately. The object is to hurl the stone along the ice to the "tee." The interest of the game depends very largely on one side being able to drive their rivals' stones from their positions, and getting their own in favorable positions. At a little distance from each of the "tees" is a line drawn across the ice, called the "hog-score," and any stone not driven past it counts for nothing and is put aside. The side first scoring thirty-one points wins the game. When, during the progress of the game one, two, or more stones have been well planted, the supporters of those who placed them are usually directed by their skip rather to guard the winning stones than venture too near them at the risk of injuring their position. On the other hand the tactics of the opposing party will consist in efforts to knock off the guards, dislodge the well-planted stones, or get their own still better placed where that is possible. It sometimes happens that the stone nearest the "tee"—the winner, as it is called—is so well protected that it cannot be touched and defies removal unless it be assailed by an ingenious master-stroke, technically termed "wicking" or "inringing," whereby a stone is sent in an oblique direction so as to hit the winner; and, if it not only does that, but becomes the winner in its stead, the man who throws it is sure to be hailed by his exulting comrades as a prince among curlers.

As an out-door winter game, curling has few equals, although to play it with satisfaction, one needs to be warmly clad, with plenty of wraps, thick shoes with spikes, and heavy gloves. A cold player with

numbed fingers cannot make a score at the curling rink.

One very pleasant thing about curling in Britain, is that all classes take part in the game—peers, peasants, farmers, country people and tradesmen.

Cultivate Your Children's Voices.

What a delightful experience it is, to visit a family whose youthful members are naturally musical and whose parents, with rare appreciation, have striven to cultivate the musical talent of their children. Fresh young voices make the sweetest music the world ever knows. Whether at home, in concert hall or in church choir, a good voice is a "thing of joy." But the heart, too, should be right with God, if we are to attain the highest point of musical ex-

pression. Singing should be the direct personal offering of each worshipper to his Maker. Therefore, make a joyful noise unto God, and praise the Lord in the assembly of his people. Treasure your hymn book, for it represents the consecrated talent of all ages, and lands, and sections of the church. Use it in your private devotions. If you find it difficult to sing the hymns, read them, that these song birds of the church may find an abiding home in your memory, and fill your whole being with their melody.

Day-Dreamers in the Home.

The habit of day-dreaming is apt to produce a condition of discontent. Day-dreamers, says a thoughtful writer, do not always have pleasant dreams. Often they pause in their work to magnify a little discomfort or trouble, until they have imagined themselves beggars or martyrs, unloved or unappreciated, as their different dispositions dictate. The house-wife who has fallen into this habit of day-dreaming cannot make the home-life successful; cannot contribute much to the happiness of others; cannot be happy herself. She is forever drawing comparisons between the actual and the ideal, which makes her dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction is contagious.

Well-Conditioned Children.

A well-conditioned child, writes Ian Maclaren, illustrates better than anything else on earth the distinctive features of Christian character. Because he does not assert or aggrandize himself. Because he has no memory for injuries, and no room in his heart for a grudge. Because he has no previous opinions, and is not ashamed to confess his ignorance. Because he can imagine, and has the key of another world, entering in through the ivory gate and living amid the things unseen and eternal.

Juvenile Sorrows.

Most persons of adult years can recall out of the memories of their earlier life some experiences of disappointment, or of grief, or of a sense of some little injustice, which made life seem to them for the time

A COMMON CARRIER.

REST thee, sweet child-mine, rest,
Thou little pilgrim dear;
Thy bed is mother's breast—
Just now, thou need'st not fear.
Rest thee; thy waking eyes
Full soon will surely see
Sad sights enough, thou prize,
New from eternity.

Rest thee; thou must be spent
With thy long journey here
From holier realms, God-sent,
Into our nether sphere.

Rest thee; thou bring'st to me
New life and hope, repose
And faith, and fancies free,
To guard thee 'gainst all foes.

—H. B. R.

CHILDREN AND PLAYTHINGS.

FEW mothers realize their responsibility in training into right channels the tireless energy of the restless youngsters in the home. It may seem an unnecessary bother at the time to stop to interest the child in these small things—it is so much easier to tell the inquiring little one to "run off and play, mamma's busy now," than to pause in the household cares and take the time to sympathize with the child over the broken toy, and suggest methods of restoring it to some new use and beauty. A toy that has outlived its usefulness in one direction, as originally intended, says a writer in *The Home Queen*, may serve an altogether different purpose when resurrected from some direful accident, and it will seem even more valuable than when first received, when the little owner realizes that it is to his efforts that it owes its present value. And in connection with the present pastime and pleasure afforded the child, by this interest in discovering new possibilities in seemingly valueless things, a habit will be formed that will be of the greatest use to him throughout his life.

I think we may or will keep all the old toys and pieces of toys in the future—that is, if we can make room for them. I used to make an annual or semi-annual clear-up. At last, I noticed that an old broken baby's chair had served three boys, one after another, to push about, and use in numberless ways for their enjoyment and occupation. Then old toys began to have a certain charm in my eyes.

Dolls' heads, with a hole in the top, and lacking one eye, are often as acceptable when dressed over, as the most perfect doll just out of the shop. A child has something more than a fancy for bright new things. She has sympathies, and a battered doll, as "poor Susie" calls out the little mother's tenderest emotions.

We are all of us toy-lovers, after all. Nearly all that we do is insignificant from one point of view, though, perhaps, very grand from another. Many of us have to be content with "make-shifts," when we would greatly prefer the new and beautiful. But these very make-shifts come to mean more to us in the end than all the beautiful things which may surround us without any special thought on our own part.

On the whole, it is wise to be content with simplicity. The simplest is most beautiful in many ways. There are more golden rules than one, and one of the best is that we do what our hands find to do with all our "hearts"—as well as with all our might. And the very best plan in our daily lives is to keep up with the spirit of childhood, to make fun out of our work—to be childlike always.

There are by far too many long faces in the world—too much rigid "clearing-up" of broken hopes and aspirations, that still might offer much that is good and noble, if we would only turn them over, view them from all sides, and study their possibilities, until the "bright side" is found. A little more of the free and sunny spirit of childhood would not be amiss in many lives that are now gloomy and dull without real cause.



A CURLING CLUB AT PLAY ON THE ICE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

being no longer worth living, and the thought of an end to their trial in death not wholly terrible. Very *childish* all this was, of course; but that is the point of its lesson to parents: childish griefs are very real and very trying—to children.

The Children's Heaven.

THE infant lies in blessed ease
Upon his mother's breast;
No storm, no dark, the baby sees
Invade his heaven of rest.
He nothing knows of change or death;
Her face his holy skies;
The air he breathes his mother's breath;
His stars, his mother's eyes.

The Father's arms fold like a nest
His children round about;
His face looks down, a heaven of rest,
Where comes no dark, no doubt.
Its mists are clouds of stars that move
In sweet concurrent strife;
Its winds the goings of his love;
Its dew the dew of life.

We for our children seek thy heart,
For them the Father's eyes;
Lord, when their hopes in us depart,
Let hopes in thee arise.
When childhood's visions them forsake,
To women grown and men,
Thou to thy heart their hearts will take,
And bid them dream again.

—GEORGE MACDONALD

THE BOOK SHELF

THE BIRTH OF THE SUN.*

WHEN the world was young and darkness ruled everything, a strange thing happened, said the Talking Pine, as I came and sat in my accustomed place to listen to the tales.

And what is this strange thing, Wise One? I asked.

It was this, saith Talking Pine, this the birth of the sun.

I had heard the tale, Wise One, I answered: and then he told me of this happening:

A long long time ago the world was in darkness and the people didn't have the sun and the moon in the sky to give them light. At this time there was an aged woman, who had a son, who was bright and was much loved by his mother. This boy went to see his grandmother at one time and stayed with her many days. When he started home again through the forest he was stolen by the chief of the demons and carried away under the mountains, where if any one tried to follow, the mountains would close together and crush whatever was between them.

While he was in the country of the demons, the boy learned much magic and became a great man, and then by his magic powers found the way out of the country and back to his own tribe again.

Now, when this boy was stolen, his mother was very sad and mourned for many days, because she thought she would not have her son again to comfort her in her loneliness: the Protector gave her another son.

The second son also grew to be a bright boy, and was loved by all who knew him, and loved most by his mother.

Now time went on and after many snows had passed the first son came back, and found his brother occupying his place at home. Instead of welcoming him, the wanderer became angry at him and said he would change him into the moon, and he should be chief of the night, while he would use his magic and change himself into the sun and rule the day. This he did, and the first day began. As the elder brother, who was the sun, climbed up to the sky, it began to get very hot, for he was very angry, and shone fierce and bright.

Soon the rivers dried up, and the people began to die of the heat. When the sun saw these things, he said that he was too strong; so he changed things about, and made his younger and weaker brother the sun, and took his brother's place as the moon, and things went along all right as they do to this day.

Now you can see the man in the moon on any bright night and, if you could see hard enough, you could see the boy in the sun, but the sun is bright to look at and the boy not easy to find. This then, is how the days and nights started. So said the Talking Pine, there by the lake of the mountains a long time ago, and he is wise and knows how all these things came about.

West and the Young Artist*

WHEN Samuel F. B. Morse, afterwards famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work.

Being very anxious for the favorable opinion of the master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect.

When Mr. West saw the drawing he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, then handed it back, saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"But it is finished," said the young artist. "Oh, no!" said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," and he put his finger on various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects, now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them. Then he carried the drawing again to the master.

Mr. West was evidently much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work; but at the end he handed it back, and said, as before, "Very well, indeed, sir; go on and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time all but discouraged.

"Not yet; you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger-joints."

The student once more took the drawing home, and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time.

But the critic was not yet satisfied. The work was good, "very good, indeed; remarkably clever;" but it needed to be "finished."

"I cannot finish it," said Mr. Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one that makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

Israel's Teachers.*

ESPECIAL care in sifting the sources is demanded in the case of Hebrew history, for the reason that its events are so far removed from the present.

Of its many sources, by far the richest is the Old Testament. This is in reality a great library, containing the remnants of a nation's literature. It consists of books and parts of books, coming from different epochs and authors, who write from different points of view and with different aims. The modern Occidental student often finds it confusing and almost unintelligible, because the material is not arranged systematically. Classification is therefore the first requisite. A quotation from the mouth of the enemies of the prophet Jeremiah (Jer. 18:18) suggests a system both fundamental and practical: "For the law shall not perish from the priest, nor counsel from the wise, nor the word from the prophet." It introduces the three great classes of workers who guided and moulded Hebrew life, and refers to their characteristic literary products.

Superior to their contemporaries in consecration, intelligence and earnestness, and enlightened by Jehovah, the Hebrew prophets saw facts and truths unknown to their contemporaries. They were by virtue of the possession of this deeper knowledge equipped and commissioned to proclaim to their countrymen, as his ambassadors, the message of the Highest. A divinely inspired ideal of righteousness and perfection filled their souls. Their eager endeavor to realize that ideal in their nation—so unwise in its policy and so corrupt in its character—made them statesmen, social reformers, and religious and ethical teachers. By stirring address, by public tablet, and by symbolic action, they sought to impress the great truths which had been revealed to them upon their less enlightened contemporaries. In time also they were led to commit their "word" to writing. Thus it was in divine providence

*From *A History of the Hebrew People* from the Settlement on Canaan to the Division of the Kingdom, by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., with maps and plans. A concise and graphic story of Hebrew life, in which the facts gleaned from the monuments and secular sources are interwoven with the Biblical narrative. Pp. 220. Price \$1.25. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, Fifth avenue, New York.

that the oral prophesies became part of the Old Testament.

As has been well said, the Hebrew prophets were not foretellers but forth-tellers. Sometimes their message took the form of a prediction respecting the future; more frequently it consisted of burning addresses on the living political, social, and religious questions of their day. This lucid and efficient method of teaching was very popular with both people and prophet.

While the prophets were putting their messages in permanent literary form, the second group of Israel's teachers—the priests—was not inactive. Their chief functions during their great literary period were to care for the national sanctuaries and perform the ceremonial rites; they were the appointed guardians of the ritual. Probably for centuries the sacred laws and customs were transmitted by word of mouth, or only partially committed to writing; but at last there came a time when convenience or existing conditions demanded that they be codified. The origin and history of these laws also became a matter of interest and importance. Therefore the priests were led, like the prophets, to become historians. This fact explains the presence of the parallel histories, which are found interwoven in the Pentateuchal books side by side with those that bear the prophetic stamp.

The third class of Hebrew teachers—the wise men—labored so obtrusively that their work has been almost unnoticed. They spoke in private to the individual, and not in public to the nation. They were the personified common-sense of their age and race. Ripe in personal experience, keen observers of human nature, enriched by inherited wisdom, they became the advisers of all classes in ancient Israel. Everything that concerned the ordinary man commanded their attention. They were equally ready with practical advice concerning anything, from the purchase of a farm to man's duty to his God. For centuries they taught the masses beside the city gates before they put their "counsel" into written form. The book of Proverbs is their most characteristic product; it contains the crystallized experience of the enlightened sages. When they came to grapple with the great problems of life, the Song of Songs, Job, and Ecclesiastes were added to their literature.

Two other books, poetical in form, deeply religious in essence, remain,—Psalms and Lamentations. They represent the outpouring of the souls of devout Hebrews of all ages as they came into the presence of Jehovah. They may be designated as the devotional literature of the Old Testament. Praise to the Lord, the source of all blessing, or an earnest cry for deliverance from evil and danger, is the prevailing chord. Prophet, priest and sage unite with king and peasant in the authorship of this song-book of worshipful humanity.

The material in this old library, which is the great source for Hebrew history, may be classified as follows: Prophetic Literature,—the prophetic portions of the Hexateuch, and Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Jonah, and the prophecies of the Major and Minor Prophets. Legal Literature,—the priestly portions of the Hexateuch and Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Wisdom Literature,—Proverbs, Song of Songs, Job, and Ecclesiastes. Devotional Literature,—Psalms and Lamentations.

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Afternoon Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Dec. 27, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

In the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

fallen under the power of strong drink, and that he may have strength to resist temptation.—R. T. G., Baltimore, Md., for the conversion of a soldier who "fears not God, neither regards man," and that special grace may be given him in his new station in the far West to enable him to resist temptation.—L. S., Amboy, Minn., for the conversion of her mother, and husband.—B. E., Webb City, Mo., that a beloved brother who is in sore trouble, may give his heart to Christ and look to him for help and guidance.—"Anxious," Montandale, Pa., that two brothers and a very dear friend may all turn to the Lord and be saved.—"Believer," Sacramento, Cal., for the conversion of a man who is utterly indifferent to religion and to his own eternal interests.—L. A. T., Fairfax, Va., that a dear boy may give his heart to Christ in his youth.—"Reader," Silver Creek, N. Y., for the conversion of a bright, talented man who has fallen under the power of strong drink, and that grace may be given him to enable him to overcome a violent temper.—"Anxious Mother," Austin, Tex., that her son who is her sole support, and who is becoming addicted to intoxicating liquor, may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ.—M. C. R., Etters, N. Y., that an erring husband who is far from God may be brought into the fold and cleansed from all his sins.—Mother, Bridgewater, for the salvation of a son who is a slave to liquor and tobacco, that he may be saved before his mother's heart is quite broken.—"Trifled Mother," Averett, Va., for the conversion of two sons who are in the bonds of drinking habit, and that they may have strength from God to resist the evil.—J. H., son of City, Ia., that an orphan girl who is being led astray by strong temptation, may be rescued from evil and made a child of God.—"Believer," Springfield, Ill., for the conversion of a dissipated father, and that courage may be given to a son who shrinks from confessing Christ.—Anxious Mother in Illinois, that God would touch the hearts of a dear son and wife and make them truly his, and lead them to trust in him for the blessings they need.—C. N. R., Fountain, Colo., who has two brothers and two sisters who are all unsaved, begs that Christian friends will join in pleading with God for their conversion.—Relative, Albany, Mo., that a young man whose parents and family made great sacrifices for his education, may have a changed heart and may show by filial conduct that he appreciates their love and kindness.—T. R., Monomowoc, Wis., that a beloved husband of only son may cease to trust in a good natural life for salvation and may look to Christ for a new nature.—E. W. G., St. Cloud, Minn., that a dear son away from home among strangers may give his heart to God and be rescued from sin and become a child of God.—B., Mobile, Ala., for the conversion of five young men who are in earnest need of God's grace.—"Believer," Eureka, Cal., for the conversion of some people who are sceptical and not know Christ as a Saviour.—Friend, Ange, Tex., for a beloved brother who has fallen under the power of intoxicating drink, that he might be delivered and made a child of God.—"Sorrowful," South Bend, Ind., that husband, son, and brother who are indifferent to the welfare of their souls may be awakened to their danger and may seek salvation.—L. B., Adna, Wash., the mother of three sons who are all unsaved, and two of them slaves of the liquor habit, begs prayer for their conversion and that they may receive strength to resist their besetting sin.—M. L., Richboro, Pa., that God would touch with converting power the heart of her son who has been led away by evil companions. He is not only son and she is a widow.—Reader, Maryland, Mo., that her family of five sons and one daughter who are not Christians may give their hearts to God.—F. E. W., Mantoloking, Minn., for the conversion of an aged man once professed Christ, but has returned to the world.—G. I. S., Pikesville, Md., for her mother, brothers and sisters, that they may realize their need of salvation and seek Christ with all their hearts.

For the Restoration of Health.

that two widows, a mother and daughter, may regain their health and be able to earn an honest livelihood.—W. H. G., Sterling, Iowa, the recovery of a dear son who is very sick.—J. H. P., Pennsville, O., that her sick brother may be healed by the Great Physician.—Anxious Mother, Easton, Md., for the recovery of an invalid daughter who has suffered for seven years past.—Subscriber, Pittsburgh, Pa., that a niece who is sorely afflicted may be healed.—Anxious Daughter, Cayce, Ky., that with whom nothing is impossible, may raise her sick mother and give her the health and strength she needs.—J. H., Washington, N. C., that the God of love and mercy would recover a sick husband who is very low.—M. G.

H., Orrington, Me., for the restoration of hearing.—English woman, Markesau, Wis., for the healing of a most painful and distressing disease.—Constant Reader, Averett, Va., that an illness which prevents her participating in the means of grace, may be removed.—E. L. S., Amboy, Minn., for the restoration of hearing.—Mother, Ogden, Utah, for recovery from nervous prostration.

For Special Blessings.

Widowed mother, Cherry Creek, N. Y., asks prayer that her son may be more dutiful, and refrain from an attempt to impoverish her.—Anxious Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who has for years been a source of misery, may be enabled to obtain employment, and may cease to give himself to dissipation.—Mother, Averett, Va., that her eldest son may become more thoughtful and considerate.—B. E., Webb City, Mo., that a dear brother may soon find the employment he needs.—D. S. B., Gail, Tex., for deliverance from a heavy affliction and for strength to live a Christian life.—Believer, Mitchell, S. D., that two dear friends who are at enmity, may be reconciled.—A., Lancaster, Pa., that God would be pleased to prosper an earnest effort to earn a livelihood and enable a business man to meet his obligations punctually.—"One who loves Jesus," Richmond, Ark., that God would forgive past sins and speak peace to a heart now torn by remorse.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

Longevity in Early Ages.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to the comparative brevity of the present term of human life, writes Rev. W. A. Crocker, it seems almost incredible that mankind should ever have attained to such ages as are recorded of these ancient patriarchs. Omitting the name of Abel, whose life was prematurely ended by the violence of his brother Cain, we have the recorded ages of nine patriarchs, extending from Adam to the flood; and their average age was 816 years. Wonderful as this now appears to us, it should not be deemed incredible. Dr. A. Atkinson, of Baltimore, Md., has published in the "Virginia Medical Monthly," Richmond, Va., the names and residences of 232 persons who have died within the past century at the age of 100 years and over. Of these 50 lived to be over 110, six over 120, four over 130, and one over 140. Besides, we have the name of Henry Jenkins, of London, who lived to the age of 170, and that of Cugna de Numas, of Bengal, who died in 1556, at the age of 370. After the flood the term began to be perceptibly abridged; yet for several centuries a very great age was reached. Thus Shem lived 500 years, Arphaxad 438, Selah 433, Eber 460, Peleg 239, Reu 237, Serug 230, Nahor 148, Terah 205, Abraham 175, Isaac 180, and Jacob 147. We would perhaps be doing injustice to the record to infer that the average age of the nine patriarchs cited was the general average of life in the antediluvian period. These may have been, in some sort, exceptional cases. We have an account only of the line of Seth, among whom the true religion was most strictly observed, and who, presumably, remained at or near the original settlement of the race. Among the vagabond or wandering descendants of Cain, and the more wicked population greater licentiousness prevailed, and more artificial or irregular conditions existed, which may have exercised a deleterious influence upon them. Nor is it necessary to suppose that this long term of life was

Reduced Rates to Washington on Account of the Inauguration via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of those who desire to attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of President-elect McKinley, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington March 1, 2, 3, and 4, valid to return from March 4 to 8, at the following rates: From New York, \$3.00; Philadelphia, \$5.40; Baltimore, \$1.60; Harrisburg, \$3.20; Williamsport, \$3.70; Buffalo, \$11.20; Rochester, \$10.40; Altoona and Pittsburg, \$10.00; and from all other stations on the Pennsylvania system at reduced rates.

This inauguration will be a most interesting event, and will undoubtedly attract a large number of people from every section of the country.

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the result of any supernatural interposition. It might have been, and doubtless was the result of purely natural causes.

The Master and the Harp.

There is an old legion which tells of a strange instrument that hung on a castle wall for many years. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then one day a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eyes saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the master's hand has not found it.

Bowery Mission.

The following contributions have been received in support of the spiritual and philanthropic work at the Bowery Mission, New York:

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An Indian on Temperance.

Chief Po-ka-gon of the Pottawatto-mies warns his Tribe against Drink.

SIMON PO-KA-GON of Hartford, Michigan, is chief of the Pottawattomie Band of Indians of his State. In a recent address to the white people, he employed this very remarkable language in denunciation of the evil of drunkenness:

"While I appreciate and laud those noble Christian missionaries, I cannot do otherwise than openly condemn those white traders who, dog-like, tagged them into the wilderness and beside the Christian altars they had built, stuck out their signs, and dealt out to our young men and old men that liquid hell which lures but to destroy. Could you see what I have seen and feel what I have felt, as this snake, born of the white man, has coiled itself closer and tighter like a vice around the heart strings of your own family, you would cry out: 'Po-ka-gon, we do not blame, but pity you!' And well you may, for the blood of my people, as the blood of Abel, is crying from the ground against the Cains of humanity who, for paltry gold in times past and even now, are dealing out to our race that cursed abomination of misery and death. You send missionaries across the great deep to save Hindoo children from being drowned in the Ganges, or crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, and yet in your own Christian land thousands are yearly being drowned in the American Ganges of fire water, while the great Juggernaut of King Alcohol is ever rolling on night and day, crushing its victims without mercy. Hark! Do you hear that agonizing wail on every side? Fathers and sons are falling into drunkards' graves; mothers and daughters are weeping over them; wives are lamenting as they bend over the bruised heads of their husbands as they return from the midnight brawl; and briars of bitter disappointment encumber the bridal garden: brave men and women who have fought long and well to redeem and save the fallen are beginning to fear the power of the saloon and its votaries, while the pious who in faith have prayed long and well are beginning to doubt the favor of God. 'Soon I will stand in the presence of the Great Spirit, and shall there plead with him in heaven as I have plead with him on earth that he will take those by the hand who have so bravely fought against the old dragon, Drink, the destroyer of your children and ours, and lead them on to glorious victory.'"

Food and Morals.

TO a very large proportion of the human race, the relation food sustains to morality and to man's spiritual condition, is probably a subject far removed from serious consideration. Yet the relation is really a distinct and substantial one. In a recent discourse upon this subject, by Rev. R. F. Horton, some very interesting facts were stated in this connection, a few of which we quote:

"We very readily accept the liberty with which Christ has made us free, and use our liberty to eat and to drink things which were forbidden to the Jew; and we somewhat plume ourselves upon our emancipation. So that this curious result has followed: that we are known to the Jews as the eaters of swine flesh, we are known to the Mussulmans as the drinkers of intoxicating drink, we are known to the Hindoo as the eaters of beef. So far we stand fast enough in our liberty, and use the privileges which are given us by the Christian law. But the question is rather this: Do we observe the great and searching regulation that we are to eat and to

drink solely to the glory of God? Or to please ourselves? Or to discharge certain social functions? Or to avoid seeming singular amongst the people whose society we frequent?

"Quantity in food is a very difficult subject to treat of from the religious standpoint, but I never can forget an article I once read—I think it was from the pen of the late Mr. Sala—describing the condition of New Zealand, and where all the economical conditions are more favorable for human life than anywhere else. The article told us that workmen receive such large and regular wages that they lived in their own villas, detached or semi-detached, surrounded by their gardens, and are able to command all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Then the article proceeded to say that they suffered from the same mental depression and ennui and heaviness of spirit, called the 'spleen,' which afflicts the idle rich. And the reason was the same: that these well-paid workmen took three heavy, solid meals a day, and, to put it briefly, habitually overate themselves. How does a matter like this strike God? He disapproves of the epicure in Greece, or the Sybarite in Southern Italy, and the man and woman who gorges, entirely forgets that in order to be efficient for God's service, gluttony is a sin?

Everyone, therefore, must make his own diet, and discover for himself what is bad and what is good. There are some things which for me or for you are very obviously constant hindrances to a good life. There are some things which for you and for me excite the lower passions, and set on fire the worst side of our nature. Now for the glory of God these things must not be taken! You have to find what they are. And if you understand that the responsibility lies with you, you will be able to act in accordance with it!"

Words that Pain.

ALL child with your lightsome spirit,
And happy beaming face,
And your glad young life surrounded
With tender love and grace.
There are tears in the eyes of your mother,
I saw them dropping slow—
You can never unsay the words you said
One little hour ago.

Life is so blest for you, darling,
The path stretches wide and fair,
But need you forget the dear home-love
And mother's patient care?
O the careless words, the impatient tone,
Their mission is cruel as a blow,
Yet you can't unsay the words you said
One little hour ago.

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It gives us great pleasure to announce the discovery of a positive cure for Asthma, in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new African product found on the Congo River, West Africa. The cures wrought by it in the worst cases, are really marvelous. Sufferers of twenty to fifty years' standing have been at once restored to health by the Kola Plant. Among others, many ministers of the gospel testify to its wonderful powers. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., was perhaps the worst case, and was cured by the Kola Plant after fifty years' suffering. Mr. Albert C. Lewis, Washington, D. C., Editor of the Farmer's Magazine, gives similar testimony, as do many others. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Co., No. 116 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who suffers from any form of Asthma. They only ask in return that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. You should surely try it, as it costs you nothing.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' First Speech.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, or at least that was her name before the "Burglar" had moved "Paradise," who has led many of us along the glorified path between the Gates," and filled us with a noble ambition to lead "A Singular Life," has put the reading world under a new debt of



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

attitude by publishing, through magazine and book, some "Chapters from a Life," and that life her own.

One of the most interesting sketches in tells of a day when she was riding through the streets of Gloucester, where "The Old Maids' Paradise" was established, when, noting an excited throng of angry men and women, she inquired of two women talking together at the street-side, what had happened.

The women looked at her rather scornfully at first, and then made answer: "Hav'n't you heard? Why, it happened—s rum-shop." After a moment's pause the woman continued, "There's a man murdered there. He's just dead. Jim and this other fellow had words, and he drove a knife into him and out again three times. He's stone dead, layin' there on the floor. See the men-folks' crowdin' around to look at him! If men-folks will do such things, they must expect such things to happen. I hope they won't have stick nor stone to that place, come mornin'!"

"Was he a married man?"

"She lives up the block. And the young ones."

"How many?"

"Twelve."

"Has anybody been to see this poor creature—the widow? Has any woman come to her?"

"Hey?" Staring. "I guess not. Not at I know of."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps drove straight to the house where the poor, grief-stricken woman was wailing in the midst of her children. After doing all that she could to comfort her, she went back home with new conception of the horrors that are

caused by the liquor traffic. She says herself of this transformation: "All my traditions went down, and my common sense and human heart came up. From that day I asked no questions, I had no replies," but gave my sympathy, without paltry hesitation, to the work done by the women of America for the salvation of men endangered or ruined by the liquor habit."

After thinking the matter over she came to a conclusion most astonishing to all her friends, that she would go on the next Sunday and hold services in the rum-shop where the man had been murdered. All their protestations fell on deaf ears, for she had made up her mind and nothing could turn her from the new path of duty Providence had seemed to make clear.

She visited the bartender, and he was more than willing to have her use his saloon, for he hoped in that way that something of the shadow of disgrace which hung over his place might be lifted away.

"You'll say, won't you," pleaded the dealer in death, "that this ain't my fault? You'll tell 'em it might have happened anywhere, won't you? Why, it might have happened in a church. There's murders do! You'll say so, won't you, ma'am?"

She did not commit herself as to what the substance of her discourse would be, but secured the services of a lovely, gray-haired Christian woman to assist her. Her heart came near failing her at the last, and she begged her helper to speak in her place. But the old lady gently but firmly refused.

Miss Phelps plead with her, "I never opened my mouth in a public place in my life. I shall drop of stage-fright—and think of the scene!"

When the hour arrived the saloon was packed and the overflowing crowd extended out into the street. A few women came with her to sing, but most of the hearers were the kind of men who ordinarily frequented this saloon and others like it. The great red stain in the floor where the man was murdered was covered from sight by the crowd.

They sang a hymn or two, the new temperance lecturer read a little from the Bible, and then spoke the earnest words that were in her heart, and came away. "Those men listened to us," says Mrs. Ward, "as if they had never heard a message of mercy before in all their lives, and never might again. I remember that some of them hung their heads upon their breasts, like guilty children; and that they looked ashamed and sorry. But most of them met us in the eye, and drank what we said thirstily."

That was her first speech, but not her last. For this good work went on for three years, and many a poor, tempted man came to bless the woman who had such a strange power over him and his fellows. Often she was accosted on the street by strange men who would detain her respectfully to say:

"I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinkin'. I wish you'd talk to me!"

We may be sure such a request was never made in vain.

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Remodeling a Gown

becomes a pleasing occupation, provided it was stitched on a *Singer Automatic*. The elastic seam made by this machine is perfectly safe when locked, but can be taken apart in an instant when unlocked. Thus its use is especially desirable for the clever woman who wishes to make over a garment so that it may conform to the changing styles. Whether in the hands of the amateur or the expert, this simple bit of mechanism is the most convenient and effective of any.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 3.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1897.

Price Five Cents.



A NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN VILLAGE AMONG THE CHEYENNES, INDIAN TERRITORY. (See page 47.)



Storming the Heights.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., "What art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." Sermon on the Text: Zech. 4: 7:



ZERUBBABEL! Who owned that difficult name, in which three times the letter "b" occurs, disposing most people to stammer in the pronunciation? Zerubbabel was the splendid man called to rebuild the destroyed Temple at Jerusalem. Stone for the building had been quarried, and the trowel had rung at the laying of the corner-stone, and all went well, when the Cuthæans offered to help in the work. They were a bad lot of people, and Zerubbabel declined their help, and then the trouble began. The Cuthæans prejudiced the Secretary of the Treasury against Zerubbabel, so that the wages of the carpenters and masons could not be paid, and the heavy cedar timbers which had been dragged from Mount Lebanon to the Mediterranean and floated in rafts from Beyrout to Joppa, and were to be drawn by ox team from Joppa to Jerusalem, had halted, and as a result of the work of those jealous Cuthæans for sixteen years the building of the Temple was stopped. But after sixteen years, Zerubbabel, the mighty soul, got a new call from God to go ahead with the Temple building, and the Angel of the Lord in substance said: "They have piled up obstacles in the way of Zerubbabel until they have become as a mountain, height above height, crag above crag; but it shall all be thundered down and made flat and smooth as the floor of a house. 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.'"

Well, the Cuthæans are not all dead yet. They are busy in every neighborhood and every city and every nation of every age, heaping obstacles in the way of the cause of God. They have piled up hindrances above hindrances until they have become a hill, and the hill has become a mountain, and the mountain has become an Alp, and there it stands, right in the way of all movements for the world's salvation. Some people are so discouraged about the height and breadth of this mountain in front of them that they have done nothing for sixteen years and many of those who are at work trying to do something toward removing the mountain toil in such a way that I can see they have not much faith that the mountain of hindrances will ever be removed. They feel they must do their duty, but they feel all the time—I can hear it in their prayers and exhortations—that they are striking their pickaxes and shovels into the side of the Rocky Mountains. If the good Lord will help me while I preach I will give you the names of some of the high mountains which are really in the way, and then show you that those mountains are to be prostrated, torn down, ground up, leveled, put out of sight for ever. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

First, there is the Mountain of Prejudice, as long as a range of the Pyrenees. Prejudice against the Bible as a dull book, an inconsistent book, a cruel book, an unclean book, and in every way an unfit book. The most of them have never read it. They think the strata of the rocks contradict the account in Genesis. The poor souls do not know that the Mosaic account agrees exactly with the geological account. No violin or flute ever were in better accord. By crowbar and pickaxe

and shovel and blasting powder the geologist goes down in the earth and says, "The first thing created in the furnishing of the earth was the plants." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that in the Book of Genesis: 'The earth brought forth grass and herb, yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit.'" The geologist goes on digging in the earth, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the making of the creatures of the sea." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life; and God created great whales.'" The geologist goes on digging, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the creation of the cattle and the reptiles and the beasts of the field." "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the first chapter of Genesis: 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind.'" The geologist goes on digging in the earth, and says, "The next creature was the human family." "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female, created he them.'" Those prejudiced against the Bible do not know that the explorations in Egypt and Palestine and Syria are confirming the Scriptures,—the same facts written on monuments and on the walls of exhumed cities as written in the Bible. The city of Pithom has been unburied, and its bricks are found to have been made without straw, exactly corresponding with the Bible story of the persecuted Hebrews. On terra cotta cylinder recently brought up from thousands of years of burial, the capture of Babylon by Cyrus is told. On a Babylonian gem recently found are the figures of a tree, a man, a woman, and a serpent, and the hands of the man and woman are stretched up toward the tree as if to pluck the fruit. Thus the Bible story of the Fall is confirmed.

In a museum at Constantinople you see a piece of the wall that once in the ancient Temple of Jerusalem separated the court of the Gentiles and the court of the Israelites, to which Paul refers when he says of Christ, "He is our peace, who hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." On tablets recently discovered have been found the names of prominent men of the Bible, spelled a little different, according to the demands of ancient language. "Adamu" for Adam, "Abramn" for Abraham, "Abli" for Abel, and so on. Twenty-two feet under ground has been found a seal inscribed with the words "Haggai, son of Shebaniah," thousands of years ago cut, showing that the Prophet Haggai, who wrote a part of the Bible, was not a myth. The Royal Engineers have found, eighty feet below the surface of the ground at Jerusalem, Phœnician pottery and hewn stones with inscriptions, showing that they were furnished by Hiram, King of Tyre, just as the Bible says they were. The great names of Bible history, that many suppose are names of imaginary beings, are found cut into imperishable stones, which have within a few years been rolled up from their entombment of ages, such as Sennacherib and Tiglath-Pileser. On the edge of a bronzed step, and on burned brick

has been found the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Henry Rawlinson and Oppert and Hincks, and Palestine exploration societies, and Assyriologists, and Egyptologists, have rolled another Bible up from the depths of the earth, and lo! it corresponds exactly with our Bible, the rock Bible just like the printed Bible, inscriptions on cylinders and brick-work cut thirty-eight hundred years before Christ testifying to the truth of what we read eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years after Christ. The story of the Tower of Babel has been confirmed by the fact that recently at Babel an oblong pile of brick one hundred and ten feet high evidences the remains of a fallen tower. In the Inspired Book of Ezra we read of the great and noble Asnapper, a name that meant nothing especial, until recently, in pried-up Egyptian sculpture, we have the story there told of him as a great hunter as well as a great warrior. What I say now is news to those prejudiced against the Bible. They are so far behind the times that they know not that the Old Book is being proved true by the prying eye of the antiquarian and the ringing hammer of the archaeologist and the plunging crowbar of the geologist. No more is infidelity characterized by its blasphemy than by its ignorance, but oh! what a high mountain of prejudice against the Bible, against Christianity, against churches, against all evangelizing enterprises—a mountain that casts its long, black shadows over this continent and over all continents. Geographers tell us that Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Oh, no! The Mountain of Prejudice against Christianity is higher than the highest crags that dare the lightnings of heaven. Before our Zerubbabel can it ever become a plain?

Another mountain of hindrance is that of positive and outspoken immorals. There is the Mountain of Inebriacy. It is piled high with kegs and demijohns and decanters and hogsheads, on which sit the victims of that traffic whose one business is to rob earth and heaven of the most generous and large-hearted and splendid of the human race. If their business was to take only the mean and stingy and contemptible and useless, we would not say much against the work, for there are tens of thousands of men and women who are a nuisance to the world, and their obliteration from human society would be an advantage to all that is good. The removal of these moral deficits would not arouse in us much of a protest. But insobriety takes the best. The mountain of Inebriacy stands in the way of the Kingdom of God, and hundreds of thousands of men, but for that hindrance, would step right into the ranks of the Lord's host and march heavenward, each one taking a regiment with him. The Mountain of Inebriacy is not an ordinary mountain; but it is armed. It is a line of fortresses continually blazing away its destructive forces upon all our neighborhoods, towns, and cities, their volleys of death poured down upon the homes and churches. Under this power more than one hundred thousand men and women are in this country every year imprisoned, and an army of six hundred thousand drunkards almost shake the earth with their staggering tread. It causes in this country three hundred murders and four hundred suicides a year. This Mountain of Inebriacy has not only assaulted the land, but bombarded the shipping of the sea, and some of the most appalling shipwrecks on Atlantic and Pacific coast have been the result. What sank the Steamer Rothsay Castle, on the way from Liverpool to Dublin, destroying one hundred human lives? A drunken sea captain. What blew up the Ben Sherrod on the Mississippi and sent one hundred and fifty to horrible death? A drunken crew. What drove on the breakers a steamer making its way from New York to Charleston, and sent whole families, on the way home from summer watering places, to the merciless depths of the

sea? A drunken sea captain. Gather up from the depths of the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, the bones of those shipwrecked by intoxicated captains and crews, and you could build out of them a temple of horrors, all the pillars and altars and floors and ceilings fashioned of human skulls. Is it possible that such a Mountain of Inebriacy can ever be made a plain?

Yonder also is the Mountain of Crime, with its strata of fraud, and malpractice, and malfeasance, and blackmail, and burglary, and piracy, and embezzlement, and libertinism, and theft, all its heights manned with the desperadoes, the cut-throats, the pickpockets, the thimble-riggers, the plunderers, the marauders, the pillagers, the corsairs, the wreckers, the bandits, the tricksters, the forgers, the thugs, the garotters, the fire-fiends, the dynamiters, the shoplifters, the kleptomaniacs, the pyromaniacs, the dipsomaniacs, the smugglers, the kidnappers, the Jack Sheppards, the Robert Macaires, and the Macbeths of villainy. The crimes of the world! Am I not right in calling them, when piled up together, a mountain? But we cannot bring ourselves to appreciate great heights except by comparison. You think of Mount Washington as high, especially those of you who ascended as of old, on muleback, or more recently by rail-train, to the Tip Top House. Oh, no! That is not high! For it is only about six thousand feet, whereas, rising on this Western hemisphere are Chimborazo, twenty-one thousand feet high, and Mount Sahama, twenty-three thousand feet high, and Mount Sarota, twenty-four thousand eight hundred feet high. But that is not the highest mountain on the Western Hemisphere. The highest mountain is the Mountain of Crime, and is it possible that this mountain, before our Zerubbabel, can ever be made a plain?

There is also the Mountain of War, the most volcanic of all mountains,—the Vesuvius which, not content, like the Vesuvius of Italy, with whelming two cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, has covered with its fiery scoria thousands of cities and would like to whelm all the cities of both hemispheres. Give this mountain full utterance, and it would cover up Washington and New York and London as easily as a householder, with his shovel, at ten o'clock at night, banks a grate fire with ashes. This mountain is a pile of fortresses, barricades, and armories, the world's artillery heaped, wheels above wheels, columbiads above columbiads, seventy-four pounders above seventy-four pounders, wrecked nations above wrecked nations. This Mountain of War is not only loaded to cannonade the earth, but it is also a cemetery, holding the corpses of thirty million slain in the wars of Alexander and Cyrus, sixty million slain in Roman wars, one hundred and eighty million slain in war with Turks and Saracens and holding about thirty-five billion corpses, not million but billion, which was the estimate made by Edmund Burke more than a hundred years ago of those who had been destroyed by war, so that you would have to add many more millions now. Twenty years ago a careful author estimated that about fourteen times the then population of the world had gone down in battle or in hospital after battle. Ah! This Mountain of War is not like an ordinary mountain. It is like Kilauea, one of the Sandwich Islands, which holds the greatest volcano in all the earth, and concerning which wrote from the Sandwich Islands a few years ago:

"What a hissing, bellowing, tumbling, soaring force is Kilauea! Lake of unquenchable fire: convolutions and pauxisms of flame: elements of nature in torture: torridity and luridly: congregation of dreads: molten horrors: sulphurous abysses: swirling mystery of all time: infinite turbulence: chimney of perdition: wallowing terrors: fifteen acres of threatening glooms insufferable and Dantesque: cauld-

on stirred by the champion witch of Pandemonium: camp-fire of the armies of Diabolus: wrath of the mountains in full bloom: shimmering incandescence: pyrotechnics of the planet: furnace-blast of the ages: Kilauca!" But, my friends, mightier, higher, vaster, hotter, more raging is the volcanic Mountain of War. It has been blazing for hundreds of years, and will keep on blazing until, until,—but dare not hazard a prophecy. Can it be that its fires will ever be put out? Can it be that its roar will ever be silenced? Can it be that before our Zerubbabel that blazing mountain will ever become a plain?

There is also the long range of mountains, longer than Appalachian range, longer than Caucasian range, longer than Sierra Nevada range,—the piled-up opposition of bad literature, bad homes, bad institutions, bad amusements, bad centuries, bad religions: Paganism, Hindooism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and outtressed and enthroned Godlessness, devoted to ambition and lust and hydra-headed, argus-eyed abomination, as it stands with lifted fist and mocking lips, challenging Jehovah upon the throne of the universe to strike if he dare. Oh, it is a great mountain, as my text declares. There is no use in denying it. The most authentic statistics declare it. The signs of the times prove it. All Christian workers realize it. It is a mountain. "The mountain can never be brought down," says worldly speculation. "The mountain can never be made a plain," says small faith in the churches. Well, let us see. Let us look about for the implements we can lay our hands on. Let us count the number on our side who are willing to dig with a shovel, or bore a tunnel, or blast a rock. Let us see if there is any foreign help that will come in to reinforce us. I do not want to make myself absurd by attempting an impossibility. If it is only one spade at the foot of Mount Blanc; if it is only one arm, capable of lifting but a few pounds, against a mountain that weighs a hundred million tons, let us quit before we make ourselves the travesty and caricature of the universe. If we are to undertake this job, first of all we must have a competent Engineer, one who knows all about excavations, about embankments, about tunnels, about mountains. I know engineers who have carved up mountains, cut down mountains, removed mountains. I will do nothing unless I know who is to be our Engineer. Zerubbabel led at the rebuilding of the ancient Temple, and Matthew Henry, the greatest of commentators, declares that our Zerubbabel is the Lord Jesus Christ. The Zerubbabel of my text was only a type of the glorious and omnipotent Jesus, and as I look up into the face of this Divine Engineer and see it glow with all the splendors of the Godhead, and see that in his arm is the almightiness that flung out all the worlds that glitter in the midnight heavens, and that to lift the Himalayas would cost him no more effort than for me to lift an ounce, my courage begins to rally, and my faith begins to mount, and my enthusiasm is all aflame, and the words of my text this moment just fit my lips and express the triumph of my soul, and I cry out, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

My experiences with the shovel are that you cannot do much by one push of that implement, and that after you have been digging with it an hour what you have accomplished seems very little; but just go along by the place where they are building a railroad through a mountain and see what a great work a thousand shovels can do, and know that while there are a thousand shovels at work on this side of the mountain there are a thousand shovels busy on the other side, and all I have to do is to manage my own particular shovel. It cheers me to think that against this old Mountain of Sin there are hundreds of thousands and millions of shovels this mo-

ment busy, and we are all at work under the one Engineer who came down from his throne in heaven to oversee and help the removal of that mountain, and who has contracted to have it done. I have seen the contract, and He is well paid for it. The compensation promised by the Throne of heaven is, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." The reason so many of us are idle is that we want a bigger shovel or we would like to manage some great hydraulic engine. No, brother. Stick to your shovel. Dig away in your Sabbath classes. Dig away in your missions. Dig away in your homes. Dig away in your pulpits. Do the work next to you. Do not spend too much time looking at the great size of the mountains or at the way others use their shovels. All that you can accomplish toward the removing of that mountain will be with your own particular shovel. Remember little David, with Saul's helmet on him, dropping clear down over his ears, even unto his shoulders. But when he got in his hand the boy's sling, how well he used it! If you do not understand Greek, do not attempt to tell the people what the text is in the original. If you do not understand Latin, attempt no drafts upon Latinity. You who want to help in the removal of the mountain, hold on to your shovel. Much time has been lost by the fact that many of the sharpest shovels, instead of being used for the removal of the mountain, have been used in fighting each other. The great Presbyterian church was mightily hindered by the fight that for years went on between Old School shovels and New School shovels, and it was not until the meeting of the General Assembly at Pittsburg, thirty or forty years ago that many good men made up their minds that shovels are not made to fight with but to dig with. Many of the old theologians went around with bandaged foreheads which had not been struck by the swords in the battle for God, but by the shovels of ecclesiastical embroglio. They had a special admiration for that Psalm of David which said, "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." The Methodist Church had a battle of shovels over Lay delegation, and womanly representation. I am glad to say that most of the ecclesiastical pugilists, in all denominations, are dead, and that they had big funerals. But there are so many shovels now rightly engaged that no statistics can count them. I tell you the mountain is coming down. It is coming down rapidly. It will all come down. There are those who hear or read these words who will gaze upon its complete prostration; for what is the use of my keeping back any longer the full statement of the fact, which I have somewhat delayed through lawful sermonic strategy, the fact that the Lord God Almighty, in the full play of his omnipotence, will accomplish this supernal work. If God can build a mountain, I guess he can remove a mountain. After God has given full opportunity for the shovels, He will come in with His thunderbolts. There is the programme. First the shovels, then the thunderbolts. Our's the shovels, God's the thunderbolts. The text, which before we uttered with something of trepidation, now we utter in laugh of triumph, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

Sometimes a general begins a battle before he is ready, because the enemy forces it on him. The general says, "The enemy are pushing us, and so I open battle. We

are not sufficient to cope with them, but I hope the reserve forces will come up in time." The battle rages, and the general looks through his field-glass at the troops, but ever and anon he sweeps his field-glass backward and upward toward the hill, to see if the reserve forces are coming. "Hard pushed are we!" says the general. "I do wish those reinforcements would come up." After awhile the plumes of the advancing cavalry are seen tossing on the ridge of the hill, and then the flash of swords, and then the long lines of mounted troops, their horses in full gallop, and the general says, "All is well. Hold out, my men, a little longer. Let the sergeants ride along the lines and cheer the men and tell them reinforcements are coming." And now the rumbling of the batteries and gun-carriages is distinctly heard, and soon they are in line, and at the first roar of the newly-arrived artillery the enemy, a little while before so jubilant, fall back in wild retreat, their way strewn with canteens and knapsacks and ammunition, that the defeated may be unhindered in their flight. That is just the way now. In this great battle against sin and crime and moral death the enemy seem too much for us. More grogshops than churches. More bad men than good men, and they come up with bravado and the force of great numbers. They have opened battle upon us before we are, in our own strength, ready



Photographed by an American Missionary.

A GROUP OF ARMENIAN ORPHANS.

to meet them, and great are the discouragements. But steady, there! Hold on! Reinforcements are coming. Through the glass of inspiration I look, and see the flash of the sword of "him who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords." All heaven is on our side and is coming to the rescue. I hear the rumbling of the King's artillery, louder than any thunder that ever shook the earth, and with every roll of the ponderous wheels our courage augments, and when these reinforcements from heaven get into line with the forces of God already on earth, all the armies of unrighteousness will see that their hour of doom has come, and will waver and fall back and take flight and nothing be left of them save here and there, strewn by the wayside, an agnostic's pen or a broken decanter or a torn playbill of a debasing amusement or a blasphemous paragraph, or a leper's scale, or a dragon's tooth, to show they ever existed. Let there be cheering all along the lines of Christian workers, over the fact that what the shovels fail to do will be accomplished by the thunderbolts. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,
Shrine of the mighty can it be
That this is all remains of thee!

Save Armenia's Orphans

The Work of Rescue Already Begun. A Great Christian Crusade.



O phase of the great work of Armenian Relief, in which the whole Christian world has been actively engaged for a year past, has aroused deeper sympathy than that which has for its object the rescue of the 50,000 orphan children of the Armenian martyrs from Mohammedan control. Indeed, the movement for their rescue has developed so rapidly, and is characterized by such enthusiasm, that it may truthfully be called a great Christian crusade.

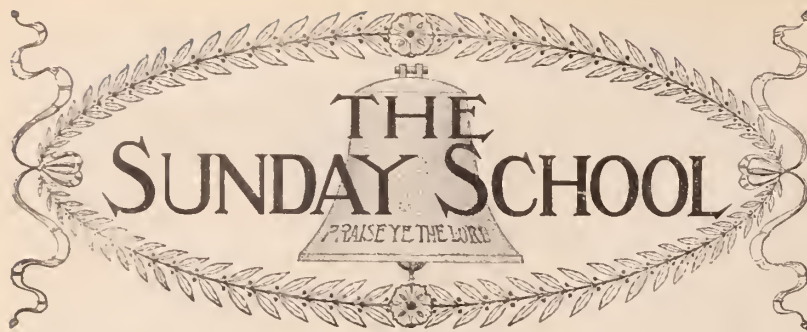
As was stated in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there is now on foot a movement to establish Christian Orphanages at several cities, for the helpless Armenian children, and contributions have already begun to flow in from Europe and America for their founding and support. Our readers have been steadily in the van in the Armenian relief work, and they have now an opportunity of still further aiding this worthy cause by helping to succor the orphans of Oorfa, whose pitiful case was set forth in these columns last week. Miss Corinna Shattuck, the American Board missionary at Oorfa, to whom the first \$1,000 was cabled for the orphan work, has doubtless already begun operations, and we may soon expect to hear cheering reports from that city. It will cost about \$25 to clothe, feed, support and educate one of these orphans for a year.

There are other Armenian cities whose orphan roll is almost as appalling as that of Oorfa. At Van, where there are 2,000 helpless orphans in the city and about 7,500 in the villages, funds have been received from England, Switzerland, France, and elsewhere, to aid in their support. One missionary writes:

What is to become of them? If help is not extended to them a large proportion will perish before Spring. Many more, especially of the girls, will fall into Moslem hands, and you can imagine something of the moral degradation which that implies. For very few of the remainder can it be hoped that they will receive the education and religious training that will make them Christians, or useful members of society. But as I see the bright, attractive faces surmounting these rags, I think what possibilities are before them, if sweet Charity can envelope them in her arms of love, care for and train them.

The following contributions for the work have been received during the week:

Eben L Higgins...	50	C E S 2 Free Bapt	3 19
M Day	1 00	Ch, Buffalo.....	1 00
Lizzie Beals.....	50	Mr & Mrs E Joyner	1 04
Mrs Moore.....	1 00	Scandinavian Bapt	
Eliza Ridley.....	10 00	Ch, Conde.....	5 00
D W Deem.....	3 00	Kansas friend.....	1 00
S M St Louis.....	10 00	Friends, Harvard.....	3 00
Friends, Petoskey.....	5 45	F R Monger.....	35
Wm Berg.....	3 50	Julia B Wainman.....	3 00
Pleasant Prairie M		Mrs D C Angle.....	1 00
E S S.....	6 04	The Right Hand,	
1 Free Bapt W M S		Mt Gilead.....	50
Brunswick.....	8 00	Lewis McKnight.....	5 00
Valentine Franck.....	1 00	Mary E Gerould.....	3 00
I H N. Wyant.....	1 00	Lizzie Maryland.....	17 00
Moreland Bapt Ch.....	1 00	In the name of Je-	
Reader, Morrison.....	1 00	sus, Selin's Grove	1 00
Primary S S Cl		Friend, Thompson-	
Cong Ch, Thom-		ville.....	2 00
aston.....	11 25	S R R. Woodbury.....	2 00
Mrs Sarah Toland.....	2 00	S R R. Woodbury.....	1 00
Paris, Tenn.....	1 00	Friend, Glo.....	1 50
Mrs J C Miller.....	2 50	Cong S S, Walling-	
Subr, Worcester.....	1 00	ford.....	16 66
P H Rems.....	50	J C E Wallingford.....	1 50
Box, Chetopa.....	10 00	Mrs M C Cass.....	1 00
Mary Glazier.....	2 00	Mrs B F Andrae.....	3 00
S P Lindgren.....	5 00	Mrs H J Tubb.....	2 00
S S Christ Cong Ch,		Helena Halvorsen.....	5 00
New Smyrna.....	5 68	Edward Halvorsen.....	5 00
Y P S C E, New		Louis Halvorsen.....	5 00
Smyrna.....	2 00	Mrs A Anderson.....	1 00
Disciple, Almont.....	1 00	Nellie Nelson.....	4 00
Walton, Baroda.....	5 00	Bapt Ch, Frostburg	2 00
Friends, Meridian.....	9 50	Henry L Davis.....	5 00
U P S S, W Newton		C E Newcomer.....	5 00
D M Hensch.....	13 25	Mrs J A Billups.....	1 00
S S 1 Bapt Ch, St		Mrs Mary McQueen	1 00
Louis.....	5 23	J Sydney Smith.....	1 00
Mrs R S & P S		Mrs L A Bruce.....	3 00
Nichols.....	2 00	Mrs H D Edwards.....	2 00
Tacoma.....	5 00	Friend, St Paul.....	90
H A M In memoriam		McKnight's S S.....	2 80
Mrs W T Thyme.....	5 50	German Pres Ch,	
Friend, A O.....	5 50	Kamrar.....	38 28
Belle M Haskins.....	2 00	G C G. Maquoketa.....	9 00
Perry.....	1 50	Friend, Moodus.....	5 00
Mrs A L Risley.....	75	A K. Salisbury.....	5 00
Mrs Brink's cl M E		Friend, E Orange.....	15 00
S S, Round Lake.....	15 00	Total.....	\$366 27



The Boldness of Peter and John.

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 31.
Acts 4: 1-22. Golden Text, Acts 4:
12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHILE the power of God was being manifested among the multitude, and the number of believers in the risen and glorified Christ had so augmented that the number of men, not reckoning women and children, had risen to five thousand, opposition and persecution were preparing among the priestly party. If Jesus of Nazareth were indeed the Christ; if his life and teaching were of God, then both the lives and the teaching of the priests were condemned by their extreme contrast; and all their power was at an end. To acknowledge Jesus was for them, as for others, to lose all; and for this they were not prepared. The tidings of what had happened to the lame man had reached them; no time was to be lost, this thing must be stopped. Making common cause with the Sadducees, who were equally condemned with them by the holy life and by the divine power of the Lord Jesus, they "came upon" Peter and John while they were yet speaking in the Holy Ghost to the multitude which had gathered around them and the healed man.

The Grievance

was that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. The two disciples had nothing to lose, all they had possessed, their ships and their nets, had been left long ago to follow Christ; and what they had received of God could not be taken away from them. The ecclesiastics had everything to lose, their position, their reputation, their authority, and even their very bread, for if they did not get the titles, and their share of the offerings, they were ruined men. To them God was not a real Father, a true Jehovah Jireh; if they did not look out for themselves, they had no confidence that God would care for them, while the two disciples had already gone through the experience of going forth without scrip, or purse, or other resource, but a faithful God, and they had lacked nothing. Emboldened by their unjust apprehension of the Lord Jesus, the priestly dignitaries laid hand on the disciples and put them in hold until the next day, for it was now eventide. Ever since the ninth hour when the miracle took place, until now, probably about six or seven P.M., the disciples had been teaching Jesus and the resurrection to the assembled people.

It is more than probable that Peter and John passed a much more peaceful night in the prison than did their persecutors, who, very likely, were engaged far into the night in gathering together their resources. On the morrow "their rulers, and elders, and scribes, and Annas the high priest, and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest, were gathered together at Jerusalem." All these dignitaries and men of influence combined to overcome the power and influence of two unlearned fishermen! Why? They had within them the mighty and invincible power of the Holy Ghost, which their judges felt but would not acknowledge. It was the first time the disciples had been delivered up to the councils and "brought before governors for Christ's sake, and they were now to come into the inheritance of the promise. When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in

you." (Matt. 10: 19, 20). "By what power or in what name have ye done this?" was

The First Question

in the official examination. "Then Peter," not of himself, but "filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders, if we this day are examined concerning a good deed done to an impotent man"—prosecuted for giving a man power to earn his living, a strange indictment!—"in whom this man is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even in him doth this man stand here before you whole." No apology: none was needed. No accepting of credit personally! Peter and John were witnesses of Another, and their testimony was to him. They spoke as they believed and knew. He who had promised to be with them "all the days, even unto the consummation of the age" (Matt. 28: 20 R.V., margin), was with them in the healing of the man, and his power, not theirs, healed and upheld the former cripple: in him he was made whole. The Lord was working with them, and confirming his word with signs following as he had promised.

The tables were turned; the object of the prosecution was to prove against the prisoners that they had acted contrary to the authority of the priests; but the prisoners filled with the Holy Ghost brought an indictment against their judges which they were unable to meet. Judged by God, present in his servants, they were convicted and found guilty. "The name of Jesus whom ye crucified, and whom God raised up, has been

The Divine Power

and authority which healed this man. You, leaders of the people, have taken upon you to crucify God's Christ, but God is greater than you, and has raised him from the dead." "This is the Stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner." (R.V.) "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved." What could be more convincing, and yet these men were not convinced! Their whole aim was to maintain their power and position before men, it was not their concern to know the truth. O how blind are they who will not come face to face with God!

But the presence of Peter and John left an impression which was irresistible. They could not account for the boldness of these ignorant men. Who taught them to speak thus? What was it that made them speak with an authority which they, the teachers of the people, could not and dared not assume? There was but one way of accounting for it: they had been with Jesus, and the mantle of Jesus had fallen upon them. But their judges little knew that him whom they thought they had disposed of was himself dwelling in the men by the Holy Ghost; they not only had been with Jesus, but Jesus was with them now. In the eyes of the chief priests the fact that they had been with Jesus was their greatest condemnation. But a stubborn fact had to be dealt with: the power which the priests had thought to bury in the grave of Jesus lived and acted still; and this healed man who had been lame from his mother's womb, was the unanswerable evidence of it. For very shame with the man standing there, "they could say nothing against it. But giving order for the prisoners to withdraw, these great men conferred among themselves." O if they had taken counsel with God, how different might have been the result! When men really believe in God, and can put their cause in his hands, they can never be at their wits'

end. "What shall we do to these men?" was their helpless enquiry, "for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell at Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it, but that it spread no further among the people, let us strictly threaten them that they speak henceforth to no man in this name." "That it spread no further." Why should it not spread? What would be the danger to the people of the teaching and the working of Jesus of Nazareth? Would an immediate contact with God, independent of priests or scribes, a real life in touch with heaven be so dangerous? Alas! generally "the powers that be" of church or state, in all ages of the world have thought so, and the princes of this world have had the Lord of glory.

Lesson Points.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



HOW strangely the trouble came on the two Apostles! Here were two men quietly going up to the Temple to pray, and they pass the night in jail. We never know what a day may bring forth. The miracle, however, was done; there had



BEFORE THE SANHEDRIM.

been teaching, too, and some had believed. The evening of a man's life may be in darkness, or silence, or weakness and incapacity, but if he did his work in the morning he need not be distressed. His work will live even when he is silenced. The imprisonment of the two men was a punishment for their preaching. The Sadducees were exasperated with it. They were the rich, influential agnostics of their day. Christ had found his worst enemies among the Pharisees because his teaching had been a denunciation of self-seeking, pride, ambition and hypocrisy; but the Apostles aroused chiefly the opposition of the Sadducees because they preached that Jesus had risen from the dead. The Sadducees held that death ends all, and they saw that if the people came to believe that one man had risen from the dead, they would put no faith in the Sadducean doctrine, and their influence would be gone. Their representatives in this age are similarly disturbed. No doctrine is so offensive to them as that of a future life. So the Captain of the Temple (not the man mentioned in Acts 21: 31, who was a Roman whose quarters were in the Tower of Antonia, and whose functions were simply to suppress disorder and civil riot), a functionary of police set by the Jews to see that the Temple was not profaned, was prompted to arrest them. They were shut up all night and were brought in the morning before an executive committee of the Sanhedrim—the Jewish Supreme Court. It was not the full council, but a packed court of the Sadducean party. Annas, whom the Jews recognized as the High Priest, though he had been deposed by the Romans, and Caiaphas, whom the Romans had appointed in his stead, were both in attendance, and with them relatives and friends who were in sympathy with them. One might have expected that Peter, who had quailed before a maid-servant and had lied in his timidity, would have been awed by being brought before these august personages. But his answer shows a courage that is marvelous. His first words debately turn the tables on his judges. He declares that they have imprisoned him and are now arranging him for performing a good deed. They had put a question to him, however, as they did to Christ, to make

his answer the basis of an indictment. "By what power or by what name have ye done this?" "By the name of Jesus whom ye crucified." The answer must have put his life in peril, but he makes it pointed and personal, and in eloquent words goes on to state unambiguously doctrines the most offensive he could have uttered in that court. It is strange that he should have escaped punishment, but he did. Perhaps one reason was that the healed man was there to testify. The court could not argue away that fact. A great preacher points out how important it is to have such testimony. When Christianity is assailed and put on its trial it will be vindicated if it can produce men whose lives have been changed, hungry men whom it has fed, men in trouble whom it has consoled. Have your man to testify and the enemies of Christ, like these judges, seeing the man who has been delivered from his drunkenness, his vices amended, a decent man, standing with you can say nothing against it.

The stone set at naught of you builders. Peter alluded to a tradition familiar to every Jew. It was that when the temple was being built a beautifully carved stone arrived with others from the distant quarry. Every stone was fitted into its place in the edifice, but this particular stone seemed to have no place. It was so peculiar in shape and so different from all the others that the masons did not know what to do with it. The masons admired it but thought it only a splendid piece of folly, and left it among the rubbish, where dust accumulated on it and the moss grew on it. When the beautiful building was finished and Solomon was making his last inspection, he looked up at the east tower as if expecting to see something that would please him. "Why is this neglect?" inquired the king in indignant surprise. "Where is the stone I sent for the head of this corner?" Then the frightened workmen bethought them of the rejected stone and hurriedly sought it. It was found cleared of its defilement and hoisted to its place of honor. All declared that it was the one stone needed to give grace and beauty to the completed structure.

Neither is there salvation in any other. When Dr. Chalmers was leaving Kilmer he mentioned in his farewell address significant experience. At his first coming to the parish he preached sound morality. With all the force of his eloquent nature he denounced sin and warned the people against breaking God's holy law. "I never heard," he said afterwards, "of single reformation being effected by the sermons. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and duties of life ever had the weight of feather on the moral habits of my parishioners." But a change came in his life and he began to preach the life and power of Christ. At once there were results. His people broken in spirit, repented and renounced their sins. He said at the end of his ministry in Kilmer, "You have taught me that the effect of way of preaching morality is to preach Christ."

They were unlearned and ignorant men. That is they had no rabbinical knowledge which was the only knowledge these judges held in esteem. They were laymen trained in the theological schools. In some times such men have more wisdom in practical work than the scholars. So years ago a man was carried away by flood. He floated down the stream and it bore him, as he and others thought, with rare good fortune to a tree, which he seized and climbed to a branch, where he sat and waited to be rescued. But no one dared venture out on that turbulent stream. Any boat would be swept down or overturned. At sunset the man was still sitting there, but in the morning the tree had disappeared. While the people on the shore were deploring his fate a man came along who was considered a wit. "I could have saved him if I had been here," he said. "You! How?" "I would have made a float and tied a rope to it and have started it up the river where it would strike the tree and have pulled the man out with the rope." The people looked at one another in chagrin. No one had thought of that plan. It is not always the most learned and eloquent men who are most successful in saving souls. Many a humble mission-hall a poor, ignorant layman full of love for Christ and with faith in his power, can win souls that the great preachers could not reach.

INDIA'S STARVING MILLIONS.

The Christian Herald's Correspondent Describes the Scenes of Suffering, the People, and the Measures being taken for their Relief.



TWO months ago, when the reports of the appalling destitution in India indicated the widespread extent of the calamity. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, desiring to lay the exact facts before its readers, cabled to Mr. Benjamin

Benjamin, a Christian journalist in Calcutta, commissioning him to visit the districts affected, and write the facts as he saw them. He accepted the commission and personally visited the famine-stricken region. The first of a series of letters from him we give here, with photographs taken on his order on the spot specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These are the first authentic photographs of the suffering people that have ever been published.

Our Correspondent's Letter.

In the Vicinity of Bhopal.—A rough idea of the part of India affected by the present famine may be formed by beginning in the northwest, the Punjab, and running a line about one-third of the width of the country right down to about one-fourth of the distance from Cape Comorin. About the middle of India this band should bend

ed by keeping straight down it will avoid the whole west coast, leading to several circumstances which would be tedious to go into. The parts of the area indicated are not equally affected; while certain parts outside of the area are suffering conspicuously. The great indigo region of Behar and parts of both Assam.

The course of the famine, which is only beginning, is seen this: here are, in the rain, two harvests in India: the autumn harvest, grown under the heavy monsoon rains of June to September; and the spring harvest, grown under the lighter rains of December and January. The cultivator watches each all of rain with daily anxiety. For it is not enough that the rain be abundant; it must be properly distributed. If the first fall be too long deferred, the grain cannot be sown; if there be a drought of some weeks after the grain is sown, the young plants die; and if rains cease too early, the crop does not ripen. Well, the monsoon rains of the present year were very scanty in some parts, and while exceedingly abundant in others, failed altogether a month before the usual time. The result was that prices went up, people in moderate circumstances began to feel the pinch, and the mass whose means just suffice to sustain life in ordinary years, began to starve. The government was on the alert, and received weekly reports by telegraph from every part of the country, of the state of the crops and the rise of prices. Extensive schemes for making new roads, excavating tanks, filling up marshes, clearing away jungle, and breaking stones for road metal, all to give employment to the people, were got ready, and orders went forth not to consider the cost, but to start the

work one after another as soon as the scarcity made itself felt. Orders were also issued and funds allotted for the opening of poor-houses at suitable points throughout the affected area, to feed gratuitously those too weak for any kind of work, and especially the children, thousands of whom are losing their parents by death or desertion. Special European officers were appointed to have charge of both these measures of relief, with a perfect army of native supervisors and servants under them.

But it is one thing to organize relief measures, and a very different thing to induce the people to take advantage of them. When we have to deal with a population six times that of the United States, and crowded into a country no larger than the United States east of the Mississippi, it is surprising how quickly a few thousands can die without producing more than a ripple on the surface of life. The stupid stubbornness of the people passes belief, and is only accepted as a fact by Europeans who are here to see the way they act. Fatalism, superstition, prejudice, and indolence combined make multitudes of them take their chances of begging rather than leave their place of abode to go on a relief work; and at the poor-houses the starving people have such a mania for wandering all over the country that they do not get back for a second meal till they have gone perhaps two days without food; and their condition is then such that half of them die in a few days. So many people died on the roadsides and in the fields in August and September, that an imperative rule has been made requiring paupers to remain at the poor-houses if they are to

spring harvest. The first rain fell about ten days ago, very copiously in some parts. But it is found that over a full half of those parts the people had either eaten their grain for sowing, or had failed to sow it from mistrust that there would be any rain. In other parts there has been either no rain at all or an insignificant fall; so that even where the people had grain to sow and had sown it, no plants have come up. Thus the prospect for February and March, and then straight on till June, is truly awful. Much interest has been excited in India by the export of several ship loads of wheat from San Francisco for this market, purely as a mercantile operation. It will certainly bring local prices down a little.

Bhopal, where I am writing, is the capital of a Mohammedan State, independent of the British Government. The population is Hindoo, but the government is Mohammedan. It is the ninth centre I have visited since setting out from Calcutta; and I am working northward. Of these nine places, I have found the severest distress in Jabalpur (also spelled Jubbulpore). It is a large city and an important railroad junction, a little to the northeast of the centre of India. Sixteen hundred people are daily fed at the poor-house, and the accompanying photographs

show two groups of the worst specimens of the inmates. They were specially taken to my order last week, and were sent to me after I left Jabalpur. I wished to have a third picture of the more pleasing sight of the paupers at their food; but the photographer had a long way to go to the poor-house, and it did not then happen to be the dinner hour.* BENJAMIN AITKEN.

scriptions, headed by the Queen with a gift of twenty-five hundred dollars, are being raised. But the need is so stupendous: and the men and women and children are dying. Christianity ought to be distinctly represented in the work of relief. These Hindoos and Mohammedans should know that when Christian people heard of their extremity they would not wait for the Government to act, but out of their own pockets contributed to provide the hungry with bread. This is an opportunity to give them practical proof of the love and kindness of the Christian religion, which should not be missed. Every Christian missionary in India ought to have the means in his hand to feed every starving creature whom he sees. Such help rendered now will be the most effective sermon he has ever preached. It will be a proof of love that will never be forgotten in India, a practical evidence that Christians are followers of him who commanded that the hungry should be fed in his name. Many a starving native who thus receives food will bless the name of Jesus for giving the command, and will be prepared to listen to the Gospel of the Being in whose name they have been fed. From men of their own faith the sufferers are little likely to receive substantial help, but they look hopefully to the missionaries who have come to them from America to preach to them of the Bread of Life. One missionary writes that he has had children brought to him in baskets, so weak from starvation that they could not stand, begging that he would give them food to save them from dying. Grown men and women have come, so thin that their bones almost protruded from the skin. It is heart-rending to resist the piteous appeals for food from such sufferers; but to enable the missionaries to give this relief a large sum of money must be put in their hands without a day's delay. Happily there is food to be had if the missionaries had the money to buy it. This they can have speedily if the Christian people of America will subscribe as they have done for other suffering peoples. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to forward all sums sent for the purpose.



A STARVING FAMILY AT JABALPUR. From a Photograph taken specially for The Christian Herald.



A GROUP OF STARVING NATIVES OF THE FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICT OF JABALPUR, INDIA. From a Photograph forwarded by our own Correspondent in India.

be fed at all. This beneficent rule, although it looks like imprisonment, has practically stopped the people dying all over the country. They continue to die at the poor-houses, but that is the result of previous starvation, or of diseases—sometimes gangrene of the intestines—produced by long want of food. Quite often the first meal causes dysentery and death.

I do not say that all the poor-houses are managed as well as they ought to be. Of the hundreds of employees paid for looking after them, all are not honest; all the honest are not compassionate; and all the compassionate are not clever or diligent. But I am convinced that the best is being done for the starving population that it is possible to do. Besides, it is rare to find a native concerning himself about another native who is not of his own caste. As for the educated natives, who form a separate class by themselves, many of them are earnestly co-operating in measures of relief with the European officers, who are distracted with overwork and anxiety.

What renders the prospect now most serious is the threatened failure of the

show two groups of the worst specimens of the inmates. They were specially taken to my order last week, and were sent to me after I left Jabalpur. I wished to have a third picture of the more pleasing sight of the paupers at their food; but the photographer had a long way to go to the poor-house, and it did not then happen to be the dinner hour.* BENJAMIN AITKEN.

Our correspondent's letter was written from an up-country district where the famine was likely to be severely felt. The premonitions he expresses in his letter of the large fatality have proved true. The cable brings the shocking news that in the Jabalpur district ninety thousand persons have died of want. It is evident that food ought to be sent there immediately to save the other inhabitants of the district of whom there are two millions. It is gratifying to learn that the English Government is doing so much for the sufferers, and we are glad to see that private sub-

*Some of the people in the picture have tickets round their necks; all receive them, but all do not wear them.

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY



BY
GENERAL:
JOHN:
EATON:

UNHAPPY MORMON HOMES.

Mothers Sad for their Daughters' Future—A
Social and Religious Blight on Womanhood—Polygamy's Foes in Utah.

WHAT revelations Mormon women could give of their sufferings in polygamous homes! Indeed not a few of their harrowing tales have found their way into literature. The facts need nothing added by imagination to increase their disclosure of suffering. Many a young and happy pair, married elsewhere, have been beguiled into Mormonism, located in Utah, and yielding to polygamy under the iron hand of its leaders, have drawn out the rest of their days in misery. The man is occupied and diverted with various duties and under the influence of force and a mixture of deceptive and degrading motives, has yielded and suffered less perchance than the wife whose sphere is more restricted, and is not consulted, as one wife

labor of all the wives supported the husband. Contrast one of these families with a monogamous home where the pure and happy life of husband and wife, parent and child accord with the exalted teachings of Christianity. Every one who shares it, declares in truth, "there is no place like home." It is the resort

Of love, of peace, of plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
Mingle into bliss.

However humble, it is the centre of motives to effort. It nerves the arm of industry and inspires the heart to virtue. No wonder that philosophers rank it with the Church and the State, as one of the three divine foundations of human affairs. Where, beside in Mormonism, has woman been more terribly crushed? Does her nature ever become so perverted that she claims to see in plural marriage her exaltation and joy? It is only a final sign of her utter degradation. In the family of Mohammedanism or the further Orient, to whatever polygamy may degrade her in this life, it leaves her existence beyond the grave un-

manifesto was issued suspending plural marriages. In their earnest efforts to make good this manifesto is the hope of their future. Polygamy rooted out, this source of corruption gone, this appeal to "animalism" ended, and the Bible still recognized among their sacred books, it may be hoped that other destructive notions which help to make up the illogical mixture of beliefs often contradictory in their statement, known as the Mormon religion may more and more lose hold upon its adherents, the tyranny of leaders be thrown off, and the personal rights guaranteed under the American Constitution, be asserted and enjoyed. The common desire to prolong this life, to get the most out of it often operates to correct destructive ideas and habits. The moment one human mind yields itself unthinkingly to the direction of another, as the Mormon leaders have required, that instant it is no longer itself, it is perverted, it loses its essential freedom. No one can predict what it will do. In the midst of life's temptations it is likely to drift to its own destruction and become the ruin of others. Out of such a body of individuals would it be reasonable to expect a happy, self-respecting, virtuous community? All the great forces

circumstances, there has been a wide diversity of feeling. It shows what the leader would do if they dared, and at the same time how liberal Mormons are daring to think for themselves. In the recent conference of his state the quarrel over



CITY AND COUNTY BUILDINGS, SALT LAKE CITY.

resolutions to condemn him was bitter his political party convention, however, was heartily sustained by the young liberal Mormons.

JOHN EATON.

A Remarkable Shipmaster

Mr. F. A. Abbot, of the *Galve News*, who was a passenger on the steamer "Comanche," from Jacksonville to New York, last month, writes thus of L. Pennington, the commander of the vessel: "Captain Pennington has been known many years in this country and port Europe as a most wonderfully constituted Christian man and even his steam run on those principles—service held on board by himself every Sabbath that he is at sea, and hundreds have known to gather in the cabin of the vessel to hear him. He was converted under Falmagne's preaching. Missions have been established by this extraordinary man, much good work done. The foundation of his work is faith, believing that his words, 'according to thy faith be it



"CRAZY COTTAGE," RECENTLY BURNED.

after another darkens the door of her home and crushes hope out of her heart. Can it be a surprise that one declares she has "suffered ten thousand deaths?" Every touch of the life around her is agony, but she is not distressed for herself alone. She has daughters, and every thought of them tells her that her agony is to be refreshed in their lives. Is it strange, as she looks on the little graves in the cemetery near her home, that she sighs that her little ones might find there a safe retreat under little green mounds, from the fate which is consuming her own life? It has been well said that "from the day that Sarah turned Hagar from her door and drove her into the wilderness with her offspring, there was never a time in woman's history when she desired to share her husband with another woman, and there never was a day when that husband could please two wives. The relationship is false." "Were the man an angel, it would be impossible for him to act justly towards two or twenty wives." Can language describe or the imagination picture the life of a family and of the several children belonging to each, housed in a single roomed primitive log cabin? This was too much for Mormonism even, and a new room came to be added with each wife, and so there would come the long, one-storied house with a separate room chimney and door for each family, the man residing with each in turn as he chose. In farming districts, perhaps, each wife was assigned a portion of tillage for her own cultivation; and not infrequently the joint



LOOKING UP SOUTH TEMPLE, OR 'BRIGHAM STREET.'

controlled by her polygamous relations. But Mormonism places its destroying hand on her eternally. It does not allow her the same redemption as man through the blood of the Saviour. She must marry to be saved or exalted. Indeed, her exaltation is made to depend upon the number of times her husband is married. She is to have

children in the next world as in this. Some point to woman suffrage in Utah as a sign of her privileges. But is it not more a sign that she can only do another act as man dictates! I must not pause to dwell upon the effect of a polygamous home upon the training of its children. Marriages, it must be remembered, can be performed only in the Endowment House in secret, thus losing the beneficent effects of publicity. Daughters of more wealthy families, educated outside of Utah, long ago often resisted plural marriage. To them the destruction of

which exalt character would be let down, loosened, become inoperative and manhood and womanhood be irretrievably lost. Character would become dependent upon external directing forces, and when they are withdrawn it would collapse and disappear. Every consideration urges young Mormons toward the Bible. Their plans formed according to its moral precepts will realize their only safety. It should be remembered that the so-called "Josephites" have never accepted polygamy. This, together with the revelation or manifesto issued against it a few years ago, offers ground for those among Mormons to stand upon, who resist a return to the practice. Another fact of great significance and calculated to break the force of church tyranny is the exclusion of Moses Thatcher from apostleship for not signing the manifesto claiming church control of the nomination of church officers for civil office. Moses Thatcher has long been an apostle and an eminent church leader, and greatly trusted. Last fall he became a candidate for United States Senator under Statehood, and the understanding is that he did it without the consent of the church authorities. When this recent manifesto was issued, signed by the three presidents and all of the apostles but Thatcher, and it was presented to him on his sick bed with an hour and a half to consider it and return it; he returned it without his signature, declaring the signing of it would stultify himself. On the question of his expulsion from apostleship under the cir-



APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT.

polygamy was a most happy relief. Indeed, the great body of younger Mormons have seemed to feel that an awful church weight fell off from their lives when the



THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

thee," hold as good to-day as when they were spoken. Captain Pennington's first number up in the thousands, and are probably those in Galveston to who will call him to mind as he has commanded several vessels in long years to that port."

"Charity" Carved in Snow

A few years ago, on a very cold winter day, the people of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, were surprised, so the story runs, at seeing a high fence raised up in the public parks, behind which was to be seen a figure in snow. The news spread that this figure was from the hand of a sculptor, who invited people to come and look at it for a voluntary entrance fee, which was devoted to charity. Thousands of people came. There stood the form of a majesty, a male figure, moulded in white, blinding snow; her features beaming with love and kindness. This figure represented "Charity," and around her stood smaller figures in snow of little children, with thin and torn garments, receiving presents from her hands. Spring at last came and its advent the beautiful figure disappeared. But "Charity" had served a good purpose by bringing in 16,000 crowns, or \$200,000.

THE RED MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

Indian Tribes, Once Savage, Gradually Coming Under Civilizing and Christianizing Influences—Set-Backs to Progress.



AN INDIAN BOY.

IN no country in the world have savage tribes been more quickly transformed, under Gospel and educative influences, to quiet and law-abiding citizens, than in our own land, where Indian tribes, which, a few years ago, were wild and rebellious, are now living at peace with the rest of mankind. To this end many causes have contributed, and it has been reached in spite of many obstacles. After the pioneer came the missionary, and following him, the teacher; and now it may be truthfully said that, with the exception of a few scattering tribal remnants in remote parts of the North-west and South-west, our red men are fairly under the beneficent influence of a Christian civilization. To such noble workers as Sheldon Jackson, founder of many schools and mission stations among the Indians from Alaska to New Mexico; to the brave missionaries of the various Christian denominations who have settled schools in many cities, and to the sterling and devoted workers of the American Sunday School Union, widely distributed in the "Indian country," as well as in the old and settled States, these results are mainly due, under Providence. Nor should the splendid work of the Carlisle Indian School and Hampton Institute be overlooked, for these institutions have trained and educated many hundreds of red-men and women, and sent them out as living examples and teachers among their dusky kindred. In twenty-five years this transforming process has been steadily progressing at Hampton, and both there and at Carlisle the impetus afforded to Indian progress has made a very marked change in the aspects of the Indian race. Not only are many Indian youths of both sexes emancipated from the ignorance and foolish traditions of their ancestors, but a very large proportion have become sound, useful Christians. In an address delivered some time ago at Washington, Bishop Doane, of North Dakota, said: "There are men who tell me if it is not a fact that the Indians, when converted in the Western Schools, lapse on returning West. My answer is that a converted Indian is generally a truer Christian than an average white man. I speak from practical knowledge. I know they are willing to make sacrifices for their faith that the white man is not. When they know what Christianity brings them in this life and in the life to come, they long to have their friends know the truth that is such a source of peace to them. I was called to a place on the Grand Ball River, and there I found a group of about fifty men and women. Among them were three young fellows who had been at Hampton, and one who had been at another school. They came back from school, and had converted the people together, and told them the happiness of becoming Christians. For a year or more they had gathered the people together week by week, and I found to my amazement that these young men who had been at Hampton had become so infused with the Christian idea, that I had taught them so much religion, that I could safely admit all who presented themselves for holy baptism, and then I there I admitted them into the Christian Church. That shows that the influ-

ence of that school goes out in ways we know not of."

Life in an Indian village, such as that which our artist has shown in the colored illustration on the first page of this issue, has its picturesque side, but it has also many discomforts, even to the Indians themselves. Such villages, now becoming rarer every year, are giving place to the comfortable frame structures that are now to be found in many parts of the Indian country, affording evidence of the steady progress of the race in civilization. Instead of the smoky tent or tepee, with its foul-smelling interior and utter lack of cleanly surroundings, the squaw and papoose have the neat wooden cabin with its cookstove, and the piece of cultivated ground adjoining shows that the Indian is making at least some use of his new opportunities and agricultural training. Of course it will be a long time before the red-men, as a whole, reach the point of absolute self-support, and the government must continue to dole out regular rations for many years to come. This vivid picture by a missionary, of a semi-civilized Indian settlement, gives an idea how that system operates. It is little if any better than the old wigwam system, but the infusion of education in the red-men's homes is working a gradual improvement:

These people draw their beef on Saturday, their bread, sugar and coffee, etc., on Monday. On Saturday and Sabbath they gorge themselves with beef. They add quantities of coffee, strong as lye, to it on Monday, and they eat until all is gone. Then, for about five days, they have almost nothing to eat, often eating boiled corn alone for days; and if the corn is scarce, they go hungry. This, of course, weakens the system, and brings on disease. In winter, the cabin is kept hot as a furnace, and the air is thick with disease germs. Will anyone say that such surroundings are healthy? Unless Christian homes are built among the people and they are taught the value of cleanliness and pure air, they will all die. The old-time Indian here smoked, but not tobacco. He had the bark of the red willow. The Indian of to-day, from the five-year

are practically neglected. Not a hundred miles from the agency are Indians who declare that they have never derived any benefit from the annual issue of tools, windows or doors, and sometimes wagons and harness, which the Government makes at the agency. There is not an axe or shovel in that part of the reservation that

New Testaments, in their own language, was sent to them. Now they are reading the Gospel story in their own language.

In a report issued a few days ago by Prof. Meserve of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., on the investigation by the Congressional Commission known as the Dawes Commission, into the condition of



YOUNG CHIPPEWA CANOE-BUILDERS AT WORK.

"Washington" gave to them. A few have axes and shovels bought of traders. It is impossible, under the circumstances, for such Indians to make equal progress with those who are generously equipped with tools, clothed, fed and educated at Government expense.

Much of the work of the American Sunday School Union missionaries in the west lies in the Indian country. Missionary J. P. Lane writes from Oklahoma as follows:

I have recently returned from the Indian Territory, where I started a school near a place called "Robbers' Roost," where robberies were once common at a camping place near a spring. Things are not so bad there now, but horse and cattle stealing are common. This is a needy field in many respects. Some of the people are very poor. The land all be-

"the five civilized tribes" in the Indian Territory (the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles), some very interesting facts as to the condition of the tribes are brought to light. Prof. Meserve discovered that the Reservation Indians were largely at the mercy of land speculators and swindlers and that while civilization had doubtless accomplished much for them, it had introduced a host of evils unheard of before. Instead of the land being held in common, various arrangements were in operation between Indians and whites in violation of the law. Monopolists, white and red, controlled almost the entire product of the territory. Crime and corruption were rampant and in a single year there had been 100 murders in the Choctaw Nation alone. The courts had failed to bring offenders to trial or to punish them. These abuses, in larger part, were the result of the Government's failure to afford proper protection to the Indian as guaranteed by the treaties. Prof. Meserve admits that, with due protection, the Five Nations would in all likelihood make quite a different record. He says:

I have met Indians of these five tribes, who were well dressed, and have business qualifications of a high order, who speak English well, who are Christians, and in every way capable and honored citizens. This shows what the Indian is capable of, but the condition of affairs has come to be such that heroic measures must be taken.

Allotment of land to Indian adults, under such restrictions to make it inalienable, he believes would go very far towards remedying present evils. Of course until some remedial legislation is adopted, the progress of civilization and Gospel teaching among the Five Nations will be retarded by many obstacles of the character indicated.

Our illustrations on this page are interesting in connection with the subject. The Ute chiefs are types of a warlike tribe now fast being civilized. In the group of Chippewa boat-builders the young bucks are seen at a favorite employment at which they are very skillful. Even the civilized Indian loves to hunt or fish, and a holiday in the woods or on the lake or river is to him a keen delight.

At the present time the chief tribes who are receiving the benefits of education and the Gospel, and who have made the greatest progress are the Utes, Cheyennes, Sissetons, Lower Brule, Crows, Creeks, Yanktons, Cherokees, Arapahoes, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Osages, Poncas, Winnebagoes, Omahas, Kaws, the Kickapoos, Kiowas, Pottawatomies, Sac Foxes, Seminoles, and in smaller degree the Comanches and Apaches. All of these tribes have reservations in North and South Dakota and the Indian Territory.



INDIAN CHIEFS OF THE BANNOCKS AND UTES, IN TRIBAL DRESS.

old boy to the great grandfather, will smoke tobacco pipes and cigarettes. This brings to the children the worst form of nervous disease.

Fortunately, not all the Indian villages are like this. An instance of the better type is the Navajo Mission at Holyoke, Utah, where the farm houses are neat and well kept, the children healthy and the adults well behaved. The Navajos number from sixteen to twenty thousand souls, scattered over a large reservation and adjoining country, in the borders of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. As they subsist entirely upon their flocks of sheep and goats, and the little corn and wheat a few of them raise in places where water for irrigation can be obtained—for the Government does not give them rations—they are naturally compelled to settle where they can get pasture and water for their flocks. In the country surrounding the agency the forests are utilized for the Indians' benefit, a saw mill being run by the Government for the sawing of lumber. But there are others of the same tribe who

longs to the Indians. Sometimes a large family will be in a small house of one or two rooms, and perhaps a dirty floor. I met one white trader and one itinerant minister who could not read or write,—their wives did for both of them. One superintendent and an assistant superintendent of another school believe the earth is flat, and that the sun runs. In their homes the children gather about me in numbers, anxious for papers, cards, etc. They stand on my feet, climb on my knees, take out my watch, or examine the cloth in my coat and vest; all this, regardless of the mud on their feet, or the mixture of grease, sorghum, and soil on their hands, feet, and clothes. Several talk at once, some laugh and the smaller ones cry, while the parents and myself try to be heard. The same is common at the table, and talking in church is frequent.

Some time ago, a young Indian, was converted in one of the Union Sunday Schools established by James Stanaway, in the upper peninsula of Michigan. He was anxious to make known the Gospel to the old men of the tribe, but they could not understand the story in English, or read the English Bible. So a supply of



T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Dead War-Eagles.

THE clouds of war are nearly all vanished from our skies. With all the sad experience of other nations before it, every government must learn, amid tears and agony, that war is ruin—individual, domestic, social, financial, moral—and that defeat is often only a little worse than victory. The time will come when arbitration will take the place of gunpowder and keen steel. So long ago as the time of William Penn the efficacy of arbitration was demonstrated. He proposed to come to America, and without any weapons treat with the worst savages. Charles II. scoffed at him, and said, "What! Venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man! What security have you that you will not be in their war kettle within two hours after setting foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," said William Penn. "I doubt that, friend William," said the King. "I have no idea of any security against these cannibals but a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets, and I tell you beforehand, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligation, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of your soldiers," said Penn. "I depend on something better." "On what?" asked the King. William Penn answered, "On the Indians themselves, on their moral sense, and on the promised protection of God." It is a fact in American history that for seventy years the red men kept the treaty, and it was not broken until the white men broke it. Now, if the treaty made between William Penn and American savages could last seventy years certainly intelligent nations ought to be able to keep the peace. In most wars the question at issue is as undecided after as before the bloodshed. In our war with Great Britain in 1812 the question involved was the impressment of American seamen. Two years, and a-half of war raged, our Government expended three hundred million dollars and lost thousands of lives, and the question still remained about the impressment of American sailors. Some say wars are necessary to clear off the surplus population of the earth, and had it not been for the hundreds of millions slain in battle, the earth would have been too crowded with inhabitants, but my opinion is that people die fast enough. With the cholera and yellow fevers and pneumonias and consumption and typhoids, and the cyclones and the shipwrecks and the earthquakes, depopulation need not be accelerated. The

best thing you can do with a man is to save him, and the worst thing you can do with a man is to kill him.

Clinton's Ditch.

THE most of the Northern canals are closed. How strange that commerce should feel the closing for a few months of "De Witt Clinton's Ditch," for so the canal was nicknamed when it was first suggested. No one supposed it would ever be completed, and a common proverb of the day was, "If I can live until Clinton's Ditch is done, I shall be content." A popular epigram in regard to it appeared:

Oh, a ditch he would dig from the lakes to the sea,
The eighth of the world's matchless wonder to be.

Good land! How absurd! But why should you grieve?

It will do to bury its mad author in.

Nevertheless, the work went on to its completion, and on October 26, 1825, it was opened with procession and cannonade. The Governor of the State and prominent officials took passage in a gorgeous canal boat from Buffalo for New York, and the fact was telegraphed by some fifty guns fired at distances from each other of ten or fifteen miles, and in one hour and thirty minutes the news was thus signaled from Buffalo to New York, and a keg of water from Lake Erie was solemnly poured out at Sandy Hook into the Atlantic Ocean, typical of the union effected. Since then what tides of wealth have poured down through it! Under its bridges the Western harvests have come to the seaboard, and the clang of its closing gates the other day echoed across the continent. How well can men afford to be scoffed at and unappreciated in their own time, when they work for the coming centuries! The fact is we are all, with sharper or duller spades, digging canals through which shall roll future influences. The world may sneeringly call our work a "ditch," but God and the angels know it is worth something more than derision. What you do now, however insignificant it may seem to you or others, done in the right spirit and for the right end, will last as long as eternity. In 1785, Christopher Colles, an Irishman not long in this country, suggested this great commercial artery, in a pamphlet entitled, "Proposals for the Speedy Settlement of the Western Portion of New York." His name you never read till this moment, and so much of the good you do may not be recognized on earth, but there will be a realm of reward in the great future. The promise is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown."

A Common Scene.

ONE of the most tragic places is a pawnbroker's shop. As I gaze into the window, every article there has a history. Elegant furs. Elegant watches. Elegant flutes. Elegant scarfs. People stand with a pleased look gazing at these things; but I look in with a shudder, as though I had seen into a window of hell. Whose elegant watch was that? It was a drunkard's watch! Whose furs? They belonged to a drunkard's wife! Whose flute? Whose shoes? Whose scarf? They belonged to a drunkard's child!

Shine.

HAVE you a joy? Out with it! Set your candle upon the mantelpiece. When in boyhood, in the country, I went to prayer-meetings, and father would take a lantern and go ahead, and we would all follow in the light of that one lantern, not stumbling or losing our way. Let your light so shine before men! Don't sit during prayer-meeting with your head down in your hands as though you had been asleep two weeks. The homeliest part of you is the top of your head. Let your face shine.

PRAYER: And a Great Prayer Test.

PRAYER is as essential to the divine life as breathing is to the natural one. The wicked restrain prayer—hypocrites pretend it—formalists imitate it—the good pray continually and in everything give thanks. They may well do so, when they consider that the poorest day is the "conflux of two eternities; made up from currents issuing from the remotest past, and flowing onward to the remotest future." What is to take place, they know not; yet they are sure that no event may safely be called a trifle; because great events, frequently spring from what appear to be trifling and commonplace circumstances.

When Joseph bade his father "good-by" and went to seek his brothers, he did not think it would be a "good-by" for twenty years. When David left those few sheep in the wilderness and went down to the camp, he did not think he was going towards the throne of Israel. When Saul went to look for his lost asses, he had no idea he would meet a prophet and find a crown. So, no matter how business presses, we cannot afford to do without God all day, and yet we have no right to expect that if we forget him, he will remember us. Are we insured against accident, sickness, death? Alas, we can make no treaty with these inscrutable agents! But we may ask God to do it for us. We go out every morning, not knowing the way we should take, but nothing can deceive or perplex God; therefore what peace! what stillness of soul! what confidence we may feel when we have put the day and all it may bring forth in his Omnipotent Hand!

The encouragements to personal prayer are many. First: We are not restricted to probabilities. If we ask a human friend to help us, we must not exceed his ability. There is no limit to what we may ask of God. Second: We are encouraged to tell all our griefs, and ask aid for every need, by the form of address taught us. It is not to "Jehovah," "The Eternal," "The King of Kings," but to Our Father we are told to pray; and this by the gracious and immutable promise that he will in nowise cast us out. Third: We are not confined to certain times and places. There is no key to God's Council Chamber; it is always open. God is always on the Mercy Seat. The golden sceptre is always stretched out. Fourth: If we are so sorrowful, so ashamed, so sinful, that we can only cast ourselves there and are "dumb before him," then there is an Advocate accredited and welcome, and

The Son adored the Father:
Be merciful, O God!

Finally, prayer is the touchstone of our spiritual life; for either sinning will make us leave off praying, or praying will make us leave off sinning.

If we pray for ourselves, we shall pray for those we love. Family prayer will grow out of personal prayer; and a family without prayer is like a house without a roof. Say that too often it is only a form, still it is a form in the direct line of duty; and we are more likely to meet God and good angels and good thoughts in that line, than in any other. Family prayer is a home duty, but on this broad and sure foundation are built all other duties; and they only walk perfectly before God, who can say: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Now, there is a prayer test which I venture to bring to all who desire the largest spiritual life. It is John's prayer for his beloved Gaius: "That thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth." Which of us dare pray with this stipulation? Do we shrink from such a prayer test? Would we be willing that our financial gains should be measured by our spiritual gains—the profit of the office to be measured by the profit of the closet?

How do we pray for our beloved? for our husbands and wives, our sons and daughters? Can we ask God to bless them with this solemn proviso? If not, has our affection touched its perfect form? John thought it well to pray, that his friend's earthly prosperity did not outrun his spiritual prosperity. He even makes the prosperity of the soul the standard of the body's health; and though he wishes "above all things that Gaius may prosper and be in health," it is only in proportion to the prosperity of his soul. The Apostle thought this a safe rule, and it was also the endorsement of that earlier wisdom which declared "the prosperity of fools destroys them."

The prosperity of the soul! This is then the grand measure by which to measure all earthly good. Is it yet far above us? Can we not at least strive to touch it—to lay hold of it—to eventually make it the condition of our every love and hope? For to be willing that both ourselves and those we love should prosper only as our "souls prosper," is to be not far from that condition which has the promise of "all other good things added to it."

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. George C. Needham began evangelistic services on January 11, in the Reformed Church, on the Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eight prisoners in the Louisville, Ky., jail were baptized on a recent Sunday. The men, one of them a murderer, had been led to Christ through the services held by a Christian Endeavor Society of the city.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is coming to New York in February, to hold a series of services, conducted a Saturday afternoon Bible Class in London at the central Young Men's Christian Association. About two hundred young men attend regularly.

An Interdenominational Missionary Campaign in Chicago was commenced on January 13. Sermons on Foreign Missions were preached in the Evangelical churches, and meetings were held on Wednesday, January 13. A great mass meeting was held in the Auditorium on Friday, January 15.

A large circle of friends will regret to learn that the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., the stalwart champion of Protestantism, is seriously ill. A patch to the daily journals says that he was stricken with paralysis just as he was entering his pulpit, and is now lying helpless at his home at Somerville near Boston, Mass.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's services in Armagh, Ireland, will not soon be forgotten. A letter received in this city, from Armagh, says: "Altogether the mission is held to have been one of the most fruitful held in Armagh for many years, and the city has been stirred by the services as it has a been for a long time."

An earnest attempt is being made by the Belgian Parliament to deal with the gambling craze. A Sunday gambling club on the French frontier has been the first to be dealt with. The Belgian legislators mean to do their work thoroughly, as shown by their introducing a Bill to make gambling in stocks and shares illegal.

A fire which, at first threatened to be serious, broke out in Princeton University on January 11. It was discovered in Edwards Hall, one of the main dormitories of the University, and it had already made considerable progress. The student formed bucket brigades and fought the fire inch until they succeeded in saving the building.

The many friends of the Rev. S. McBride, D. D., formerly pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn, will be glad to hear that he has recovered from his long and painful illness, sufficiently to resume pulpit work. Churches need an occasional supply may address him, care of John Humphreys, 297 Myerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A new social settlement is about to be opened in New York. It will be located in west Forty-seventh street, in the Nineteenth Assembly District. It is a poor neighborhood, and the workers will be glad to give of clothing and aid in conducting meetings, concerts, and an employment bureau. It is to be under the auspices of the Society for Improving Condition of the Poor.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman commenced a series of services on Jan. 10, at Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. The Hanson Place Baptist and Methodist Churches and the Baptist Temple co-operated. Services were held in each church in turn. Two services were held each day. Similar services were held in Trinity Baptist Church under the charge of Rev. Philip Strong.

A revival is reported from Olney, through God's blessing on the preaching of Evangelist Williams, of Peoria, Ill., who, assisted by a singer, began a series of meetings that continue two weeks. Six churches united in the meetings: Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Evangelical. Each church received additions to its membership.

The loss of the missionary steamer *Spring*, which was built chiefly through the efforts of the venerable missionary, Dr. Paton, of New Hebrides, is a severe loss to the mission. It cost ten thousand dollars, and was insured for two thousand. She was on her fourth trip, had not completed the first year of her life, she was wrecked on a reef on the north of Caledonia. It is a dangerous coast.

Dr. Bevan, formerly of New York, now Melbourne, Australia, has made an innovative church services. After the benediction has pronounced he invites any member of his congregation who has any criticism of his sermon to step on the platform and ask questions or dispute the sermon. The privilege is appreciated and it takes advantage of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Sankey expect to sail New York on Feb. 1st, for a trip through South California and as far north as Portland, Ore. They expect to be away about three months. The same trip last year proved beneficial to Mrs. Sankey's health and it is hoped that she will benefit from it this year. The Evangelist needs a rest after the fatiguing labors of the three months.

A remarkable revival is attending Dr. I. Munhall's meetings at Ottawa, Canada. Hundreds of persons of various ages ranging from teen up to sixty made confession of faith at a meeting, and over six hundred persons make request for prayer. The meetings are held in Dominion Methodist Church, but other denominations are co-operating, and all the churches are adding additions.

A church is to be erected at North Attleboro, Mass., shortly, which is to have as a distinctive feature of its creed the belief known as "Conditional Immortality"; that is that none will have a beyond the grave but those who are in Christ at the impenitent will be annihilated. The book says that if this single church grows into a denomination, it will be about the one hundred fifty-seventh now existing in the United States.

Mr. D. L. Moody had an enormous and at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on Jan. 18, referring to a pending trial in police headquarters. Mr. Moody took occasion to denounce the bent immorality in the upper circles of society declared against their being one law for Fifth and another for Water St., and one code of morality for men and another for women. He pointed out the indecent pictures to be seen on the many fine houses and urged their owners to destroy them as they were debasing to the mind the young and could not be justified on the ground of high art.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Pompeii's Exhumed Street.

SLOWLY as the work of removing the lava and soil under which Pompeii has lain buried for eighteen centuries goes on, progress is being made. The picture on this page represents the latest avenue which has been cleared. Nearly one hundred and fifty years have passed since the discovery was made that underneath the vines and trees and soil lay buried the ancient city which scholars knew by name, but whose very site had been forgotten. It had been a small city of about thirty thousand souls, a city of luxury and wealth, where citizens of Rome had their country villas and lived lives of pleasure. In the year B.C. 63, it was destroyed by an earthquake and its inhabitants fled from it in terror; but one hundred and forty years later it was again flourishing, had its miniature Senate, its municipal government, its restored temples, theatres and homes.

When came its final catastrophe. On Nov. 23, A.D. 79, while the city was enjoying one of its periodical festivals, the cry was raised that Vesuvius, the volcano which reared its head above the city, and was supposed to be extinct, was on fire. The people fled from the Amphitheatre in consternation. Gladiators were fighting there for the amusement of the spectators and men were dying at the behest of high-born men and women who, by turning the thumb downward, signalled to the victor in the duel that he was to finish his rostrate antagonist. But with the faint mountain belching forth fire, no one could stay to watch the fights. The people poured forth in wild terror and ran through the narrow streets. Those who thought only of their own lives hurried to the gates of the city and escaped; but those who went to their homes to save loved ones or their treasures, perished. There was a throbbing at the mountain, and then millions of light stones white hot, were emitted sky-ward and fell on the city like a hail-storm of fire. Wherever they fell on buildings, flames burst forth and everything that could burn easily was being consumed. Then, all night long and for days afterward, fell the dense deluge of ashes, burying everything in a snow-drift, in their stifling all. They fell so thickly that they buried people in the streets and soon rose above the tops of the highest buildings. Men, women, and children fell beneath them in their flight, or remaining in their homes, were imprisoned or suffocated, or died slowly of hunger. More than a thousand bodies have been found in the course of the excavations. Some had money or jewels in their hands. The ashes have preserved everything, so that after eighteen hundred years, it is possible to get a vivid idea of the life of the city. Inscriptions on the walls, articles in the stores, the very loaves in the baker's oven, are all intact and, every day, some relic is found of the busy life thus suddenly topped. Relics are found, too, which prove that many of the people of Pompeii were at the time of the catastrophe, conscious of the uncleanness and immorality of their lives. A recent exposure in New York, shows that there are people of wealth and education among us now, leading just such lives, heedless of the laws of God and, like the people of Pompeii, ignoring the fact that God has given terrible proof of his abhorrence of such sins.

Turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemning them with an overthrow; having made them an example unto those who afterward should live ungodly. (11. Peter 2:6)

Trouble in the Prisons.

Warden Sage, of the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y., is having an anxious time over the effects of the constitutional amendment which has practically stopped all work in

the various penal institutions of New York State. In an interview with a reporter of the *Sun*, he said that if some means of giving the convicts work is not speedily found, the fate of some of them will be awful. Although the new system has been in operation only a few days, the effects are plainly visible. The men are becoming sullen and unmanageable. They are now locked up in their cells, with nothing to do, for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and are thus obliged to endure the solitary confinement that they dread. Formerly the prison was a hive of industry. The convicts were employed in making clothing, carpets, brushes, shoes, plumbers' supplies and other articles, and the occupations made the time pass quickly, and kept the men from brooding and plotting. Many of the men would be quite willing to loaf if they could loaf in their own way, but with prison discipline the monotony of their life is unendurable. The Warden is afraid that some of the men will lose their reason, and that some will

certain formalities in his marriage, by which he gives up his citizenship in the United States and assumes the position of an Indian. The murderers of this man contended after their conviction, that he was an Indian to all intents and purposes, and therefore they could not be tried in a Federal Court for his murder. The trial judge held that, as there was no evidence of his having complied with the formalities required by the Cherokees, he was at the time of his murder a citizen of the United States and his murderers were consequently within the jurisdiction of the Federal Court. Judge Brewer, however, who rendered the decision of the Supreme Court, reversed this ruling, and pronounced the man a Cherokee citizen by virtue of the marriage arrangements of the tribe, which he had understood and accepted. The decision is important, because it settles the status of a large number of men who have married Indian wives, and were interested in having the question of their citizenship left open. They neglected to comply with the formalities of Cherokee marriage in the hope that they might claim United States citizenship when there were any rights and privileges to be gained by it; and to claim Cherokee citizenship if there should come a division of tribal property. There are many people trying to hold a similar position toward Christ, avoiding an open confession of him before men so that they may be at liberty to live worldly lives, but hoping by a regular at

is vested in the King of Norway and Sweden. The Treaty specially designates and provides for the adjustment of the various classes of claims and disputes likely to arise, including pecuniary claims, territorial claims, fishing claims, boundary disputes, and the rights of protected states. The less important questions are to be decided by a Board of two Arbitrators, with the aid of an umpire, and the graver questions affecting larger interests by a Board of five Arbitrators, two to be appointed by each nation and the fifth to act as umpire—the latter to be chosen by the others, and no one of the five being a member of the first or smaller Board, whose decisions it may have to review. Boundary disputes are to be submitted to a Board of six judges—three British and three American. Provision is made for final selection of an umpire in the event of the death of the King of Norway, and also for equal sharing of all expenses incurred in the proceedings by the two governments. The treaty is to remain in force five years from the date of its ratification by the two governments, which will take place within six months. It now goes to Congress, where it will doubtless be approved. This great triumph of Peace, coming auspiciously on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, will be hailed with gladness by the Christian world. If the European Powers were to follow the example of England and America, the two great Bible-loving nations, a splendid impetus would be given to the coming of that Kingdom for which the world waits. But whether it has this beneficent result or not, it is gratifying to know that as to the two nations concerned, the words of the prophet will be fulfilled:

The counsel of peace shall be between them both. (Zech. 6:13)

The Clue on the Dog.

A New York family owed the quick recovery of a lost child recently to a clue furnished by an inscription on a dog's collar. A policeman in the upper district of New York City saw the boy, who was about five years old, wandering about the streets, dragging a sled after him, and attended by a young Newfoundland dog. The policeman watched him for some time, and noticing the child's aimless manner, asked him where he lived. The boy admitted that he did not know. "Rex and I are losted," he said; "we have been losted all day; we can't find our way." The policeman took him to the station, where the sergeant vainly tried to elicit some information from him. The boy was quite sure that he was very tired, but beyond that fact he did not seem able to explain anything about himself. They put him in the captain's private room and made him comfortable. The dog followed him, against all rules, but with a manifest intention of making trouble if he were prevented. All the policemen took a look at the little wanderer, to see if they could recognize him. This they might do, but when one of them put out his hand to raise the curls from the sleeping child's forehead, the dog showed his teeth and uttered a savage growl. It seemed as if the wanderer would have to stay in the station all night, but one of the policemen bethought himself of looking at the dog's collar. It bore the number of his license, and with that clue it was easy to ascertain his owner's address. A man was sent to the owner, who lived over two miles off. His home was in a turmoil; the child had been missed, and the parents were almost distracted. The father lost no time in going to the station and carrying away his beloved child, the dog running on ahead and barking joyously. It was well that the boy had been in such company. The animal could not keep him from wandering, but it did its best to protect him, and it unconsciously furnished the clue which led to his restoration to his home. Unhappily, when a child of larger growth wanders away from his heavenly Father, it too often happens that he is with companions who render him no such service. They do not protect him, and no one would suppose, from their behavior, that their companion was a child of God.

Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father. (Prov. 28:7)



THE STREET OF TOMBS RECENTLY UNEARTHED AT POMPEII.

be made so desperate that they will do anything to escape from the prison. He intends to make the most of the occupation which the amendment permits,—that of the manufacture or preparation of articles for use in State institutions. Under this head the stone may be quarried and dressed for new flagging the corridors of the prison, and possibly some of the older buildings may be torn down and rebuilt. This will find work for some of the prisoners, but others who are not fit for stone-work will suffer severely until suitable occupations can be found for them. It is significant that in this, as in so many other things, the way that God appointed for man should prove to be a necessity of his being. Although idleness doubtless brought many of the men into the prison, they crave work now, though it bring them no profit, for the sake of the pleasure it gives. They find by experience that the warning of God's word is true:

The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns. (Prov. 15:19)

Citizens by Marriage.

An important decision of the United States Supreme Court is reported by the *Washington Post*. The question carried to the tribunal was whether a certain man, who had been murdered, was a citizen of the United States, or belonged to the Cherokee nation. He was a white man who had married a Cherokee wife. It appears that the Cherokees in such cases will admit the man to their tribe, if he observes

tendence at church and association with the Lord's people to share heaven with them at the last. Such efforts Christ foresaw would be made by time-servers and he declared that they would fail.

Then shall ye begin to say: We did eat and drink in thy presence, and thou didst teach in our streets; and he shall say, I tell you I know not whence ye are: depart from me. (Luke 13:26)

A Triumph of Peace.

No more important event in American history has taken place in a generation than the signing of the Arbitration Treaty between our government and that of Great Britain. Under that Treaty, to which Secretary of State Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, attached their signatures in duplicate on Monday, January 11, war between the two great English-speaking, Christian countries becomes a virtual impossibility, since it makes ample provision for the settlement by arbitration of all questions or disputes that may arise. So broad is the scope of the Treaty, that it covers every possible contingency. It provides for the appointment of Arbitrators from high judicial tribunals of the two nations, who shall have the right to select an umpire, and in the event of their failing to select, then such umpire to be appointed by agreement between the U. S. Supreme Court and the British Privy Council. Should these two august bodies fail to appoint, the power of naming an umpire



Questions and Answers.

W. P. T., Billings, Mont. The members of the Christian Endeavor Society of this place had quite a discussion about legal holidays. I write to ascertain if there are any legal holidays in the United States. Also state legal national holidays.

The regular legal holidays are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, Christmas, Labor Day, General Election Day, Decoration Day, and Thanksgiving. These are not statutory holidays, but are observed as legal holidays in nearly all the States. There are local holiday celebrations of various characters in different parts of the country which may be legal, as far as particular sections are concerned, but have no relation to the whole.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, replying to a letter commenting on a recent article from her pen, which appeared in a recent issue of this journal, says:

Your correspondent writes that "A. E. Barr has not read the Bible much, when she says, it was the men of the Bible and not the women who saw visions and dreamed dreams." I do not move a hair's breadth from the position I took in the "Dream life of the Bible." It was the men and not the women who were so favored. Your correspondent instances Sarah, Hagar, Manoah's wife, and the Virgin Mary. None of these ever dreamed a dream or saw a vision that is recorded. It was the angel of the Lord who appeared to Abraham and rebuked Sarah; and an angel is a celestial person. It was the angel of the Lord who called to Hagar out of Heaven, (Genesis 21:17.) It was the angel of the Lord that appeared to Manoah's wife and spoke to her. (Judges 13:3.) Certainly, it was an angel—a celestial person—who appeared to Mary and spoke to her, and he is even called by his name, Gabriel. Now angels are persons, and they spoke to the people they visited. Visions are merely events, shadowy presentations of what is to come. Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos, Obadiah, Zechariah, and St. John had splendid visions or revelations. St. Paul also, when he had the vision of the Seventh Heaven, and did not know "whether he was in the body or out of the body." But no such visions as came to the old prophets, ever came to a woman in the world of the Bible, nor is any woman mentioned there as instructed by a dream, except Pilate's wife. Even when it was necessary to carry Jesus into Egypt in order to preserve the young child's life, the dream of warning was sent to Joseph, and not to Mary. Also when the revelation of the birth of John the Baptist was made, it was made to his father and not to his mother.

In addition to the instances cited of angels appearing to women, there is the appearance of the comforting angels at the tomb of Christ. (Luke 24:5.) Beyond these facts I do not remember any other visitation of angels to women, nor is any dream sent to woman recorded, except the one given to Pilate's wife. I trust your correspondent does not really believe "Amelia E. Barr has not read her Bible much," for if there is any book she does know from cover to cover, it is the Bible. AMELIA E. BARR.

J. H. R., Philadelphia, Pa. Who was Aaron Burr and what was the cause of his downfall?

He was the third Vice-President of the United States in 1800. Briefly stated, misdirected ambition caused his ruin. Read the remarkable story of his life in any volume of American biographies.

C. Jewett, Worcester, Mass. What is the date of the building of the City of Rome, and how did it come about that A. U. C. should stand for that year?

The date of the foundation of Rome is variously placed by half a dozen authorities. Fabius Pictor gives it as 747 B. C.; Polybius 750 B. C.; Cato 751 B. C.; Placens 752 B. C.; and Terentius Varro 753 B. C. Cicero and Pliny agree with Varro, and Livy with Cato. Modern chronologists have generally adopted Varro. The letters "A. U. C." represent the phrase *ab urbe condita* (meaning "from the building of the city").

J. F. Rawson, Pittsburgh, Pa. I have visited the Bowery Mission, eaten at its restaurant and moved among the men who gather there, and I know of no charity that is doing anything like the work which the Lord enables you to do in the Bowery Mission. I have been a contributor to the Mission for many years. I have not, until lately, had such an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its actual work, which I find far exceeds, in breadth and Christ-like character, anything you have described in your paper. It is my desire that, even after my death, my interest in the work should continue, and I have therefore remembered the Bowery Mission in my will. I trust that this example may stimulate others to do likewise, as I consider that a work of this character is deserving of the support of the Lord's people everywhere. Would that we had a thousand Bowery Missions, scattered throughout the length and breadth of our country, which would thereby be immeasurably the gain.

We thank our correspondent for his appreciation of the work done at the Bowery Mission, and we feel sure that his sentiments are already shared by very many readers of this journal, who take a deep interest in the spiritual activities of a rescue movement of this charac-

ter. We welcome all the co-operation that comes from such a source, as it enables the Mission's work to expand and be still more effective than it has been during the eighteen years of its existence.

D. G. M., Tracy, Cal. I have a violent temper, and am easily angered. When excited I become quite reckless of what I say. I am always sorry for these outbursts of temper. Do you think I pray as much as I ought against this evil? Please give in detail what you consider good advice in reference to the matter.

If, when you are tempted to such outbursts, you try to remember how Christ was insulted, outraged, spat upon, smitten, bruised, reviled and belied, and how meekly and calmly he bore himself under it all, you may be brought to appreciate the comparative triviality of the causes of your own anger. Just reflect an instant when provoked, and ask yourself "What would He have done?" A moment's deliberation will wonderfully help to clear away the tempest. Besides this, pray unceasingly that you may overcome the habit of passion, and you will be strengthened for the trial.

Another native Armenian pastor in Turkey, (the faithful spiritual shepherd of a Protestant flock in Erzeroum province), writes us that his copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for which he is a subscriber, has been seized by the Turkish government for six months in succession. This is another illustration of the petty tyranny exercised by the Sultan's postal officials to prevent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from reaching the hands of its regular readers



U. S. TORPEDO BOAT, CUSHING, IN NEW YORK BAY.

One of the weakest points in our otherwise admirable Navy—attention to which has been recently directed since the controversy over Cuban affairs—is the torpedo service. The *Cushing* (shown in the photograph), presents the best type of the American torpedo boat. These small vessels, having great speed and availability for quick service, are important factors in naval service. Spain has some 20 torpedo boats in all, with a speed varying from 19 to 24 knots an hour. Our Navy, under pressure, could put in commission about eight torpedo boats, averaging a slightly larger tonnage and higher speed than those of Spain. Present probabilities point to a large increase in the number of these boats for the United States Navy in the near future.

in Moslem territory. The pastor in question writes:

It has been good reading, particularly for me. I am very much pleased with its spirited and helpful sermons. Sometimes they have been translated into the Armenian language, which has been very helpful to our people. You cannot know how far the blessed influence of your paper is extended.

Inquirer, Lowell, Mass. Is it wrong for a church to lease its former building for a theatre?

It is, decidedly. If the control of the building remains in the hands of the Trustees, they are responsible for the purpose to which it may be devoted, and such a course as you mention would be inconsistent with their Christian profession.

Perplexity, Deer Isle, Me. 1. Is it the duty of a Christian to ask a "silent blessing" at the table of unconverted people, or of professed Christians, fellow church members, who do not crave a blessing at table? 2. Would it be best to begin now at the house of old friends where one has visited for years and has never done so?

1. In such a case, if you are a guest among friends, you can give no offence whatever by saying that you have been accustomed to ask a blessing and, if they are agreeable, it may be asked amiably—just a simple petition of a few words. On the other hand, if among strangers, ask a silent blessing. 2. By all means. The fact that you have never done so makes it all the more imperative to do it now.

Miss J. D. B., Gibson City, Ills. 1. Is it wrong to wear jewelry? 2. What kind of meat should be eaten by those who mean to live right?

1. The wearing of jewelry is a custom sanctioned by immemorial usage, but if indulged in all, it should be worn with great moderation. Really earnest Christians, with a high purpose

in living, will never give it a thought, since it will seem to be too vain and frivolous to waste time upon. There is nothing more offensive or vulgar than an overdressed and bejewelled person, flashy with gold and diamonds. Yet there are few so strict as to find fault with the wearing of some modest souvenir of some dear friend, or perhaps a loving gift from another. It is all a matter of taste, but the less worn the better, and none is best of all. 2. The Jews and many other nations have indicated by law what animals should not be eaten, and the tendency among civilized peoples is in the direction of a more limited meat diet. Modern dietetic authorities assure us that our food is reflected in our character, and that "gross feeding tends to gross living." This being so, one should regulate his diet accordingly, and with due regard to mental and physical condition and habits.

Constant Reader, Sinnickson, Va. 1. Is it right to play sentimental songs, such as "Anne Laurie," during the marriage ceremony; also, "The Bridal March," in church? 2. Is there a book published explaining all the different church doctrines?

1. It would unquestionably be in poor taste and out of place to play such tunes (as the one you first mention) at such a time; yet we can readily understand that a recognizable strain from a secular tune might form part of an organ "voluntary" or prelude. "The Bridal March" is the proper tune to play on such occasions. 2. Almost any good encyclopedia will give an outline. For fuller details, see McLintock & Strong's *Biblical Encyclopedia*.

Student, New Haven, Conn. Is there any way of fixing approximately the date of any important event in early Hebrew history, so that we might get some idea of other events?

An ingenious attempt to fix the date of the Exodus has recently been made by Dr. Edward Mahler, a learned professor of Vienna. He boldly asserts that the passage of the Red Sea took place March 27, 1335 B. C. That it took place in March or early in April of some year, of course, we know, by the reckoning of the Passover celebration, which corresponds with Easter. Prof. Mahler's decision as to the year

evidences of the foresight and goodness of God even in pain. One of them is that singular provision in excessive suffering which we call "fainting." It is like the safety valve of a steam engine, operated by the very power that brings danger. When pain becomes so extreme that nature cannot bear it, the man faints, that is, becomes unconscious of what he is suffering. That is a very merciful provision indicating the kindness and foresight of the Creator.

Mrs. G. M. Alleghany, Pa. Can I obtain the 1897 Library without renewing so far in advance, a subscription having some nine and a half months to run?

Yes, on sending \$2 to this office you will receive the 1897 Premium Library.

W. L. T., Elizabeth, Colo. Would it be wrong if a sincere Christian man who has not been ordained, were to administer the bread and wine at a sacrament if no clergyman duly qualified has visited the section where a number of Christians live for some time, or is likely to visit it?

We suppose our Episcopal and Presbyterian friends would be horrified at the idea of his so doing. You must, therefore, take our personal opinion for what you consider it worth. We think that if the Christian people of a section desire to sit at the Lord's table and celebrate the supper as he instituted it, they are perfectly justified in inviting one of the number to administer it, though he is not ordained, and that he is justified in acceding to their request. We do not believe that ordination makes a man one whit more fit to officiate than he was before. But remember this is only a personal opinion, and the man who acts up to it may bring down upon his head the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities of his church.

S. E. P., Providence, R. I. How do you reconcile the statement in Ps. 51:16, 17 that God desires not any sacrifice but a broken heart, with a statement in verse to that he will be pleased with sacrifices of bullocks, &c?

Two explanations have been suggested. C is that the last verse formed no portion of the Psalm as it was originally written, but so priest or temple official fearing that the people reading the Psalm might leave off bringing sacrifices, added the verse to keep up the custom and square the Psalm with the popular belief which was profitable to the priest. The other explanation which is more accord with the orthodox views is that the man who has committed a grievous sin and is in the condition described in the beginning of the Psalm is in a state of alienation from God. That God requires no sacrifice from him. He must first render the sacrifice of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. Then when he has thus put himself in the right attitude toward God, his sacrifice of bullocks will be acceptable.

Reader, New York City. In looking at some ancient pictures, I noticed that nearly all the religious ones have a fish in them as if emblematical. Do you know if it had a meaning?

The frequency of the picture of a fish has often puzzled people. Dr. T. Stokes, in his work on the emblem of the Church, suggests a probable explanation. It is that each of the letters in the Greek word for fish, forms the initial of the name or title in Greek of our Lord. Jesus, Christ, God, Son, Savior. The primitive Christians delighted to symbolize the sacred titles in a way which would not excite the animosity of Pagans, and would be intelligible to the initiated Christians.

Subscriber, Princeton, Neb. 1. Vers. at various European languages are derived from a variety of sources. 2. No data is available. 3. A thorough study of physical science has no such effect. —Mrs. J. A. Ward, who contributed the letter "The Roses of Texas" to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lately, is requested to communicate with Mrs. G. Marshall, 81 Livingston St., Rhinebeck, N. Y. —S. F. V., Newbern, Va. We have not the space necessary for the matters you mention. —S. M. H., Grafton, N. C. The general opinion of intelligent and enlightened people is against it. —Distant Worker, Nass River, B. C. Yes, they are a neat, distinctive uniform, and rules that are laid on the rudiments of military drill. —Mrs. A. B. McVintage, Pa. Dumbbells, linen bands of considerable length. —J. W. G., Orlando, Fla. It is possible to answer questions by mail. Besides, if you have asked have already been fully explained in the Armenian articles in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. —S. Crundwell. Scripture nowhere condemns reasonable and legitimate profit in a man's business, but it does condemn usury and extortion. —Inquirer, Boonville, N. Y. Your question presupposes evil where none may really exist. Were to "think no evil." If you have sufficient ground for taking such a step, it might be well to warn other kindly. Such an act might produce the desired result. —Mrs. C. M. S., Washington, D. C. to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. for forms of application. —Mrs. W. T. J., W. Va. We know of no market for them. —D. G., Washington, D. C. See answer to a later correspondent on same subject in a recent issue. —W. Woodland, Mich. It means "Universal Church of Christ," and was the only Christian Church in existence. —Mrs. W. K., Penrith P. O., Me. Can. The New York Herald. —Mrs. Beny, Philadelphia. Send them to some local mission. They will be gratefully received. —Reader, Marion, O. If he is repentant, do not withhold forgiveness. You need not afford an opportunity for a repetition of the offense, however. —Mrs. Morrisville, Pa. He would seem to be a very unsuitable person for such a position. —Reader, Brook, Me. You will find it, probably, in some collection of patrotic verses. —E. B., Point Pleasant, W. Va. Send \$1.50 additional for the premium. —H. T. S., Seward, Pa. Have no data at hand. Write to Chief of Police at either place for information. —Many Subscribers. Send back numbers or other good reading matter to the nearest mission, prison, or almshouse. They will be appreciated. —M. D. S., Tongauoxie, Kan. We have none.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Western Ranch Life.

Efficiently Picturesque, but Full of Hardships and Rough Pioneering.

WHAT can a cowboy know of home?" some reader inquires, on observing the legend under the photograph on this page. Yet the cowboy of to-day is much less of a nomad than the man of ten or fifteen years ago. He is still, however, a unique character, at once the terror and amusement of his section: full of fun and practical jokes, rough with strangers, and contemptuous of many of the usages of Eastern civilization; but, all in all, there is much that is good in him. We only take the trouble to search it out. Brave, strong, fearless, and cool in anger, true as steel to friends and highly valorous wherever women are concerned, the dangerous side of his character has been greatly exaggerated by many writers, who have made the eccentricities of a cowboy appear as the character of all.

Life in the cowboy is a life on a ranch, which lacks many of the comforts and conveniences that are to be found even in the plainest of ordinary farm-houses; but it is home, nevertheless, and as such, finds a place in the affections of its rough occupants. Whether of logs, shingles, or clapboards, these dwellings are usually strong enough to withstand the gales that sweep across the plains, and warm enough to afford snug quarters for the men and horses in winter. Superb riding they are, these athletic, brown-skinned fellows, and a horse does not stand that will not know the cowboy's mastery. In those sheds, tucked on either side by stables, is the cowboy's home. At the door are hung or led the trophies of the chase—deer heads with their graceful antlers, big buffalo heads, and perhaps a bearskin or two. Sometimes a young deer is tamed and kept as a pet of the ranch, and it wanders everywhere, from kitchen to stables, at home sweet will. The cowboy is his own cook, and none knows better how to make a fresh meat, or even dried buffalo is generally a luxury not to be had, and provisions from the nearest town trading station are used instead. Experience has taught the cowboy to supply his own larder, and do his own cooking, mending, and in the absence of willing hands to do these things for him, it is not surprising that, with all its drawbacks, the ranchman's cabin should like a home to him. Lying out there, on a lonely stretch of plain, the only building of any kind in sight, he finds a sociable, pleasant place after a hard day's riding.

Royal Betrothal.
Probably no family in the world has made so many royal alliances or sent its members into so many different lands as the ruling family of Denmark. Lately it is announced that Prince Christian Charles, the eldest son of the Danish crown Prince, had been betrothed to Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg. The

King and Queen of Denmark have had a large family of children. Their daughter Alexandra was married to the Prince of Wales in 1863. Last July their grandson, Prince Charles, was wedded to Princess Maud, daughter of the Prince of Wales. Prince Charles is the second son of the Danish Crown Prince, whose eldest son was quite lately betrothed to Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, the only daughter of King William and his first wife, Princess Marie of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Princess Pauline Olga Helene Emma, the newly-betrothed, is nineteen years old, and has hitherto spent a very quiet, uneventful life, chiefly at Stuttgart. Left motherless when five years old, the princess was brought up by her grandmother until her father's second marriage in 1886 gave her a stepmother. The bridegroom-elect, Prince Christian Charles Frederick Albert Alexander William, is a pleasant-looking young fellow of twenty-six, simple and unaffected in his ways, and of very amiable disposition. The young pair are in no sense extraordinary people, and would not

hands are beating time together, all voices are intoning the same degree, all minds are focussed upon the same tone or symbol at the same instant, and all souls are influenced by the same inspiring melody."

Some Pleasures of Old Age.

As a general thing, when people grow old, they lament that many sources of enjoyment which are open to the young, are closed to the aged. But may not others be placed in their stead? Something may be done in this behalf by cultivating the right feelings and habits, during the course of life. Of great importance is that quick and genial sympathy which enables one to enter readily into the feelings of others, and share them. This disposition gives to some aged people a most delightful capacity to enjoy the society of youth, and to take delight in witnessing and sharing innocent sports of children.

When, together with this, there is a contented spirit, a habit of cheerfully enjoying what Providence bestows, without any repining for what Providence withholds; and a power of directing the mind to elevated contemplations—then you behold as pleasant a picture of peace and happiness as can anywhere be found.

The Mothers' Congress.

In our issue of Dec. 23 last, it was announced that a Congress of Mothers would be held in Washington, Feb. 17-19. At that time, the names of a number of prominent ladies were given as prospective par-

THE DREAM-COUNTRY.

WHERE is the river that silently glides And touches the country of Day? And where is the boat that gives wonderful To little ones tired of their play? [rides And who is the rower that skims o'er the deep With a musical dip of the oar? And where is the beautiful Harbor of Sleep? And where is the Lullaby Shore?

O queer are the ways of the people who dwell On the heights of that country so grand, And strange are the tales that our darlings can tell When they come from that mystical land, They tell us of giants and fairies and elves Who do just whatever they please— Who sometimes are pleasant and good, like themselves, And sometimes they quarrel and tease.

The Night is the wonderful river that flows, And touches the country of Day, And mamma, the wonderful rower who rows To the dream-land away and away. The boat-man must sing you a beautiful song Till we come to that country so fair— So rock-a-by darling—we're speeding away, And our boat is the rock-a-by chair. Vineland, N. J. —CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

The New Home.

THERE is nothing but the old-fashioned religion that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage-hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home. But after a while the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The recipe for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness, and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the Tree of Life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

About "Calling Cards."

It is always well to be informed as to the proper methods of performing everyday social obligations. Calling cards vary little in a general way from year to year, though each season some slight changes in their style may be noted. Last year the thin, flexible card was in use, but there is a general return this year to heavier, more elegant cards of decided firmness. The obvious reason for the adoption of the thin card was its convenience when a number had to be carried in the card case. The sizes of calling cards remain about the same. The correct size for a married lady's visiting card is 3 11-16x2 5-16. For an unmarried lady the size is 3 13-16x2 15-32 and for a girl's calling cards 3x2. For gentlemen the universal size is 2 15-16x1 7-16. Heavy script is still the prevailing style of lettering used upon calling cards.



A COWBOYS' HOME ON A CATTLE RANCH ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

attract so much attention were it not for the fact that their betrothal is another link in the long chain of relationship which little Denmark has cast over nearly all Europe, and which is no inconsiderable aid in maintaining European peace.

Children's Joy in Singing.

On several occasions, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has advocated home singing and class singing as one of the highest of youthful enjoyments. On this subject *The Teacher* has the following interesting remarks: "Instruction in 'rote singing' or song singing, and in singing by note, is one of the most pleasant as it is one of the most profitable of the teacher's duties, or privileges rather, and so becomes an important educational factor. Music is as sunshine and fresh air and rest to the tired pupil. After a song-recess bright eyes and beaming faces attest its exhilarating effects. Refreshed by music, the mind is again ready to attempt and to grasp that which to the weary child had become unattractive and, therefore, difficult. It makes children happy; it inspires them to renewed and continued effort; it modulates and cultivates their voices; it conduces to health; it fills their souls with refining emotions; it places mind and body 'en rapport.' Music has, too, a valuable disciplinary effect that must not be overlooked. At a given signal a class or an entire school is engaged in the same exercise, requiring the utmost precision in its execution. All

participants in the proceedings of the Congress, including Mrs. Adlai Stephenson, Mrs. William L. Wilson, Miss Morton, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. H. W. Fuller, Mrs. A. A. Birney, Mrs. T. W. Birney, Mrs. Kincaid, and Mrs. Jannet Richards. It is now announced that the following will be among the speakers: Mrs. Bainbridge of New York, on "Mothers of the Submerged Class;" Mrs. Carter of North Carolina, on "Mothers among the Mountain Whites;" Mr. Hamilton Cushing, on "Mother and Child in Primitive Life;" Anthony Comstock, on "How to Guard the Young against Bad Literature;" Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, on "Reading Courses for Mothers;" Hamilton Mabie, on "How to Interest the Young in the Great Literature of the World." It is hoped that this unique convention may be able to accomplish some results that will prove valuable to American mothers, and its proceedings will everywhere be regarded with interest.

Over the Cradle.

I bent me over the cradle-bed And tenderly stroked the sunny head, And pressed a kiss on the velvet brow. As I said: "You are only baby now; But when you have to a woman grown, And your baby prattle and smiles have flown, May you strive to do what you think is best, And God, my darling, will do the rest. May your life be perfect, your soul be pure, And taught to evil your steps allure. May your heart be bright as a sparkling gem, Is my only prayer, sweet Miriam." And baby, as if she could understand, Thrust into my own her tiny hand.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY
OF THE
BROADER
CHRIST-LIFE



WRITTEN
SPECIALLY
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER IV—Continued
A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



"HEN," said Mr. Moran, replying to John's remark, "it is a kind of calamity to be rich, if to riches is attached a constant care of the poor. Who wants such a disagreeable responsibility?"

"Nevertheless," answered John, "the rich man is responsible, always, and absolutely. *There is no such thing as irresponsible riches.* They may be buried in real estate, or in bonds, or hidden away in the vaults of the Chemical Bank; but their owner will have to render an account of their usage, even to the uttermost farthing; and that to One who cannot be imposed upon."

"So! So!" cried Max Lehman. "This is very good. If this be your Christian Socialism, I like it! I had no hope that you were so wide-awake, and so sympathetic."

"The poor never had a greater friend than Christ; and there are few men more wide-awake to existing conditions, than the Christian clergy of the present day."

"I cannot believe that," replied Lehman scornfully.

"You must believe their own declarations. The Bishop of Winchester predicts a tornado, generated by the 'zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty.' Cardinal Manning declares that 'the world of capital is combining in alarm, against the world of labor.' Cardinal Gibbons warns us 'of a struggle, the signs of which fill us with disquiet: because the thirst for wealth is daily more insatiable; and the cries of the distressed, more poignant and violent.' 'Lazarus,' says the Rev. Mr. Hughes, 'is no longer lying on the doorsteps of Dives, in the quiescence of sullen despair; he is vehemently gesticulating to hungry men at the corners of the streets.' Bishop Berry says 'the working classes are now demanding that Christianity should be tried by its power to serve the welfare—physical, intellectual, and moral—of the great mass of men;' and the Bishop of Derry says 'what there is in the Gospel to rectify the relations of human life, to elevate the selfishness of capital, and chasten the selfishness of labor, that will find eager listeners. But to the men of the near future, religion will appear a barren and worthless thing, unless it bear the fruits of human love.'"

Lehman looked irresolutely at the two ladies. He wished to launch out his most extreme opinions on religion and social limitations; but was restrained by the saintly, introspective face of Mrs. Lloyd; and equally so, by the sympathy in the girlish countenance of Alice. It was a relief to him, when Mrs. Lloyd stood up and said to John, "Sir, I am glad to have heard you. If I have been a careless steward hitherto, I will err no more." Then Alice rose, and John rose also, and opening the door he stood by it, until the ladies had passed out of the room. It was a wonderful experience to him. The sway and movement of Alice's gown deliciously troubled his senses; and her sweet, shy glance of recognition for service, went to his heart like wine.

Lehman attacked him vehemently as soon as the restraining influence of the ladies was removed. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Moran patiently encouraged his diatribe; they wished to hear what extremes his class held in reserve; and were not astonished to learn, that if Communism was not possible, they were quite willing to try "barricades and bayonets." Yet even to these two men, who had practically made gold their God, there was something terrible in the whole, the abrogation of every divine claim, and social restriction; and they were glad to hear John's impetuous, earnest denial of all Lehman's assertions.

"You are blindly mistaken, Max Lehman," he said. "There is no nation on the earth willing to be without God and without His worship. Will men indeed,

ever give up their idea of Home, and purity, and their belief in all goodness? Will men ever cease to love their men ever cease to love their

parents, and their wives and children, and to respect all good women? No! No! No! A thousand times, No!"

As John uttered these words, Mr. Moran took out his watch, and with a sombre, hurried manner said he "must hurry away, in order to get a train;" and Lehman also remembered that he "had an engagement." Then Mr. Lloyd said he would drive both gentlemen to the station; and John proposed to accompany them; but this his host would not permit.

"I wish you very much to remain," he said. "I have some particular business to talk over with you. I dare say you will find Mrs. and Miss Lloyd in the next room, and they will be pleased with your company for an hour, I know."

The sound of a piano very softly played led him to the apartment. Alice was alone with her dreamy, inconsequent music, and she stopped suddenly at John's entrance. Then they fell naturally into a conversation about Jessie, and the musical world in general, illustrating the opinions and likings by a verse or a few bars from the song or piece in discussion. Nothing puts two strangers so readily and so surely at ease as music, and there was indeed a most entrancing and dangerous power, in the small courtesies and guarded familiarities of the position in which John and Alice found themselves. Their hands frequently touched on the ivory keys; when John bent forward to scan or to turn an unknown page, he could not escape the sense of delicious nearness, and in the blending of their voices they were conscious of a still more subtle and delightful consonance.

Finally, as Alice was looking through a musical folio for a song she wanted, John asked, "What melody were you playing as I entered? It was full of sadness; then why were you playing it? For it really sounded as if it was an interpretation."

"I do not know what it was. I was simply playing an accompaniment to my thoughts. And as they were on the subject you had been talking of during the dinner hour, is there any wonder if they were sad? I should think if Socialism has any music it must be of the most melancholy kind."

"Oh, no!" he answered, with a radiant face. "Christian Socialism has divined its triumph and is already singing of it. If you will permit me, I can let you hear how it sings."

Then Alice gave place with a smile that set John's heart singing, and he struck the keys in a few masterful chords. And nothing is more remarkable than the way in which men acquire music. Women spend years in its study and practice and achieve but small results; men never take regular lessons but "pick up" the knowledge at odd hours, and yet in some occult way attain a skill that is instantly recognized.

As soon as John evoked those few distinct, forcible unisons, Alice knew he could make her piano say whatever he wished it to say. Then his voice joined the rhythmical march of melody, and William Morris's famous inquiry was in her ears—

What is this dread sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear?
Like the wind in hollow valleys, when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling of the ocean, in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on!

Hark! the roll of the thunder,
Lo the sun, and lo the under,
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,
And the host comes marching on!

The words went in swinging, ringing phrases to the grand, magnetic, prophetic music of "John Brown" and the enthusiasm with which they were sung kindled in Alice a like warmth of feeling. Unconsciously she leaned towards the singer, just as the sunflower sways to the sun.

They had forgotten time and place and social circumstances; they were but two young, sympathetic hearts, full of the same noble regrets and hopes for humanity, and as yet not aware that their love and pity for all suffering and oppressed had found a personal interpretation of its unselfish sweetness in their own mutual regard.

Only for a few minutes were they permitted this immortal experience. As John finished the first verse, Mr. Lloyd opened



"I must answer this question to my Maker."

the door of the parlor and there was an instantaneous chill and change. John struck the last chord into discord, and rose with a slight embarrassment, for Mr. Lloyd's face was dark with disapproval and he said sharply:

"That is a good song for a Labor Meeting, but hardly for a girl's parlor. Alice, your mother wishes to see you. You need not return for Mr. McAslin and I have now some business to arrange."

She went away depressed and saddened. A few moments previously she would have given John her hand and a kind "good night" but her father's words and manner had taken all light and confidence out of her heart. She bowed slightly and with a sense of wrong went slowly upstairs. Her mother had not wished to see her. That message was a fabrication to secure her absence. Why had her father thought it necessary? Had her face, her manner, or her voice betrayed more interest than he approved?

Mrs. Lloyd expressed no surprise and asked no questions. She was not, according to her usual custom, seated before her window looking out into space and lost in reveries of mystical devotion. She was walking restlessly about the room, with her hands dropped and clasped in front.

Her face had lost its quiescent look, the placid pool of her soul had at last been troubled.

"If it is all true, Alice!" she said, in a voice low and tremulous with emotion. "It is all true, what shall we do to be saved? I cannot sleep. I dare not sleep. I have tried to keep in the Way of Holiness, and not to let the sight or even the thought of sin come near my soul. And what if this should be the Way of Selfishness? You must leave me to-night. I have to answer this question to my Maker, and I do not know how I am to answer it," and she suddenly covered her face with her hands in an abandon of contrition.

Alice was not sorry to be dismissed. The questioning and anxiety of an awakened conscience were not at that hour interesting. Her own heart was tossed and-fro, and tumultuously demanding consideration. She went to her room without a word of protest and for a few minutes sat there motionless. Then she rose and locked the door. She wanted some tangible evidence that she was alone with the great problem, it was now imperatively necessary for her to settle, and that

once. Its consideration drew her brows together and set her mouth firm and tight, as she went about disrobing. Not a muscle of her face moved, not a smile brightened its sombre air of perplexed thought, as she folded away her gown and then uncoiled her brown hair. Many times during this occupation her mind and feelings dominated her so entirely that her hands ceased their duty and fell listlessly to her knees. For awhile there would be an utter unconsciousness of this action then suddenly she would force herself to resume her toilet, only once more to fall into an idle reverie. And yet evidently, during the semi-lapse of physical consciousness, she was in a state of abnormal mental activity. In fact, she was probing her heart that night as severely and truthfully as her mother was probing her conscience.

In about half-an-hour it had come to a question of argument and she talked back to herself with a constantly increasing sense of right, and a constantly increasing determination to do right. The her actions became more rapid and alert and her face more expressive. She abruptly ceased brushing her hair and pinned it quickly into its usual night coil. All her other preparations for sleep were promptly accomplished, and she finally turned the key of her jewel case, and began to drop into it, the sparkling rings shone upon her fingers. A letter lay, with an almost offensive prominence upon the uppermost velvet cushion. She looked at it fixedly as she let ring after ring fall into their places—then she lifted the crested paper, and tore it with a low decision into many pieces.

The letter was from Lord Medw

We know but little of any event from its mere name. Mr. Lloyd in inviting John McAslin and Max Lehman, as representatives of two distinct methods of the regeneration of Society, called meeting a dinner. But the appellation no way fitted the circumstance, and its suits were very different from what had been intended. Their effect upon Mrs. Lloyd was quickly evident. When she came down to breakfast the following morning even her husband glanced at her with curiosity. She looked as if some one had rudely wakened her from sleep. There was the same startled expression, the same trembling uncertainty, with that for alertness which gradually settles into vigilant attention—the whole attitude making a very marked contrast to her usual straitened manner.

No notice, however, was taken of change during the meal. She asked if McAslin was to eat it with them, and Lloyd answered—"No; he returned to New York by a very early train. I have engaged him as my confidential secretary, and may now, therefore, be frequently in house. I advise both you and Alice talk very little to him, and not to talk all to him on the subject introduced to-night. It is not one for women to inquire into."

(To be Continued.)

Loyalty to Christ.
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Jan. 31. John 8: 31; 13: 31-38.

It is well that occasionally the question should be put and honestly answered: What is involved in loyalty to Christ? A popular writer represents one of his characters as complaining that his minister preached too much about mere duty, and disappointed those among his hearers who wanted to hear more doctrine and more about Christ as their Redeemer. There are many members of churches who share his preference. The robe of Christ's righteousness is very much in request to cover ugly blotches and disfigurements of personal character, and those who have no righteousness of their own are comforted by sermons about imputed righteousness. They may be true sermons, too. The doctrine needs to be preached and enforced, but it is not the whole truth. It is, unhappily, necessary to remind those who bear the name of Christ that they must have his spirit, otherwise they are none of his. Neither church-membership nor Christian Endeavor membership will avail to save those who are wilfully living in sin, or are conducting their lives on principles that Christ abhorred. The Apostle Paul went further than this. He declared that a man might give his body to be burned—actually die a martyr's death—and yet be disowned by Christ at the last for failing to live in his spirit. Christ is not to be imposed upon and cannot be deceived. Orthodox beliefs, efforts to save souls, munificent gifts, the endorsement of the church—will all count as nothing if a man is not living the Christian life. It is better that every man who calls himself a Christian should understand this, than that he should deceive himself and cherish a hope that is false. Orthodoxy, liberality and energy in Christ's service are all good, but they will not be accepted as substitutes for righteousness.

It is not difficult to discover what Christ expected of his disciples. He made no concealment of the difficulties of discipleship. He would not lower his standard to admit any one, not even the rich young ruler, whom he loved. No one is forced into discipleship, but neither are volunteers accepted unless they will comply with the conditions. If any one desires to become a disciple, he is encouraged and assured of welcome, but there is only one door. He must submit himself to Christ and follow him. This seems, at first sight, to be much easier now than it was in the early days of Christianity, but it is not so. It is true that the prison and the martyr's death are not now penalties of following Christ, but the spirit of the world and the natural propensities of human nature, which are the most formidable obstructions, have to be overcome still. A man has still to take up his cross when he follows Christ, otherwise he cannot be his disciple. All the ingenuity of worldly Christians has been exercised to find a way of making the best of both worlds, but without avail. He that loveth his life shall lose it. The spirit of Christ is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the world, and he who denies himself worldly pleasures and worldly gains because he is accounted a Christian, denies himself foolishly and to no purpose, unless he cultivates the spirit of Christ. He misses the good things of this world and has no compensation for them. It is absurd to see a man "pushing to the front," as he is exhorted to do, and at the same time professing to be a follower of him who reproved his disciples for their ambition. It is ridiculous to see a man plotting and scheming to advance his own interests to the detriment of some one else and at the same time professing to be loyal to Him who hated selfishness and greed as the worst of faults. It is futile to cherish some sweet sin in the hope that Christ will overlook it and accept service to make up the default. He who hates his brother and defrauds him—nay, who does not love his brother and minister to him will fail of acceptance though he be honored in the church and is accounted a shining light. Loyalty to Christ includes implicit obedience to his commands.



OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

The Day-Star Hath Risen.

"Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise."—2 PET. 1: 19.

F. J. CROSEY. GEO. C. STERBINS.

1. The Day-Star hath ris-en, The night clouds have flown; No longer in sadness
2. The Day-Star hath ris-en, In beau-ty sub-lime, To cheer and il-lu-mine
3. The Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for all; O'er paths that are lonely

I wan-der a-lone; Its beams in the val-ley Re-flect-ed I see; The
Each far distant clime; The re-gions in darkness Its beau-ty shall see; The
Its bright-ness will fall; O bless-ed Re-deem-er, All hon-or to Thee, Thou

CHORUS.

Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for me. } It shin-eth for
Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for me. }
Day-Star of glo-ry That shin-eth for me. } It shin-eth, it shin-eth for

me, ... Shin-eth for me, ... The Day-Star hath
me, for me, Shin-eth, it shin-eth for me, for me; The Day-Star, the Day-Star hath

ris-en, It shin-eth for me, ...
ris-en, hath ris-en, It shin-eth, it shin-eth for me, for me.

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From the New Book, SACRED SONGS No. 1. By per. The Biglow & Main Co. Publishers.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.
STRANGE matchless love, past all our comprehension.
Deeper and higher than the sea and sky,
Broader than all the boundless space around us,
Stronger than death, long as eternity.
We ne'er can measure with our finite senses,
A grace so infinite. We only know
That with a love surpassing understanding,
Christ watches o'er his children's steps below.
We know he holds us in his tender keeping,
And giveth his beloved rest and sleep.
And daily showers upon the countless blessings.
Gives joy for sadness, calm for eyes that weep.
No place so dark but he can walk beside us,
No path so rough but he can smooth the way,
No cross too heavy that he bids us carry,
No heart so troubled that it cannot pray.
And when beyond all fear and pain forever,
We scan the past illumed with sudden light,
We then shall recognize his loving leading,
And humbly say we have been led aright.
And ever through the calm, long, glorious ages,
We still shall hold this gift of love unpriced,
And ne'er shall find among Heaven's countless wonders,
So great a wonder as the love of Christ.

LILLIAN GREY.

SAFE IN HEAVEN.
NO more of earthly trial.
Safe—safe in heaven.
No need for self-denial,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No more of toil or heart-ache,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No more of want or heart-break,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No burdens, no more crosses,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No sadness, no more losses,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No sickness, no more crying,
Safe—safe in heaven.
No parting, no more dying,
Safe—safe in heaven.
Soul-satisfying sweetness,
Safe—safe in heaven.
All glory and completeness,
Safe—safe in heaven.
Safe through all tribulation,
Safe—safe in heaven.
Singing with jubilation,
Safe—safe in heaven.
CHORUS.
Safe in heaven—safe in heaven
Where no stormy billows roll.
Safe in heaven—safe with Jesus,
Blessed harbor of the soul!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Closing Dispensation.
Indications in International Complications of the Approaching End of the Times of the Gentiles.

BY REV. J. WILKINSON.

WHATEVER school of interpretation of prophecy we may belong to, there is a general consensus of opinion expressed by all students of revealed dates. We have nothing to do with unrevealed dates. The results of the study ought to be given modestly and suggestively rather than dogmatically; but there is a consensus of opinion that we are within a very short period of the close of the time of the Gentiles, if you reckon 2,520 years of the times of the Gentiles, from 622 B.C., Nebuchadnezzar's accession. I will not suggest how near it is. But did you ever witness in the history of the world a spectacle such as we have had recently of the Great Powers of Europe, with millions of trained men ready for war, with hundreds of millions of money ready to be spent in anything considered a just war; and all these Powers, with modern appliances for human destruction such as were never known before, and all impotent before one rotten Power that could almost be crushed with finger and thumb, and all standing powerless while she is butchering helpless Christians—many of them true Christians—and they can do nothing? Can you explain it? Ah, yes, you can explain it—because it would involve a universal war. And who says so? The Book says so. They do not go to the Book, but they confirm the Book.

There is to be one universal war before the reign of universal peace, and its climax will be in Palestine, and when our Lord returns on Mount Olivet to the Jewish nation, according to the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah, the Church having been taken up before to meet him on the way, he will split Mount Olivet with an earthquake, and he will come to be the accepted of the nation and to crush Antichrist and to hush the warring world to peace. He finds all nations gathered to battle, and just before the opening of the Millennium, as described in the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse, you have some events described in the nineteenth chapter.

Note three points in that chapter. You have the marriage of the Lamb at the opening of the chapter. That is the Church meeting the Lord in the air. In the middle of the chapter the heaven opens and Christ returns to earth. And at the close of the chapter, just before you enter upon the Millennial era in the twentieth chapter, you have a great war raging. You have that all through the Scriptures—one universal war before the reign of universal peace. And why does it not all come immediately now? Why is Turkey allowed to go on? I will tell you what I believe from analogy. Why did not the Jews go direct from Egypt to Palestine? "Well," you say, "they were disobedient, and had to wander about in the wilderness in consequence of their disobedience." Was that the only reason? Think again. God said, "The iniquity of the Amorite is not yet full." So from analogy you see that the iniquity of the Turk is not quite full, but it is filling rapidly, and there is a power and pressure behind all these Governments now that will compel the destruction of that wicked Power in the near future and the opening up of Palestine to the full restoration of Israel. This is in the purpose of God.

I will just take you for one moment to the second Psalm. Do not forget that, for you hear it at nearly every missionary meeting: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Just read a verse or two back and you will find that God sets his King upon his holy hill of Zion before that comes to pass. Jesus is the King there on the holy hill of Zion, reigning in Mount Zion, before you have the heathen given him for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

* From his paper in *The Prophetic News*, price six cents, for sale by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

AMONG WILD AFRICAN TRIBES.

Four Mission Stations Opened by the Africa Inland Mission in Ten Months
—A Wonderful Record—Many Perils, but Preserved Amid them All.



UBTLESS many readers of this journal will recall the account, published in these pages eight months ago, of the expedition undertaken by Dr. P. Cameron Scott and a party of American and English missionaries in East Africa, and the opening of the first station of the Africa Inland Mission at Nzawi. In the party were three ladies and five men. On reaching Mombasa, the women were left there, while the men went forward to select a site for the Mission in the interior. They found a suitable spot on a little hill in the Nzawi Valley near the river of that name, and leaving four men to begin operations, Dr. Cameron Scott returned to convey the women to the scene of their future labors.

A letter just received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relates how the Mission and its founders have fared since the first letter was received. Dr. Scott writes:

During my stay at the coast, I found it necessary to send one of the ladies of our party home, reducing our number to seven. On February 3, with a caravan of 110 men, we bade good-bye to the comforts of civilization and started for the interior, this time having a settled point toward which we might steer our caravan. We arrived February 28, found the brethren well, and a brick-house well-nigh completed. We were rejoiced to be together once more, and also glad to find that the natives still continued friendly.

It was deemed advisable to open another station as soon as possible; and with this end in view, I set off once more, striking off in an east-north-east direction, and on the 11th of March came into the district of Sakai, where I pitched my camp, surrounded by a howling, angry mob. They were at first very much opposed to my project of building, but after much trial of faith the work was begun in Sakai, and on the 18th of March Mr. Hotchkiss came over from Nzawi to take charge of the station, and occupy the little grass house that had been built for his reception.

Leaving Sakai, I travelled for several days through Kilbouni, Kinaki, Kilala, and into Kilungu, arriving back at Nzawi on the 23d of March. Still feeling that our force at Nzawi was more than sufficient, we decided once more to "enlarge the place of our tent." We left headquarters, and set out for Kilungu on April 11, where we arrived the same day. A beautiful site was chosen and granted. The district is thickly populated and extensively cultivated. Flowing in front of the station is the Kilungu River, while behind towers Kilungu Peak, 6,500 feet high. A small grass house 12x18 was hastily thrown up, and on the 18th Mr. Krieger came over to take charge of the work, and ever since its establishment we have had much reason to praise God; for since our food supply has failed at Nzawi, we have have been abundantly supplied at Kilungu.

On July 22, we were called to Mombasa, to meet our second party of missionaries, eight in number. The party arrived August 7th, and being detained sometime at the coast, we did not reach Nzawi until the 22d of September. On our arrival we were glad to find all well, and the work in all its branches able to report progress. The party was divided, some going to Kilungu, others to Sakai, some remaining at Nzawi; but here again we found the family too large, and God, in the meanwhile, had made a providential opening for its division. For a long time the people in the district known as Kangundu, seventy miles north of here, were in rebellion against the British authorities. A military post was established in the district and soon the people were brought to terms, and the force withdrawn to Machadoo. During the campaign, a rough wattle and daub structure had been thrown up to serve as a dwelling house for the officers. Her Majesty's Sub-commissioner writing me about this place, spoke of its population, fertility, and other points of interest, making it a good centre for mission work; and offered the place as it stood for a rental of five rupees per year. Our minds were soon made up to accept the offer.

On September 24, we set out to open our fourth station, arriving in Kangundu October 3, and Muma Miki gave us a cordial reception, bringing as presents a large bull which we were to kill and eat, also a cow and a calf, which was to supply us with milk. We found the place exceeded our expectations, as it is perhaps the most fertile spot we have seen. At an elevation of 5,500 feet, shut in by hills, which sheltered you from the strong evening breeze. One hundred miles to the north can be seen the snow-capped peak of Mount Kenia.

Four stations have thus been established and manned in less than ten months after our arrival at Nzawi. During this same period we have made brick for and erected six buildings, besides six good grass dwelling houses; also

houses for men, chickens, and goats. Much has also been done in the line of tilling the soil, but most of our effort in the beginning of this year came to grief, owing to the failure of the rain. This season, however, we got our seed down in time, and our hearts are gladdened now to see the whole face of nature changed. Our crops consist of all kinds of vegetables, as well as potatoes, wheat, barley, oats, and buckwheat. We are endeavoring, as much as possible, to make ourselves independent of all European supplies, and make the work in a measure self-supporting.

Our school work has not been large, but carried on faithfully since its inception in March. The school is composed of boys from various sections of this great continent; for Africans are a migratory people. One boy is from far distant Unyoro, another from Msangu in the south, two from Nyanwezi, one from Zanabar, who has traveled all over the Congo, one from the Soudan, the others being from our own districts. Several of these boys are supported in school by friends in America. My sister does not report these boys as being exceptionally brilliant, but faithful. They make splendid vocalists and have phenomenal memories. Another branch of our work has been that of the dispensary, and this has been attended with many good results.

Our work has been distinctively that of pioneering, and we have been working at a great disadvantage, owing to the fact that we knew nothing of the language of the people among whom we have come to labor. Many of us have had much cause for thankfulness in the matter of health, for while none of us have been free from fever, we have been troubled so little, that the attacks are scarcely worth taking notice of.

And now a word might be said about the



THE FIRST MISSION STATION OF THE AFRICA INLAND MISSION AT NZAWI.

people among whom we have come to labor. The Wakamba occupy the territory known as Ukamba. It extends from the Tsaro River to Kikuyu. The population is estimated between four and five hundred thousand. The men (a great many of them) are almost naked, with the exception of the brass wire which is freely worn around their necks, arms, waists, and legs. They also make very fine chains out of small brass wire, and great bunches of this is worn in the ears. They are generally well-built fellows, tall, thin, but muscular. As a rule they have straight cut features, high in the forehead, and rather intelligent in appearance. The costume of the women is rather picturesque. In front, they wear a small apron of cloth or goatskin, about five inches deep, by seven in breadth. Behind they wear a long V-shaped piece of hide, which reaches to the knees; they also wear an oval hide fastened over the shoulder, which reaches to the hips. The women do not wear so much brass wire, but the quantity of beads some of them carry around their waist and neck, is really wonderful. They are an agricultural people, and also possess large herds of cattle and goats. Their weapons of defense are chiefly the bow and arrow and a long sword. Their houses are small conical grass huts, with a door so small, that it is with difficulty you can crawl in when down on "all fours."

We have had times of trial; also times of blessing and times of sorrow; but also times of joy; patience has been put to the test, but God has answered prayer; our need in every particular has been very great; but his promise has not failed. Our hearts are full of thanksgiving for all the marvels of his grace.

P. CAMERON SCOTT.

Mission Progress in Korea.

Dr. John B. Busted, medical missionary at Seoul, Korea, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows: "The usefulness and influence of our hospital has been far-reaching, we having had in the wards and treated in the dispensary, pa-

tients all the way from Wuju, 250 miles in the north, to Chun Chu, the capital of a wealthy province, 150 miles to the south. Our dispensary work is in excellent running order, with an average daily attendance of fourteen. During the last month we have built an addition to the dispensary, providing doctor's office and dark room for ophthalmoscopic examination of the eye, etc., without any expense to the mission, so you see we have great cause to be thankful. We need for this year: A trained nurse who will volunteer for service; a well equipped surgical ward; the support of two free surgical beds at \$37.50; and the support of one free medical bed at \$30.00."

Sunday School Converts

Our Missionary Tells of Young Hearts Won to Christ.

WRITING from Kirksville, Mo., Rev. G. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday-School missionary, gives this interesting account of a recent missionary tour in a very extensive district: "I arrived at home, terminating a tour of 33 days, during which I had many opportunities of holding forth the Word of Life in families and wayside ministries, and in Sunday Schools and churches. Nearly half the time I labored in a revival meeting at Mt. Hebron Church, Lafayette county. Rev. J. H. Norman, pastor. I have seldom attended a meeting in which the Divine blessing was more manifestly upon every service.

"Sunday School scholars were prominent among the blessed; in one instance

Two Kings of the Heathen.



It is seldom that so marked a contrast is presented as that which is found in the story of two monarchs of little heathen kingdoms, which were lately referred to in some of the daily newspapers. About six years ago, Col. John F. Hobbs was a passenger on a Pacific Ocean steamship that was wrecked in a hurricane. After battling with the water until he was almost exhausted, he was rescued by the natives of a small island, and instead of torturing him, as was their custom, he was spared and kept a prisoner. The tribe, known as the Ililikas, was at war with another tribe at that time, and Col. Hobbs, who soon became popular among them, aided successfully in the defence of the little kingdom. Soon he was looked upon as a special messenger of their heathen deity, and was freed from captivity. In 1890 the native king died, and Col. Hobbs was chosen king. He taught the people a great many useful things and introduced the Gospel on the island. He found the islanders a very simple and unselfish people. Any man who would try to take that which did not belong to him, was despised by the whole population. They were cannibals when he first went to them, but when they were celebrating one of their victories after their usual custom, by devouring their captives, he told them that cannibalism was a flagrant sin, and that when they killed men they were displeasing the Great White Spirit. Since that time cannibalism and murder have not been practised in his kingdom. European nations have asked that they may be permitted to open trading stations on the Ililika Islands, but Col. Hobbs says his people are virtuous and not given to the vices of the white men, and he does not want them to learn such things by admitting the outside world. His people are rather suspicious of white men because they have had painful experiences with slave vessels which made them dread all strangers.

Quite of another sort is king Itanitsuku, of the little monarchy of Okirik in West Africa, who, with his chiefs has lately been making it very disagreeable for any whites who tried to trade with them, frequently seizing their goods, murdering their porters and carrying their heads off to ornament the "juju house." Last June, Mr. Moore, the British Consul-General, demanded that the Okirikas should surrender their king and allow the British marines to destroy the "juju house." They refused, he threatened to bombard the town. The chiefs would not hear of such a thing and returned word to that effect. Mr. Moore, with 150 troops sailed up to Okirik and began the bombardment. The troops landed, destroyed the "juju house" without any interference on the part of the natives, and returned to their vessel taking the king with them. Itanitsuku was taken as prisoner to Degama, but he escaped after a short time. Since the departure of the king the Okirikas have been tractable and quiet. The miserable condition of the country under fetish-worship contrasts strangely with that of the Ililikas, where the "Gospel of Peace" has full sway.

A Utah Mission School's Need

The following, from a subscriber in Salt Lake City, will interest many readers who may be disposed to aid in a deserving work.

"Our Mission Sunday School is located in the very heart of Mormondom, in one of the wards of this city which is conceded to be one of the strongholds of the Mormon church. We have been conducting a Sabbath School in this place for nearly three years, and have found that the best way to get a chance to reach these people is by loaning them good books. To this end the children and friends of the school have been working very hard to get a good library, one with which we can meet the present need. I would like to be placed in correspondence with superintendents of Eastern schools who have books which their children have read, who would be willing and even glad to place the books in a school where they will continue to be a blessing to all who read them. I will personally see that the cartage is paid, so that there will be no extra expense to the donor."

HARRY N. TOLBES,

Supt. N. W. Presby. S. S., Salt Lake City

THE TEMPEST.

WILDLY sweeps the tempest o'er the angry sea;

Loudly roar the breakers on the lee;
But God holds the waters safely in his hand;
He will calm the waves by his command:
Peace, be still!

O, how dark the shadows lie upon life's man,
And our hearts are filled with doubt and pain.
Oh, our God and father, hear us we pray;
O, rebuke the waves, dear Lord, and say:
Peace, be still!

We will cast the anchor safe within the veil,
Hiding in its shelter from the gale;
Hear the voice of Jesus bid the tempest cease;
Morning light is breaking in peace, sweet peace—
Peace, be still!

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

About Church Work.

THE church work which falls to women, ought, in my opinion, always to include church house-keeping. Women have an eye for dust and cobwebs, and a genius for ventilation, not as a rule the portion of the average man, who seldom is willing to acknowledge that a house needs cleaning. For my part, I would have a woman as sexton's assistant, if possible, in every church, just to see that carpets were swept and cushions shaken and books dusted, and the whole sanctuary kept sweet and shining as the good housewife keeps her own home.

Corners now, you remember the old story, don't you, of the converted housemaid, who was asked for an evidence that her change of heart was genuine, and the best thing she could think of—a very good thing, too—was that where formerly she neglected the corners, she now swept them thoroughly. Let us consider the corners, if you please. If we women managed our church house-keeping, we would never let the spider that taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces forsooth, make her judgment in any hiding-place in the ceiling or the angles of the walls. We would keep our churches immaculate, pulpit and pew alike, and the fresh air should be so often and so thoroughly introduced, that there would never be an excuse for the congregation to go to sleep under the pastor's sermons.

Church work for women means sewing societies, and missionary meetings, and suppers and fairs, and great sociability, and calling on strangers, and judicious looking after the poor, and much teaching in the Sunday School, and constant loyalty and diligent church-going, and faithful and loving service all round. I know, for there is no department of it in which from my youth up I haven't served an apprenticeship. Women have more command of their time, as a general thing, than their husbands and sons have, and also the working force of the women in a church is numerically larger than the working force of the men.

If St. Paul could say, "Help those women who labored with me in the Lord," if St. John could write to the "elect lady" those children he found walking in truth, and whose home was his resting-place when he could take time from his multiplied labors to rest and enjoy pleasant society, so many a modern minister may with reason bless the women who sustain his hands, and contribute to making his work effective.

One important part of church work as women attend to it is to be careful that nobody is overlooked. There is always the sensitive person in the congregation who is easily hurt, and who feels neglected if her omings in and goings out and her now and then stayings at home are not observed. There are those who have gifts which may be brought out, there are those who need loving insistence to get them into the warm current of church life.

Let us avoid jealousies and strifes and petty ambitions in the service of our God. Dear as our own home should our church come be, as tenderly cherished and as wisely guarded.

The members of our own congregation are more than mere acquaintances, they are our brothers and our sisters in the Lord. So must we be on the alert for their defense if they need to be defended or their help if they are in trouble, for their comfort if they are in sorrow.

One thing to be avoided in our friendly intercourse with church members is anything like patronage. That note should never be struck. It is a pity and a mistake that sometimes those in mission churches feel that they are looked down on by the parent church, and the effect is as bad on those who condescend as on those who suffer from condescension. In the church all men and all women are on the same plane.

While yet the year is young, if any of us have been holding aloof from our rightful share of church work let us amend our ways.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten.
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

Let us beware of the sin of omission. Let us stand up for Jesus as never before. Church work, rightly used, is church privilege. As we lift this cross, if cross it be, lo! the Lord himself will bear the heavy end, and the part we carry on our shoulder will be garlanded with roses.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

President Kruger and the Lion.

ON one occasion, when a young man, Paul Kruger, now President of the Transvaal, ran a foot race against a picked band of Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—amongst others, his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race. On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which we might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

He saw through the tall grass a patch of color, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two

faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill. Even after this exciting adventure Kruger won the race.

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To Every One.

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The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy.

Yours truly, M. C. MUNS, M. D., STAMFORDVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1895.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people.

LEX, N. C., July 21, 1895.

DEBAUCH CITY, Pa., June 3, 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The last day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me.

TRUSS, N. C., July 21, 1895.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Heroism of Forbearance.

WE are accustomed to think of the hero as one who achieves his victories by some positive and aggressive action. It is often, however, as heroic to remain silent under unjust attack as it is to speak in the face



DR. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

of opposition. There is a heroism that bears, as well as a heroism that performs. David on returning from one of his military expeditions declared that the heroism of those who remained behind to care for the baggage, was as deserving as that which went forth to the battle, and in the division of the spoils decided, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Dr. George Lansing Taylor, the well known preacher-poet, was the hero of an incident in his young manhood which well illustrates this important phase of Christian heroism. Dr. Taylor was growing up through boyhood into manhood in Ohio, when he became a Christian and joined the church, and, like many another, had to suffer from his schoolmates. The indignities were hard for a young fellow of fifteen to bear, but he acquired at the very outset of his religious experience a spirit of brotherly love, even for those who abused him.

One day he was sharpening a pencil, when a book slipped off the desk and fell upon the floor. He bent over to pick it up, with his large, sharp jack-knife open in his hand. The boy who was his chief persecutor gave him a kick which drove the knife into it, gushing it fearfully. He shut his hand so tightly as to stop the flow of blood. Then, rising, with no sign of anything having gone wrong, he asked permission to go out. Crossing the street to the house of the nearest doctor, he had the wound sewed up and dressed.

The surgeon was very indignant. "Do you know," said he, "you have come within danger of losing the use of your right hand? Who was it that kicked you? You can make him smart for it. His father can be made to pay well for such a job as that." Who did it?

But the plucky young fellow refused to tell. He was far more anxious to do the boy good than to have him suffer for his meanness. And though he had only mentioned his name to ensure his being severely punished and probably expelled, he never showed by word or look that he resented the injury. The love of Christ had taken all resentment out of his soul.

Six or seven years later he had finished his college course, and had taken the prin-

cipalship of a school for the training of teachers. Among his pupils was the young man, though older than himself, who had kicked the knife into his hand. The result of young Taylor's heroic forbearance had proved the wisdom of Paul's advice in his letter to the Romans: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." The young teacher found that his old-time enemy was now his most devoted friend. There was not one of the scholars more faultlessly loyal to him than the young fellow who had once treated him so cruelly, but had been conquered by his forbearance.

By-and-by there was a great revival of religion among the pupils of the school and many of the students were converted. One afternoon our young man of the jack-knife episode, asked the teacher if he might talk with him a few minutes after school. The request was granted and when they were alone he asked:

"Do you remember the time when I nearly ruined your right hand by a brutal kick?"

The teacher replied that he remembered the occasion very well.

"I had no idea of hurting you so badly," he continued. "I hated you because you had become a Christian. You never seemed to resent it in the least, and now I want to tell you that that jack-knife has been sticking in my heart ever since. Lately the Lord has been twisting it around until the agony has become unbearable. I want you to forgive me, and ask God to help me out of this torment about my meanness."

And there alone together teacher and pupil mingled their prayers at the mercy seat, and the years of remorse were ended and an era of joy and peace came to the young man's soul. From that hour the two young men were brothers in the sweetest friendship, and how glad the young teacher was that he had had the noble courage, and sufficient of the grace of brotherly love, to stifle his resentment in those early days when the provocation had been so strong. How rich the reward of his gentleness and forbearance!

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 3, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of a Mother, of Relatives and Friends. Praying Mother, of Everett, Va., asks the prayers of Christians for the conversion of her dear boys. "Troubled One," Percy, H., that a dear friend and a prominent business man may both be led to Christ. Obstacles of different kinds are keeping each back and there is urgent need for prayer to God to remove them.—H. T. Tioga, Pa., for the conversion of her husband and that a neighbor who is a victim of strong drink may be led to renounce sin and seek strength of the Lord.—Subscriber, Randolph, Ala., for the conversion of an aged mother and of dear children for whom many prayers have been offered.—"Sister in Christ," Weston, that God in mercy would convert her drunken husband and save him from the power of his besetting sin; also that her wandering son may be reared to his home and redeemed from all sin.—Florence, Kan., for the conversion of a sister and two brothers who are all about Christ and without hope.—M. A., Everett, Neb., that her husband and her mother, for whose conversion earnest prayer has been offered for many years, might be led to Christ and be saved by him.—Constant reader, that her husband, father and brother might turn to the Lord and be saved from their sins and made new creatures in Christ.—S. I. D. Goshen, Ind., whose husband is very irreligious and profane, begs prayer for conversion.—Reader, Albany, N. Y., for the conversion of three motherless children, that they may be kept from falling a prey to the temptations of the world.—M. C., Macomb, Ill., for the conversion of two good kindred who are not Christians.—L. J. C. Sterling, O., for the conversion of a whole family of old man, his son, and seven daughters, none of whom know the Lord.—Believer, Jamestown, N. Y., that two brothers who are so absorbed in business that they give no thought to their souls, may be led to seek Christ.—E. W., Corinth, that a family of three children may be brought into the Lord's fold.—Subscriber, Reading, Pa., that a man of very irascible temper may have a new heart and turn to love and serve Christ.—Widowed mother, Springfield, that a son who is breaking his mother's heart by his dishonest propensities, may reform and seek from God the power to lead a righteous life; also that a man who neglecting his home and children may be brought to repentance, and seek forgiveness for his sins through Christ.—"Lover of Jesus," Bearsville, N. Y., for the conversion of two brothers.

For the Restoration of Health. E. W., Essex, Ont., asks prayer for recovery from a distressing nervous complaint which has been a grievous burden for six years past.—Praying Friends, Andover, N. Y., for the recovery of a Christian physician now critically ill, whose many friends are pleading with God for him.—J. F. T., Erie City, N. Y., for the recovery of a young man whose troubles and bondage to strong drink have affected his mental balance.—Reader, Boston Mass., that a brother who is sick in body and mind may be fully restored.—Anxious Sister, Wellsburg, N. Y., for the recovery of a beloved Christian sister who is about to undergo a dangerous surgical operation.—Reader, Hartford, Conn., for recovery from a serious illness, that he may resume preaching the Gospel.—E. R. R., Altamont, N. Y., that a dear sister may be restored to health of body and mind.—J. R. K., Amity, N. Y., for the conversion of herself and her husband.—G. H. M., Stanford, Ky., that a Christian who sorely misses the help derived in the preaching of the Gospel, may have a sense of hearing restored. The following persons also ask prayers that the Great Physician may restore them to health: M. J., Belver; J. A. L., Believer, Racine, Wis.; M. E., Ohio.

For Special Blessings. B. T. L., Baltimore, Md., asks prayer for special guidance in a difficulty, and that he may succeed in winning souls for Christ.—J. H. H., Port Jervis, N. Y., that a husband whose love his wife has been alienated, may be led to

see the evil of his conduct and may become as kind as before.—Believer, Golden Gate, for grace to overcome a besetting sin which obstructs his usefulness.—C. F. D., Utica, N. Y., that God would continue to bless him in his work for Christ, and enable him to win more souls for Christ.—Distressed Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., for guidance in a serious difficulty, and that in some way relief may come from a heavy burden.—M. I. S., Middletown, Pa., that a dear brother who is a sincere Christian, may not become weary in well-doing, and that he may be delivered out of a serious trouble.—Hope, who is in very trying circumstances, that God would grant the grace and wisdom most urgently needed.—"Anxious," Philadelphia, Pa., that a backslider be fully restored and may have the assurance that God has fully restored him.—W. A. C., Byerville, O., for a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, that he may preach with more power and that his church may be quickened into more vigorous life.—Reader, Polk Co., Mo., that a Christian son now away from home may be kept close to God and may be under his care always, and that his father's heart may be softened and made more forgiving and Christ-like.—Readers, Gazette, Mo., that a bereaved family may be enabled to collect from people who owe them money, the means necessary to their maintenance.—M. J., Toronto, Ont., that the way may be opened to labor in the field to which it has pleased God to call her, wherever it may be.—J. B. Worcester, Mass., that a reconciliation may be effected between two persons now alienated.—"Afflicted One," that God would heal his backslidings and restore to him the joy of salvation.—Lonely Widow, Brattleboro, Vt., that God would care for her, protect her from fraud and imposition, and give her the grace and strength she needs.—G. H. M., Stanford, Ky., that a dear friend who is under a delusion and has conceived a dislike of people who are really friends, may be convinced of the truth and cease to resent imaginary wrongs.—Reader, Chicago, Ill., that in some way employment may be found for one who has long been seeking it.—E. B., Danbury, Conn., that people who owe her money may pay their just debts, so that she may not become a public burden.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.



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Good News for Asthma Sufferers.
We are glad to announce that the Kola plant, recently discovered on the Congo River, West Africa, has proved itself a sure cure for Asthma, as claimed at the time. We have the testimony of sisters of the gospel, doctors, business men and others, all speaking of the marvelous curative power of this new discovery. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Levee, Iowa, writes that he could not lie down at night or day from Asthma, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. Rev. G. Ellsworth Stump, pastor of the Congregational Church at Newell, Iowa, cured by it of Asthma of twenty years' standing, and many others give similar testimony. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Co., No. 114 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola compound free by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who suffers from any form of Asthma. In return they only ask that you tell your neighbors of it when cured yourself. This is very fair; and we advise all sufferers from Asthma to read the Case. It costs you nothing.

These Recipes Will Please You

Quaker Oats Blanc-Mange. Bring one quart cups cold water five minutes; sweet milk to a boil, have ready two cups cold salt slightly and stir in broth, pour over the Oats, stirring well. one cup Quaker Oats. Strain carefully into a Cook thirty minutes. saucepan, boil twenty stirring well. Just minutes, season before removing and serve.

Quaker Oats Muffins. To stir in two eggs. two cups Quaker Oats take very well beaten. two cups Quaker Oats take or cold with cream two cups sour milk, or sugar. soak half

Quaker Oats Custard. Stir one cup Quaker Oats into one quart boiling milk, salted to taste; then add one half cup sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one soda, one teaspoonful and when cool four eggs salt, two eggs, one cup well beaten. Cook two wheat flour. Mix thoroughly and bake in a hours in a double boiler. enough to fill a pan and bake in a Serve cold. hot oven twenty minutes.

Quaker Oats Soup (for invalids). Soak one heaping tablespoonful Quaker Oats in the form of porridge is "The Autocrat Oats in one and one-half of the Breakfast Table."

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No more round shoulders. Shoulder Brace and Suspender combined. Easily adjusted. Worn with comfort. Sizes for men, women, boys and girls. Sold by druggists, appliance stores, general stores, etc. By mail \$1 per pair \$1.50 with postage. Send chest measure around body under arms. Cuffs free. Address KNICKERBOCKER BRACE CO., EASTON, PENN., U. S. A.

The Dyspeptic and

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A Perfect Food, Tonic and Restorative.

It is a powder made from the most nourishing elements of meat, prepared for the nutrition and stimulation of weak systems. May be taken dry, or in milk, water, etc.

At druggists, in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1 lb. tin.

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To the Readers of *The Christian Herald*:
Send this ad and 10c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 1-lb. pound sample best "P" imported any kind you may order.
5 pounds fine Family Tea on receipt of \$2.00 and this ad.
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"Good wives grow fair in the light of their works," especially if they use

SAPOLIO

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The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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Prev. ack'd \$36.50
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Prev. ack'd \$5.00
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Prev. ack'd \$160.31
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Prev. ack'd \$253.05
Friend, Sioux City 1.00
Total \$254.05

Mr. Yatman in Ireland.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's Mission in Belfast which has just closed, has been rich in results. Large crowds attended the services, the people were deeply impressed with the preacher's appeals, and many were added to the Lord. Mr. Yatman has gone to Russia.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. — Free to all Readers.

All readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true secret. The cure is in a large Rev. W. B. Mason, D. D., of Washington, to this in the *New York Christian Herald*. That Alkavis completely cured a case of Kidney and bladder disease of many years' standing. Many ladies also testify to its great power. Dealers are everywhere. Write to the *New York Christian Herald*, Cure Company, No. 401 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to make it available for the sake of suffering humanity that they will send a trial of Alkavis, for all ailments connected with the kidneys or bladder disease, Brucella Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other ailments due to impure action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

BEHOLD the Man, Christ Jesus, with the thorn upon his brow,
And his eyes so grave and tender as he looks upon them now.
His body bruised and bleeding, but his heart is strong and brave,
He cometh from His father, the lost to seek and save.
How they cried, "Oh, crucify him," would they crucify their King.
No fault could be found in him, no true charge could they bring.
But cruel in their madness they crucify our Lord.
He, like the lamb that's slaughtered, spake back no answering word.

Still he stands so pure and holy; a cruel thorn you drove
When you denied his mercy, his sacrificing love.
He died, the Friend of Sinners he lives, oh, wondrous plan!
And we who now do love him, we say "Behold the Man."
Oh, when my heart beheld him whose side was pierced for me,
I bowed low, in my sadness, by Calvary's rugged tree,
I gazed into his shining face, it looked so pale and wan.
But, oh, he smiled, my soul was saved, as I beheld the Man.

Oh, sinner friend, God loves you; his dearest precious love,
He sent with Jesus to you, right from the throne above.
Behold the Man, Christ Jesus, he bids thee look and live.
He says that whosoever comes to him, he will forgive.
The "whosoever," brother, that message is for you,
For all who come to Jesus do find the promise true.
Sinner, behold thy Saviour, forgiveness full and free,
If you come and kneel before him, our Christ will speak to thee,
Bethany Mission. MATTIE SHURTLEIFF.

"Pearl top" is nothing.
"Pearl glass" is nothing.
"Index to Chimneys" is nothing.
"Macbeth" with the shape we make for your lamp is all.
We'll send you the Index; look out for the rest yourself.
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To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, post-paid, 70 pieces full sheet music size, all parts complete, including Marguerite, Man in the Moon, Mary and John, also Mar- guerite, Waltzes, Quadrilles, etc. all for 20c, 4 lots 50c. Money back if not suited. Read this. — Mr. H. A. M. very much pleased with the music sent me; it is worth ten times the money. E. C. Knapp, Fishkill, N. Y. C. H. HATHAWAY 339 Wash. St. Boston Mass.

TALMACE'S SERMONS.
The Wedding Ring. Thirteen Sermons. Paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. **Woman; Her Power and Privileges.** Paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. **Twenty-five Sermons on the Holy Land.** Paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. **Moody's Latest Sermons.** By D. L. Moody. Paper cover, 25 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price. Address J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING CO., 55 Rose St., New York.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altenheim Medical Dispensary,** Dept. N. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, O.

CORNS —big, little, old, new, hard, soft, all go to A-CORRY Siltre. As harmless as It is sure. Use box—druggists or by mail. **GIANT CHEMICAL CO.,** 305 Cherry St., Phila.

BIG PERCENTAGE from fertile eggs is what every poultryman wants, and this can be most easily secured with the **MONITOR INCUBATOR.** Proven in our 80 p. catalog sent for 4c. stamp. A. F. WILLIAMS, 33 Race St. BRISTOL, Conn.

ON TRIAL You don't pay unless you are satisfied. The Buckeye Incubator is perfect. **Incubator** —(100 eggs only) \$10.00, 50 Egg Incubator \$5.00. Brooder \$3.00. Send 4c for No. 80 catalog. **Buckeye Incubator Co.,** Springfield, Ohio.

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There is a big difference between the cost of making a first-class sewing machine, embodying the best of materials and workmanship, and one made in the cheapest manner. The buyer of the cheap machine soon pays the difference of price in the constant cost for repairs, to say nothing of its annoying inefficiency.

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Singer Machines, either lock-stitch or chain-stitch, are the successful result of long experience and constant improvements in the endeavor to make nothing but the best sewing machines for family use. The accomplishment of this result requires six of the largest, best-equipped factories in the world, the best inventive talent of the age, and the constant employment of twelve thousand workmen. Singer Machines are sold only by our employees, and not through dealers or department stores.

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A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city in the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.

"SEWING MACHINE MAKERS FOR THE WORLD."

\$500 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY

We have had a number of word contests in the past and prizes have been awarded fairly. In this contest you are sure of getting the money to which your list entitles you. We first adopted this contest this season. We have given away \$800, since we began these word contests, to 94 persons who would like to publish the names and addresses of all the winners, but it would take too much space to publish, however, the names and addresses of the winners of first prizes in each of our preceding contests are: \$50.00—H. M. Seel, 137 W. 94th St., New York City; \$10.00—Miss M. Louisa Allen, Village, Marion, Mass.; \$20.00—E. H. Burt, West Winfield, N. Y.; \$10.00—Mrs. O. H. Coolidge, 93 N. Rutland, Vt.; \$20.00—Mrs. Emily Burt, West Winfield, N. Y. This is our largest and best contest.

\$500 IN GOLD FREE 61 Prizes, aggregating \$1 a Genuine Bona-Fide Offer.

For prizes. No trash. Here is our proposition: can form the greatest number of words, letters in INSTRUCTION? You can make or more words, we feel sure, and if you do receive a good reward. Do not use any language except English. Words spelled alike, but with meanings, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns, allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed out in this contest. INSTRUCTION. In, Thin, Fish, Sun, Son, Sun, Seize, Sun, etc. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JESSIE MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$100.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INSTRUCTION, \$50.00 for second largest; \$25.00 for each of the next three largest lists; \$20.00 to each of the next three; \$15.00 to each of the next three; \$10.00 to each of the next nine; and \$2.00 to each of the next forty largest lists—sixty-one prizes in all to the sixty-one largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of these sixty-one? You will enjoy the making of the list. Why not try for the first prize? The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, thirty-two to thirty-six pages, each page containing four long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 25 cents (money-order, silver or stamps), for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 25 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine) of a 100-page book, **BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH**, by the famous Ian MacLaren. This book has more attention in the United States than any book of recent years. We give plain unabridged edition, handy size, finely printed. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than April 25. Our publication has been established ten years. We refer you to any title agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address JAMES H. PUBLISHER, 25-26-27 Temple Court Building, New York City.

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We are seeking Christian people with means, who wish good society in a Temperance community and who will build good homes. No place is more attractive for such than FAIR OAKS. A place of this kind planted to Oranges, Olives, Lemons, Almonds or other of their fruits and nuts which it produces to the greatest perfection, will rapidly enhance in value as the years roll by, yield a safe, sure and ample income. Send to us, for a handsomely illustrated 100-page book which tells all about the FAIR OAKS. Farm, Field and Fireside Homeseekers' Dept., Chicago, Ill. Sacramento, Cal. or Mills Building, New York.

CATARRH? If your druggist don't keep Dow's HARD RUBBER DOCKET INHALER we mail it direct for 50 cents. **Blanchard Mfg. Co.,** Box 658 M'P., Cincinnati, O.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES! Our INVISIBLE TUBES, cushions help wear on glasses help eyes. NO PAIN! Whispers heard. Send to F. H. Heston Co., 215 E. 11th St., N. Y., for Book and Pro-



A Misty Morning.*

WE awoke the next morning to the ominous sound of falling rain-drops. One look through the opening of our tent-like awning, and we knew what was before us. It was yet a prospect as the eye could light have seen in England. The skies seemed to have come down several thousands of feet nearer the earth, as if to make their approach the more effective. The river had lost all its spirit. Whatever turning of the tide it was, the river itself, under the merciless pelting of raindrops, appeared to have come to a dead standstill. Trees, shrubs, reeds, all were in floods of tears; and the landscape in general had the same look as the cows out in the open, of enduring with the passive patience of animal resignation. After breakfast came to our rescue. He proceeded to turn the little cabin into a nest of warmth and cosiness. Some flowers, the victims of his attack of the evening before the meadows, were placed upon the table; cushions were piled high in the corners; and, as we were briskly reminded, "them there boxes was a lot o' readin' stuff, if we wanted it." This timely reminder sent our spirits up with a bound. After luncheon it had cleared in earnest. The clouds were rolling up their gray and white curtains, and the face of a melting summer noon came from behind them. I checked the breath of the wet, moist earth, laden with the vigor of an unbreathed freshness, swept the nostrils; every bush and tree seemed to produce its orchestra; thrushes and blackbirds were singing as if to burst their throats with gladness. The river, in a twinkling, had become a lake of radiance; it lapped and gurgled as if like some happy, conscious creature. Merry fanned creatures came out of the river depths to take a look at the sun; and upon the meadows some of those aerial shapes seemed to have found wings of shimmering texture with which to dance from flower to flower.

Concerning Culture.*

THE process of culture is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit by conforming to the laws of its own growth; and the result is a broad, free human life. Culture is never quantity, it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves, additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired, it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation, it is always a result of growth. That which characterizes the man of culture is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. A man may have great knowledge and remain uncultivated; a man may have comparatively limited knowledge and be minutely cultivated. There have been famous scholars who have remained crude, unripe, inharmonious in their intellectual life, and there have been men of small scholarship who have found all the fruits of culture. The man of culture is one who has so absorbed what he knows that it is part of himself. His knowledge is not only enriched specific faculties, it is enriched him.

From *On the Broads*, by Anna Bowman Dodd; record of a yachting trip in English rivers; illustrated by Joseph Pennell. pp. 331; price, \$3; cloth covers; MacMillan & Co., New York & London, publishers.

From *Books and Culture*, a series of essays by W. Mabie. These will form delightful and inspiring reading to the student and to all book-lovers. Pp. 279, cloth covers, price \$1.25; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Teddy's Button; by the author of "Eric's Good News." A bright little story for juveniles, illustrated, pp. 119; decorated cloth covers; price \$5 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

Corn on the Mountains; Sermons on a variety of timely Gospel topics, by Rev. John Robertson, Glasgow, Scotland. Pp. 300. Cloth binding. Price 25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago & Toronto, publishers.

Mother and Son.

Both Sorely Afflicted, but Relief is Found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Call, Lafayette, Ind.

The *Call* has known the Byers family, of Talbot, Ind., for a long time, and J. W. Byers is one of those deliberate men who say little, but read and observe much. Mr. Byers has been suffering for the past three years with grip and kindred troubles. His mother has ever been a sufferer, resulting later in the most aggravating form of rheumatism. Some time ago Mr. Byers was persuaded by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It didn't take long to set Mr. Byers to talking about this remedy, and the *Call* sent a special representative to his home to ascertain the exact facts. The subjoined sworn statement of Mr. Byers is sufficient. It tells the facts simply and briefly:

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was persuaded by one of my neighbors, Maxen Williams, to try them, as he claimed to have been cured by them. I had the grip three times, and was taken down with rheumatism, and did not expect to live. The doctors said I would never get well. They advised me to take a change of climate. I was reduced from one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and five pounds. As soon as I began taking the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to gain strength and the use of my limbs was restored. I had been almost helpless for two years, the stiffness in my limbs had been painful in the extreme. But with the use of the pills the pain ceased and now I am as limber and active as when a boy.

"I was also troubled a great deal with my kidneys, but the ailment has entirely disappeared. I have been a subject for the doctors for a long time. Two reputable physicians had treated me for months, and I had spent a large amount of money for patent medicines, but to no avail. As I said, I finally took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and here I am well. I believe that is the most wonderful remedy ever made. I need not extol this remedy for all my neighbors know what my condition was and what cured me. They will all tell you that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

My mother, who is seventy years old, was also troubled with rheumatism and could scarcely move. She was very wakeful at night and had no appetite. She took five boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and now she is in perfect health, and does all her own work on a farm.

(Signed) "J. W. BYERS."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of August, 1896.

JAMES GOODWINE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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A 250 page book, full of interesting and valuable information on the subject, mailed free. Gives many hints on illustrated services and Sunday-school lessons, and tells how to conduct entertainments. Views hired.

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Cures While You Sleep, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh & Colds.

CRESOLENE when vaporized in the sick room will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant. Harmless to the youngest child. Sold by druggists. Descriptive booklet with testimonials free.

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25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate. I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

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REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that I will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, **J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.**

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1897-1847

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To commemorate our fiftieth business year, we have prepared the most beautiful and valuable SEED and PLANT CATALOGUE the gardening world has ever seen. Every copy costs us 25 cts. to produce, but in honor of this our "JUBILEE" year, we will send it this season FREE of tax (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing. This "JUBILEE" CATALOGUE of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" is a magnificent book of 170 pages, on which are displayed over 500 beautiful illustrations of Seeds and Plants, the work of our own artists. Also six full-size colored plates which in artistic beauty have probably never been equaled, certainly never surpassed.

A "JUBILEE SURPRISE SOUVENIR" will also be sent without charge to all applicants for the Catalogue who will state where they saw this advertisement.

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You can almost see them grow

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MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTER the standard of the world. 12 sizes, \$5 and up. C. O. D. or On Trial. Cat'g free if you name this paper.

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The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons. Your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest mind-bender on the market creates both sides of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera 10c., 3 for 25c., 12 for 50c. enclosed postpaid. Agents wanted.

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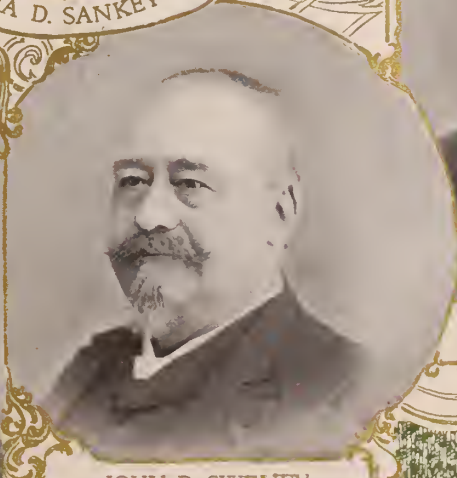
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FAMOUS GOSPEL SINGERS OF TO-DAY



Heavenly Recognition.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: II. Sam. 12: 23: "I shall go to him."



HERE is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could bide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says someone, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went upon one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a fantasy? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? In tense question? I very heartily in this audi-

ence throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill: Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber, knees, transoms, all iron or solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world; but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of God's eternal Word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain

and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned, and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind, and soul, "I know it is so!"

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want someone beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if

God-implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes, "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said, "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene associate with the divine assemblage, departed spirits and not only with them I have just mentioned, but with my d Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believe it. The Turks believe it. Under every sky, by every river, every zone, the theory is adopted; and I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again, I adopt this theory because it is a feature of moral temperament. It is a feature of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by disposition as well, by natural affinity using the word in the very best sense, not in the bad sense; and if in the next world our body should perish and lie there ever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends, and will be blasted with such insufferable idiocy that, standing beside our friends for all eternity, we will not guess who they are?

Again, I think that one reason why I ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christians and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

In the church at Somerville, New Jersey, John Vredenburg preached for great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister preaching the Gospel the time. He died, and died amid encouragements, and went home to God. No one ever doubted that John Vredenburg was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and Sabbath two hundred souls stood at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father's mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburg. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those brought to Christ through his instrumentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, I went down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Pious and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters I read the prayers, and I tried to make prayers my own. Oh, I must see I Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote. It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? Can there be no augmentation of joy? Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth, and that good mother died. He broke her

part. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be imagined. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says, "the angels of God, 'rejoice with me! the dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back.'"

"I see a soul entering heaven at last, with a covered face at the idea that it has so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, 'I have no right to be here.' A voice from a throne says, 'Oh, you forget that Sunday School class you invited to Christ! I was one of them.' And another voice says, 'You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread, and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man.' And another says, 'You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one.' And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all, rests, and says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me.' And then the seraphs will take their wings from the side of the throne, and cry, 'What song shall it be?' And Christ, looking over the harpers, shall say, 'It shall be the Harvest Home!'

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moments and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Hawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I called my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, 'The boat came across, and I got in.' I was transported. And so I suppose will be in the evening of our life. We come down to the river of death and see a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed loved ones are the oarsmen, the fires of the coming day tingeing the tops of the hills.

Oh, have you never sat by such a death-bed? In that hour you hear the departing cry, "Hark! look!" You hearkened, you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, sitting weaker and weaker every day, is taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to be looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moments that waned and wasted little one held her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I ended and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are taken up to heaven at last by minister-spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or usalem? Oh, no! our glorified kindred going to troop around us. Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as sometimes hear it described, a very frigate of splendor, where people stand on

cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister"? You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and the ruddy cheek, and the quick step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

O heaven! sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it, he-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them.

How much you have been through since you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid-room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne—the circle, hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is "Welcome,

welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No." "And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" "No." And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of heaven, came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, oh transported soul! this is death!"

A GREAT PREACHER'S VISIT

Rev. F. B. Meyer Crosses the Atlantic to Continue the Good Work Commenced in New York and Boston by Messrs. Moody and Sankey.



ONE of the most significant events of this revival season is the visit of the Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, to New York and Boston. Mr. Meyer is crossing the Atlantic for a ten days' journey in the two cities. He is expected to arrive on February 3, and to preach in Tremont Temple, Boston, on February 4, 5, 6, and 7. On February 8, he expects to reach New York, and will preach in Carnegie Music Hall on that and four following days. On February 13 he sails for England. It is not often that so long a journey is taken for so few services, but Mr. Meyer cannot remain a longer time away from his work, yet he is anxious to do all that is in his



CHRIST CHURCH, LONDON.

power to turn to account the blessed movement inaugurated by Mr. Moody's labors in the two cities. Probably there is no preacher so well fitted as Mr. Meyer to follow Mr. Moody in this work. His preaching is earnest and practical, and he has that peculiarly winning persuasive manner which has led so many hesitating souls to decide for Christ. His success in his London pastorate, where he succeeded Dr. Newman Hall, has been phenomenal. This church with its famous

tower, named Lincoln Tower after our Martyr President, is well known to American visitors to London. A visit to it and a study of its many and varied forms of

Christian usefulness are sources of inspiration which have been felt by many earnest workers. But it is not visitors only that have acknowledged their obligations to Mr. Meyer. Thousands of American Christians have been blessed by the reading of his little volumes which are issued from the press of the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York and Chicago, and have had a very extended circulation. Frederick B. Meyer, whose portrait appears in this column is but a little over forty years



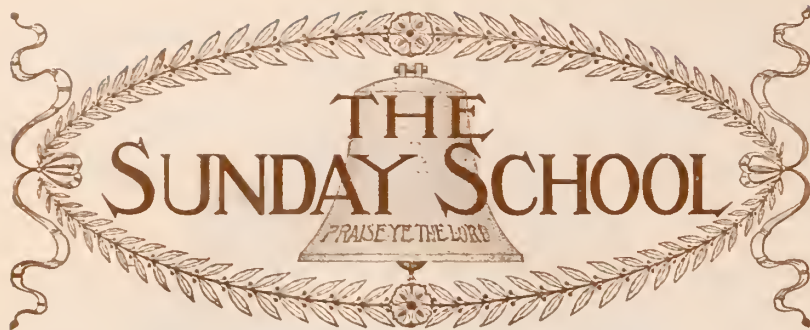
REV. F. B. MEYER, B. A.

(Sitting in this country.)

of age. He is one of those exceptional Christians whose experience should be quoted for the encouragement of some who are troubled by doubts as to their own standing. Though so eminent in service and so truly spiritual in life, he has no recollection of his conversion. After a brief business experience, he entered Regent's Park College, England, to study for the ministry. His first charge was at Liverpool as co-pastor of Rev. C. M. Barrell, of Pembroke Baptist Church. Thence he went to York where he assisted Messrs. Moody and Sankey in one of their most remarkable seasons of blessing. But it was in 1874 when Mr. Meyer settled at Leicester that the great work of his life began. Leicester is a town of hard headed, studious workmen. Their condition weighed heavily on the young pastor's heart. They would not come to church, and the church was too conservative to approach them, or hold out a hand cordially to them. Mr. Meyer wanted to win them and to do so he resigned his pastorate, quitted the sheep in the sheep-fold to go after the straying ones. The pile of buildings known as Melbourne Hall was erected for him when the Christian employers of the town discovered what he was trying to do. Sunday and week-nights the men and women who knew that Mr. Meyer had given himself to them, crowded it to suffocation. In a few years eight hundred of them made profession of faith. They confessed that until Mr. Meyer preached to them they had misunderstood Christianity and had opposed it in ignorance of its value. Twenty-three hundred children were gathered in the Sunday School of which Mr. Meyer himself was superintendent. Lectures and classes were held in the adjoining building every night of the week, and a library and reading-room and restaurant occupied another adjunct. Then Mr. Meyer carried the war into the enemy's country by opening services in other parts of the town, by mission visitors and other agencies, and these, too, were much blessed. Another novel feature of the work was the "prison breakfasts." The pastor was a daily visitor at the prison and he was always there in the early morning when the prisoners who had served their terms were discharged. They were invited to breakfast at Melbourne Hall, and after the meal Mr. Meyer gained their confidence in his happy genial way and offered to help them to lead honest lives. The number of men rescued from criminal lives by these means is astonishing.

At the present time Mr. Meyer is pastor of Christ Church, London, where he is continuing his aggressive spiritual work.

Mr. Meyer, in addition to his pastoral labors, has found time for effective literary work. Among his best known books are *Reveries and Realities*, a graphic description of life and work in London, and *The Belts of Is* (published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York), a series of delightful "Echoes" from Mr. Meyer's early pastorates.



TRUE AND FALSE GIVING.

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 7.
Acts 4: 32-37; 5: 1-11. Golden Text,
1. Sam. 16: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (1. Sam. 16: 7.) The spiritual birth of those who were born of God at Pentecost was healthy and vigorous. No need was there in those days to ask whether a man was a Christian; all his life and all his spirit went exactly counter to that of the unconverted around him; he was a new creature; old things had passed away; behold all things had become new, and all things were of God. (11. Cor. 5: 17, 18.) It was "newness of life" which was manifested by them, a harvest resulting from the corn of wheat which fell into the ground and died (i.e., Christ's death), and so brought forth much fruit "after his kind" in the lives of his disciples. In the world around, all men were seeking to please themselves, exalt themselves, better themselves, indulge themselves, whereas

"Christ Pleased not Himself,"

(Rom. 15: 3), and his followers lived "not unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." (11. Cor. 5: 15.) It was a strange phenomenon in the midst of a selfish world when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one mind; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." It was against all the instincts of nature, for "no man hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it." (Eph. 5: 29.) It would be considered the veriest folly in the world, for "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." (Ps. 49: 18.) But it was like Jesus, it was Jesus, living his life over again in those in whose hearts he dwelt by faith. It was a heavenly, not an earthly life; its source was above.

"But it was abnormal," say many, "such a life was impracticable; what would become of business, how should we support our families if we lived thus?" When men have real faith in God and act, not from individual eccentricity, or desire to be looked upon as particularly holy, but from a true obedience to the Lord, he does not let them lack. "Neither was there any among them that lacked." "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" (1. Luke 12: 35.)

Impatience of Earthly Possessions

is very rare in the Church now; then it was the Church's characteristic. The very life of the world runs in the current of: "All seek their own," but the early Church had nothing she would call her own, but the Lord who had bought her. The selfish principle in her members, with which God cannot unite, had been superseded by the Spirit of Christ, and God had full right of way with all his children. There was nothing to hinder the Holy Ghost, and thus "with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." How could it be otherwise? Men saw the hidden life shining through these transparent temples of the Holy Ghost, and they were in the presence of God who was in his people.

But wherever God works, the enemy counterfeits his working. Open opposition does more to further Christ's kingdom than almost anything else: the Gospel

thrives, and Christians grow and develop in times of persecution. When, however, the outward semblance of devotion to Christ covers a heart in which self reigns, the silver becomes dross, the wine mixed with water. (Isa. 1: 22.) All was not gold even among these first disciples. There was a man amongst them who wanted to get the credit for giving all his possessions, and for possessing the same spirit of disinterestedness as actuated the remainder, while his faith in God was so little that he kept back a part of the price of his land against the time of need. In the depth of his heart Ananias believed he could do better for himself than God could or would do for him. If he had taken the position which was the true one in his case, he would have acknowledged that he could not count on God as the others did, but that he would give what he felt he could spare. His pride, however, prevented him from being truthful.

The righteous Lord loveth righteousness, his countenance doth behold the upright. (Ps. 11: 7.) The grace of giving is so little understood and practiced in the Church of Christ at this time that, in the light of the days of her infancy she may well be ashamed. What is the real motive which makes many men give. If we could look into their hearts we should hear them say, "How much is expected of me? How much will so and so be likely to give?" Such a thought as that all they possess is not their own but the Lord's, does not seem to strike them, and thus, many will give to a church or mission when they may, by their gift, secure a certain position. After all, this is in heart no gift at all, but only an investment of money for a certain return to themselves. Some do not invest in Christian work for position or influence, but for personal credit. The subscription list is of interest to them as a means of comparing themselves with others to their own advantage; they nourish their own pride by their giving. How surprised would these men be if a modern Peter were to tell them the startling fact that they are acting the part of an Ananias!

It was an awful moment for Ananias when those eyes which are as a flame of fire (Rev. 1: 14), looked straight through the Apostle Peter upon him, and spoke the words which were to seal his doom: "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own, and after it was sold was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart. Thou hast not lied unto man, but unto God." The same word of God which is spirit and life to them that hear and obey is death to those who disobey. It is with the rod of his mouth and by the breath of his lips that God shall smite the wicked. (Isa. 11: 4.) No hand had touched the unhappy man, but he, smitten by the Word of God through Peter, fell down a lifeless mass at the Apostle's feet. An awful lesson against untruth, an awful warning against false profession and mixed motives.

But the sinner was not alone in his transgressions. His wife was party to the transaction. Unlike a true helpmeet, she was one with him in his duplicity. Perhaps the same, three hours and more, which had elapsed since her husband left her to make his donations to the funds of the church alarmed her, and she came to the company of the disciples with the lie still in her

heart. She was not prepared for the instant question of Peter. "Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?" "Yea, for so much," was her unhesitating answer.

O the shock of the words which followed from the lips of the man who saw in the power of the Holy Ghost right down into her crooked heart! "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door and shall carry thee out." No moment to retract: no moment to seek for pardon. The atmosphere of a church united in the holy disinterestedness which counted nothing their own was one in which duplicity and unbelief could not live. O that such an atmosphere were found in the Church of to-day! These were the first deaths in the early Church.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



JOY, enthusiasm, and brotherly love evidently characterized the church in the period described in the lesson. How long it was after Pentecost, we have no means of knowing, but perhaps not many months. It is an interesting picture of social life. To be a Christian in those days was to be a

member of a family, and the word "brother," which we still often hear

used by some Christians, had a real practical meaning. It is glorious to remember that there has been one time, at least, in the history of the Christian Church when brotherly love was the paramount consideration, and when there was in the church none who lacked anything. But this divine enthusiasm did not continue. A little later we hear (Acts 6: 1) that jealousies were aroused. Some of the people complained of unfairness in the distribution, and the Apostles whose impartiality was challenged, gave way to seven new distributors appointed by the church. There seems to be ground, too, for doubting whether the wholesale distribution was really beneficial in the end. The references to the poverty of the church in Jerusalem later in the Acts, and in Paul's Epistles indicate a permanent condition of pauperism, which may have had its origin in those early alms. If the poor members of the church became accustomed to depend on the daily distributions, and made no exertions for their own support, the distributions may not have been altogether a blessing. It is certain that the need of alms became chronic.

Two contrasted incidents of this communistic period are on record. One of them was Josias Barnabas who sold his property and turned the proceeds into the common treasury. He is the same man who afterward accompanied Paul on his early missionary journeys. Tradition says that he met the great apostle in the school of Gamaliel. According to the story, his parents were wealthy Jews of Cyprus who sent him to Jerusalem to study, but seeing Christ work a miracle and hearing him teach, he became a Christian and brought his sister, Mary, and her son, Mark, the author of the second Gospel, into the fold. He was evidently a generous, impulsive man, and was probably among the first to bring his possessions into the treasury. A very different man was Ananias, whose tragic death is recorded. He had the Pharisee spirit, craving popularity and a credit he did not deserve. Although the record does not state the fact, we infer that Ananias, either in words, or in the manner of his giving, conveyed the assurance that the money he gave was the whole price he had received for his land. Peter appears in some way to have known

the actual amount, and to be aware of deception. He reproves the man sharply and reminds him that there was no compulsion on him to offer the gift. He might have kept the land, or have sold it and kept the money, but he sinned grievously in pretending to the Holy Spirit that was doing a thing that he was not doing. Peter pronounced no sentence upon him and was probably as much surprised at the others when he fell down, dead, afterward, when Sapphira entered, she a direct lie, and Peter predicted a similar fate for her, and she, too, died. The chronicle says that "great fear came upon the church," and we can well believe it. The habit of insincerity, of pretence declaring that we are really doing all we can afford to do, that we give ourselves to Christ, "t'is all that we can do," is so common, that these early Christians seeing punishment so swift and terrible fall upon two pretenders, must have been solemn and have realized how dangerous it is to trifle with sacred things.

Kept back part of the price. A boy sires to become a musician. A father of the art, a man whose fame is wide, hears of the boy, examines him, finds that he has talent, and offers to charge of him and make him a musician, on one condition. The must give up himself entirely to the teacher for the conduct of his studies for the disposal of all his time. The teacher is to regulate the time of his rising and going to bed, his diet, the book shall read, the time to be devoted to practice, and the character of his amusement. If the boy will agree to this, there is no doubt of his becoming the finest musician of his time. Suppose the boy agrees, he is very fond of novel-reading. He goes up late at night, he curtails his hours of study, he allows his mind to run on favorite stories while he is practicing music. Would it be surprising if he failed in his musical career? Would his mother be to blame for the failure? The boy kept back part of the price he was to pay for success. When a man goes to God and made his child, he cannot complain if he keeps back a part of the price to give it to the world. He made full surrender.

Great fear came on all. How it surprised a man of the last century were to rise from his grave and see is done now by electricity. It carries messages over the wires; it carries voices for hundreds of miles by telegraph; it supplies us with light; and it gives power to run our cars and machinery. But it is not all it can do. This useful, beneficent agent can kill. See that convicted murderer as he enters the chair in the prison and looks at the chair for him. How he shrinks from it! He knows that seated in that chair a current of electricity will pass through him and stop his life. See the lineman busy with the wires on a telegraph pole. His hand accidentally touches a bare wire, and he falls limp and dead. The electricity is serving us so well and faithfully that it killed him. It is no trifling matter to be in contact with such an agent. Ananias and Sapphira had seen the wonderful works of the Holy Spirit; now they were to experience the awful consequences of trifling with it.

To lie to the Holy Ghost. So far as are told, Ananias told no lie. He appeared to have allowed it to be inferred that he was giving the whole of the money he received for his land. That was a lie which may be quite as bad as a lie that is told. A country teacher relates that once when a class in spelling stood before she put a hard word. The pupil's head spelled it wrongly. She put it next, and the next, right through last, but all failed. She asked the last, a bright, intelligent lad, and he spelled the word rightly as she thought. He was the head of the class above seventeen and girls who were all older than he. Turning around the teacher wrote the word on the black-board that all might see and remember it. But no sooner had the successful little boy read it than he said that it was not spelled as he had spelled it. What should he do? He had only the silence and he would retain his position. But he was not that kind of a boy. "You must have misunderstood me," he said. "I said 'e' not 'i'." And he went to the foot of the class. He was the opposite of Ananias. He did not take credit that did not belong

KINDNESS FOR CRIPPLES.

The Daisy Fields Home at Englewood, N. J., and Its Samaritan Work Among Little Sufferers.

HERE is probably no form of charity which appeals more directly or sympathetically to the heart than that which has a helpless little child for its object. New York City and its suburbs have many institutions for the care, training and education of the tiny waifs who are cast adrift on the world. Our own Children's Home, at beautiful Mont-Lawn, every summer gives shelter, food and recreation to nearly 3,000 neglected tenement children. But for the special cases of the little toddlers who have been so afflicted that they must go through life maimed or crippled, there is comparatively little provision made at the present time.

In the pretty suburban town of Englewood, N. J., about 15 miles from New York, and in one of the pleasantest localities is the Daisy Fields Home and Hospital for crippled children. This worthy institution has been open continuously since June, 1893. Here, surrounded by pleasant inmates and the kindest of nurses, and tended by skilled physicians, during these three-and-a-half years a large number of crippled children have been housed and nursed. All sorts of "cases" are represented among the tiny inmates: some with broken legs or arms, others with dislocations, spinal disease, hip disease, shrunk limbs, etc. The hospital and home is cared for on for the purpose of caring for children who are usually refused admission to their institutions. Many are cripples upon whom the ravages of disease have left their imprint, and who, if not furnished with proper country air and food, would die. Others of the same class have submitted to excisions of joints and other necessary operations, and without the care found in such an institution would relapse and go on from bad to worse. Working with such almost hopeless cases the results have often been marvelous. In most instances the disease is overcome, and the suffering child is restored to health and saved from the misery of a cripple's life. The Daisy Fields Home takes the sufferer and tenderly cares for it until restored to health or until life is closed. During a year only two deaths occurred, one from disease of the spine and one from scarlet fever. After the children are cured they return to their poor homes in the slums of our great cities to be lost in the whirlpool that makes up life there.

The Home is a spacious frame building with an extension, ample grounds and wide verandas. Besides the dormitories it contains commodious play-rooms, operating-room and nurses' quarters. All the unitary arrangements are perfect. Many little cripples from homes of poverty have here found happy surroundings and permanent cure. It is estimated that there are in New York City alone thousands of crippled children receiving little or no attention, who might be cured, or at least greatly helped by such skilled surgical treatment as is given at this charity, which not only seeks to help the child physically but mentally and morally as well. Its kindergarten is a pleasant sight, and it would make older folks smile to see these fragile little ones at play as happy as though they were endowed with the blessing of sound limbs and sturdy bodies. Our illustration shows a trio of girl cripples at play as "little laundresses."

The Daisy Fields Home is supported by contributions from kind-hearted patrons who are interested in the welfare of the little cripples, and wish to help them. Its beneficiaries are poor children. It is warmly endorsed by many pastors and other worthy people who recognize it as a worthy charity that deserves recognition and support from all who are interested in the welfare of the little helpless cripples.

The Palestine Railroads.

A traveler writes: "The single line from Jaffa to Jerusalem hardly pays its expenses at present, and the much-to-be-desired railway from Port Said direct to Jerusalem, which would obviate the difficulties of the landing at Jaffa, can hardly be said to be within the range of practical politics, owing to indifference, if not opposition, in high quarters. But there is no

doubt, should the present troubles result in a government really anxious to develop the resources of the country, that a great influx of trade and prosperity would be followed by a gradual reducing of local peculiarities to a dead level of Europeanism, such as we see in Alexandria or Pera.

A lady who has lived in Jerusalem forty years says that the population of the city is constantly on the increase. She says that "twenty-two years ago there were only between fifteen and twenty thousand Jews in Jerusalem. In those days no houses were to be found outside the magnificent walls, the gates of which are closed at night. Since then many changes have taken place, and the Hebrew population—mainly on account of the increase of the Jewish immigration from Russia—now stands at between sixty and seventy thousand."

REACHING PLAIN PEOPLE.

More Approving Comments on Mr. Moody's Plea for Sunday Evening Gospel Services.



URING the present month, many letters have been received approving of the suggestion of Evangelist D. L. Moody, that the Christian Churches of America generally should devote Sunday evenings to the presentation of the plain Gospel for the purpose of reaching the common people. Extracts from several of the letters are given below:

Lancaster, Wis. Meetings Sunday evenings in church here are very rare. About twenty-five have been added to the church during the year, but they resulted from special revival services held in two country appointments where they usually have preaching only once in two weeks. Revival services were also held here, but no conversions. I hope Mr. Moody's suggestion may become a rule in every Protestant church in our land.

Elgin, Neb. We live six miles from town, and have only a schoolhouse to worship in. We have preaching every two weeks at eleven o'clock, A. M., Sunday School every Sunday, and prayer and class

here and in Seattle, and with but one or two exceptions, I have heard almost anything else but the pure Gospel.

Ludlow, Vt. Our Sunday evening services are C. E. meeting at 6 o'clock, and presbytery at 7 o'clock, generally. Not one has joined the church for three years, if my memory serves me right.

Sharp, Ky. On Sunday afternoons we hold our Y. P. S. of C. E., and in the evening Gospel services at a school house near the church. Last year between fifty and sixty were added to our church.

Minneapolis, Minn. I am a member of one of the largest churches in Minneapolis. It has a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred or more, but no kneeling capacity. The choir does all of the singing Sunday evening with the exception of one hymn, in which the congregation join. We know that it is utterly impossible, generally to catch a single word that is sung by our modern church choirs. Are we ashamed of our cause? Must our cause be put into the background? We are not gaining by trying to please the ear; we are losing the power of the Holy Ghost.

Cloverdale, Cal. I heartily agree with Mr. Moody in his views on Sunday evening Gospel services. Our Sunday evening services here are of a miscellaneous character. No growth of membership in a year, and no conversions.

Spangle, Wash. There are four churches here, but only three places of worship. There are no regular services in any place at present. There may have been some additions to the churches by letter during the past year. I am not informed on that point. There has been but one conversion here in a long time. I think over two years; that one was last winter. To tell the exact truth, we are spiritually dead.

These letters, as well as others received, are indisputable evidence in support of

A Wood-Thrush's Library.

ORNITHOLOGISTS have not presumed to affirm that our birds read either words or music. This, in spite of the constant slaughter of song birds and the unremitting greed for their eggs, iniquities which continue,



WOOD-THRUSH'S NEST, CONTAINING A PART OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

uncondemned, to augment the scarcity of birds "in the interests of science." True it is, however, that certain of the birds betray a fondness for a bit of reading matter with which to put a finishing touch to the nest. Among these is the wood-thrush, a general favorite among bird-lovers. His wondrous voice, aside from the charm of his warm, tawny back and creamy, heart-spotted breast, holds fixed an attention that wanders from more vivacious, brilliantly arrayed songsters.

This thorn-encircled nest, a photograph of which I send you enclosed, was the unrocked cradle of a brood of young wood thrushes. It was firmly planted against the black trunk of a thorn tree but little above one's head. The thorns below, above, and all about it made near approach impossible, and marked the wise precaution of the stately pair who guarded its contents.

The bottom of the nest flaunts a large, ragged bit of paper, that fluttered in the breeze which bore aloft the adoring chant of the male thrush. This was the library of the wood-thrush, and if its characters were meaningless to the father and mother thrush, perhaps they shared the wisdom of other parents in believing that each new generation may accomplish something undreamed of by its ancestors. Who knows—this may have been a college education designed for their treasured nestlings. This is what the fragmentary surface disclosed:

The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times

OUR SERVICE OF SONG.

Conducted by Ira D. Sinkov.

Take my voice

And let me sing

Ever only for my King.

Mark 9: 41.

Bear a cup of loving service sons and daughters of the

THWILIGHT TOWN.

Hush, baby, soft and low!

Slow, slow, let us go!

Through the gap in the wall to Twilight Town.

Soft as the wind through rippling wheat,

When the sun's last rays and the shadows meet,

Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet.

Through the gap in the wall on their dimpled knees,

On the grass of the Kingdom, ho-as-you-please.

A BABY'S VOICE SAYS: THYM.

When the baby thrushes were about ready for flight, three curious, unkempt, red-brown heads raised themselves above the nest's brim at the sound of passing foot-steps, and peeped over the menacing thorns with young, inquiring eyes.

—ELIZABETH NUNEMACHER.

A WONDERFUL RESCUE WORK.

The Florence Mission of Kansas City Mo., is doing a wonderful work. At a recent anniversary celebration the managers said that during the past month six thousand women and men had been present at the meetings and one hundred and forty-six of them had declared themselves determined in Christ's strength to renounce their sinful lives. A large number of women, some of whom are well educated and come of highly respectable families, have been rescued from lives of shame and are now in the home, and evidences of their being truly converted.



CRIPPLED CHILDREN PLAYING "LAUNDRESS" AT THE DAISY FIELDS HOME.

meeting. There are forty members. I don't think there have been any added to the church, or any conversions in the last year. A revival is needed in this neighborhood.

Fultonville, N. Y. Sunday evening services are held, and the Gospel only preached. We usually have a song service for fifteen minutes, and an after-meeting is frequently held. On no occasion can a sinner leave without hearing the Gospel invitation. Membership in a year has more than doubled—from 30 to 100—and there have been 30 conversions in same period.

Providence, R. I. In looking through the list of Sunday services as published in the Saturday papers, it would appear as though every other subject was preached except Jesus Christ and him crucified as the only hope of the world. I believe that it is by "the foolishness of preaching" that souls are to be saved, and that the preaching of the Cross is the power of God to those that are saved. We have services every Sunday evening at our church. The subjects have been, recently, "The Public Schools," "Criminals in Prison and Out." We have prelates on newspapers, bicycle riders, and kindred subjects. For the last six months there has been no addition on confession, and I think there have been a dozen by letter. I do not know that there have been any conversions. "God has made us for himself and the soul is restless until it finds rest in him," and that rest is only attained by a knowledge of Christ, who came to reveal the Father.

Ballard, Wash. Services held morning and evening, but I do not think it can be called Gospel. No conversions in a year. I think Mr. Moody has voiced the sentiments of many hungry souls. Oh, that there were more true heralds of the cross of Jesus-Christ! I attended a number of the churches

Mr. Moody's recent assertion during the Cooper Union revival meetings that the Church that is "without Sunday evening Gospel Services is dead."

FAITH.

FAITH is the door to heaven,
And 'tis the only one.
The soul is cleansed, the sins forgiven
Through faith in God's dear son.

By faith we walk below.
And rise o'er trials here.

'Tis faith that conquers every foe,
And scatters doubt and fear.

'Tis faith that guides our feet
When paths are dark and rough.

True faith can never know defeat,
It counts God's word enough.

Fresh strength it will impart
Through all our coming years.

In sorrow, it will cheer the heart,
And wipe away the tears.

The blessed gift of faith
First cometh from the Lord.

It is believing what he saith,
Depending on his word.

Faith, like an anchor strong,
Will hold the soul secure.

It ever sings the trusting song
That what God says is sure.

Stayner, Ont. MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

SINGERS WHO SAVE SOULS.

America's Famous Gospel Vocalists, whose Grand Voices Touch the Hearts of the Multitudes and Awaken the Sinner.

WHAT triumphs have been won for Christ by the human voice, lifted up, and thrilling with the burning ardor of consecration! What vast assemblies have been moved, what multitudes melted under the potent influence of divine song! In this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we devote space to the presentation of the portraits of some of these sweet singers—Gospel minstrels in the highest sense. From that night when the angels sang over Bethlehem's plains till now, the world has never been without tuneful voices to sing the sweet song of the Lamb. Through long persecution and darkness, the believing Church has sung its way, confident in ultimate triumph, and now in the broader Gospel light in which we are walking to-day, the strains are bolder, clearer and more resonant than ever.

In the brief biographical sketches below, we outline the careers of the Gospel singers, each history being a narrative which cannot fail to interest, instruct and encourage the reader. First among these knights of sacred song comes Ira D. Sankey, well known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Ira David Sankey, the greatest of living Gospel singers, was born in Edenburg, Pennsylvania, in 1840. When he was sixteen years old the family removed to New-castle, in the same State. His first religious impressions came from the instructions of an old Scotch farmer, who used to take him to the Sunday School when he was only six years of age. During a series of revival meetings held in his neighborhood when he was fifteen, he was led to Christ, and on the removal of the family afterward, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at New-castle, identified himself with the Sunday School, and became prominent in the service of song. He trained the children of the school in singing, and conducted the service of praise in the church. His clear melodious voice, distinct enunciation of the words sung, and rich, emotional tones soon attracted attention, and he was often invited to musical circles, and to conduct the singing at public meetings and conventions.

Before he was twenty-one he was elected superintendent of the Sunday School, and it was here that he commenced his famous solo singing. His voice touches the heart, and many souls have been won by it to Christ. In 1871, at a National Y. M. C. A. Convention, at Indianapolis, Mr. Moody first heard Mr. Sankey, and was impressed with his remarkable voice and style of singing. On conferring together, they found that their love of mission work and desire for extended usefulness were mutual, and they agreed to labor together in evangelistic services. Since that time their careers have been closely identified, and they have labored together in all parts of the globe. Mr. Sankey has repeatedly accompanied Mr. Moody to Great Britain, and they have worked jointly for souls during a period of nearly twenty-five years, conducting successful revivals in many American and European cities, and everywhere being blessed by an abundant spiritual harvest. Besides his magnificent gift of song, Mr. Sankey is an excellent and effective speaker, and is also a popular composer of Gospel hymns, many of his melodies having been composed expressly for hymns written by Fanny J. Crosby, the famous blind poet. His latest book is "Sacred Songs No. 1."

For the last three months, Mr. Sankey has been assisting Mr. Moody in the conduct of the great series of revival ser-

at Cooper Union and Carnegie Hall, New York—a movement which spread to many cities and to churches of every Christian denomination in the Eastern and Middle States, and which resulted in a multitude of conversions. Mr. Sankey and his wife will soon leave for Southern California, where they will spend two or three months.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick was born in Pennsylvania, in 1838. He came of a musical family, and at an early age became quite proficient on the flute, fife, violin, and violoncello. When sixteen years old, he left his home in Duncannon, Pa., for Philadelphia, and served three years as an apprentice to a carpenter, his evenings being spent in the study and practice of music. In February, 1855, he joined the Wharton Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, and from that time devoted himself mostly to sacred music, giving his services to the choir and Sunday School. He studied singing under Prof. T. Bishop, a leading oratorio and ballad singer, and became a member of the Harmonia and the Handel and Haydn Sacred Music Societies.

From 1854 to 1857 he composed many hymn-tunes and elaborate anthems. His first published composition was, "When the Spark of Life is Waning," which appeared between 1856 and 1859. In 1865, he superintended the publication of a tune-book, the "Heart and Voice" or "Songs of Praise for the Sanctuary,"

which included all the hymns of the Methodist Episcopal hymn-book. During the next year or two, some of his well-known hymns were written. The words and music of "Resting at the Cross," "Sweetly I'm Resting in Jesus," "Beautiful Day," and the music of "Remember Jesus Leads," and others, which were issued in leaflet form in 1873 and 1874, and were published in 1875 with several other pieces.

About this time Mr. Kirkpatrick became acquainted with Mr. John R. Sweney, and in 1880, his first book as an associate of Mr.

Sweney, the "Quiver of Sacred Song," was published. Since then the two have been working much together. Their summers are busy with camp-meeting work. Mr. Kirkpatrick is much occupied in helping other music writers all over the country in harmonizing and perfecting their work. Among the best known books of which he is associate editor is, "Finest of the Wheat," Nos. 1 and 2, etc.

Among the most popular of our Gospel hymn and tune writers is James McGranahan. He was born at Adamsville, Pa., in 1840 and while yet a lad, learned to read notes and sing alto in the singing schools. At nineteen, he organized his first singing class. He maintained his studies in vocal music, and under the training of Bassini, sang his first important tenor solo in the oratorio of "Stabat Mater." In 1862, after Mr. McGranahan's marriage, he became associated with the late J. G. Towner, and for some two years held conventions and concerts through central Pennsylvania and southern New York. He studied at different times under Bassini, Webb, O'Neil, and others, and the art of teaching under that prince of teachers, Dr. Geo. F. Root, the art of conducting under Zerrahn, and harmony under Dr. Mason, J. C. D. Parker, F. W. Root, and others, until the summer of 1875, when he accepted the management of the "National Normal Musical Institute." His work in musical compositions began in 1865. His first melody was entitled "My Sewing Machine." Others followed, among them were "Nearer Home," "Say a Kind Word," and "That will be Heaven for Me." For many years he has been busy writing anthems, glee and hymn tunes, which have

been sung everywhere. His books are widely used both North and South. In 1877 he devoted himself to the work of singing the Gospel, and together with Major Whittle, labored faithfully and successfully for about three years. In 1880 he went to England, where he met with great success. While there he published two books: "Songs of the Gospel" and "The Gospel Male Chorus Book." He has also published a number of successful books of Gospel song in the United States. He resides at Kinsman, O., and is still in the height of his powers and popularity. Among his principal publications are: "The Choice," and "Harvest of Song;" "The Gospel Male Choir;" "The Gospel Male Choir, No. 2;" "Gospel Choir," with Mr. Sankey; "Gospel Hymns, Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6," with Messrs. Sankey and Stebbins; "Songs of the Gospel," and "The Male Chorus Book."

Another grand singer of the Gospel of Jesus is George C. Stebbins. He was born in 1846 on a farm in Orleans Co., N. Y., where he lived until 1869, when he removed to Chicago to engage in the profession of music. His talent was of such a high order that he was appointed as Director of Music in the First Baptist Church, Chicago, one of the most influential churches in the West. He removed to Boston in 1874. During his residence in Chicago, he became acquainted with Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, Mr. Bliss, and Mr. Sankey, and frequently sang with the last named. In Boston he sang for a year in the church of which the late Dr. A. J. Gordon was pastor, and he afterward went to Tremont Temple, where he became Musical Director. He was, however, induced by Mr.

Moody to engage in evangelistic work under his direction, which he did in August, 1876. Mr. Stebbins' first singing of his song "Eternity," before the great audience of eight thousand people at Chicago made a profound impression. He has been more or less directly associated with Moody and Sankey in their work ever since, going three times abroad and twice to the Pacific Coast to assist them. He is also associate editor with Mr. Sankey and Mr. McGranahan of the books known as "Gospel Hymns," many thousands of which have been sent as premiums to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Before beginning his musical career, Mr. Stebbins married the daughter of Rev. Moses Miller, residing in the immediate neighborhood of his birthplace. On his entering the evangelistic field, she took up the work of singing with him, becoming a valuable aid, and she rendered effective service in the conduct of ladies' meetings in giving Bible-readings, and assisting in the inquiry meetings.

Wherever the voice of man is lifted in praise to its maker and wherever the story of Jesus is sung by the musical lips of childhood, the name of John Robson Sweney is known and esteemed. He has composed many sacred songs that have been a help and an inspiration to men and women in all stages of the Christian life. Perhaps the most famous of his compositions is "Beulah Land," which is now sung in almost every language under the sun. Mr. Sweney was born in West Chester, Pa., Dec. 31, 1837. At the age of nineteen he began the study of music under Professor Theodore Bauer, a celebrated German teacher, and was trained in vocal culture by Professor Barilli, the teacher of Patti. At twenty-two Mr. Sweney taught at Dover, Del. When the war opened he took charge of the band of the Third Delaware Regiment, continuing with it until disbanded by the Government. In 1869 he was recalled to the Pennsylvania Military College where, in 1876, he received the degree of Bachelor of Music, and in 1886 the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him. From 1871 to the present time he has been intimately connected with church and Sunday school work for which a large number of his popular hymns have

been written. To enumerate composition so well known as those of Dr. Sweney would be a work of supererogation as they are sung in almost every Christian household.

Mr. E. O. Excell was born in Marlborough, O., in 1852, his father being a minister of the German Reformed Church. He was apprenticed to a trade, but being gifted with a wonderful baritone voice, turned his attention to its cultivation. He was for six years a pupil under Dr. Geo. Root, the famous professor of music at the National Normal School, and while still very young, was heard in public before large audiences with great appreciation. His powerful and sympathetic voice possesses a wonderful charm and never fails to move those who hear it in sacred song. Mr. Excell was converted in his twelfth year, when he, with his wife, was attending a revival at East Broad, O. He has during the subsequent years done noble Gospel service, and has not only sung at great revivals in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, but at Chattanooga Assemblies, and numerous concerts and conventions. In 1885 he was Musical Director at the International Sunday School Convention in Louisville, Ky. For a number of years he has been engaged in the publishing of church and Sunday school music in Chicago, and has been prominent in all religious work in the city and State. He is an author as well as singer, and some of his compositions are widely popular, one of the best known being the famous hymn, "We stand before the King." He is now in his best age for active Gospel work.

One of the best known composers of sacred song is Hul Platt Main, who was born at Ridgefield, Conn., in 1839. His father was an old-fashioned singing school teacher with a capital voice, the young lad brought up in a musical atmosphere. After leaving school and engaging in different business ventures, he at last settled down to the profession for which he seemed to be naturally adapted. In 1855, began as a composer of music, and assisted his father to edit "The Sunday School Lyric" and the first Methodist Hymn Tune Book of 1856, and was the associate of Wood

& Bradbury in producing many compilations from 1856 to the time of his death; and in 1866, he assisted Phillips in "The M. E. Church Hymn Tune-Book," "Singing Pilgrim," etc. Since that time his entire energies have been devoted to the production of original sacred composition, and the editing, compiling of a very large number of Sunday School hymn-books, volumes of anthems, Hymn and Tune-Books for the use of choirs, etc. He has been member of several choral organizations in New York and Newark, and has ranked among his friends most of the famous musical celebrities, home and foreign, who have appeared in this country. He is a practical composer, gifted with skill, originality and rare versatility, and since the date of his first original production in 1855, not a thousand compositions have come from his pen, including part songs, school pieces, Sunday School songs, anthems, instrumental songs, and a few instrumental pieces. Among his most popular productions are: "We shall Meet Beyond the River," 1867; "The Bright Forever," 1871; "In the Fadeless Spring-time," 1872; "Blessed Homeland," 1877; "O, how I Love," 1872. Mr. Main is somewhat of an antiquarian in musical matters, and has collected of genuine musical antiquities makes a small library of itself, recognized as probably the best authority in America on hymnology.

John H. Burke is one of the comparatively new men in Gospel song, as American audiences are concerned. He was born in Ireland in 1855 and came to this country with his parents, settled in Chicago. The family attended



PETER PHILIP BILHORN.



D. B. TOWNER.

INDIA'S DYING PEOPLE.

The Famine Increasing in Virulence and the Missionaries Urgently Appealing for Help—The Plague in Bombay Slaying its Thousands.

EVERY cable dispatch from India adds heart-rending details to the sad accounts of suffering previously sent. The Government no longer conceals the fact that the famine is greater than it had foreseen, and that multitudes are dying of starvation whom it has not the power to relieve. Private benevolence is coming to its aid with liberal subscriptions, but every

comparatively flourishing condition of the cities.

"A curious thing is that the greatest number of deaths from starvation occur in the most fertile districts. Now let us trace back the cause of the fearful mortality. A trade union system two or three thousand years old prevails in the villages of India. The centre of every model village is the

country, writes: "Distress is creeping on all around us. There have been some slight showers in some parts of the Talug, and the millet in the villages close to the Godavery may yield a half crop, but in the Koi villages all is gone. The severe distress will begin in a few weeks. At present many have some grain, and they are digging roots everywhere.

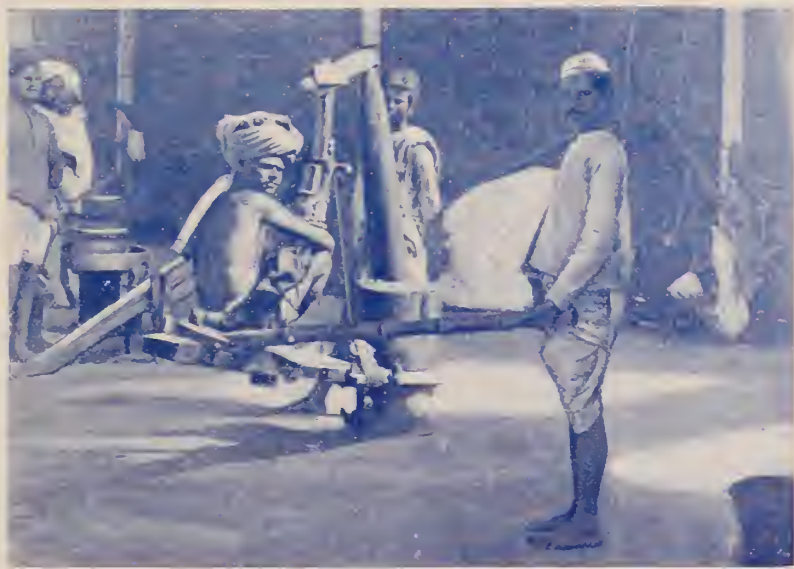
"It is quite plain that famine, or at least severe distress, mitigated only by the exertions of the Government and of private individuals, has commenced on an immense scale in Northern and Central India. Very many millions of people are involved in the calamity. The Government is putting forth all its strength to bring food, and the means of purchasing it within the reach of the people, and is pledged to spare no expenditure or effort to save life. But the task is prodigious. The official estimate in November was that in the Northwest Provinces alone a failure of crops in a greater or less degree had taken place in an area with a population of 40,000,000 of people. Then there are parts of the Punjab, Central India, Bombay, and Madras, similarly affected besides.

"A certain amount of private money has been subscribed. But at a time like this, when so many millions of people in India are involved in such dire distress, Christians ought not to withhold help. Vast as the Government organization is, how is it possible for it to reach the homes of such multitudes, and deal the bread to the women, the children, the sick and the weakly, who cannot go to the relief works?"

The gratitude of the writer of the foregoing letter is expressed in eloquent terms to the friend to whom the letter was written for a few pounds which he had sent by telegraph which enabled him to save the lives of some of the people who were begging for help. The missionaries long to give at least some food to the people to whom they have preached the Gospel, that the sufferers may know that the compassion of Christ lives in his followers and that for his dear sake they gladly feed the starving. How much the cause of Christianity might be advanced in India, it is impossible to conceive if in this supreme crisis the missionary had in his hands the means of saving the people around him from perishing of starvation. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to forward any sums sent for the purpose.

The proverb that calamities never come singly is being fulfilled in India's sad experience. The cable brings the news that the horrible pestilence known as "the Black Death," has broken out and is slaying its thousands. An American merchant in Bombay, which is the scene of its early ravages, says that the cause is generally attributed to the people who are unable to procure whole some food, eating damaged and unsaleable grain to appease the pangs of hunger. "Its victims are," he says, "for the greater part among the poor and ill-fed who live in the high, badly ventilated houses of the unclean grain quarter. Its course is horribly swift. A headache, bubbles forming on the groins or sides of the upper body or anywhere where there are glands, and then death. The whole thing is usually run through in forty-eight hours." A Bombay correspondent of the New York Herald writes: "In Poona and Bandra the plague is raging with great virulence. The efforts of physicians to stay the progress of the disease in the slightest degree have been

fruitless and the death rate has become extremely high. Hundreds of persons attacked by the disease have died in two or three hours, after suffering dreadful agony. Every day the situation becomes worse and it is estimated that nearly half the population of the city have fled to escape death. The misery is greatly aggravated by the prevalence of the famine, thousands of the natives who leave the city have absolutely nothing on which to support themselves in the country, and thus fall victims to the slower death from starvation. The streets and bazaars that a few weeks ago were teeming with life are now virtually deserted, and many shops are closed." The fugitives will carry the seeds of the plague with them.



NATIVES WORKING AN OIL PRESS IN INDIA.

dollar is needed, and every day's delay in expending it is costing thousands of lives. The correspondent of the New York Sun cables: "The response to the appeal, liberal as it is, is utterly inadequate to stem the tide of suffering. It will require the generosity of the whole world to oppose a real check to the ravages of hunger in India. It would be easy to harrow the hearts of every one possessing a spark of human sympathy by the accounts of the typical sights and experiences in the vast famine districts during the past few weeks. It is sufficient to say that the grim, starving millions of India are perishing at a more rapid rate than any army ever suffered before the most deadly engines of destruction devised by man." Another American correspondent reports that the Government has now three million men employed on the relief works, but that at least eighty-one millions are suffering the pangs of hunger. The collapse seems to have come simultaneously in the homes of the people where, at the best of times, there is little or no reserve on which to fall back. With the sad patience of the Oriental, want has been endured, the daily supply of food has been diminished until like a walking skeleton the poor native has become frenzied with hunger and pleads piteously for any fragment of food that will assuage his pain.

In a recently published interview with Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, who was born in India and passed the greater part of his life in that land, he explained the cause of the periodical famines which afflict the country and of which this is the most severe of recent times. He said: "The population of India is almost entirely agricultural, that is, about eleven of every twelve of the people live in villages or country towns, and are dependent upon the land for their support. It is in these villages that the chronic wart exists, and that the pressure of famine is most keenly felt. In the towns wages are higher, employment is more easily obtained, and the charity of rich natives obviates any serious amount of suffering. Hence, also, the existence and extent of the chronic suffering come to be doubted, as it is judged largely from the

pied by the land owners. It is divided into five sections. One is occupied by the cultivators of the land, another by the weavers, another by the tanners, the fourth by the potters who make the cooking and eating vessels, and the last by the sweepers or scavengers. The system is such that every man, woman and child is taught to follow some profession, or, rather, occupation, and to assist at the harvests. From time to time there are two harvests, again, three, in a year. No matter what these people do, they are paid in food, that is, grain. Every morning at four o'clock the housewives in the villages get up, and you can hear them grinding the day's supply of corn. They throw a little of the flour into a bowl of watered buttermilk and make a food called gheens. The supply is always



A TYPICAL HINDOO VILLAGE.

scant, for the housewife knows that if no rain falls, she and her family will not have enough grain to carry them over to the next harvest. So it is always stint, stint with the family, and when it isn't stint it is starve."

The testimonies from the scene of the calamity confirm the Commissioner's view. One missionary writes: "I got in last night from a week's hard traveling in the famine district of Behar and Khandesh. We have taken in eighty children. They have to be fitted up with clothes, bedding, and everything. Grain is so dear and extra food is required. Will you ask prayer for us? We need it in so many ways. Who will help to feed this large family?" Another who has his home in the Koi

Moody's church in that city, and in the church young Burke made his profession of the Christian faith. His first experience in public singing was as musical leader of the Sunday School, and after that he began an active musical and evangelistic career. In 1880 he married Miss Margaret McDonald, a member of Mr. Moody's church. Since adopting music as a profession he has led choirs at many conventions and large religious assemblies in different parts of the country. He has been a laborer in many missions, with D. L. Moody, Major Whittle, Rev. B. Fay Mills, and Rev. John McNeill, evangelists whose names and work are known in all English-speaking lands. Quite recently he assisted Messrs. Moody and Sankey in their great revival services at Cooper Union and Carnegie Hall, New York City.

Peter Emilio Bilhorn belongs to the younger generation of Gospel singers, having been born at Mendota, Ill., in 1872, of German parents. His father possessed a magnificent voice, and was also a composer, so it was not surprising that the son should inherit musical talent. He was converted during a series of Revival Meetings under Mr. Moody's charge, and decided to consecrate his life to Christian work. This was in 1891, and since that time Mr. Bilhorn has been a most active and successful worker for Christ. He has sung at Gospel services and revival meetings in almost every important city in the country, and has been associated with many leading evangelists. He has sung to the cowboys, to the Indians of the Black Hills, to the traders at the outposts in remote sections of the newer States and Territories and to immense audiences in the Eastern and Middle States. His superb vocalism has the means of attracting multitudes wherever he has appeared. On one occasion, while singing at a revival meeting held in the streets of Bismark, North Dakota, he found himself surrounded by a rough-looking audience of cowboys, who were evidently bent on mischief. The vocalist had taken his seat on a wooden bench, and with his little portable organ in front began his song of salvation. He had received permission from the Mayor of the town to hold meetings, and that official had warned him that they might be attended with danger. When he looked around him at those grim faces, shaded by a wide sombrero, he remembered the Mayor's warning. At the close of his hymn his uncouth audience expressed their approval by firing off their revolvers in the air. This sort of applause was not at all encouraging, but it is an illustration of what may be expected in some out-of-the-way localities where Christian work is to be done. After a short course of study at Mr. Moody's School at Northfield, Mass., Mr. Bilhorn went to Brooklyn, where he labored with Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost and other evangelists. He is the author of a number of very popular Gospel Hymn sections, including "Crowning Glory," "Sunshine Songs," etc. Mr. Bilhorn's music is sung all over the Christian world to-day. Among his most popular songs are "Did He Come In," "Thou art singing," "Jesus Saves me To-day," "It Well with Your Soul," etc. He was married on June 13th, 1894, to Miss Elsie M. McCaughina, of Byron, Mich., and accompanies him everywhere in his evangelistic work.

O. B. Towner was born in Rome, Pa., in 1850, and was of a musical taste from childhood. About 1885 the call of God to enter His service could not be mistaken. Towner felt it to be his duty to give himself wholly to evangelistic work. He moved to Northfield, Mass., and took charge of the music in the annual College Conference, and aided Mr. Moody in his important services. Since then he has been associated with Dr. L. W. Munroe, Rev. B. Fay Mills, Major Whittle, and other well-known evangelists, who place a high value on his services. He acknowledges the valuable aid he has derived from them. Mr. Towner's heart is in Gospel service, and it is his delight to move from seat to seat in the "quirers' meeting," directing individual souls to Christ. Towner is truly a help-meet for her husband. She possesses a wonderful natural musical taste, and in accompanying him on the organ and joining her voice to his contributes to the sweetness and power of the service.

Our portraits of the Gospel singers in this issue are from photographs procured especially for the purpose of this publication.



LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
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Associate Editors.

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An Immediate Duty.

WORD comes from Washington that the Arbitration Treaty is in peril, and may fail, through the assaults and misrepresentations of those who are the enemies of international peace. This must not be. It is the immediate and imperative duty of every Christian man and woman in the land to do all that lies within their power to secure the passage of the Treaty by the Senate.

That Treaty represents the mightiest, grandest movement ever begun for driving brutal war out of the earth. The men who, on either side of the sea, did most to effect that plan of arbitration, have made themselves immortal. The evening of the present administration of the United States Government has been honored with the gladdest event of eighteen centuries. All civilized nations will copy the sublime example. Our illustrious Senate must be made to understand how the nation regards the Treaty, and the members of that august body should allow nothing to interfere with a vote of ratification, that the bells of all Christendom may ring out "Peace on earth, good will to men." By emphatic and enthusiastic vote, let the Senate rise to the splendor of the occasion and win the favor of all the good on earth and all the mighty in heaven. Let the Aye! Aye! of our American Senate resound through all the Capitals of Europe, and make all the arsenals and armories of the round world hear that there shall be no more murder among nations.

In order that this hope may be realized, and in the interest of "Peace and good will to men," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD asks its readers everywhere to write to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, urging the approval of the Treaty. Address your letters

HON. JOHN SHERMAN,
United States Senate,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Write briefly, clearly, pointedly, and at once. It is a duty every one owes to his country, to mankind and to Christ, to take a stand now and help along the age of universal Peace in this too long war-stricken world.

Who to Help.

GOD does not give us a special call to look after suffering of which we are ignorant, but when through philanthropic act a case of hardship is revealed to us, then we have a special call

from God to care for that particular case. If we have not adequate means to help, the very desire to do so is an enlargement of one's better nature, and the prayer we offer for the sufferer's rescue will be as acceptable as a donation of hard cash. But the prayer will amount to nothing if we have the means and make no response. The Lord will in substance say: "Why do you call on me to do that which you can do yourself?" "God bless you," are often very cheap and meaningless, but prayer and effort combined in the same cause make the human and the Divine auxiliary.

It is a matter of congratulation that the newspapers of the country are becoming the custodians of relief funds. They sweep so wide a field that when they lift a distress flag over an Armenian massacre, or a Constantinople earthquake, or a Russian famine, or start a Noah's ark of help across a Western deluge, or point down to a home under great stress of circumstances, they challenge widest attention and call up immediate relief. Gradually all the agencies of intelligence and power will become agencies of mercy, an temporal relief and spiritual relief will go together, as Christ first gave bread to the hungry and then preached his sermon. An empty stomach always means an unappreciative auditor. I exult in the fact that the Gospel of Christ is yet to lift all burdens and make all crooked things straight and put girdle of Edenic beauty and luxuriance all round the earth. The last woe of this dispensation of distress, will end in a doxology of a new dispensation of prosperity.

Can Afford to Wait.

SOMETIMES in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes it is necessary to resist, but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly-discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence, Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and monks; caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming-out of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him—ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth, and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust from the palace gate.

An Arctic explorer found a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his logbook, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the outlook were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Their silence was louder than thunder. And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn; and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies; and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

A WONDERFUL NUMBER.

SOMETIMES it is good to let questions full of mysticism enter into our thoughts; and there are few subjects of this kind more strongly occult than the power and influence given to the number seven, for it enters into both human and celestial affairs in a way beyond our understanding, and reverently, and without curiosity, we may ponder what truth is represented in this fascinating division.

If we go back to the earliest religions and literatures, we find them full of seven; the Indian, Persian, and Arabian theologies having all their great truths hung upon this number, while their sacred books are "sevened" as highly as our own Bible. Brahmanism has seven incarnations of the deity; seven heavens (St. Paul also speaks of being caught up into the seventh heaven), seven hells, and seven regions governed by seven kings subordinate to Indra, Lord of All. The sacred books of Zoroaster are still more remarkable for the prominence given to the number seven; and the Persian dictionary of to-day contains above one hundred groups of objects designated as seven so-and-so. As to Arabic religion and literature, we need only recall the charming "Thousand and One Nights," or any ordinary translation of the Koran to see how marvelously it is sevened. Later on, Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, and other Grecian philosophers give to this number a still greater prominence; but it will interest us more to observe its influence in that Holy Book, which is to our spiritual and moral condition all that the sun is to health and vegetation.

In the Holy Scriptures seven meets us at the Creation, in the institution of the Sabbath. It is the ordering numeral of the Deluge. It measures Jacob's days of servitude. It determines the time of Egypt's plenty and famine. It is the sum of the nations driven out of Canaan to make room for Jacob's descendants; and in the siege of Jericho it plays a part which cannot be accidental. The lives of Samson, Elijah, Elisha, and the prophets furnish many remarkable examples.

Not only in history and prophecy is it prominent, it takes an authoritative place in religious observances. The number of victims, the sprinkling of blood, and the divisions of sacred times are determined by this number; thus, the seventh day was the Sabbath; the seventh week brought Pentecost, separated from the Passover by a week of weeks. The seventh month brought the Feast of Tabernacles and the great Day of Atonement; while a week of years terminated in the Sabbatical year, and after seven weeks of years came the great jubilee of the fiftieth year.

Morally it has in the Bible as great a prominence as it has in its history, prophecy, and ritualism. The Lord declares a seven-fold vengeance on whoever shall slay Cain. Lamech calls for a seventy-and-seven-fold punishment. In Leviticus 26:24, the disobedient are threatened by God with a punishment of seven times. The Psalms are full of this number as a noun of multitude specifying the perfection of God's Word, the trials of the righteous and their final triumph. A very remarkable instance of this moral use of seven is found in Peter's inquiry of Christ, as to the number of times he should forgive his enemies.

The passing away of the Mosaic ritual did not abrogate the significance of seven, on the contrary, it received a seven-fold importance in that book which seals the New Testament. Revelation opens with the vision of the seven churches and the seven angels, and the splendor, and wonder, and majesty of its succeeding visions are not lessened but increased by the strange prominence given to this numeral. Without difficulty any Bible-reader will recall the seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven seals, seven heads, seven crowns, seven horns, seven eyes, seven kings, seven vials, seven plagues, etc., etc.

There may be added to its religious significance a very certain astronomical and physiological influence, and it is sure that nature herself in her movements and operations decidedly observes this number. Secular literature, also, has been sevened as remarkably as sacred writings, and there is hardly a book which has left its mark upon any age in which it does not appear. Shakespeare alone would furnish more examples than we should care to commit to memory. Still more curious is the odd certainty with which it allies itself with national and even with individual crises. Many now living can remember years in which seven occurred as years of great suffering, financial trouble, or bloody strife; the terrible battle around the desolate "Seven Pines," and the "Seven days' light before Richmond," being examples which could be indefinitely multiplied.

Now there must be some deep, underlying truth in this singular, persistent, universal influence, and there is nothing irreverent in considering what it may be. The learned and pious German divines, Bahr and Kurt, think the number to be symbolical, composed of two other symbolical numbers, three and four; three, representing the Trinity of Godhead; four, the whole created universe, which is determined in position by the four points of the compass. Thus, if three represent Divinity, and four, humanity, seven is that union of both, which is the hope and aim of all religions.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

A Cable Dispatch to the New York Journals announces that in compliance with the earnest appeals of his London church, Dr. George F. Pente-coat has declined the call to the pastorate at Yonkers, N. Y.

The project of a Temperance hospital to be erected by the W. C. T. U. is taking shape. It is to be in Chicago, and the promoters hope to prove by practical demonstration to the medical profession that there is no need to administer alcohol in any case to save a patient's life.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Society of Christian Endeavor, writes that he has secured for use as a gavel at the next International Convention the shoemaker's hammer that was used by William Carey before he went as a missionary to India. It is the gift of an enthusiastic English Endeavorer.

The Christian Endeavorers of Iowa who have labored much among prisoners, are turning their attention to helping them when they are a liberty. They are also taking up Mr. Moody's suggestion of putting Bibles, the Colportage Library and other books and papers in each county jail.

Marshall, Tex., has been Deeply Stirred by the services held there by Evangelist Chelpepper. Over seven hundred persons have declared themselves on the Lord's side. The M. C. A., which was almost moribund, revived and has called a general secretary. The churches have been quickened.

The Congregationalist says that one blessed result of a revival in the Golden State is the healing of a contention between two denominations. Today, as of old, no clearer witness to the presence of the Holy Spirit can be found than is expressed in these words: "Behold, how these brethren love one another."

Bishop Hartzell who succeeded Bishop William Taylor as missionary Bishop of Africa, writes that he has recovered from the surgical operation undergone in London, and that he and his family have sailed for Monrovia, Liberia. After attending conference there he will proceed inland to visit the Mission Stations.

A convict in the Indiana State Prison who has been converted in the services held in the prison by the Christian Endeavor Society said: "I am the same care and interest been manifested in me behalf in bygone years, that Brother Curry at our prison Christian Endeavor Society now affords me, I will never have been a convict."

Evangelist Arthur Crane writes us that he has had a successful series of services at Johnsonburg, Pa. The meetings were held in the hall as none of the churches was large enough to hold the crowds. There were many conversions, and the churches are receiving additions. Mr. Crane now goes to Parkersburg, W. Va.

The American Missionary Association annual report discloses that the association has about fifty normal schools in successful operation in the Southern States, devoted solely to the preparation of colored teachers among their own people. Up to the present time this association has expended about \$11,000,000 in the South and has educated 10,000 colored teachers.

The Presbyterian Chapters of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip will hold their biennial convention on Jan. 29-31, in the South Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J. The Brotherhood has now nearly five hundred chapters connected with various denominations, and has done much through fraternal appeals and individual efforts to win souls for Christ.

Miss Jessie A. Ackerman, the W. C. T. U. missionary who has spent eight years in visiting missionary lands, writes: "The missionaries never fail to reach the thinking men and women heathen lands until the liquor traffic is overthrown in America and the opium traffic in England, in foreigners can see the principles of Christianity exemplified in our governments."

Mr. Moody is much gratified with the results of the movement so far in Boston, and as yet there are no signs of any set-back. Tremont Temple has been crowded every afternoon, and there have been but few seats vacant at any of the morning meetings. Many of the attendants have given evidence of conversion or re-consecration. The choir, led Prof. Burke, has been of great service in leading the singing.

San Francisco fully expects to entertain the Christian Endeavor Convention this year. The buildings, with a capacity for seventeen thousand, have been secured, and choruses are forming in different cities in California. The number of members on the different committees varies from 100 for the transportation committee to nine hundred for the reception committee. The Trans-Pacific Steamship Company has offered a special round trip rate for the benefit of missionaries in China and Japan.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings for men at the Opera House, Ottawa, Canada, Ont., were a scene to be remembered. Long before the hour pointed the street was crowded with men, most of them young, apparently intelligent clerks and chanciers. Dr. Munhall was evidently deeply moved by the presence of so large and interesting an audience. He gave a plain, earnest Gospel talk, and the close over one hundred and fifty men rose, declared their acceptance of Christ as their Savior. In the evening the Union service was held in Dominion Church which was crowded to the doors.

A tribute to American missionaries. Turkey is paid by Mr. James Bryce, an ex-minister and a member of the British Parliament in his work on Armenia. He writes: "I cannot mention the American missionaries without a tribute to the admirable work they have done. They have had the only good influence that has worked abroad upon the Turkish Empire. They have cheerfully in the midst, not only of hardships, but of the most serious dangers also. They have been the first to bring the light of education and learning into these dark places."

An illustration of missionary progress given in "Woman's Work for Woman." It is that four years ago services were commenced at San Ning, Canton province, China, in a dark room on an obscure street. A superior church building was dedicated there last September, one hundred and eighty men and women joining in the song of praise. The building includes a chapel, one hundred and twenty-five feet, a social hall and a school room. The cost was over \$5,000, of which all but \$100 from a gentleman in California, was contributed by Chinese.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER



Rice Trouble in Alaska.

COMPLAINTS of the condition of affairs in Alaska have been made in Russia. The *New York Herald's* correspondent in St. Petersburg cables that the Russians in Alaska are discontented, and have made formal allegations against the American authorities. The Russians in Alaska assert that they suffer all kinds of tedious and oppressive restrictions and are prevented exercising their rights. Two specimen cases are cited. One was that a Russian school-teacher who refused to give his lessons in English, was warned to leave his school, otherwise it would be burned. The second case is that of a service in a Russian church at some place named, being interrupted by a band of armed men who insisted that the congregation go out to work instead of attending to their religious duties. The Russians make the general charge that the traders control Alaska and that the United States Government does not exert its authority to keep them from debauching the natives and oppressing the handful of Russians who remain in the Territory. Doubtless these charges will be fully investigated by the Washington Government and there is no doubt that they will be disproved, although it is possible that they may have been isolated cases of difficulties arising between American and Russian traders. Russia knows of old the difficulties of which it complains. In fact, the United States would probably have never gained possession of Alaska at all, but for such difficulties. From 1745, when Novikoff first pushed his adventurous shallop from the shore of Kuskatka through the ice to Alaska, down to 1867, when the Russian Government finally sold the territory to Mr. Seward for \$7,200,000, the Government waged a ceaseless contest with the trading companies and never succeeded in making them fulfil the terms of their contracts. Prior to 1867, the trading companies had sixty in number, quarrelled among themselves, each oppressing the natives and disposing over their rich booty; and in that year the companies amalgamated under the name of the Russian American Company and secured a charter from the Emperor Paul, giving exclusive rights on condition of performing certain duties. These duties it never fully performed and when its charter expired in 1844, the Russian Government refused to renew it. A company of American merchants was then formed, who endeavored to secure the lapsed charter by the payment of five million dollars in cash for a twenty years' lease of the territory, but Mr. Seward's offer brought the vast region to the possession of the United States in perpetuity. As the Russian traders did not fulfil their obligations to their own Government when Alaska belonged to Russia, it is not surprising that there is trouble now that they are under our Government. The difficulty with them will probably be found to be much as it is with other people, that they are concerned about their rights and neglect their duties. God makes the same complaint against his people:

their way is not equal . . . when the wicked, with his wickedness and doeth that which is evil and right, he shall live thereby. (Ezek. 17-19.)

Insidious Drug.
A press dispatch from a Connecticut town reports an alarming development of a seductive drug. It appears that some months ago, one of the citizens who was suffering from a catarrhal affection, consulted a physician of Hartford,

Conn., who prescribed a medicine, the chief ingredient of which was cocaine. The effect was almost magical. Relief of all the pain and distress of the mucous membranes of the throat and nose was almost instantaneous. The drug also affected the spirits. It stimulated the action of the brain, the nerves, and the heart, producing an elation and vivacity the patient had never experienced before. It was very pleasant as long as the effects continued and the patient persisted in taking the medicine for their sake, long after the disease for which he began taking it had disappeared. He gave some of it to his friends, who experienced the same tonic effects from it. One told another of it and introduced it to other circles until its use has become a habit through the town. The dispatch says that men, women, and young people of both sexes have become addicted to its use and are unable to abandon it. A specialist in narcotics, says that the sufferings of an habitue of cocaine, who tries to give it up, are far worse than that of a drunkard, or a morphine habitue, who is striving after emancipation. Yet the effort is necessary if the habitue is to be saved from physical and mental collapse. Its effects when taken in excess, or for a long time, are positively enslaving. The victim suffers from insomnia, terrible de-

food and supplies of all kinds, sufficient to last for several years, will be established. Peary will wait there until a propitious season for a farther advance across the ice. He says that in the best seasons it will be difficult, but in some seasons it would be altogether impossible. When the proper time arrives, he will set out with one, or at most two, white companions and with some Esquimaux, whose experience would be valuable, and try to travel over the ice with dogs and sledges, to the Pole. The remainder of the party would stay with the supplies at the station to await his return. The object of this arrangement, of course, is to avoid carrying a heavy load of food and equipment over the ice in the last stage of the journey. The Lieutenant is sanguine of success, and believes that he will win the proud distinction of placing the Stars and Stripes over the spot which explorers of so many nations have vainly tried to reach. His prospects of success are greater than any who have gone before him, because he has learned how to live in the climate. He spent several seasons among the Esquimaux, living in their huts, sharing their food and joining them in their pursuits. In

which is almost two miles long. The men turned out into one of the passages which, as they supposed, led to a gallery in which one of them used to work. But this was a mistake; it led to a part of the mine with which they were unacquainted, and when they turned back they missed their way. Their terror was extreme. They



A HUNTER'S HOME IN ALASKA.

ran hither and thither frantically trying to find a passage that led to the main section, but always failing. Their lights went out at the end of twenty-four hours, and they were ready to faint with weariness and hunger. At last they gave up hope and lay down side by side to die. One of them, who by this time was in a high fever and desperately thirsty, thought he heard the splash of water. He jumped up and ran in the direction the sound came from. To his delight, he found a fresh, cool spring, and called his companions to come. One of them remembered the spring, well, and had often drunk at it when he worked in the mine. He knew his way from it to his former place of work, and thence to the mouth of the mine. By the light of some matches they had in their pockets they traversed the passage, and at last came to the shaft by which they had entered. When they reached the surface they fainted from exhaustion. A passer-by saw them lying near the pit's mouth and took them in a wagon to the city hospital. It may be hoped that men whose lives have been so wonderfully saved, will be saved, too, from the sins and corruptions of this dark world. The way out of them, too, like that in the mine, is by a fountain of which the prophet wrote:

In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and uncleanness. (Zech. 13: 1.)

Human Ashes in the River.

A strange funeral ceremony took place in St. Louis, Mo., on Jan. 3. A man bearing an urn entered the Eads Bridge over the Mississippi river. He went to the centre of the middle arch, and proceeded to empty the contents of the urn into the river. He explained that the urn had contained his father's ashes and this was the kind of funeral his father had desired. It appears that his father was a German, who had emigrated many years ago to this country. He established himself as a piano-maker and prospered. In his old age, he retired from business and went to live with his son. He was somewhat eccentric, and on many subjects held decided opinions antagonistic to the common usages and customs of society. Among others, he disliked the parade and display of the ordinary funeral, and expressed the wish that there should be nothing of the kind at his own obsequies. Finally, he decided on an observance to his mind. He demanded and received from his son a solemn promise that when he died his body should be cremated, and the ashes cast into the Mississippi from the Eads Bridge. The old man died last month, and his son kept his promise. It may be hoped that the deceased was not as eccentric as to the disposal of his soul, as he was about the disposal of his body. Even as to the soul, there are some who so live that its fate is like that of this man's body:

The ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. (Ps. 1: 4.)



INDIAN HOUSES ALONGSHORE AT JUNEAU CITY, ALASKA.

pression of spirits, and finally goes mad, and generally commits suicide if he is not cured before it reaches its full power over him. The difficulty of cure is extreme, owing to the paralysis of the will-power that the victim suffers. Happily, cocaine addiction is not common anywhere except in this Connecticut town, though almost every city could furnish some examples. But there is another evil, similar in some of its effects, that is common everywhere and is still more disastrous in its consequences. Sin, like the insidious drug, is enslaving and paralyzes the will-power so that the victim suffers in giving it up, and cannot do so by his own power.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked and he shall be holden with the cords of his sin. He shall die for lack of instruction, and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray. (Prov. 5: 22, 23.)

To Reach the Pole.

Another attempt to reach the North Pole, is to be made by Lieut. Peary as soon as the necessary funds are provided. At a recent meeting of the American Geographical Society, the Lieutenant explained his plans. He proposes to take a party to the most northerly point of the Archipelago which stretches to the north of the coast of Greenland. There a depot with

that way he has learned to adapt himself to a climate which has proved fatal to so many explorers. The same principle applies to the religious life. The man who desires to go to heaven when he dies should live the heavenly life here. The promise is to those who live that life:

They that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. (Mal. 3: 16-17.)

Lost in a Mine.

Three men who were brought into Gloucester, O., a few days ago and sent to the hospital for treatment, tell a thrilling story of danger and suffering. The story, as given in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, is that they were lost for a week in the Great Diamond coal mine, whose mouth is about four miles from Gloucester. They are miners, and were employed in the Great Diamond before work was suspended there, three years ago. The men, having a holiday, agreed to go down the mine and explore their old haunts. They took the candles in their caps and descended. They reached the bottom safely and went through the main section,



Questions and Answers.

A. C. Greene, Westminster, Conn. What is the proper channel through which to send money for the Armenian Orphan Fund?

It can be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is sending money weekly to the American missionaries to aid the orphans.

Mrs. S. E. H. Rutland, Ind. 1. After the Flood ceased, how long did it take for the water to dry off the earth? 2. Who wrote the Book of Proverbs? 3. Who wrote the Acts?

1. On the seventeenth day of the seventh month (about April), or a hundred and fifty days after the Deluge began, the Ark rested on Ararat, and the waters began to abate. On the first day of the tenth month (July), the tops of the mountains were visible, and on the first day of the first month of the new year (September-October), the waters were dried from off the earth. 2. They are of composite origin and varied authorship, but all the evidence goes to show that they were collected by Solomon's orders, he being himself the author of many proverbs. The compilation, as authorities hold, was not made until four hundred years after Solomon's reign. 3. Tradition ascribes them to Luke.

New Subscriber, Spring City, Pa. Does not the injunction against being conformed to the world (Rom. 12:2) apply to fashions, such as shaving all hair from the face except the moustache, and the wearing of fashionable dress, &c?

The injunction applies to the mind, as you will see by the context of the passage you quote. The Christian must not adopt worldly principles, nor be governed by worldly motives. His life should not be conformed to the world. There is no virtue in wearing old-fashioned clothes, or in a man making himself conspicuous in any way. Extravagance in dress and eccentricity in manner should be avoided. If the world had nothing by which to recognize a Christian but his manner of shaving, the man must be living a very poor life. If he is showing Christ's spirit in loving helpfulness, in magnanimity, kindness, forbearance, charity, he is more usefully serving Christ and fulfilling his obligations than he would be by shaving, or not shaving. You remember that the Pharisees were irreproachable so far as outward appearance and observance were concerned, but Christ denounced them.

M. M. Grand Lodge, Mich. 1. Are men predestinated to be saved or lost as appears to be taught in Romans 8:29-30? 2. Does a person who has believed in Christ have eternal life here and now?

1. The question has been argued for and against for many years, without practical result. The promise that God gives us that whosoever will may come, and take of the water of life freely (Rev. 22:17), and that whosoever cometh to Christ he will in no wise cast out (John 6:37), should be sufficient for us. Supposing that there is predestination, no one can tell whether he is predestined to be saved or lost. He knows perfectly well that he can come if he will, and God will keep his promise. Or he can stay away if he chooses, and take the consequences. That is all that concerns him, and he need not try to understand the attitude of God in the matter. The promise is to all who accept the terms. 2. Christ certainly said so. (See John 1:14; 1:28, and many other similar passages.)

W. H. W. Cofer, N. C. Give a description of the flag of Italy and Spain.

Italy's flag is green, white and red vertical stripes. Spain's flag is red, white and red horizontal stripes, with a crown in the center. The flag of the United States is thirteen horizontal stripes, seven red alternating with six white, with a blue canton containing fifty small, five-pointed white stars.

W. H. W. Cofer, N. C. 1. Where was the Ark built? 2. About how long did it take to build? 3. How long did it stay on the mountain? 4. How long did it stay on the mountain?

1. It was built on Mount Ararat. 2. It took about a year to build. 3. It stayed on the mountain for about a year. 4. It stayed on the mountain for about a year.

to be used "as amulets." Hieronymus the Egyptian, Manaseas, and other writers mention the same circumstance. Nicholas of Damascus, a famous early author, also wrote of it and said that the name of the mountain was Eris.

Mrs. E. E. D. Anderson, Mo., writes as follows:

We would as soon think of doing without our daily meals as without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a feast from start to finish, and not an article in it but is interesting in its own way. We live in a village where we have church services once a month, consequently we enjoy Dr. Talmage's and the other sermons more than we otherwise would. We are congregation lists. We have no meeting-house, so we cannot have our own dear pastor come, only when it is warm enough for him to hold service in the grove, as he resides about twenty miles from our habitation.

Subscriber, Gresham, Ky. Was Jesus born under an apple tree, or was he born in a stable?

In a stable at Bethlehem. The passage in the Song of Solomon (8:5) has no reference to the subject.

Subscriber, Mansfield, O. 1. What is Mr. Dwight L. Moody's address? 2. Can a minister of the Gospel be a Christian and play pool with some of his members at their home? 3. Is it right for a church member to have a pool-table at his home?

1. Northfield, Mass. 2. and 3. While the

Bible and they believe in the Trinity and the traditions of the Church, but they reject the Pope. They hold the seven sacraments, baptize by immersion, use no graven images except the Cross and have a very ornate liturgy.

Mary A. W., Portland, Me. Can you give me any information in regard to the date of the destruction of Juno's Temple on the Island of Samos on the coast of Asia Minor?

Of the magnificent temple of Hera (Juno) built by Rhacids and praised by Herodotus as the largest in the world, only a few fragments now remain. It was probably in existence in the days of Pythagoras, but there is no clue to the date of its destruction, unless it be furnished by Panofka, who published a volume of Samian researches in 1822, in Berlin, or in the rare works of Tournefort, Koss, and Guerin, which also dealt with the same subject. They may be had in the Paris or Stuttgart libraries.

Mrs. G. S. P. Cleelum, Wash. Where in the Old Testament country was Padan-Aram—where Jacob went to get his wife?

In Mesopotamia. The name means the flat or table-land of Aram, a name by which the Hebrews designated Mesopotamia.

M. J. M., Clarence, Ind. Is it right and proper for a young man when he goes to see a young lady to stay after the rest of her family have all gone to bed, hour after hour, even until one or two o'clock in the morning, especially if his poor horse is standing out in the cold, tied to the fence or to a post, as is often the case in the country?

After making all proper allowances for youthful enthusiasm, we should conclude that parents who would permit such a practice to continue were careless both of the health and reputation of their children. No matter how worthy a young man may be, he is both ungallant and unwise to prolong his calls to unseemly hours, disturbing a household and robbing its members of sleep. No self-respecting young lady will wish her acquaintances to stay

he is living a worldly life, or an immoral life, his past experience counts for nothing.

J. L. Bradshaw, Trenton, N. J. What can suggest to our debating club as the best view of the closing century?

The best and latest is the volume, entitled *Notable Events of the Nineteenth Century*, John Clark Kidpath, which is one of ten volumes comprising THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium Library for 1897.

Old Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. May one too urgently that a loved one be kept from temptation and sin? Is it possible that God will answer the prayer by removing such an one from earth to Heaven?

God reads the heart and knows the real sinner better than it is expressed by the lips. It would not be likely to answer such a prayer as you name in the letter, and not the spirit. The object of the prayer might die as you say, but the prayer would not lead to his death. There would be other reasons. The person offering such a prayer would see, however many others have done that the answer prayer may involve sorrow. Sometimes people pray for more faith and they get more faith by suffering which they did not desire.

Subscriber, Medina, O. Did Solomon write Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes? If so, who did?

It is impossible, at this date to settle questions of authorship. That Solomon wrote caused to be written, some portions of Book of Proverbs is probable. At the beginning of chapter 25 the statement is made: "Hezekiah's scribes collected a number of sayings attributed to Solomon, and added them to the book." This was 280 years after Solomon's death. Prov. 24:23 marks a miscellaneous authorship for the following Proverbs. They were current sayings by unknown authors. The last two chapters are also by unknown authors. It is extremely improbable that Solomon wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes. The language is a kind used at a much later epoch. It seems, throughout, the work of some author describing the dreary experience of Solo-

A. H. M., Luton, Ia. I notice that Talmage said in a recent issue that Christ gained by experience. Will you tell me how that can be when he must have known things from the beginning?

In becoming man, Christ voluntarily subjected himself to all human limitations. He was in all things like unto his brethren, except in sin. Luke explicitly (2:52) that he increased in wisdom. He took upon himself the form and with it the condition of its life, among which would be need of being educated like boys. We can imagine that his boyhood he was conscious of his divinity, the human life have been very strange to him. Experience alone could enlighten and it is that fact which so fitted him to be a High Priest could sympathize with our infirmities. His temptation in the wilderness was a human temptation passing through the ordeal of a human body, he learned the power of being tempted and consequently he "gained by experience" power to succor those who are tempted.

J. R. A., Collinsville, Conn. What do the terms shown in the Queen of Sheba (6 Kings) referring to the "ascend," and that there spirit left in her, mean?

The "ascend" by which Solomon went supposed to have been the arch support stairway connecting his palace with the temple. In those days it was regarded as a feat of engineering skill. The remark about Queen's spirit simply implies that she was overwhelmed with wonder and admiration.

Mrs. Joseph D. Folono, Ill. It is a fable. E. W. For all information write to the Civil Service Board, Washington, D. C.—Old subscriber. The verses you mention were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago. Mrs. H. C. B., Grand Junction, Colo. It is possible to answer. Artistic latitude with honorable limits, is always exercised in such a case.—E. Holmes, N. Bangor, Me. No.—E. C., Kenosha, Wis. They are not the most noble, but they may be benefited morally by association with Christian people.—Mother, Ct. Cottolene.—Neil Love, Broad Ave, Mich. J. Williams's tract, entitled, "Mormon Attitude Explained," can be had by writing to Mrs. B. D., 135 Fifth Ave., New York City. It is quite right, if he can at no other time.—J. M. P., New Hope, O. denation is right.—Inquirer, Walker, Ia. are required to forgive, irrespective of the act of the other party. 2. They are an innocent ment. 3. It need not prevent them from a ment of every description.—J. W. P., R. Pa. 1. There is none. 2. Bartlett's or All 3. Write to American Temperance Society, Street, New York. 4. No data access. Emma F. S., Newark, N. J. Life of Dolly is published by Scribners, and the author is W. Goodwin.—Mrs. J. E. W., Hartford, Ct. dress Secretary, Naval Examining Board,ington, D. C.—Miss G. M., La Grange, Ga. Write to The Silver Cross, New York C. Kender. Aes, consumption and catarrh can be transmitted.—Mrs. Eliza J. Allen, Straw, N. Y. Many thanks for gift of sent to Bowery Mission.—William C. Elizabeth, N. J. Can use religious paper good literature generally in city mission work.



LOGGING ON THE RIVER, AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

A familiar scene in the Western city, where vast quantities of lumber are transported in the manner shown in the photograph. The logs are floated between runways, formed into rafts and moved down the river when the channel is clear of ice. A very large number of men are engaged in this industry.

game, like many others, may not be wrong in itself, it is known as a game peculiar to the lowest class of saloon gamblers everywhere, and this fact alone should be enough to deter any self-respecting person from indulging in it. Its associations are not reputable and its tendency is to gambling. See 1 Thess. 5:22.

M. A. B., Germantown, O. Do you think it right to ring the bell of a dedicated church to call men together to dig a ditch to drain the cellar?

It depends on the circumstances. We can imagine an emergency where such a hasty summons might be necessary to avert damage to the church building. The using of the bell for such a purpose would be unusual, but not wrong.

R. H. W., On a quiet in Ia. Is it right to license a wrong, if it is right for a Christian to encourage him by his vote?

No; to both queries. But wrong will never be entirely right until the millennium, and meanwhile those who stand for the right must be patient and bear with those who have less moral courage and spiritual light than themselves. Any step in the direction of right is to be deplored.

C. F. C., Flom, Mich. I. State briefly the origin of the Mohammedan religion. 2. Does the Greek Church recognize Christ as divine? What are its tenets generally?

1. It originated in the alleged revelation or prophetic vision of Mohammed on Mount Hira, when the angel Gabriel came to him (as he called him) holding a silken scroll and commanded him to recite what was written thereon. Subsequent revelations followed and these formed the basis of the new religion. 2. Yes, they agree with the Catholics in accepting the

so late. As to the horse, to whose welfare its owner seems indifferent, would probably be "gathered in" by the S. P. C. A. if the incident happened in New York City.

S. J. T., Bowdoinham, Me. What is the longest verse in the Bible?

Esther 8:9.

Subscriber, Queens Co., N. Y. Would it be wrong for a person to ride a bicycle, who had said he wouldn't ride, and afterward changed his mind and got a bicycle?

Certainly not. A person who would not "change his mind" on being convinced he was mistaken, would be a mulish sort of person in deed.

Anxious, Colchester, N. S. If I am conscious of a time when I passed through deep convictions and felt my heart was given to Christ and I found peace, is not that sufficient proof that I am a Christian without taking my present conduct into account? Is it Scriptural to preach that salvation depends on faith and conduct, and not on feelings and past experience?

If you are living in sin you may be quite sure that your past experience will not save you. The deep convictions and the finding peace may have been, and probably were, the beginning of the new life in you, but they are not a sufficient proof of your being a Christian. Numbers of people have passed through all that, who have not Christ's spirit and are therefore none of his. (See Rom. 8:9.) It is quite Scriptural to preach that salvation does not depend on the feelings. The immutable promise of God that whosoever believeth on Christ shall never perish, is the true ground for confidence. Wherever that faith is in the heart the life will be in accord with it and the man becomes more and more like Christ. If

THE MODERN JEW

IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

JERUSALEM A CITY OF SURPRISES.

How a Stranger is Struck by the Smallness of the City,

Wonderful Wall, its Narrow Streets, Stuffy Bazaars, and Curious People.

TENS of thousands of my readers have never been in Jerusalem and have only a very imperfect idea of what it is like. They compare it to Chicago, Baltimore, or Boston, but these places give no hint of what the Holy City really is. Could they be transported thither in a single night, what would be their sensations upon awakening in the morning? The dawn with its unspeakable glories, the sunrise over the city, would fill them with wonder. Their eyes once open, surprise after surprise would await them as they moved about at strange city with its strange people, customs, languages, noises, houses—everything so unlike what they had ever seen before. Quite likely the stone houses with their stone roofs, small whitewashed domes, stone floors, stone staircases, and only but heavily grated windows would first attract attention. In former times strong walls and barred windows were important means of defence. "What a little place!" my friends exclaim. "We thought that Jerusalem was a large city. We find it a very small one." Yes, it is only half a mile from east to west, about the same from north to south, and the greatest distance across it in any direction is three-quarters of a mile.

Although so small it has a labyrinth of streets and lanes where a stranger can easily get lost, so I propose to act as guide and conduct my friends to one point after another and explain the many novel objects and sights which await us on every hand. Already questions come from every one. "What is this?" "What is that?" "Who are those people?" "What are those things for?" "What a hilly place!" they all exclaim. "We thought it was a level city." No, that is a great mistake. Zion, Moriah, Akra, Bezetha, and Bethanien, formed a cluster of hills standing close to each other upon which the city was built, owing to the accumulation of rubbish and ruins during eighteen centuries past these hills are not so marked now as formerly. Moriah was a high, steep hill, with its eastern and western sides so precipitous that trenches had to be cut into the rock to make a sure foundation for the heavy walls which were carried to a great height and the spaces between them filled before houses could be erected upon it. One of the other hills were so steep with the exception of the eastern side of Zion. No one could now think of choosing such a place for a city.

"What a curious and quaint old town! Are we in fairy-land?" No, my friends, this is not fairy-land, the people are too dirty; their clothes are ragged and rags are so abundant. Fairy-land is not crowded with poverty and misery.

"But here is a massive gate apparently made of wood and covered with plates of iron. Fortunately it is open or we could never open it ourselves." You will notice the ragged soldiers who stand in its guard with guns as if they were afraid of somebody. The word "ragged" is not

intended as a slander upon the poor soldier himself but as a finger-point at the wretched Turkish government which in its great army of half a million men has not a single volunteer, no such thing as patriotism being known, and which clothes its conscripts even in this capital of an important province of its empire, in the garb of beggars.

"But tell us about this wall which seems to extend around the city; never before were we in a walled city; we seem to be shut in like prisoners." This wall which encloses Jerusalem is forty feet high in some parts and sixty feet high in others. It is less than three miles in length and has four gates each bearing two names, Jaffa or Hebron Gate on the west, Zion or David Gate on the south, St. Stephen's or St. Mary's Gate on the east, and Damascus Gate or Gate of the Column on the north. We read in ancient books of "bulwarks" and the word has a formidable

a smooth border round the edge (which we call "marginal draft" or "bevel"), belong to the Hebrew period. There in that part of the wall are some of the first Roman period, those yonder are of the late Roman period.

Those large square blocks are of the Byzantine period. These here are of the time of the Crusaders, and those small ones belong to the Moslem or Turkish period. Stones remain when empires are destroyed and men die, and in 1540, when the present wall was built, Suleiman the Magnificent who built it, found ready to his hand stones of almost every age from King Solomon, his Hebrew namesake, down to his own time. The blocks of stone of which Jerusalem's wall is constructed are not the least interesting of its many souvenirs of the past.

"You are leading us through narrow lanes and alleys and we can hardly make our way through this crowd of men, beasts and merchandise. Why not take us through

You must carry plenty of small change, or have the package sent to your house, or go to the nearest money-changer and get what you require. One reason of this bother is that it costs something to get

money changed and the merchant puts that loss upon the customer. He does not supply himself with small change and add the cost to the price of the goods. We should regard this as the best way, but Orientals do not think so. Another very curious fact is that there is no such thing as a "market price" for any goods or articles that are bought or sold in Jerusalem. The practice of beating down enters into every transaction and is carried often to the extent of robbery.

"What is that boy screaming about?"

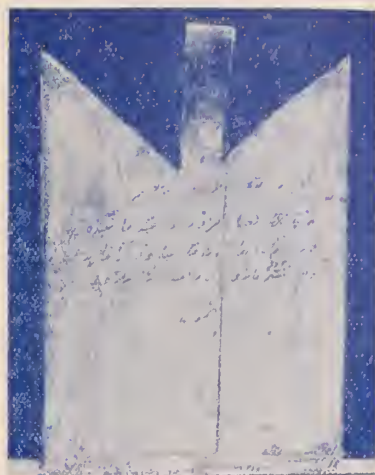
Is he selling newspapers? If you knew more about Jerusalem you would laugh at your own question. That boy has a bundle of roasted peas which everybody likes, and for half a cent he will give you all you wish. They grow on bushes six inches high. The stalks are pulled, and peas and stalks are roasted and sold together. As for newspapers: you are in Jerusalem where they do not exist. "A newspaperless city! Well, well!" Certainly, Turkey does not allow them, and none can be published without an Imperial permit (firman) which is never granted. Moreover the people have no comprehension of what a newspaper is for.

"What is going on in that house? Are the people quarrelling?" No, that is the House of Confusion, better known as a Mohammedan school. We will look inside a moment, we shall not disturb them. There are no maps, charts, or pictures on the walls. There is no blackboard, there are no books, there is not a chair, bench, or stool except a small divan (like a short covered box) at one end of the room. The literary aspect of the place is the same as that of a donkey stable. The children, who are all boys, remember, all sit on the floor. They have wooden slates on which a passage from the Koran is written, which the boys are supposed to commit to memory.

They all study out loud and at the tops of their voices—hubbub and confusion reign. Is it not a queer place? The teacher is an old man, with a long beard, a turban, and a long, loose-fitting robe or cloak. Hair, beard, and clothing are all very untidy; and spectacles and snuff box, perhaps a reed pen with a few drops of muddy ink, complete his outfit. This is the "system" of education that Turkey provides for its boys. As girls "have no souls" and are married before they are ten years of age, what is the use in trying to educate them?

"Who are those people yonder walking so slow and looking so solemn and dignified?" That is the Governor and two or three high officials with a Moslem priest on their way to the mosque to attend service. This is Friday, the Mohammedan holy day. Saturday is the Sabbath of the Jews, while Sunday is the Christians' day, as with us. In Jerusalem we have three Sundays, four Christmases, and five New Years. There are feast days innumerable which time and space would fail me to enumerate. Christians almost without exception close their places of business on Sunday and a very large proportion of them attend church every Sunday morning. The Jews are very strict in their observance of Sabbath. The stores and shops of the Moslems are never closed on their holy day and very few of them attend service in the mosques. With so many holy days Jerusalem ought to be a better place than it now is.

SELAH MERRILL.



A BOY'S WOODEN SLATE—KORAN SENTENCES.



LEPERS' HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE OF JERUSALEM, CONDUCTED UNDER GERMAN AUSPICES.



HUMMUS, A SPECIES OF PEA.

sound; but the practical American asks the use of these walls and gates. The question is a proper one for certainly they would not keep out a robber if he were nimble enough, and they could not possibly afford much protection in time of siege. They are interesting as relics of the past and useful now as object lessons for here we can appreciate what soldiers had to do when they were under a determined and threw down a wall before carrying a place by storm, and on the other hand we realize how soldiers by means of gates, walls and towers, could defend the city.

"How is it that the stones in this wall are not more nearly alike? The blocks are of all sizes, some have rough faces, some smooth faces, others have a curious border. Was it a strange fancy of the builders?" No, these stones date from different periods of history. The faces of the stones indicate their origin. Those blocks of massive proportions twenty to thirty feet long with very rough faces and

one of the principal streets?" We have been through Christian street and are now in David street two of the widest and straightest streets in Jerusalem. They have no sidewalks, for if there were there would be no street left. This street is only fourteen feet wide and in some parts only ten feet. Six soldiers marching abreast just fill the street. Strangers find it rather difficult at first to get through the crowds but after a little they learn the art of doing so without being badly smirched by a dirty beggar or greasy camel, and without being trod upon. Men, women, children, soldiers, officials, beggars, travelers, besides horses, camels, donkeys and dogs are huddled together and jostle us at every step. When camels loaded with large boxes, one on each side, pass through the street everybody gives way; and a lady of my acquaintance used to follow along just behind the camels, for that was the only time when she was sure of a free passage.

If you wish to make any purchases you must stand in the street and dicker with the "merchant" who sits on the floor of his shop, about in the middle of it so that he can reach everything in his store without rising. Within a few years past some larger stores have been opened outside the Jaffa Gate, but I am describing the generality of stores in the city.

You have made your purchase and are ready to pay for the same. You offer money but the merchant says, "I cannot change it." In nine cases out of ten this happens and it seems so strange to us.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER V.

MEN PROPOSE; WOMEN DECIDE.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



R. LLOYD

had spoken gruffly, and with a decision they both understood and generally respected; though at this hour, had he cared to look at the people whom he advised, he would have been doubtful of their acquiescence. For, at his words, an electric spark leaped into Alice's eyes, a vivid color flashed to her cheeks, and she assumed the erect air of one ready for an encounter, though she did not attempt to provoke it. Mrs. Lloyd also remained silent, but Alice saw on her face an unusual expression, one which impressed her with the idea of an invincible purpose that might be delayed and opposed, but which would, in the end, be unconquerable. She remembered, when a child, seeing the same look constantly on her mother's face. It meant then the determined resolve to escape from the material world into the spiritual one, and she speculated as she drank her coffee as to what its meaning might be in the present case.

After the breakfast had been removed, Mrs. Lloyd, with the suddenness of one who knows she touches dangerous ground, and is yet determined to go on, said:

"Nicholas, I wish to see my lawyer."

If she had fired a pistol at her husband he could hardly have been more unpleasantly amazed. "What the mischief do you want with him?" he demanded, flinging the daily paper to the floor.

"I have a great deal of business with him. It is a long time since I went over my affairs. I want to know how they stand—how much money I have—how much more I am likely to have—and so on."

"And so on?" What does that mean?"

"Simply that I want to know whether he is doing right or wrong, whether my money is being put to good uses or bad."

"Ho! ho! You have got McAslin's 'stewardship' on your brain; I see. Well, now, get rid of that nonsense at once. I suppose, however, you will have to see Telford; for of course, you will wish to settle something on Alice at her marriage. Lord Medway and I have come at last to an understanding on financial matters. Have you considered the subject? Are you prepared to name the exact sum? Such a decision will be necessary immediately; at any rate before the anti-nuptial contract is drawn up."

"Father! Father!"

"What is it, Alice?"

"Are you talking of my marriage?"

"You know very well that I am talking of it."

"To Lord Medway?"

"Of course."

"I have made up my mind not to marry Lord Medway. I do not like being bargained about. Am I so very disagreeable that you are willing to give a stranger and a foreigner a large sum of money to take me away from you?"

"I am giving a large sum of money for your benefit and ennobling. I am buying you an earldom, and all its honors and privileges."

"You are buying me a husband, and he is costing you millions. Of the two transactions, I would rather be sold for millions. It would be less humiliating to have a husband give millions for me, than for you to give millions in order to induce some titled foreigner to marry me. I do not want an earldom, and I have fully determined to be neither bought nor sold."

"You look very handsome when you are in a temper, Alice, but your determination is a little too late. I have already promised you. The affair is being talked of throughout the financial and fashionable world. You cannot now draw back. It is impossible. There would be a certain amount of personal disgrace in it, and more humiliation than either you or I would like to face."

"Mother, what do you say?" Alice asked.

the question without any hope of her mother's interference. She was accustomed to see her retire from all disputes and quarrelsome decisions, and she was, therefore, amazed to hear her answer—

"Unless you love Lord Medway I think you will do wrong to marry him."

"I do not love him."

"Then, let me tell you Alice," said Mr. Lloyd, "you have behaved shamefully to the young man. You accepted his attentions and permitted him to write you. I am confounded by your behavior, which places me also in a false and shameful position. I am not going to allow a foolish notion to ruin your life! Nor will I allow you to make a fool of me! I have gone to no end of trouble to secure your future, and I shall take very good care that you fulfill your part of our obligation to Lord Medway."

"I have no part in any obligation to Lord Medway."

"You have. Actions speak as well as a written bond. You have accepted Medway's attentions—yes, Miss, accepted them with smiles, and now you propose to jilt the man you have allured on to a false position."

"Jilt! Allured! Nicholas you ought not to use such words to your daughter."

"She ought not to deserve them."

"I do not deserve them. You asked me to receive Lord Medway, and try to like him. I received him as I would any other guest of yours. At first I even thought it might be possible to do as you wished me. I was dazzled as any young girl might be by his title, and by the new life I might share with him. But I never suffered him to see that I was influenced by these thoughts. We walked and drove and spent some hours together every day, of course, but common hospitality to a guest demanded so much attention and courtesy."

"He made love to you, and you accepted it."

"He said such pretty words as young men say to young women whom they wish to please—for the sake of millions of money. I accepted his compliments at my own valuation—which was less than nothing at all."

"He has not written you love letters?"

"He has written me two letters, both within the last four days; that is, since he was satisfied with the premium you have promised him, if he will only marry me. I answered neither of the letters. I have destroyed both of them."

"Nicholas," said Mrs. Lloyd, "we know what a loveless marriage means. Surely you will spare —"

He would listen no longer. With a rude anger he turned away, muttering, even while he put on his hat and overcoat, expressions of his passion and determination that were more forcible than considerate or refined. Left alone, a sudden silence fell between mother and daughter. Alice went to the window and looked out with that vacant gaze which perceives nothing. All her being was swallowed up in feeling. Mrs. Lloyd sat pondering the new perplexity that had forced itself into her already disturbed mind. She was little used to take the initiative, and the force of habit added to her uncertainty, made her now wait for Alice to open the conversation. Alice waited for sympathy, she was hurt that it did not flow to her with a quick spontaneity, and when she did speak it was in a tone of indignant in jury.

"Thank God," she cried, "men can no

longer bargain their daughters away like cattle. Mother, I wonder you could bear it! Why did you not tell father that I was free born, and a citizen of no mean country? I will marry no man unless I wish to marry him. If I love him and he loves me, I will give up everything and dare everything, and bear everything for him. I want to be loved. I want to be loved more than any other thing. I never have been much loved. Father loves nothing but money, and I am not good enough for you to love, dear mother. You pity me, and you pray for me, but how can you love me?"

"Oh, Alice! Alice! Do not say such cruel words."

"Are they not true?"

"No! No! I love you with all my soul."

"Then talk to me, and advise me, and comfort me. Have I not the right to love and to be loved? Did you not marry for love? Yes, you did; for you were very rich and father was poor then. You must have loved him?"

"There ought to be love on both sides, Alice, or else there is sorrow enough for both. I loved, indeed, but when love is continually thrown back upon itself, it dies; it dies cruelly hard, but it dies."

"Forgive me darling mother! Have I made you cry? Oh, how I despise my selfishness! I see it all now. Father has never loved you, he cares for nothing but his business, nor for any one but these who can help his schemes in some way; no, not even Steve, the dear, noble boy, whom he takes no trouble to understand. I see, I



"You are buying me a husband!" said Alice.

see at this hour, the long loveless years that you have lived; the sad doubting, and fearing, and hoping, and final despairing. How did you bear it? I wonder you did not die."

"I did not die because in my great sorrow I found within myself internal light and strength that the world knows nothing of."

"I have not found that, and I must come to you. Shall I marry Lord Medway because father says I must?"

"You are the keeper of your own heart and conscience, Alice. Do what they tell you to do. Never throw your decisions on others; at the last you will take your desire or suffer in its want."

"Is it wrong to love?"

"It is right to love. Nearly always some unknown force draws a girl to the one man in the world for her."

"Hardly any one now believes in that experience, mother."

"Yet it is the only Divine right on earth. When people do not believe in it, it is because they are incapable of such a grand passion, or else unwilling to abide with it, for you must know, Alice, that love in some way or other always demands the austere sweetness of sacrifice. And so few

dare to try the blessedness of 'giving up.'"

"Mother, I want you to stand by me in this matter. I do not want money. I want love. Please do not send for Mr. Telford on my account."

"I am not sending for him on your account. There has been a revolution in my soul during the past night, Alice. The words I heard yesterday from the two men at the dinner-table, put all my spiritual nature in disquietude and distress. I perceived that I had been a very selfish worshipper of God and goodness. And just before dawn this morning a more excellent way was shown me. I intend to take it at once. I shall want money in order to do so. I shall want a great deal of money. But if my affairs have been handled honestly I ought to have more than sufficient, and believe they have."

"Mr. Telford is a good man. Grandfather Valliante trusted him implicitly. Mother, what must I do about Lord Medway? What will be father's next move in the matter?"

"I think it will be to bring him out here. In that case I would be perfectly polite—and perfectly honest. You must wait for events, you cannot force them."

To the young heart full of feeling, this waiting for events is the great trial. Alice wished for Lord Medway's arrival, in order that she might at once put an end to his hopes, and her own connection with them. But that day not a person of any kind called, and the hours went by with an exhausting monotony. It was, however, some comfort to anticipate Jessie's visit the following morning. She was sure Jessie would approve her rebellion.

Jessie always admired women who had the courage necessary to stand by their wishes or their opinions. But Jessie heard Alice's confidence with a face that quite dashed her, and with a silence that was most unlike Jessie's usual readiness to advise or sympathize. Alice was last forced to a direct question.

"Have I not done very wisely, Jessie?" she asked.

"I don't think you have. If you wish my opinion I think you have acted very foolishly. Why excuse have you for throwing away so much?"

"I throw away Lord Medway because I do not love him."

"Do you love any one else?"

"I do not know."

"And yet you give up a coronet for something so intangible you don't know whether you have it or not. Mr. Lloyd has reason to be angry with you. Think what people will say. No one will believe for a moment that you refused Lord Medway; they will look on you with that contempt maids; forlorn and maids desert get from them. They will each render their own version of his Lordship's reasons for refusing to marry you—only this morning I saw your marriage announced in the principal papers."

"Jessie McAslin!"

"It is the truth."

"It is impossible! I have never given any one authority to make such a statement."

Jessie unfolded the morning paper she held in her hand, and Alice, to her utter consternation, saw her own and Lord Medway's portraits in united circles. The marriage was definitely spoken of as certain to occur during the summer, and so entirely gratuitous statements were made concerning the bride's age and requirements; her reputed fortune; the marvellous presents she was to receive, and the magnificent trousseau in preparation.

She read the article through with indignation, her tears fell fast and hot upon the offending paper. "It is my father's doing," she said. "He thinks after this public port of it I will be compelled to acquiesce. I will do nothing of the kind."

"I am sorry you cannot persuade yourself to accept good fortune. Most girls would marry a much less desirable man for the sake of his title."

"I think Alice Lloyd just as pretty name as Lady Medway," was the reply.

To be Continued.

SINCERITY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Feb. 7. Ps. 15: 1-5; Zech. 8: 16-17.

WE are accustomed to think of the writers of the Old Testament as being concerned chiefly with ritual, with sacrifices, with ceremonies and with tithes. It is, however, a somewhat superficial view. An attentive reader of the Psalms and the prophets knows that mere observance was seen to be valueless of itself, and the people were warned that it was not acceptable except as it was an expression of something far deeper in human nature. In the Psalm associated with the Topic, in Isaiah 1: 10-16, in the familiar passage in Micah (6: 6-8), and in numberless passages of Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the minor prophets the people are told again and again that God's requirements are of the simplest kind, and they do not include sacrifice. God will be no party to a bargain by which men may live in sin and pay for it with costly offerings. In the New Testament the same lesson is taught. There has been persistent effort to read into the Gospels and Epistles a theory of a substitution of faith and doctrine for righteousness, but it fails. From the New Testament saint, as from the people under the Old Dispensation, there is the same demand for righteousness and purity of life. God will forgive sin, but for the hypocrite, the man who is living in sin and offering formal observance, he has nothing but scorn. The sinner who comes to him with repentance is welcome, though he be ever so great a sinner, and God will work with him for his redemption from his bondage to sin, but he has no patience with the man who pretends to holiness while he is living a sinful life. Jesus came to save the people from their sins. No man who does not want to be saved from them can benefit from his having lived and died. He may be so completely enslaved by his sin that he clings to it and loves it, but if he will submit himself to Christ, he gains new ideals, and his sin becomes odious to him. He needs only to believe in him and trust him, and Christ will lead him to repentance and give him power to overcome his propensity to sin. The first step toward purity of heart and life is surrender to Christ.

It seems almost a paradox to insist on the necessity of sincerity to self. Yet every Christian worker knows that there are many who are self-deceived. Even so common a matter as attendance at church, the force of habit, concern for reputation or enjoyment of friendly association are frequently the real causes for attendance while the man is crediting himself with purer motives. In giving to charity or to religious causes, here is a desire to be seen of men, to have the benefaction known and admired, which mars the gift and detracts from its value. In amusements, a man will excuse himself for going with the world, and will use sophistry with himself to silence the voice of conscience. A rigid and impartial self-examination is often necessary before we realize exactly where we stand.

Still more is there need of sincerity toward God. How many really desire the things for which they pray? If the man who prays for more faith, knew that the only way in which he could get it, would be to take away his property, or afflict him in some other way, that the roots of his faith might take a firmer grip, the prayer would not be offered so often as it is. It is humiliating to think how often he who reads the heart must know that our words before him are insincere.

Sincerity toward others is less common even than the other two relations. The "brother" or the "dearly beloved brother" sounds perfectly well that the man whose speech is larded with the epithets, has no brotherly feeling in his heart, and could not, in any emergency, be relied upon to do a brother's part. The cordial greeting, the pressing invitation that is not intended to be accepted, the assurance of friendly interest which does not exist, the profession of sympathy which, as Carlyle said, is "from the lips outward"—all these are common and are practically falsehoods

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

"No More."

REV. 21: 4 & 22: 3.

EL NATHAN.

M. WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn faces, No forms bowed with disease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing: The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry-ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a-way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac-es, His Par-a-dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing, When night shall dis-ap-pear.
No more the night, no more the dy-ing, No tears or sor-row more.

CHORUS.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor-row nor cry-ing;

There shall be no more pain. Nei-ther dark-ness nor dy-ing;

And God shall wipe a-way All tears from their eyes."

Copyright, 1894, by M. Whittle Moody

From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

PATIENT WAITING.

I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. (Ps. 40: 1, 2, 3.)

LET thy "Waiting" be with patience
Tho' the hours seem drear and long;
Not one moment shall be wasted,
God will recompense with song.
Every joy so long awaited—
Every cherished hope belated—
Shall at last be celebrated
Yonder 'midst the throng.
Let no anxious thought possess thee
From thy heart no murmur cast.
He who notes a falling sparrow
Can but heed thy cry at last.
Fret not then, but hush the rather
From thy "Patient Waiting" gather
Golden thoughts from God thy father—
Till thy "Waiting" 's past.
Then when "Waiting" shall he over
And we're gathered home to rest;
All our earthly conflicts ended,
And our "Patient Waiting" hest.
Nevermore to know of sighing,
Heartaches vanished—no more crying,
Nevermore to know denying—
Satisfied at last.

Chicago, Ill.

—GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

THERE is a faithful Shepherd,
Who loves so tenderly,
That when his sheep go far astray
He follows after, night and day
Through forest wild and over lea;
Their need the only plea.

Our gracious, loving Shepherd
Will not give up his sheep;
But searches, searches, though alone,
Until he hears the lost one's moan;
And, when he finds his wandering sheep,
For joy his people weep.

How tender is his pity;
How watchful is his care!
If sick or wounded he will heal;
If blind he will the way reveal;
If hurdened he the load will bear—
None ever need despair.

Is he your tender shepherd?
And are you in the fold?
Why will you grieve the Spirit more,
And stay outside the open door?
In Jesus Christ the Lord behold
The way into the fold!

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

THE LORD'S BODYGUARD.

A Prophetic Vision in Revelation of the Company of Honored Saints.

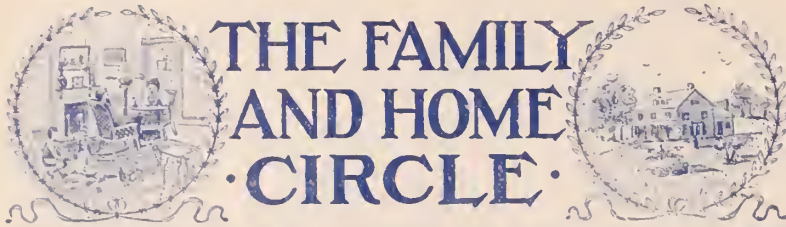
By ARCHDEACON NIN LAIR.

THE Lord's own bodyguard! His chosen companions on all his heavenly errands! What a glorious vision this is which St. John gives us of the typical chosen ones of all the myriads of the redeemed! Our Lord in his glorified humanity, reigning, judging, administering, all the forces of his ever-growing kingdom on earth, the warring at the head of the hosts of heaven against the powers of evil; leading his friends in the hours of peace over the green pastures, by the still waters. Or, again, with some look of his humanity about him that made the apostle speak of him as the Lamb that had been slain, but now full of noble and regal power, like some glorious creature that had seven horns—seven emblems of strength—and his eyes glowing with a Divine fire that made them seem as though he had seven eyes, a seven-fold faculty of sight,—stepping forward amidst the reverent worship of heaven to take that awful book of knowledge and revelation from the sublime, mysterious Presence that sat on the throne. All his sufferings are long over; the complete sacrifice of his death and passion he presented to his Father as he passed into heaven, the true and eternal holiest of holies, on his ascension day, amidst the tumultuous acclaim of the countless hosts of angels, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

But heaven is not motionless, and as the earthly years and centuries still roll on below, he has glorious deeds to do, until at last his enemies have been made his footstool and he shall have subdued all things to his Father. Various, indeed, are the versions which St. John gives us of his missions of heavenly glory and conquest. Here in the fourteenth chapter he is standing on the citadel of heaven, of which Mount Zion is adopted as the earthly type, and with him is the bodyguard of one hundred and forty and four thousand. The number is purely ideal, and is taken to express the full roll call of the truest men of God. The same number is used to describe the wide completeness of the redeemed from the Hebrew race. They have his Father's name written on their foreheads—that is, their redemption and glorification have placed there the unmistakable look of Divine approbation, nobility, courage, singleness of heart, immortal happiness, and untiring splendor of soul. Thunders of glorious melody fell through the empyrean from that Divine bodyguard, compared with which all the most magnificent strains of martial music that the armies of the world have ever heard is tame and poor. And as the vigorous voices of such unearthly company of melodists sometimes unite with the chords of trumpet and flute and rouse the hearers to a yet higher pitch of enthusiasm, so the songs of the Lord's bodyguard on the citadel of heaven rose with the music of their celestial instruments in thrilling harmonies, which floated echoing through the listening vaults of the blue dome of infinity. But no man could learn that song of the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.

St. John gives us another vision in chap. 19, of the Captain of the bodyguard going forth from the citadel when the last echo of the mighty minstrelsy has died away. There is a description of our Lord as Captain, and here is the bodyguard. "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses. What a subject for a painter, to think of all the greatest and noblest and best of men as members of that glorious brigade, with their features transfigured but still to be known, and the glory of eternal youth and holiness shining from them as they march.

We have known exquisite pictures of the saints gathered on the flowery lawns of heaven, with glimpses of delicious landscapes behind them, and the celestial palaces, but I do not remember any attempt at the joyous faces of the Lord's happy warriors. It is among them I should like to see my nearest and dearest.



CLASS FOR COLORED GIRLS AT THE NEW YORK COOKING SCHOOL.

COOKERY AS AN ART.

A New York Training Institute where Nurses, Missionaries, Deaconesses and School Girls are Taught the Culinary Art in All its Details.

IF any reader of this journal should find time to drop in for an hour or more, at the United Charities building, on Fourth avenue, corner Twenty-second street, New York City, and seek out the headquarters of what is known as The New York Cooking School, the visitor would no doubt meet with an agreeable surprise. Here, in a busy hive which combines education and philanthropy, hundreds of young women—many belonging to rich families and others quite poor—are trained in the culinary art, as it applies to various positions in life—the home, the mission, the hospital, the school, the sickroom.

Miss Emily Huntington is Superintendent of the school, with Miss E. Andrews, as Secretary, but there is behind them two working officials an incorporated Society, which includes among its members some of the wealthiest and best known people in New York, all of whom are interested in the school, and especially so in this school, at which many of their own young people attend classes. The President is Mrs. Theodore B. Bronson, and among the Trustees are, Mrs. W. H. Osborn, Mrs. Aaron J. Vanderpoort, Mrs. W. E. Locke, Jr., Mrs. Aaron S. Hewitt, and Mrs. Morris K. Lewis, while Joseph Potter, Rev. Dr. H. L. May, and Rev. Dr. H. L. May, and others constitute the Advisory Committee. There is also a Board of Trustees, and as managers of the school.

The classes of the work are divided into three main branches, and each of these branches is further divided into several classes. The first branch is the domestic class, which is for the training of girls in the art of cooking, and the second branch is the hospital class, which is for the training of girls in the art of nursing, and the third branch is the mission class, which is for the training of girls in the art of teaching. The school is open to all girls, regardless of race or color, and the tuition is free. The school is a very successful one, and it is a great blessing to the community.

girls or very young women, in the afternoons, at which time also the deaconesses and nurses have classes. All the money realized from the tuition of the wealthy pupils is applied to the support of the evening classes for the working girls, so that the morning pupils have the pleasure of knowing that while benefiting themselves, they are also aiding others and are thus building up and solidifying a practical and worthy charity.

An interesting hour is that which is set apart for the colored pupils. Among the mission pupils last year were girls from



TEACHING TRAINED NURSES TO COOK FOR THE SICK.

the New York Colored Mission and the Methodist Zion Colored Church. There were also courses of lessons given to white pupils as follows: Grace Church Deaconesses, Hope Chapel Girl's Club, Calvary Working Girls, Trinity Mission House, City Mission Working Girls' Class, City Mission Bible Readers, Children's Aid Society Italian Class, New York Orphan Asylum, Hebrew Louis Mission Industrial School, and many other institutions of like character. Teachers were sent to Norfolk, Va., Berkeley, Va., Winchester, Va., Detroit, Mich., Chattanooga, N. Y., Luedo, N. Y., and Baltimore, Md.

Altogether, the Cooking School is an educational charity comparatively new but clearly destined to grow, and to exercise a beneficent and wholesome influence on many communities throughout the land.

Girls as Gardeners.

In Berlin, a lady of means has made an interesting experiment in training girls to light gardening as a business, and her ex-

ample may not be undeserving of attention here, where there are so many new developments in industrial work for women. She took fifteen young girls and taught them the art of growing all sorts of vegetables, as well as apples, melons, grapes, pears and cucumbers, for which a ready sale is found. They wear a dark gray uniform, consisting of a bodice and a skirt of reasonable length, which can be made quite short for working in, and let down at will. The girls eclipsed all the men at a recent board of agriculture examination, and one of them has obtained a post as gardener at a salary \$120 a year, with board and lodging. They are all fine specimens of healthy, vigorous womanhood.

The Small Boy and the Birds.

Apropos of our article on Bird Day in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a correspondent writes as follows: "I was much interested in your article on Bird Day, but the destruction of our song birds is not wholly the fault of the small boy. His mother is as much to blame when she wears upon her winter hat two or three small birds, or a half dozen of wings, or a waving aigrette. Will you not make an appeal to the women, through your paper, in behalf of the birds of America? There are other things as pretty to trim a hat with, and to kill our birds for that is selfish and thoughtless."

Chatham, N. Y.

BESSIE LEE JONES.

We heartily concur in what the writer says, and commend her suggestion to the consideration of the mothers and daughters who read "the Family and Home Circle." It is a good cause in which all may help.

The Stepmother's Defenders.

"If the one who uttered the unkind remark, 'Please shut that door, for a stepmother's breath is blowing in!' could have witnessed the scene which the writer did

THE STORY OF THE MINUTES.

WE are but minutes—little things! Each one furnished with sixty wings, With which we fly on our unseen track, And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears A little burden of joys and cares, Patiently take the minutes of pain—The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring A few of the drops from pleasure's spring, Taste their sweetness while we stay—It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well, For how we are used we must one day tell. Who uses minutes, has hours—to use, Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

Home and The Heart.

NOTHING the world offers can permanently alienate the love of home, which is deeply rooted in every human heart. Home is of divine origin. In a pleasant article in *The New Race*, a writer gives this glowing picture of the real home: "That which is to make home most desirable does not abide in the parlor, the garret, or the cellar; does not grow with the flowers of the garden nor with the trees of the forest, neither does it come with the uncounted million, but it is beautifully expressed in the quaint old adage, 'Home is where the heart is.' There can never be a home where love does not abide, this being the one element in which all else lives; the one omnipotent power leading us away from malice, hate, envy, strife, every discord of sin, if we will but try and express it. Love must not only be constant, but constantly expressed. It is the one ever-acting power that never wears out. We see men and women wandering around in quest of pleasure, seeking it and the confidants among entire strangers; unfolding their plans to those having no interest in them, and who will use the innocent confidences in the future as weapons with which to strike them. A good, dutiful child can never afford to place confidence outside his father's family, however little it is solicited therein; the true, unselfish parental love is ever more constant and loyal than a friend among strangers.

Too many learn this sad lesson of misplaced confidence only by recounting simple, innocent happenings which are too often repeated with a fiery another light and meaning, in that way causing years of bitter anguish. In the light and home of all of these there are times when a restless, turbulent current threatens to wreck our vessel on the shoals of confusion and strife. Our parents are faithful to trust and love, unless we betray theirs with our disobedience and disloyalty; they let us steer for ourselves. And if but the one party had suffered it would not be lamentable, but they do others down with them. Miserable and guilty is the man who quits his home to find enjoyment. Lost is the woman who does it. Unhappy the daughter who does not find home her happiest spot on earth."

Southern Sunshine.

It is pleasant, in these winter days, to read of a land of sunshine and plenty, such as that described by the lady who sends this letter from the "Home Circle."

IN TEXAS, I am near the land of the Acadians. In reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I've thought of the many poor people suffering from cold and hunger in cities, and of the thousands of acres of occupied land here. In this climate, no children go barefooted the year round. In December, January, and February it is times when it is cool, and they wear shawls for a few days. In the country, they may be for the gathering. We came from the north years ago. My home is in the pine woods that surround us like a wall, nearly a hundred feet high. It is a good country for poor people, living being very cheap here. One raises their own corn, beef, pork, vegetable, poultry, and rice. The last costs to get it made. This is a small town; there is a lumber here, but no saloons. Mrs. M.

THE BOOK SHELF

What Suffering Is For.*

NO one who reflects upon the intricacy and the mystery of all life is surprised to find dark problems surrounding the condition and the destiny of man. The absence of such problems would be a greater mystery in their presence. Man's finiteness loads out on every side to God's infiniteness, and life's mystery is also life's majesty.

One of the darkest problems surrounding the condition of man is the problem of Human Suffering. Disappointment, grief, sorrow, sickness, trouble, death, are everywhere. Wherever man goes, suffering goes, lying, as it were, in ambush for him. It matters not what man's errand may be, the best or the worst, suffering awaits him. He may go out into life as the teacher, the comforter, the missionary, the friend—or he may go as the destroyer—the robber, the seducer, the slave—go how he will, and for what he will, he suffers, he sorrows, he dies. Such is the omnipresence of human suffering, this dark enigma of sorrow. One may say of it as the Psalmist said of God: "Whether shall I flee from thy presence? I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, the darkness hideth not from thee, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Who can travel so far, who can neglect himself so thoroughly, who can exclude himself so proudly, that he shall escape from trouble and sorrow and pain and death?

That man forever attempts to solve this problem of human suffering, to give a rational account of this stern condition inseparable from his life, is the result of an original intuition of man's nature. Involuntarily we tend to trace all sensations to their source. Walking in springtime through some hollow lane, we catch the waft of violets, and lift the eyes to note the bank, purple with bloom. Standing in sunlight we see a shadowed form outlined on the path beside our own, and strive to identify the friend who has joined us. Tortured with some strange pain shooting through the head or clutching at the heart, we go to the physician to learn that lesion is its cause. This is intuitive inquiry into the causes of sensations, and the same intuition prompts man to solve the problem of the universal human sorrow. It is incredible that rational beings involved in suffering shall not try to find out why they suffer.

Invariably when man confronts the problem of suffering he uses his doctrine of God to aid him in the solution. The history of human thought in all times and in all religions will, it is believed, be found to verify this statement. By a companion intuition to that which prompts man to ask why he suffers, man is prompted to feel that God is in some way related to his sufferings.

The darkest enigma hovering over human suffering vanishes when we believe that all as it is, not because God wills it, but because the blessed plan he willed or the world is thrust aside by man's perversity. The trouble that in a thousand forms fills the world to-day is the melancholy harvest of generations of weakening tendencies, mistaken ideas, sinful propensities, and foolish choices, complicated by the added errors of each new day of life. Awful as that harvest is, one can yet look upon it without despair in the light of the Divine Sacrifice. For the Face that we see upon the Cross is not the face of him that wrought this confusion and wreaked his misery; it is not the face of the ene-

my that sowed the tares of evil amid the wheat of good: it is the Face of him who loved us and gave himself up for us; the Face of him who, forasmuch as the children of men were partakers of flesh and blood, himself also took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil; the Face of him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; the Face of him that sitteth on the throne and saith: "Behold, I make all things new." And as we look upon that wondrous Face, marred then with sorrow, radiant now with victory, we attribute not to him any share in causing the sufferings of the race for which he died; we soil not the lustre of his name by involving it with distresses which are directly or indirectly the outcome of our sinful estate. "The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Does God send trouble? Fear not to ask and to answer that question when you confront the dark mystery of human suffering. But ask it and answer it in the light of the Divine Sacrifice. Answer it not in the presence of those startling acts of judgment recorded in the Old Testament annals, lest you be drawn by local conditions far out of touch with God's essential relation to man. Those Old Testament acts of judgment were the heroic measures by which he roused to moral consciousness his deluded race when it had sunk to that abyss of degradation of which St. Paul speaks in the first chapter of Romans, when the very sense of right and wrong had vanished into insensibility, and could only be resuscitated through shocks of judgment. Take not these peculiar conditions as your standard of inquiry in answering the question. Does God send trouble? And answer not that question by observations made along the narrow groove of your personal affairs, lest the snare of a perverted doctrine of Providence capture you, and you conceive of troubles and worries springing from evident physical causes as petty persecutions from God to drive you into the way of righteousness. Ask the question. Does God send you trouble? as you stand before the Cross of Jesus Christ, as you worship him in his Godhead, as you realize that his Humiliation is the supreme expression of God's hatred for sin, as disobedience in its essence and as sorrow and misery in its results; ask it at the Cross, and an answer will be given you out of the depths of the Divine Sacrifice, to make you sure that he who died to redeem the race is not he who by trouble and sorrow is making men old before their time, and breaking women down with hardship and anguish.

Does God permit trouble? No! He is against it as he is against the causes from which it springs. Why then does it exist? Because man is free, and his freedom is the one thing God cannot take away from him. He gave him the freedom of his volition as an inalienable and constitutional gift, when he gave him his being; and it is man's misuse of his freedom that makes this world a world of sorrow. It cannot be otherwise until man is subdued in his will to God. It cannot be otherwise until each member of the redeemed race shall have consecrated his personal will to him who gave it.

The Church and Idle Labor.*

IT is much easier to be interested in speculative views as to the nature of the Deity; much easier to observe forms of devotion, much easier to give money or build churches, than to manifest love to our fellows in the acts of daily life, in buying, selling, and getting gain. The Pharisees of old made long

prayers and then defrauded widows. There is too much truth in the saying that in our day men are willing to offer their prayers and praise on Sunday, if on Monday they may go into the market place and skin their fellows and sell their hides."

If the Church is to help in solving the social problems of our age it must first remove the beam from its own eye. It must be a more living embodiment of the spirit of social service, it must insist on love as the great essential in its members. When men see Christ's spirit in Christ's flock, they will more readily believe in the efficacy of Christ's principles to solve our social problems.

When we are clear as to the causes we can better bring home the responsibility. Every one must bear his share of responsibility for things being as they are. Modern industry is more and more falling into the hands of companies. It is for the Church to awaken the consciences of the shareholders to their responsibility, to convince them that it is their duty to ascertain how the business in which their money is invested is carried on, whether efforts are made to prevent irregularity of employment, whether the hours of unskilled laborers such as tramway men are excessive and the general conditions humane, and make it felt that righteousness is of more importance than an increase in the rate of dividend.

A friend of mine, who was a shareholder in a certain company, learnt that the conditions under which the women workers were employed were unsatisfactory, and conducive to immorality. He drew the attention of the directors to this, pointing out that the hours and pay exposed their employees to great temptation to prostitution, for they could not support and clothe themselves on the pittance they received. He was informed with brutal frankness that the company had no concern with that. Plenty could be obtained who would accept the conditions. My friend withdrew his investment. If every churchman acted thus, there would soon be a change in the tone of the reports presented at annual meetings, industrial conditions would be recognized as being as important as dividends, and it would be admitted that even to companies the rule applies, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" and then, and not till then, other things such as dividends shall be added.

It is for the Church to bring home the responsibility, not of investment only, but of expenditure, and make each ask himself: When there are so many whose lives are poor and meagre, poor in pleasures both as regards kind and quality, poor in those things which give interest and variety to life, pictures and books and music and travel, and who for lack of these are dull or seek distraction in rough, coarse ways which alone are readily within their reach, how far am I justified in heaping up luxuries for my self-indulgence? Is not the best use I can make of such luxuries not to keep them for myself, but to use them to brighten other lives, to let others share?

An Exciting Adventure.*

I BECAME aware that a huge serpent was coiled around one of the bamboo rafters, with some four feet of his body hanging down directly over my head, with his eyes flashing and his tongue darting out, just above where my book had been and had concealed him. He had evidently been asleep in the roof; the putting in of the cot had awakened him. While I was reading he let down one-third of his body or more, and was looking to see what this leprous-looking white man was about, for he probably had never seen a white man before.

His darting tongue was almost within arm's-length of my face when I caught sight of him. Off that cot I came at one bound to my feet without raising my head, for that serpent was too near it.

Running to the door, I seized an iron spit some five or six feet long, with a sharp point, used for roasting purposes in the jungle, and which was in the cart. Coming back and using that as a spear, I was successful at the first thrust in piercing the

body of the serpent where it was coiled around the rafter.

But then I found myself in another difficulty. I caught hold of the spear to keep it from falling out and releasing the serpent, but the serpent would draw back, and with a tremendous hiss strike at my hand that held the spear, and come suspiciously near hitting it with his tremendous extended fangs.

However, in answer to my hasty call, my servant soon appeared with a bamboo club. Holding the spit with my left hand, taking the club in my right, I administered to the serpent a headache, from which he died. As I took him down and held him up by the middle, on the spit, to the level of my shoulder, both head and tail touched the floor, showing that he was about ten feet long.

Just as I was telling him in this position one of the village watchmen passed the door of the hut going into the village, and saw what I had done. It occurred to me at once that now I should find myself in a "bad box," for the people revere serpents as demigods. They dare not kill them or harm them, and will always beg for the life of a serpent if they see any one else killing one. They think that if you harm one of these deadly serpents or its kin will wage war on you and your kin and descendants until your kin are exterminated. I, a missionary, had come there to preach; how would they hear me when I had killed one of their gods? I saw the chief men of the place coming out toward the hut. To my astonishment they had native brass trays in their hands, with sweetmeats, cocoanuts, limes, and burning incense-sticks on them; and as they came to the door of the hut they prostrated themselves before me, and then presented these offerings: for they said I had rid them of their most dangerous enemy, that that serpent had been the bane of that village for several years. It had bitten and killed some of their kine and, I think, also a child. They had made every effort to drive it away from the village by burning straw closer and closer to make it go farther and farther away, but it would always return. They had tried to coax it away by putting little cups, each holding half a teaspoonful of milk, every two yards or so out into the jungle; but as soon as it had drunk all the milk it wanted it would turn round and crawl back into the village and into some house, and then the people of that house would have to vacate until it chose to leave. It had become the terror of the village. Let now I, a stranger and foreigner, had killed it without their knowledge or consent. That was their safety; for if they had seen me doing it they would have begged for its life, lest they be taken as accomplices. Now it was dead, and they were grateful, and it could harm them and theirs no more. Would I please accept these sweets? They had sent to the flock in the fields to have a fat sheep brought me as an offering, and would I please accept the sheep? Now whatever I had to say they would listen to me gladly, for was not I their deliverer? The sheep was brought; myself, associates, and attendants made a sumptuous dinner from it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The College of the Apostles: A Study of the Twelve; by James I. Vance, D. D. Pp. 166. Cloth covers. Price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Rhymes of the States; by Garrett Newkirk: A book of once descriptive, geographical and historical. Besides being attractive and interesting by reason of its pictorial features, the volume conveys instruction in an agreeable form. Ninety-six pages, cloth covers, illustrated. The Century Company, New York, publishers.

English Synonyms and Antonyms; with Notes on the Correct use of Prepositions; designed as a Companion for the study and as a Text-Book for the use of Schools by James C. Fernald. An excellent and convenient volume of reference for the use of writers, &c. Pp. 324. Cloth binding. Funk & Wagnalls, &c., New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

St. Nicholas. Round volume 25 (in two parts) November, 1897, to October, 1898. This famous illustrated Magazine for young folks fully maintains its high standard of literary and artistic excellence in the newly completed volumes. They contain over 1,000 pages and 200 illustrations. Among the attractions are four illustrated serial stories, by W. O. Stoddard, J. F. Trowbridge, James Otis and Albert Stearns. There are besides a number of Christmas stories and verses, a series of true stories about distinguished people, stories about animals, tales of adventure, music, a number of instructive papers and fourteen capital short stories by such brilliant writers as Mrs. Burton Harrison, George Parsons Lathrop, Noah Brooks, L. E. Chittenden, Agnes Carr Sage, Laura E. Richards and others. The price of the new volume of St. Nicholas is \$4.00 or \$2.00 each for the separate parts. Century Co., New York, publishers.

*From *The Gospel of the Divine Sacrifice*, by Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., Minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Hall's object is to show how the doctrine of the Atonement applies to life, and that it is logical and reaching in its solution of perplexing problems. Pp. 313; price, \$1.25; published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 151 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*From *The Attitude of the Church to Some of the Social Problems of Town Life*, by Rev. W. Moore Ede, Canon of Durham, Eng. A most interesting book on a burning question of the present time. Pp. 151; paper covers; price 25 cents. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

*From *In the Tiger Jungle: Stories of Missionary work among the Telugus of India*, by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, 37 years a Missionary of the Reformed Church of America in India. Illustrated. Pp. 216. Cloth binding. Price \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

VANITY.

IT was a great house with a stately hall and a winding staircase going up to wide galleries and lofty chambers. The house stood on a hillside, with green terraces between it and the tossing, tumbling sea, and behind it there was a garden, large, rambling, and very old-fashioned.

In this garden there was a fountain, and a basin beside the fountain was the home of gold and silver fish, and in the mornings the birds came here to dip and splash and preen their feathers.

All around the fountain were thick hedges of privet and box, and near by were box trees cut and clipped in quaint and formal shapes, representing Queen Elizabeth and the ladies of the court. What with their hoops, farthingales, and ruffs, the stately dames in the box garden brought back a brilliant page of history to the pleased on-looker, and when the on-looker was a child who could take her book and read and dream in this sweet place, why the child felt as if she could reach up and touch heaven with one up-lifted hand.

But the crowning glory of the place in the eyes of many visitors was not the garden, but the room of the princess in the house itself. Not a princess of the blood royal precisely, but a princess nevertheless was the oldest daughter of the house to whom, by long tradition, a certain chamber belonged.

When the house was built the builder said: "I will make my favorite daughter's room a dream of beauty. Whatsoever she wants shall be there. And as she will, herself, be prettier than anything I can choose for her, there shall be great mirrors from floor to ceiling on two sides of the room, so that she may behold herself whenever she likes."

So the room was adorned with great mirrors set in the walls. I slept in the room long after its first occupant had fallen asleep and been laid to rest in a land across the sea, but the room with its rich furnishings had not been changed. Tapestries and statuary, carvings and glass, all were the same. For it is we who pass away like shadows. Our little lives are running out as a tale that is told, while the things our brains plan, and our hands fashion, abide unimpaired through centuries.

A girl of our present period coming into the mirror-room one day had two thoughts. The first was, "Oh! what a splendid place to see how my gowns hang. I love to get the full effect of my dress, and I never can in a bit of a looking-glass over my bureau."

The next thought was: "I must try to be good in this room. Why, I can almost see my soul in these clear surfaces. I can never be cross or unreasonable, or selfish or deceitful here, for the mirror on one side or the other will catch and display the mean and ugly expression." Following this as by a shaft of revelation came the text: "Thou God seest me!" Yes, needing no mirror, God ever reads the soul, and sees its faults and defects not only. God be praised! but its want, its aspiration, its desires after holiness, and its struggles toward the better life. "Thou God seest me," should be as a stronghold into which the tempted and the tried may run in the day of their greatest need.

Speaking of the vanity of earthly things, let us not set our affections on any possession. To cling to that which the tempest may sweep away in a breath, which moth and rust may ruin, and which thieves may break through and steal away from us, is foolish and vain. We may enjoy it, we may not care. We are but stewards of God's goods, and our life accounts to the power which belongs to him. We must not let our eyes and hearts be so much on the things of this world, but let us look to the things that are above. More and more as we grow in grace, we shall find that the things of this world are but vanity, and that the things that are above are the things that are real. We shall find that the things of this world are but vanity, and that the things that are above are the things that are real.

readily reprove the children and young people when they like to look in the glass. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, and yet a comely countenance is a gift from the Lord, and while we must not foolishly admire ourselves, still a just self-esteem harms nobody.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Mr. Morgan's Princely Gift.

AMONG the many large donations by wealthy Americans to benevolent objects, the gift of \$1,000,000, by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the well-known New York banker, is one of the grandest recently recorded. He has placed this



THE PROPOSED NEW HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

sum at the disposal of the Society of the Lying-in Hospital of New York City, for the purpose of erecting a new building. At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of the hospital, Mr. William A. Duer, the president, read a letter from Mr. Morgan containing the offer and conditions, in which he said he thought the society needed a new building, and that he had recently had an architect at work on plans.

The conditions are that the hospital shall have sufficient income from endowment or other sources to meet its expenses, and that the plans be satisfactory, from a medical point of view, to Dr. James W. Markoe, chief of the medical staff. Five young physicians have been traveling abroad to examine the best points of similar institutions, their traveling expenses being met by Mr. Morgan. The proposed building is to be a large ten-story structure, of granite and brick. The frontage on Second avenue will be 184 feet, and on Seventeenth street 83 feet. Our illustration shows the plan of the structure as proposed by Mr. Morgan's architect. Besides this splendid gift, Mr. Morgan has made many magnificent donations to other charitable and educational institutions.

The Mysteries of Chinese.

John Wesley is said to have once ventured the assertion that the Chinese language was the invention of the Evil One to keep the missionaries out of China. It has not succeeded in keeping them out, but it has made their work very difficult. Dr. J. F. Masters, one of the few foreigners who have mastered the language, tells of a missionary who was explaining the goodness of the Heavenly Father. The word for heavenly is "teen" with an aspirate on the vowels. The missionary left out the aspirate, with the result that the word meant "crazy." After Dr. Masters had studied Cantonese a few months he endeavored to preach a sermon. He wrote it out carefully, but made so many blunders in tones, vowel quantities and aspirates that some of the Chinese remarked how much the English language resembled the Chinese. They supposed that he was preaching in English. On another occasion he meant to order a roast chicken, and told his cook to go off and set fire to the street. The Chinese language has 14,700 characters in the standard dictionary. There are, moreover, 700 distinct sounds, to each of which is attached a sort of metrical scale, ranging from an octave to an octave and a

half, giving a variety of tone which only a musical ear can detect. The tone is all important. For instance the sound "stung" may mean grasshopper, oar, elephant, mechanic, or pickles, according to the tone. Put an aspirate into the middle of the word and it may mean examine, good luck, wall, spear or gun, and a variety of other meanings, depending on the tone given. A man is a man only when the correct tone is given. Change the tones and the man becomes a nightingale, a carrot, and many other ridiculous things.

THE BOWERY MISSION

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ONE hundred and Fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3.30 p. m.; Young Women's Reading Circles, Tuesdays and Fridays 3 p. m.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturdays 2 p. m.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M., and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of Last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	149
New Professed Conversion	2,471
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,764
Meals Served in Restaurant	688,321
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary (Opened Aug. 20, 1895)	736
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured	953

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Mrs. M. Goodshire	1 00
Geo. E. Harrison	1 00
One who loves Jesus, E. Shelburne	1 00
W. C. T. U., Smithtown branch	2 00
Lewis McKnight	10 00
Reader, Venango	1 00
M. E. Hoffer	1 00
P. M. Barrow	1 00
Mollie Rogers	1 20
Irvin Mentzer	1 00
W. E. Pierce	2 00
Chas. Keichert	1 00
A. Z. Berlin	2 00
Friend, Mineral Point	1 00
Friend, Geneva	1 00
Reader, Providence	1 00
Total	\$28.20

All contributions for the work will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

Drawn to Christ by Music.

In the varied experience of missionary workers in foreign lands it sometimes happens that the strangest means are made instrumental in opening up a way for the Gospel message where before, the barriers had been seemingly impassable. An instance of this character is related by a missionary laboring in Brazil. Four or five years ago there came to the little village of Serra Azul (on a ridge of the Blue Mountains) a Christian dentist, Senor Jose B. Nunez, and his wife. They felt deeply the spiritual wants of the people. Mr. Nunez and his wife used to pray day and night that the Lord might open a door before them. He was not gifted with 'tongues,' and could hardly speak to those around him about Jesus Christ; but he took his violin and began to play and sing the songs of Zion. In a short while the whole neighborhood came to hear them sing, and everybody liked the 'ballade,' as they called it. They noticed the words 'God,' 'Christ,' 'salvation,' etc., and inquired about their meaning. The door was open and a regular evangelical work began among that people who had never even heard about the Gospel.

Build Health

Build up your health by properly nourishing every part of your system with pure, rich blood. Only in this way can you gain strength of nerves and muscles. The wonderful building-up effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla makes it especially valuable after serious illness and also to prevent pneumonia, bronchitis, coughs, colds, fevers.

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A Prominent Physician Writes.

SPOTSWOOD, N. J., Aug. 3, 1896.
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Dear Sirs: Please send me, by mail, four more bottles of Tartaric Acid Tablets (10 each.)

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Yours very truly,

Pamphlet on the treatment of Rheumatism I
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Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 10, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.—Sorrowing Mother, New York City, begs that Christian friends will join her in praying

for the conversion of her son who has fallen under the power of strong drink.—Anxious Sister, Janesville, Wis., that a brother and sister who are leading good moral lives, but are indifferent to religion, may realize their need of a Saviour and give themselves to Christ.—Anxious Mother, New York, that her son who is striving in his own strength to overcome his propensity to intoxicating liquor, may go to Christ for power and be saved.—J. L. R., Newberry, Pa., that God in mercy would look upon a wayward son and bring him into his fold.—Reader, Pa., that her husband and daughter might be saved, and that her husband may be emancipated from his bondage to an insidious drug.—Anxious Wife, Halsey, N. Y., for the conversion of her husband, two sons, a daughter and daughter-in-law.—L. E. S., Washington, D. C., for the conversion of her husband and herself.—Reader, Danville, Ill., for the conversion of two young men, a husband and a son, that they may be separated from evil and renewed in their hearts and lives.—Mother, Rockport, that God would save her son, who is kind and good, but is going to places of amusement which are liable to lead him into temptation; also for two other sons for whose conversion prayer is continually offered.—Believer, Spencer, Ia., that three sons who are unbelievers might be led to Christ, and that one of them who is struggling to escape from his bondage to drink might receive the help he needs.—J. J., New Lisbon, N. V., that a man who has fallen under the power of the intoxicating cup may be delivered and made a new creature in Christ.—Anxious Mother in Ohio, that her children might become children of God.—Reader, for the conversion of a dear brother who has fallen under evil influences and is leading a sinful life, and that he may be cured of his infatuation and become pure in heart.—Subscriber, Cosmopolis, Wash., that two business men of good moral character may see their need of Christ as a Saviour and give themselves to him; also that a neighbor who once professed to be a follower of Christ may return to the Saviour and ask of him pardon and atrength.—M. E. L., Glens Falls, N. Y., for the conversion of a son and his wife and children.—L. M. B., Michigan City, Ind., that a young man whose fondness for intoxicating liquor is increasing, may turn from it and seek the Lord.—L. H., Rosalia, Wash., for the salvation of a daughter, a son, and a son-in-law, that they may all give their hearts to God.—Mother, Roulette, Pa., that her husband and sons who are men of good moral character may realize their need of a Saviour and commit their souls to Christ.—Reader, Galveston, Texas, that a dear friend for whose conversion his mother has been praying for many years, may turn to the Lord; also for the conversion of an uncle and a brother.—"Sister in Christ," Hubbard, Minn., that a dearly loved son and his wife might give themselves to Christ and have grace to train up their children aright.—Reader, Columbia, O., that a man and his wife who are backsliders and are far from God through grievous sins, may be renewed and restored to the joy of salvation.—Sister, Fiatt, Ill., for the conversion of a dear sister and her husband who are in sore trouble and do not realize that they need salvation from sin.—Praying Mother, Washington, D. C., that two brothers who are without Christ may be aroused to a sense of their need and made true Christians.—Mother, Deland, Fla., for a son who is lying-sick in a distant city, that it may please the Lord to heal him, but more especially that his heart may be changed and he be fitted for Christ's kingdom.—M. N., Manawa, Wis., that a father may be led to feel his need of Christ and may give his heart to God, and that a mother may be enabled to rest more completely in the promises of God who is able to supply all her need.—Sorrowing Wife, St. Louis, Mo., that God would look upon her husband who has fallen under the power of intoxicating drink, and would deliver him and make him a true Christian; also that two infidels, who were once professing Christians, might be convinced of the truth and converted.—Anxious Wife, Willingford, Vt., for the conversion of her husband who has relapsed into drinking habits after reforming.—Mother, Vicksburg, Miss., for the conversion of her two sons who are far from God.—Anxious Mother, Hodge, Mo., for the conversion of husband and son.—Reader, Blackburn, Mo., that a brother who is a Sabbath-breaker may turn from his evil ways and seek the Lord.—Distressed Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., that his son who has been a source of misery for years, may be changed by the Holy Spirit. Only the almighty power of God can deliver him.—Widowed Mother, Dover, Minn., for the salvation of an only son and his wife, and that an impending sorrow may be averted.—Sorrowing Mother, Mineral, Tex.,

that her dear son who is in prison may be converted, and that the Governor of the State may be inclined to grant the petition now in his hands for his pardon.—Sad Wife, Fairbanks, Fla., for her husband's conversion and that he may return to his family a new creature in Christ, and be able to provide for them and the aged father who grieves over his son's conduct.

For the Restoration of Health.—Believer, Sherman, Tex., begs for prayers, that she may be fully

restored to health that she may care for the loved ones depending on her; that a dreadful disease, of which she fears she is the victim, may not prey upon her, and that her faith in Christ may be strengthened.—Sorrowing Husband, Burlington, N. J., that his dear wife may be raised from her bed of sickness and recover her lost health.—Believer, Barton Landing, Vt., that an only daughter suffering from spinal disease may be healed.—V. B., Buffalo, Va., that a dear friend suffering from throat trouble may be cured.—Mother, Riverside, Pa., for the recovery of a dear daughter who is a poor invalid.—M. R., New York, for the recovery of a young man who is very ill.—Reader, Galveston, Tex., that her dear sick mother may be restored to health.—I. S., Maxwell, Ont., that a poor orphan who is sick may be raised up by the power of the Lord.—Reader, Danville, Ill., for the recovery of a neighbor who is ill with diphtheria, and that an afflicted, motherless boy who is suffering may be healed.—Believer, Delhi, that a dear son may receive healing in soul and body. The following persons also ask that prayer may be offered to the Great Physician for healing of the diseases from which they are suffering: Hopeful, Eohan, Tex.; Suffering Invalid, Baltimore, Md.; Reader, Dayton, O.; Mother, Vicksburg, Miss.; Believer, Hodge, Mo.

For Special Blessings.—F. E. B., Stockton, Minn., asks prayer for deliverance in a sore strait. Her husband

cannot get pay for work done and their six little children are in sore need.—Widow in Arkansas, that property of the use of which she has been deprived, may be restored to her.—Reader, Titusville, Pa., for help in a severe financial trouble and for strength to resist temptation.—M. E. G., Philadelphia, Pa., that a family suddenly deprived of income may be delivered from sickness and poverty.—Believer in Virginia, that God will help and support a family in a very dark hour.—Friend, Lovell's Station, Pa., that God would interpose to save a family from being defrauded.—Reader, Philadelphia, that a young man in need of God's guidance may be kept from all evil and restored to those who are longing for his return.—Mother, Newark, N. J., that God would lift the cloud from the mind of her son and renew his faith in God and deliver him from the evil thoughts that are distressing him.—Sister in Christ, Indianapolis, Ind., that a young man who is in sore trouble may be enabled to find employment and may be speedily restored to his family.—Subscriber, Lake City, Minn., who is indistressing financial trouble, and in danger of losing the savings of many years of hard work, that God would send deliverance.—Praying Mother, New York, that a man who has lost his livelihood through the greed and dishonesty of others may find a way of providing for his family.—"Widowed and Troubled," that God, who knows her need, would supply it out of his fulness.—Anxious, New York, that a designing, unscrupulous man who is trying to supplant another and deprive him of the means of living, may be protected and kept from losing his position.—Christian Brother, Baltimore, Md., who is in financial trouble end beset by strong temptation, that God would give him the grace and help he needs.—Reader, Wooster, Tex., that a dark cloud resting on her name through false accusations may be removed and the truth be known and she may be fully vindicated.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

Free to all Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases Rheumatism, etc.

As stated in the last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The *New York World* publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

Church Debts

Very likely the Dorcas Society, the King's Daughters or the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor want funds to carry on their work this winter. Perhaps you have in contemplation a new organ or carpet for the Sunday-school, or possibly the Church debt is troubling you. We have a plan for providing money for any of these objects. Write us and we will tell you all about it.

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CUBA'S LONG STRUGGLE.

Weyler's Recall Demanded in Madrid
—Hopes of the Cuban Patriots.

CONTRARY to all official prognostications at Havana and Madrid, the Cuban war is no nearer an end than it was before the death of Maceo. Spain is becoming exhausted by her long and apparently fruitless struggles in Cuba and the Philippines, and the terrible drain on the nation's resources, both in men and money, is severely felt. Among the popu-

ago, in the Ozark region, he writes, I saw a minister enjoy a most substantial handshaking. He had long believed in the potency of a cordial grasp to win men to the church, but though successful in winning souls he was less so in getting dollars. He owned a little farm and mortgaged it. The mortgages were falling due, but there was no prospect of paying them; but it did not bother him a bit; he shook hands more heartily than ever. "I have unbounded faith in handshaking to bring everything out right," he often said. At last came the day when the mortgages

must be foreclosed, that would deprive him of the little home that sheltered his family. On the eve of that day a knock at the door of his house, which was a little way from the town, called him. When he opened the door, a crowd came in, and without saying a word, commenced shaking hands. He felt something cold in the palm of the first man, and when the hand was withdrawn it stuck to his own. "That is the most substantial shake I ever experienced," he said, as he held up a \$5 gold piece.

But the next man then stepped up and a silver dollar was left in the preacher's palm. No one would say a word in explanation, but pressed in on him as fast as he could put the silver and bills into his pockets. The house was not large enough for the visitors, each one of whom deposited from \$1 to \$10 in the outstretched hand. Each left the moment his little errand was accomplished, and not a word could be had in explanation, except the last one, who, as he turned to go, remarked: "We wanted to play a little joke on you, and we have." The handshaking netted just \$871. His home was saved and a neat balance was left besides.



THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.

lace at Madrid and other leading cities, there is a growing opposition to the policy of Captain-General Weyler, and an agitation in favor of his recall, which is giving the Government considerable uneasiness. It would surprise no one to learn that a Cabinet crisis had been precipitated by the recent reverses in Cuba and the East. Meanwhile the Cuban insurgents have been making demonstrations almost at the very gates of Havana. Two thousand insurgents recently captured and fortified the important suburb of Arroyo Naranjo, seven miles from the capital, the Spanish garrison having surrendered without a blow. This bold stroke caused consternation in Weyler's camp and the Captain-General's palace in Havana was the scene of much consultation and planning with a view to checking the advance of the insurgents under Gen. Aguirre, who are in strong force a short distance from the capital. Last week, the Cubans destroyed a Spanish gun-boat.

General Weyler's declaration that he had pacified Pinar del Rio, and his subsequent relaxation of the stringent guard at several points on the trocha as unnecessary, seem to have been ill-advised, as the Cubans crossed the trocha as soon as the guard was relaxed, and no surrenders have taken place in the mountain districts. According to the latest advices, the patriot forces, under Gomez, were as active and as hopeful of success as ever.

Cable despatches indicate a disposition on the part of Spain to institute important reforms in Cuba on the pretext that the King, as a birthday gift, makes liberal concessions for the purpose of pacifying the island. These reforms, it is rumored, will include Cuban suffrage, a complete system of civil government, and such a tariff readjustment as will aid in restoring prosperity to the distracted island which, for many years, has been the scene of war and desolation bringing prostration to its industries and ruin to its people.

A Memorable Handshaking.

That there is a great deal of character evinced in the manner of handshaking, few will deny, but this incident, related by a venerable preacher in a Western State, probably affords a much more striking proof of the utility of handshaking as a means of expressing thought and feeling than can be readily found elsewhere: Years

Rheumatism usually attacks the back and shoulders; and the joints at the knees, ankles, and hands are sometimes affected. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them, by purifying the blood.

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Saving Armenia's Orphans.

Our Second Remittance of \$1,000 to Oorfa — The Movement in Other Cities—Missionary Gates' Letter.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few weeks ago, laid before its readers the sad story of the orphans of Oorfa, it was not with any expectation of being able to undertake any extensive work of rescue in that quarter. We then believed that if, with the co-operation of our readers we could aid the missionaries in their efforts to succor some few orphans among the multitudes of homeless and destitute waifs thrown upon the world since the recent massacres, much good might be accomplished. During the last few weeks, however, we have received from friends in all parts of the Union so many evidences of sympathy with and approval of this special work, that we are now led to hope that it may so develop that hundreds of these helpless little waifs may be reclaimed and placed in Christian hands under the care of Miss Corinna Shattuck, and her missionary associates at Oorfa, where there is very great need of such a work. Last week a second remittance of \$1,000 was sent by cable from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund through the American Board, to Miss Shattuck at Oorfa, being \$2,000 applied to that particular work thus far, and making with previous remittances and other disbursements for Armenian Relief, a total of \$54,000 expended by the Fund up to the present time.

Letters from missionaries in the field indicate progress in the orphan relief movement at different points. At Aintab, Smyrna, Van, Harpoot, Malatia, Arabkir, and Egin there are large numbers of orphan boys and girls to be cared for—not less than 15,000 in the Harpoot field alone.

In a letter from Harpoot, Rev. Mr. Bates, of the American Mission there, says this grateful tribute to the readers of his journal for their aid in the relief work:

HARPOOT, TURKEY.

o "The Christian Herald:"

DEAR FRIEND:—At various times during the year we have received grants for relief of the destitute Armenians from you.* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has labored so nobly to save the destitute that some acknowledgment due to you.

It seems to me that it is one of the striking achievements of the Christian world that it has saved the Armenian people from the destruction to which they seemed doomed. One year ago, the whole people were in extreme destitution. Thousands of families had been left without a bread-winner. The majority of the nation had lost their supplies of food laid by for the winter, their cooking utensils were gone, more than fifteen thousand houses had been burned in this region, and the remaining houses were left without doors and windows in many cases. The people had no beds, and only the scanty clothing in which they fled from their foes. Winter was at their doors. How could they face it! Some gave up the struggle and died simply from the shock of the terrible ordeal through which they had passed and lack of courage to face the future. Many others expected to die.

Just here, the help given through your efforts, and other like-minded Christian men and women came in. We dispensed the funds as fast as they came and kept the people alive. Again and again in visiting towns and villages, the people have said to me: "We should have died last winter had it not been for the help you sent us." As I left Arabkir, a poor old man followed me out of the city, calling out blessings on my head all the way, because we had kept him and his family alive. These blessings on to you, for they are

*The following sums were forwarded to Harpoot during 1896 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund through the American Board: January 3, \$1,000; Jan. 15, \$500; Jan. 28, \$1,000; March 11, \$2,000; April 3, \$1,000; Nov. 4, \$500; Nov. 13, \$500.

Have You Asthma in Any Form?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in every form in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that he cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Co., No. 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every reader of The Christian Herald who suffers from any form of Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

yours. Eighty thousand souls received help through us last year!

Now, the people have gathered a harvest since the event, but many of them had already mortgaged a great part of their crops to obtain food. Then the tax-gatherers gathered up the grain, sold it and the animals and the utensils and beds to pay the taxes. Creditors and tax-gatherers have left the people with food for one month or two months, and in many cases with no food at all, so that they are again in need of relief. A part of the population are now in distress; in some villages disease has broken out, and before the close of the winter thousands will be in a starving condition unless help reaches them.

We have hired two houses and are receiving orphan boys and girls. We have engaged two Christian families to care for them under the superintendence of our missionary ladies. The children attend our schools. The children come in a pitiable condition. Yesterday one little boy came who had been carried off by the Koords, and just now gained his freedom. His feet were tied up in rags in lieu of shoes and stockings. A little girl came in half frozen and sat up in a chair by the stove, warming her bare feet and numbed hands. A man came from one of the Palu villages, bringing the three children of his brother. He had left his own two children, that he might consign these orphans to our care. The land is full of such waifs. Where the children have a mother or near relative who can care for them, we give a little aid that they may be cared for by their own kindred. Some of those who have no one to care for them, we have sent to orphanages in Smyrna and Broosa, and now we are opening homes for others here. Twenty-five dollars will support, clothe, and educate a child one year.

Thanking you for your most praiseworthy efforts in this relief work, I remain,

C. F. GATES.

The following contributions to the Armenian Relief work have been received:

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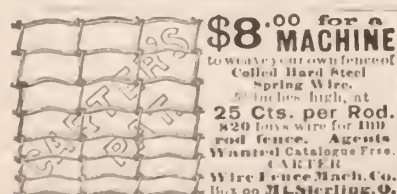
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 5.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

Price Five Cents.

TRAVELING IN THE ORIENT.

The Patient Ass Still the Common Burden-bearer in Many Lands—His Usefulness and Good Qualities—His Place in Scripture History—Honored Above all the Brutes.

AMONG the domestic animals of the Orient, there is none more serviceable, or that performs a greater variety of duties for man, than the domestic ass. It is many times mentioned in Scripture, where it is dignified for its patience and humility, its strength and obedience, and honored by being made the bearer of prophets, princes, and kings, and even of the Saviour himself. Thus, although in some parts of the world, the ass is held in low estimation, and its name is a synonym of contempt, it is not so in Asia and Palestine. All through the East, the ass is valued for its good qualities, already mentioned. In traveling, it is usually preferred to the horse or camel by all who desire to ride smoothly and leisurely upon a sure-footed animal.

In a wild or even a half-domesticated state, the ass is high-spirited and swift. History informs us that King Cyrus of Persia had his cavalry mounted upon asses, and Strabo states that the Caramanians also rode into battle upon asses, while Herodotus declares that Hystaspes made use of them in a fight with the Scythian invaders. But it is not as a battle-steed that the ass has won the appreciation of the Orientals, but as an ally and co-laborer in the arts of peace. Whether drawing the plough, bearing a heavy burden of merchandise, or carrying its master on a journey (as shown in the illustration on this page), the ass is equally the faithful and humble servant of man. The working ass of the East is of small stature and usually of a dark, reddish color, stoutly built, with a good-sized, sagacious-looking head and well-developed ears. Its strength and endurance in proportion to its size are such as to sometimes excite astonishment among those unacquainted with the species. It is generally believed that the ass originally received its reputation for stupidity from the ancient Egyptians, who hated it and used it



AN ORIENTAL TRAVELER, NEAR HEBRON, IN PALESTINE.

From a Photograph Specially Procured for "The Christian Herald."

head and ears as the symbol of ignorance and obtuseness. Among the Romans it was also held in low regard, and this estimate was somewhat undeservedly perpetuated in Western Europe. In Spain, Italy, Malta, and elsewhere in Southern Europe, the ass is carefully bred

and used, and sometimes brings a high price. In Arabia and Persia, it is so well-bred and valued so highly that the owner of one of these animals usually boasts of its pedigree. Throughout Syria it is the favorite family burden-bearer, and used for the saddle by ladies on account of its smooth and agreeable gait.

Almost every country shows a difference in the breed, the asses of Damascus having long bodies and ears (like that of our picture), while those of upper India are almost pigmies in comparison. On the Mesopotamian plains, in Persia, on the Indus and in the Punjab, great herds of asses, fleet of foot and graceful in shape, graze in summer, migrating at the change of the season. The Arabs and Persians esteem their flesh as a delicacy.

Although, as already shown, the ass has at times been used in war, it is in almost all the essential qualities of a battle-steed, the reverse of the horse. It was prophesied of Christ in Zech. 9, 9, and referred to in Matt. 21: 5, that the Saviour of the world should be "meek and sitting on an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass." By this action Christ is supposed to have indicated the humble and peaceful nature of his kingdom.

Moreover, the ass was honored as the only member of the brute creation which, according to the Scripture record, was the subject of a miracle, when it was made instrumental in conveying a rebuke to the disobedient prophet. Besides, in a very large number of passages throughout the Bible, the ass is referred to as a type of patient, industrious, fidelity, of physical endurance, of humility and mildness, the bearer of gifts and gentle embassies, the family carrier (as it is

to-day through a very large part of the East), and also as the possessor of many other excellent and serviceable qualities which ought to go far toward removing from the species the undeserved obloquy and contempt into which it has fallen.



OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers.

100. P. Shireanstown, Pa. How was the Christian name derived? Why do people now have not given Christian names when we read in the Bible of them having only one name?

The phrase "Christian name," means the name received in baptism. It is the "given name," the other or surname being the patronymic or father's family name. Because otherwise, it would be impossible to distinguish between individuals. In very ancient times, it is probable that a person bore but one name, but later, as population multiplied, some distinction became necessary and men came to be known as the son of so-and-so; thus "Simon, son of Jonas," or as belonging to a certain town or section thus "Saul of Tarsus." The history of the evolution of names is a great and complex one, and cannot be discussed at length within our limited space.

Subscriber's Daughter, Wisner, Neb. In a recent discussion I contended that there is a certain path laid out for every one from the moment of their birth. Do you think I am right?

It may be as you contend, although we do not see how you can know that it is so. It does not seem like God's usual way of dealing with men. If the path is laid out for us and we are compelled to travel on, there is no justice in holding us accountable for a course we cannot avoid. Your contention, if unqualified, appears to destroy human responsibility. Our own consciousness does not confirm it. We know perfectly well when a temptation is presented to us and we yield to it, that we might have resisted had we chosen to do so. It seems to us that God pays great respect to the freedom of the will. He does not compel us to be good. He warns us of the evil of sin, and encourages us to be good by the promise of happiness, but if we choose evil in spite of him, he does not prevent us, but waits for us to discover that our choice will lead to misery, and the moment we find it out and turn to him in sorrow, acknowledging that he was right, he receives us tenderly. He wishes us to choose the good by our own volition. Even in our worldly affairs we are not conscious of coercion if it is applied. You may be destined to go to Africa and spend your life in work there, but when the suggestion is made to you, do you not feel that it is open to you to accept it or decline it? Man makes his own destiny. It is that which raises him above the beast. He can distinguish between good and evil, and he can choose the one or the other.

11. M. Auburn, Ia. Do you think that Matt. 24:26 refers to secret societies such as Freemasons and Oddfellows?

No, Christ is telling his disciples that his coming will be unmistakable and will be seen by all on the earth, and that if people say that he has returned and is in the desert or a secret chamber they need not go to look for him, because he will not come in that way but with great glory. The secret societies, so far as we know anything of them, do not put forth any pretensions of the kind.

12. Reader, Baltimore, Md. Is it wise to continue to pray with a man who is thoroughly bad, if he has been one for years without any change, especially when brooding and worrying about it more for one for other things? Does a man ever come when it is best to let such men alone? Does God answer one's prayers for them?

The expression of your picture is a sad one and, unfortunately, too common; but if we follow the teachings of Christ we must continue to pray for him and try to see to the uttermost. Matt. 18:20. It is not demanded, however, that we should wreck our own lives in the effort, or make ourselves for effective service a waste that seems endless and hopeless. Because it may be that living such a life is the best and the case entirely in God's hands, and we are always remembering that our petitions, for man's extremity is God's opportunity and our conscience is our witness. Let us touch. He may quicken the dead.

13. Albany, Md. Are the articles on "Promises," published from week to week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, written by Adventists? What is the purpose of the "Talks" or the "Lectures" on the Sabbath school of the Adventist?

1. They are written by persons who expect the Lord Jesus to return to the earth in person before the Millennium to reign upon the earth, and to that extent they are Adventist. Some of them are spiritual, some physical.

Others, some Congregationalists, and some like Mr. Moody, who holds that belief, belong to the Church generally, as they serve all denominations. 2. No, do not let any one scare you with any such nonsense. Such people used to harass Christ about his breaking the Sabbath, and they used to worry Paul about circumcision and meats offered to idols and other old relics of Judaism, but if you will study your New Testament carefully and prayerfully, you will see that it is for sin and unbelief, and not for neglect of antiquated observances, that God punishes men. Take the Apostle Paul's advice: "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath." (Col. 2:16.)

Appropos of the relief movement for the orphans of Oorfa in Armenia, we take pleasure in publishing the following letter:

BRIDGETON, N. J.
I read of "Armenia's Helpless Orphans" in your issue of January 15th. Mamma and I will gladly send our mite of one dollar each toward their relief if you will kindly state in next week's paper exactly how to send money for that purpose and the correct address to which it should be sent. I am a poor girl, a student and lover of books; but I feel that this call and that of India's starving millions



THE FAMOUS MUIR GLACIER, IN GLACIER BAY, ALASKA.

Among the sights of Alaska, the Muir Glacier is one of the most wonderful. It gives the impression of a long, high cliff, shaped like the Palisades of the Hudson, but white, and 100 feet higher than Niagara. It advances five feet daily, and masses of ice break with the noise of cannon and fall into the bay.

demand of me a sacrifice of some of the books I was intending to purchase, it is the only thing in which I can sacrifice, for it is the only luxury I have. The movement for the founding of a Christian orphanage for the orphans of Armenia, especially appeals to me, and the question at once arises: "How can I render substantial assistance?" And then a plan flashes across my mind: Why cannot THE CHRISTIAN HERALD issue a call to its readers to know how many are willing to pledge themselves to give five cents a week, as long as the Lord prospers them, so that it is in their power to give it, toward the founding and maintaining of these orphanages, and how many are willing to pledge themselves to make an effort to get fifty or a hundred other people to pledge five cents weekly for the same purpose. LADIA C. WYNER.

Many of our readers may be disposed to follow this excellent practical suggestion. We shall be pleased to hear from them. All money for the orphans of Oorfa can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be regularly remitted to Miss Corinna Shattuck, the missionary in charge of the work.

J. M. P. Tinslen, N. I. What is the highest peak on this continent?

The greatest elevation on this hemisphere is Mount Aconcagua, in the Andes. It is between 23,000 and 24,000 feet high and was lately climbed by Zurbriggen, a famous Swiss guide.

Allen W. M. Congie, Pa. Who was Melchisedec?

He was the right one King of Salem, who went forth to meet Abraham on his return from the defeat of the allied kings. He was also a priest of the Most High (see Gen. 14:18,

20; Heb. 7:2, and also Josephus' *Antiquities*, 1:10, 2). The statement that he was "without father, without mother, without descent," etc., simply implies that he was of plain, undistinguished parentage, and unknown antecedents. Josephus intimates that he discharged the priestly and regal functions among the people because of his eminence for holiness and justice. He was a priest of God by divine appointment and not after any order or following any predecessor, and so Christ is declared to have been a priest "after the order of Melchisedec."

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Is Dr. Klopsch the son-in-law of Rev. Dr. Talmage?

He is not.

Reader, Joppa, Md. Is it right for a person who does not feel himself a Christian, to teach a Bible class of grown scholars in Sabbath School?

Such teaching, however earnest or well meant, cannot be spiritually effective. The blind should not lead the blind. (Matt. 15:24). And one who has no spiritual light cannot enlighten others.

Anxious One, Milikin, Mich. 1. If a person commit the unpardonable sin, do you think he will ever again come under conviction? 2. Do you think it possible to mistake conviction for conversion? 3. Is yielding to temptation to break the Fourth Commandment a wilful sin in the sense described Heb. 10:26?

1. Possibly, but he would not be troubled about it. 2. Yes, it is possible, but he may soon be undeceived by his own consciousness. If he has not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his (Romans 8:9); if he is living the Christ life, loving every one and delighting to render service to any one who needs it, and is striving in all things to be more and more like Christ, though failing in some things and making slower progress than he desires, he has made

Important Notices.

Some Premium Offers Withdrawn

[N order that we may reserve a sufficient number of these Premiums to meet the requirements of **Renewing** Subscribers, we find ourselves compelled, as far as New Subscribers are concerned, to **withdraw the following three Premium propositions from this date:**

- 1st. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and the plain red under gold edged Bible at \$2.
- 2d. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and Margaret E. Sangster's "Home Life Made Beautiful" at \$2.
- 3rd. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and Marion Harland's "Home of the Bible" at \$2.

These propositions are still available for present CHRISTIAN HERALD Subscribers renewing in course of the year, but we cannot fill orders from new Subscribers for any of these Premiums.

Premium Propositions Still Open.

Until further notice the following offers are open to both old and new Subscribers:

- 1st. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library for 1897—ten beautiful and exceedingly useful volumes aggregating 3,200 pages, in a very handsome bookcase, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for \$3.
- 2d. The International Self-Pronouncing Teacher's Bible with red under gold edges, and thumb-indexed, silk-sewed and leather-lined, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at \$3; and, of course,
- 3rd. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without any Premium for one year at \$1.50.

How to Get Premiums Free.

We are frequently in receipt of communications from persons who desire to obtain our Premiums, but who cannot afford to pay for them, yet who would be willing to work up new subscribers in payment if such a proposition would commend itself to us.

Heretofore we have not thought well of entertaining such propositions, but to give the matter a fair test we will, **during the month of February**—and only during the month of February—permit such of our friends as desire to secure either the 1897 Library or a thumb-indexed Bible, to send us **three annual subscriptions, Premium or non-Premium**, and in return therefor we will present them **free** with their choice of an **1897 Library**, ten volumes aggregating 3,200 pages and handsome book-case, or a **Thumb-Indexed Leather-lined, silk-sewed, Self-Pronouncing Teacher's Bible**, with red under gold edges.

Three to One.

Please bear in mind that it takes **three subscribers**, with or without Premium, to earn either one of the two Premiums mentioned, and that the offer will hold good only during the month of February.

It is almost needless to add that **no commissions** can be allowed under this or any other Premium offer.

We beg especially to direct the attention of all our friends who contemplate availing themselves of this opportunity to the fact that we cannot supply the plain-edged Bible, or "Home of the Bible," or "Home Life Made Beautiful," as has already been set forth in an announcement at the beginning of this article.

Mrs. John Freeman. Will you kindly inform me how I may obtain my premium books? When I renewed my subscription in September, I did not order any book as I did not understand how much I should remit more than the subscription price for the paper. I would like some of the books offered even though I must pay extra if they can yet be obtained.

By sending \$2 extra, you can receive our Library for 1897, or a Leather-lined, Thumb-indexed Bible. These two are the only Premium offers still open.

Perplexed, Glendon, Ia. Do you not think instrumental music in church services is in accord with the will of God? Will you please give your opinion of the use of organs in divinity service?

Assuredly. Almost every instrument capable of producing musical sounds has been employed to advantage at different times in religious service. Among these instruments, the organ is the grandest and most effective. If music should be tributary to the general purpose of the service; but when it becomes the dominant feature, and the service is made more concert, the music is out of place, however fine or artistic the performance.

no mistake but has been born again. 3. No, it may not have been wilful sin; but if it should be, the same sacrifice avails. The writer of Hebrews simply says that there is no other, which we know. A good plan to escape self-torture is to do some work for Christ, helping some sick neighbor, or teaching a class in Sunday School, or some other act of self-denial and helpfulness.

P. F. R., Salem, W. Va. 1. By what authority were the headings of the chapters of the Bible inserted? 2. Is the Revised Version issued by any publisher in this country? 3. Is it probable that a Version containing the readings advocated by the American Committee will appear?

1. By the authority of translators or revisers. The Geneva New Testament published in 1557, had this quaint imprint: "The New Testament of our Lorde Jesus Christ, conferred diligently with the Orke and best approved translations. With the arguments, as well before the chapters as for every booke and epistle, also diversities of readings and most profitable annotations of all hard places." There was also at the end, what the translators called: "A perfect supputation of the yeres and time from Adam unto Christ." They have no authority and are in some cases misleading. 2. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Union Square, New York, are the American publishers. 3. Yes, an edition with the changes recommended by the American revisers incorporated in the text, is now issued in small volumes by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, edited by Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock.

INDIA'S TWIN HORRORS.

Famine and Plague Devastating the Stricken Districts—Heroic Missionaries Remaining at their Posts with the Dying People.

THE brief cable dispatches from India contain no encouraging news. Large sections of the country are in the grip of famine, and in Bombay the plague is spreading rapidly. In the statements issued by the English Government authorizing the opening of a relief fund the admission is

are in touch with the people throughout India, and know personally the suffering in their districts. Dr. Stone thought that there could be no better medium of distribution than they would make, as they were well informed and anxious to relieve the suffering.

Confirmation of Dr. Stone's opinion of the urgency of the need of help comes from a Methodist missionary at Jabalpur, who writes: "Impending famine is an utterly inadequate term to apply to this calamity. Dire famine is not impending, but is here, and I am certain I am not exaggerating when I say that since the beginning of August 28,000 persons have died of starvation. In this district alone ninety thousand persons must perish unless speedy relief arrives, and this is only a small part of the area affected." In the face of such testimony it is a serious responsibility to withhold even for a single day the money so sorely needed.

The Plague.

The American Board has received a number of letters from its missionaries and correspondents in India relating to the plague and famine. The Rev. E. S. Hume of Bombay, who went to India in 1875, says: "Things have been going from bad to worse until the situation is most grave and even alarming. One third of the population of the city is said to have fled, and multitudes are still leaving. One of the railroads has put on six extra trains a day, and hundreds crowd about the municipal stations waiting for an opportunity to get away. At first the plague was confined to one ward of the city, but it has spread from place to place, until no section is free from the disease. So, too, all classes, including Europeans, have suffered from it. The published reports greatly underestimate the number of deaths, which is probably not less than two hundred or three hundred a day."

Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., Secretary of the Foreign Department of the American Board, says that, while the population of Bombay are leaving it, the missionaries remain in order to render assistance to the stricken people and by their presence to restore confidence in and impart courage to those who cannot get away. The plague has approached very near to the mission premises.

Major Edward J. Turner, an English army officer stationed at Bombay, who arrived at Tacoma, Wash., recently, on his way to England on a furlough, gives a graphic description of the horrors of the plague now devastating Bombay and other cities of India. He says: "The natives are so wasted by starvation that they have no power to resist the plague, but, panic-stricken, they fall a prey to the horrible death. In the outlying districts I found the bodies numerous in the roads. On the banks of the Ganges, where the ghats are all located, hundreds of bodies are lying waiting their turn to be burned. The ghats are small, raised burning piles made of stone. The victim is brought to the river if possible before death, that he may die by the sacred stream; then when he dies his body is dipped in the stream, taken out and laid on the ghat with a pile of wood under and above it, and is soon reduced to ashes, which are swept off into the river.

"The natives look upon the plague as a

scourge of their gods that cannot be helped, and will not tolerate any interference with their religious rights. The situation is becoming alarming. The proposition is being seriously considered of setting fire to the entire native quarter of the city, as well as to the barracks of the native troops, in the hope of thereby burning out the contagion. I don't know what will be done, for the whole earth seems laden with the poison, and it is carried by rats and other vermin everywhere. Nothing except a furnace heat can purify the quarters where the plague has raged."

A graphic picture of what an epidemic of plague means, is conveyed in the following story, which must be one of scores of similar incidents: "A Hindoo clerk went to the 'burning ground' for the purpose of cremating the body of his father, who died of the plague. On his return he found that in the mean time his mother had sickened and died, while shortly afterward his wife was attacked, and in a few hours was dead also. The clerk himself and an uncle of his are now down with the disease."

From these terrible telegraphic mosaics some faint idea may be formed of the miseries now weighing on that devoted land. What will Christendom do? Will not American Christians authorize the men who are there preaching the Gospel of Christ to feed the starving and shelter the widows and orphans for His sake? A very small sum will keep one person alive until June when the crops can be harvested. But the missionaries have no funds available. Even the native Christian teachers are suffering and for these especially, prompt provision should be made. It would be a fearful reproach on Christianity if any native who has accepted Christianity, and has by so doing lost his standing and his claims on native friendship, should be left to starve. Any of our readers who are willing to render prompt help in the emergency, however small it may be, may send their contributions to this office, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will see that they are forwarded to the most needy districts.

The Champion Sunday Scholar

A Bright Kentucky Boy Who Has Missed Only Two Sundays in Nearly Ten Years, Claims the Honor.

ONE of the best pupils in the Methodist Church South Sunday School at Danville, Ky., is a bright boy named John C. Eastland, jr. He is now thirteen years old, and has been attending

pupil was always to be found in his seat. Until quite lately his family lived several miles out in the suburbs, but John trudged to his class through rain or snow, and in all sorts of weather. What would ordinarily have kept children away, had no effect upon him. He seemed to take especial



JOHN C. EASTLAND, JR.

pride in punctual attendance, quite regardless of the weather.

Recently, the teachers and superintendent found, on comparing notes and examining records, that John, in a period of nine years and nine months, had only been twice absent. These "misses" were unavoidable; one day he was sick of measles, and on the other occasion he was kept at home by something equally beyond his control. Otherwise the record is a perfect one, and it is asserted by his friends that it has probably no equal anywhere in Sunday School annals. They have claimed him to be the champion Sunday School pupil of America if not of the world. John is himself too modest to make this claim, but others do it for him, and are confident that the record cannot be equalled by any State in the Union. He has been going to Sunday School continuously since May, 1887, and he intends to keep on going until he has 1,000 consecutive attendances to his credit. John's portrait, from a photograph recently taken, is published on this page.

Another Kentucky boy, George Currin, of Lexington, is said to press young Eastland very closely for the honors of the record. George belongs to the Second

Presbyterian Church Sunday School, of which Mr. J. R. Sharpe is superintendent, and the latter declares that George has missed only eleven attendances in twelve years. It is also claimed that Theodore Reuter, a boy of the same school, has made a record of 544 consecutive attendances while his sister, Lena, has nearly the same record, having missed but one attendance in ten years. They have thus nearly completed two of the courses of the International Sunday School lessons, each of which covers the whole of the Bible.

In view of the conflicting claims, it is difficult to decide who is really the champion Sunday School boy or girl of America. As there may be others who have phenom-

enal records, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites teachers and superintendents to send the names and attendance records of the best pupils in their schools, in order that the credit may be given where it belongs, and that the much discussed question of the championship may be definitely settled.



From a Photograph.

MERCHANTS' HOUSES BY A CANAL IN KASHMIR.

Sunday School regularly since his third year. He is an apt scholar, studious and thoughtful, and a great favorite with all the teachers with whom he has come in contact. One teacher after another had noticed and commented upon John's regular attendance, for no matter what the weather, hot or cold, rain or shine, the bright-eyed



A FARMER'S ADVICE.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Amos 5: 8. "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars
and Orion."



COUNTRY farmer wrote this text—Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing-machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore-tree, and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd, and stuttered; but before the stammering rustic the Philistines, and Syrians, and Phœnicians, and Moabites, and Ammonites, and Edomites, and Israelites trembled.

Moses was a law-giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaiah a courtier, and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new-mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these branches he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses, and hardly ever see the stars except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the year when the herds were in special danger, he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night-heaven with the stellar embroideries and silvered tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at twelve o'clock at night, hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit te-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground, or lying on his back under the open scroll of the midnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the first of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth; and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic Ocean, and the electric storms in the sun, by all scientific admission, affected the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the move-

ments and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor-run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night, and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their courses fight against Siseria? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was hidden for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Casseopeia, and then disappeared just before Charles IX. of France, who was responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the herdsmen and took into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet, and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying: "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us 1897 A. D.

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsmen, but seven in one group, and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after decade they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sister hood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas" and Virgil wrote in his *Æneid* of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written not in manuscript that may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pell-mell, and the world ruled by some fiend at hap-hazard, and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for six thousand years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, he can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we would be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outcry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm, and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride

as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can, and then trust to God; and if things are all mixed and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, two hundred stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion two hundred thousand billions of times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made that and controls all that—the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star, or two or three stars, but he makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades he adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that he keeps making it. Only one Being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celano, Electra, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the day-break; the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in his wings. Oh, men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsmen's life-time, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his life-time. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers, the same as when the Egyptians built the Pyramids from the top of which to watch them, the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipses, the same as when Elishu, according to the Book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis, the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system, the same from Callisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity, to know that we have a changeless God, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Nerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning, and hanged him in the evening of the same day. Fifty thousand people stood around

the columns of the national capital, shouting themselves hoarse at the presidential inaugural, and in four months so great were the antipathies that a ruffian's pistol in Washington depot expressed the sentiment of many a disappointed office-seeker. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza, and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James' time, was applauded, and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, but was afterward execrated, and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him, and his righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep his covenant, and to those who remember his commandments to do them." This moment "seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the Oriental night sky, must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in mid-sky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen: "Come out and enjoy the mild weather, and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew: "Hoist sail for the sea, and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm-signal, and said: "Reef sail, make things snug, or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out. As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against him, and fracture his every law, and put the pry of their impertinence and rebellion under his throne, and while they are spitting in his face and stabbing at his heart, he takes them up in his arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thunder-cloud, and with red-hot pitch-fork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to find the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat grave-yard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at three degrees below zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life, before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Caesar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were said to be as the stars of the firmament.

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyagers made one summer by the *Etruria* was because she had a stormy wind abaft chasing her from New York to Liverpool

But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back; but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven, the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, typhoons, and mists, and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime *Divina Commedia*, and out of John Milton's blindness came *Paradise Lost*, and out of miserable infidel attack came the *Bridgewater Treatise* in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverty, your misfortunes, may yet come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds. Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying, "Worlds! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Do not let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Do not let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some "Great Eastern" of the heavens. Do not let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this out-house of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In my father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries may be the celestial home of the Apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling-place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectation! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, that instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions!

Oh, Lord God of the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek him. I will seek him. I seek him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did one summer. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only a few years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with masterpieces of painting. Its spire springing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confessional. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise and sunset. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many nations!" But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes, as I said to myself, "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty; and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear; and among the Apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows; and be raised in due time out of all his poverty into the glorious home built for him and built for us by 'Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion.'"

FIRST TO GO.

LOOK around on the loved ones.
By the fireside's ruddy glow,
And I ask my heart in a whisper,
Solemn and soft and low,
When the angel shall come to grieve us,
And one must surely leave us,
Who'll be the first to go?
Across death's darkened portal
Some step must flitting go,
Some face must lie in its shadow,
Some pulse must flutter low
When the angel shall come to grieve us,
And one must surely leave us,
Which one will have to go?
Of all that unseen glory
Some face will catch the glow,
Some heart find first the healing
Where the restful waters flow.
When the angel shall come to grieve us,
And one must surely leave us,
Who'll be the first to go?

"THE GOD OF SIX FACES."

Arumugam, a Famous Hindoo War Deity, his History, and Photograph.



IN the mail matter which came from overseas to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, a few days ago, there was a small round tin box, bearing a lot of postal marks on the outer wrapping. It came from India. On opening it, a strange-looking carved object of silver, was seen, which, being examined, proved to be highly interesting and quite artistic as well. By the same mail came this letter from Rev. T. S. Taylor, a Christian pastor of Madura, India:

MADURA, Dec. 18, 1896.

I herewith send you a Hindoo god made of silver, and also the story of the god.

The name of the heathen deity is Arumugam, (aroo meaning, "six," and mugam, "faces.") He has, however, twenty-eight other names peculiar to himself. Arumugam, the Hindoo god is represented by an image with six heads and twelve arms. Because such an image is rather difficult to make, either of stone or metal, he is usually found in the pagodas with one head and four arms only, two of which he lifts up, holding with them the celebrated lance with which he slew the giant Sura, while the remaining two of his four hands are empty. On his head he wears a crown, and his ears, neck, breast, arms, hands, and his legs are adorned. His standing-place is a flower, to his right and left stand his two wives, and near him is a peacock—his ordinary vehicle.

Arumugam, the god of war, being fond of fortresses, mountains and hills, his principal pagodas are built on mountains, and during his festivals in the month of Kartika (October-November) bonfires are blazing in his honor throughout the land. To Arumugam various places are sacred among which the following are the most celebrated: 1. Tiruparankundram, some four miles south-west of Madura; 2. Pulni, seventy miles north-west of Madura; 3. Trichendoor in Tinnevely district, Nadars are the chief worshippers in the place; 4. Kathirkamam, in Ceylon. The King of Kandi has chosen him as his favorite god. The Mohammedans there call the god Kathir-nabi, and the Tamil people call him Kathirkamavelar. The god is said to have a continual headache, in consequence of which he has taken up his abode at Curallam, in Tinnevely district.

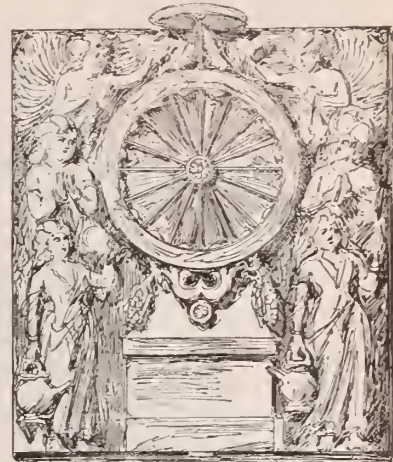
to cool his head at the water-fall near that place, where all sorts of sick people go in order to be cured by the god, who is supposed to be in sympathy with all sufferers.

Arumugam has two wives, viz.: Valliammai (jewel-matron), and Devanai (divine elephant). The image of the former is painted brown, and that of the latter yellow; but each is represented in a natural form with two arms and hands, holding in the left hand a lotus flower, while the right arm hangs down. When Arumugam had returned triumphant from the battle with the giant Sura, he married Devanai; afterward he married also Valliammai, who was born of a roe and brought up by basket-makers in a forest, where he found her. The office of both wives consists in giving children, in removing sickness and all sorts of trouble, in preventing evils from taking possession of men and women and in casting them out.

Polygamy is not frequent in South India; and usually, when a man marries a second wife, while his first one is still alive, it is because the latter is barren or has an incurable disease. Brahmins and Nadars are strictly prohibited by their caste rules from marrying a second wife while the first one is alive. Polygamy is frequent among Naicks, Reddys, and many low caste people among the heathen. "As is the god, so is the people."

The engraving on the silver gives an accurate representation of god Arumugam. Madura is unrivalled for the variety of its idols and emblems, not only in brass and copper, but in gold and silver images. The gold and silver images kept in private houses are worshipped daily. Some are used as ornaments and adorned on neck or breast. Nearly 3,000 years ago the folly of idolatry was shown in the Bible: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands." Yours truly, T. S. TAYLOR.

The silver idol (shown in the photograph) is a piece of very delicate and curious workmanship. It has two holes in the projections at the top and one at the



A PRAYER-WHEEL FROM TIBET.

lower point, which would indicate that it has been kept in its place in some heathen temple, by cords or light chains. Doubtless it has been an object of worship and veneration through many generations.

A Buddhist Prayer-Wheel.

Students of Oriental theology know that, in many parts of the East, the wheel has a symbolic place in priestly rite and popular custom. An observant traveler in Tibet, Mr. William Simpson, who has recently returned to England from that country, succeeded in securing one of those peculiar machines, an illustration of which appears in this column. Tibet is a jealously-guarded country, but the plucky traveler crossed the frontier and penetrated to some of the Tibetan cities where he had facilities in the temples and elsewhere, for studying the working of the "sacred wheels."

Mr. Simpson came to the conclusion that the wheel and its accompanying customs are traceable to primitive sun-worship; the sun's motion is imitated in all the rites, which, to be effective, must be performed from left to right, and if that order be reversed, all the results of good deeds and previous prayers are cancelled.

The Distance of the Stars.

Few persons, even though they may casually read an astronomical article, have any idea of the vast and practically measureless distances that separate one star from another. Says a scientific writer in *Self-Culture*:

"One of the nearest of the stars is Sirius, the brilliant Dog-Star, which may be seen in the evening all through the winter months towards the south. How far away do you suppose that the Dog-Star is? Here are the figures as astronomers give them: To the sun, ninety-three million miles; to Sirius, six hundred thousand times as far. Multiply these two numbers together and you will get a number so large that I doubt if you will be able to read it without consulting the numeration table. And yet Sirius is a near star. Suppose that we had some means of journeying to the sun—some fairy chariot that would take us through empty space at the highest speed of a railroad train—and that we traveled continually both day and night. Long before we could reach the sun, even speeding through space at the rate of sixty miles an hour, we should die of old age, unless we carried with us the "elixir of youth," for the journey would take one hundred and seventy years. Now multiply this number by 600,000, and you will find that to travel to Sirius in the same conveyance would take us one hundred million years at least.

"There are several stars which are known to be fifteen or twenty times as far away as Sirius, and which still shine as stars of the second or even the first magnitude. How far away must be the thousands of little twinklers which we can barely see with the naked eye, and the millions of still fainter stars which are visible only through a telescope, we have no means of knowing, for astronomers have been unable thus far to carry their measurements beyond a certain distance."

MR. MOODY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

A Life of Useful Service in Both Hemispheres, Valued by the Church and Honored of God—How His Friends Propose to Celebrate the Day.

TWO days hence Mr. Moody will celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Multitudes of Christian people on both sides the Atlantic will join in wishing him many happy returns of the day. There are some whom the world can ill-afford to spare, and Mr. Moody is one of them. All over the world there are people who bless God for Mr. Moody's life. Some of them

usual method of presenting a testimonial or making a handsome present was not available in this case, because it was very unlikely that Mr. Moody would accept it, and there was, besides, a well-grounded conviction that it is no use to give Mr. Moody money. He has the habit of indicating some treasurer or secretary who has charge of such matters, and will apply it to some enterprise which is needing funds. It was desired to make this token of appreciation a personal, and, if possible, a permanent matter. The form it was finally resolved to give to it was



A NORTHFIELD COTTAGE.

were led to Christ by the Holy Spirit's application of Mr. Moody's words to their hearts, and there are some whose loved ones were won for the Master by the same means. When one thinks of all the good that has flowed from Mr. Moody's labors during the past forty years, and of the good he is still doing, no birthday wish seems so appropriate as that with which the Babylonish courtiers approached the monarch: "O, King live forever!" Perhaps it may seem selfish to express such a wish about a man who is serving us well, and has a long record of service behind him; but this is a selfish world and there is no pretense of disinterestedness in wishing an indefinite prolongation of such a fruitful life as Mr. Moody's. Our country and our time needs such a man who, in the spirit and power of Elijah, is warning men of their sins and the consequences of them, and without fear and favor is denouncing hypocrisy and formalism.

Mr. Moody's message reaches home, for it is never "a bow drawn at a venture," but a well-aimed shaft at a well-considered mark. Much work still remains for him to do, and he has the heart and the will to do it. We would therefore keep him on this side the stream as long as possible, for our own sake. For his, he doubtless feels as the Apostle Paul did, that to depart would be far better; but the delay will not count with a man to whom belongs in a marked degree the assurance of the prophet: "They that turn man to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Two months ago Mr. Moody's many friends in England took note of the fact that his sixtieth birthday was approaching, and considered how it could be most appropriately celebrated. It was felt that the occasion should not be allowed to pass without some sign that the Christian world appreciates the distinguished services that Mr. Moody has rendered. The

one that will be sure to have Mr. Moody's approval. It is proposed to raise a fund for the completion of the Northfield chain of buildings by the erection of a chapel for use in the annual conferences. Already there are nearly fifty buildings of one



MR. MOODY'S LIBRARY AT NORTHFIELD.

kind or another at Mount Hermon and Northfield, but the educational and training work carried on there and the influx of extra visitors to the summer conferences have passed beyond the capacity of the various houses. One or more buildings are urgently needed, and particularly a chapel for summer use. This Mr. Moody's friends in England, with the assistance of any American friends who desire to contribute, propose to erect, as a birthday gift to Northfield, which is Mr. Moody in a corporate capacity. A notice of the project was published several months ago, over the signatures of Lord Kennaird, Rev. H. W. Webb-Peplow and Rev. F. B. Meyer, and subscriptions were invited from all "who love Mr. Moody and are under lasting obligations for his written and spoken words." Since

that time subscriptions have been flowing in and there is little doubt that the sum required will be ready by the day appointed.

On this page we give pictures of some of the existing Northfield buildings, of which a description appeared in this journal on December 30, 1896. With these is a picture of Mr. Moody's library, and of the old Moody Homestead, which is rendered sacred in the memory of the great Evangelist by a host of pathetic memories. We also give a reproduction of a picture of the Moody family group which was taken in 1862, when Mr. Moody was twenty-five years old. No woman was ever more loved and honored by a son than was Mrs. Betsey Holton Moody, who occupies the centre of the group. She died only last year, and her son speaking tenderly of her said: "It is a great honor to be the son of such a mother. I do not know where to begin; I could not praise her enough. In the first place my mother was a very wise woman. In one sense she was wiser than Solomon; she knew how to bring up her children. She had nine children, and they all loved their home. She won their hearts, their affections; she could do anything with them."

"Whenever I wanted real sound counsel I used to go to my mother. She so bound her children to her that it was a great calamity to have to leave home. I had two brothers that lived in Kansas and died there. Their great longing was to get back to their mother. My brother who died in Kansas a short time ago, had been looking over the Greenfield papers

And Cornelia, she was her first girl; she could not get along without Cornelia, for she had to take care of the twins. And



NORTHFIELD IN WINTER.

George—she couldn't live without George. What could she ever have done without George? He stayed by her through thick and thin. She couldn't live without George. And Edwin, he bore the name of her husband. And Dwight—I don't know what she thought of him. And Luther, he was the dearest of all, because he had to go away to live. He was always homesick to get back to mother. And Warren, he was the youngest when father died; it seemed as if he was dearer than all the rest. And Sam and Lizzie, the twins, they were the light of her great sorrow."

Mr. Moody's picture of his early days is a very vivid one. They were days of heroic struggle for the patient brave mother, who toiled day and night for the support of her fatherless children. Her husband's death left her absolutely penniless. The neighbors urged her to apprentice her boys, but she was determined to bring them up herself. "Well," they would say, "you know one woman cannot bring up seven boys; they will turn up in jail, or with a rope around their necks." "She toiled on," Mr. Moody says, "and none of us went to jail, and none of us had a rope around his neck. And if everyone had a mother like that mother, there would be no need for jails."

"I remember the first thing I did to earn money was to turn the neighbors' cows up on Strowbridge Mountain. It went into the common treasury. And I remember when George got work we asked who was going to milk the cows. Mother said she would milk. She also made our clothes, and wove the cloth, and spun the yarn, and darned our stockings; and there was never in all those years, any complaining."

"That dear face! There was no sweeter face on earth. When I got within fifty miles of home I always grew restless, and walked up and down the car. For sixty-eight years she has lived on that hill, and when I came back after dark I always looked to see the light in mother's window. When I got home on the Saturday night she died. I was so glad I got back in time to be recognized. I said, 'Mother, do you know me?' She said, 'I guess I do.' I like that word, that Yankee word, 'guess.' The children were all with her when she was taking her departure. At last I called, 'Mother! mother!' No answer. She had fallen asleep; but I shall call her again by-and-bye."

"Now I have got the old Bible—the family Bible—it all came from that book. That is about the only book we had in the house when father died, and out of that book she taught us. And if my mother has been a blessing to this world, it is because she drank at this fountain."

"Now, there was another thing about my mother—she never turned away any poor from her home. There was one time we got down to less than a loaf of bread. Someone came along hungry, and she said, 'Now, children, shall I cut your



ETHEL, CORNELIA, RAMUE, DAUGHT L, LUTHER M, ISAIAH, BETSEY HOLTON MOODY, GEORGE, WARREN.

MRS. MOODY AND HER FAMILY IN 1862



THE OLD MOODY HOMESTEAD.

"And there was another thing remarkable about my mother. If she loved one child more than another, no one ever found it out. Isaiah, he was her first boy, she could not get along without Isaiah.

slices a little thinner and give some to this person?" And we all voted for her to do it. That is the way she taught us."

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY



To Combat the Mormon Evil.

BY
GENERAL:
JOHN:
EATON:

Christian Education the True Remedy—The Duty of the Church and People of Wealth—The Educational Outlook.



ANYONE following the facts and considerations in these letters, has asked, What is the remedy? Is this fatal, spiritual poison to have free, unrestricted and supreme sway in Utah, and thence to go forth to poison all parts of our land, corrupting patriotism, and destroying Christian life? Non-Mormons near the seat of its power are anxious. They know the old saying that "What has been may be," and have visions of the return of the day when some one in Brigham Young's place may declare, as he once did, "I will unsheathe my bow-knife." They remember from 1850 on, the civil territorial government was hardly more than a convenience for carrying out the plans of the church, and ask, "Can it be possible that the State of Utah is, ever in the future, in the same way to become only a convenience for carrying out the decrees of its leaders, their intolerance and proscription in business and social life, under the guise of religious zeal. Must all officers be Mormons, from the governor down, through every grade in the state, counties and cities? Must all but Mormon teachers be driven out from all places of instruction from the university to the kindergarten? Every American and Christian sentiment protests that this must not be. There is a remedy, and it must be found. The changes which have already been wrought point to that remedy. What has been done to set the people free must be strengthened in every part; the press must use its constitutional freedom and be outspoken; the personal rights of the people must be freely and universally discussed that they may understand clearly when any deception or tyranny is attempted. The public school system and other means of public instruction must be vigorously maintained; railroads, mining, improvements in tilling the soil and all forms of business enterprises must be encouraged, together with the immigration of non-Mormons. But the greatest and most powerful remedy, and the one upon which the efficacy of all others will depend, is Christian education. What Christian schools and churches have done under all the trying conditions of the past should be repeated and multiplied. Our entire country must wake up and wherever Mormonism is preached and Mormon fanaticism encouraged, the truth must be presented and Mormon errors exposed and people saved from its delusions. People of wealth must see that just so far as Mormonism is established and propagated, it imperils all that they hold dear, and threatens attack upon every dollar of their property. They must be willing to give of their means for the support and efficiency of all measures to resist its doctrines. In every part of Utah mission schools should be sustained, that all who desire distinctively religious instruction may find it within their reach. There should be high schools and academies well endowed, with improved appliances and the best of teachers, favorably located in different parts of the state, for the admission of those who may seek faithful religious training of this grade. This must be crowned with ample college opportu-

nities open both to men and women. These will be naturally located at Salt Lake City. This accords with the plan in other states where there is no organization directed in secret, alike against Christianity and the freedom of religious belief guaranteed every American. It accords also with the American theory of education which brings the religious and state education into competition, thus each stimulating the other to the best results. The state educates to guarantee its own existence; it makes education universal that all may have the degree of intelligence necessary to discharge their civil duties. It establishes higher and university instruction that there may be assured opportunity for the advanced training of those who are to be its officers and who need the utmost intelligence for the wisest direction of its affairs. In this education by civil authority the state does not antagonize Christianity because the state is founded in Christianity, nay, the state itself is Christian according to the greatest thinkers, such as Daniel Webster, and according to the de-

lic schools or in other grades of instruction under the direction of the state. The Presbyterians are favorably situated for the carrying out of a complete plan of education in Utah. For more than a score of years they have steadily advanced the work of their schools under the Woman's Executive Committee. It is stated that "30,000 boys and girls have passed under the influence and instruction of their teachers in Utah." They have four academies well distributed and favorably located in the state; the one at Salt Lake City of advanced grade doing preparatory college work. In their churches in Mormon communities they report a total membership of 1,601. Their Sabbath School enrollment reaches 3,984 and the attendance on their schools and academies over 2,500. What a flood of light have these schools let in upon Mormon life! Not a few have gone up through them to the discharge of large responsibilities. In them were so far trained two of the efficient pastors of churches in Utah. Many have become effective teachers in mission and public schools. The great step forward necessary to preserve what has been done and to complete and crown the work of this church for the future is suggested and urged by the gift of \$50,000 by Dr. Sheldon Jackson toward the establishment of a college at Salt Lake City to be open alike to men and women; in which the Bible is always to be taught; and which as a guarantee of its unvarying adherence to Christian instruction is to be under the direction of the Presbyterian Church (while other denominations are represented in its faculty and on its Board of Trustees)—also conditioned on the gift by the citizens of a site of not less than fifty acres. Eighty acres have been given, providing one of the most beautiful sites, half mile outside of the city, together with lands where those dependent on their own efforts may find opportunities for productive labor. In connection with the gift a careful survey

churches and schools in the vast region lying between Canada and Mexico. He was the first Presbyterian missionary in Utah and had kept carefully in mind the progress of events and appropriately timed his gift. There have been many assurances of interest and co-operation, which it is expected will materialize in due time in ample funds. Some are specially interested that one who has given his life to Home Missions and experienced all their hardships, should, when by inheritance, careful savings and wise investments, he finds himself in possession of a small surplus, give it for the founding of a Christian college. A similar use of property on the part of all wealthy persons would answer every call for the necessities of Christian education and Christian missions. As illustrating the diverse interest manifested it may be stated that the missionary on St. Lawrence Island in Bering Sea who can communicate with the world only once a year, directed that twenty-five dollars of his salary be reserved in aid of the college. A lady resident of the Hawaiian Islands wrote expressing her idea of the "urgent need" for the college and enclosed her check for \$100. Another lady who had been neither seen or addressed by any one connected with the movement offered \$500. By as much as woman has been degraded in Utah, by so much the college appeals to her sisters everywhere.



PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.
First President of the Latter-Day Saints.

Washington, D.C. JOHN EATON.

Youthful Consecration.

Greater than all other influences combined, is that exercised upon the life and destiny of a child by the example and teachings of its mother. When Gertrude Howe, a missionary to China, gave her heart to Christ, she promised to go to a foreign field. She kept it a secret, however, till the evening of her return from school. She prayed all day for strength to break the matter to her mother. In the twilight the mother sat rocking contentedly for a few minutes, thinking possibly that there was less need of haste now that the young hands could take hold of house affairs once more. Gertrude knelt down beside the little rocker, and laid her diploma in her mother's lap.

"Mother," she said, "I have something to tell you that I am afraid will hurt you. I know how hard you have worked to help me through school; but I cannot stay with you now that it is all over. I promised the Lord, when he forgave me my sins, that I would go to China to teach the heathen."



THE EAST SIDE OF EAST TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

cisions of the Supreme Court. The destruction of Christianity among us would destroy the American state. But the state deals with the duties of time, the church educates for eternity, for the salvation of souls here and hereafter. The two spheres of education are broadly distinguished, but in perfect harmony. The church, as the representative of all Christian believers, is charged with the preservation of the Divine oracles and of the dissemination of their teachings among men. All Christian churches should rally to this work in Utah. In their own good time they will have colleges representative of their own beliefs as they have in other states. Some of them have, as I think, unwisely reduced their educational work. The Congregational body are endeavoring to make theirs more efficient by concentrating it upon a college. All should go forward in harmony, each working according to its plans. The Mormons will lack no unity of effort. In the public schools of the state the largest number in attendance are Mormons, as are the larger body of the teachers from the kindergarten to the State Normal School, Agricultural College, and State University. Their religious views, as I indicated in my first letter, have the same standing before our national constitution as those of Christian believers. The most that we can expect of them is that they shall not teach Mormonism, that they shall not promote the destruction of Christianity, as we neither expect nor allow Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, or other sects to teach their denominational views in pub-

denominations are represented in its faculty and on its Board of Trustees)—also conditioned on the gift by the citizens of a site of not less than fifty acres. Eighty acres have been given, providing one of the most beautiful sites, half mile outside of the city, together with lands where those dependent on their own efforts may find opportunities for productive labor. In connection with the gift a careful survey of the educational aspirations in the territory. The State Normal School is well attended, the Agricultural College has an attendance of 250 and the State University of 500. Provo Academy, an institution under the direction of the Mormon church, reports a still larger number. This institution has theological instruction throughout its courses. The students board among the citizens of the place. The town is districted and young men of promise and marked ability are charged with the spiritual care of the students in each district. It was found that fifty-eight young men and women were in attendance upon colleges and universities outside of the state. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, recently chiefly known as the apostle of Alaska, was for nearly a score of years active in founding



SALT LAKE CITY'S LEADING HOTEL.

Then softly through the deepening shadows came the quivering, happy voice:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Mothers so consecrated would rear a race that would capture the world for Christ within a score of years.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

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Dullness in Pews.

OUR attention has been called, more especially in religious newspapers, to much excellent advice given to the pulpit. Long series of articles in papers and magazines written by the pew for the benefit of the pulpit. The laity are saying many true things in regard to the arousal of ministers. The demand of the pew is for more animation, more snap, more directness, and more fire. This demand on the part of the pew has had its good effect, and dry bones have got up and shaken themselves. Now, as the pews have been so successful in waking up the pulpit, and as "turn about is fair play" it is time for the pulpits all over the land to wake up the pews. We suspect that much of the former dullness of the pulpits was inherited from the pews. We know not why a religious audience should not look as bright as any other audience; but how often it is that people, who at a concert or lecture looked animated, seem to feel it their duty as soon as they come into a devotional assembly to look stupid. Some hearers shut their eyes and so extinguish as far as the preacher is concerned, the chief light of their face. What is the matter with your eyes? Is it emotion? Oh, no. It is easily seen when that is the reason. You are probably trying to review your accounts at the store, or calculating the prospects for the opening business season. Open your eyes and look the preacher in the face, whatever church you attend. Your manner is a wet blanket on the preacher's enthusiasm. Others listen with an inanimate look. You are a soporific in the house of God. If a speaker begins a sentence with power and happens to see your face about the middle comma, he will, in the last half of the sentence, drop to imbecility. Have you ever seen a preacher in the midst of his sermon get bothered and subside from eloquence into inanity? He saw two or three intelligent men looking as indifferent as dolls. The sun rose clear, but a fog went up from your countenance and beclouded it. It is astonishing how much the manner of listening has to do with the force of the preaching. We will take the contrait of rousing the duller minister that ever addressed an audience, if you will give us twenty alert and wide-awake hearers, placed at proper distances from the pulpit, so that in whatever direction the preacher looks he shall by clash of eyes strike fire. How much spirit would you have in conversation if in your parlor your guests should demean themselves as in church; one of your friends in the armchair closing

his eyes, another lying back on the sofa as if he were asleep, another putting his head down on the back of the chair in front of him? You would quit talking and wish they would take their stupidity out of your parlor and go home. But the stolid and unconcerned manner which some men could not endure from their friends, is every Sabbath inflicted on the pastor in many of the churches.

Wake up, or if you are awake, as you probably are, do not let your manner belie your real condition. There are some churches in which the unarousable look is so chronic, so hereditary, so perpetual, that we never want to preach there. If a Methodist should cry out in that assemblage an "Amen," or a "Hallelujah," it would create a panic in the audience and make the reading of the Riot Act appropriate. That church is a pond, frozen over smooth and good for skating but no warm tides of life, no meeting of preacher's earnest eye, with hearers' intent stare. In such churches every Sunday, hum-drum and extract of poppy and ecclesiastical morphine. Come, come church pews, you share with the pulpits in the responsibility of a lethargic service. An eager, intent pew will make a resounding pulpit. We will try to fire up at our end of the column but you must fire up at your end of the column. We will divide the blame and then share in the improvement. We will furnish and shovel in the coal, and you must furnish the kindling wood and open the dampers.

Preaching for the Times.

IN all ages past the best ministers of religion took part in discussion of public affairs. Witherspoon, the great Presbyterian clergyman, made mighty impress upon the American Revolution, and Bishop White's prayers won not only the Divine blessing but secured the approval of our Revolutionary fathers. Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. The Rev. Dr. Mayhem, of Boston, in the early days of our Republic, preached about the repeal of the Stamp Act. But we do not need to go so far back for an example. Every man is before God responsible for his own duty. If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native clime, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside the Flowery Kingdom, shall not we, born under these fair skies and standing day by day amid these civil and religious liberties, be public spirited? We are sometimes critical of public affairs, but do you know of any land in which you would rather live? Have we sometimes had bad men in official power? So they have in other lands; but we have more opportunity, through the ballot box, to bring them down. There is no land on earth where the taxes are so small as compared with the income. We sometimes stand aghast at the expense of public buildings; but the Peacock Throne of the Great Mogul of Delhi cost one hundred and sixty million pounds sterling. We think we sometimes see great extravagance in our country and time; but Scarus expended for his house and gardens five million eight hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars. Of course the concentration of so much wealth, either on a throne or by a private individual, means for multitudes suffering, squalor, oppression, crime, and death. If, therefore, in lecture or sermon we denounce things on this side of the sea, do not make the mistake of supposing it is any better on the other side. Appreciating the blessings we now have, let us try in every possible way to correct the monopolistic, cis-Atlantic and cis-Pacific, from making things here as bad as they are trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific.

The Four Great Champions of Justification by Faith.

THEFORE, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Peace with God! This idea is the foundation of all religions, the reason for all sacrifices, penances, and pilgrimages with which consciously sinful men have tried naturally to appease an offended God. But justification by faith is supernatural, and could only come by revelation, and so it did come even in the earliest times; for by faith Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and the Prophets "obtained promises." God counting their faith in his mercy for righteousness.

After the supreme justification on Calvary, the first great preacher of the doctrine was Paul. Peter was a bitter Jew, and would have liked to limit the justification of Christ to a Judaic sect; but Paul's spiritual battle-cry was, "Justification by Faith," and in his Epistles he gave the church the full charter of that liberty with which Christ has made us free. Indeed, Paul's boldness toward Peter regarding the universality of Christ's propitiation, is a grand turning-point in the world's history.

The early fathers, Clement, Barnabas, Polycarp, etc., preserved this great doctrine in its purity; but when Christianity came in contact with the subtle, curious Greek mind, there arose dogmas, and controversies, and useless questioning, and amid them vital faith in Christ was lost. Then from Numidian Africa came a new Paul, called Augustine. He tells us in his "Confessions" that he studied Aristotle, and searched for God in Plato, but in the Epistles of Paul he found all he needed. From their study he arose a second Paul. As the Apostle had gloried in the Cross of Christ and its free grace, so also did Augustine! Paul had been a mighty reasoner, and Augustine's Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians changed the spirit of the church in his day, and helped to change it again in Luther's. His sermons were plain and popular. "What is it?" he cries out, "that I desire? Why am I your bishop? Why am I in the world? I only to live in Jesus Christ, yet to live in him with you. This is my glory! my joy! my riches!"

The great prominence given by Augustine to the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith had vast results, though vandal persecutions, heresies, and schisms finally severed the Eastern and Western churches. Then in the eighth century the study of Aristotle was revived, and Christianity forced into harmony with it. One of the axioms of this philosophized Gospel, was that whosoever did not believe according to it was an infidel. The vital principle of faith was lost; a thick spiritual darkness gathered, it was too truly the Dark Ages.

But suddenly and simultaneously a strange restlessness agitated humanity on all sides. Old manuscripts were brought out, Greek and Hebrew began to be studied, and the cutting satires of Erasmus, and broad revilings of Rabelais brought this jumble of philosophy and theology into contempt. Men began to search and inquire; the printing-press came; the priestly despots ready for destruction provoked their doom by brutal and senseless cruelties and intolerance, and then came Martin Luther! Like Paul and Augustine, the *labarum* of Luther was "Justification by Faith!" Like Augustine, Luther was converted by Paul. "St. Paul," he says, "taught me that the Gospel reveals a merciful God who justifies us by faith. Thereupon, I felt as if born again." Then, like Augustine, he also wrote a Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians—a Commentary that is the foundation stone of Protestantism.

It was for this doctrine of "Justification by Faith," that Luther wrestled with spiritual enemies, braved the wrath of kings, the world's hatred, and the terrors of martyrdom. This faith was in him no mere opinion, it was a living principle producing a high and holy life. His own words explain this result. "We do not say the sun ought to shine; a good tree ought to produce good fruit; seven and three ought to make ten. The sun shines by its own proper light; the good tree in the same manner bears good fruit; and seven and three have made ten from everlasting; so living faith in Christ will produce a Christ-like life." All the great leaders of the Reformation were in points of theology disciples of Paul and Augustine. Calvin's "Institutions," contain hundreds of quotations from St. Augustine.

The Reformation abolished penance and the confessional, and the Protestant must carry the lonely agonies of his wounded conscience to the Cross of Christ. It is sufficient. There is here for him that justification which enables him through the spirit of adoption to cry, "Abba Father!" This was the "glad tidings" that John Wesley brought anew at the close of the last century, and which is still proclaimed over the length and breadth of the world by the preachers after the order of John Wesley—the redemption by Christ's blood—the wrath quenched the ransom paid the sentence of death cancelled the kingdom of heaven opened to all believers in that transcendent propitiation: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES.

A dispatch to the New York *Herald* reports that Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost has recalled his dedication of the call to Yonkers, N. Y., and has promised to become the pastor of the church.

Major Whittle and Mr. Stebbins have had excellent meetings at Leith, near Edinburgh, and commenced the closing week in an Established Church, with a full house, and with blessing on the Word.

We are glad to learn that the dispatch announcing the serious illness of Dr. Justin D. Fulton was greatly exaggerated. In an open letter he states that his indisposition was very slight, and that he has now completely recovered.

Mr. Isaac Sharp, the veteran missionary of the Society of Friends, now over ninety years of age, has returned from his tour in the Holy Land. In going through London he gave a thrilling narrative of his journey and the scenes he had visited.

The total membership of the Society of Friends is now given throughout the world as 107,948, a net gain of 2,351. In America, the membership is 90,438, and the increase 2,278; while in Europe and Australasia, there are 19,865 members, the increase being 73.

Father Chiniquy is recovering from his severe illness. The veteran champion of Protestantism expects soon to resume his labors. His address, for which several correspondents have asked, is care of Pastor F. H. White, Talbot Tabernacle, London (W), England.

Miss Annie R. Taylor, writing from Vaton, Thibet, reports that the chiefs are now quite willing for her to take up her quarters in the valley. Once there, she believes that only a little more time and with prayer and patience, the way will be opened to Lhasa, the capital of the last stronghold of heathenism.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, has accepted the nomination for President of Union Theological Seminary to succeed Dr. Hastings, whose ill health years has compelled his resignation. The nomination is regarded as a concession on the part of the seminary to the General Assembly, as Dr. Hall's orthodoxy is well-known.

Booker T. Washington writes us that the next session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference will be held at the Tuskegee Institute, Ala., on Feb. 24. On the following day there will be a conference of representatives of the leading negro schools. He expects that from seven to eight hundred colored farmers and mechanics will attend and give an object lesson of the progress of the colored race.

Revival services are held in various districts of Iowa by Evangelists Hartsough and Hauderschild. At Monticello, where four churches united in the movement there were large accessions to the membership. Many heads of families are included. The aid of the young people's societies has been a marked feature of the work of the Evangelists.

Miss De Broen has over two hundred children in the schools connected with her mission at Belleville, Paris, this year. At a recent reunion, Mr. Paxton, formerly of New York, said that wherever he went in the poorer districts of the French capital, he found the name of Miss De Broen an honored one and the value of her work appreciated.

The King's Daughters and Sons held their Eleventh Annual Convention on January 21-23, in Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York. Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis said that the Order had now over four hundred thousand members, and was represented in nearly every land on earth. Mrs. Margaret Bottom, the venerable president of the Order delivered an address.

Rev. H. Loomis, the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, writes to a contemporary: There have been reports of a general defection from the faith among the Japanese Christians. But extensive inquiry has revealed very conclusively the fact that the teaching and acceptance of heterodox views is confined a very limited circle. The great body of Christians is loyal to the truth.

There are in all Japan Buddhist temples to the number of 73,000 and Buddhist priests to the number of 100,000. For every square mile there are an average of three temples and four priests, and for every 540 people there is one temple, and for every 400 people there is one priest. The annual cost of these temples and the people employed in the services is equivalent to twelve million dollars.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous traveler, is convinced that there is a genuine and earnest movement toward Christianity in Korea. In a recent letter from Seoul to Dr. Ellinwood, she urges the need of more workers in the Pyeng Yang district in western Korea, a region which was the center of the brutal persecutions of native Christians as late as 1864, but is now freely open to Christian missionaries.

Dr. L. W. Munhall closed his meetings at Ottawa on Jan. 19. The interest was maintained until the last. On January 17 the Opera House was crowded long before the hours of meeting, and large numbers were unable to obtain admission. At the meeting for men only over one hundred young men made profession of faith. "It is believed," says the *Ottawa Free Press*, "that during the meetings not less than twelve hundred persons have been brought to decision for Christ."

A remarkable instance of self-sacrifice is given in the English newspapers. A prisoner in a criminal court, who with a companion was convicted of crime, begged the judge to allow him to bear his companion's sentence in addition to his own. He said there was no excuse for his own share in the crime, but his companion was a hard-working man, who had been tempted by extreme poverty and, as it was his first offence, might reform if he escaped the stigma of convict. He pleaded so earnestly, that the judge released his companion without adding to the pleader's sentence.

We regret to learn that the American Sunday School Union is feeling severely the stringency of the times. A letter from Dr. J. M. Crowell, Secretary of Missions, says that the income of the Union during the past year has been so much smaller than usual that unless the contribution this month are greatly increased, it will be necessary to reduce the number of missionaries for the next fiscal year, which begins March 1. The Union feels the more regret to take this step because these hard-working, faithful men have had during the past year so many tokens of God's blessing on their labors in needy districts.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

FIRE MENACES A HOSPITAL.

FIRE, happily untrue, that the great Bellevue Hospital in New York, was on fire, caused a sensation in the city on January 20. The fact that over seven hundred patients are sheltered in the institution, was sufficient to account for the general anxiety the news produced. Every one knew how small a prospect there would be of saving the lives of the large number of sick and helpless people there must be if fire once gained possession of the building. Reassuring news was soon issued. There was a fire there, but it was not the Hospital, but the Medical College, which stands in the Hospital grounds, that was burning. The night-watchman noticed that the windows of the upper story of the College were luminous, and at once realized that the building must be on fire. It is a busy place in the day-time with the Dispensary for out-door patients on the first floor, the offices and physicians' rooms on the second, the amphitheatre where about seven students attend the lectures on the third, and the dissecting-room on the fourth floor. But in the night there is no one in the building. The watchman sent a call to the fire-department and then notified the superintendents of other buildings. Next to the College, and not more than forty feet away is the pavilion for the insane. There was danger of a panic among the demented patients there, but the nurses were on the alert and marched them into the halls where the fire was not so plainly visible as from the dormitories and kept them there until the danger was past. In the main building, all the employees were called up and placed in the different wards ready to remove the patients, should occasion arise. The patients were not informed of the danger and many of them slept through the night without knowing of the fire. The fire-department was promptly on the scene, but the third and fourth floors of the College were burned before the flames could be extinguished. On those floors were the books containing the records of surgical cases which are among the College's most treasured possessions, but happily these were rescued before the fire reached the case in which they were kept. A quantity of surgical instruments, and the furniture, and apparatus were destroyed. There was nothing else on the burned floors but thirteen dead bodies which had been taken there for dissection. They were burned, as there was no opportunity of removing them. The firemen who would cheerfully have risked their lives to save those of the patients, if the fire had spread to the other buildings, had too much sense to incur peril in trying to save a dead body from the flames. Men frequently act as if their bodies were the chief part of their being, pampering them and providing for their pleasures while they neglect their souls; but when they see a body from which the soul has departed they show by their actions that they consider the body is of small account:

For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten . . . neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun. (Eccles. 9:5,6.)

New Tests for Immigrants.

The conferees of the Senate and the House of Representatives have agreed on the new tests for the restriction of immigrants. If their report is accepted, no immigrant over sixteen years of age will be admitted to the country until his capacity to read and write has been tested and proved. Slips of pasteboard, on which twenty-five words from the Constitution are printed, are to be provided at all our

ports. These may be in English or in the language of the country from which the immigrant comes. He will be required to read the slip and to write the words it contains, and afterward to read what he has written. If he fails, he is to be returned at the expense of the steamship company that brought him. The only exception to the rule is of persons over fifty years of age who have relatives here capable of supporting them. Another test is that no immigrant intending to pursue a mechanical occupation or to engage in manual labor for wages shall be admitted unless he honestly and in good faith declares his intention to become a citizen of the United States. There is an exception to this clause in the case of persons who, with the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury, come to teach new arts or industries. As will be seen, the one test relates to intelligence and education and the other to loyalty. Happily, those who would enter the kingdom of God do not have to pass a test like the former. The ignorant and

existed there in the glacial epoch, but until this axe was found, it was believed that the mound-builders were the earliest inhabitants of this country. It is significant that the existence of this race should be proved not by the discovery of fossilized human remains, but by the discovery of an implement. The men themselves have disappeared and left no trace, but an article they made has survived. The men have perished, but their work remains. The Christian must be content to have it so with him—losing his personality and caring nothing for his own honor and glory, but caring much for the permanence of the work.

If any man's work abide . . . he shall receive a reward. (1. Cor. 3: 14.)

Lost with All Hands.

A sad wreck occurred on the Long Island coast on January 21st. An officer of the Quogue life-saving station, Charles Carter by name, patrolling the beach, saw a red light burning off shore. He immediately gave the alarm, and several efforts were made to launch the lifeboat. They all failed. Each time the boat was overturned, and the brave men plunged in the icy waters. Nine figures could be made out on the ship on which the red light was burning. Two men were sitting on the bowsprit and seven were in the foremast rigging. The deck of the vessel was under water. As it was impossible to launch the lifeboat, the mortar was brought

young man considered he had been badly treated and he went away in an angry mood. He made no attempt at reconciliation, but quitted the city and went to Pittsburgh, Pa., to live. The girl was distressed when she heard of his departure and her worry increased as the days passed and she heard nothing from her absent lover. Finally she determined to write him and implore his forgiveness. The letter was written, confessing her fault and declaring her sorrow for it, and begging him to return. In closing the letter, the edge of the envelope slightly lacerated her tongue, as she wetted the mucilage on the paper. She thought nothing of it at the time, but a day or two afterwards her tongue began to swell and severe pains racked her body. A physician was summoned who examined her and pronounced her case hopeless. He said that a subtle poison had been absorbed into the blood and had permeated her entire system. The lover received the penitent letter which had done so fatal a work and responded in person; but when he arrived, the girl was dying, and a few hours later she passed away. It was particularly sad that the letter which should have brought joy and reunion should have caused the injury which brought sorrow and separation. A girl who could lay aside her pride sufficiently to write such a letter, one may hope, had appealed to Christ in a similar spirit, confessing her sins and asking pardon. If she did so, we know how heartily Christ would receive her, and how completely he would eradicate from her being the poison of sin which like the poison she took into her system is beyond human remedy.

Behold, I will bring health and cure, and I will cure them. (Jer. 33: 6.)

A Night Among Tarantulas.

An experience which brought a man to the verge of the grave with brain-fever is described by the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. It appears that a citizen of Parkersburg, W. Va., had occasion to visit Seattle, Wash., recently. At one of the stopping places on the way he had business to transact, and remained over one night. There, his coat was stolen, in the pocket of which was his pocket-book containing all his money and his railroad ticket. While he was considering what he should do, a west-bound train, on which were several fruit cars, came to a stand. The door of one of them stood open, and the unfortunate man, thinking this a good opportunity of reaching his destination, crawled in and lay down. Soon afterwards the door was closed and locked. He fell asleep, but awoke with a start, with the sensation of something with a soft, velvety touch creeping stealthily across his face. The train

was going with a terrific speed and the car was dark as pitch. He struck a match and looked around. The car was loaded with bananas. Among them he saw several large tarantulas, their long, hairy bodies looking horribly repulsive in the flickering light of the match. They scurried away as if startled by the light, but as the match went out he fancied he could see them come forth again. He could not get out of the car, the door being locked, and he was almost frenzied with fear. The idea of being shut up for hours, perhaps days, among these dreadful creatures brought a cold perspiration to his forehead. He lay perfectly still, shivering with fright, not knowing any moment when he might be attacked. It seemed hours that he lay so, and he was just dozing when a cold, hairy creature struck his face. He knew no more until he opened his eyes in a hospital at Portland, Ore., and was told that he had been lying there two weeks ill with brain fever. He recovered sufficiently to go home, but the doctors say that his constitution will never forget the shock of the terror he endured during that dreadful night. It does not appear that he was bitten, but the terror of being bitten prostrated him. It shows how potent a power the mind has over the body and how much a man may suffer through pure fear. It is no slight blessing therefore that is promised to the man who puts his trust in God.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness . . . There shall no evil befall thee. (Ps. 91: 5-10.)



THE GATEWAY AND MEDICAL COLLEGE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

unlearned are welcome; but the latter test all must pass. Christ wants none who will not abjure all other claims for his sake.

So likewise whoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. (Luke 14: 33.)

A Prehistoric Axe.

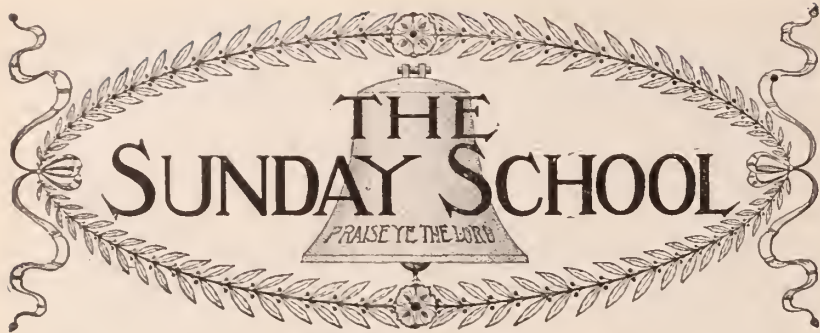
A remarkable inference is drawn from the finding of a stone axe near New London, O. Professor Clappole, the geologist of Akron, O., heard recently that a farmer of New London had found an axe while digging a well on his place. He was interested in the discovery and has been to the scene to examine the strange implement. It is of a hard green slate, about four inches long and about two inches thick. Certain marks upon it show that it was certainly carved by a human hand. The strange fact about it is that it was found more than twenty feet below the surface. The strata show, in the opinion of Prof. Clappole, that the man who cut and used the axe belonged to the glacial epoch. Nothing could have formed the strata in the existing order but water flowing from an icy glacier. The deposits were the work of centuries, and there is no possibility as is proved by the structure of the clay and soil, of the axe having dropped through a fissure, or of its having been buried by human hands. It must have been left there by a man who was living before the strata were formed, although hitherto no relics have been found in so low a stratum in this country. Relics found in the Old World showed that man

out and a line was shot over the vessel. The crew evidently saw the line, but were too much exhausted to hold it and make it fast. Unable to do any more for their rescue, the life savers waited anxiously for the storm to abate. The vessel seemed to be not more than a mile from shore. She was lying with her broadside toward the beach, all sails were set, and she was pounding heavily. The life savers were eager to go to the rescue, but though the distance was so short, there was no possibility of reaching the imperilled vessel. As they watched anxiously they saw her break in two and sink. The men on board of her disappeared as she rolled over and over, and were seen no more. From the wreckage that drifted ashore it was learned that the vessel was the "Nahum Chapin," of Rockland, Me. It was sad to think that nothing could be done to save the men when they were so near land, but as they could not seize the rope sent them, it was hopeless. It is so with spiritual wrecks. There is the Divine and human side to salvation. The imperilled soul must take hold of the Gospel offer, otherwise it cannot be saved.

The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it. (Heb. 4: 2.)

A Fatal Letter.

The announcement of the death of a young lady from an apparently trivial cause appears in the *Philadelphia Record*. It states that a quarrel occurred during the holidays between two lovers. The



THE PRISON OPENED.

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 14.
Acts 5: 17-32; 5: 1-11. Golden Text,
Acts 5: 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



How long a time had elapsed since the assembly of the priests had prohibited Peter and John from preaching in the name of Jesus, is not left on record. But the appeal of these men of God to a higher tribunal, and their continuance in preaching the Word of God with boldness, had brought such a movement that not Jerusalem only, but also all the surrounding cities, poured in their sick and their inquirers to Jerusalem. The very streets were full of them, and mighty works of God in the conversion of souls, and the healing of the sick were of daily, perhaps hourly, occurrence. Jerusalem had

Rejected God the Son.

how would she now treat God the Holy Ghost manifested in Christ's disciples? The words which the Lord Jesus had spoken to the apostles were now being fulfilled: "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me, and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning." What would Jerusalem do with this witness of God the Holy Ghost? She had not known the time of her visitation, when the Son of God, her Messiah, had come to her, "riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," just as the prophet had foretold. (Zech 9: 9); what would she do now that God the Holy Ghost, filling the disciples, was convicting the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment? (John 16: 7, 8.)

Indignation filled the heart of the high priest. Against whom? Who was it that wrought the mighty works which were being done? Not Peter? He himself disclaimed any power which should bring about such results. The high priest was indignant against God, he fought against his Maker, and so did all that were of his party: they rose up, laid hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. But God has

A Key to Every Prison;

"the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, Go stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." They had only to obey; he who gave the command made himself responsible for the consequences. The same hand which had opened the prison door without awaking the keepers, and had quietly closed those doors behind them, held each of their souls in life just so long as he needed their testimony. Obedient to his command they went into the temple early in the morning and taught.

While they were giving forth, and the people were drinking in, the precious truths of the Word of God, the high priest was laying his plans to quench the Spirit of God by finally stopping the mouths of his witness. Now it was not only the priests but the secular power, "the senate of the children of Israel," which was convoked; and the priests thought their scheme was so well laid that it was certain of success. But these men left out of their reckoning him whose priests they nominally were, and found to their dismay that the most important parties to the trial, the prisoners themselves, were not forthcoming. What had happened? The prison was there, the locks had not been tampered with, the guard stood without and could give no account of it, but the prison was empty!

Child of God, in any or circumstances

should so hedge thee round that thou art deprived of all liberty of movement, fast shut up in prison, do not fear, only be still and trust thy God. Do not seek to free thyself; let God work; stand still and see his salvation.

At last the august assembly began to be disconcerted; foiled at all points, they inquired one of another, not of God, "where unto this would grow." O, that it had grown to a victory over them! O, that they had let themselves be convicted, humbled, broken, ashamed before the undoubted power of God! In the midst of their confusion a messenger arrives with the startling tidings: "Behold the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple and teaching the people." And it was not the disciples now who feared either the priests or the officers who were sent to apprehend them.

The lives of the officers were far more in danger than theirs were; and lest they themselves should be stoned, the officers brought them without violence.

The high priest himself conducted the trial, and as soon as the prisoners stood before him he asked: "Did we not strictly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and behold ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." "We ought to obey

God Rather than Men,"

was the God-given, unflinching reply: "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a prince and a saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins. And we are witnesses of these things, and so also is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." Not one shadow of excuse, not a shade of an apology, no justification of themselves, no breath of fear. In the light of the Holy Spirit who dwelt in them, these men saw Jesus in his princely power, and they walked and stood and spoke before him, heeding no other and in obedience to his known will; they would not apologize for obedience to him whom the very judges were also bound to obey. But the word which convicted did not convert those who were grieving the Spirit. One of two things lay before them: Either they must yield and take the place of lost, undone sinners, needing such a saviour as Jesus, or they must maintain their enmity against God. Their fatal decision was the latter; self-interest demanded that they should silence those men of God; they took counsel to slay them!

There was one exception. Even in this council, one honest heart was to be found. It was Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul the apostle had sat; whose instructions had laid the foundation for the moral integrity which he had, even in his unconverted days. Gamaliel was a "doctor of law, and had in reputation among all the people." He also had been "cut to the heart," but the effect of the wound was other in his case than it had been in the case of the remainder of the council. With them the first thought was, what is to our interest; how does the matter touch us? With him it was the exact contrary.

How Does it Touch God?

After sending the apostles away from the council for a short time, he put before his fellow councillors the solemn risk they ran of fighting against God. "Ye men of

Israel," he said, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men; and after quoting two examples of revolutionary leaders who had come to naught, he continued, "And now I say unto you refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God." Who would have thought that in such a way deliverance would come? The disciples seemed to be in the most imminent danger, but the same mighty hand which had opened their prison turned the hearts of their deadly enemies. To him they agreed. The apostles were called, beaten, again commanded not to speak in the name of Jesus, and set at liberty.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

An interesting glimpse of society in Jerusalem is afforded in the verses intervening between last week's lesson and that of this week. The teaching of the Apostles broke society up into groups, as earnest, practical teaching commonly does. There were the common people, who heard them gladly and, as it still is in all lands, were the first to accept the Gospel. There were the people who had sick relatives and friends who probably cared little about the Gospel, but very much about getting healing for their



"The officers came and found them not in the prison."

loved ones, and who tried all kinds of superstitious devices for getting it, some even hoping that Peter's shadow falling on them would be efficacious. There were people inclined to favor the new ideas but afraid to declare themselves. A man had need be very much in earnest to join the Church in those days. He was liable to be imprisoned if he took a prominent part and if he tried to deceive he might meet the fate of Ananias. No wonder that there were many who "durst not join themselves to the Apostles." Then there were the priests and the chief men of the nation, the high council of State, who were disturbed by the innovation. They were conservative and, as they were in good positions, in honor and in comfort, they wished for nothing so much as for things to remain as they were. The existing conditions satisfied them. They were a queer combination. It seems almost inconceivable to read of the high priest's chosen friends being infidels. In fact, as we learn from Josephus, the high priest who succeeded Caiaphas and Annas was himself a Sadducee, a man who did not believe in a resurrection or another life. If we imagine a bishop being an infidel, or associating altogether with infidels, we might get a conception of the attitude of these high priests. They were in a position where a delicate balance was essential, and where

the rude winds of logic, and impassioned oratory of men who believed strongly, would cause trouble. There seemed to be a general feeling in the upper circles of society that the noisy agitators who were attracting crowds and performing wonderful cures should be suppressed. Accordingly they were arrested and imprisoned. It was not altogether the best way of silencing them, but it was simple and apparently effective. The Apostles were guilty of contempt of court and there was no question of their having disobeyed. So the Sanhedrim and the lay members, here called the senate, were convened to hear and pass sentence. But on sending for the prisoners, it is found that they are not in prison, but are in the Temple preaching again. This was evidently no escape. A prisoner who has broken jail is careful to avoid publicity. Luke tells the story of the deliverance in detail and declares it supernatural. An angel from the Lord did it, he says. God does interfere to protect his people sometimes. At other times he allows them to remain, that they may show that they are ready to suffer for his sake. If the Christian were always delivered, there would be nothing heroic in serving Christ. But the manner of their deliverance seems to have made an impression on the court, whether it was admitted or not. They are not dealt with as we should expect prisoners who had broken jail would have been treated. They are simply reminded of the previous prohibition and there is a querulous note of complaint in the address, as of persons

who have been injured, but are powerless to resent it. The court is hurt, is grieved, and has lost its dignity. Peter's answer, like his former one, is brief, logical, and accusatory. Doubtless the judges themselves had at some time made similar answer to the Romans. There was a law higher than human law, and this Peter claims to have obeyed. And as to the complaint that the Apostles sought to make them responsible for Christ's death the facts were clear enough. It was God who was against the court. He had taken Jesus whom they hanged—Peter boldly reiterates the charge on their being the guilty parties—and has exalted him. The Apostles are merely his witnesses. The consultation which followed must have been a serious one. It ended illogically in their renewal of the prohibition against preaching and the prisoners being beaten to impress it on their memories and then discharging them. So far from this treatment having the desired effect, the Apostles rejoiced in the punishment as an honor, and immediately proceeded to disobey again. So much changed are they since when their Master was arrested they forsook him and fled.

Where unto this would grow. The world's rulers have often been perplexed in dealing with Christian men who are in earnest. It seemed that a poor, obscure monk like Luther would easily be crushed when the mighty Emperor Charles and the Pope were of one mind about it. D'Aubigne relates a story of some player setting this before the Emperor in an impressive way. A man threw on the floor a bundle of crooked sticks, and as he retired the Emperor read the name of Erasmus on his back. Several persons tried to straighten the sticks and failed. Then the monk came in and looked at them, and put a light to them. On his back was the name of Luther. The next to enter was an ecclesiastic, who ran to the other end of the room where stood two pitchers, one of which was labelled "oil" and the other "water," and in his agitation seized the one containing oil and emptied it on the fire, only increasing the blaze. On his back was the name of the Pope. The next to enter was a man dressed in royal robes, who drew his sword and drove it through the fire again and again, but could not in that way extinguish it. There was no need to indicate the potentate he was intended to represent. And the fire burned on until a was consumed. Charles found the fire Luther kindled to be of that kind. A Europe was enlightened by it, and neither king nor pope could extinguish it.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.



BRITISH FISHER VILLAGES.

The Peculiar Folk Who "Follow the Sea"—Women as Fishmongers—The Scottish "Fisher-Lasses."

Tis seldom that the tourist who is explaining the sights and visiting the famous localities in the British Islands, encounters the simple class who are known as the "fisher-folk." Occasionally an artist, in



SCOTTISH "FISHER-LASSES."

search of new types for his canvas, may happen among them, but the average traveler is very likely to miss them altogether. All along the Scottish and English coasts are fishing villages, whose occupants constitute a class widely different in many respects from the rest of the population. Built away down in some wide cove among the cliffs, or on the margin of some little rock-bound bay, sheltered on three sides and open only to the sea, many of these villages are strange, self-contained, tiny communities. There are probably a score or two of stoutly built stone cottages with thatched roofs, a row of smoke-houses, a fleet of single-masted fishing-boats tied up in the little harbor, a white chapel, and back beyond the cliff somewhere, on lower ground, a tidily kept graveyard. Sometimes the exigencies of their calling have driven the fisher-folk to settle in some good-sized sea-coast town. They select quarters as near the sea as possible, and their rows of white single-story and attic cottages are huddled together in the form of a square, with an open lot at each corner. Our photographs on this page afford a glimpse of a Scottish fishing village and its inhabitants. The men who are up before dawn to mend their nets and see to the boats, wait the right change in the tide before setting out for the day's venture. Sometimes the fleet, supposing its fishing-ground to be nearby—sets sail in the afternoon and stays out all night. This is frequently the case in the mackerel season. When dawn tinges the eastern sea, the nets are drawn and the catches taken in, and the fleet points for the pier, and when the boats are emptied of their miscellaneous catch, a busy scene ensues. Everybody without exception is busy counting and assorting the fish, and in an incredibly short time the entire catch is off to market, where it is disposed of to wholesale dealers, sold on stalls, or hawked through the streets in wheelbarrows trundled either by men or women, or in "creels" (woven wicker baskets) strapped on the women's shoulders.

Trudging along with the "creels" filled to the top with herring, "whiting," mackerel, or cod-fish, the "fisher-lasses" call out their wares as they pass through the poorer sections of the town or city. They find their market almost wholly among the poor: the rich patronize the stalls. The voices of the fisher-folk are pitched in a peculiar nasal key, and they speak with a broad accent and in a "sing-song" tone, which one hears nowhere else. Hardy and resolute, the fishermen are true "sons of the sea," and spend the greater part of their lives upon it. Their homes are neat, clean, and comfortable, but they are more at ease on their snug, close-calked, broad-beamed boats than on shore. Every season adds to the record of lives lost in the fisheries; sometimes an entire fleet of scores of boats is devoured by the angry sea. But such calamities do not deter them from again venturing forth, each man trusting to a Higher Power for deliverance from danger and believing that death is sure. To those that stay and those that roam, But they never more endure To sit with empty hands at home.

Another Champion of Stepmothers.

There seems to be no lack of interest in the stepmother question. Miss S. M., La Grange, Ind., writes: "I had a stepmother and lived with her for over thirty years; and she was just as good to me as my own mother would have been had she lived to raise me. Everybody said I had the best stepmother they had ever seen. There are exceptions to every rule, and there are stepmothers and stepmothers. Sometimes the fault is theirs; sometimes the children are to blame, when there is trouble between them; but no one can say I was not good to mine, for I thought much of her, and always tried to please her."

The Energy of Youth.

In a recent address, President Canfield of Ohio State University, speaking of the opportunities of young men, said: "We know no kings in America, except that American sovereign who puts a man under his hat every time he leaves his own house. We know no elite of the human race in the sense of knowing some special governing class, or some class which is by reason of birth to be given precedence and right of way on the track. Our 'registered stock' is scattered all through our society, and is found in every stratum. Pedigree counts as it ought to count, when it gives men clearer brains and cleaner hands and swifter feet in the service of their fellow-men; but it counts for very little because it happens to appear in some human 'herd book,' and for even less because it chances to be found on the muster roll of state or national officials. The world will not ask from whose loins have you sprung, but what are you, and what can you do?"

A Little Act of Kindness.

Little kindnesses are gems set in the diadem of character. A pretty story is being told about Mrs. Cleveland that shows her kindness of heart. At one of her big receptions, when hundreds of people seek the White House and look

for at least a moment's personal recognition, there was once to be seen an old colored woman, a veritable mammy, leading by the hand a small boy. The child wore patched clothing, and looked as if he did not always have enough to eat. As they approached Mrs. Cleveland he looked anxiously about, and when he saw the way in which people were "hustled" along he seemed rather crestfallen. The president's wife, however, catching sight of him, made a step forward, took his hand and actually detained the line while she said a few kindly words. As they passed, after the lad had been cheered by a sweet smile, he exclaimed, sotto voce, "She did see me, after all, gran'ma."

A Russian Village Wedding.

Curiosity is not considered a reprehensible trait among Russian peasant women, says a writer in *Travel*, and especially if the occasion of its exercise be a wedding. We attended such a wedding and there hundreds of women, many of them standing on the pew seats, craning their necks, were behaving in an indecorous manner to catch glimpses of the bride. That is a habit not limited to Russian ladies, even where there are no pew seats to clamber over. They made up for the loss by the squeezing, and pushing, and treading on one another's heels. The young lady—in her moire silk, tulle veil and orange blossoms—was taken into church by her heavily epauletted officer-brother. In the centre of the building was a little desk, where a silver cross lay and a massive candle flared. The music was sung by a full-lunged choir, and a priest handed two tinselled candles to the presumably happy but certainly nervous couple. These were held in the left hand during the service. After much singing, an intoning, and chanting, the elder of the priests

A GOLDEN WEDDING.*
DEAREST one, we both remember Fifty years ago to-day,
How the sky was bright with splendor
As we wove our marriage lay.
Fifty years of holy union
Call for gratitude divine;
Fifty years of sweet communion
Now awaken joys sublime!
Thou didst help me kindly, dearest,
When earth's sorrows bowed me low;
Strengthened often, when severest
Trials had their darkest flow.
When my life seemed only losses,
When my heart bled at each pore,
Thou didst help me bear my crosses
And each day thou helped me more.
So our joys have been the brighter,
So our bitterer more sweet,
So our cares have been the lighter,
As our love grew more complete.
Lighter! There were two to bear them,
In their passing to and fro;
Sweeter! There were two to share them,
Since the "Fifty years ago."
Praises then for years of gladness,
More than those our spirits bowed;
More of cheerfulness than sadness,
More of sunshine than of cloud.
Less of autumn, more of vernal,
More of health and less of pain;
Blessed hopes of Life Eternal,
Every loss a greater gain.
Ocean Grove, N. J. E. H. STOKES.

Kitchen Slavery.

WHILE in the regular harness of city life the sitting-room is so far from the kitchen that we have not much understanding of its toils and perplexities, writes Dr. Talmage, we have not much to say save when there has been an accident, and the pudding comes in burned or the coffee has not been settled. But in the country we have more time to consider. First: there is the grace of managing a balky stove. You may begin to rattle over the names of stoves which never flinch, which do things brown at the right moment, which never take up the habits of our human race and begin to smoke, and never let the fire go out. But we do not believe you. Stoves belong to a fallen race, and the best of them sometimes prove tricky. The best dispositioned stoves will sometimes refuse to broil, or stew, or bake, or frizzle. You reason with it and tell it how important it is that it do its duty, for company has come, or a departing guest must meet the train, or you are too tired to bother any longer, and all it does in reply is to sputter. Here is a place for Christian sympathy and help. For lack of this Martha of Bethany acted precipitately, and many a good woman has lost her equilibrium. Then there is a grace needed for the pantry. Somehow cups and glasses and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. Knives will disappear, and no one has taken them. An old saucer that was given to your grand-mother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The tea-caddy has been despoiled. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china set gets broken. To study economy for a month, and to find the result has leaked out at some mysterious spigot; to have the wash-boiler boil over and put out the fire; to have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or Narcissus blanc-mange; to have the servant leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are peeled and cut that the brass kettle is borrowed,—all this demands grace for the kitchen.

*From A Golden Anniversary Address: Husband and Wife, by Rev. E. H. Stokes, the Father of Ocean Grove, on the 50th Anniversary of his marriage, January 6, 1897.



IN THE STREET OF A BRITISH FISHING VILLAGE.

produced two gold rings on a little silver tray, and waving each three times in the sign of the cross, put them on the third fingers of the right hands. Two golden crowns were brought from the altar, and for a full half hour they were balanced over the heads of the groom and bride by spruce officers. Led by the priests, the couple perambulated the church thrice, while crown-bearing friends hopped along, performing not very successfully the task of holding the crowns over the heads and keeping their feet from the bride's luxuriant train. There was next the administering of the sacrament, three sips, and the kissing of the silver cross three times, much blessing, much majestic roaring of choral voices, and then a wild scramble of all the ladies to see the pair drive off.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER V.—Continued.
MEN PROPOSE; WOMEN DECIDE.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



He is an American girl," Alice continued, "is distinction enough. What worth is there in a title?"

"No worth at all," said Jessie, "but titles are like the feathers in a cock's tail, or the ruffles round a girl's neck; they are ornamental and please the majority. All the way here this morning I have been dreaming so pleasantly of your marriage. I wish you were going to be Lady Medway."

"Why should you wish that?" "Oh! I may as well confess that my reasons were thoroughly selfish ones. I expected pleasure and *ecclat* from the event. I hoped in some humble fashion to take part in it and I thought, perhaps, if I managed a trip to England in a year or two, you would invite me to visit you. There! there! I have told the truth, and the whole truth, for once. Not many girls would have been as honest. Let us go to our music lesson now."

"Just a moment—I think you are in love with that handsome fellow you call Steve Morrison?"

"Suppose I am; what then?" "Would you give him up for Lord Medway, or any other lord? Would you? Tell me the truth, and the whole truth, once more."

Jessie dropped her eyes and held her chin reflectively. She evidently desired to return a truthful answer, and Alice waited patiently for it. In a few minutes it was ready. The eyes of the girls met, a smile rippled over Jessie's face and she said with a frank decisiveness:

"No; I would not."

Then Alice laughed joyously as she answered, "I thought you were better than your words. Now, if you like, we will go to the piano."

Alice was quite right in attributing the public avowal of her marriage to her father. Nicholas Lloyd was a wise man where money was in question; he was a foolish man where women were concerned. He had one fixed standard for them, not understanding that one standard will not at all times measure even one woman! There are so many women in one woman! He had left his wife and daughter on the previous day in a mood of great irritation, but their opposition affected him in no other way. Extremely sensitive to public opinion himself, he found it impossible to believe in the indifference of Alice to a power he so cringingly respected. The idea of announcing her forthcoming marriage struck him in the cars, and he considered it a remarkably clever one. Indeed, many wondered that morning at the serene smile of satisfaction on his countenance; and some of the knowing ones predicted the condition of certain stocks from it.

As soon as he reached the city he sent to the family photographer and procured some late portraits of his daughter. He put them in a conspicuous position on his private desk. He expected Lord Medway to call, and about noon that gentleman arrived. He read over the draft of the papers relative to his marriage and to Alice's fortune; and expressed his perfect satisfaction, adding cheerfully:

"There is nothing, now, Mr. Lloyd, to prevent me wooing my bride, and fixing the date of the ceremony as early as I can persuade her to make me happy."

"Nothing but Miss Lloyd's consent," answered the father with a touch of sarcasm for his pride in both his money and his daughter was offended by the young man's air of easy acceptance. "Miss Lloyd astonished and annoyed me very much yesterday by asserting her right to choose her own husband, and her disinclination to accept you in that capacity."

"But why does she now object to me?"

"Girls are queer," he answered musingly. "Her pride is roused. She talks about marrying for love, and for love only. I thought Alice was a thoroughly up-to-date girl, and then as soon as marriage is named she is as

full of sentiment and romance, as women have always been. I don't know what to make of it, nor yet what is to be done."

Medway looked much troubled. He was not a mercenary young man, in the worst sense of the word, but he had thought of Mr. Lloyd's millions, and of Mr. Lloyd's daughter, until they had become part and parcel of his life and estate. Also he had talked of his good fortune to both his friends and his creditors, and he could not bear to think of the scornful doubts which would surely follow his disappointment.

Lloyd perceived his perplexity and divined its cause, and he so played upon the young noble's chagrin and fears that he was willing to do anything to consummate so desirable a marriage. Then Lloyd lifted his daughter's picture, looked at it with thoughtful speculation, and asked Medway if he had any of himself. "You see," he continued, "if your pictures were published together, and the marriage formally

will, in the meantime, give instructions to reporters, and to-morrow morning Miss Lloyd will find herself absolutely committed to a marriage that she will be proud enough of, as soon as she understands it is inevitable. Why it will bring her everything a woman desires, even that perpetual sympathy which is the sweetest of feminine morsels. She will cry a little to all her friends as she shows her fineries, and say 'she is being forced into matrimony,' and they will condole with her, and envy her, at the same time. That is a kind of bitter-sweet that women enjoy so much, that they easily reconcile themselves to its occasion."

"It is not a very honorable transaction." "It is perfectly honorable. You cannot do with women as with men. They don't understand a straightforward manner, for they are a crooked sex. After your marriage you can tell Alice all about it, and she will smile at our clever diplomacy. Anyway and all ways are fair in love."

And Nicholas Lloyd really thought so. His moral character, by constant wear and tear in the money market, had become thin, tentative, and provisional. It spoke, or it was silent at his pleasure. But yet he did not like the thought of meeting Alice, and he concluded to take his new secretary home with him. His presence would be a restraint, and the first explanation be softened by the social necessity of control in the company of strangers.

Alice thought this meeting with her father to be extremely important, and she came into the dining-room with the offend-

"Oh, rubbish! Don't be foolish, Alice. You can't help it. Nobody blames you. I have seen Medway, and he is quite pleased at the compliment."

"Oh! Perhaps it was his doing. I will never speak to him again. I will not permit myself to be compromised into marriage. People may say what they like, won't! I won't!"

"Mr. McAslin, give your arm to Mr. Lloyd. We will have dinner before controversy." Mrs. Lloyd entered as he spoke and he immediately joined her and proceeded to the dining room. "We can discuss the matter later in the evening, Alice," he said, turning his head to make the remark, which he did with an unusual gracious indifference, as if it was a subject of little moment.

Alice then accepted the requirements of the hour for further discussion at the time, would have involved the taking of the servants into the family confidence. So she allowed a smile to brighten her face, and became suddenly lovely, for the sole reason that she suddenly knew herself beloved. How did she know it? He does the flower know when the sun shines. John did not say a word; he did not even dare to glance into her face, but she knew he loved her. There was a silent, secret understanding between his soul and soul. Perhaps their angels had confided and had agreed upon the marriage. Perhaps Love had always stood waiting the door of their hearts, and the very moment a glance set it on the latch he entered. Yet, though both were conscious of their guest, neither had yet dared say, "Welcome, beloved! Come in, dwell with me."

It was to Mr. Lloyd's interest to keep the conversation as far as possible from society affairs—from newspapers, from marriage, and the like; but so few subjects, except money and the relation of money, ever entered his mind that he could think of nothing to say. There was a silence, in which every one was extremely self-conscious and uncomfortable; in Mrs. Lloyd broke the embarrassing silence by an inquiry about Max Lehman; and Mr. Lloyd took an immediate advantage of the question. Any subject far removed from Lord Medway was welcome; even socialism.

"Lehman," he said, "is a passionate, violent man, is he not, Mr. McAslin?"

"He is of the people, and for the people, sir; but he is at least sincere."

"Perhaps, but sincerity is not the error of the worst kind is often sincere. He has a bold voice, and a few phrases, and these things go a long way with such audiences as Lehman has. In fact, they go all the way."

"I cannot say that," answered Mrs. Lloyd. "The people whom he addresses are mostly poor and distressed, and like sufferers they are looking for a remedy."

"There is no suffering and no want in New York. It is not cared for in the city of New York. Look at our hospitals, schools, libraries, charities of all kinds and descriptions!"

"But, Mr. Lloyd," said John, "these things convict our social condition of sins; they are the medicine of disease, not the bread of life. The mere giving of money is not sufficient if we are morally blind; we must do as Lehman does, get into the feelings and sufferings of our people. Then our emotions will enlighten our understandings, and we shall try to prevent rather than to cure."

Mrs. Lloyd looked at John with a so eager, so full of question and desire, even her husband was astonished by this unusual expression. "To prevent! she cried, "Oh, if we only could! But how is it to be done?"

"There are so many ways possible to the rich."

"That is so easily said. If you could be more specific!"

"I can. I think a rich man should himself some one great and possible of the city, and give to the poor those which it was possible for them to live cleanly and virtuously. He could find a University in which there should be absolutely free tuition, and no one could compute how much this one good deed would change the world in a single generation. He could keep the House of Legislature pure."

"Oh! Oh! Come now Mr. McAslin, you are magnifying the power of gold in the wrong direction."

(To be Continued.)



"IT WOULD BE A CRUELTY!" LORD MEDWAY ANSWERED.

announced, it would be next to an impossible thing, for Alice to decline it. She could hardly bear to go into society again if it was broken off."

"To force the young lady into marriage by such means would be a cruelty," Medway answered. "I could not do it. There must be some other way"—yet even while he was making this disclaimer, he was considering that a public announcement of this kind would exonerate him from any suspicion of trying to deceive or of trading on a lie, even if the affair did finally fall through.

Mr. Lloyd smiled at his scruple. He did not understand a man, who was not ready and willing to accomplish his ends and serve himself, by any sure means within his power. "Alice's hesitations," he affirmed, "were simply a girl's romantic fancies." He was certain that the man who dared boldly to put them out of consideration would, in the end, win her love and gratitude for his courage and wisdom. "Besides," he added, "if you think it best, lay the whole blame on me. If it be a fault to make a daughter accept a great fortune, then I will take the blame. It is mine, and I am proud to take it. Allow me to manage this affair. I know Alice Lloyd better than you do. I know the sex also. Nothing pleases a woman more than to be forced into doing the thing she has already determined in her own heart to do."

"Shall I go and see her to-day?"

"To-morrow will be better. Send me down immediately some of your photos. I

ing paper in her hand. Her eyes bore the traces of her weeping, her face was white and troubled, and yet there was an air of pride and anger in her address that seemed likely to assert itself above all conventionalities. She saw John at her entrance, and a flash of feeling, clear and swift as light, passed between them. His presence, however, did not deter her from the inquiry she intended. She touched her father lightly on the arm, and he looked up from a letter he was reading, and said with an affectation of pleasant surprise: "Ah! then, it is you at last. Now we can have dinner. Is your mother coming down stairs?"

"Mother is coming, and dinner is ready; but father, first of all, you must look at this," and she put the paper into his hand.

"So you have seen the report?" he said. "Well, what about it?"

"What about it? Everything wrong and shameful about it. I expect you to punish the makers of such lies."

"Lies? Nonsense! It is, perhaps, a little premature. McAslin, how do these reporting fellows catch on to things?"

"Generally some one tells them, sir."

"And my picture, too, father, how did they get it?"

"From the photographer, I suppose. Come my dear, I am hungry, and I don't want my dinner spoiled by silly complaining. Most girls would like to be so —"

"Placarded! No, indeed, they would not. It has nearly broken my heart. I am so mortified—so indignant—"

DENOMINATIONAL WORK.
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Feb. 14. "A Bird's-Eye View of Christian Activities." Zech. 4:1-14.

WHEN the sense of comradeship supersedes the feeling of rivalry the first step will be taken toward the ideal which Christ cherished and for which he prayed: that his people might be one. Peoples, constituted as we are, with varied dispositions, with hereditary affiliations, and with the influence of education and early training, the nearest approach to Christ's ideal that we can hope for in the near future is this friendly recognition of brotherhood. Party names and party organizations will remain, with all their disadvantages and impediments. Some doctrine, or rite, or mode of worship, or peculiar ceremony, or system of Church government suffices to set a wall around the party of Christ's followers, excluding them from communion and fellowship with other Christians. As an eloquent preacher observed recently, these dividing walls will not be removed while we continue to have decided principles and opinions, but they may be lowered so that the man within one closure can reach over the wall and shake hands with his brother in another closure. While then, the subject for consideration this week tends to special denominational interest, it should not lead to invidious comparisons. We may rejoice, and we may have reason to rejoice, in what our own denomination is doing for the advance of Christ's kingdom in the world, but the record should not be made the basis of disparagement of other denominations. Our movements ought not to be measured relatively. The fact of our having a hundred missionaries in the foreign field should be considered in relation to the number we might be supporting, not in relation to some other denomination which has but one hundred missionaries in the field. The work being done by any one denomination must be measured by the capacity of that denomination and at the last it will be so measured. When the Lord of the harvest reckons with his laborers, the fact that some have done more than others will not be taken into account, but the reward will be apportioned according to whether the laborers have done all that is in their power to do.

The "bird's-eye view," recommended by the Committee, should not be limited to a special sphere of labor. The foreign field is naturally a most attractive here, and will receive the greater share of attention, but important as it is, it does not comprise the whole of the church's duties. Christ's followers have their duties at home which must not be neglected. It will be well to ask what our denomination is doing toward the solution of the problems near at hand. Christ's command to preach the Gospel to all nations must not be neglected, and we are glad to see how much Christian endeavor is doing to stimulate and encourage the efforts of the churches in this work; but there are other matters demanding attention which we cannot afford to overlook. It is notorious that the missionary church which gives liberality to Foreign Missions is a church which will give liberally and work heartily in other fields if the needs of those fields are brought to its notice. It is important, therefore, in this survey that these fields should be considered. We live, in the problem of the colored race and the Indians, a question of great urgency for the church of Christ. What our denomination doing to prove to the world that the followers of Christ have, at last, realized their duty, and are resolved to atone for the negligence of the past? There are in all our great cities representatives of almost every nation on earth. What is our denomination doing to teach them that in Christ is the life which can take them true men? Then there is the problem of poverty. Is our denomination doing anything to solve this problem? Is the church's business because the poor have a special legacy left to us by our Lord? Then, therefore, we consider what our denomination is doing, it will be well to take these matters into account.

OUR
SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Open Wide the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

W. KITCHING, arr. by S. J. H. BURKE

1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee: 'Wea - ry one, O come to Me;'
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock - ing still: Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo - ments fly: While sal - va - tion yet is uigh,

He can save, and on - ly He:
He hath triumphed o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by. } O - - pen wide the door.
(O - pen, o - pen wide the door.)

CHORUS

O - - - - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,
O - - - - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;
on - ly He:— O - - - - - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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• CHEERFUL SERVICE.
"SERVE God and be cheerful." The darkness
Only masks the surprises of dawn;
And the deeper and grimmer the midnight.
The brighter and sweeter the morn.
"Serve God and be cheerful." The winter
Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
And o'er the green grave of the snowdrift
The nest-building robins will sing.
"Serve God and be cheerful." Look upward!
God's countenance scatters the gloom;
And the soft summer light of his heaven
Shines over the cross and the tomb.
"Serve God and be cheerful." Each sorrow
Is— with your will in God's—for the best.
O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow. To-morrow
Will see the blue sky in the west.
"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly
Do nobly and right. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you
And to God without fear leave the rest.
And live out the glad tidings of Jesus—
In the sunshine he came to impart,
For the fruit of his Word and his Spirit
"Is love, joy, and peace" in the heart.

TURNING TO GOD.
Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
Is there a time of racking grief?
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.
And while such lofty memories roll
In solemn grandeur o'er my soul,
May Christ be with me, he who came
To teach our Father's tender name.

—CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE LORD'S BRIDE.
Distinctions Which will be Made at the Lord's Coming Between the Classes of Christians.
BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE Bride of the Lamb first appears in the Word of God. Rev. 19. There we have these glorious words: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alieluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." In Rev. xxi. 2, we read: "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." And these words are but the "preface" of the whole of this wonderful chapter which speaks of the Lord's coming for his Bride.

Here we see the distinction between the coming of Christ for his servants and the coming for his Bride. In Matt. xxv., the Bride is not seen, but the virgins, her companions. The virgins are never spoken of as the Bride; the Bridegroom does not give them his name. They expect the Bridegroom and the marriage feast, the Lord's joy is theirs, but the Bride is not formed until the members of Christ's body who compose the Bride are gathered at his coming. The virgins took their lamps, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom: their light was their striking characteristic. Those who understand, and are looking for Jesus as a Bridegroom, work for him, perhaps, as much as the servants do, but it is their life more than their work which is striking to an outsider: the spirit in which they speak and act rather than the things said or done: it is the presence of another with them, rather than anything in themselves, which is recognized.

"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him." Such a cry would not be needed by the Bride. All the virgins had to do was to trim their lamps; the oil was there, and the wick was there, and the light was soon kindled. Just as the coming of the Lord Jesus separates between the true and the false in the servant vocation, so is it also in the vocation of the virgins. The foolish said unto the wise: "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out." Poor, foolish virgins! they had all the outside devotedness, all the doctrine, all the devout sayings which the wise had, but the Holy Spirit's indwelling they had not, and they had to find, when it was too late, that the Holy Ghost cannot be given second hand. They must go to them that sell and buy for themselves. There are those who have never exchanged their spirit for the Spirit of God: they have not paid the price. Just in a rush at last they go to buy, and it is too late! They that are ready go in with him to the marriage, and the door is shut.

Here there is no record of a reckoning made: the Bridegroom shares with his Bride all that he has, and "the virgins, her companions," seek no reward: to minister to him is recompense enough. Their betrothal takes place down here. In the midst of the frets and the worries of daily life, we can take our Lord for better for worse; here we can learn the suffering with him which brings about the truest unity.

The question arises in some hearts: "Do not you make an unwarrantable distinction between the Bride and the servants? We make no system; we know not how the Lord may lead on his servant-children and show them their short-coming of the high vacation. The Bride, remember, is not awakened by the midnight cry, it is to rouse the virgins: the Bride is not called to the marriage supper of the Lamb: how could she be? She is one of the inviting parties, it is her marriage as well as his.

* From the third edition of her excellent little work on "The Lord's Coming," in which she shows what prophecy indicates as the course of events during the closing years of this dispensation; 104 pages; price 10 cents; published at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, 97-102 Bible House, New York. Sent post-paid on receipt of price



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Heroine of Alaska.

FIFTEEN years ago, last November, I was on board a train on what was then the only railroad in Western Washington, making the journey from Portland, Oregon, to the new and strag-



MRS. A. R. MCFARLAND.

gling village which has since grown into the ambitious young city of Tacoma. It was a slow train, for the road-bed was new, but the tedious hours lost their weariness to me after making the acquaintance of one of my fellow-passengers, who was on her way back to Alaska to take up her mission work among the Indians.

My new acquaintance was Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who had gone to Alaska four years earlier, and with heroic devotion had devoted herself to the saving of the young girls in that far-off land. For more than a year this lady, delicately reared and cultured, fitted to enjoy the refinements of society, was the only white woman in Alaska Territory, because she believed it to be her duty, and esteemed it her privilege to teach her ignorant heathen sisters of the North the truths of that Gospel which has lifted the burden from woman's shoulders in every land where it has been carried. I have not forgotten yet the thrill of admiration and reverence that went through my heart as I listened to her story as the train jolted on through the Puget Sound forest. I felt myself to be in the presence of one of the world's purest and bravest spirits.

Mrs. McFarland was not only for a long time the only white woman in that vast and lawless region, but she was for many months the only Protestant missionary in Alaska. The people brought to her in those days all their troubles for solution. If they were sick, they came to her as a physician; if death came to the wigwam, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. When there was a quarrel in the family, and husbands and wives were estranged, she was the peacemaker to settle their difficulties and bring harmony again to the distracted family circle. In their simple property troubles she was often judge, lawyer, and jury. When feuds sprang up among the small tribes she became peacemaker on a larger scale and became arbiter of their differences. When the Christian Indians called a constitutional convention, they paid a noble tribute to her goodness and wisdom by electing her chairman. She was often called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft; and when the Vigilance Committee among the miners decided to hang a white man for murder, she was sent for to act as his spiritual adviser. Her fame followed the coast line about to the different tribes, and every canoe carried some note of praise for the missionary. Great chiefs left their homes and came long distances, that they might enter the school of "The woman that loved their people."

Mrs. McFarland soon found to her hor-

ror that the very intelligence and blessing which her school, with its teaching and hope, brought to the girls, only put them in greater peril by making them more attractive to the wicked and lawless white men who inhabited the Alaskan towns. Among a people where heathenism crushes out a mother's love and makes her willing to sell her own daughter, soul and body, for a few blankets or a canoe-load of provisions, she found that her brightest and most promising pupils were those who were in the greatest danger. As they improved their advantages in the mission school, it manifested itself in their external appearance. They began to comb their hair more smoothly, to dress more neatly, and to pay more attention to cleanliness in their persons. Their dull, heavy countenances began to light up with intelligence. They became in every way more attractive; and as their attractions increased, white men were the more anxious to buy them for base purposes.

Again and again Mrs. McFarland had to interfere to save her school-girls from lives of sin. This necessity was the cause of her establishing an industrial training school for Indian girls, where they lived together in a "Home," into which she gathered such promising girls as were in danger of being sold, and trained them up to be the future Christian teachers, wives, and mothers of their people.

The story of how she secured her first girl for her "Home" illustrates the fearful odds against which she had to contend and the splendid heroism of her character.

Katy, one of the school-girls, fourteen years of age, who had attended her mission school from the commencement, was about to be taken up the river and sold to the miners by her mother. Mrs. McFarland, hearing of it, started to the fam-

ily, who lived on an island. When she reached the point where she usually crossed, the tide was so high she could not get over. By signs she attracted Katy's attention, who came across in a canoe. She was sent back for her mother, who came over. There for an hour and a half, seated on a rock by the shore, in a pouring rain, Mrs. McFarland pleaded with the heathen mother until she promised not to take Katy away. But the next week the mother broke her promise, and tried to compel her daughter to accompany her to the mines. The canoe was prepared, and the mother took her seat; the blankets, provisions and younger children were in their places, but the little girl lingered on the shore. The child hesitated, crying and begging most piteously. Finally, when they would have put her in by force, the little girl straightening herself up, said, "Mother, you may kill me, but I will not go with you and live a life of sin."

She then ran into the woods and hid. When her mother had gone, she came out and claimed Mrs. McFarland's protection. And that was the way the first "Girls' Home" in Alaska was started.

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A CHAT ABOUT PRAYER.

SEVERAL friends have written to me lately asking how they are to gain confidence enough to pray in public. I seem to think that they are very wrong in shrinking from this duty; that if their religion is real, they will be able to take this cross and carry it joyfully, and they will there is something amiss in their hearts, when they hesitate about audible prayer in the presence of an assembly. I am not sure that there is an obligation in the matter. I know people who conscientiously try to pray in meetings, but whose efforts are not to their own comfort, but to the edification of others. They mean well, but that is the most which may be said of them. If they are prompted to lead in prayer by an irrepressible desire to save souls, and to help the Lord's work then, in their imperfection, there is a token of the Holy Spirit's intimation and of his gracious indwelling, and their prayers are not in vain, nor should they be discouraged.

The publican, beating on his breast, unable to lift up his eyes, breathing out: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" made in our Lord's emphatic opinion, a more acceptable prayer than the Pharisee who seems to have been gifted in utterance.

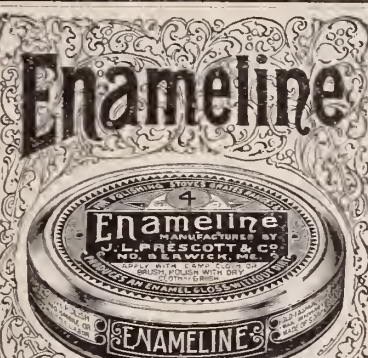
I am concerning myself here about the prayers made by good women in the hearing of others. Far be it from me to throw a dash of cold water on any sensitive soul who feels an inward call to this work, yet I am aware of a timid reluctance, due to inexperience as much as to incapacity. I would discourage only such as feel impelled to a duty which does not beckon them, because they fancy that friends or their minister, or their neighbors are expecting them to take such a step. To our Master we stand or fall. No one of us needs to be under the government in such matters as these, of the dearest friends or the kindest acquaintances in the world. If you do resolve to take part, audibly, in speech or prayer in a meeting, make up your mind to be heard. Do not whisper, mutter, or gasp, or choke, or sob, or break down and cry. I have known women do all these things, and it made every prayer around uncomfortable, as much so as the poor woman herself. To be thoroughly self-controlled is the duty of every one who undertakes to lead others. Speak clearly, through the lips, not through halting teeth. Have something to say, something definite, as when your hungry child asks for a piece of bread, and say it calmly and slowly, not in a hurried way. Wish when you have gotten to the end of your real asking. Do not be circumlocutory. Be straight at the thing you mean. A good example of this brevity and conciseness was given lately at a service one night: New Year's Eve it was, in St. George's church, New York, where Dr. Winsford, conducting a half-hour or so of prayer, had an interval of silent petition broken by single interjected sentences, "and then," "God bless our land," "and guard our homes," "God guide our people," etc.

The way to gain "freedom," to use an unfashioned phrase, is not to think about one's self at all. The instant you begin to think of yourself you are lost. No babe in arms is ever anything but dignified, for the child has not reached the age of self-consciousness. The sweet spontaneity of those who are free from this defect, is a grace to be envied. But it is yours and mine if we will but cultivate it by every means within our power. I question whether any one ever prays well in public who is not often in the secret, and whose private prayers are acts of loving communion with the heavenly Father. One may cultivate, too, the habit of brief ejaculatory prayer, of a swift, unspoken prayer to God, which is flying to him on a track which the lightning cannot pass.

No small occasion should keep us from prayer-meeting. Our household work should be planned with reference to it,

and our social engagements ought not to interfere with the hour when it has the right of way. Perhaps we have never fully estimated how much we do to help on the church by our simple, quiet presence at her feasts and her fasts. There, in our places, our whole natures in sympathy with the time and the topic, our inaudible prayers rising like incense to the throne, we may do as much toward bringing the blessing, as if we ourselves spoke. For we do not ever "overcome God's reluctance," we simply bring ourselves in the sphere of his willingness to help and save us.

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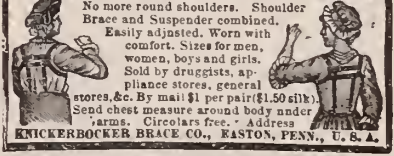
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Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	1479
Men Professed Conversion	3,471
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,768
Meals Served in Restaurant	588,721
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary	2,306
Opened Aug. 20, 1895	2,306
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured	9,333

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Prev. ack'd	\$28.20
Lind	30
F. Berg	30
W. Reid	30
John T. Clegg	1.50
L. Pyle	1.00
Boys' Primary Cl. N. Danvers	1.38
Friend, Chillicothe	5.00
Widow's Mite, Amstern	25
J. A. M. P. Mass	1.00
Friend, Los Angeles	3.00
C. C. Grubb	1.50
Mrs. Watkin Davies	\$1.00
A reader, Savannah	5.00
Total	\$50.13

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

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The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for our Children's Home:

Mary C. Colegrove	1.00
M. Campbell	3.00
Friend, Los Angeles	3.00
Total	\$7.00

All contributions for the work sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

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For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

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To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

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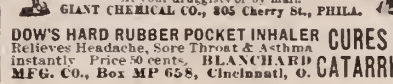
ASTHMA—O. SALOMON, KAYS, August 24. I have used the Electrolysis family, and for the benefit of nearly two years, and know it to be of great benefit to the afflicted. Personally, it has relieved me of the trouble, from catarrh, also from neuritis arising in the heart, and often a grand, good tonic. It has proved the health of my wife.

CATARRH—In regard to others, from my observation, it has appeared to back the dial of life ten years to a couple over a hundred years of age. The husband was afflicted with it in its worst form (scant breathing, severe coughing, unable to rest in bed). Now he pursues his business as merchant with vigor and ability.

SCIATICA—It has relieved and cured sciatica. I have never thoroughly in another. It has cured hemorrhoids in another, when the scian said he could only alleviate. Sciatica of the kind it has cured. The aching jaw and inflammation face have resolved after one local application.

I can say that it is a safe and easy of application, very good to the body, properly applied. I welcome and recommend it to you. J. O. F. MAYOR, Doctor St. Mark's Episcopal

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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 17, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends. Unhappy Wife, Brooklyn, N. Y., asks prayer that her husband who is connected

with a gambling business, may be converted, and quit his evil associations.—B. C. W., for the conversion of two sons, one of whom is a society favorite and has a wide influence, but is indifferent to religion and inclined to be sceptical.—"Sister in Christ," Titusville, Pa., that a young man and his mother, who are theosophists, may see the error of their ways and turn to the Lord.—E. L. Humansville, Md., that a daughter, a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, might give her heart to Christ and seek grace from him for the conduct of her life.

Praying Mother, Woburn, Mass., for the conversion of her husband and her daughter and son-in-law.—Anxious Husband, Philadelphia, Pa., for the conversion of his wife, and that she may give up her worldly ways and thoughts.—"Heart-broken Mother," Jersey Shore, Pa., that a beloved son who once professed Christ, but has gone to ruin through his propensity to strong drink, may be saved from his bondage and made a new creature in Christ.—A Daughter, York, Pa., for the conversion of her father, two brothers, a sister and a dear friend, and that they might be kept by the power of God from all evil influences; also that a man who once did a great wrong to one who was trying to serve God, may repent and seek pardon through Christ.—Believer, Almiria, Tenn., that a poor old man who is on the brink of the grave, but has not made his peace with God, may be saved even at the eleventh hour.—Subscriber, Birmingham, Ala., that the wayward wife of a Christian minister may give up her evil ways, which are injuring the cause of Christ, and may be made a consistent Christian.—Reader, Danville, Ky., for the conversion of her husband, and that he may lose his desire for strong drink and be enabled to provide for his family; also that his little daughter may be preserved from evil and serve the Lord from her childhood.

Constant Reader, Hardeeville, Fla., that God would touch the heart of a dear brother and a young man who has many opportunities for usefulness, and make them both earnest and faithful Christians.—Friend, Eau Claire, Wis., for the conversion of her daughter, and that her husband who has fallen into grievous sin may repent and renounce his sin and turn to the Lord for pardon and regeneration.—Believer, Moline, Ill., for the conversion of a whole family, father, mother, brothers and sisters, who are all unsaved; also that a family, the head of which is a saloon-keeper, may be brought into the kingdom of Christ.—"Sad-hearted Mother," Delaware, O., that a daughter who is a heavy trial to her husband, may have a new heart given to her.

For the Restoration of Health. Subscriber, Namshaw, Cal., who is suffering from pulmonary troubles, asks prayer for the healing of her body by the Lord's power.—Mother, Baltimore, Md., that the Lord in his mercy would heal her son who is grievously afflicted.—Believer, Chicago, Ill., that God with whom nothing is impossible would restore a beloved mother who has suffered for twenty years.—E. L. S. Hawley, Pa., that God would give healing of body and mind to a very unhappy man whose distress verges on insanity.—Reader, Haxlet, N. J., that she and her daughter might recover their lost sense of hearing.—Reader, Pine Plains, N. Y., for the recovery of an elderly lady who has lost her reason and of her brother who is despondent.—S. H. Y., Helbron, Neb., that her husband who is grievously afflicted may be healed by Christ's power.—Subscriber, Huntington, Pa., that the life of a dear mother may be spared and she may be raised up with renewed health and strength.—Anxious Mother, Millington, Mass., that a beloved son who has become deranged may be restored and permanently recovered.—L. R. H. Shippensburg, Pa., that she and her mother and sister who are all suffering from nervous complaints may recover.—"Sisters in the Lord," Titusville, Pa., that a poor woman suffering from a cancer might be healed.—A. G., Arkadelphia, Ark., for the recovery of a beloved son who is about to submit to a critical operation; he is the sole support of his aged mother and is tenderly loved.—Distressed Believer, Athens, Ala., that the father of a little family may recover his health.—C. Murphy, Ia., that a young man who is studying for the ministry and is very sick, may recover.—The following persons also ask prayers for their restoration to health: J. C. L. Lodge Centre, Minn.; Believer, Kewanee, Ill.; E. L. L. Amboy, Minn.; "Sister in Christ," Mexico, N. Y.; H. A. E., San Diego, Cal.; C. Lisbon, N. H.; T. E. L., Charlton, Ia.; "Comfort," Savannah, Ill.; Reader, Skowhegan, Me.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91 to 102 Bible House, New York.

A Mightier Foe than Armies

OVERCOME BY A BRAVE UNION GENERAL AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY, DR. WILLIAMS.

From the Sentinel, Cherokee, Kansas.

At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in 1861, General Wiles was Captain and owner of the then well-known river steamboat, "Charley Potwin," plying between Zanesville and Parkersburg, but he immediately disposed of his boat and became enrolled as lieutenant in the 75th Ohio Infantry. At the battle of Fort Donelson, on February 16, 1862, Lieutenant Wiles was promoted from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel, for "brave and meritorious conduct on the field," and at the age of thirty-six General Wiles was colonel of his regiment, and while with Sherman, was gazetted brigadier-general.

The General lives the greater part of his time in Halstead, Kansas, though he is much in Windsor, New York, in both of which places he has business interests that require his presence.

Some few years ago General Wiles was attacked by illness, which came very near proving fatal. Typhoid fever, followed by inflammatory rheumatism and then paralysis, made a temporary wreck of the herculean frame, and in view of his advanced age, his anxious friends believed that he was not long for this world. The following is his own account of his illness:

"In the latter part of 1890, I was taken down with a severe attack of typhoid fever, which confined me to my bed for two months. Two months is a long time to be in bed, but I was not to get up yet, for inflammatory rheumatism seized me, and it was worse than the typhoid, for it was more painful. To add to my trouble and make it more interesting, the inflammatory rheumatism was followed by a stroke of paralysis, and I lost almost totally the use of my legs and arms, for I could not walk a step and could not feed myself. It would seem that I had reached the depths of misery, but such was not the case, for my kidneys gave out, and this seemed to be the last straw on the load that was to crush me.

"My friends all thought I would never recover, and though the doctors came to see me

and prescribed, it was easy to see that they were but trying to make my pathway to the grave a little more easy, without the remotest hope of recovery, and I looked forward to death with happiness.

"While in this frame of mind, I was advised by friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and began the use of them, taking one pill after each meal, and this I continued for one week, and began to fancy I perceived improvement in my condition. I then increased the dose to two after each meal, and at the end of the second week there was no doubt but what Pink Pills were making me better, so I kept on using them according to directions, and in three months was a well man."

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



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Deaf-Mutes in India.

In the *Indian Witness* the surprising statement is made that there is in that country a great army of deaf-mutes. A missionary in Calcutta writes: "There are round numbers 200,000 deaf-mutes in all India—the census figures being 196,861 in 1911. Deaf-mutes are taught on two systems—the one by a study of the movements of the lips and surrounding muscles, the other by the movements of the hand, with special reference to the positions of the fingers—shortly, by the lip and hand. There are seven female deaf-mutes to every one male leper in 1881, and in 1891 six male deaf-mutes to two female lepers; which is three deaf-mutes to every one leper girl or woman."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For Christ's Crown, and other sermons, by James Russell, D.D. A collection of live, vivid, and pointed discourses; cloth binding; pp. 128; price \$1.50. Wilbur B. Ketchum, New York, publisher.

No Place for Repentance, by Ellen F. Pinsent, delightful little story of English rural life; pp. 128; cloth covers; price 75 cents. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

First Annual Report of the Commissioners of the Game and Forests of the State of New York. For interesting matter, typographical excellence and beauty of illustration, few public documents can be compared with this handsome volume from the State Printers, the Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., of Albany, N. Y. The report is full of subjects of general interest to the community and which readily lend themselves to illustration. The volume abounds in half-tone engravings and contains a number of full page plates, in color, that would delight the student of nature and fishermen especially. These color plates are the work of Sherman F. Denton, the best of the United States Fish Commission, and are marvelously true to life. Altogether, the report is a model one and will be regarded as especially valuable by all students of natural history.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1897. A most useful, comprehensive and well illustrated manual for the farmer, orchard and garden, in which the buyer can find "The Plain Truth about Seeds." 144 pp. Atlee Burpee & Co., Fordhook Farm, Philadelphia, Pa., publishers.

Fowler's Book of Good Things for the Garden and Lawn on Seeds, Bulbs and Plants; a useful illustrated catalogue of the newest and best seeds, plants and bulbs, which will be found serviceable for the amateur or professional farmer or gardener. 32 pp. Published by J. Roscoe Fuller Co., Floral Park, N. Y.

Seed Annual for 1897. An illustrated handbook for the use and guidance of the cultivators of flowers, fruits and garden vegetables of all descriptions. Compact and full of information for agriculturists generally. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., publishers.

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We have introduced in this advertisement the whole programme as rendered at this evening's "Home Entertainment;" each selection was a reproduction of the original. You listen to the quality and strains of the cornet; you absolutely hear the picking of the banjo, while the quartette singing and the solo singing are the natural reproductions of the real artists.

So true to life are these reproductions that if you were to come into the hall and see the people gathered together and yet not know that the evening's entertainment was given by a reproducing or, as it is perhaps better known, a talking machine, you would really never know it unless you had a chance to enter the room.

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2. SONG—Tenor Solo, "Tramp, Tramp, T" by GEO. J. GASKIN.
3. BANJO SOLO, "Titus" by J. W. MYERS.
4. SONG—Baritone Solo, "Starlight, Starbright" by J. W. MYERS.
5. RECITATION, "Imitation of a Street Fakir" by GEO. GRAHAM.
6. MALE QUARTETTE—"Hedley," by MARY ANN.
7. SONG—Plantation Shout, "Bye, Bye, Ma Honey" by BILLY GOLDEN.
8. CORNET DUET, "Short and Sweet" by SIGNOR GIANNINI.
9. SONG, "La Marseillaise" by SIGNOR GIANNINI.

Part Second.

10. BANJO SOLO, "Hedley of Jigs and Reels" by GEO. J. GASKIN.
11. SONG—Tenor Solo, "Down in Poverty" by GEO. J. GASKIN.
12. MALE QUARTETTE—"Negro Song," by EUGENE FIELD.
13. RECITATION—Poem by Eugene Field, "Depression" by DAN W. QUINN.
14. DRUM AND FIFE (Descriptive), "Spirit of the Drum" by DAN W. QUINN.
15. SONG—Baritone Solo, "I Want Yer, Ma Honey" by DAN W. QUINN.
16. RECITATION, "Side Show" by GEO. GRAHAM.
17. SONG—(M. Farkoa's Great Success, "French Laughing Song") by J. W. MYERS.
18. SONG—Baritone Solo, "Say Au Revoir, But Not Goodbye" by J. W. MYERS.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 6.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

Price Five Cents.



A PULPIT, ORGAN AND CHOIR ON WHEELS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. (See Page 102.)



Questions and Answers.

B. R., Greensburg, Pa. Did the Mosaic law sanction polygamy or was it a sin for the Hebrew to have more than one wife?

The law dealt with it as it dealt with slavery and other evils it found in existence. It operated against them by making them difficult and onerous. It enacted that if a Hebrew married more than one wife, he must not show partiality and he must not impoverish the first wife to enrich the second, nor must he neglect the first wife to honor the second. Both or all wives must be treated alike. Few men would marry second and third wives under such obligations and, as a matter of fact few did; and in the instances recorded (such as 1. Samuel 1: 6), they were the cause of domestic discomfort. God by his providence, thus showing that polygamy was not approved by him.

Dr. H., Westboro, O. 1. What does the delivering to Satan, mentioned in 1. Cor. 5: 5 and 1. Tim. 1: 20, refer to? 2. How can God be said (as in Isa. 45: 7) to create evil?

1. The phrase has caused much speculation, but there is no doubt that it indicates some form of excommunication. The man is put out of the church, the fold of God, temporarily, on account of his wrongdoing. It was probably so persistent and inexcusable that the Apostle despaired of Christian influences effecting a change. He must be made to feel how wicked he was, and by the church expelling him they practically gave him up for the time. This was probably regarded as delivering him to Satan. They ceased to bring Christian love to bear upon him, and let him go as a hopeless case. In at least one of the cases, it is thought, the discipline had a good effect, if, as is probable, the offender is the one referred to in 1. Cor. 2: 6-8. 2. Evil in that passage is evidently put in contrast with peace. It doubtless meant that God had in his power the means of inflicting punishment. The writers of the Old Testament recognized God's hand in everything. When war and social disturbance came upon the nation, the ordinary people would speak of it as an evil that had befallen them, and might blame their rulers. The prophet refers them to God and reminds them of their sins. The Lord sends both peace and war, the good and the evil.

F. V., Flint, Mich. Is there not a contradiction between the statement in Deut. 24: 16 and several other passages, such as 1. Kings 21: 29; 11. Kings 10: 7, 10?

No, the passage in Deuteronomy is a law forbidding the Hebrews to punish a son for his father's sin. He was not to be even brought to trial as a hostage. He must answer for his own sins and no others. The instances you cite from Kings were not instances of criminal procedure, but of national and dynastic convulsion. In the one case the calamity was temporarily averted when the king humbled himself, but it came afterward. In the other case there was a revolution and the successful rebel made a wholesale slaughter, as was common in Oriental revolutions.

C. H., Iron Mount, Mo. 1. Was the experience Paul describes (Rom. 7: 23) his own? 2. Is it right to prefix the title "Rev." to a minister's name?

1. The question is disputed. To us, it seems probable that it was his past experience. When he tried to live by the law he found rebellion in his nature. The law was good. There was no doubt of that. But when he tried to do what the law commanded he failed. The good that he wanted to do he did not do, but he did the evil that he hated. His conscience was right and his intentions were good, but, as it is with so many, his life fell short. The conflict was distressing. His cry: "O, wretched man that I am!" shows how he suffered. He wanted power to live up to his ideal. At last he found it in Christ. His delight is shown in his exclamation: "I thank God through Jesus Christ!" 2. It is merely courtesy. Several ministers, however, have represented it. Dr. A. L. Gordon, Mr. Spurgeon, and others prefix the title "pastor."

M. A. T., Warren, Pa. Do you think the suicide who was once converted, might be saved, or do you think he taking his own life he would lose his inheritance in heaven?

If he ever had an inheritance in heaven we do not believe that he would lose it by taking his own life. Persons who are united to Christ by faith and have become heirs of God, would not commit suicide, as no murderer (and a suicide is a self-murderer) has eternal life abiding in him (see 1. John 3: 15). If such a person took his own life he is certain that his reason had become unbalanced by grief, or

trouble, or anxiety, and that he was irresponsible. Any person who, having his reason and his mental powers unimpaired, deliberately kills himself, would give evidence by his act that he was not a true Christian, and therefore had never an inheritance in heaven.

Subscriber A. A., Quebec, Can. Did Judas purchase a field, as stated in Acts 1: 18, or did the priests purchase it, as stated in Matt. 27: 7?

It is probable that the priests purchased it. Peter in his speech recorded in Acts gave the net result. Judas made no gain by his treachery. All that he did by it was to provide a field to bury strangers in.

John McF., Catlin, N. Y. 1. Where did Solomon die and where can the record be found? 2. How long did the Christian Church continue to worship in the Jewish Temple?

1. The Bible record of his death is in 1. Kings 11: 43, and 11. Chronicles 9: 31. It simply relates that he slept with his fathers and was buried in the City of David. Farrar narrates the tradition current among the Jews as to his death. It is that Solomon went up to the Temple to worship. He stood there engaged in prayer, a picturesque figure with his long, white hair floating over the imperial mantle, and wearing the gold crown that Bathsheba, his mother, gave him. As he stood leaning on his staff, death came to him, but

was written. Baptism takes the place of circumcision only so far forth as it is initiatory. Whether administered to infants, or to adult believers only, it is an expression of the beginning of the life under the Christian dispensation. The infant, by the act of its parents, is dedicated to Christ and made so far as an external act can make it, nominally a Christian. The adult believer, by his own act, makes it at the beginning of his life as a public confession of Christ. In both it is initiatory as circumcision was. The child, by circumcision, became nominally and outwardly "a son of Abraham," but if he grew up disobedient to the law he was no true son of Abraham. The child baptized, or the adult believer baptized, becomes nominally a Christian, but if he does not live Christ's life he is no true Christian. 2. Dr. Talmage was not immersed in the Jordan, but he immersed a candidate who expressed a wish to undergo the ceremony.

Replying to "Reader's" letter, Marion Harland writes:

Coffee-cake will not keep long; being made of butter and milk, both of which "perish with the keeping" as well as the "using." I have eaten black (i. e. wedding fruit) cake, ten years old, that was good. If kept wrapped in tin-foil and in a tight tin box there is no reason why it should not keep half a century.

We believe this letter will kindle a response in the breast of many a reader who may be afflicted with a "temper."

W. C., Eaton Rapids, Mich. In your answer to D. G. M., Tracy, Cal., your advice was very good, if suppression is what he needs, but I think he needs extermination of the temper, and as I suffered from the same infirmity for forty-four years, I can tell him how I was cured instantaneously. Evil temper was my besetting sin. Oh, how I have agonized in prayer that the Lord would help me to overcome and he did help me, but there would be times when I failed, and I was almost in despair of ever having complete victory, but over five years ago the Lord revealed to me that the blood of Jesus

would be hopelessly involved, recalling the famous exposition of the law of consanguinity (by an English writer), as it applied to the case of a bishop who, being a widower with family, married a widow with a family. The had children and the three generations were living simultaneously under the episcopal roof. The exposition—a marvel of lucidity—was: "His'n can marry her'n; and her'n can marry his'n. But their'n can't marry each other, nor his'n her'n."

Reader, Glidden, I. We have a new church organization. The young church started out with much zeal and spirit, and built a handsome house or worship, and all went well for a while, but a spirit of dissension arose over church organ. A part of the congregation objected to having organ music, but the minister and the majority of the laity wished to have organ. It was left to a vote, and was decided about a two to one vote in favor of the organ. And now, as we are trying to hold a revival meeting, some of the anti-organists are throwing cold water on the meetings by claiming that the organ is in the way of the spirituality of the services.

The organ is now so universally used and recognized as a great aid to devotional singing that it is surprising to find people still opposing it; but such prejudices are dying out. The Psalms were set to instrumental music, the organ being a specially chosen instrument (see 1. 150: 4). It is difficult to understand how an instrument could stand in the way of a church's spiritual advancement if it be used properly and with a due appreciation of the sanctity of the occasion.

D. F. E., Charlottesville, Va. Does not the fact that the camel, the elephant, the sheep, and the deer are practically in the same condition that it were thousands of years ago disprove the doctrine of Evolution?

No, it simply proves that in that period there have made no progress in developing into higher order. If they are capable of high development, we can see no signs of it. If their ancestors developed from lower forms of life, the present representatives of the species are not continuing to develop.

W. D. M., Paris, Tenn. Why did John Baptist send his disciples to Jesus know whether he was the Christ, whether they were to look for another (Matt. 11: 2-4.)

It may have been for their own satisfaction. But John was himself probably in doubt. If, as is likely, he shared the Jewish expectation that the Messiah would be a king, he must have been surprised, as the disciples were, that Christ did not declare himself. He may have wondered, too, at his being left in prison. Christ kept John's disciples with him to witness his miracles and preaching and then sent them back to report what they had seen, in order that John might understand how fulfilled the prophecies.

L. E. B., Downs, Kan. 1. How can there be sins of omission and commission? 2. Who are the dead referred to as being the dead in Luke 9: 60? 3. Is it right for a woman to speak in church (see 1. Cor. 14: 34, 35.)

1. A sin of omission is when a man fails to obey, or do his duty, as when he has an opportunity to relieve a brother in distress and fails to do it. A sin of commission is a sin committed as when a man tells a lie. 2. The burial in Palestine were very elaborate affairs involving foolish ceremonies and much waste of time. The man who wanted to give the funeral of his father showed that he was not sufficiently appreciative of the privilege being with Christ. Such ceremonies at funerals might be left to those who were not spiritually quickened. 3. See answer to Matron, in this journal on Jan. 6, page 10.

Mrs. H. F. R., New Haven, Ct. Several times I have seen in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the name "Krikorian," the last time as that of a man massacred in Turkey, with his wife and children. A young man by that name graduated at Yale, New Haven, preached in church twice when we needed a supply, while here, made his home with my family. I have an autograph I find in an album, the property of our grandson.

The name is by no means uncommon in the East. There are several persons of that name now in the United States.

E. Louise Hackett, 1424 Euclid Ave., Philadelphia, writes: "If Subscriber, Fall River, Mass., send his name and address, I will send extract of a sermon preached by Rev. Wilbur Chapman, the 'Unpardonable Sin.'—Inquirer, Bangor, Me. We do not know the verses." W. E. Knappa, Ore. Write to the various English publishers. We doubt whether it can be had in the United States.—Old Subscriber, Rushville, Ind. See Exod. 20th chap. 2. We do not know relationship. 3. Eighteen years.—W. C. D., Brighton, Pa. The facts stated in the Bible all that are known on the subject, and they do settle the point you raise. Is it of any importance.—D. M. B., Grandview, Ia. As he was an Apostle we presume he was a Christian. We can imagine Christ appointing a man who could not so described.—Peter Van Dale, Milwaukee, Wis. See answer to "Matron" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 6th, and to "Constant Reader," New Haven, of January 13th. "There no way of ascertaining the other facts you so.—Peace, D., Kon, Mass. It is clearly your son, then what you might do at another time. Subscriber, N. Y. June 13th will be Sunday, October 6th Wednesday.—S. Boggs, Inners, Ont. Write to Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass. for the information wanted.



RUINS OF THE FIRST SPANISH SETTLEMENT IN PERU.

The story of the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, in the early part of the sixteenth century, is one of the romances of history. It was for a time the centre of Spanish power. Our illustration shows all that remains of the first settlement built by the Spaniards, who had selected sites which it was hoped would in time become great and populous cities. The photograph is a reminder of the Spanish conquest—a group of roofless, untenanted dwellings, whose builders and occupants are now only a shadowy memory.

the staff supported the corpse. The priests saw that he was dead, but feared to touch him, because on his dead hand was the famous ring with which he had worked wonders of sorcery. But a mouse ran out from its hole and gnawed at the leather at the foot of the staff until it slipped and the great king fell on the floor and his crown rolled in the dust. 2. It is probable that the Christians went individually to the Temple to worship until the city was besieged. Then, heeding Christ's warning (Luke 21: 20, 21), they fled. Paul was worshipping in the Temple (Acts 21: 27), near the close of his ministry about the year 58. The Temple was destroyed in A. D. 70.

M. C. R., Tadmor, O. Is there a book or work of any kind on the United States Navy, one that gives the history, building, cost, etc., of the different vessels?

Write to the *Naval Register*, Washington, D. C., or to the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Spofford.

A. W. McAllum, La Verne, Tex. 1. Why do persons who claim that baptism takes in the New Testament the place that circumcision took in the Old Testament administer the rite to female children while circumcision was for males only? 2. Was Dr. Talmage immersed in the Jordan?

1. There is Apostolic precedent for baptizing women (see Acts 16: 15). Woman's place in the new dispensation is higher than it was in the old. All through the Old Testament there is evident implication of her inferiority; but in the new, her equality with man before God was coming to recognition and it has been steadily advancing since the New Testament

Christ could cleanse from all sin, and that if I trusted God entirely to do this work for me leaving it all to him, he would do it, (for no man even with the help of God could take a particle of sin from his own nature.) I then went to God in prayer, making a full consecration and surrender of self and all that I had, or expected to have, or should have, and it was done and well done, for I have kept sweet ever since, and what God has done for me he will do for everybody if they fulfil the conditions.

W. W. B., Andover, Me. Are there any of the Armenian children being brought to this country? It seems to me that there ought to be an extensive work done in bringing them here and getting them into pleasant homes. Can't there be something done to interest our churches?

In the future, some such movement may be tried, but at present it is impracticable. All the missionaries can do just now is to strive to keep the orphans from falling into Mohammedan hands, where escape or rescue would be almost hopeless.

Constant Reader, Weston, Mo. Where, when, and by whom was the first Sunday School started?

By Robert Raikes, in Gloucester, England, in the year 1784.

Reader, Pa. Is it lawful or unlawful for a man to marry his father's third wife's daughter?

Unlawful, if she be the father's daughter as well, but lawful if she be no blood relation but the daughter of the third wife by a former marriage. But in either case it would generally be regarded as an inexpedient marriage. The husband of the daughter would be his own father's son and son-in-law, and his own wife's half brother by marriage. In a second generation the exact degree of relationship

A PULPIT AND CHOIR ON WHEELS.

How the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., Solves the Problem of Carrying the Gospel to the Masses.

ONE of the familiar spectacles of the streets on the outskirts of the National Capital is that depicted in the picture on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week. It is reproduced from an actual photograph taken specially for this journal. The Central Union Mission, which is practically the city evangelization society of Washington, sends out its wagon on Sunday afternoons and week-day evenings every year from the beginning of May to the end of October, visiting every section of the city. Gospel speakers and Gospel singers with their

the meetings at one or other branch of the Mission, and have there been led to Christ. Many conversions have occurred, too, at these open-air meetings. At this very place a poor girl one evening last summer went to the side of the wagon and asked for some one to pray with her. In tearful voice she said, "Since mother died, I have had no one to help me live right." She was pointed to the Saviour, and her sub-

friends who bring their instruments and make quite an orchestra for the services. The wagon has abundant accommodation for thirty singers and speakers and so earnest are the friends of the Mission in the work that when the wagon sets out it is seldom there is a seat vacant.

branches of mission and educational work. With the co-operation of the Bowery Mission, she has established a Sewing School for girls under fifteen years of age, and it has already met with marked success. It meets every Monday and Thursday at 3 P.M. in the Bowery Mission Hall, and the programme includes a brief Gospel service, singing, and prayer, followed by two hours of sewing lessons. The attendance already averages between fifty and sixty girls, and the number is steadily increasing. Half a score nationalities are represented. The girls have already learned to love their gentle and efficient teacher, and the discipline is perfect. It is believed that the Sewing School will soon number over a hundred pupils.

Speaking of the work among the young girls in which she is now enthusiastically occupied, Miss Hoge said to the writer:

"It is our little children who are making society, and who will soon be on the highway of life, walking worthily and helpfully onward, or filling our almshouses, penitentiaries, insane asylums, and prisons, according to the direction we give to their lives. The next generation lies like plastic clay in our hands. The babies of a few short years ago now pass their wasted lives in our state institutions, or struggle outside with poverty and temptation. The tramps, the thriftless workers, whose work



THE AUDITORIUM.

Of the general work of the Central Union Mission, descriptions have appeared from time to time in previous numbers of this journal. From the report of last year's work, we learn that the operations and means of usefulness have gone on multiplying and developing.

CHEERING LOWLY LIVES.

A Young Christian Worker's Labors Among the Neglected East-side Girls



N the great cosmopolitan hive of East-side New York, every nationality under the sun is represented in the tenements and slums. For many years, the Bowery Mission has been doing an excellent work among these people. Its Gospel services have been largely attended, not only by the waifs and strays of the Bowery proper, but by people from the nearby tenements, and many have attended the meetings in the Mission Hall, and have been led to nobler ambitions and better lives. But while these efforts were being put forth in behalf of the men of the East-side, it was felt that there was an equal if not a greater need of similar efforts in behalf of the women and girls of that densely populated section.

A few weeks ago, Miss Ruby Maude Hoge, a young Southern lady and a Chris-



MISS RUBY M. HOGE.

when we get it, is anything but good; the hundreds of defaulters who are exposed, and the thousands who tamper with doubtful ways as yet undiscovered; the army of men and women, unsuccessful and discouraged, because out of place, or untrained for their work—all these were the victims of their environment. Can any one doubt the difference to these unfortunates, if half the money, time, and thought, now spent in supporting them, and defending ourselves from their mistakes, had been spent in loving, intelligent care of their bodies, brains, and hearts, at the time when every habit of life is receiving its direction? The children which compose my larger Sewing Class are many of them saturated with sin, and apparently dead to every ray of refinement or gentility—having lived their poor little lives on doorsteps, in alley-ways—kicked and beaten about cruelly by brutal parents, and hardened by constant contact with surroundings which beggar description. Their eagerness to gain admittance into my domain, their affectionate outbursts of appreciation for the stories I relate to them—and the various ways by which I strive to inculcate knowledge and truth in them—would touch the hearts of many in the outside world, who know so little of what we see hourly. I find encouragement with each succeeding day in the interest which my girls exhibit, and the tender and warm, yet crude, expressions of their love. It seems so sad and pitiful that these hundreds of little waifs cannot be gathered up and placed in a different and purer atmosphere, having the advantages of culture and education. When we rise to the heights our poets would have us, and believe that children do come 'trailing clouds of glory,' and that for them as for us, 'tis only God can be had for the asking, we shall plant worthily in our beautiful child-garden, and also reap as we sow."



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE CENTRAL UNION MISSION.

organ thus go forth literally into "the highways and lanes" to proclaim to those who are out of the way the glad tidings of salvation. Audiences such as that shown in the picture are gathered in some sections, while in others, the hearers are men and women of other types. The mission workers have the same message for all, believing that for the aristocrat and the plebeian, the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the supreme need is the same. During the nine years that the wagon has been going out on its errand of Gospel service, thousands of persons have heard the message of the Cross preached and sung, who never enter the house of God, and who in the midst of Christian privileges are almost as ignorant of the real truths of Christianity as are the heathen of Africa. Among the crowds which gather, however, there are some to whom the Gospel message is familiar, but who through poverty, or the pressure of life's burdens, or the power of temptation, or the bonds of dissipation, have deserted the God of their fathers and are leading godless lives. Many a time the speakers and singers have seen as they glanced over the crowd, the tear prompted by childhood's memories, hastily brushed away and the eager, almost incredulous look of one who hears how readily God welcomes the returning prodigal and restores to the repentant backslider the joy of his salvation. None can ever tell how many, to whom such a message is a glad surprise, have heard it from that wagon, who would never have heard it in any other way.

The section in which the wagon stood when our photograph was taken is near the river, one of the poorest quarters of the city, where the white and colored population is mixed up indiscriminately, and all shades of color are seen, from the pure Caucasian to the blackest negro. During the summer and fall the wagon visits it regularly and audiences of three to four hundred usually gather. The meetings in this section have been most successful, a large number of both men and women who heard the Gospel from the wagon have been induced to attend

sequent life has proved how mighty is the power of Christ to transform the soul that trusts in him. From this section many such souls have been gathered in, which no church or mission could have reached in any other way. At Market Space, at Washington Circle, and at the Wharf the results have been remarkable.

The wagon itself is a model vehicle for the purpose. The body is twenty feet



THE GIRLS' CLASS AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

long and seven wide. The seats are arranged lengthwise so that the occupants face the congregation as the people gather at the side of the wagon. In the middle, a section, working on hinges, opens outward and forms a convenient platform for the speakers. In the front of the wagon the organ has its place, and the workers, knowing the power of music, welcome the aid that is frequently given by musical

tian worker of some experience, volunteered her services as the conductor of an effort in behalf of the neglected East-side women and girls. Miss Hoge, who is a native of Florida, has for the last two years been engaged in charitable and benevolent work in other cities. She is a graduate of the Philadelphia Training School for Kindergartners, and has done good service in that city in various



HARBOR OF HOME.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., } "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how
on the Text: Mark 5: 19. . . . } great things the Lord hath done for thee."



HERE are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. That word is HOME. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and murderers in embryo. Vile songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that door-sill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair.

The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrible.

I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay cos-

tume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest; it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as a north-east storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home." If we have it not there we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack our arms: we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack; we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still capture of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put into the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! there we go for repairs in the dry dock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the light-house guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner-stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overthrow and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the Constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling-houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home. No republic.

Further, I remark, that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plough, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after-life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth, if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes

only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, a brightness, and all good cheer. A dar home makes bad boys and bad girls, a preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication, night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? Oh, you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on the deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof over Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parent personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of the earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that earthly home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the man forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart altar and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my childhood, I will forget thee; the family altar of a father's importunity and mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead; father at mother, with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then. You know, my brother, that hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad ear home never gets over that.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. I think that the window and the balconies were thronged, as that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds, I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found on He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; Mazzini, from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help him in—that he more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home. Death will never knock at the door of the mansion, and in all that country there is but a single grave. How glad parents are holiday time to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that almo-

ways there is a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven! And how delightful will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly;" now it is "face to face." corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep; and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said:

"Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said, "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home!"

INDIA'S VICEROY APPEALS.

Lord Elgin Cables "The Christian Herald" that All Aid for that Famine-Stricken Land will be Welcomed—Famine and Pestilence Spreading.



In response to a cable message of inquiry from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, addressed to His Excellency, the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Viceroy of India, relative to the actual condition of affairs in the famine districts, the extent of the suffering and the need of help. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, has received the following cablegram:

Calcutta, Feb. 2, 1897.
Your cablegram received. The Famine Fund Committee will welcome all contributions. Money is preferred to grain.
(Signed) VICEROY.

This important dispatch by cable, from the ruler of over 300,000,000 human beings, puts at rest all doubt as to the duty of helping the famine-stricken people of India. It also clearly indicates what form the relief should take.

Panic has already begun among the population in some of the cities, especially in Bombay, where 200 are dying daily of plague. The churches have held special services for humiliation and prayer to the Almighty to stay the plague. Nearly half a million persons have fled in terror from the city, and many have carried the deadly infection to districts hitherto free from its visitations. Karachi, the rival seaport, and Bandra have both already suffered severely. Bandra is probably the worst of all the famine-stricken districts, the destitution being almost universal; indeed, one correspondent states that "practically the entire population is without food." He pictures them as crowds of starving beggars, mere skeletons, weakly screaming for succor.

thousands. To reach these remote sections with relief is now the task of government officials and missionaries alike, but it is a most gigantic, not to say perilous undertaking.

The missionaries are remaining faithful at their posts everywhere, although native merchants, rich Europeans and even officials are moving away to the safer localities. Food and medicine are greatly needed—food most of all, however, as it is the famine that invites the pestilence in every instance. It is essentially a "poor man's plague," since the victims almost all belong to the lower classes. One of the most pitiful sights, as a correspondent reports, is the multitudes of children who, left alone by the death of their relatives, are taken in and sheltered by kind natives. These latter, however, are too poor to feed the little strangers, and so the children, more like skeletons than human beings, droop and die without a murmur, their wistful yet uncomplaining eyes looking sadly at the world that has nothing for them but death by starvation.

A great shock, which has added to the burden of suffering, is the revelation that the reserve famine fund which the Indian government was generally believed to have provided in anticipation of such a visitation as the present, has practically no existence. It has been misappropriated.



A WELL AT POONA—ONE OF THE PLAGUE CENTRES OF INDIA.

At Andheri and Poona the people are no better off. Plague refugees have reached these places and victims multiply. Bombay seems to be a veritable centre of pestilence, from which waves of infection radiate widely throughout a very extensive section of India. Its streets are dotted at intervals with the blackened corpses of unburied victims, and there is hardly an effort to comply with the sanitary laws. It is noted as a remarkable instance of exemption that nearly up to the end of January not a single case of plague had occurred in the Christian orphanages of Bombay and Bandra.

Great anxiety is felt lest the plague should break out in Calcutta, and it is not believed that it can long escape. So insanitary and altogether wretched are the buildings and their surroundings that the government officials believe that the only way to purify the city, should plague come, would be to employ fire—the universal sanitary agent in Asiatic cities, where the pollution of generations lies in the soil.

Little news comes from the central districts where the famine is now raging, and where the plague has already set its grim hand on the feeble and emaciated population, sweeping them off by uncounted

and applied to other purposes, so, through the misdeeds of heartless officials many millions of people are sacrificed. The Russian relief fund has not proved a success, and the relief movement in England makes slow progress. In this distressing condition of affairs the missionaries, in behalf of the starving and plague-stricken people, must look to Christian individuals and communities, rather than governments. As a means of aiding in this work of succor, and at the urgent request of many readers, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will undertake to forward to the missionaries stationed at the centres of famine and sickness in the interior, such contributions as may be sent to us for that purpose. All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns. The following have been received to date for the Indian Relief work:

Rev T DeWitt Tal-
mage, D.D., 100 00
Louis Klopsch, 100 00
P B Bromfield, 25 00
M D Carter, 1 00
Rufus Lord, 5 00
R J Quale, 5 00
Mrs H Diefenbacher, 1 00
Miss Addie Conner, 1 00
Mrs Rose, 5 00
Alex Hamilton, 1 00
Mrs J C Leuellen, 1 00
—, Schenectady, 1 00
A P O, Balto, 1 00
Dora A Bloss, 1 00
W J, John A, Mary
A & B Buchanan, 4 00
P S R, Worcester, 10
Friends, Lansingb'g, 10
M A Shepard, 1 00
P V Crittenden, 1 00
John T Selsam and
wife, 2 00
—, Largo, 3 00

The Walter Family, 1 00
Christian Friends, Pa., 2 00
Spokane, 1 00
I A H, Veterans Home, 5 00
J S C, Leipsic, 2 50
C M Brown, 1 00
Mr and Mrs Adam Miller, 1 00
C E Brayton, 3 00
V M P, Kennett Sq, Pa., 2 00
H N, Leacock, 1 00
Friend I H N, 5 00
In His Name, Plainville, 1 00
Tallasee, 5 00
Mary Barton, 1 00
D M Buckwalter, 1 00
Friend, Patterson, 2 00



A TYPICAL INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR.

B S W, Elizabeth, 1 00
N J, 1 00
J M Moffitt, 5 00
Mrs Mary Stevenson and mother, 8 00
Anon., 5 00
Chas F Ziemann & family, 2 00
Laura and Julia Cadmus, 50
Bernard Dotson, 2 50
Union Soc of C E, Kans, 2 50
Peter Johnson, 5 00
The Lenox House, 5 00
Mrs C E Harding, 10 00
MKB, Portsmouth, 5 00
Mrs R B Wills, 1 00
—, Strasburg, 1 00
Subr, Princeton, 1 00
A, Winchendon, 1 00
M J Gibson, 1 00
C C Gibson, 1 00
R A Radell, 50
P Sausser, 5 00
GAREbman, 1 00
WTCleaver, 5 00
AE Watson, 1 00
John MWilson, 2 00
Edward G Sharp, 2 00
R A Austin, 3 00
C A Hagaman, 3 00
A D Worthington, 5 00
Aea der, Jewell, 2 00
GHD, Phila, 1 00
A T, Red Bank, 25
H, Newtown, 50
J D M, Lester, 5 00
A subr, York, 1 00
I Dumpf, 1 00
D I Wagar, 1 00
A friend, 5 00
H Harris, 2 00
J G Horn, 2 00
L M Lane, 1 00
Miss Giles, 1 00
Jack, 1 00
L A Smyth, 3 50
Belk Bros, 10 00
E A Smith, 3 00
Gilbert Buie, 25
IHN, Balto, 1 00
I L Booth, 25
D O Adams, 5 00
Wm Harker, 1 00
Mrs H Fort, 5 00
Hester Dyer, 1 00
Ethel Owen, 25
Betsey Jorgenson, 1 00
Sophie Peterson, 1 00
W T Domin and J A Younts, 2 00
Christian Friend, 1 00
Dispatch, 3 00
In Jesus' Name, Springfield, 5 00
Mrs M A M, Pettisville, 1 00
L M S, Cincinnati, 1 00
Otis W Tucker, 1 00
Jos K Wheeler, 12 00
N R Phila, 2 50
Mrs J Hazard, 10 00
In Jesus' Name, IS Mich, 5 00
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C N Storkey, 1 00
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G H O, Jersey City, 1 00
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Friend, Dundas, 5 00
F N S, San Francisco, Cal., 2 50
Mrs Julia Kuhn, 1 00
Friend, Balto, 10 00
—, Upper Montclair, 3 50
Wm W Morgan, 4 05
Reader, Groveport, 1 70
Edith K Wallace, 1 00
Taylor Dryden, 2 00
Mrs Phoebe Crew, 2 00
L H McCall, 1 00
M G, Duluth, 1 00
B Bradford, 5 00
Mrs D B McClure, 5 00
Wm H Vega, 1 00
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Mrs N C Emerson, 5 00
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G W Hagen, 1 00
Mrs M McQueen, 1 00
Alice McQueen, 25
Cora & Everett McQueen, 35
John B Cameron, 25
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Simon A Hershey, 1 00
Friend, Bristol, 50
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Child of God, Lowell, 1 00
F J McGinley, 1 00
B A Shearer, 5 00
J Z Detweiler, 5 00
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A C Douglass, 1 00
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For Jesus' Sake, McLouth, 1 00
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Mary J Twinem, 10 00
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Eloise Baker, 1 00
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John and Matilda Denison, 75
Friend, Palmer, 2 50
Mr and Mrs B P Childs, 2 50
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Mrs T O Wallace, 50
No Name, Belmar, 5 00
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Ida, Elmer, Floyd & Myrtle Stahl, 1 65
Alcolu School, 3 54
Paul Johnson, 50
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Mrs Erickson, 25
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Total, \$740.09

THE MASSACRE ON THE NIGER.

Character and Appearance of the Warlike African Tribes Who Slaughtered the Peace Embassy at Benin—A Land of Treacherous Savages.



A KING OF THE GOLD COAST AND HIS COURT.



CAPTAIN BOISRAGON.

TO almost every country having distant colonial possessions in the midst of semi-savage tribes, there comes periodically an experience, sharp and painful, like that which England is undergoing at the present time, in consequence of the massacre of a British Peace Expedition by native tribesmen of the Gold Coast. That section of Africa has been called the "White Man's Grave," and in view of its deadly climate and the frequent treacheries of its native races, it has well deserves the appellation. For the account of this latest tragedy only British sources of information are yet available. It appears that for some time past the officials of the Niger Coast Protectorate have found trade seriously impeded by King Dvumah, of Benin, who would neither admit white traders to his territory nor allow his own subjects to traffic with Europeans. A British expedition started from the coast inland, on last New Year's Day for Benin City, to use their personal influence with the king. The party was headed by Acting Consul-General J. R. Phillips, Vice-Consul Major Crawford, Captain Boisragon, commander of the Protectorate forces, Captain Maling, two members of the Consular Staff, Messrs. Locke and Campbell, medical officer Elliott, and two young civilians, Messrs. Powis and Gordon. For escort they had a number of unarmed Kroomen and native carriers. They went up the Benin river in a yacht to Spacle, forty miles inland, and thence started by road for Benin City. On entering Benin territory the expedition was surprised and slaughtered. At one part of the journey the jungle was so thick that a number of Kroomen were sent ahead to clear the path. The whole party had been divided into three detachments for facility in traveling—a vanguard, a main body and a rear. On the main detachment coming up, they were surprised to find the bodies of the Kroomen all dead and horribly mutilated, lying scattered in the bush. When the rear of the expedition came up and all were gathered together, they were attacked by an overwhelming force of natives who had been in ambush and were almost instantly overpowered and cut down. Captain Boisragon and another member of the party (believed to be Mr. Locke) were the only persons

who escaped the general massacre. They had taken the precaution to arm themselves secretly with pistols, and when attacked shot down several of the tribesmen and then escaped to the bush. After encountering many perils and almost dying of thirst, they managed to find their way back to a point of safety when they announced the news of the massacre.

Public feeling in England is greatly stirred up over this latest African tragedy, and steps are already being taken to administer severe punishment to the treacherous native monarch and his people. The troops of the Niger Coast Protectorate, 450 strong, with sixteen officers and an efficient artillery service, will probably be used in the punitive campaign now to open, and they will be supplemented by three small warships, the *Phaëbe*, *Philomel* and *Alecto*, while other vessels from the West African Squadron could be brought up speedily. As the district is intersected by streams, a naval contingent must play an important part in the expedition.

The King of Benin is one of the most brutal monarchs of West Africa, a

It is said that the natives of Benin regard their king as divine, and worship him accordingly. They believe that he neither eats nor sleeps, and in this ignorant notion they are supported by the native priests. The king is a fine-looking man, and on state occasions appears encased in coral, though the costume of his subjects is conspicuous by its absence. The territory of Benin is mostly swamp and dense forest. Bush paths are the only roads, and water is very scarce. Benin City itself, however, stands in a clearing. It is sixty miles from the coast, but the journey can be made by water to Gwato, within twenty-five miles distance, before entering the forest.

In a recent interview in the London *Graphic*, Mr. J. H. Swainson, a traveler who has visited Benin, gave an interesting description of "The City of Blood," by which designation it is known. Mr. Swainson said they sent word to the king that they were coming to visit his city. The king kept them outside his town for two days until his "fetish" was satisfied that the visit should be allowed. Twice he appointed a day to see the white men, and each time the arrangement was broken. Late one night a messenger arrived from the king asking Mr. Swainson to come to the king's house. Mr. Swainson went, and the king asked him all about Captain Gallwey, his companion, and asked whether he should see him. The king next day held a palaver with Captain Gallwey. The king wore a garment entirely covered with beads except the finger ends, the toes, nose, mouth, etc. He could not move, and as the flies frequently alighted on these extremities, a black servant stood by to knock them off and scratch the monarch. A treaty was signed between the king and Queen Victoria, and subsequently the king invited the two white men to witness a human sacrifice which he had just ordered to be made. This was declined, and Captain Gallwey very courageously told his majesty that, having made the treaty, he would have to stop these human sacrifices. Mr. Swainson thought that the interpreter did not tell the king Captain Gallwey's exact words, otherwise there might have been trouble. Nevertheless, the human sacrifices took place. Captain Gallwey and Mr. Swainson were allowed to walk through the town, and

headless, some armless, or otherwise mutilated.

Our photographs, published on this page, were taken by Mr. F. W. Hughes, a correspondent, who not long ago visited Benin and the Gold Coast. They were taken from life and are specially interesting at the present time, in view of the recent massacre in that country, which will now in all likelihood be the scene of a war that will result in the obliteration of the heathen king and his court, and the annexation of Benin by the British.

THE CROSS.

Suggestions on the Epworth League Topic for Feb. 21, Isa. 53: 1-9.

IT is a strange thing that an instrument of humiliation, punishment and death should become a symbol of power and hope and eternal life. Howsoever the enemies of Christianity may argue and declaim they cannot deny the fact that to millions of men and women there is no symbol on earth to which they are so responsive as they are to the cross. There would be something repulsive in the symbol of the gallows, or the guillotine, but in the cross there are suggestions which make it inexpressibly dear. Yet it was not the means of ridding us of an enemy, or of avenging us of an injury, as the gallows might be; it was a means of torture to one whom we reverence and love. Why then is it a precious symbol? The passage associated with the topic explains the mystery. The pathetic story is told there in all its sadness and its glory. Thus Being, so dear to the Most High, growing up before him as a tender plant, full of the divine life which he is to impart to men, born to reveal God to the world, to be a clearer expression of him who had been speaking to the world in nature, in symbols and types, in the utterances of inspired prophets and poets, to show men what kind of life is possible in the human form, lays down his life on the cross. Just as the natives of an island



DISSEMBARKING ON THE GOLD COAST.



Photographed by F. W. Hughes.

A FANTEE "FETISH DANCE" AT BENIN.

"Ju-Ju" (or heathen god) follower, who maintains a ghastly system of human sacrifices. His capital, Benin City, is a stronghold of fierce fetish priests, and Captain Gallwey, who went some five years ago to conclude a treaty, describes the place as strewn with bones, skulls, and mutilated bodies, crucifixion and decapitation being the favorite modes of death.

saw at various points the bodies of human beings. One body was on a crucifix tree with arms and legs outstretched, another was that of a man who had been tied to a tree and starved to death, or account of there having been too much rain. Another had been similarly treated because the weather had been too hot, and at various parts of the city there were corpses, some

in the South Seas now rejoicing in civilization, might hear that all the blessings they enjoy flowed from the visit of some white man, who long ago pitied their darkness and went to enlighten them, but their fathers misunderstood him and killed him while his beneficent work was yet incomplete, so we listen to the story of Isaiah. As we rejoice in our changed life here, and our hope of heaven beyond, we think of how the revelation of Our Father who is in heaven came to us, how patient and gentle, and pure, and compassionate, and sympathetic its Bearer was, and we ask ourselves what reward came to him for all he suffered in bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows. Reward? The reward of being nailed to a cross to die under torture. Well, it was part of the undertaking. He knew it and he did not shrink from it. Beyond the agony and the wrenching assunder of soul and body, he saw down the vista of the centuries, thousands of the victims of sin escaping from their thralldom through his sacrifice, and he cheered himself as he said: "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." That divine magnetism is the hope of the world. From the sublime height of the Cross he extends a hand, and every man who grasps it is lifted up.

EL-AZHAR, COLLEGE OF FANATICS.

A Visit to the Greatest University in the World, at Cairo, Egypt, with 14,000 Moslem Students—Superstition as an Educational Element.

FOUR hundred mosques in Cairo, Egypt! That statement is substantially correct. Even the non-inquisitive tourist remarks that the Moslems have ample accommodations for religious services, and that the prayer-niches are conveniently situated. The most interesting of all the mosques is El-Azhar (the splendid or flowery), with its five minarets, one more than St. Sophia at Constantinople, where the Khatib (reader) dressed in a long red robe grasps a drawn sword as well as the Koran while reciting the prayer for the Sultan.

El-Azhar is famous as the seat of the great Mohammedan university, and is the centre for the study of Arabian literature. The instruction given in the Koran is gratuitous. There are now over 14,000 students in attendance which is the largest number ever reported. They come from Tunis, Turkey, and all Moslem lands. The only language spoken in the university is Arabic, and books written in other languages are prohibited. The large number of students may not indicate an intense desire for learning. If it be recollected that quite as much ado is made when a son enters the army as when he is buried, and as exemption of all members of the institution from military duty is ordered by law, the school may be safely reckoned as having thousands to whom the escaping from army life is the main inducement to study. There are two large courts paved with stone and connected by colonnade porches. The interior of the university building looks like a forest of columns, there being 400 of them, some of porphyry, some of marble, some of granite, said to have once stood in the porticoes of ancient Egyptian temples. This turning old structures into stone quarries is popular in the "Land of the Nile," for the Citadel is built of stones taken from the small pyramids of Gizeh. The students have no dormitories other than the open colonnades, where they sleep on the matting. They are not permitted to use coffee, at least in the bounds of the mosque; the cause for this restriction, however, I

sections. The government had occasion to close up the Syrian quarter last year. The cholera having broken out among the students from Palestine, and one death having occurred, the Pasha of Cairo ordered that the sick ones be taken to a hospital and the mosque disinfected. In Cairo many of the natives think that the European doctors kill the patients in the hospitals, and hence they refuse to go. On this occasion the mosque entrances were barricaded and the doors closed and held by the Syrian contingent, refusing to permit any removals and the disinfecting. A body of police was sent, at the same time troops were ordered under arms, for a riot was expected. The Pasha was himself refused entrance, and was stoned by students. He then ordered his men to fire, and three college men fell dead, several others being wounded. The police forced the doors and the government sent the Syrian students home, closing their quarter for one year. If the educated Moslems thus behave, better can hardly be expected from the unlearned.

I met some of the expelled students on the Plain of Jezreel. They were very bitter against the English, whom they blame for the closing of them out of the university. El-Azhar is where the fanatic

he said, "How many stars have you now?" I told him, "Have you got one for Venezuela yet?" he laughingly inquired. Some of the Moslems are well posted but they are the ones who receive more education than that obtained at El-Azhar.

There are no benches, chairs, or seats of any kind. The students sit on the floor, sometimes on mats or rugs, oftentimes on the stones, with their legs crossed under them; in little groups they sit, with the Koran open, committing to memory, which is the best developed faculty those Mohammedans have. They keep up a swaying to and fro, said by the less faithful to be done for the purpose of keeping awake. At some of the British universities, the student audience behaves as it wishes to, without hindrance, thus testing the ability of the speaker and accustoming him to speak with ease when the audience is not in sympathy. At El-Azhar the noise is emphatic and is helpful,

committing the overt act. Ibrahim Pasha's beautiful equestrian statue in front of the Opera House du Cairo does not face toward Mecca, and the Mohammedan popu-



THE GRAND GATE OF EL-AZHAR.



THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS IN THE COURT OF THE MOSQUE.

lation, urged by the students, demanded that it be made to face the east or it would be demolished.

Upon the receipt of the news of the recent massacres in Armenia, they expressed satisfaction and were anxious to repeat them in Egypt, but when the English troops trained the great cannon of the citadel upon El-Azhar, they became calm. While the attendance in a score of years has increased from 6,000 to 14,000, the spirit and policy has modified more slowly. A powerful and dangerous institution is the great Mohammedan university of El-Azhar.

W. E. GEIL.

Ostriches in England.

Although the experiment of importing and breeding ostriches on American soil has not yet proved an unqualified success, a similar attempt in England has provoked some amusing if not satisfactory results. A wealthy lady, with the view of improv-

ing the scenery on her estate, has imported some birds from Bahia Blanca, in La Plata, South America. While on board ship their diet was a matter of great difficulty, corn having to be sown for them in the dark, so that they might consume the green shoots. Once on dry land, however, they regain their appetite, and live on potatoes, maize, and green food of all kinds. They consume a fair quantity of iron nails and such unconsidered trifles. The ostriches do not attain to maturity till they are three years old, and never acquire any remarkable amount of intelligence, though they have learned to answer to their names, and they exhibit a decided temper of their own. They stoutly resist any liberties in the way of harnessing, one method of defeating this object being to lie on their backs and kick. They jump a very fair height, and descend opening their wings like a parachute. Their antics and attitudes, in fact, are innumerable, and they have half-a-dozen ways of sitting down. They do not, however, hide their heads in the sand, or loose dirt, as some writers have asserted. The birds are excessively stupid in some things—for instance, in trying to get through small apertures. With the exception of a slight hiss, they are silent. It is thought that, as the ostriches get regularly acclimated in England, they may develop an extra thick crop of feathers to resist the cold, and might therefore become more valuable.



THE MINARETS OF THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

did not learn. Mohammed Ali, of Mameluke-destroying fame, cut off the large income of the university, and until a very recent date the professors have taught without remuneration, except what bakhshesh they received from private students, and especially from those striving to become teachers in the college. The university is divided according to countries. Each quarter or nationality has a sheik, and then there is the president, or chief sheik, who is over the heads of the

ical leaders are trained to stir up strife, and argue the conversion of the Armenians or their annihilation. In the sixteenth century the study of mathematics was abandoned, for it was proven that everything necessary to know could be found in the Koran. A Pasha informed me that the study of elementary arithmetic has recently been introduced, and he says that the Moslems (he is of that persuasion) are so fanatical that progress can be made but slowly. This will be the entering wedge, the sciences will be taught later in El-Azhar. This same Pasha remarked, as we sat together on the deck of a steamer at anchor off the prison island of Rhodes, "the British government is liked by the lower classes in Egypt and hated by the upper classes. It is just the same in Cyprus. A prominent gentleman said: 'We have been used to the mercy of the Turkish government, and it is almost impossible to become accustomed to the justice of the English. They want everything just so, and it is so hard.' A vessel passed and I waved the United States flag. Then

leading the student to develop unusual concentration of mind, much after the Chinese plan.

The students frequently argue some theological point, and if they do not agree, the proverbial way of putting a joke into a Scotchman's head is tried. Whether punching and pounding one another is a convincing sort or style of argument, I'm unable to remark, but their custom is after such a tussel to spit in each other's faces and continue the study of their Bible. The university is a co-educational institution, girls being admitted up to a certain age.

A few days before I arrived at the Esbekiyah Gardens, Cairo, a small number of English soldiers were bearing a comrade to his grave, when the students attacked the funeral procession and stoned the coffin and the men, being dispersed only after a body of national troops appeared on the scene. This was not an unusual occurrence, I was informed.

At the present time there are altogether 25,000 Moslem students in Cairo, and many of them are supported by scholarships (5), being incomes from willed property. The mortality among the students is greatest in winter, and is principally due to consumption. I was credibly informed that not only much of the unrest throughout Mohammedan lands is due to the students of El-Azhar, but that considerable of the fanatical demonstrations in the capital originate in the minds of the students, who inflame the populace to the point of



B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editors.

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Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's splendid serial, "The King's Highway," which is now progressing in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has met with a most enthusiastic reception from our readers. For the convenience of new subscribers and those who subscribed after the story commenced, a Synopsis of the chapters that have already appeared will be published in next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mercy for Convicts.

IN looking over the court news, I was struck with a remark that a prisoner made to a New York judge. The criminal having been several times arraigned, the judge kindly asked: "Why don't you reform?" and the answer came: "How can a man reform? No one will give him a recommendation if he has been imprisoned." Then I was impressed as never before that some better preparation ought to be made by society for the reception of our criminal population when they are turned loose. The societies that are attempting relief are well supported. Cannot our government do something to help such people up into right employment and back to respectable lives? Look over your prison reports and find how many men and women have been incarcerated two, three, four, ten times. Was it because their depravity kept them down? No, because there was no chance to get up. Who wants for clerk, or secretary, or servant, or day laborer, or accountant, or employee in any department, those on whom has been the shadow of a prison. These people are buffeted, and thrust back, and sneered at, and destroyed. They go back to their old crimes because it is a choice between that and starvation. Cannot factories or farms be opened where men who have been disgraced and astray may go and toil until they can get re-established in health, and have their empty purses partially replenished, and can make a new start so that they can get on independently and without the recommendation of others? Such an institution could be in Christian charity would soon pay for itself. But now all the avenues of work are closed against these moral unfortunates and they are beaten back into the vice from which they are ambitious to be rescued. We have much eloquent discussion about prison reform, and books and tracts of almost value on kindred themes, but how to help those who are recently liberated and who have all the embarrassments of that humiliating position upon them is a subject but little at-

tated. The New York judge's question was not more kind than was the prisoner's answer tremendous: "How can a man reform if he have once been imprisoned?"

National Virtue.

AS long as God is so merciful to this country in providing luxuriant crops, it will require great genius of governmental mismanagement to throw the nation off the track. Let all commercial and mechanical, and agricultural, and literary interests pitch their tent toward the sunrise. Banking disasters half as great as those reported during the last few weeks would, in other days, have tossed everything beam ends. The tight times have put out of existence many fictitious commercial institutions, and the air is all the clearer for the thunderstorms. The future prosperity of this land is more certain than the uses we will make of our prosperity. If we could only be assured of the fact that the fortunes to be gathered would be consecrated to right uses it would add another trumpet tone to our anticipation. The fact that God has shown more kindness to this land than to any other country under the sun, puts this nation under more obligation to Christian behavior than any other. If the virtue of the people corresponded with the greatness of the Divine mercy shown them, this continent would soon be all garden, spiritual as well as aborescent.

Uncrowned Heroes.

IT is high time that we give more honor to the railroad engineers and firemen, and ship captains who perish for others. The newspapers are full of such sacrifices. No braver deeds were seen at Gettysburg or Austerlitz than are seen night by night amid the conflagrations of our great cities. We must have a new roll of martyrs. On the old roll were placed the names of the butchers of mankind and the destroyers of mankind. The more cities they had sacked, the more harvests they had trampled, the more batteries they had destroyed, the more battalions they had cut to pieces, the more blood they had shed, the higher up on the roll went their names; but on the new roll we will place those who nursed the sick, those who carried a lantern among the poor, those who planned asylums for the crippled and imbecile, those who bound up the wounds of the world, and I hope on this new roll shall be placed the names of the firemen who, amid darkness and storm and crackling flame and tumbling wall, fought for the safety of our cities. Amid the loudest cheers ever uttered ring out the cheers for the brave firemen!

Half-Starved Students.

MANY of our best young men in preparation for the ministry are going through a semi-martyrdom. The strongest mind in the theological class to which I belonged perished, the doctors said afterward, from lack of food. The only time he could afford a doctor was for his post-mortem examination. I give the financial condition of many of our young theological students:

Income	\$250
Board at \$1 per week (cheap place)	156
Clothing (shoddy)	100
Books (no Morocco)	25
Traveling expenses	20
Total	\$301

Here you see a deficit of fifty-one dollars. As there are no stealings in a theological seminary he makes up the balance by selling books or teaching school. He comes into life, cowed down, with a patch on both knees and several other patches, and a hat that has been "done over" four or five times, and so weak that the first sharp wind that whistles around the corner blows him into glory. The inertness you complain of in the ministry starts early. Do you suppose that if Paul had spent seven years in a cheap boarding-house, and the years after in a poorly-supplied parsonage, he would have made Felix tremble? No! the first glance of the

Roman Procurator would have made him apologize for intrusion. Do not think that all your six-hundred-dollar-minister needs is a Christmas present of an elegantly bound copy of "Calvin's Institutes?" It is a poor consolation if in this way you remind him that he has been fore-ordained to starve to death. Keep your minister on artichokes and purslain, and he will be fit to preach nothing but funeral services from the text, "All flesh is grass." I would like to thunder it so loud that it would be heard from here clear across the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, "Let churches do better by their pastors and their pastors will do better by their churches."

For the Gospel ministers of America and those preparing for the ministry, I bespeak more generous consideration. They are, with few exceptions, grand and noble and glorious men. Upon them I invoke the richest temporal and spiritual blessings of that God who commissioned them to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Important Notices.

Some Premium Offers Withdrawn

IN order that we may reserve a sufficient number of these Premiums to meet the requirements of **Renewing** Subscribers, we find ourselves compelled, as far as New Subscribers are concerned, to **withdraw the following three Premium propositions:**

- 1st. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and the plain red under gold edged Bible at \$2.
- 2d. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and Margaret E. Sangster's "Home Life Made Beautiful" at \$2.
- 3rd. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and Marion Harland's "Home of the Bible," at \$2.

These propositions are still available for present CHRISTIAN HERALD Subscribers renewing in course of the year, but we cannot fill orders from new Subscribers for any of these Premiums.

Premium Propositions Still Open.

Until further notice the following offers are open to both old and new Subscribers:

- 1st. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library for 1897—ten beautiful and exceedingly useful volumes aggregating 3,200 pages, in a very handsome bookcase—and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for \$3.
- 2d. The International Self-Pronouncing Teacher's Bible with red under gold edges, and thumb-indexed, silk-sewed and leather-lined, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at \$3; and, of course,
- 3rd. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without any Premium for one year at \$1.50.

How to Get Premiums Free.

We are frequently in receipt of communications from persons who desire to obtain our Premiums, but who cannot afford to pay for them, yet who would be willing to work up new subscribers in payment if such a proposition would commend itself to us.

Heretofore we have not thought well of entertaining such propositions, but to give the matter a fair test we will, **during the month of February**—and only during the month of February—permit such of our friends as desire to secure either the 1897 Library or a thumb-indexed Bible, to send us **three annual subscriptions**, Premium or non-Premium, and in return therefor, we will present them **free** with their choice of an **1897 Library**, ten volumes aggregating 3,200 pages and handsome book-case, or a **Thumb-Indexed, Leather-lined, silk-sewed, Self-Pronouncing Teacher's Bible**, with red under gold edges.

Three to One.

Please bear in mind that it takes **three subscribers**, with or without Premium, to **earn** either one of the two **Premiums** mentioned, and that the offer will hold good only during the month of **February**.

It is almost needless to add that **no commissions** can be allowed under this or any other Premium offer.

We beg especially to direct the attention of all our friends who contemplate availing themselves of this opportunity to the fact that we cannot supply the plain-edged Bible, or "Home of the Bible," or "Home Life Made Beautiful," as has already been set forth in an announcement at the beginning of this article.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness, the younger son of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, is leaving for China this month as a medical missionary of the China Inland Mission.

Rev. Frank S. Scudder, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has resigned his pastorate in the Reformed Church to go out to Japan as a missionary. He expects to labor in Tokio.

Policeman Philip Rogers, of one of New York's patrol boats, has the proud distinction of having saved from drowning during the twenty-four years he has been on the police force seventeen men, women and children.

Rev. S. T. McKim, of Grundy Centre, Iowa, writes to a contemporary that the churches of the neighborhood have been deeply stirred by a series of Bible readings given by Evangelist H. W. Brown, who spent three weeks there in valuable labor.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's evangelistic meetings at Memphis, Tenn., have been fruitful in conversions. Fifteen churches of various denominations have received additions to their membership, of persons who came to a decision at Mr. Pearson's meetings.

At the close of an eloquent appeal for the poverty-stricken people of Ireland, one of the orator's hearers declined to respond on the ground that a brewing company in that country distributed in one year profits to the amount of three and a-half million dollars.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has now six hundred members in her Prison League, all of them convicts or ex-convicts except herself. She says that of the eighty-six prisoners in Sing Sing prison who professed conversion at her first visits to the prison not one has wavered or relapsed.

The extent of poverty in New York is shown by the fact that when it was known that any homeless person might sleep on the benches of the auditorium in the headquarters of the Salvation Army, fifteen hundred men availed themselves of the privilege nightly. In Chicago a similar offer had like results.

Roman Catholic journals report that instructions from Rome have been received in Mexico peremptorily ordering that the church give a loyal support to the government of President Diaz. This will be of great service to the president, as hitherto the Romish priests have been his implacable and determined opponents.

Evangelist Grant C. Tullar begins a series of meetings on Feb. 14 at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Tullar has been co-operating with Major Hilton at Aledo, Ill. He expresses the strong hope that in spite of the difficult circumstances, the work done there will be found to have borne much fruit for Christ.

Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army will conduct a special series of talks on Bible studies at Hardman Hall, Fifth avenue and Ninth street, beginning Friday, February 12, and continuing on Fridays for a month. Cards of invitation may be had on application to Consul Booth-Tucker, 122 West 14th Street, New York.

A testimony to the progress of this country in the spirit of compassion for the unfortunate and the erring as it was exemplified in the teaching of Christ is given by John Bach McMaster, who, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, calls attention to the fact that at the beginning of this century, "in all our land there was not a reformatory, nor an asylum for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, nor for lunatics."

Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission has the happiness of beginning its new year of work with a balance of nearly a thousand dollars in hand. The debt of \$1,800 with which it closed its year's labors was completely wiped out by its liberal friends, and a surplus was provided toward the cost of this year's work. The annual expenses are about five thousand dollars. The mission is now conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ballou.

A Presbyterian Missionary in Japan, writing to the American Bible Society, says that a student in the naval college there, being deluged by the rules of the college from Bible reading, all book except text books being forbidden to the student, goes to the rooms of a Christian professor every Sunday to hear the Bible read. He generally carries away with him for private study one or two verses written on slips of paper.

Miss Emma C. Nason, whose work among the lumbermen has been so remarkably blessed, has recovered from the severe sickness which kept her a prisoner during the closing weeks of last year. She has resumed her work with her old energy. During her sickness the missionaries, bearing the there would be a deficiency of funds, spontaneously offered to work on half-pay for two months rather than have any part of the field abandoned.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States referring to the Treaty of Arbitration between this country and Great Britain, prior to the addition of the Senate's amendments, resolved that: "Having giving faithful consideration to the terms of the treaty, we believe that its several provisions are honorable and safe. In our judgment the treaty, if ratified, will conserve the highest interests of the two countries immediately concerned, and will tend to promote the best interests of the world."

The effort to secure a union of all Methodist bodies in Australasia appears, says the *Independent*, about to be crowned with success. For bodies are concerned the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists, the United Methodist Free Churches and the Bible Christians. The matter has been the subject of a comprehensive referendum, including in some cases adherents as well as members and in all cases trustees and official members. Quarterly meetings. With incomplete returns, appears that of 41,000 members attending meetings called to decide the matter, 30,000 voted in favor of union and only 6,500 against it.

The services in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, will be continued through this month. Mr. Moody had two immense audiences on January 1. Mr. Sankey led the musical exercises for the last time for several months, as he was starting for the following day. In March Mr. Moody will commence his labors in Connecticut. Meetings in Boston increase in interest from week to week. In response to Mr. Moody's inquiry living converts of his meetings in Boston, in 1896, over nineteen hundred persons sent him their names and addresses. This, as Mr. Moody says, is practical evidence that the real converts stick.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER



THE COMING CABINET.



ONE of the most momentous duties a President-elect has to perform between the time of his election and his inauguration is the selection of statesmen to form his Cabinet. Under our system

government these statesmen have to be something more than mere chiefs of bureaus. While each is responsible respectively for the conduct of affairs in his own department, his opinion is sought on matters of general policy and his counsel expected in difficulties that may arise in other departments. The Cabinet is, therefore, practically an advisory council for the President, and should be composed of statesmen who are in accord on questions of general policy and have an enlightened view of national affairs. President-Elect McKinley is taking time to make his selections, but he has already filled several places and among them the two most important in the Cabinet, those of Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury. On this page are portraits of the two statesmen who have accepted these responsible offices. Senator John Sherman who will, as Secretary of State, have charge of our foreign relations, is nearly seventy-four years old and has been prominent in national affairs for more than forty years. He became a member of the House of Representatives in 1854 and served there continuously until 1860, when he was elected to the Senate. He has been a member of that chamber ever since, excepting the four years of President Hayes's Administration, in which he held the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Though Mr. Sherman has won his reputation chiefly in financial affairs, he will not enter the State Department as a novice. Since his return to the Senate in 1881, at the close of the Hayes administration, he has been a member, and, for the greater part of the time, Chairman, of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He has in this capacity had cognizance of every treaty negotiated by the government during the last sixteen years, and has had to weigh and discuss each of them in committee and in the Senate chamber. This experience will be of immense value to him in his new office, in which a close and intimate knowledge of diplomacy is an essential qualification. Mr. Lyman J. Gage, who will have the management of our financial affairs, also brings to the cabinet the skill of a trained expert. Although he has not had the legislative experience of Mr. Sherman, he has had a long commercial training, and is intimately acquainted with financial affairs. He is now sixty-one years old, and for nearly forty years has been in the banking business. He is a native of New York State, but went to Chicago in 1855. He rose from the position of clerk and night watchman in a lumber yard to be President of the First National Bank and President of the Bankers' National Association. Mr. Gage is said to be in no way a politician and as an evidence of his freedom from party ties it is said that in 1884 he temporarily deserted his party and cast his vote in the Presidential election for Mr. Cleveland. When it was known that he was President-elect was considering his name for the Treasury a flood of endorsements from influential men in all sections poured in, heartily recommending Mr. Gage as a man eminently fitted for the position. Thus the first and second places in the Cabinet are filled, and for the sake of the country we may well pray that they and all the other counsellors the President-elect will call around him may prove to be like the men who went to David in Hebron:

Men who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do. (1. Chron. 12: 32.)

A Carnivorous Plant.

A botanical journal publishes a graphic description of a plant found in North Carolina which seems to occupy a place

near the boundary of the animal kingdom. It is scientifically classified as *dionaea muscipula*, but is colloquially known as "Venus' fly trap." In appearance the extraordinary plant is a leafless flower stem, running from six to eight inches in height and surmounted by a cluster of five petalled blossoms, rising erect like a rosette. The modest little plant, which is so delicate that it dies of the slightest injury to root or stem, sustains its life by feeding upon the unwary insects that chance to alight upon its leaves to sip the honey-like fluid with which they are coated. In the heart of this blossom are two soft, velvety leaves, fringed with delicate bristles and hinged together on one side. The unsuspecting fly, lured by the honey, alights on these bristles in anticipation of a feast, but at the first touch of its feet the hinges close, the two leaves come together, the bristles interlock, and the hapless insect is imprisoned in a cell from which escape is impossible. Under the stimulus of the victim's struggles the tiny glands with which the inner walls of the trap are furnished pour forth a vegetable gastric juice resembling that which effects diges-

tion in animal life. Under the influence of this fluid, the fly is actually digested alive, and its juices being extracted the trap doors are re-opened and the skeleton is flung out. The plant doubtless never lacks this form of sustenance. The insect world has no means of discovering the danger that lurks behind the honey until it is too late. Even men whom it is possible to warn, are often caught in a similar way through their love for the pleasures with which deadly traps are baited. In his sorrow and shame the young man often recalls the tones of entreaty and warning in which parents, friends, and God's Word told him of his danger.

And thou mourn at the last when thy flesh and thy body are consumed. (Prov. 5: 11.)

Warned by Rats.

A press dispatch from Shamokin, Pa., says that a few days ago all the men in the Girard Colliery, left the mine and came to the surface in haste. They said they believed the mine was settling, and that it was unsafe to remain longer. Asked their reasons for the opinion, they said that they had seen all the rats which infest that part of the mine in which they work, scamper away to another part of the workings. The miners regarded the movement as a sure portent of disaster, and they had promptly left their work. An examination of the chambers was made at once and it was found that the pillars supporting the roof of the mine were bulging, indicating the approach of the dreaded "squeeze." The superintendent went down with a gang of workmen and shored up the weak places.

Several sharp cracks were heard while the work was in progress, but the pillars have ceased to bulge, and it is hoped that the danger of a collapse has been averted. When danger to life is involved, men will act on the warning of a creature as insignificant as a rat, but when eternal life is at stake they are often deaf to the pleadings of the wisest and most eloquent of men.

Thou art unto them as a lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not. (Ezek. 33: 32.)

Wrecked on a Reef.

A press dispatch from Gloucester, Mass., tells a thrilling story of a recent wreck on the Nova Scotian coast. During a thick snow storm the schooner *Yosemite* was running with reefed sails. Her captain believed that he was well out from shore, but now thinks that his compass must have been defective. Suddenly with a fearful shock the schooner struck on a reef which runs out from Ram's Island. There were ten men in the crew, and all but one, who was in the rigging, were on deck when the vessel struck. The man in the rigging was never seen again, but the other nine succeeded in scrambling on the rock. It was a perilous situation, for the waves washed over it at intervals and seemed to hunger for their lives. They secured pieces of timber from the wreck, and by setting them in crevices of the rock made rough shelters, behind which they passed the night. When the sun rose it was found that one man who had been hurt when the vessel struck had died in

know that Christ gave his life to provide a way of salvation, yet do not avail themselves of it!

How shall we escape if we neglect, so great salvation? (Heb. 2: 3.)

Elevated Railroad Disaster.

A disaster which the public believed might some day take place, but which the experts of elevated railroad travel declared was impossible, occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 28. An engine and the first car of a passenger train descended bodily from the structure to the street below. It was soon after seven o'clock in the evening, when the elevated railroads are carrying large numbers of workmen from their daily labor in New York to their homes in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Happily, the train, heavily laden at the start, had been almost emptied of passengers at intermediate stations before it reached Van Sicklen avenue. About a hundred persons, however, had a little farther to go, and the train steamed along at its usual rate. There are three tracks in that neighborhood, the middle track being used after the "rush hours" to store the cars for the night. A switch which ought to be closed after using, connects both outside tracks with the inner track and permits the trains to pass easily from one track to either of the others. An empty train entered the switch just before the train from the Bridge arrived, but instead of going on the middle track, it went right ahead to the uptown track and struck the engine of the moving train on its side. For an instant the engine swayed under the blow and then rolled over and fell bottom upward in the street. The smoker, which was attached to it, followed, and rested with its forward end on the prostrate engine and its rear end against the elevated structure. The fall broke the coupling between the smoker and the three cars in the rear. They remained on the track, but the sudden stop broke the windows and severely shook the passengers. The engineer of the moving train was killed, and his fireman was so badly injured that an amputation of one of his legs was necessary. The engineer and fireman of the empty train were also hurt, and the passengers in the smoker, who were thrown heavily to the forward end of the car, were badly cut and bruised and had to be sent to the hospital. In trying to determine the responsibility for the accident, the inquiry will properly be directed to the duty connected with the switch. If the switch had been closed as it should have been, the accident would not have occurred. If it is proved that some man left it open who should have closed it, he will be held responsible, although he had no evil intent. It is in this as it is in the moral and spiritual world; the man who neglects a duty can never tell how many people may have to suffer through his negligence.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. (Rom. 14: 7.)

An Involuntary Voyage.

A reminiscence of an adventurous voyage was given recently to a reporter by an old sailor now living on a farm on Long Island. He was one of the crew of a whaler, and was ashore for a day's holiday, when news reached him that a school of nine whales had been sighted. He hurried on board and joined in the pursuit. The crews of three boats took part in the chase and each succeeded in harpooning a whale. Then followed an exciting and dangerous voyage. The whales made a desperate struggle to escape. They dragged the boats fully ten miles out to sea before they gave up the contest. Two of the boats narrowly escaped destruction. Happily all the boats returned safely with their prizes which subsequently realized a large sum. This did not always happen, the old sailor says. Sometimes even after a whale had been harpooned, the captain had to cut the rope and abandon the prize to avoid being dragged under. It is so with other prizes. Sometimes in business pursuits a man who has almost secured some coveted prize, finds himself dragged out into dangerous currents, where he must either relinquish his prize or go down into the world's vortex and lose his soul. It is not always that the pursuer has the wisdom to decide on the safe course and relinquish his pursuit.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. (1 Timothy 6: 9.)



HON. JOHN SHERMAN,
Nominated for Secretary of State.

MR. LYMAN J. GAGE,
Nominated for Secretary of the Treasury.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRaise YE THE LORD

FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 21.
Acts 6: 8-15; 7: 54-60. Golden Text,
Rev. 2: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHILE the Jewish authorities were consuming their sin of resisting the Holy Ghost, the enemy was busy within the church. It is with an anguish of heart which the present state of the Christian church causes, that we go back to her point of departure from her first love. Christ "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto him which died for them and rose again." (11. Cor. 5: 5) And yet, among the very company, none of whose members in its beginning would say of aught of the things which he possessed that it was his own, there arose now a murmuring about the distribution of alms. Already the church of Christ had ceased to be "of one heart and of one soul," and the distinction between those who overcome and those who do not overcome, so strongly taught in Rev. 2: 3, began to be manifested. It is just in such circumstances that truly saintly souls and real martyrs are found. "There must be also heresies among you that they which are approved (who have stood the test) may be manifest among you." (1. Cor. 11: 19.)

The First Deacons.

In all things evil God overrules for his glory. The very murmuring of the disciples led to the choosing of capable men among them who should superintend the distribution of alms; and seven men "of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom" were chosen from among them for this business of the church, that the apostles might be set free to wait upon God, and to minister the word unto the people. One of the seven was Stephen, who, in addition to the execution of business, because he was "full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." This aroused the enmity of those who, for a time had been quieted through the intervention of Gamaliel. A conscience which is regulated by feelings and impressions may be awakened and active for a time, under such an appeal as that of Gamaliel, but it is only a conscience which is habitually controlled and regulated by the Holy Ghost which continues to take God's side of things. Man's jealousy of man is a stronger power in the natural heart than his fear of God. Persecution broke out; it could not be otherwise; the power of God dwelling in the disciples was such that it was felt everywhere. The externalism of the Pharisee, the rationalism of the Sadducee, the representative doctrines of the Herodians, the Libertines, and those of the sects from abroad stood no chance against it. They came and "disputed with Stephen" but in vain. God was in him; and they were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spoke. "Why should a man fear whom God the Holy Ghost dwells? He has the promise: 'It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say, and what ye shall speak, for it is not ye that speak but the Holy Ghost' (Matt. 10: 20). Stephen experienced this. How foolish is self defence in a child of God! The power which disabled the enemies of the Lord Jesus, so that 'he put the Sadducees to silence' that 'no man was able to answer him a word' nor durst ask him any more questions (Matt. 22: 34-36), dwells in them. Oh, for an answering, practical belief in the presence and power of the Holy Ghost!

Unable to resist him as they had been unable to resist his Lord, they resorted to

the same expedient to get rid of him; they apprehended him on a false plea of blasphemy, and set up false witnesses which perverted his words as those of his Master had been perverted before him. Now the disciple should drink of the cup which he had drunk and should be baptized with his baptism. But

An Unexpected Phenomenon

took place: "All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Were they reminded of the blinding light which Moses' face reflected from his forty days alone with God on Mount Sinai, and did a sword pierce some hearts with the reflection that such a face was not an index of blasphemy in the heart but was a certain sign that God's presence was there? Interrogated by the high priest, this yielded instrument of the Holy Ghost addressed the assembly. Not a word did he say in his own defence, to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" belongs to the true spirit of Christ. Stephen's object was to show how matters stood between them and God, putting himself completely out of the

and rebelled again and again against him, because the Spirit of God was with him. He alludes to their history since Moses' time in the words, "Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? And they killed them which shewed before of the coming of the Righteous One: of whom ye have now become betrayers and murderers: ye who received the law as it was ordained by angels, and kept it not." (Acts 7: 51-53, R.V.) It was a long, shameful history of resisting God, and now in the person of the disciples where he was dwelling, as he could not dwell in temples made with hands, the same people were manifesting the same spirit. Would they crown their rejection of the Lord Jesus by finally rejecting the Holy Ghost?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE story of Stephen is brief, but it is full of valuable lessons. We first hear of him as one of the seven men appointed to attend to the daily distribution to the poor. It was a humble duty for a man of his character and abilities, but it was service, and with the spirit of Christ he accepted it. A man who was anxious to "push to the front" might have despised such work, but in no place could he have gained a glory equal to that he has, as the first of the long line of martyrs who laid down their lives in their Master's cause. The names of the seven seem to indicate that they all belonged to the party of Grecian or Hellenistic Jewish Christians, who had complained of the partiality of the Apostles. They were Jews born in foreign lands, who spoke Greek, while those born in Palestine spoke Aramaic, a modified form of the ancient Hebrew.



"LOOKED UP STEADFASTLY INTO HEAVEN AND SAW THE GLORY OF GOD."

question. His first word was, "The God of glory." God filled his heart, not the care for his own life. Tracing the history of God's dealings with Israel from the very call of Abraham, he showed how, already in their persecution of Joseph, their fathers had taken part against God, and had sold into Egypt their brother through whom God would deliver their posterity. God was with him but they were against him; and Joseph finally delivered those that hated him.

Then he showed them how, in later things, Moses also, who was "fair to God" was rejected and misunderstood by his brethren. "This Moses whom they refused saying, Who made thee a ruler and a judge? him hath God sent to be both a ruler and a deliverer with the hand of the angel which appeared to him in the bush." After showing how, with wonders and signs Moses delivered them, Stephen again speaks to them of "the angel which spake to him in Mount Sinai." (Acts 7: 38, R.V.) Who is this angel? He was sent before them to keep them in the way, and to bring them into the place prepared. They were warned, "Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice, provoke him not, for he will not pardon your transgression, for my name is in him." (Is. 23: 20-23, R.V.) Isaiah calls him "the angel of His presence," and further, "His Holy Spirit," and he bears witness that "they grieved" him. (Isa. 43: 9-11.) No wonder, then, Stephen sums up his appeal to his people thus: "Ye still necked and uncircumcized in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye."

This was the culminating sin of the Jewish people at this time. They could not, in the family of Jacob, tolerate their brother Joseph, because God was with him, they refused in like manner, Moses,

Further evidence that Stephen belonged to the Grecian party is furnished by the fact that the quotations from the Bible in his speech, are all from the Greek version of the Old Testament. His opponents were of foreign birth, too. In some instances their nationality is mentioned. The Libertines were Jews who had been taken prisoners and afterwards set free. They were evidently zealous for the religion of their fathers and the maintenance of the existing order. In our day we should call them conservative—men opposed to innovation and any new light. They would naturally be indignant if Stephen spoke, as Christ did, of the temple and the Mosaic institutions, as being superseded. They tried to silence Stephen by argument, and when that failed they proceeded to persecution. Their zeal may have been well-meant at first, but zealous men are liable to be betrayed into evil methods, if they get the idea that they are justified in doing evil that good may come. They succeeded in making Stephen unpopular, and incited the people against him. A plot with hired testimony was concocted, and at last Stephen was arrested and arraigned before the grand council, on a charge of blasphemy, which was a capital offence. The plan, however, appears to have been to avoid condemning him to death. The necessity of getting the Roman endorsement of the sentence, which had proved so difficult in Christ's case, led them to seek a different method. Pilate was deposed and there would be a delay in securing a regular execution; but there would be little danger of an inquiry into a lynching. Stephen's speech at his trial was not a defence of himself, but an indictment of his judges. In a brief rapid style he reviewed the national history, to show how often the people had been wrong. He was put on trial for speaking against Moses and

his system, which was as culpable in Jew's opinion as if he had spoken against God, yet how had the nation treated Moses? Stephen was charged with conspiracy against the temple, but Isaiah had shown that the temple could not fulfil its object. He had proceeded so far when he seems to have been interrupted or to have seen some sign of the futility of speaking further. In the fifty-first verse he abruptly stops his historical survey and launches into denunciation, closing with description of a vision there granted him. There was probably some sign given, but not mentioned, and the confusion breaks up in confusion, and Stephen hurried out by the mob and carried to the stoning-place. There, according to the usual practice, he would be urged to pray to God for pardon. Then the two witnesses, which the law required in capital cases, would each hurl a stone at him; he knelt, and afterward the whole crowd would join in dashing the life out of the victim. Like his Lord, he died with prayer for his murderers on his lips. The presence of Paul, is incidentally mentioned at the close, as having, by his being there given countenance to the proceedings, was probably he who gave Luke the vivid description of the trial, which he incorporated in his history in the Acts. The long speech of Stephen reads like the report of some eye-witness quoting from memory. There are several historic blunders in it, as when he speaks (Ver. 1) of seventy-five souls going into Egypt instead of sixty-six and (Ver. 16), of Abraham buying the burial-place at Syche when it was Jacob who bought it. These and other mistakes might easily have been the mistakes of the report not of Stephen.

I see the heavens opened. Stephen was standing on the elevation from which he can see visions which are not granted ordinary men—the elevation of suffering for Christ's sake. Heaven is nearer to than we think and the veil which hides from our visions is sometimes withdrawn in a supreme crisis in order, as in the case of Elisha's servant (11. Kings 6: 17) that we may gain the strength needed. This is a story of a chief who in a desperate battle received severe wounds and fell to the ground. The enemy seeing him and believing him to be killed raised exultant shout and his own men stricken with dismay fell back. The chief raised himself on his elbow and calling to retreating followers, said: "My children, I am not dead. I am looking to see if you do your duty." At the sound of his voice they rallied, and while he watched they returned to the charge with a victory that drove the foe from the field.

Looked up steadfastly. A great preacher gives a forcible illustration from a mountain experience. He was on top of a mountain from which he could see several towns and a large city. Smoke was coming from the chimneys, and the preacher thought of the work that was going on and the busy life of the streets. His heart ached as he thought of the sins of the cities and he wondered what the outcome would be. He closed his eyes and cried to God. When he opened his eyes again a change had come over the landscape. Between him and the plain there had rolled light clouds cutting off his view. Above him, stretched the clear blue sky and seemed the only living creature in sight. He was alone with God and felt quite satisfied.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. The biographer of Dr. Livingstone gives a touching description of the finding of his body. The hut was almost dark. The bed had not been disturbed. Beside it knelt a great explorer, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the floor. They would not disturb him, at Majwara said that he had not moved for hours. Then Matthew advanced slowly and reverently touched Livingstone's cheek. It was cold. He must have been dead for hours. Dead as he prayed.

He fell asleep. It is a strange expression to use about a man whose body was crushed under huge stones. Yet, how the Christian dies, his death is like falling asleep. "A miracle! A miracle!" cried James Bainham, one of the men who the priests burned in the reign of Henry VIII. His body was fastened to the stake and the flames were licking it with fiery tongues. None expected to hear his voice again; but from the midst of the fire came the cry, "A miracle! I feel no pain. In this burning I am not suffering. I die as on a bed of down."



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

IN PERSIAN HOMES.

Simple Life in the Towns and Villages of the Shah's Empire—The Household "Koorsee" and its Uses.

This season, when winter's icy blasts are chilling the homes of the poor throughout our own land, and the supreme object in life, in many places, seems to be to keep warm, the scene in the photograph on this page cannot fail to excite sympathetic interest. It represents a Persian family group of the poorer class, huddled around the "Koorsee" or household heater, in the common sleeping-room. They are presumably settled for the night, the children being pillowed on blankets on the floor with their feet toward the heat, while the older members of the family make themselves as comfortable as possible in the outer circle.

The "Koorsee" is a low, broad, round, under which is a basin with a charcoal fire, a large quilt or double blanket being thrown over the whole to keep the warmth. In cold weather, the family and any strangers who may happen to be their guests, assemble around the "Koorsee" and draw the cover over themselves up to the chin. The floor of such a house is that shown in our illustration—usually an earthen one, over which a straw mat is placed and then a few rugs over all, thus forming a bed not by any means uncomfortable, though, to European or American eyes, it would not seem at all inviting for a night's repose. When bed-time arrives, all the bedclothes—which, during the day have been rolled up and set against the wall for use as seats—are spread down on the floor, except in the homes of the wealthy, the sleeping apartment is used by non-Moslem families in common, half a dozen or even more persons reposing in the same chamber. Wool, cotton or feather mattresses and pillows, and linen sheets, constitute the sleeping equipment.

In Mohammedan homes, however, there is greater privacy and no one is admitted to the family sleeping-room, except the mother, father, and children. Usually the rooms are lighted by oil-lamps, though here are very many homes in Persia where the tallow candle is still the only lumina-tor. Some old-fashioned houses in the villages use little earthen vessels filled with oil, in which floats a cotton wick. This is set upon a candle-stick and sheds a faint light throughout the dingy room.

Persian houses, for the most part, are substantial, gloomy-looking stone structures, with strong wooden doors. The homes of the rich are furnished in the most sumptuous style of Oriental magnificence. In the hot Persian summer, fire is only needed on chilly days, and the families sleep on the flat roofs. Meals are eaten three times daily. Among the very poor, dinner may consist of a mess of vegetable soup and some pila, or possibly only a piece of bread, a morsel of cheese and a draught of butter-milk. The rich have tables that would tempt the most capricious appetite, and which cost a fortune to support.

Little Maids of the Zuyder Zee.

Quaint little prim figures are those of the children of Marken on the Zuyder Zee, Holland. The dress of mothers and daughters—even the girl babies—is essentially alike. Short skirts reaching nearly

to the ankles, and very full below the waist; large full aprons with wide bands across the back; dark woollen stockings and stout wooden shoes; sleeveless colored bodices that have sometimes done service in two or maybe three generations; arms covered with sleeves of red-and-white striped cloth, and on the head a close-fitting cap, covering the ears, and trimmed with lace ribbons and embroidery, such is the national dress which one sees everywhere. Even the little girls, except for their fresh, young faces and diminutive stature, look just like their mothers, their bulky dresses and queer Dutch "kindercaps" giving them the appearance of little women.

Is She the Oldest Woman?

In the old town of San Antonio, Tex., lives a little, aged Mexican woman, Marie la Candelaria Castenon de Villanueva by name, who is reported to be the oldest woman on this continent. She is said to

keeping the kitchen wood box filled, carrying a stick at a time. I know a child a year and a-half old that can put all the knives and forks around the table, taking them out of the basket that is put on a chair for him. Children that develop the industrious sense early will always like to work. I don't mean to make a drudge of the child, but let him feel that he is actually doing something that counts for the welfare of the family. I can assure you that it is far easier to follow the first impulse, but when we realize that in doing so we are adding weakness instead of strength to our child's character, our choice will not be hard. Of course there are times when a mother's loving solace is needed, and no mother need be told how to discern them. If we used the time spent in unnecessarily "babying" our children for joyous play, a good story, or preparing some little surprise for them, how much we could add to their real growth and happiness."

The "Curfew" Idea.

Whether or not the "Curfew" idea now so widely discussed, shall again prevail, even in a few localities, it is quite certain that our modern society cannot be harmed by having the subject up for consideration. In our great cities, and even in less thickly populated quarters, the tendency to turn night into day is steadily increasing, and the old-fashioned, sober habit, (so condu-

GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE DARLING.

GOOD-NIGHT, little darling, good-night. I suppose it's a blessing—the Master knows best—
Why my dear should go home from the world of unrest,
From the papa of earth to the Great Father's breast;
So good-night, little dear, good-night.
Good-night, little darling, good-night. Too early it seems for my baby to sleep,
But I pass my sweet one to Jesus to keep;
And I miss you so, precious, I cannot but weep;
But good-night, little dear, good-night.
Good-night, little darling, good-night. I know you will gently and peacefully rest
With your head pillowed on the dear Lord's gentle breast,
The most placid, sweetest, that ever it pressed;
So good-night, little dear, good-night.
Good-night, little darling, good-night. I will see you again at the breaking of day,
When the great Sun shall rise and the dark flee away,
But till that time, my precious, your papa must stay;
So good-night, my dear, good-night.
Noank, Conn. —W. C. MARTIN.

The Mothers' Congress Programme

As the approaching National Congress of Mothers, which meets in Washington, D.C., Feb. 17-19, is attracting widespread attention throughout the country, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD takes pleasure in presenting the official programme of the Congress which it has just received through the courtesy of the Press Manager, Mrs. Henry J. Finley.

THURSDAY MORNING.

1. Devotional: Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. 2. Dietetics: Mrs. Louise M. Hogan, Germantown, Pa. 3. Mother's Relation to the Sound Physical Development of her Child: Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller. 4. Reproduction and Natural Law: Mrs. Alice Lee Moyne, Washington, D. C. 5. The Moral Responsibility of Women in Heredity: Mrs. Helen M. Gardner, Boston, Mass.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

1. The Mother's Greatest Needs: Miss Frances Newton. 2. Play-Grounds: Miss Constance MacKensie, Philadelphia. 3. Some Practical Results of Child Study: Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

THURSDAY EVENING.

1. Reading Course for Mothers: Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, New York City. 2. Presentation of Resolution, Press Com. of Women Friends, Baltimore, Md. 3. How to Guard our Youth against Bad Literature: Mr. Anthony Comstock, New York City.

FRIDAY MORNING.

1. Devotional: Mrs. H. M. Stinson, New York City. 2. Heredity: Mrs. W. H. Tilton, Carlsville, Ga. 3. Physical Culture: Miss Julia King, Boston, Mass. 4. Character Building vs. Education: Mrs. Ellen Richardson, Boston, Mass. 5. National Training School for Women: Mrs. S. A. Cotton, Falkland, N. C.

FRIDAY EVENING.

1. How Shall the Nation Secure Educated Mothers? Mrs. Stanton Blatch, New York City. 2. Club Organization: (a) Need of Organization: (b) How Organize: Mrs. Ellen W. Henrotin, Chicago, Ill.

This programme will be supplemented by additional features shortly. Mrs. Cleveland has expressed her attention of tendering a reception to the officers and delegates to the Congress on the morning of the 17th, and it is expected that many of the Cabinet ladies will also take a personal interest in the proceedings. The work of the Congress will be fully noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the information of mothers throughout the land, and an outline of the principle addresses to be delivered will appear in these columns.

Everybody, whether parent or not, is cordially invited to attend any or all of the sessions. Mrs. James H. McGill, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, can be addressed at the office, 1429 Twentieth street, Washington. In addition to the regular programme there will be special conferences on subjects pertaining to the interests of childhood, under the direction of Miss Frances Newton. The ablest speakers that can be secured will assist in this sectional work.



PERSIAN VILLAGERS UNDER THE "KOORSEE," OR FAMILY HEATER.

be 113 years of age, and she is the last surviving member of the little band that was gathered in the Alamo sixty years ago. She was nurse to Bowie. What changes have taken place in this world since first she saw the light of its sun! In the world of inventions, nearly all of our labor-saving machines and our convenience-making devices have been contrived. Long since her first day Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, was born, and has been in his grave an average lifetime. Since her birth the power of steam has been discovered; the steam engine has been perfected, continents have been iron-girdled with railroads, and the puff of the steam craft has been heard on all the lands and all the waters; the electric light and a score of other great inventions have been discovered. Kings, queens and empires have passed away, and the very face of the world has been changed.

Don't "Baby" the Children too Much.

A mother need not be a slave to her children when the little folks have attained the age of self-helpfulness. It is her duty to teach them this habit of self-help. Elsa Hofer Schriber, a noted kindergarten, writing on this subject, gives the following advice: "As soon as baby can walk, he can do his part. One proud father told me not long ago of his two year-old son's

cise to good health and sound sense), of going to bed at reasonable hours is little more than a tradition. It is probably no exaggeration to say that one-half of the adult population in cities and towns do not seek their pillows till after the stroke of midnight, and a very considerable proportion of that half even at a much later hour. To enforce a curfew ordinance in such communities would be clearly out of the question. Matters are different, however, in rural districts and villages, where such a custom might be revived, by common consent, without interference with business or encountering opposition from any considerable portion of the community. The "Curfew bell" is supposed to have been introduced in England by William the Conqueror. At that time, almost all the houses in England were built of wood, and fires were of frequent occurrence. The object of the bell was to warn the people to put out their fires and retire for the night—to *couver feu* ("cover fire"). In summer it was rung at sunset, and about eight o'clock in the winter time. Those who did not attend to the signal had certain penalties imposed upon them. The practice of ringing the curfew seems to have prevailed in Europe long before the Norman conquest. In many parts of England the custom of ringing the bells at eight or nine p.m., still exists, but it has lost its original meaning.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
MEN PROPOSE; WOMEN DECIDE.



"O, Mr. Lloyd," replied John McAslin. "I am not. A great fortune could keep the house pure by supplying funds for prosecutions. If members knew they would be called to account for bribery and corruption, for perjury and for every malfeasance of office, small and great, they would not render themselves liable to indictment. A great fortune could found free libraries in a large number of villages, and it is from healthy, intelligent villages that our large cities ought to be reinforced. A great fortune could found local hospitals sufficient for every need. Oh, there are so many ways, all equally noble and necessary, so many things that rich men could do, and be happy in the doing, far more happy than they are in collecting pictures or indulging themselves in luxury, or in simply amassing money."

"You are laying the regeneration of society and the elevation of the poor upon the rich," said Mrs. Lloyd. "It is too great a work for any class. Religion is the only power able for it. Suppose we denied ourselves to the uttermost, and gave all we possessed to the poor?"

"It would be as nothing without charity." "But is not giving up everything, charity?"

"No, indeed! The rich man must give himself as well as his gold. If he wants to taste the greatest blessing in the world, to know beforehand the very happiness of heaven, he must live for others. There is no true happiness till this law is fulfilled, and the vainest of things is to dream that denying self will do as well. To die to self we must live for others."

"I do not understand." "We must feel with others, be touched by their suffering, and busy for their happiness. We must do as Christ did, lay our hands upon the poor, and even the leper, and not stand afar off and throw them a piece of gold."

"But this is the business of the church," said Mrs. Lloyd, the church of the past, is dying now of its own respectability; the church of the future, must make the divine, secular; and the secular, divine."

"But how?" "It must cover the whole ground of ordinary life, with its multitude of interests and requirements. It is a miserably selfish religion which busies itself about what will happen when we die, which goes to church and repeats creeds, and totally ignores the great law of human brotherhood, set forth by Christ, as the very rule of his Kingdom."

"The world has got to be carried on, sir," said Mr. Lloyd, with a little temper. "and pray tell me, how is the law of human brotherhood to be brought into business? It is pure nonsense! Who cares for this 'brotherhood' question, when it is a matter of push, or the chance of making a corner, or of cutting prices, or of buying in the cheapest market? You may rant about equality, human brotherhood and liberty, but what does it amount to? There are no such things, in the market places of the world."

"Yet no one can deny that these very words represent the aspirations and hopes of untold millions. And if the church of the future does its duty, it will not leave a revolutionary press and atheistical expounders to be the only teachers to use them. The church of the future will take these magical words up in the name of God, and give to their truest and noblest conception."

"Your sister Jessie, Mr. McAslin, has often said to me, 'My brother John ought to be a preacher.' I agree with her," said Alice, "you have an evident 'call' for this church of the future—the church that shall teach the brotherhood of men, liberty and equality."

"There never can be any such thing as equality," said Mr. Lloyd.

"There is an equality and there is an in-

equality, and both are of the ordination of God. All men in his sight are of equal value. All according to their ability are equally responsible. But until men and women are born equally good and clever, equally healthy and industrious, inequality in this world must exist, and, indeed, as we advance in civilization, it will be more and more in evidence."

"Then you admit at least one irremediable evil?" said Mr. Lloyd. "I do not think this inequality an evil, quite the contrary. Is it an evil in the family where the weakness of age, the helplessness of infancy, or the sickness of one of its members, calls forth all that is beautiful and self-denying in love? Indeed it is not."

"You think then, Mr. McAslin," said Mrs. Lloyd, "that the weak member of a family—I mean weak in any respect—ought to be continually pitied, borne with and helped?"

"I do." "And what if he fails again and again?"

"He must be helped again and again. If there is some weakness to be borne with, there is always some good to be strengthened."

"Yes! yes! He must be helped again and again!" Her face flushed, her eyes were gleaming and tender.

But Mr. Lloyd rose up hastily, and with evident annoyance.

"Come! Come!" he said, "we have had enough, and more than enough of this. Let us go to the drawing-room and Alice will give us some music." But he was not any happier under the charm of song. In the midst of melody he could not keep Lord Medway out of his mind, nor yet look at his daughter without an uncomfortable feeling, though he kept privately assuring himself that he had only done his duty, and that in the long run Alice would thank him for doing it.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE?"

It was easy enough for Mr. Lloyd to reason himself out of everything he ought to believe and to feel; and while Alice and John were making melody, and forgetting all else, he slipped quietly out of the room. He wished to avoid any discussion about Lord Medway; for he believed that every hour the subject could be deferred, would make it more manageable. There was a little room on the ground floor which he called his private office, and thither he retired. Alice had never ventured to trouble his selfish seclusion at any time, and he threw himself on a comfortable lounge with the easy reflection that he was safe at least for that night.

In less than half an hour he was amazed to see his wife intrude upon his privacy. Such an event was unprecedented. He was not prepared in any way for a visit so unusual, and he asked with a show of anxiety, "Is any one ill? Is the house on

fire? What remarkable thing has happened?"

"I have come to talk to you about Alice," she answered.

"This is a new departure," he said, scornfully. "Since when have you begun to consider your daughter's affairs?"

"If I have appeared remiss in the past, there is no necessity to continue the error. I wish to spare Alice as much as possible; and I know any conversation about Lord Medway will be painful to her."

"Your duty is to talk to her on that very subject. Any other mother would do so."

"I might talk to her in a way you would not approve. If she does not love Lord—"

"Love! love! love! It is all women think of. I don't believe there is such a thing. I intend Alice to marry Lord Medway, whether she imagines herself in love with him or not. The business part of the alliance is satisfactorily completed; if you have any regard for Alice's future, you will persuade her to get through the sentimental part as soon as possible. The young man will not wait too long on her fancies; not even for the pile of money he gets with her."

"We know, Nicholas, what a loveless marriage means."

"Yes, we do. You are right there."



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GONE INTO STOCKS, MARIAN," SAID MR. LLOYD.

"Do you wish Alice to suffer all I have suffered?"

"You have chosen to imagine yourself ill-used. I can't help that. You have had everything a woman needs to make her happy."

"Everything but love. It would have been better if I had had love and wanted everything else. I insist upon Alice having perfect freedom in the matter of marriage. She shall not be forced into a life she hates. I will protest against it even to the altar."

"What is the matter with you? And as for 'insisting,' that is sheer folly."

"You will not find it so. I came here to-night on business. I am ready to make a bargain with you, for it is the only argument you understand. You have a very large sum of money belonging to me in your hand, or in your business. You have it 'on call.' If you refuse the requests I am going to make, then I refuse to allow you the use of this money any longer. I shall instruct Telford to collect it at once."

He looked at her with anger and anxiety. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I want Alice to have her free will in the Medway matter. If she wishes to marry him I will not oppose her; if she does not wish to marry him, I will not have her frightened, or persuaded, or in any way talked into a loveless union; no, not for all the gold in America and all the

nobility in Europe. And I must insist upon you authoritatively contradicting the statements made in to-day's papers."

"I cannot contradict them. I, myself, gave the reporters the main part of the information. Of course they added to it—"

"You must contradict it. You must say at any rate, that the news is premature, that Miss Lloyd's education is yet unfinished, and that her marriage will not be considered for at least another year. The restoration of Alice to her place, as a girl not yet in society, is imperative. It must be done."

"Have I been mistaken in you all these years? What makes you talk to me in this strain? You are surely out of your mind. I shall send a physician to see you to-morrow."

"Will you agree to these two things: contradict the report of to-day, and let Alice perfectly free to make her own decision about Lord Medway?"

"What if I do not agree?" "Then you will find it more difficult to pay Lord Medway the money you have promised him, than you imagine it to now."

"Ah! That is your move. Very clever indeed! Alice is to have her way or else you will make it impossible for me to have my way. Who put you up to this plan, Telford?"

"Will you do as I want you to do? will you give up my money?"

"I cannot possibly pay your money back at present. In some respects it would mean ruin to me. Why it turns me green to think of it!"

"In every respect it is ruin to any girl to marry without love. Alice may be spared a marriage she does not desire, you may be spared a repayment you dread by the small acts of simple justice. Will you do them?"

"I suppose I must. You ought to have gone into stocks, Marian, you drive a shrewd bargain—no consideration at all for a man's word, or bond, or feelings."

"Nicholas, when ever did you feel for a one's word, or bond, or feelings? Have you cared for my feelings? Or for poor Stephen's? Or for Alice's? I am no shrewd bargainer. If I could have appealed to your heart I never should have thought of your purse. Will you do to-morrow morning what I ask of you?"

"Yes—and what will you do?" "I will pay the price of it."

"Very well. You have made your bargain. I suppose Medway can see Alice to-morrow?"

"Certainly. I wish her to judge fairly. Let him ask for himself. Let her answer for herself."

With a calm "good-night," she then went away to the quiet little room which for many years been her place of meditation and prayer,—the room from which she had brought so often the peace that passeth understanding and the rest that earthly love can give. She was trembling all over, her heart beat rapidly, her face was set to her purpose, her eyes shined. But this "closet apart" was full of peace, the spiritual emanations of years clung to it. A great seriousness fell like a mantle all over her, and to be serious is to be at repose. It was not long before she could put the earth beneath her feet, then her soul, feeling its immortality, sat lightly upon its temporal perch, and knew a joy of utterance, a sense of divine presence, a serene amazement in which all troubled questions and conclusions were lost. Her face had a radiance that was not color, it was a direct spiritual effluence; the shining of the soul through mere flesh and blood, it is the soul that makes the body, and outward beauty seldom fails to express it outwardly.

The opening and shutting of a door, and a bar or two of a hunting song in which John and Alice's voices mingled, dissolved the glory and recalled her to temporal affairs. But, oh, the divine tranquility in which sorrow for Steve and her care for Alice were lost! Her own heart-longing, her heart-aching, and all the heaviness of life's great tragedy had become lighter than a grasshopper, and though the spiritual ebbed quickly out nothing could rob her of that felicitous repose it left behind.

In that prescient condition she saw clearly the end to which Alice and John McAslin were drifting, and the knowledge brought no fear with it. "He is a good man," she said softly, "and he loves her; he will neither meddle nor make, nor in any way try to influence her, for a hand wiser than mine is weaving their destiny."

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE WORRIES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Feb. 21. Psalm 121:1-8; John 14:1.

HOW to get rid of our little worries, is a problem not easily solved. Perhaps it is not possible to solve it at all by that way of approach. The worry will come, so long as we are in the flesh. Business, in the home, in the church—everywhere there are annoyances, disappointments, vexations. Things will not go our way. People around us will not do as we would have them. We are thwarted when we are conscious of meaning well and doing right. Disagreeable things that we have no power to change, provide a continuous source of annoyance. Losses and trials proceeding from our own misapprehension, forgetfulness, or mistakes of which we can blame no one but ourselves, involve us in chagrin and mortification. Even our best efforts, to which we have given earnest thought and strenuous endeavor, fail of success. Worries about ourselves, our health, our work, our responsibilities, our future; worries about others, about the consequences of habits they are forming, about the disasters that the course they are taking may involve—all these worries and a multitude of others are our inheritance in this life. Like the fiends in the demoniac whom Christ cured, every might say, "My name is legion, for we are many."

It is as very certain, we cannot escape these things, if we cannot get rid of our little worries, the philosophic course is to learn how to bear them. To get an armor which their stings cannot penetrate, is the next best thing to getting rid of them altogether. If such an armor can be had, it will abundantly repay all the trouble of getting it. It will save a fearful expenditure of nervous force and keep us from spending many miserable hours. It will be a benefit to others as well as ourselves, for if we worry and fret we make all about us uncomfortable. Nothing is more contagious than worry, so that the worrying person is not only a source of annoyance to his friends, but produces a fretfulness in them which indefinitely extends the trouble. One of the greatest of modern philosophers passed a long life of martyrdom to this misery and made life a burden to all around him. It is worth while, therefore, to find out how to escape the suffering.

One or two common sense rules may be of service by way of suggesting others. It will help to attain the invulnerable condition if we keep clearly in mind the fact that this life is an education, a discipline. If we are able to regard the little worries as tests, instead of pests, something to try our mettle, there is a certain glory which the mind readily appreciates in showing ourselves superior to them. By resisting to be irritated, by calling up our strength of endurance to retain our tranquility we may acquire the habit of not being easily moved. "Greater is that ruleth his spirit," said the wise king, "than he who taketh a city." That is worth having, and it is given to the man who, in the midst of annoyance can keep his equanimity. Another useful rule is to resist the tendency to brooding. The poet says truly,

There's many a trouble, would burst like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
If we do not rehearse it and tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart;
There's many a sorrow would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
It sadly intruding, and quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

By acquiring the power of dismissing the irritation from the mind and of thinking of other things, or going cheerfully to work that occupies the mind with practical purpose the little worry whatever it may be is disarmed of its worst power. At the best of all rules is that the Psalmist put in practice. "I will lift mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." How many have tried this source of strength and have found it true that he keeps them in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him. These are the people who prove by experience that all things work together for good to them that love God.



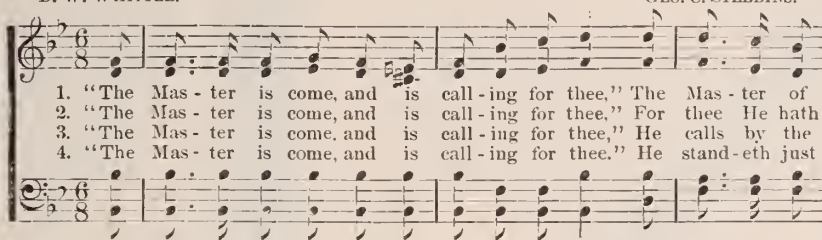
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

The Master is Calling for Thee.

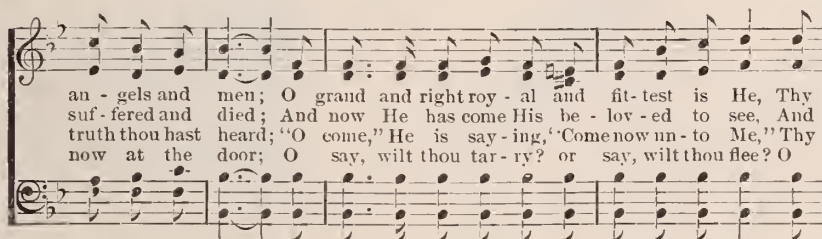
"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11:28.

D. W. WHITTLE.

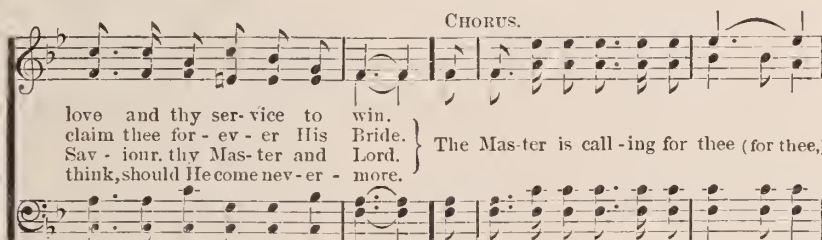
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," The Mas - ter of
2. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," For thee He hath
3. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," He calls by the
4. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," He stand - eth just

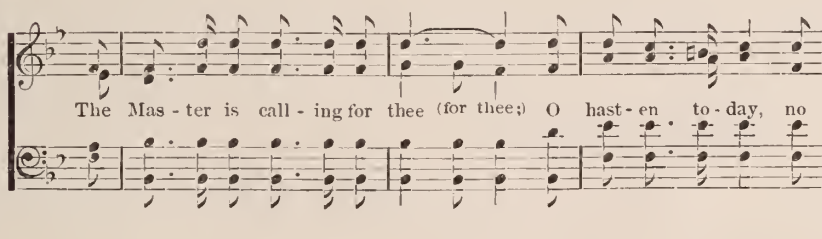


an - gels and men; O grand and right roy - al and fit - test is He, Thy
suf - fered and died; And now He has come His be - lov - ed to see, And
truth thou hast heard; "O come," He is say - ing, "Come now un - to Me," Thy
now at the door; O say, wilt thou tar - ry? or say, wilt thou flee? O

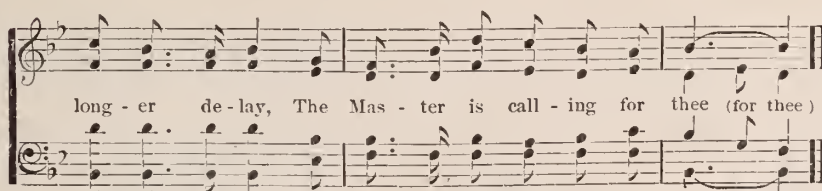


love and thy ser - vice to win.
claim thee for - ev - er His Bride.
Sav - iour, thy Mas - ter and Lord.
think, should He come nev - er - more.

CHORUS.



The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee (for thee); O hast - en to - day, no



long - er de - lay, The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee (for thee)

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SOUL AHOY.

SOUL ahoy! Take on the Pilot,
Jesus, Master of the sea.
On life's ocean falsest signals
Lure the soul in treachery.

Soul ahoy! The mist grows thicker:
Danger lurks beneath the wave,
O, sail not alone in peril;
Take the Pilot who will save.

Soul ahoy! Like gales on ocean,
Growing to a hurricane,
Youthful sins, misconduct, follies,
Overwhelming power attain.

Soul ahoy! The darkness deepens;
Grief and pain and death o'ershade;
But with Jesus Christ for Pilot,
Trusting souls are not afraid.

REFRAIN:

Soul ahoy! Take on the Pilot,
Jesus, steadfast, safe and true.
Come what may of mists and tempests,
He will pilot safely through.

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

FAITH.

WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed
sight:
We will not doubt; if darkness still doth try
us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint; if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can
bear.—
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for our past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's end-
ing;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,—
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blend-
ing,
Life shall be with us when the death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is press-
ing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their
friend,—
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

—WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT.

TWO STAGES OF ADVENT.

How Christ Will Come for His People,
and Afterwards With His People.

BY PASTOR JOHN WAITE.



OUR Lord says in Matt. 24, that at his second coming there shall be two grinding at the mill—one ready for the coming Lord and the other not; the one who is ready is taken and the other left. Two

working in a field, and two grinding at the mill, are simply illustrations of what is taking place every day. The idea is that people shall be working together. It may be in the field, in the factory, in the warehouse, in the office or the exchange. It matters not where while on earth serving the Lord; Christ will receive them unto himself when he comes into the air for that purpose.

The coming of Christ is well called the "purifying hope," seeing that it inspires us with the desire to grow up in the likeness of Christ in this life, and thus be prepared by the Holy Spirit for that sudden and momentous change which will take place in us at the trumpet blast that will call us to be forever with the Lord. It is highly probable that this trumpet blast will not be heard by the unconverted living, and certainly it will not be heard by the unconverted dead, for it is written, "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished" (Rev. 20: 5).

After Christ has come as a "thief in the night," and taken away "those that are ready," the world will awake to the fact that they have gone. From many places men, women, and children will be missing. It will probably not be too much to say that Christendom will be for a time disorganized. How can it be otherwise, seeing that people will be taken from all positions and spheres? If this wonderful scene should take place just as the services are being held in the churches, it will suddenly prove to a surprised world who are ready and who are not.

Many suggestions will be made by the sophists of the world as to the meaning of the phenomenon. Many will offer their vain solutions of the mystery. But it will be left for those who possess some knowledge of the word of God to show to the world what has really happened. Doubtless it will occur to some that they used to hear their minister preach of such things; and they will be inclined to read their Bibles to refresh their memories as to the things pertaining to the coming of the Lord and the taking away of his church. And to their horror and surprise they will discover that the awful event has really happened, and that the wise virgins are gone, and they themselves, the foolish virgins, are left behind to mourn and regret their negligence and folly. For long had the cry sounded in their midst, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," but their ears were dull and their eyes were blind, and while they were busy here and there, lo! the Lord had come.

How terrible these things will be to those who have filled positions as ministers, clergymen, Sunday School teachers, or church officers, holding the truth in righteousness in one hand and the love of the world or honor and reputation in the other. Many who have filled these positions will be amongst those foolish virgins who will be left behind and shut out from the presence of the Lord when he comes as bridegroom to receive his bride.

Antichrist, or man of sin, will then begin to carry out his awful work as the great "desolator" that maketh desolate.

The "ten horns," representing ten kings (of the countries of Caesar's original Roman Empire) will unite in submitting to the Antichrist, and handing themselves and their authority, and their nations, as such, over to him for him to use them as his administrators.

He will seek to overturn and stamp out everything and everyone who will not submit to him; so that there will be the most terrible persecution that the world has ever experienced.

Then, in the midst of that terrible slaughter, Christ will be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory, accompanied by his church and hosts of angels to take vengeance on his foes.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TIME ENOUGH.

AN old saint once said, when somebody complained in her hearing that there never was time enough to accomplish all one wanted to, "For my part I don't know what you mean by such talk. You have all the time there is!"

Saints, both old and young, can be very provoking, and that is what this good woman was, I have no doubt, though nobody can complain that there was any lack of truth in her remark. It is certainly true that all the time there is here on earth is at our disposal, and yet some of us spend our days in a hurrying chase after the flying moments, and we wish the days were some hours longer than they are.

We talked this over the other night at our Monday Club. If we could only take you in, dear reader, you would help us discuss some of the questions which are always arising, but the next best thing to belonging to a club is hearing about it when the folks go home. Our Monday Club was started by the college girls in a certain little town, to keep green in memory the good times they had had in their alma mater. Naturally, after awhile, some of the girls married, and then the club widened and took in husbands. Sweethearts could not easily be excluded after that, nor brothers, and bye and bye the Monday Club admitted a few dear mothers, and benignant grand-mothers, indignant fathers and courtly grand-fathers, and now it comes to pass that it is a circle of friends and neighbors which practically admits the whole town.

Said Mrs. Meredith, sinking into an easy chair, and folding her hands, "I don't know what it is, but I am tired to death, or nearly so. I've been on the jump since I got up this morning, and when I thought I was through Reuben came in asking me if I couldn't put new neck-bands on his shirts. Fancy! There isn't a thing in the way of sewing so hard to do as that."

"Yes," plaintively added Uncle Ben Searles, "So the ladies always say. I could put a band on a shirt I am sure without any fuss!"

"I'd like to see you try," said Susie Perkins. "I believe in throwing shirts into the rag bag when they are worn out, but men are more saving than women, and they just hug their old clothes, and are reluctant to give them up when they're in ribbons. The real trouble is that women have so much to do, they never have any time to spend on nice careful mending, that takes time."

"Look at me?" The speaker was Margaret Money Penny, a teacher in the public school. "I rise at five every morning, make the fire, get the breakfast, put our rooms in order, and leave everything where mamma, who is helpless, can reach it with the least exertion. At half-past eight I go to school, and I never leave it till four or half-past four. Then I bring exercises home to correct and compositions to look over, and our dinner is to get, mother's and mine, and you may say that I'm busy and tired out, when night comes, blessed night!"

The minister's wife next spoke. She has six children, and she makes a great many parish calls, presides at the sewing society, does a large part of her own housework, consoles the minister when things go wrong, smooths out a dozen social tangles every day of her life, and, it is whispered, is writing a book. She has written one. We have it in our Sunday-school library, and are proud of her name on the title page.

Mrs. Leavens is a capital minister's wife, which is saying that she would be a good wife to any man in any profession. Hers is the art of never looking bothered, never seeming worried, and to see her when you will, and sometimes it must be inconvenient to receive friends, she is never anything but placid and pleasant. No wonder we appealed to her.

"Friend," she said, in her low, even

tones, "the only art I know of is to do the next thing, do it with all your might, and leave the rest to the Lord's appointment. Interruptions come, but if we accept them as part of the day's work, without fretting or complaint, they will weave themselves into life's pattern and make the work more beautiful. I am more fortunate than most of you in having so large a family. The children are my helpers."

Would anybody else have said that? But I think the dear lady is right. A large family makes no more trouble when all is said than a small one, and if the older children are well started, the younger ones step right along in happy, orderly ways, and help more than they hinder.

But the final result of my thinking it over, after the club had dissolved was, that

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize,

will always find time sufficient to make the rough places plain, and to set the desert to blossoming like a rose. Such a loving heart is a sunshine-maker everywhere, and life grows serene and sweet under its tender influence.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Women of Seville.

In a letter from Seville, in the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, Dora M. Jones gives this pleasant picture of home life in the ancient Spanish city: "Here we had a typical Spanish picture, plants and creepers in pots growing along the veranda, and two women in black, the traditional garb of the Sevillana, with gold ornaments in their carefully-dressed, glossy, black hair, walking up and down, plying the indispensable fan, and turning their heads to one another as they walked with a swan-like grace. This elegance of gait and attitude is very marked in the Seville women: one maid-servant in the street talking to another will display a perfection of pose, an ease of gesture, a self-possessed grace which we attribute to the highest class of our own society, and do not always find there."

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The following is an extract of a letter from Dr. Palmer to an investigator regarding the above treatment: "Almost by every mail I receive letters of inquiry as to my experience of the treatment of my eyes. His theory is rational, based upon the self-restoring power of nature herself. Medicine cures only by rousing a peccant organ to the performance of its duty, when disease is thrown off and the patient recovers. The eye, he thinks, should form no exception. His aim therefore is to stimulate the eye, promote its secretions and increase the circulation thus revitalizing the eye and enabling it to fulfill its functions; it throws off all the troubles repairs and its own waste. His method is simple, safe, in no way unpleasant, without disfigurement."

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Requests for Prayer.

A the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Jan. 24, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

Conversion "Sister in Christ," of Relatives and Friends. East Harland, Conn., asks prayer for the conversion of a drinking

man who abuses his Christian wife and who seems to have no reverence for God. "Sister in Christ," City of Mexico, that an unfaithful husband may see the wickedness of his sin, and seek from God forgiveness for his sin, and strength to resist temptation. "Reader, Good River, Nebraska, that the of three families might quit their evil ways and go to the Lord for salvation from all sin." "Anxious Sister, Kellerton, Ia., on behalf of a beloved brother, who has had severe physical trouble and has turned for comfort to things, that God would take pity on him and his wife and bring them both into his care." "Believer, Mt. Vernon, Ill., that the brothers and sisters, now all unsaved, may be led to seek Christ." "Subscriber, Wt., for the conversion of a dear son whose evil ways have been a great grief for years, and who could do so much good were in the Lord's service." "Believer, Iowa Falls, Wis., for the conversion of a son and a niece." "Anxious Teacher, for conversion of some members of a Sunday school who have wandered away, for whose conversion and reclamation many prayers are being offered; also that an aged couple, indifferent to their eternal interests, may be aroused to seek salvation." "E. H. S., Philadelphia, for the conversion of her daughter and granddaughter, and that God would provide for their need." "L. B. Bewick, Pa., for the conversion of a son-in-law." "Reader, Massey, N. Y., for the salvation of a father and son, a victim of drink." "Mother, Montevideo, that her five sons and her daughter may all give their hearts to God and be made obedient." "Reader, Huntsville, Kan., that a father and mother who are growing old, but are still unsaved, might seek Christ, and for the salvation of brothers and sisters." "Sub-Editor, Smyth Co., Va., for the salvation of one of whom has formed an infatuation which will bring ruin on himself and disgrace on his family." "Anxious Mother, Detroit, for the conversion of her children, especially of one who needs grace to save him from becoming a drunkard." "Friend, Frank- N. Y., that a young man who earnestly desires to become a Christian may trust in Christ and find peace." "Reader, Chicago, Ill., that a dear brother and his wife may give their hearts to the Lord and learn to trust him in the blessings they need." "Constant Reader, Western Michigan, for the conversion of a man who for a number of years has neglected his devoted wife and is now making her miserable by persecution." "Praying Father, Parkport, N. Y., that her husband and other, for whose conversion many prayers have been offered, may both turn to the Lord for salvation." "E. R., Camden, Tenn., for the conversion of the family of a widow, and that all of them might become children of God." "Mother, Spencer, N. Y., that her son who is giving her cause for grave concern, may cease to associate with ungodly companions, and may give herself to the Lord." "H. New York, on behalf of a nephew neglecting his trail wife and children, spending his money in saloons, that he may be the error of his ways and turn to the Lord." "Mother, Omaha, Neb., that a lovable man who has yielded to temptation may have strength to pass safely through an arduous ordeal, and may through the power of the Holy Spirit be led to consecrate himself to Christ." "Sorrowing Sister, Kiowa, for the conversion of a dear brother who has fallen from God." "Reader, Millersburg, that a loving husband who is earnestly seeking Christ, may find him and be made obedient to the Lord's." "W. F. D., Cameron, Mo., for the conversion of two sons who are in the grip of strong drink, of a man who is deaf and blind, of a Christian wife, and of a man whose relatives have prayed for him postulated with him in vain.

Restoration Afflicted Reader, St. Paul, Minn., asks prayer for the recovery of a daughter now in an asylum for the insane. "T. A. S., Jamison City, Pa., for his recovery from an acute nervous disease which prevents her caring properly for her children." "O. M. W., La Fayette, Ind., that a dear sister who has suffered long and hard, and despairs of recovery may be healed by the Great Physician." "Mother, Newark, for the health of body and mind to be given to a daughter who has been long a sufferer from nervous trouble." "M. R., New York, for two poor women, one of them a widow, who know a man by the company he keeps. If he is a Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly you can rest that his blood is pure, his appetite keen and health the best. Try it yourself.

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may recover their health so that they might support their children. — Reader, Skowhegan, Me., for the recovery of a sick brother. — C. A. R., Wills Point, Tex., that a dear son may recover his sight so that he may earn an honest livelihood. — M. F. K., Hinton, W. Va., that her daughter and daughter-in-law may be restored to health. — A. A. B., Bath, N. Y., for the recovery of a beloved mother, an earnest Christian, who has long been an invalid. — Believer, Fort Recovery, O., that God in his great mercy would restore a sister who has been a great sufferer for many years, and also that a dear mother may recover her reason. — Anxious Mother, Plainfield, N. J., for the recovery of her son who is threatened with consumption. — "Sister in Christ," Allegheny, Pa., that a dear mother who has been an invalid for many years may be healed and be saved from becoming helpless. — Earnest Friend, Kent, Conn., that a dear boy now sick with typhoid fever may be fully restored. The following persons whose maladies are known to the Lord earnestly desire prayers for recovery: Sufferer, Hamburg, Mich.; Two trusting sisters; Reader, Virginia, Ill.; Believer, Rolling Prairie, Ind.; M. A. C., Cal.; "One who loves the Lord," Rochester, Minn.

For Special Invalid, New Albany, Ind. Blessings. begs earnest prayer for deliverance from an impending calamity which threatens to render homeless a family already afflicted. God, who hears prayer alone, can avert the evil. — Believer, Forest City, Pa., that a young man who is greatly discouraged by loss of property and failure to obtain employment, may succeed in getting work. — "Brother," Kansas City, Mo., that God would provide a way of escape out of heavy financial difficulties. — W. A. P., Liverpool, Kans., that a family may be delivered from malicious persecution and that the persecutors may see the evil of their conduct. — Believer, New Woodstock, N. Y., that a dear daughter who has been vainly seeking employment for several weary months might be guided to an open door. — Believer, Akron, Ia., for help in a financial crisis. — "Sister, Wills Point, Tex., that a despondent man who is separated from his family may soon find the employment he is seeking. — Afflicted Mother, that a dear son now in Springfield, Ill., who has fallen under the power of an insidious drug may be emancipated from his bondage by the power of Christ. — Subscriber, Columbus, O., who has long been out of employment, that in some way he may find work by which he can earn an honest livelihood. — Reader, New Brunswick, N. J., that God would give special help in a time of financial stress and open the way to the punctual discharge of obligations. — Widow, New York, who has a child to support, that in some way God would enable her to make an honest living for her little one, and that her faith in the God who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, may not fail her in her time of sorrow. — Member, Vinola, Pa., that a struggling little church may be enabled to raise the money to pay its pastor's salary. — Believer, Philadelphia, Pa., for the revival of God's work in a church in the suburbs whose members are worldly. — Sympathizer, Chicago, Ill., that God in whose hand are all things, would send a revival of business to relieve the terrible destitution.

Persons desiring the prayers of the Converts' Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission should address their letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91-102 Bible House, New York.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

On the Edge of a Crevasse.

NANSEN, the Arctic hero of the hour, has almost every element that is adapted to arouse the admiration and enthusiasm of those who love the strong, the daring and heroic in mankind. He is a man of splendid stature, and trained as he has been from his childhood



DR. FRITHIOF NANSEN.

to all the virtues of the athlete, he is one of the most rugged and tireless specimens of physical manhood the world affords today. He has succeeded where other men failed, not only because of his dauntless courage, but because nature and training have fitted him to perform feats of physical endurance that few men in the world could accomplish.

Once, on his arrival in London, he mingled in a great crowd at Buckingham Palace, and pushed himself up to the front just as the Princess of Wales arrived to hold a drawing-room. As he was waving his hat with the crowd in honor of the Princess, he felt a twitch at his watch chain, and knew that he was being plied by a pick-pocket. But Nansen had altogether too cool a head to let such a little thing excite him, as would have been the case with a smaller man. He simply dropped his left hand and let its giant like grip grasp the wrist of the thief. Without even looking to see who it was he continued to cheer and wave his hat aloft in his right hand until the enthusiasm subsided. Then he quietly handed his prisoner over to a policeman. Nansen said he merely held the man tightly, but the miserable wretch was howling with pain and declared that he would rather go to prison than have his bones crushed.

On one occasion when returning to their camp after an absence, they saw their canoes drifting from land with all their provisions and necessities of life. To reach the boats was a matter of life or death. Not to reach them was certain death. The great qualities of the explorer came out quick as a lightning flash, without a moment's hesitation, he sprang into the ice cold water and swam after the drifting canoes. He was chilled to the bone, but he succeeded in his object, and brought the canoes safely back to camp. It was no group of weaklings that Nansen had with him, either. One incident reminds us of the story of David. On one occasion, while dragging their sledges along a narrow path, they were suddenly confronted by a Polar bear. But Nansen, a fit companion for Nansen, caught the great beast by the throat and held him at arm's length, while his chief went on his way with his rifle.

Perhaps no twitter of birds ever fell more sweetly on human ears than those which Nansen describes in "The first Crossing of Greenland." As they were breakfasting in their walled tent in the midst of the ice desert of the desolate North, they were astonished to hear, as they thought, the twittering of a bird outside, but the sound soon stopped, and they were not at all certain of its reality. But as they were starting again after their one o'clock dinner that day, they suddenly became aware of twitterings in the air, and, as they stopped, sure enough they saw a snow-bunting come flying after them. It wandered around them two or three times, and plainly showed signs of a wish to sit upon one of their sledges. But the necessary audacity was not forthcoming, and it finally settled on the snow in front for a few moments, before it flew away for good with another encouraging little twitter.

Very welcome indeed was that little bird, for it gave them a friendly greeting from the land they were sure must now be near. Nansen says: "We blessed it for its cheering song, and with warmer hearts and renewed strength we confidently went on our way." How many such snow-buntings of hope God sends to cheer and warm the hearts of those who face hardship and peril with unshaken intrepidity and courageous purpose!

But even in sight of land they came near losing their lives. As the wind came up very strong in the afternoon they sought to travel more rapidly by setting sail on their sledges and using them as ice boats. Their ships flew over the waves and drifts of snow with a speed that almost took their breath away. But after a time, as it was growing dusk, Dr. Nansen ran ahead of the sledges on his snowshoes to make sure that they should not come to any sudden disaster. It was well he did this, as this prudence saved their lives. As they were rushing along through the dense, driving snow, he suddenly saw, in the general obscurity, something dark lying right in their path. He took it for some ordinary irregularity in the snow and unconcernedly steered straight ahead. The next moment, however, he found that they were on the edge of a chasm broad enough to swallow sledges, steersman and passengers. A single moment later and they would have forever disappeared, and have been more completely lost to the world than was the fated Dr. Franklin. In such a case the world would have been consciously poorer.

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DEAR SIR:—In March last I was suffering from a severe catarrhal cold. My right ear was almost totally deaf, and the ringing in it was exceedingly annoying. I purchased an outfit and commenced its use, continuing through the day as I would have opportunity. About 5 p. m. the congestion in the eustachian tube disappeared, my hearing was fully restored, and I have since had no recurrence. Since then I have, on several occasions, checked and cured bronchial colds, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it. Very truly yours, C. D. LAW.

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Pocket Inhaler Outfit Complete, by Mail, \$1; (for foreign countries add \$1.00 per outfit) consists of pocket inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei, a dropper and directions for using. If you are skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that Hyomei cures. Are you open to conversion? Extra bottles of Hyomei Inhalant by mail, or at druggists, 50 cents. Hyomei Balm for all skin diseases, 25 cents. Your druggist has Hyomei or can get it for you if you insist. Don't accept a substitute. Stock at the leading wholesale drug houses of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and all leading business centers. London Office: 11 Farringdon Ave. R. T. BOOTH CO., 23 East 20th St., New York.



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SAPOLIO

ARMENIA'S ORPHANS.

The Movement for Their Rescue Progressing Favorably—American Sympathy Appreciated.

LETTERS received from the mission workers in Asiatic Turkey, during the week indicate that the effort to rescue the homeless and helpless Armenian children in orphanages, and save from the fatal Mohammedans, is making excellent progress. This great, Christ-like movement is everywhere meeting with the hearty approval and support. Rev. Cyrus H. Kimball, the father of Protestant Missions in Turkey, has declared it to be a "call for Christian benevolence to achieve one of the noblest works." Dr. Grace N. Kimball, the devoted missionary who conducted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's relief work at Van last year, and who knows whereof she speaks, says: "Orphans by thousands are wandering, helpless and homeless." Thanks to the quick aid rendered by God's people in America and elsewhere, many of the homeless ones are being cared for and sheltered by loving hands, and will not again be exposed to the peril of life-long slavery and degradation. But much remains to be accomplished. Twenty-five dollars covers the entire cost of clothing, feeding, sheltering and educating an Armenian boy or girl for a whole year. At Orfa, where Miss Shattuck is in charge of the work, there is a large number of orphans who are being cared for as rapidly as the funds placed at the disposal of the missionaries will permit.

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Our Offer.—We will pay \$100 for the largest list, \$50 for the second largest, \$25 for the third, \$10 each for the next five, \$5 each for the next ten, and \$1 each for the next twenty-five. That is to say we will divide among forty-three contestants the aggregate sum of \$300 according to merit. Don't you think you could be one of the forty-three. TRY IT.

Our Purpose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to MODES, by May Mantion, the most popular up-to-date Fashion Magazine in the world. Its 36 pages, replete with beautiful illustrations of the latest styles in ladies' misses' and children's garments, make it a real necessity in every household. The Designs and Fashion Hint being by May Mantion, render it invaluable as an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.

Our Conditions.—You must send with your list of words 25 cents stamps or silver for a Three Month's Trial Subscription to MODES.

Our Extra Inducement.—Every person sending 25 cents and a list of 15 words or more, will, in addition to three months' subscription, receive by return mail a pattern of this stylish waist with Bolero No. 6972 illustrated above, in any size from 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

Our Aim.—The present monthly circulation of MODES exceeds 100,000. We aim to make it 200,000. This contest will close March 15th next so the names of successful spellers may be published in the following issue of MODES, but SEND IN YOUR LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we refer you to any Mercantile Agency. Address: MODES FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 454, 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.



Free Trip to Jerusalem

In 1900 the Holy Land will be the goal of world wide travel. A Council of Christendom will more than likely be held in Jerusalem, and, if so, it will surpass in importance and thrilling interest any human gathering since the time of Christ. There will be a splendid opportunity for a universal conference over plans for the Christianization of the entire globe in the century which is soon to dawn. ✕ ✕ ✕ To render it possible for everybody to take this trip who has the desire to do so, THE RAM'S HORN has made the bold offer to provide a reasonable amount of work whereby a free trip to the Holy Land may easily be earned. It also has arranged to allow its tourists to stop at the Great International which will be held during the same year. This proposition is so huge that one can easily believe that full details and information cannot be given in this small space, but every number of THE RAM'S HORN is full of this project and those who do not wish to become yearly subscribers may secure this wonderful paper eight months, thirty six times, on trial, for the small sum of a ONE DOLLAR BILL.

REMEMBER: That for only one dollar you secure nearly a whole year's subscription to which Chaplain McCabe says should have a MILLION SUBSCRIBERS. It is getting them fast. Send one dollar for the paper and read every issue for details of our Free Trip to Paris and the Holy Land.

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An Institution for the Scientific Treatment of

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Tumors, and all forms of Malignant Growths, WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity. Books and circulars giving description of Sanatorium, Treatment, Terms, and References, free.

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WASHINGTON MACHINES send for circular Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13th St., Erie, Pa.

In the selection of food care is exercised to secure the best. No attempt is made to disguise, by flavoring in cooking, the taste of decayed meat or vegetables. Why not this same care in the selection of Cod Liver Oil?

Peter Möller's Cod Liver Oil

is kept free from contamination and all impurities during process of manufacture—hence it is free from all disagreeable taste or smell so common in Cod Liver Oil.

Ask for Peter Möller's Oil, and see that the bottle—a flat, oval one—bears our name as agents. Notice the date in perforated letters at bottom of the label.

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It's so Good, you're always eager for another cup when you have once tasted it.

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Your grocer has it in one-pound and half-pound tins.

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WASHING MACHINES send for circular Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13th St., Erie, Pa.

SHORT VIEWS.

It helps us bear life's burdens,
And brings us comfort, peace,
To think how short the journey,
Ere burden-bearing ceases.
This flower of rarest comfort
Is gathered in the way
Of death's dark-falling shadow
That ends the earthly day!
So short the way!

Golden the hours spent under
Light of the world to come;
By hope of new life brooded,
The resurrection home.
How small the sad day's trouble
Would seem if we but knew
How short the little moment
Ere it will all be through!
So short the way!

A little while—so little,
We hasten one by one,
The day of toil is over,
We lay all burdens down.
And then how sweet the resting
Within our father's home,
And we go out, no more,
When we have safely come.
How short the way!

So, with each new day given
To bear a weary load,
Look but a little distance
Over the onward road.
Only one day is given
Rest in the Lord to-day—
Casting all care upon him—
Short views—still trust and pray.
So short the way!

Berlin, Mass.

PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Savages Once, Christians Now.

IN a recent issue THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave an account of the evangelistic and civilizing agencies that are at work among the Indian tribes. A letter from a Texas pastor, just received, affords a striking instance in corroboration



JOSEPH SYLVESTINE.



DAVIS SYLVESTINE.

and is accompanied by the interesting photographs that appear on this page. The letter says: "These are the picture of two Christian Indians of the Alabama tribe in Polk County, Texas. They are among the first fruits of the Gospel in that tribe, and they present a marked difference from their appearance when the writer first visited their tribe, fifteen or twenty years ago, and saw them in their savage dress, and in gross ignorance of Christianity. Both these men are married and have two or three children. They are bright, and write and speak English fairly well. They lead in prayer and speak in their prayer-meetings, and are both ruling elders in the Indian Presbyterian Church. They are farmers, and are now grappling with necessities caused by drought and crop failures. Yet they are now attending school, and propose to do so for a few months at least, in order to fit themselves better to be Christian workers in their tribe. They need aid that they may be trained for Christian usefulness."

Pastor Presb. Church, Creek Tex. S. F. TENNEY.

Chinese Slaves in California.

IT is estimated that there are 2,500 Chinese women and girls in San Francisco, of whom about 1,500 are slaves. These girls, says a writer in THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY JOURNAL, may be divided into two classes: the *muy tai* or bond servants and those imported for improper purposes. It is the custom among poor families in China where girls are plentiful to sell one or two of their daughters to wealthy families as servant girls. The price paid depends upon the age, character, and personal appearance of the girl. A good looking girl, ten years of age in Canton can be bought for \$150. Before the purchase is completed she is carefully examined to be sure that she has no hereditary taint. If

she is found to be healthy, a contract is executed between her parents and the purchaser, in which it is stipulated that she shall not be sold for immoral purposes, that she shall be kindly treated, provided with wholesome food and suitable clothing until she is eighteen or nineteen years of age, when her owner is bound to provide her with a husband who pays her redemption money, and she is henceforth a free woman. These *muy tais* are to be found in the homes of nearly every well-to-do Chinese family in California. They are employed to wait upon the ladies of the home, to nurse the babies, and to drudge about the house. Scores of these little girls may be seen about the tenement-houses of Chinatown, each with an infant strapped to her back.

The second class, by far the larger, consists of adult girls. In some instances an opium-smoking father sells his own daughter. For the sake of making an extra hundred dollars he is not careful to stipulate what kind of bondage she shall enter. In the greater number of cases these poor creatures have been decoyed away from their homes or kidnapped during the absence of their parents. Many of these wretched girls are taken down to Hong Kong and exported to Chinese colonies in foreign lands where they bring high prices. In San Francisco they often get past the custom inspectors under the pretense of being the wives of merchants. In some instances they are taken to Victoria, British Columbia, and there, disguised as Lywashee Indian women, they cross Puget Sound into Washington. It must be borne in mind that the girl is a party to the fraud, believing as she does that she is to be the wife of a rich merchant in California.

A Prominent Physician Writes.

SPOTSWOOD, N. J., Aug. 3, 1896.

MESSRS. McKESON & ROBBINS:

Dear Sirs:—Please send me, by mail, four more bottles of Tartarilithine Tablets (100 each.)

I will also here state, in justice, that this is the most welcome remedy that has come into my hands since my beginning of the practice of medicine. It has given me, in every case of rheumatism in which I have used it, the happiest kind of results. I have used discretion, perhaps even more than necessary, in its employment; that it be given to patients whom I believed required such a remedy or preparation; but these are just the kind that refuse to yield to ordinary treatment, old chronic cases of gouty diathesis, where there is a tendency to calcareous deposits, etc. These are undoubtedly, or have been, at least to me, the most troublesome patients in my practice to give what might fairly be termed good results. Now these have been the very kind in which I have been using Tartarilithine with the very happiest results to patients and myself. Many valuable remedies come daily to our aid, but this has been the most welcome one to me thus far.

Yours very truly,

Pamphlet on the treatment of Rheumatism by Tartarilithine sent free by
McKESON & ROBBINS,
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"ARLINGTON" SEWING MACHINE anywhere, and prepay all freight charges to any railway station out of Rocky Mountains. Money refunded after 30 days test trial. We will ship C. O. D. with privilege of 21 days trial on receipt of \$3.00. Oak or walnut. Light-running, noiseless, adapted for light or heavy work, self-feeding shuttle, self-setting needle, automatic bobbin winder, and complete set of last attachments free. 11 YEARS WRITTEN WARRANTY. If you prefer 30 days' trial before paying, send for large illustrated CATALOGUE with testimonials, explaining fully how we ship sewing machines anywhere, to anyone, at lowest manufacturers' prices without making one cent in advance. We are headquarters and have the largest and kindest stock from cheapest to the best. Over 52 different styles, High Arm "Arlington King" machines \$11.00 and \$16.50 guaranteed better than machines sold by others at \$19.00 to \$25.00. We also sell new Singer machines (Grade for use at \$13.00, \$15.00 and \$20.00).

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Disintegrates, Breaks Down and Eliminates Stones of the Kidneys or Bladder, Both Uric Acid and Phosphatic Formations.

ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF
DR. R. OGDEN DOREMUS,

Professor of Chemistry in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3d, 1896.
E. C. LAIRD, M. D., Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia Springs, N. Y.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have received the five collections of Disintegrated Calculi, each collection containing a number of fragments, and also the three boxes, each containing a single calculus, mentioned in your letter as discharged by different patients under treatment by me.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 2.
I have analyzed and photographed parts of each specimen, and designated them alphabetically. One of the Calculi from the collection marked "A," was 3-16 of an inch in diameter, of an orange color, and on section exhibited a nucleus, surrounded by nine concentric layers of a crystalline structure, as shown in the accompanying photograph marked "A," magnified 12 diameters.



(Calculus "A" magnified 12 diameters.)

On chemical analysis it was found to consist of Uric Acid (colored by organic substances from the urine), with traces of Ammonium Urate and Calcium Oxalate.

A fragment of a broken down calculus from the same collection was found to consist of Uric Acid.

(Report as to six specimens of Calculi omitted to economy of space.)

The contents of the boxes marked "C" consist chiefly of whitish crystalline materials.

On microscopic examination they exhibited well defined prismatic crystals characteristic of "Triple Phosphates," as shown in the accompanying photograph "C," magnified 20 diameters.

On chemical analysis they were found to consist of Magnesium and Ammonium Phosphate (Triple Phosphate), Calcium Phosphate, Calcium Carbonate, Sodium and Potassium Salts in traces, Uric Acid and Urates none. Calcium Oxalate none. Organic debris in considerable quantity, and matter foreign to Calculi.



(Collection "C" magnified 20 diameters.)

Yours respectfully,
R. OGDEN DOREMUS

According to distinguished Medical authority Uric Acid Poisoning shows itself in Gout, Rheumatism, Lithæmia, Stone of the Kidney and Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Herpetic Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Asthma, Nervous Headache, cases of Mental Depression and in certain forms of Dyspepsia and Eczema.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER dissolves and washes out of the system Uric Acid Deposit, and is Nature's own specific for the and all troubles of Uric Acid origin.

Taken as a common Beverage or table water it acts as preventive of Uric Acid deposit and of the distressing maladies caused by such deposit.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application.
PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In 1890, a mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair had completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly and surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT DOES NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the hair grows such as the beard or hair on males may require two or more applications before all roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without skin injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE REMOVES EXCESSIVE HAIR.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

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and Young Men's Home.
Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.
(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)
ONE hundred and Fifty beds. Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3.30 p. m.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturdays 2 p. m.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 a. m., and 8 p. m.
Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.
Total Meetings Held 169
Professed Conversion 3,671
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House 40,768
Aids Served in Restaurant 588,321
Lives Treated in Free Dispensary (opened Aug. 20, 1895) 736
Number of Men and Boys for whom employment was secured 933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Ev. ack'd.	\$50.13
A. P. Caverly	2.00
Widow's Mite, Huntingdon	10.00
Sh. Paterson	5.00
Miss Jaeger	10.00
S. J. Wilder	2.00
Mr. L. McCallum	5.00
J. C. Clark	5.00
C. C. Flushing	2.00
S. J. Brice	2.00
Total	\$88.63

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)
LIVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum Children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, play-room, dining-hall, school-room, baths, lawn, and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and staff of caretakers and medical attendant. Regular religious services held.

1,300 tenement children received, sheltered, fed, taught, and (in many instances) clad at Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost of \$3 per head, including transportation.

This beautiful Charity costs annually between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support. The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Children's Home:

Ev. ack'd.	\$7.00
Instant Reader, Newberry	1.00
Who loves the Lord, Courtenay	1.00
Miss Lord	5.00
Jennie Farley	1.00
Total	\$15.00

All contributions for the work sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 100 N. 4th St., New York, will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sweet Peas Up-to-Date. A handy booklet, containing a complete description of all known varieties, including novelties for 1897; 74 pp. W. Atlee Teepe & Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, publishers.

The Storrs & Harrison Seed Catalogue, Spring 1897. A most complete, convenient and well-illustrated manual for the use of florists, fruit growers, nurserymen, gardeners and agriculturists generally; 170 pp. Published by Storrs & Harrison Co., Painesville, O.

In A. S. Barnes & Co.'s "Helps for 1897," recently advertised, the name of the author, which appeared in the advertisement as "Houghton," could have read "Dr. John Stoughton." Dr. Stoughton is a well-known English Congregational clergyman, and a scholar and writer of high repute. An Introduction to the Story of the Acts of the Apostles; by Rev. G. M. Stiller, D.D., Professor New Testament Exegesis in Crozer Theological Seminary. Taking the Book of Acts, as it exists, is work attempts to trace out the course of thought and to account logically for what Luke has written. Pp. 287; cloth binding; price, 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. On R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that after four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten years' standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far in the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of The Christian Herald who is suffering from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

Consumption

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!



"What I have seen of God's healing power through your demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

D. DR. MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through your demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily.

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for \$1.00 bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.

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It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

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PRIZE NOTE THE FIVE COLLECTION, ASSORTMENT, PKGS.
Radish—10 varieties; Lettuce—9 kinds; Tomatoes—7 finest; Turnips—5 splendid; and Onions—3 best varieties.
SEND TEN CENTS to cover postage and this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, GUARANTEED TO PLEASE. Write today and receive my new Seed and Plant Book.
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12 STYLES.
NARROW & 2 & 4 WIDE Tires. Wheels Popular Prices. Low rates of freight from our works, Tatam, Pa., to all points. HOBSON & CO., Nos. 2 & 4 Stone St. New York.

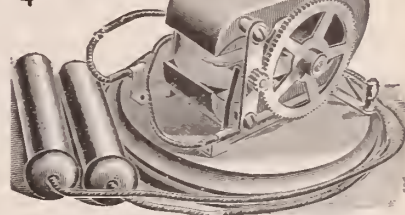
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\$100 an acre can only be made from one source—poultry. Perhaps you may smile but try keeping hens RIGHT. Told only in Poultry Keeper. 50c a yr. Sample free. Address Poultry Keeper Co. Box 2 Parkersburg, Pa.

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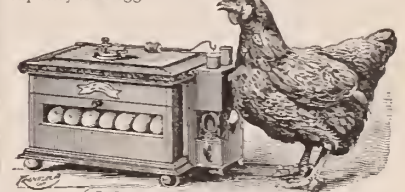


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In same size packets, the Seven Superb Sweet Peas described below would have cost \$3.10 in 1896, but are sold now for only 25 cents.

Incredible as this statement may appear, it is an actual fact. *Gray Friar* and *Ramona*, introduced first by us in 1896, sold at 15 cts. per pkt., while *HENRY ECKFORD*, of England, sold his novelties, *Crown Jewel* and *Little Dorrill*, each at 25. 6d. per packet of twenty seeds. As our packets now contain more than forty seeds, these two novelties alone would have cost \$1.25 each, if purchased anywhere in 1896.

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We have the largest and finest collection in the world,—see BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

25 Cts. buys these Seven Superb Sweet Peas:

CROWN JEWEL. Pale standards, tinted and veined with violet-rose; the wings are creamy, slightly tinted with rose; a most profuse bloomer.

GRAY FRIAR. Entirely unlike any other Sweet Pea. A most beautiful watered purple on white ground, the heaviest coloring being on the back of standard. The flowers, of hooded form and large size, are borne three and four on a stem.

LITTLE DORRILL. Carmine-tinted pink; standard of finest form, large white wings, slightly tinted, the colors beautifully harmonized; a superbly lovely variety.

METEOR. Truly an exquisite variety. Standards bright orange-salmon, wings delicate pink, with slight veins of purple.

MRS. JOS. CHAMBERLAIN. The flowers are truly enormous, and produced generally three to four on a stem. The color is very effective,—a white ground heavily striped and flaked bright rose; of fine form, very striking.

RAMONA. Grand flowers of very large size and improved hooded form, borne three or four to the stem; color creamy-white, daintily splashed with pink. See BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

"1897" Special Superfine Mixed. This mixture is composed of Twenty-three of the finest New Large-Flowered Sweet Peas. It is a choice blending (each grown separately and mixed by ourselves), which can be easily recognized when in flower.

25 Cts. Buys all the above,—Seven Superb Sweet Peas, each in full-size packet, true to name as described, and mailed, postpaid, to any address.

Any purchaser of two collections for fifty cents can have FREE as a premium one full-size packet either of the new dwarf Sweet Pea, *Cupid*, or our beautiful novelty for 1897, *Aurora*,—provided it is stated that the order was sent from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

For ONE DOLLAR we will send five complete collections as above (in all 35 pkts.), and give FREE as a premium one full packet each of *CUPID* and *AURORA*,—provided, it is stated where this offer was seen. Please try to get up a club of Five for One Dollar.

Please tell your friends of this great offer, as every one who loves Sweet Peas will want this collection. Any boy or girl can easily sell four collections, and thus get FREE one collection complete, and also one packet each of our remarkable Novelties, *AURORA* and *CUPID*.

With every collection we enclose a copy of "How to Grow High-Grade Sweet Peas by the Hamilton Method." In one thousand words it tells plainly just how to succeed in growing to full perfection the finest High-Grade Sweet Peas.

Burpee's 1897 GEM Collection.

"How I MADE ADVERTISING PAY," on page 2 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897, explains our object in offering each season a Special Cheap Collection of the Best FLOWER SEEDS.

The Ten Packets, purchased separately, would cost \$1.10, and even if there are some that you cannot use in your own garden, you can afford to give them away, and still have several times the value of the price charged for the entire collection.

For 25 Cts. we will mail to any size packet each of—

ASTERS,—Fordhook Favorites.

An unrivaled mixture of the best Asters, as described on page 100 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL.

BEGONIA,—Vernon.

Grows quickly from seed and makes handsome plants with bronze-tipped leaves and numerous clusters of deep-red flowers. This is famous throughout the world as the best Begonia for bedding and open-ground culture.

CENTAUREA,—New Marguerite.

The illustration and description on page 105 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897 can give but a faint idea of the delicate beauty of this grand, distinct new Centaurea.

DIANTHUS,—Fordhook Favorites.

This mixture is the best ever offered, embracing the finest large-flowered single and the double Chinese and Japanese Pinks.

HOLLYHOCKS,—Fordhook Superb.

This seed is all grown at FORDHOOK FARM, where it has been developed from the finest *Chater's Double*. The flowers measure three to four inches across, always perfectly double, and embrace a great variety of colors. The long spikes of bloom are magnificent.

MIGNONNETTES,—Fordhook Finest.

Never before has it been possible to secure seed of such grand varieties of Improved Mignonettes, mixed in one packet. Besides other choice varieties, this mixture contains seed of the beautiful New Golden Midget.

PANSY,—Peacock.

In the opinion of many the Peacock Pansy, as now improved, is the most beautiful of all. The iridescent blending of the sea-blue and other colors is almost indescribable.

PETUNIA,—Striped and Blotched.

A fine strain of *Petunia hybrida* that gives a constant display of bright flowers all summer.

POPPIES,—Fordhook Finest.

This special mixture of the Finest Double Poppies includes Burpee's *Fairy Blush*, *New Pink Pet*, *Cardinal*, *Mikado*, and *Vesuvius*.

VERBENA,—Fordhook Famous.

For illustration from a photograph and description of this finest strain of New Mammoth Verbena, see page 123 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys the ten varieties as above, with directions for culture.

For \$1.00 we will send Five Gem Collections OR Five Sweet Pea Collections (or of one and three of the other) AND give as a premium one full-size packet each of *AURORA* and *CUPID*,—provided, you mention THE CHRISTIAN HER.

SPIKES OF FORDHOOK SUPERB HOLLYHOCKS.

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The Best Novelties in SWEET PEAS.

For 75 Cts. we will send, postpaid, one regular size packet each of the following TEN FINEST NEW INTRODUCTIONS OF 1897:

AURORA. The most remarkable novelty for 1897. See illustration. Flowers flaked and striped with bright orange-salmon, borne three and four on a stem. Of surpassing beauty and gigantic size.

ALICE ECKFORD. Rich cream-tinted cerise standard; white flowers. The most chaste variety ever offered.

BURPEE'S BRILLIANT. See illustration and description on page 10 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897. Decidedly the best bright scarlet.

BURPEE'S NEW COUNTESS. The only clear soft lavender Sweet Pea that comes true from seed. Unequaled for bouquets.

COQUETTE. The finest of Eckford's advance set of Novelties for 1897. See illustration and description on page 12 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. Another of Eckford's Novelties, that may be described as an improved *Blushing Beauty*.

GOLDEN GATE. A remarkable new Sweet Pea from California, of unique form and distinct habit. Illustrated and described on page 11 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

MAID OF HONOR. Every lover of Sweet Peas will "go into raptures" over the dainty beauty of this new improved light Butterfly.

MIKADO. Large flowers of orange-cerise ground, veined with white; perfect form.

BURPEE'S AMERICAN SEEDLINGS. Never before has such a treat been in store for all lovers of Sweet Peas as in these wonderful new seedlings, described on page 13 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

ONE DOLLAR Buys Every Seed Advertised, Twenty-eight Full-Size Pkts., worth \$3.05.

For \$1.00 we will send BOTH COLLECTIONS named above,—the Seven Superb Sweet Peas for 25 Cents, AND the Ten Novelties for 75 Cents, AND BURPEE'S GEM COLLECTION for 1897, advertised above, AND also a distinct New Sweet Pea, not yet named, from California, making in all Twenty-eight Packets (all full size), which would cost \$3.05 if purchased separately, even at our reduced prices for 1897. Order TO-DAY! Mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and be sure to look for BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL if you have not already received the 1897 edition.

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The Leading American Seed Catalogue.

A handsome new book written at Fordhook Farm tells all about the BEST SEEDS That Grow. Hundreds of illustrations; grand new vegetables and beautiful rare flowers painted from Nature.

Send a postal card for it TO-DAY.



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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 7.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1897.

Price Five Cents.



STREET WAIFS GATHERING FOR SUPPER AT ONE OF THE BARNARDO HOMES, LONDON. (See Page 123.)



Questions and Answers.

E. M. W., Sandy Lake, Pa. What is the Sabbath Day's journey mentioned in Acts 1:12?

Travel was prohibited on the Sabbath. But as a Jew should obviously attend to his religious duties on that day, the Rabbis fixed a definite limit to his walk. A Sabbath Day's journey must not exceed two thousand yards from his home.

Mrs. M. J. M., Minier, Ill. I am a constant reader of your paper and through its columns I see the notes of the dying and the starving millions in India. I want to ask for some information regarding reaching them with gifts and aid. Please tell me how a carload of grain would be disposed of in order to reach them and what authority or in whose care it should be sent. Give me explicit directions.

As announced in our last week's issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has undertaken to forward to India any contributions our readers may make for the famine sufferers. The cablegram received from Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, advised that money, and not grain, be sent and our friends would do wisely to act accordingly. Any grain contributed would have to be sold and millet, wheat, corn, or other cereals bought in the East with the proceeds so as to save the great expense of transportation. It would cost between \$20,000 and \$30,000 to convey a load of corn from New York to India.

J. A. Peters, Lexington, Ky. Has a man a right to spend his money as he pleases, provided he does not violate the law in doing so? This question came up for discussion among a number of gentlemen here a few evenings ago, and the prevailing view taken was that he had. I questioned the soundness of such a conclusion, however, and suggested that the matter be referred to your MAIL-BAG for adjudication. I may explain that the parties who will look for your answer do not wish to have you decide on Scriptural grounds alone.

There are two answers to your question: 1. Yes; if the owner of the money be wholly selfish and only regards the indulgence of his own wishes and desires, so far as these do not conflict with the laws, he may spend his money as he pleases. 2. No; if he regards his position, duties and responsibilities as a member of civilized society. In such a view, he finds that he has no right to spend it in any manner that may tend to assail the well-being or social and moral order of his fellows, or that may wound their feelings, or pauperize, brutalize, antagonize, or degrade them. In a word, he will find that instead of spending it as he pleases, he will feel obliged to disburse his money in the manner best for society at large, and consequently best for himself as a reputable member thereof. These two conclusions are apart from the Scriptural ground, which is the wisest, and indeed the only true rule for the administration of wealth, and which teaches us that the ownership of money is a stewardship for which its possessor is accountable, and all expenditures should be regulated with the moral and spiritual result in view. Unconsecrated and misspent wealth is a curse; whereas consecrated and wisely employed money blesses all around us.

Young Man, Adams, Ill. I have, what Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon called military spirit, and wish to enlist in the United States army, but am told the associations are bad. But my inclinations for six years have uncontrollably pointed that way, and I do not care to resist longer. Could it not be a God-sent calling as well as anything else?

Unquestionably it can. One can serve God in the army just as well as anywhere else, as the careers of many heroic Christian soldiers testify. Yet the truth remains that the army and navy are severe tests on a young man's morals, and the associations are not conducive to the upbuilding of character.

Subscriber, Otis, N. Y. Can the true Christian ever be fully lost? Is it not clearly taught that no one who is really Christ's will fall away irreversibly?

That is our hope, and there is ground for cherishing it, but the doctrine does not appear to be clearly taught. There are passages which might seem to bear that interpretation, but there are so many injunctions to watchfulness that there does appear to be a danger of the true Christian backsliding and dying impenitent. No one should allow the belief in final perseverance to make him careless.

S. C. West, Fort Ind. 1. What is the meaning of the word Sabbath? 2. Is it better for the heart the rest of religion?

1. There is a wide diversity of opinion. But the most probable conjecture is that it denotes a period of rest in the vocal or instrumental

music. 2. Religion should possess the whole man. He should bring his intelligence to bear upon it, and this is generally understood by the head. But his disposition, his love and kindness and magnanimity, and his passions, which are usually indicated to when the heart is referred to, should be transformed, too. Of course, the fleshly, material heart is not meant. As the heart is the fountain of life, it is an appropriate symbol of the seat of religion, which pervades the whole being.

M. E. C., Tabernacle, N. C. 1. Is it right for a Christian to sell Bibles and religious literature at cost (no commission) on the Sabbath day? 2. Is it the duty of a church member to contribute to the support of a minister whose services he does not appreciate or enjoy?

1. Buying and selling are not proper business for any one professing to be a Christian to engage in on the Lord's day, yet it is supposable that there might be circumstances—which would make such a thing justifiable, as for instance, where an opportunity to disseminate the printed Word occurred unexpectedly. But even in such a case, although the Bibles might be handed over, the commercial part of the transaction should be

to cast out an inconsistent member than to help him to reform, but it is better to win him to a consistency by love if it can be done.

Mrs. Sadie C., York, Neb., writes:

I would like to say to Amelia E. Barr that Deborah is called a prophetess in Judges 4:4. A prophetess is a person illuminated, inspired or instructed by God to speak in his name or announce future events. Whether face to face or by dreams they were instructed we know not, but to have the angel of the Lord appear and speak to woman is far above dreams and visions.

To this Mrs. Barr replies as follows:

My article on the "Dream Life of the Bible" is quite apart from the subject of prophecy or prophecies. They would come under a different consideration. Your correspondent cites Deborah. But Deborah did not dream. Deborah saw no vision. She was neither asleep nor yet in that condition of vision which St. Paul defines as neither in the body nor out of it, and which was one at least of absolute insensibility to ordinary life—men in vision were said by Ezekiel and others to be "in the spirit." But Deborah was intensely, consciously, rejoicingly awake. She was singing a song of triumph, possibly playing on the timbrel to it as Miriam did after the passage of the Red Sea. But even in this pious act Barak the son of Abinoam is associated with her. Your correspondent is right in saying that the angelic visitations to women recorded "are far above dreams and visions." They are. But Angelology and Angel Visits was not the subject I was considering. It was only "The Dream Life of the Bible," and in doing this I was compelled by the facts of the case to notice the singular circumstance that men, not women, were the dreamers. But in this statement there is nothing derogatory to women, quite the contrary.

E. M. H., Denrock, Ill. I want to be a Christian, but something holds me back. The more I try to live right, the farther I seem to be from it. What ought I to do?

Many are in the same condition. Even the Apostle Paul seems to have had that experi-

not to suppose that he did this without authority. As far as other causes of disagreement between husband and wife are concerned must be left to the individual conscience decide whether they are of a character to make a continuation of the union impossible. They are, undoubtedly, exceptional cases, where every available resort has failed, and where continuance of the existing status might involve the wrecking of two lives and possibly of the of the children also. Separation for a time would seem to be the only remedy available in such distressing cases; but no one holding Scriptural view would counsel divorce, save the grounds already stated.

W. G. Picton Mines, Colo. 1. Were Joseph, Mary the mother of Christ, married before birth of Christ? 2. Did Christ baptize persons himself?

1. Yes. See Matt. 1:18, 19, 24, and para passages. 2. No. See John 4:2.

R. T. Campbell, Ill. A minister was hurriedly called to baptize a child who was very ill, and he baptized it by sprinkling. The parents thought illness was due to the wrath of God at the child not being baptized. Did the parents do right? Did the minister do right?

The parents must have been ill-informed. The child's illness was due to natural cause, not to the wrath of God. The baptism could not do the child any good, physically or spiritually. The minister would probably tell parents so. But in their time of trouble he have yielded to their wish, as it would do child no harm.

C. W. S., Medford, Ont. 1. If Christ died for how is it so many die without ever hearing it? How can the atonement benefit them? What is your belief about the Millennium? Does death end all man's opportunities of salvation or may he have another opportunity beyond the grave?

1. Christ's command was to tell everyone. No blame attaches to him for not hearing of his atonement. The full provision was made, and on his word might come. He died for all, that whoever will, may have salvation. One can easily conceive of a proclamation of emancipation being made, and yet some slaves remaining in slavery because they did not know. The duty enjoined on the Church has not been performed, and so there are many whom Christ's atonement does not benefit, but does not limit the atonement. 2. Christ will reign on the earth for a thousand years, as the Scriptures foretell (See Isa. 65:17-25; Rev. 20:4-6, and other passages). 3. No encouragement is given in the Bible for hope that other opportunity will be afforded, not for us to limit God's mercy. That we know is that it is offered to us in this life, and in terms which appear to imply that the offer is final. Any one who puts off to the future life the acceptance of the offer is running a fearful risk, and one that he is expressly warned against.

J. W. C., Allport, Pa. Did not Christ's command to his followers to be perfect as their Father in heaven was perfect (Matt. 5:48), imply the possibility of their attaining perfection?

He set before them the highest ideal that they might never rest satisfied at lower attainments. Perhaps he feared the danger of people being content with a lower standard, and of even hoping as some do, that they have become perfect. He therefore urged them to strive after absolute perfection, but he did not assure them that they can reach it, nor effort will bring them higher.

Mrs. Peter K., Gasville, O. Who was Mohammed? When and where born?

Mohammed or Ahmad, was born at Mecca, Arabia, A. D. 570 (some say April, 571). His father was Abdallah bin Abdalmottalib, who died before the son was born, and his mother, Aminah. His family was very poor. The legend is known of Mohammed's infancy until 622 (the date of the Hegira), when he fled to Medina.

Patron, Syracuse, N. Y. No. 2. That question has been puzzling the theologians since the beginning of time.—Kollin K. K., Marengo, Ill. His church has a self-appointed investigating committee whose members gather evidence.—Mrs. S. North Hope, Pa. Write to American Bible Society, New York City.—N. B., Grand Rapids, Mich. Write to M. F. Book Concern, 150 Fifth, New York.—H. G. B., Ozark, Ala. He is a Presbyter.—Geo. B. W., Bowdoinville, Ont. We think not.—Lydia R., Kilmeyer, Ia. Send them to the nearest hospital, mission, almshouse, asylum, or jail, and they will be appreciated.—D. H. Rajebian, W. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.—D. L., Ivyview, Va. We cannot discuss the statement mentioned in your letter.—Subscriber, Church, Pa. They are not in any of the state collections.—A. B. Address Miss Delane, Catharine Mission, Catharine street, New York.—Mr. F. L. Boynton, Kingsfisher, O. T. Give back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD great advantage in his missionary work.—J. S., No. it is not.—Congregationist, Per. Pa., No. In a common clerical frock coat.—David Thomas, Hendersonville, N. C. Write to the Librarian of the Astor Library, New York City.—Geo. C., St. Louis Crossing, Mo. Number of books, known as the Apocryphal (Doubtful Writings) were omitted.—Mr. C. Esther. Send \$1.50 for it.—J. M. R., Covington, Va. Send letter to Northfield, Mass.—Subscriber, Crookston, Minn. So-called magicians and magicians are all charlatans, and pretenders.—James S., Quincy, Ill. Mr. King has gone to America for a five months' tour.



A STREET SCENE IN GRANTSTOWN, BAHAMAS.

The Bahamas or Lucayas lie in the Atlantic Ocean, between the eastern coast of Florida and the northern coast of San Domingo. They are tropical in the luxuriance of their vegetation. Many varieties of fruit grow wild. The mild climate is believed to be a great advantage to sufferers from pulmonary diseases. These islands are a fine field for missionary effort, and there have been many famous workers for Christ among the natives. Grantstown is on the outskirts of Nassau.

deferred till after Sunday. 2. Giving is a matter of duty, not of whim. If we are of the Church of Christ we should be willing to help to support it. Besides, all have not the same preferences and, what may seem to you to be indifferent, may be the spiritual life of others. To withhold your support of a pastor and continue to claim allegiance to his pastorate is clearly wrong.

H. M. Lewisburg, Pa. 1. Do you think the modern, "up-to-date" church is more effective than the church of our fathers? 2. Do you think the church would be benefited by a wholesale expulsion of inconsistent members?

1. In all points where a church is applying Christianity to modern life, and helping men to resist temptation and lead godly lives, we think it is effective. There is a difference in church as now as there was in the churches of our fathers. There is a tendency now to preach less on doctrine and more on conduct, and so far preaching differs from the preaching of fifty years ago, when election, predestination, and divine sovereignty were frequently the subjects of sermons week after week. Sermons on the symbolism of the Tabernacle and the Temple, and on Jewish laws and customs and types were also in vogue, and they are becoming less common. In all these things the change seems to us a change for the better. 2. Discipline might be beneficial in some instances, but we would rather see reformation without the punishment if it can be secured. It is easier

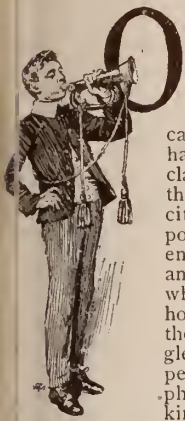
ence (see Romans 7:15-19). He was delivered, as you will see by the closing verse of the chapter, by the power of Christ. We recommend the same power to you. Christ came to impart life, to give power to our weak natures. He still gives that power. If you pray to him and believe that he is able and willing to help you, the help will come. Why should you not trust him? He is full of love and compassion. But if you know what it is that is holding you back, you should give that up. It may be some cherished sin. Pray for enlightenment.

Distressed, Iowa. I noticed your reply to a question about divorce in THE MAIL-BAG some time ago, and I thought it very good, but my case is different. Will you tell me whether I am justified in getting a divorce? My wife claims to be a Christian but she makes my life miserable by persistent and undeserved abuse. I think I could bear that, if it was not for my children (not boys). She insults and abuses them, and that gives me more pain than when she attacks me. For their sake can I not get a divorce?

While incompatibility of temperament is sufficient ground for divorce in law, it is not so regarded in Christian doctrine. In Matt 5:32 and elsewhere, Christ states the only cause which the Christian ought to recognize; but Paul, who probably knew more of Christ's utterances on this important question than the mere fragment that has been preserved to us, takes broader ground, and indicates desertion as a justification (See 1 Cor. 7:15). We are

AN ARMY OF RESCUED CHILDREN.

The Splendid Life-work of Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo Among the Waifs and Strays of England—Over One Hundred Child Institutions Established.



OUR social life at the present day is characterized, in many directions, by widespread benevolent and educational effort in behalf of the neglected classes. Especially is this true of our great cities, whose cosmopolitan populations embrace all degrees and conditions, and where the crowded homes of poverty and the thousands of neglected children appeal strongly to the philanthropic and the kind-hearted. Less

than a century ago, the children of poverty were too often left to the rude companionship of the streets, and to grow up to a vicious manhood and womanhood. Now, as this is changed, and society, actuated in some degree by the instinct of self-protection, but in a larger measure by the

operation, and to provide a home for the waifs. He rented an old house in Stepney Causeway, London, which was soon transformed into a cheerful and attractive "Home for Destitute Lads," and filled with a number of children gathered in from the dark alleys, railway arches, fruit markets, and river front, where they were surrounded by vicious and criminal associations. From this beginning the rescue work yearly expanded.

At the present time the institutions under Dr. Barnardo's fostering care comprise eighty-five separate Homes and twenty-four Mission Branches. Of these, thirty-four are situated in London, one in the Island of Jersey in the English Channel, seventy in various counties of England, and three in Canada. They include Homes for Working and Destitute Lads, Orphan Homes, Nursery Homes, All-night Refuges, Labor Houses, Village Homes for Orphan and Destitute Girls, Babies' Castles, Hospitals, Servants' Free Registry and Home, Rescue Home for Young Girls in Special Danger, The Bee Hive (an Industrial Home for Older Girls), City Messenger Brigade, Shoeblack Brigade and Home, Wood Chopping Brigade, Convalescent Seaside Homes, Memorial Homes for Incurables, Homes for Girl Waifs, Children's Free Lodging-Houses, Emigration Depots, Industrial Farm and Home, Boarding-out Branches, Blind and Deaf-Mute Branch, Branch for Cripples or Deformed Children, The Children's Fold, Ever-Open Doors (eight Branches of Rescue Work), and several Shipping Agencies for the sending of children abroad.

There is seemingly no limit to the energies and resources of this wonderful Christian worker. So universally trusted and beloved is he by the benevolent people of London and other English cities, that every new project that he proposes for the physical betterment and moral elevation of the wretched poor commands instant attention and support. Up to the present time nearly thirty thousand poor boys have been rescued from privation, suffering and moral peril and a large proportion of them placed in Christian households. He established in different provincial centres, new receiving-houses, with ever-open doors, where application may be made on behalf of desti-

United Kingdom. Deserted children, the progeny of tramps, the orphan children of respectable parents, street arabs, "wharf-rats," motherless girls, cripples (some even legless or armless), little girls rescued from dire moral peril, little sleepers in wagons or alleyways, the blind, deaf and dumb, the hunchback, and every conceivable variety of waifs are all to be found there.

Since 1882 several thousand girls and boys have been sent out in organized parties to Canada, and a large number of young emigrants to Australia and South Africa, from the Barnardo Homes. Many of the children who have been reared in these refuges are now grown men and women, earning an honorable livelihood for themselves in different parts of the world. It is ascertained that over ninety-eight per cent. of all who have been trained in the Barnardo homes and afterward started in life under their auspices, are doing well—some in Canadian homesteads, others on Australian ranches, and still others on their native soil. A number of years ago Dr. Barnardo acquired about nine thousand acres of land near Russell, Manitoba, for the purpose of starting an industrial farm. Buildings were erected and a

when the great building was crowded to suffocation by the arabs of the English metropolis. Gospel gatherings and temperance meetings are held there, besides educational classes, mothers' meetings, and bands of hope, and there is a good gymnasium and a tract depot. Another similar Barnardo institute is "Dublin" Castle on the Mile-End Road, London, a famous place for waif rescue and educational work.

Time and space fail us to tell more than a mere fraction of the physical and moral



DR. THOMAS J. BARNARDO.

teachings of Christianity, is everywhere making an effort to rescue the child-waifs and to save them from the misery and degradation to which they would surely succumb, if no hand of help were stretched toward them.

Our own land shows a steadily increasing number of benevolent institutions for children. In England, one of the great evils that strike at the very root of the vice and misery common to all great cities, is that conducted by Dr. T. J. Barnardo, who has devoted his energies to the care of the homeless and helpless children. So widespread is his charitable projects that he is known throughout England as the "Destitute Children's Friend," and it would be hard indeed to find one more worthy of his title of affectionate admiration.

Thomas J. Barnardo was born in Dublin, Ireland, fifty-one years ago. He was converted in his nineteenth year and he resolved to consecrate himself to the Lord's work in the mission field. He entered London Hospital, in 1866, as a medical student. During the years he spent in capacity, he became acquainted with the poor of the modern Babylon, his duties bringing him much among them. It was long before the thoughtful young student recognized his real field of duty. It was then about twenty years of age, during his medical rounds, visited hundreds of the low East-end lodgings. One bleak winter night he saw no more than seventy-three ragged and homeless children lying under a piece of old paulin at St. Paul's wharf, packed together, big and little, like sardines in a box. Soon became aware that thousands of others were faring just as badly and were being winged up to a godless criminal manhood, they escaped death by starvation or accident meanwhile.

In 1870, Dr. Barnardo made an effort to put his rescue schemes into practical



"BABIES' CASTLE," HAWKHURST, ENGLAND.

tute children. This was necessary as a considerable proportion of the applicants were from other cities than London, and as they would inevitably drift into the great tribe of hopeless and helpless waifs, were not a rescuing hand held out in time. Every year new branches of the home have been opened, new Lodging Houses, Mission Centres, Messenger Brigades, Coffee Palaces, Free Day Schools and Sunday Bible Schools, Shelters, Creches, Young Helpers' Leagues, and Adult Helpers' Associations, and the work extended widely throughout the



MEMORIAL COTTAGE AND ITS INMATES.

number of young lads sent out under the care of a superintendent. The farm now includes about fourteen square miles of the most fertile prairie land in the Dominion. Several hundred young graduates of the home live on it; their conduct has been admirable, and the general prosperity and prospects of the settlement are all that could be desired.

Some of the Barnardo homes are pictured in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but to give an adequate pictorial presentation would fill the pages of an entire issue. "The Edinburgh Castle," situated in Rhodeswell Road, Limehouse, London, E., is the chief centre of all the evangelistic agencies of the Homes, having sitting accommodations for 3,000, and a gross yearly attendance little short of 300,000. It was formerly a mammoth gin-palace and drinking saloon, and is now a source of Gospel light and educational effort. Our color picture shows the exterior of the castle, on the occasion of the street waifs' supper,



ONE OF THE DEACONESS' HOUSES.

reformation that is wrought every year upon many thousands of waifs by means of the Barnardo Homes. Picked up literally in the gutters and the slums, these little outcasts are trained to become godly men and women, skilled in useful trades, and self-respecting and honest. Able Christian men and women are in charge of the different institutions, and all are operated on the plan of a great family with numerous branches. At this moment over 5,000 orphans alone are being sheltered and trained by the Homes. Dr. Barnardo's agents are searching night and day for the little homeless and neglected waifs, and no one who comes under that category is ever refused admission. No gift, patronage, or influence is needed to secure an entrance to the Homes. The industrial, educational, and religious training is thoroughly systematized, and the best results are attained. It is estimated that the annual cost per child for support, shelter, clothing, and all the necessities, is \$80. Thousands have already been sent to farm homes in Canada, many to Australia, and other tens of thousands are leading lives of honorable industry in the United Kingdom. Among the various Homes the most interesting, perhaps, is the group which forms the Village Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls, near Ilford, Essex. The Village Home contains at present 52 complete buildings. Of this number 49 are pretty detached Cottages, several containing a family group of from 16 to 20 girls. Each of these small houses is a real and separate home, presided over by a Christian lady, called by the girls "Mother," who devotes all her time and energies to the work. By this means the family system is reproduced in contrast to the barrack or institutional method.



All the Barnardo Homes enjoy the fullest confidence and the most generous support of the British public.



A KING EATING GRASS.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Dan. 4: 33.

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon
Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men,
and did eat grass as oxen," etc.



BETTER shade your eyes lest they be put out with the splendor of Babylon, as some morning you walk out with Nebuchadnezzar on the suspension bridges which hang from the housetops, and he shows you the vastness of his realm. As the sun kindles the domes with glisters almost insufferable and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires, Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" But in an instant all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from the heaven, saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: The kingdom is departed from thee: and they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on the way to the fields, a maniac, and rushing into the forests, he becomes one of the beasts, covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

You see there is a great variety in the Scriptural landscape. In several discourses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great, dark chasm of wickedness as we come to speak of Nebuchadnezzar. God in his Word sets before us the beauty of self-denial, of sobriety, of devotion, of courage, and then, lest we should not thoroughly understand him, he introduced Daniel and Paul, and Deborah, as illustrations of those virtues. God also speaks to us in his Word as to the hatefulness of pride, of folly, of impiety, and lest we should not thoroughly understand him, introduces Nebuchadnezzar as the impersonation of these forms of depravity. The former style of character is a lighthouse, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, swinging on the rocks, to show where vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the lighthouse! The host of Nebuchadnezzar is thundering at the gates of Jerusalem. The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonish insolence. The vessels of the Temple, which had never been desecrated by profane touch, were ruthlessly seized for sacrilege and transportation. Oh, what a sad hour when those Jews, at the command of the invading army, are obliged to leave the home of their nativity! How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish when, on the day they departed, they heard the trumpets from the top of the Temple announcing the hour for morning sacrifice and saw the smoke of the altars ascending around the holy hill of Zion, for well they knew that in a far distant land they would

never hear that trumpet call, nor behold the majestic ascent of the sacrifice. Behold those captives on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon! Worn and weary, they dare not halt, for roundabout are armed men urging them on with hoot, and shout, and blasphemy. Aged men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their bones in the sleeping-place of their fathers, and children wondered at the length of the way and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly springs upon the view of the captives, with its gardens and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzzza is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor there, for it was not home. The Euphrates did not have the water- gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their untuned harps, were not as graceful as the trees which at the foot of Mount Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging-gardens upon that great city was not so sweet as one breath of the acacia and frankincense that the high priest kindled in the sanctuary at Jerusalem.

On a certain night a little while after these captives had been brought to his city, Nebuchadnezzar is scared with a night vision. A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and forebodings which keep talking in the night. He will find that the eagles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine quills. The ghosts of old transgressions are sure to wander about in the darkness and beckon and hiss. Yet when the morning came he found that the vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors, and therefore are apt to sail away before we can fasten them. Nebuchadnezzar calls all the wise men of the land into his presence, demanding that by their necromancy they explain his dream. They of course fail. Then their wrathful king issues an edict with as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the Prophet comes in with the interpretation just in time to save the wise men and the Jewish captives.

My friends, do you not see that pride and ruin ride in the same saddle? See Nebuchadnezzar on the proudest throne of all the earth, and then see him graze with the sheep and the cattle! Pride is commander, well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm, while those with all sails set capsize at the sudden descent of the tempest.

Remember that we can be as proud of our humility as of anything else. Antisthenes walked the streets of Athens with a ragged cloak to demonstrate his humility,

but Socrates declared he could see the hypocrisy through the holes in his cloak. We would all see ourselves smaller than we are if we were as philosophic as Seneca the Emperor of Rome who said at the close of his life, "I have been everything, and everything is nothing." And when the urn that was to contain his ashes was, at his command, brought to him he said, "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

Do you not also learn from the misfortune of this king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason. There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as derangement of intellect: to have the body of man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of horrible sights, the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds, the most horrible is the maniac's laugh. A vessel driven on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies upon the winter's beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out toward those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs cutting themselves among the tombs. We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well, will always be faithful. We forget that an engine of such tremendous power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion, and the least impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by a Divine hand. No human hand could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately tuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on, though fear shakes it and vexations rack it and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or toss from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar the use that God makes of bad men. The actions of the wicked are used as instruments for the punishment of wickedness in others or as the illustration of some principle in the Divine government. Nebuchadnezzar subserved both purposes. Even so I will go back with you to the history of every reprobate that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great extent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power, and how God glorified himself in the overthrow and disgrace of his enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and wicked Cyrus destroys it. Persia fills the cup of its iniquity, and vile Alexander puts an end to it. Macedon must be chastised, and bloody Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be destroyed, and corrupt Napoleon accomplishes it. Even so selfish and wicked men are often made to accomplish great and glorious purposes. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlative perfidy and meanness when they sold him into slavery for about seven dollars, yet how they must have been overwhelmed with the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they saw he had become the Prime Minister of Egypt! Pharaoh

oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny; yet stand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend the locusts, and the hail, and the destroying angel, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of his people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are chaff in a whirlwind! some financial panic the righteous suffer with the wicked. Houses and stores and shops in a night foundered on the rock of bankruptcy, and healthy credit with warning dropped dead in the street, a money ran up the long ladder of twenty-five per cent., to laugh down upon those who could not climb after it. Dealers with pockets full of securities stood shouting in the deaf ears of banks. Men rushed down the streets with protested notes at their heels. Those who before found it hard to spend their money, were left with money to spend. Laborers went home without work, to see hunger in their cheeks at the table and upon the hearth. Wind blew his breath of frost through fingers, and sheriffs with attachments dashed among the cinders of fallen storehouses and whole cities joined in the long funeral procession, marching to the grave of fortunes and a fallen commerce. Verily the righteous suffered with the wicked, but generally the wicked had the worst of it. Splendid estates that had come together through schemes of wickedness were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel. God wrote with letters of fire, amid ruin and destruction of reputations, estates that were thought impregnable the old-fashioned truth, which centuries ago he wrote in his Bible, "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down," the stars of heaven are reflected from the waters of the earth, even so God's great and magnificent purposes are reflected back from the boiling sea of human passion and turmoil. As the voice of a song uttered among the mountains may be uttered back from the cavernous heart of wild beast and rocks split and thunder scarred, so the great harmonies of God's providence are rung back from the dark caverns of this sin-struck earth. Semiramis, and Abimelech, and Herod, Judas, and Nero, and Nebuchadnezzar, though they struggled like beasts broken to the load, were put into a way where they were compelled to help do ahead God's great projects of mercy.

Again, let us learn the lesson that we can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the Temple and carrying them away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the Temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated, the laying of heathen hands upon them, the carrying them off as spoils was an unbounded offense to the Lord of the Temple. Yet Nebuchadnezzar committed this sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk and down the earth, cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on sacramental day take the communion cup, while their conversation and deeds all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament. It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith. Sinai stands up with its fire-split clouds, and Calvary, its Victim. The Holy Spirit broods over the scene, and the glory of heaven seems to gather in the sanctuary. Vile indeed must that man be who will come in with his idols and unrepented follies to hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. O, thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back to you to Babylon!

Those also desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath for any other than religious purposes. This holy day was set down from heaven amid the intense solemnities of the week to remind us that we are immortal, and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is

green spot in the hot desert of this world that gushes with fountains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robes of our piety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far off on other days, alights upon the earth, and the song of heavenly choirs and the hosannah of the white-robed seem to mingle with our earthly worship. We hear the wailing Infant of Bethlehem, and the hammer-stroke of the carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Gethsemane, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord of the Sabbath! With that one day in seven God divides this great sea of business and gaiety, so that dry-shod we may pass between the worldly business of the past and the worldly business of the future!

But to many the Sabbath comes only as a day for neighborhood visiting, field rambling, hotel lounging, and political caucusing. This glorious Sabbath which was intended only as a golden chalice from which the thirsty should drink, is this moment being carried down to Babylon. I do not exaggerate the truth when I say that to tens of thousands there is no distinction between the Sabbath and the week days, except that on the Lord's day they do not work, while they eat more largely and dissipate more thoroughly. Sabbath-breakers are like hunters who should compel their hounds to take rest while themselves continue on the weary chase, for men on the Sabbath allow their bodies which are merely the animal nature, sufficient repose, while their immortal nature, which should be fed and refreshed, is compelled to chase up and down this world's highway. How shameful to rob God of his day, when he allows men so much lawful acquisition, even of a worldly nature, on the Sabbath; for although men themselves are commanded to rest, the corn and the wheat and the grass grow just as rapidly on the Sabbath as on other days, so that while they sit in the sanctuary they are actually becoming richer in worldly things. While you are doing nothing your bonds and mortgages are all accumulating interest for your estate just as fast as on other days. Men hired by the month or year are receiving just as much wages while quiet on the Sabbath as they are the hard-working week-day. How unutterably mean it is, when God is adding to your worldly estate on the Sabbath as certainly as on other days, that any should not be satisfied with that, but attempt to seize additional secular advantage from the Lord's day. Have you never noticed the curious fact that our worldly occupation frequently seems to be divided into sections of six days each? Every week we have just enough work given us to do in six days. God makes just enough breaks in our continuous occupations to thrust in the Sabbath. If you have not before noticed, observe hereafter that when Saturday night comes there is almost always a good stopping-place in your business. All things secular and spiritual in providence and revelation seem to say: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When the six days of creation had passed God stopped working. Not even a pure flower or a white cloud would he make, because it was the Sabbath, and giving an example to all future times, he rested.

He who breaks the Sabbath not more certainly robs God than robs himself. Inevitably, continuous desecration of the sacred day ends either in bankruptcy or destroyed health. A great merchant said, "Had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This remark was made in a company of merchants, and one of them said, "That corresponds with the experience of my friend, a great importer. He often said, 'The Sabbath is the best day of the week to plan successful voyages.' He has for years been in an insane hospital, and will probably die there."

Those also repeat the sin of Nebuchadnezzar who in any way desecrate the Holy Scriptures. There are men who use the Word of God as an instrument of angry controversy. Bigots at heart and zealots, in the advocacy of their religious peculiarities they meet other sects with the fury of a highwayman, thrusting them through and through with what they consider the sword of the Spirit. It is a wonder to me that some men were not made with horns to hook with, and hoofs to kick with, and with claws to grab with. What Christ said to rash Peter, when he struck off the ear of Malchus, he says to every controversialist: "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Rev. William Jay met a countryman who said to him, "I was extremely alarmed this morning, sir. It was very foggy and I was going down to a lonely place and I thought I saw a strange monster. It seemed in motion but I could not discern its form. I did not like to turn back but my heart beat; and the more I looked the

more I was afraid. But as I approached I saw it was a man and who do you think it was?" "I know not." "Oh, it was my brother John." Then Mr. Jay remarked, "It was early in the morning and very foggy, and how often do we thus mistake our Christian brethren."

Just in proportion as men are wrong will they be boisterous in their religious contentions. The lamb of religion is always gentle, while there is no lion so fierce as the roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Let Gibralters belch their war flame on the sea, and the Dardanelles darken the Hellespont with the smoke of their batteries, but forever and ever let there be good will among those who profess to be subjects of the Gospel of gentleness. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

What an embarrassing thing to meet in heaven if we have not settled our controversies on earth. So I give out for all people of all religions to sing, John Fawcett's hymn, in short metre, composed in 1772, but just as appropriate for 1897:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Sheltering the Homeless.

Many Hundreds Lodged Nightly at the Salvation Army Headquarters.



DURING the present winter there has been a great deal of suffering among the poor in New York and the general dullness in all branches of trade has swelled the number of idle and homeless men to unusual proportions. Formerly the police stations afforded shelter to a very considerable proportion of the absolutely homeless in severe winter nights, but since this privilege has been discontinued for sanitary reasons, there has been a great increase in the patronage of the City Lodging House, a free public shelter, and also at the cheap lodging-houses along the Bowery and elsewhere. During the recent cold spell, when the keen winds, heavy snows and temperature hovering around zero, drove all the vagrants to seek shelter, the Salvation Army opened its headquarters in West Fourteenth Street to receive them. The place was crowded nightly, from 1200 to 1500 men being accommodated with a place to sleep, and a free supper and breakfast. A part of the headquarters which had been used as a church, was specially devoted to this work, and the auditorium and galleries were crowded nightly with an army of the destitute who slept on its bare wooden floor.



HOMELESS MEN SLEEPING ON THE SALVATION ARMY AUDITORIUM FLOOR, NEW YORK CITY.

glad to find a warm refuge from the arctic blasts that roared outside. Our photographer, in the illustration on this page, taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has shown the scene at the headquarters on a night when almost every available foot of space was occupied by some poor wail of the street.

The Conference of Charities of New York City some time ago appointed a Committee on Vagrancy, to make a special study of the subject of caring for the homeless, and that committee, through its chairman, made a public protest against the method of relief adopted by the Salvation Army in opening its headquarters as a shelter and giving free meals and lodging to large numbers of destitute men. The committee contends that such shelters are dangerous by reason of their liability to spread contagion, and that they are morally degrading and a direct encouragement to vagrancy. It was recommended that the organized charities of the city be permitted to investigate all deserving cases and provide for them. There are doubtless many who reasonably oppose promiscuous charity on these grounds, but the occasion that led to the opening of the Salvation Army headquarters was in the nature of an emergency such as fortunately seldom occurs. As soon as the cold wave passed, the shelter was closed.

The Champion Sunday Scholar

More Claimants for the Honor of the Longest Continuous Attendance.

MANY letters have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with reference to the article it lately published concerning the championship claim of John C. Eastland, Jr., of Danville, Ky., for the longest continuous attendance at Sunday School. Some of the records mentioned in these letters are far below that of young Eastland, George Currin, Theodore Reuter and Lena Reuter, who were mentioned in the first stage of this interesting competition. We make the following extracts from several letters, believing that the subject is one that interests a very large number of our readers. Mr. George H. Grove, 3842 Aspen street, Philadelphia, writes:

I notice in your issue of this week an article in reference to John C. Eastland, of Danville, Ky., having the championship record for attendance at Sunday School, and as you have requested Superintendents or others who know of any scholars who can surpass this record to communicate with you, I give you the following facts in reference to some scholars in the school of which I am the superintendent. In the Sunday School of the Third Christian Church, Lancaster avenue and Aspen street, West Philadelphia, are three brothers, Harry, Bruce and Philip Fetter, of 6010 Lansdowne avenue, who have been regular attendants in this school every Sunday in the year for eleven consecutive years, or in other words were present 572 regular sessions of the school, as well as all special meetings. The boys live about three miles from the school and invariably walk both ways. They began the twelfth year, by all three confessing the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and becoming enrolled as members of the church. While there may be some schools that can show a better individual record, I do not believe there can be shown as good a one by the same number from one family.

Rev. T. A. Nelson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

You report in a recent issue of your paper the circumstance of a Sabbath School scholar who has achieved the enviable record of being present at every session of her Sabbath School for the last eight years, and you challenge anyone to report an equal record. I have great pleasure in stating that the Sabbath School of the church I serve as minister, The Memorial Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has among its scholars, a young lady, Miss Belle Thorne, who has never missed a session of our Sabbath School in over twelve (12) years. Just put her name at the head of your honor roll.

Mr. Charles M. Atwood, Albany, N. Y., writes:

I have a boy in my class, Robert Patterson, by name, who has not missed one Sunday since the organization of the school, ten years and two months ago, so you see the Madison avenue Presbyterian Sunday School claims the champion.

Miss Topping, another reader of this journal, writes:

Harry Rhame, of East Rockaway, Long Island, has not missed one Sunday in four years attending the Sunday School in this place. He was eleven years old last 4th of July, and has often denied himself going to places for the sake of going to Sunday School, and better than all, he did it for no prize, as none was offered or given, but the Junior Society of which he is a member, is going to present him next Friday (5th of February), with a book as a recognition of his faithful attendance, and this will be a surprise to him.

As the competition now stands, it has been deemed advisable to divide the competitors into two classes, and to allow the girls and boys an equal chance. The following is the state of the poll:

Boys	Attendances	Yrs.	Weeks
George Currin...	613	11	41
Harry Fetter...	572	11	
Bruce Fetter...	572	11	
Philip Fetter...	572	11	
Theodore Reuter...	544	10	24
R. Patterson...	528	10	8
J. C. Eastland, Jr.	507	9	30
Harry Rhame...	208	4	
Girls	Attendances	Yrs.	Weeks
Belle Thorne...	624	12	
Lena Reuter...	544	10	24

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will award at the close of this friendly competition, handsome prizes to the boy and girl showing the largest number of consecutive Sunday School attendances, and also to the boy and girl having the next highest record of consecutive attendances on either list—four prizes in all. It is especially requested that Superintendents and teachers should forward to us the names and records of the pupils in their respective schools who, in their judgment, are entitled to be entered as competitors. It is not the largest number of attendances, but the highest number of consecutive attendances, that will be accepted as the qualification.

A FAMOUS CHURCH-BUILDER.

Rev. Henry Martin Ladd of Cleveland and His Remarkable Career—The Church Militant and Progressive Illustrated in Actual Life.



THE growth of Christianity can be measured by the increase of churches which, like milestones along the path of civilization, mark the progress of the world toward that millennium, when all shall see and



REV. HENRY M. LADD, D.D.

know the light. Throughout the length and breadth of our Union, schools, colleges, and churches dot the landscape and give promise of a closer fellowship among the sons of men, and a strengthening of that bond which impels a man to follow the golden rule, and "do as he would be done by."

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who is known to the world as the builder of Robert College on the Bosphorus, a man who comes from the sturdy stock that helps to make the history of nations, was once called to the Presidency of an American college, which for a hundred years has nestled down among the Green Mountains.

Dr. Hamlin was a man who made companions of the students, joining them in their sports and ever ready with jest or anecdote "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Strolling about the campus one evening at the sunset hour, he told a story of a pioneer missionary family in Turkey, the name of which will be familiar to all Congregationalists of the older generation, that of the Rev. Martin Ladd. "There was a little boy in the family," said Dr. Hamlin, in telling the story, "a little boy named Henry, and Henry was troubled with some infantile disorder which provoked the most dreadful wailings at just those particular hours of the night when I was most engrossed in developing plans for Robert College. I used to pray that an all-wise Providence would deem it fitting to call that child to a higher, happier home, but I have lived to see him and his class right here in these old halls, and I have seen him take a first prize in his post-graduate course at Yale, and now he is building churches."

The gentleman of whom he was speaking was the Rev. Henry Martin Ladd of Cleveland, Ohio, who was until recently the youngest Doctor of Divinity in this country. He came to America in boyhood, and after a course at Middlebury, Vt.,

took up a theological post-graduate course at Yale, graduating with honors. His first call was to the First Congregational Church at Walton, N. Y. From this charge he was called to go as foreign superintendent of missions to Africa, under the direction of the American Missionary Association. One journey was made to the west coast of Africa to inspect mission stations there, and another most hazardous journey was made to Central Africa near the head waters of the Nile, where he met and knew Emin Bey, at that time the ruling spirit of that section. This undertaking, because of the insurrection of the Mahdi, led to a temporary abandonment of the project for founding missions in that region, and a call to the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church in Cleveland opened a field for labor which has grown and prospered and been greatly blessed in the ingathering of many precious souls. The little brick church with its charter membership of nineteen in 1843, had grown, until in 1866 with a membership of 100, it was judged timely to erect a more fitting edifice. To this church came the present pastor, fresh from his African experiences, equipped with a keen and far-seeing knowledge of men and affairs, and full of a holy zeal for Christian service. His first decided move was to replace the old church by one suited to the needs of his people. At the rate of more than one a year, sixteen churches had sprung up, modern in structure, within a radius of less than a mile. The doubting ones shook their heads, but roused by the vigor and determination of the new pastor, they were soon among the most active, not only in working, but in giving.



EUCLID AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CLEVELAND.

The church was built of solid stone, even to the apex of the imposing towers. "It shall be good enough for the rich man and not too good for the poor man," said the pastor, and the result was a substantial pile, rich in its simplicity, thoroughly genuine in all details, finished in antique oak even to the lofty ceiling. Everything seemed to favor, and at a cost of \$35,000 a building was reared to the service of God, which could not be duplicated for \$75,000. A large debt had been prophesied, but on the day of dedication no word was spoken of money, for the church was free from debt.

The works of arts in the casements, the memorial windows, the carved stone baptismal font, the comfortable chairs, the homelike attractiveness were all appreci-

ated. Better still the spirit of Christ was in the church, and it grew as never before, and the Sunday School overflowed even the spacious accommodations which had been provided. This growth was largely due to the fact, that Christian harmony and unanimity of feeling had prevailed through all the seasons of church building.

While some churches are contented with the eloquence of a pastor, others pride themselves upon the magnitude of their charities. Still another class is chiefly engaged in the extension of church work. The Euclid Avenue Church achieved a happy combination of all these functions in the spreading of the Gospel. The Madison Avenue Church was the first to spring up as an offshoot of the parent church and a chapel was erected in 1875. The first pastor, Rev. O. D. Fisher, was succeeded by a fellow student of Dr. Ladd, and the work of the church has been mainly directed to the laboring class, its location being especially favorable.

Then followed the Reservoir Sabbath School which was but the seed for the uprising of the Park Church. The establishment of branches in no way impoverished the parent church. On the contrary, the roll of membership continued to lengthen. Hough Avenue Church followed. Many said when it was proposed to establish a mission in that quarter: "What do you want or expect from a church among cornfields? There is nothing there and there never will be." The Sunday School was started, however, the seed was sown and the city drifted toward it as anticipated. Then came the enthusiasm, the desire for a modern and comfortable church, and then the present structure.

The Lake View Church, the neat and attractive chapel of which, was built from Mr. Ladd's own drawings, is of still more recent birth. Over nine hundred persons have been received into the church by Dr. Ladd. Over one hundred were granted letters of dismission in a single year, to form one of the new churches, and over fifty to form another, and yet at the end of the year the membership of the present church

was larger than at the beginning. The rapidity with which these branches have built their churches, and freed themselves from debt is a moral lesson to the churches throughout the land, proving that the populous city is a rich field for Christian labor. There is no reason why the Word of God should be dispensed to chilly listeners or to people stifled by an impure atmosphere. Physical suffering is not a necessity for spiritual upbuilding. When the wail and estray learns that religion does not mean a long face and constant self-denial, the first step has been taken toward the regeneration of his heart, and the wail and estray abides in the habitations of the rich as well as in the hovels of the poor. Dr. Ladd has fully realized this fact, and has been an aggressive organizer. The church militant has planted its banner

upon every available acre, and those who have gathered there have rallied round it as around a standard. So will perseverance, push and energy achieve success when prompted by the love of God and the desire to benefit mankind.

The chime of a distant bell calling a band of worshippers to prayer, may turn the tide of a life to a noble ending, and if but one single soul, one brand plucked from the burning, should be the record, the churches of a city have not been built in vain.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE RESURRECTED LORD.

Suggestions on the Epworth League Topic for Feb. 28, Isa. 25 : 6-8.

THE world has always cherished the idea of a coming golden age, and has indulged the hope that a better time than any we have seen awaits the human race. The prophet's imagery veils the joys of that time in physical gratification. Rich food, and wines which have absorbed the lees, or juices of the grape and have afterwards been run through a strainer to refine them, so that they have the essence of the fruit without any impurity, are the images he employs. God's people are to feast on these things. It is of course a figure only. It represents the gratification and the sufficiency which God will provide for his people. There is to be enlightenment, too; the covering which now intervenes between God and his people is to be removed and we shall no longer see him only as in a mirror, darkly. The veil will be taken away and we shall know him in all his glorious beauty. All that men dread and suffer will also be banished, tears will be wiped away for there will be nothing to weep over; and death, the final catastrophe of every life will be destroyed and for all this the word of the Lord is pledged. When we think of the resurrection, we realize how these blessings are to reach the human race. Christ has gone before us into the unseen, victorious over death and the grave to claim his reward and to receive those blessings for his people. In his resurrection we have the pledge of future possession. Had he remained in the grave we should have always had the paralyzing doubt whether he was different essentially from ourselves, and whether he had the power to fulfil his promises. But death after it had seized him, yielded to his power. Subdued under him, its shackles torn asunder, it is a beaten enemy. Its crown is wrested from its brows; it has no dominion over him. He has gone above to receive gifts for men and to assure them a share in his spoils.

A Madagascar Exploration.

PRINCE Henri, of Orleans, who has recently returned to France from an exploring trip in Madagascar, has made an interesting record of his journeyings. He disembarked at Tamatave, pushed on to Tananarivo, and descended to Majunga. And from Mayotte, on September 1, 1894, he sent to the *Revue de Paris* an interesting article describing his journey across the island. The route they took to Antananarivo, the capital, was not the beaten track, but a mere path. For three days they kept parallel to the coast and then struck into the mountain and forest path with a clay soil the color of brick. Climbing was hard work. The clay was so slippery that when a path descended they had to advance in crab fashion on all fours. There was no game except black parrots. They heard the chattering of apes, which remained hidden in their leafy retreats. Fern trees were common and grew in fantastic shapes, and orchids flourished everywhere. It was a great relief to get to the tableland, which is a rolling country, formed by low hills covered with grass. The travellers spent a night in a fishing village on the shore of Lake Aluotra, which is twenty-five miles long and six broad. They longed to bathe, but were told that the lake was alive with alligators, which, however, did not seem a check on the increase of widgeon, teal, wild duck and crested heron, with which the surface of the water and the shores are alive. The principal aquatic plant is a species of water-lily with a blue flower. The sun sets over this calm lake were glorious and romantic. Everything on earth looked strange; the sky was pale green, with narrow strips of black cloud. The travellers determined to explore a mountainous country to the left, which is a blank on the maps. They had to go without guides, and the forest had no paths but the tracks of wild boars. However, they were checked by a morass, and in returning, lost their way, but the chief of a village on which they came entertained them hospitably with honey and wild ducks stewed with rice.

The value of the scientific discoveries Prince Henri made can hardly be estimated. French and English scientific societies have recorded their high appreciation of the scientific work accomplished by the noble explorer.

TO FEED STARVING INDIA.

Five Thousand Dollars Advanced by "The Christian Herald" to Ten Missionaries for Relief Work Among the Sufferers—Progress of the Fund.



THE latest cable reports from India show increased mortality and suffering in the famine and plague-stricken districts. In view of the extreme urgency of the crisis, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has this week forwarded by cable, through the Mission Boards, the sum of five thousand dollars to be distributed in relief at

concerning which, reliable information has been received here. This sum is advanced by the proprietor of this journal in anticipation of the relief contributions, and with the full conviction that his action will find a ready and spontaneous endorsement from those readers who are contributing to the fund. The ten centres to which this initial remittance from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Relief Fund was sent are as follows:

Location.	Missionary Distributor.	Amount Sent.
Bombay.	Bishop J. M. Thoburn.	\$500
Lucknow.	Rev. E. W. Parker.	500
Bhyulla, Bombay.	Rev. Edward S. Hume.	500
Ahmednagar.	Rev. James Smith.	500
Surat, Poona.	Rev. Richard Winsor.	500
Colapur.	Rev. Robert Wilder.	500
Patalgarh.	Rev. John N. Forman.	500
Nadur.	Rev. T. S. Taylor.	500
Mayagiri.	Rev. W. R. Manley.	500
Madiana.	Rev. C. B. Newton.	500

Total, \$5,000

These are all American missionaries and represent the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations. The need of this prompt remittance was abundantly clear. Every day's delay involved death to thousands who might be kept alive. From our own correspondent in the field, from the missionaries, and from government officials, the same story has been coming of men, women, and children pleading for food, and falling dead in the roads when no food was at hand to give them. Many of these have a special claim on Christian benevolence, having accepted Christianity and thus cut themselves off from the charity of their Hindoo fellow-countrymen. The following is only one of many urgent appeals which emphasize this strong plea for help. It comes from Rev. William Hinckley, of Anantapur, in Southern India, who writes "All grains and food-stuffs have risen to three times their usual price, while all cultivation on which thousands are dependent, has ceased; so that there has been practically no wages earned, while hunger and thirst have been as constant as ever. Thus a large number of our Christians, being of the poorer class, have, like others, been reduced to taking a single meal a day, consisting of a coarse grain such as a European gives his horse. "This is the condition to which we have gradually come in the last three months. Government has already opened several relief works, and will thus save many from actual starvation; but as the nearest of these is eighteen miles distant they are of no advantage to us.

"In such a calamity, as I daily listen to the appeals of those whom I am almost helpless to aid—those who are trying against such odds to believe that 'God is Love'—the one duty which presses upon me is that of making the facts known to any who, by the contribution of a small coin can relieve the distress, but especially to those fellow Christians who, in God's good providence, enjoy the benefits of civilization, who are never likely to know, as they never have known, what it is to be deprived of daily food, and whose high hope in life as in death, is to win the approval of Him who said: 'I was an hungered and ye fed me; Inasmuch as ye did it unto them ye did it unto me.'"

The government now admits how vast the problem is. One of the highest officials, in a plain statistical statement,

declared that the area in the grasp of the famine was 164,000 square miles in extent, with a population of thirty-six millions, while, bordering upon it, was an area in which great scarcity prevailed, and this area included 121,000 square miles, with a population of forty-four millions. Thus a population of eighty million persons is suffering, in greater or less degree, the pangs of hunger. This is a larger area and a more numerous population than in the famine of 1877. Happily the means of coping with the problem are also more efficient. The railways have been opened in all directions and have done much to break the isolation of rural India. The system of relief works is also better organized than in 1877. According to the latest cable reports nearly three million persons were being employed on these works, but even this immense number represents only a fraction of the vast host of sufferers. Nor does the statement of the death-rate show the actual mortality caused by the famine.

Our Own Correspondent,

who has been on a six weeks' journey through the famine districts, writes that "the subordinate native agency to whom the registration of births and deaths is necessarily intrusted, never thinks of setting down starvation as a cause of death. They look for symptoms of a recognized disease, and as fever or dysentery nearly always precedes these deaths from the famine, they simply reported an epidemic of those diseases. So it came about that the central government did not appreciate the gravity of the crisis, nor begin to move in earnest to relieve the famine until it had the vast area wholly in its grip." Mr. Aitken adds that "The people on the Re-

three thousand persons for two weeks. We hope that by the end of that time another remittance may be sent to enable them to continue the beneficent work. The missionaries being in the centre of the famine-stricken districts are only too glad to undertake this work of distribution gratuitously so that every dollar contributed goes intact to the sufferers, with no deduction for cost of administration. Every contributor to the fund may, therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that each dollar he gives will be spent in food, and in food only. As one cent a day is sufficient to support life, it follows that with one dollar given at this time one person may be kept alive until the beginning of June, when some relief to the appalling suffering may be expected.

The Plague

continues its ravages in Bombay. Official returns place the figures at the close of January at 3,759 cases, and 2,708 deaths. The city has a deserted appearance owing to the closing of many of the stores and offices. The majority of the native physicians have fled, and of those remaining any who are summoned to a case of plague are careful not to touch the patient, or to remain long in his vicinity. Clerks and others whose duties require their presence in the city, have established stations of thatched huts at a distance of about forty miles and go to and fro in the morning and evening. At Andheri about eight thousand persons are encamped in huts. Already refugees from Bombay have car-

Rev M DeBoer	1 50	A Friend, Metuchen	1 00
O L Manchester	1 00	E B Leach	1 00
Chattanooga	5 00	H H Pritchard	1 00
I H N Warren	1 00	Mrs C A Howell	1 00
Geo W Stockwell	1 00	John E Ballard	28
A R Sheats	1 00	Teachers & Students	
A Subr	1 00	C B F Ins	4 25
Mrs A Hatcher	2 00	Wudson Flanders	1 00
Mrs F G Percival	50	Caroline Parkin	1 00
Mr & Mrs Gibson	2 00	Stanley Parkin	50
WEA Bridgewater	1 00	Alfred Parkin	50
Old Anne, Bapt		M A G Washington	50
Home	1 00	C I Tapscott	1 00
C E Newcomer	5 00	Miss Carrie Drown	10



From a Photograph.

STARVING CHILDREN AT A RELIEF STATION.

Dartmouth	2 00	Plainfield	1 00
Mr & Mrs Barrows	1 50	The Junior C E W	
Miss M Barnitz	1 00	Hampton Beach	3 00
Miss Reimensnyder	50	Thos E Bennett	1 50
Susie P Sylvester	1 00	E A Halladay	1 00
One who is trying to be a Christian		H C Snyder	5 00
Newton	1 00	Mrs E A C Shedden	1 00
John P Kelly	1 00	G W Baker	2 50
David Potts	1 00	Alice Brown	1 00
John Shoemaker	1 00	J E Cox	1 00
Mrs E G Coon	5 00	Ronell E Cox	50
Miss R E Bushong	50	C Herbert Thomp	
Junior C E Archer	50	B Wokour	2 00
Mrs H P Merritt	1 00	Hagar SS Dist No 4	55
Chas S Moore	1 00	John Haas	50
C R Vinsow	1 00	Wm H Hescok	2 00
A Christian Young		Subr, Adairville	5 00
Man, Kirksville	1 00	Mrs Robert Smith	4 50
A Friend, Andrew	1 50	Rev S O Irvine	2 00
Miss R J Balto	3 00	Mrs —, Meadow Lea	2 00
Austin	5 00	Howard & Vincent	
Ed Parker	2 00	Irvine	1 00
Casper Lott	5 00	Edith & Mabel	
M Weed	2 50	Irvine	1 00
C & M K Grove City	2 50	R R Hatch	1 00
Mrs Peter King	5 00	I H N Grantville	50
T F J Clifton Forge	10 00	Bapt S S Greenburg	2 60
Adam Westerman	1 75	K E Bicknell & friends	2 35
Lena Elta	2 50	W J Mosier	57 05
I P Smith	50	A M Lawrence	1 00
Mrs Sarah A Perry	1 00	Mrs Lockwood	2 00
Manitoba, Can		Miss Mamie E Boud	1 00
Elizabeth, Union	2 00	Delia & Lizzie	
Anna Holden	1 00	Wyatt	1 00
F K, N Y City	5 00	L F Crowell	2 00
A Sympathizer, Brookline		Alfred C Getchus	5 00
Mrs T Jacks	1 00	For Jesus Sake, Girardville	5 00
Mrs M Bickford	5 00	A L Doolittle	1 00
Mrs L G Brockway	5 00	One who wishes for his love, Brooklyn	1 00
Miss Janie Dowell	1 00	Friend, Los Angeles	1 00
Mrs Geo Mackie	2 00	H N, Eaton Rapids	2 00
H Jericho	1 00	An Invalid, Fayette	50
I H N, Monson	2 00	Friend, Somersworth	2 00
Louise W Loring	1 00	E L Berndt	1 00
D Kithcart	4 00	Subr, Pawtucket	10 00
Anna Weltmer	1 00	E W M Church	
Mrs L Prentice	1 00	Washington	15 00
Mrs L M Hoffhine	1 00	Hudson City, V M C	
Miss Lucy Smith	50	Mrs M E Hartzell	2 00
Sister, Jacksonville	1 00	Fultz	1 00
W H Isaacs	1 00	A Sympathizing	
Subr, London	2 00	Reader, Apollo	2 00
Reader, Greenport	2 00	Alexandria	2 00
Stina Oring	5 00	Chas Reichert	2 50
J C & J L M, Eastmanville	2 00	Mrs Eva Laughlin	25
Herman Mueller	1 00	Kathleen, Brooklyn	500
Fred D Kermann	3 00	Mr & Mrs K	1 00
Mrs M Collins	1 00	Mrs S E Reed	5 00
Mrs A H S	50	Baby Rowland, St	
Esther A Donte	2 00	Johnsville	1 00
Miss Wyer	50	Wylandville	5 00
C A Hagaman	3 00	Jane Hope	50 00
Enfield	1 00	T F E Verdon	1 00
J A S Ashabula Co	25	Mrs Sarah Haskins	1 00
Mrs W Nicholas	25	M B Pancake	5 00
J O Seely	1 00	Bedford Glascock	25 00
Mrs Henry Yost	5 00	Julia Rayot	2 00
Helping Hands, Phila	5 00	J B Fla	1 00
YPSCE, No Woodstock	70 00	A Gaskill	50
Kathinka Bredeneb	2 00	J G Donaldson	50
Mrs B Cook	1 00	Geo P Triet	1 00
Reader, Newton	2 00	Geo L Hart	50
R A Williams	2 00	A B C Anson	1 25
Francis Weir	1 00	Friend, Bay City	1 00
Mrs S J Hanly	1 00	A Ashurst	75
Mrs H S Parr	1 00	Eli A Taylor	50
A Friend, Big Run	1 00	E M Agard	2 00
Anna S Feit & sister	1 00	J F Hewitt	5 00
London, Ont	5 00	Mrs N Poiron	5 00
J R W Phila	1 00	Geo W Thompson	2 00
		Mrs E J Leader	5 00
		Carrie B Parks	2 00
		Lillian Burns	1 00
		Cooper Chapel	
		Macksville	2 75
		H K Dunwoody	5 00
		X Z Chippewa Falls	2 00
		Total	\$1,445.92

And several hundred others to be acknowledged next week.



SCENE AT A RESIDENCY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF GRAIN FOR DISTRIBUTION.

lief Works are increasing at the rate of a hundred thousand a week, which is a sure indication that the suffering is spreading rapidly, and the small stocks of grain are being exhausted.

"It is at the end of February and the beginning of March when the supreme crisis will be felt, and the time to which the Government looks forward with apprehension. That is the time when the winter crops should begin to be harvested in many parts; and this year there will be no crops to harvest." In view of this report, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD felt that it was imperative to make an early remittance that the missionaries might have time to secure supplies of food in their districts before the inevitable increase in the demand came. The amount sent will, it is estimated, enable each of the ten missionaries to give one meal a day to about

ried the plague to Poona, where many deaths have occurred. All the authorities agree that the disease is the direct consequence of the famine, and that if the people continue to eat the roots and rubbish, the plague will continue to spread.

The following contributions to the Relief work in India have been received:

Prev. ack'd	\$740.09	A friend, Providence	1 00
A poor woman, Lig-		In memory of Bes-	
onier	30	sie	1 00
A sympathizer, La-		F C Frese	1 00
fayette	1 00	People of Caledonia	10
Mr and Mrs H F		In Jesus Name, Bol-	
Clark	2 00	ington	5 00
Warren Holden	1 00	H D Crane	9 00
In His Name, Pied-		Joseph H Pedro	1 00
mont	2 00	Steinway	1 00
J H Abrams	5 00	W H Boyer	10 00
Husband and wife,		Constant Reader	
Seward	5 00	Lodi	3 00
R, Denver, Colo	1 00	H I Schick	2 50
Mrs M S, Chadd's		Friends, E Lynn	2 00
Ford	1 00	Mrs T C Shanklin	2 00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Poorly-fed Ministers.

ONE reason why ministers do not preach with more animation, is because thousands of them are kept on a low diet through the parsimony and meanness of their congregations. I, who have more than enough, can say it without embarrassment. Considering the amount of work they do, the clergymen of America are more poorly paid than any other class of laborers. Mechanics strike when they have to work over eight hours a day. Many of the clergymen that I know work fourteen hours a day. Railroad engineers, bricklayers, plumbers, carpenters, and masons strike because of the smallness of their wages. The ministers of America average less than four hundred dollars a year salary. When a friend sent an extra contribution to one of our western missionaries, the missionary returned a letter of thanks, saying that they had through that donation meat on their table the first time in three months, and that the children had been compelled to wear their summer clothes all of the previous winter.

One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this and unbolted bread gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscle and phosphates for the brain and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slowly, but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground! In a man, the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain is the wheel, and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason soldiers failed in some battles was because their stomachs had for several days been innocent of everything but "hard-tack." See that your ministers all over the land have full haversacks. Feed them on gruel during the week, and on Sunday their sermons will be gruel. What is called the parson's nose in a turkey or fowl, is an allegory, setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind.

Six or eight hundred dollars a year for a minister is only a slow way of killing him, and is the worst style of homicide. The damage begins in the college boarding-

house. The theological student has generally small means, and he must go to a cheap boarding-house. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on a breakfast plate, but drowned at last: "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox and measly biscuit and buckwheat-cakes, tough as the cook's apron, and old peas in which the enclosed insects lost their life before they had time to escape from the sauce-pan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera-morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make sons of thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

Tired of Life.

DURING the last few months there have been an unusual number of those who have proclaimed themselves tired of life, and therefore by their own violence have quit it, some by pistol, and some by halter, and some by poniard, and some by leap from high window sill. The number of suicides multiplies. It is a consequence of the infidelity of the day. People have an idea if they get out of the troubles of this life they are out of trouble forever. If all the region outside this world is a safe landing-place, why not jump off? Christianity teaches us that in our future destiny much depends upon the way of going out of this life, and that the poorest way of getting out of trouble is suicide. No man who believes in the Bible will take his own life, unless under temporary or permanent insanity, in which case he is not responsible. Why should men be tired of life when there are so many modes of alleviating their condition? The grandest of all condolences is Christian condolence. There is a balm for all wounds, and a light for all darkness. The ruggedness of the earthly path, if rightly traveled, will make all the brighter the terminus. But it is no wonder that men with no supernatural assistance utterly lose patience with their earthly condition. Tired of life! And yet how short it is,—the flight of a shuttle! Can we not bear up under its ills, when the story will soon be over? In contrast with the millenniums of eternal joy, how insignificant the brevity of our earthly residence! The sharp winter weather drives some of these poor creatures off the edge of life. It is dreadful to be cold,—cold all day and cold all night. Cold is death. May there be more blankets on the poor man's cot and more fuel for the hearth, and let us do all we can to relieve the condition of those who are tired of life.

Too Much Love.

AGAIN diphtheria and scarlet fever are busy in the nurseries. May God pity the broken hearts! I scout the idea so often advanced that you must not love your children too much. That is impossible. I declare the more you love them the better. You cannot love them enough. But along with this intense affection we must culture the feeling that they are the Lord's, and when he takes them it is only to make us more anxious for heaven, the blessed destiny which I hope awaits everyone of us. Meanwhile, I suppose those two scourges of the cradle will go on with their awful work. The doctors fail in combating them as much now as thirty years ago. Scarlet fever, with its fiery suffering, and diphtheria, that in other days was called putrid sore throat, keep straight on mowing down the rising generations of the world. Disease let loose six thousand years ago cannot be curbed, or chained, or slain. It is the way by which the world is cleared for other populations. But it makes little difference by what kind of ailment we go out of this world, if we meet with the right kind of reception in the next.

"He Watereth the Hills From His Chambers."

RAIN is the most fascinating phenomenon in the universe. It is thawed for us out of Polar icebergs, and sucked up by lotus flowers in tropical forests. The sea is ever laboring for the land; the billow and the furrow have a constant trafficking through the ministry of the clouds, while the sun unceasingly turns water into vapor, so that it may be light enough to be carried through the air. From the Mediterranean, Dr. Halley calculated, it brews during twelve hours of a summer's day, five thousand two hundred and eighty millions of tons; and Dr. Watson estimates that from an acre of ordinary ground in the same time, two thousand gallons are taken. Vegetables constantly discharge vapor, and every human being in hot weather contributes daily nearly five pounds—a quantity which if it were visible would cause us all to appear in a little cloud.

Yet all this immense store of watery vapor would not benefit the farmer unless God had made provision for carrying it where it was needed. So he has ordained currents of air, whose explicit business it is to take up cargoes of vapor at the great ocean tanks, and hasten with them into the heart of the country, and this is so surely and constantly done that no train, starting with its load of passengers and freight to a given point, is more sure of its work and destination. Filled far out on the ocean, by invisible hands, the clouds catch the wind and make for the shore, delivering their precious freight over cities, plains, and mountain slopes. If too much is given, it is carried back to the sea, and anon returns, with a generous obstinacy, on its gracious duty.

When the atmosphere is of high temperature it will hold a great deal of vapor; but colder streams of air continually invade it, and the vapor thus condensed by cold becomes a cloud. Every one must have watched clouds forming in this way in a clear sky, and felt something of the adoration which a visible act of creation would evoke. Generally this miracle is worked from two to three miles above the farmer's head; but the clouds do not stay there; many things combine to win their watery treasures from them—chillier tracts of sky—an atmosphere too full of vapor to bear more accessions—or the persuasion of mountains and woods; then the floating clouds descend as fog, or rain, hail, or snow.

And how wonderfully they descend! Not in torrents and floods, sweeping all before them, but trickling through the air in drops, and falling so gently on the earth that not a blade of grass or the petal of a flower is injured. Slowly sailing over field after field, leaving no part unwetted, they come, as God's blessings always come, as if they love to be compelled to bless. In tropical lands, where the sun brews vapor in enormous quantities, a shower is a more emphatic thing; but such rains have a local need and significance, and are as necessary as our more temperate falls.

For thousands of years these gigantic waterworks of nature have never been at fault, and never out of order. Whole lakes are annually hoisted into the upper air, and then lowered with such exquisite precision that seed-time and harvest never fail. Neither is this their only duty. In their descent, they purify the atmosphere as well as the earth; for water is the life-blood of the world, and its active circulation as necessary to the health of the planet as is the steady flow of blood in our own veins necessary to our life. "All the rivers run into the sea, the sun lifts them into the firmament, from whence they return to the earth loaded with blessings; from the place whence the rivers came, thither they return again."

We know that mist and fog are deadly magazines of sheathed electricity—that the gazes of the sea released from their combinations would produce intensest flame; that the atmospheric elements transformed, would poison and suffocate everything that breathes; that the clouds unrestrained would sweep us away with a flood—that the winds not held in his hand would take us off in a hurricane;—yes, that if the ties of chemical affinity were relaxed, the globe itself would crumble. But we also know that God holds the winds and waters in the hollow of his hand; that he hides the thunderbolts in drifting vapor; that in all ages he is the Preserver of men, and that he makes all things work together for our safety and good.

Lord we are thine, and thou art ours;
Thine, too, are sun and rain;
And thou, for us, their varying powers
Wilt heighten or restrain.
Then be the weather what it will,
We trustfully will serve thee still.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

A Free Kindergarten has been opened in the Bowery Mission for the benefit of the neglected children of the East side. Miss Ruby M. Hoge, who now conducts the Sewing Classes at the Mission, is in charge. Any one interested in this work and desiring to aid in its support, either by contributions of money or kindergarten material, can do so by addressing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

Elder James Archer, of Greenwood, Stanton P. O. Miss., would be glad to receive religious books or periodicals to distribute among the poor of his section. Both the white and colored people need them badly.

The latest statistics of Christian Endeavor give the following figures: Total number of societies, 47,279; total of members, 2,836,740. Of the societies 47,113 are in the United States and the rest in Canada and foreign lands.

The effect of over-crowding on the death rate was shown in a recent report of a London vestry. The death rate for the whole of London was eighteen per thousand, for the Kensington district sixteen per thousand, but for the "slum" area it was fifty per thousand.

Evangelist C. H. Vatman writes that he had a glorious soul-saving time at Drogheda, Ireland. Thence he was going to Belfast, where the largest hall in the city had been secured for him. He expects to return to America early next month and will begin work at Elkhart, Ind.

The annual report of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, N. Y., shows that two hundred young people were on the settlement during the summer. The average cost per citizen was \$1.38 a week. By the gifts of Mr. John D. Rockefeller and others Mr. George has been enabled to purchase a farm of forty-eight acres and erect a building.

Pastors Henry Lenz and Rev. Mr. Teller, of Crystal Lake, Ill., have been holding meetings with the employees of the Knickerbocker Ice Company this month. The company employs about three hundred men at Crystal Lake during the season and freely gave permission for the evangelistic services.

In the little German principality of Waldeck a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who has the habit of getting drunk, and if one who has been a drunkard applies for such license he must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving it.

The Philadelphia Missionary Council has received the sad news of the death of the Rev. I. Cameron Scott, of Brooklyn, N. Y., founder and director of the Africa Inland Mission in Nzwabishi, East Africa, on December 4. Mr. Scott was one of the youngest and most active missionaries in the field, being only twenty-nine years old.

The Silver Wedding of the McAll Mission in Paris was celebrated January 17. The work still extending. A new hall has been opened in Rue Championnet, the Gospel Boat has been doing good work at Melun, Hericy and other places. Missions have been opened at Cannes, Grass, Nice, Nantes and at Ajaccio in Corsica.

At a grand Field Council of the Volunteers held last week under the presidency of Commissioner Ballington Booth, it was decided to organize a committee for the examination of candidates for the ministry. Mrs. Booth and several members of the Volunteers are to be ordained immediately. They will thus have the right to perform all rites and ceremonies including matrimony.

An authority on missionary work, reviewing the position at the beginning of this year, says that twelve missionary societies of five denominations have a total indebtedness of \$1,013,632, and that total would have been larger by three-quarters of a million but for severe retrenchment, which must have greatly limited and crippled their work.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey held an enormous audience spellbound in Chicago on February 4th. The meeting was in Association Auditorium which crowded in every part. Mr. Sankey gave an address interspersed with Gospel solos. Many of the audience were in tears as he told the story of his friend Mr. P. P. Bliss. At the request of persons in the audience Mr. Sankey sang several favorite hymns. His visit will be one long remembered in the city.

Dr. L. W. Munhall preached on January 7 in the Grand Opera House, Salt Lake City, Utah. The great building was crowded in every part. The subject of his discourse was personal purity. The Salt Lake Tribune, which reports his sermon, says that the preacher made a tour of the city the previous evening and saw the kind of places that were doing a flourishing business. He expressed great indignation at seeing that these same resorts were running at full blast on Sunday.

A new Sisterhood has been started in Brooklyn for the benefit of the sick poor. It is known as the Christian Helpers. The first members are seven ladies connected with Christ Episcopal Church. For the first three months they will attend daily lectures under the guidance of a physician and trained nurse. They will then come to their ministrations in the homes of the poor wherever they are notified of cases of sickness. They wear a uniform and a badge, but they are at liberty to leave the order at any time.

Major James H. Cole's work at Hastings, Neb., has been remarkably blessed of God. A correspondent of the *Hastings Herald* reports that "several churches joined in the movement with Rev. W. R. Richards, D.D., as chairman of the executive committee. Services have been held in all the churches and in many other places where souls might be reached and brought to Christ. Many business professional men have been brought into the kingdom, and have taken a bold stand in bearing testimony for the Master. Not less than 300 persons have professed conversion."

Mr. and Mrs. Norman W. Keyes, who went to Zealand about a year ago from Grace Church Brooklyn, are now at Durban, studying the language. Engineer Williamson, of the steam "Ardenberg," which reached New York a few days ago, saw Mr. and Mrs. Keyes on his recent voyage and reports them well and hopeful. They saw nearly a bushel of beautiful shells for the children of the Sunday School of Grace Church. Several sailors on the "Ardenberg" have been converted through God's blessing on the efforts of Engin Williamson, who was formerly a dissipated, irreligious man.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE BURNED CAPITOL.

FIRE has robbed the State of Pennsylvania of the building in which her State legislators have met for seventy-five years past. The Senate and House were being called in order in the Capitol for their afternoon session about one o'clock on February 2, when a puff of smoke was noticed in the Senate Chamber. There had been all morning a smell of fire about the building, but no attention had been paid to it. The puff of the smoke, however, caused a general alarm. The chief-clerk made an investigation, and found that the apartments of Lieutenant-Governor Lyon, on the floor above the Senate Chamber, were on fire. Senators and Senate attaches organized themselves into a bucket-brigade, and buckets of water were passed from hand to hand to the burning room. There was some difficulty in getting at the fire, but an axe was brought and a few blows shivered the wood-work. Instantly a tongue of flame shot forth and showed that the assistance of the fire department would be needed. There was some delay in obtaining it, owing to a mistake in the call-box and, when the brigade arrived, it was too late to save the building. The attaches, on the arrival of the firemen, turned their attention to the State archives and succeeded in removing the most valuable of the records. All were saved except the statistics of the Department of Public Instruction, when the men were driven from the building by smoke and fire. The beams and joists of the old structure fed the flames, and in less than an hour after the discovery of the fire the great dome, which surmounted the Capitol, fell in. The reporters and members of the House, who had packed to the rotunda when the serious nature of the fire was realized, had a narrow escape. Some of them jumped from the windows and others ran the gauntlet of falling burning brands, on the way to the doors. After the fall of the dome, the firemen abandoned the main building and concentrated their efforts on saving the adjacent department offices, and were successful in preventing the fire spreading to them. The burned building was a handsome brick edifice standing on a beautifully wooded knoll. Its erection was begun in 1819, and was finished and occupied in 1822. The original cost was \$291,688, and large sums have been spent from time to time in embellishing it. During the last two years, \$50,000 have been spent on it, and the rescues were still incomplete. It is estimated that after collecting the \$200,000 insurance, the State's loss will be fully \$800,000. The Legislature now occupies temporary quarters, and will doubtless make it its first business to provide for a new seat of government which will be more substantial than the old. We may hope that whatsoever its characteristics may be, it will have the one which is to distinguish the new universe that shall take the place of the old when fire has done its work upon that.

The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. (II. Peter 3: 13.)

A Mother's Long Search.

A Boston journal reports the death of a well-known woman whose appearance had been familiar to the officers of police-courts, work-houses, and hospitals. She was always cleanly but shabbily dressed, and seemed to spend all her time in visiting the public institutions. She took no interest in anything that was going on, but scanned closely the features of the prisoners, inmates and patients. It was evidently a man she was looking for, as she paid no attention to the women who appeared there

One day she fainted in court and was so weak after she regained consciousness that she was sent to the hospital. She was suffering from exposure and lack of nourishment. In the hospital she was kindly treated but she gradually grew weaker and she was finally told that death was not far off. Then she told her secret to one of the nurses. She had been looking for her son, who had been led away, got into trouble and had been sent to State's prison. She did not know of it at the time, and when she did hear the sad news, he had been released and no one could tell where he had gone. She had sought him ever since, a period of twenty years. She felt sure she would see him in some police court, or in prison, but her search had been in vain. "I wish I could have seen him," the old woman said, "he is very like discouraged. I wanted to tell him he has two friends who will always stand by him: God and his old mother. I've got to give up the hunt it seems, but I'll leave you his name and if he ever drifts in here, I want you should tell him how his mother looked and looked for him to the last." The nurse

keel had been torn off for a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and that the steel plates and rivets had been sheared away in some places. Orders were given to remove all the coal and ammunition from the vessel to lighten her so that she might be taken up the river again to be repaired at Cramp's ship-yard where she was built. It is by the same course that moral disasters in human lives are retrieved. Many a man has been saved by being led to his Maker for renovation, but sometimes he does not make the journey until all his possessions and his reputation have been taken from him.

A deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul. . . . Remember these O, Israel, for thou art my servant: I have formed thee: I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions. . . . Return unto me for I have redeemed thee. (Isa. 44: 20-22.)

A Relic of the Revolution.

A gentleman who has been visiting friends in the State of Maine reports seeing on the walls of a homestead at which he took refuge in a storm, an interesting relic of revolutionary times. It was an old letter, framed and glazed. The writer was the grandfather of the present owner. At the time of writing he was in the revolutionary army. It was addressed to his wife, and was dated June 18, 1775, the day after the battle of Bunker Hill. The patriot soldier wrote: "I right these few lines to let you know that I am well as I expected to be. Through good Providence God saved my life. But we expect

culated with great nicety, so as to throw the great mass about forty feet forward, that it might fall at the exact place where it would effectually close the gap. Intense interest was taken by the engineers and workmen in the project, and on the day appointed for the explosion all left the works and gathered in a safe place to watch the result of their labors. The foreman closed the switch, and instantly there rose from the hillside a number of little tongues of vapor. For the fraction of a second the mountain had a fuzzy appearance, as if hundreds of subterranean chimneys were smoking. Then there was a great quiver and a roar like the firing of a whole park of artillery, and then the stupendous mass of granite rock four hundred feet long and averaging fifty feet high, weighing about two hundred thousand tons, was lifted in the air from its primeval bed and dropped at the entrance to the canyon, in the exact spot intended by the engineers. The final success of the great work was due to the patient, skillful work of the previous months, during which the army of laborers had been toiling without much to show as results of their work. It will be so with the toil of Christ's workers in the world. Missionaries, preachers, evangelists and writers toil on amid discouragements, patiently awaiting that time when all obstructions to Gospel progress will be removed, the whole earth will turn to God and the promise of God to his servant be fulfilled.

Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain. (Zech. 4: 7.)

Growing Under Colored Lights.

A curious discovery about the effect of colored lights on the growth of plants has been made by the French scientist, Camille Flammarion. It has long been known that the quantity of sunlight a plant receives has a marked effect on its coloring and its strength. A plant which has little sunlight is always pale and sickly compared with one that grows in the full light of the sun's rays, although both may have the same conditions of soil and heat. But the sun's rays are made up of separate constituents having distinct properties. Some are simply dispensers of light, others of heat, while others have a chemical activity. Flammarion wanted to discover which kind of rays it was that plants used, and what were the special benefits derived from them. He accordingly made an experimental test. He planted seeds of the *Mimosa Sensitiva* plant in four pots of the same size and filled with exactly the same kind of soil. They were put in the same hot-house and were treated alike until each plant had grown one inch out of the soil. There was no

difference in their development. The scientist then suspended over one plant a bell of red glass so that only the rays unabsorbed by a red medium should reach the plant. Over another he hung a green bell, over another a blue bell, and over the fourth a plain uncolored bell. The effect was soon apparent, and was more perceptible every week. At the end of two months the plant under the red glass was sixteen inches high, while that under the blue glass had not grown at all and was still one inch above the soil. The plant under the green glass was five inches high and that under the colorless glass four inches. Under the red light also the plant blossomed earlier but the plant itself was more delicate and sensitive. The plant under the white light was stronger than any and the buds were more healthy. The plant subjected to the blue light though rich in the coloring of its leaves, was stunted, had no blooms and was not at all sensitive. The light was the same in all cases but in three of the four, its effects were changed by the medium through which it reached the plant. Perhaps some of the differences in spiritual life may have a similar cause. The light God gives for spiritual development reaches souls through different mediums of physical temperament. A Christian of sanguine temperament may have a premature and unhealthy development while a Christian of gloomy temperament does not develop at all.

There are diversities of operations but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. (I. Cor. 12:7.)



THE CAPITOL OF PENNSYLVANIA RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

promised, and that night the old woman died. It may be hoped that the son will get his mother's message and that when he learns that his last human friend is gone he will seek the more earnestly that best Friend of the friendless.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. (Prov. 18: 24.)

The Cruiser's Mishap.

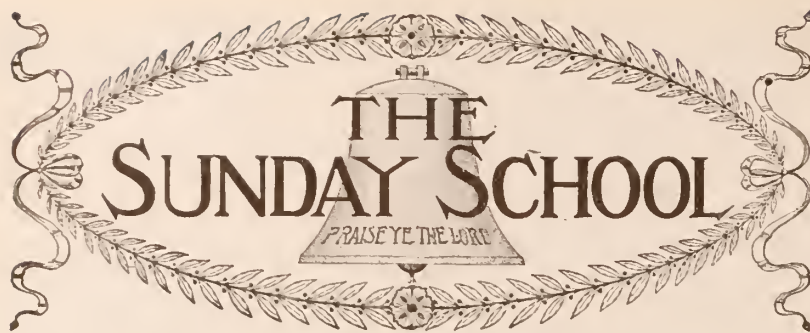
The new United States cruiser *Brooklyn* has to go into dock for repairs at the very beginning of her career. Press dispatches from Philadelphia report that the new vessel struck on a rock while proceeding down the Delaware River and sustained extensive injuries. It appears that her captain considered his position at League Island unsafe as the ice was coming down the river in large floes which might injure the ship's propellers. He therefore decided to seek a safer anchorage. He tried to reach Cramp's ship-yard where the ship would be out of danger. But after weighing anchor it was found that the ice was too heavy to be penetrated safely, and the vessel was therefore headed down the river for the government pier at Marcus Hook, sixteen miles below Philadelphia. The pilots, whom the captain consulted, assured him that the channel was perfectly safe. The cruiser, however, had not proceeded far when she struck some obstruction with a blow that made her quiver from stem to stern. She went on and reached Marcus Hook safely, but the hull was severely damaged and several compartments were full of water. The builders of the ship had her examined and found that the plating on the side of the

to go at it again to-day very hot. I puts my trust in God. I hope to see you again. Don't send my things before you here from me again. No more at present. I hain't time to write no more." It is obvious that the letters are not prized on account of their orthography, grammar or literary merit, but because the owner is proud of an ancestor who risked his life in his country's cause. Such a relic would be treasured in any patriot's family, and even by men who hold in light esteem the words of Him who gave his life not for one country only but for the redemption of the whole race.

Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation. (Rev. 5: 9.)

Breaking up a Mountain.

San Francisco journals describe an extraordinary engineering feat which was recently successfully accomplished at San Diego, Cal. A great dam is being constructed to impound water for the use of the city, and the engineers proposed to tear off one side of a mountain to fill up the gorge and close the outflow. For two months past, preparations for the work have been in progress. Tunnels were cut in the mountain at various heights above the bed of the creek, and connections made so that the whole side of the mountain might fall solidly. These were filled with giant powder, more than a hundred thousand pounds being used. When all was ready, insulated electric wires were introduced, and attached in one circuit to an exploder high up on the other side of the gorge. The direction of the tunnels had been cal-



THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 26.

Acts 8:1-17. Golden Text, Acts 8:4.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HE first Christians were Jews. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee" (Ps. 122:6) is an Old Testament command and promise. It is true that the command of Christ to the eleven had been, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15), yet to a larger company (Luke 24:33), which included the apostles, he had given the injunction, "Beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke 24:47), and again (Acts 1:8), he had just before his ascension spoken to the apostles of Jerusalem as the starting point for the ultimate preaching of the Gospel "into the uttermost parts of the earth." Jerusalem was not yet fully evangelized; much remained to be done there; how could they leave the beloved city? The early disciples were in danger of forgetting that they were to move forward.

While the persecution and death of Stephen ripened the manifestation of Christ in this first martyr of the church, it brought to a head the enmity of the chief priests and their sin of resisting the Holy Ghost, and the city which would not tolerate the Son of God in her midst, would not endure the presence of his disciples either. There arose

A Great Persecution

against the church which was at Jerusalem, and the blessed company of saints which had been of one heart and one mind, and on all of whom "great grace" was manifested, must now, in quite other circumstances, live and witness for Jesus. This was the weaning of the infant church. Having learned the precious lesson of unity and mutual dependence, they must now learn to stand, each alone with the Lord in the rude, uncongenial atmosphere of a believing world. Saul, of whom we shall hear later, was the chief persecutor; the martyr and the persecutor were ripened by the same chain of circumstances.

Devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him. But the persecutors were on their track, and very soon they had to flee, driven out from Jerusalem, suddenly torn from house and home, and above all, from the company of the faithful. What would Holy Ghost filled men do under such circumstances? The Lord had taught them to "rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great should be their reward in heaven" (Matt. 5:10-12). This was the test whether they really lived for themselves, or for its sake denied themselves. In the former case they would feel injured, bemoan their fate, and think some strange thing had happened unto them (1. Peter 4:12). In the latter, they would "count it all joy" (James 1:2) to suffer for his name's sake, and would go forth to win others to the Lord they loved. This is exactly what they did do. "Scattered abroad throughout all the regions of Judea and Samaria," they "went about preaching the Word" (Acts 8:14).

Philip, one of the seven deacons, as Stephen had been, went down to the city of Samaria and proclaimed unto them the Christ" (RV.). A great movement took place, the multitudes gave heed with one accord unto the things that were spoken by Philip, when they heard, and saw the signs which he did. There was special power present to cast out unclean spirits which cried with a loud voice, and with no doubt there was great excitement. All over the city the formerly possessed, the once palsied and lame were walking about

as witnesses of the power of God with his servants. And there was

Great Joy

in that city." Joy is spoken of as the special characteristic of this work in Samaria. The characteristic which was most striking on the day of Pentecost was unity and self-renunciation: they "had all things common" and gave away their goods to all who had need, while at the same time "they did eat their bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." (Acts 2:27). It would seem that this work at Samaria was on a lower level than the work at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost and immediately after. At Pentecost the disciples were "all filled with the Holy Ghost," but the Holy Ghost had, as yet, fallen upon none of the converts at Samaria.

We are reminded of the seed which fell upon the rocky soil and which Jesus likens to him that heareth the Word and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not

life of sorcery and self-glorification into a belief in Christ without himself coming down to the cross as a broken, sinful nothing. In such a conversion, the foundation is not well laid, and when the storm comes the ruin of that house will be great.

Tidings of this great awakening reached the ears of the apostles, who, when the remainder of the church was scattered, themselves tarried in Jerusalem. Did Philip tell them, or did something in the account they received of what was transpiring make them alive to the fact that the work was not fully on Pentecostal lines? Peter and John were sent to see and through them the Holy Spirit was given.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THREE figures stand out prominently in the lesson. First there is the persecutor Saul who was destined to become the greatest teacher and preacher in the early church. The zeal which distinguished Paul the preacher, characterized Saul the persecutor. The Gospel does not change men's mental character. It turns it in a new direction. Saul was evidently looking on with satisfaction at this murder of Stephen, and it stirred him up to new activity, for he began a search for other victims, officiously supplementing the efforts of the priests and the Sanhedrim to whom the duty properly belonged. The fiery, active, young Pharisee was very much in earnest, and as he tells us after his conversion, he was perfectly conscientious. He thought he was doing a good work in hunting

The people were a mixed race whose origin is described in 11 Kings 17:24-29. He going there confirms the suspicion that Philip was a Grecian Jew, as the Palestine Jew hated the Samaritans whom he regarded as little better than heathen (Jo 4:9). We remember how surprised the disciples were when they saw Christ in a friendly conversation with a Samaritan man. Whether any traces of the results of Christ's visit of ten years before remain we are not told, but Philip's preaching was successful. The people who, like the Jews were looking for a Messiah were convinced Philip worked miracles and as they were of the beneficent kind the people rejoiced and flocked into the Christian church. It is evident, however, that although Philip could work miracles he had not the power of imparting the special gifts of the Holy Spirit. The presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest in the conversion of the people, but for the special Pentecostal gift the presence of an Apostle was needed and Peter and John were sent to impart them.

Simon the sorcerer was one of the most conspicuous converts. As we learn from Josephus he claimed to be an emanation from God, and like the ancient Egyptian magicians, did some wonderful tricks. It is not necessary to believe that he was really a sorcerer. He and his teaching may have stumbled on some clue to what we now know as hypnotism, and he done things that to the people appeared miraculous. He was naturally impressed by what he saw Philip do, and probably thought that Philip was such a marvel himself, but of a higher order of skill. He therefore attached himself to Philip and helped in the work. As we know, from his subsequent conduct, it was the money that might be made out of the business that attracted him, and not the truth of Christianity. He earned a bad immunity for himself in the name that is given to the offence of purchasing a place in the church. To this day a man who buys a religious office is said to have "committed simony." But he did not show his motive at first. He believed and was baptized, but it did him no good. People do not believe that baptism, or even faith, unless accompanied by a new heart can save a man, should study this incident of Simon.

Went everywhere preaching. So the enemies of Christ were the means of propagating the truth, by scattering its sowers. God often overrules the designs of wicked men for the good of his cause. An old historian relates how William Tyndale was at his wit's end for money to continue his work of printing the Bible in English, when his treasury was unexpectedly replenished by orders from booksellers and exporters. The new demand arose through the purchases of Augustine Packington, a merchant at Antwerp, who was commissioned by the Bishop of London, and Thomas More to purchase all of Tyndale's New Testaments he could lay his hands on. These were publicly burned at Paul's Cross, and the booksellers having sold their stocks, wanted more, and were ready to buy, knowing that if they could not sell them to the public, they could always sell them to the Bishop for burning, and so for some time Tyndale and his helpers were maintained.

There was great joy in that city. Probably some of it was due to the work of healing which Philip performed through the power of Christ. There was a case in a hospital not long ago where joy came in the opposite way. A miner lay there on the operating table. He had been hurt by the fall of a heavy piece of coal, his leg had been crushed and it had to be cut off. The man was young, but he had been a leader in wickedness. His pious mother's heart was almost broken by his disobedience. He was very popular among the miners in spite of his wickedness; she said because of his wickedness. After the operation and he was beginning to get better, a few of the miners went to the hospital to condole with him on the loss of his leg. To their surprise, they found him bright and cheerful. "It's the best that could have happened to me, mates," he said. "I doubt whether anything else could have stopped me. I was going to hell as fast as I could go, but now I'm saved." The chaplain has been here every day, and I have quit my sins and given myself to the Lord. I feel so happy that if I had lost both legs, I would have reckoned it was worth it to have my leg saved. I don't need pity."



RUINS OF A CHURCH AT SEBASTIEH, THE ANCIENT SAMARIA.

root in himself, but endureth for a while; when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, straightway he stumbleth (Matt. 13:20-21 R.V.). Having sought his own joy as the main object of his conversion, when anything happens which he does not like, he begins to backslide. This is not the work of the Holy Ghost; this kind of conversion is either in the intellect or in emotions; it has not reached "the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible" (1. Peter 3:3). Such conversions were possible at Samaria; such was the conversion of Simon the sorcerer. Up to this time he was the most popular man in Samaria. The foolish inhabitants had taken him at his own valuation, and believed in his claim that he was "some great one." The people called him "the great power of God." But those who are great with God's greatness are always little in their own eyes.

This man, still seeking himself, when he saw the Word of God, by Philip, was deeply impressed. He would no longer hold his own against the mighty power of the work of conversion and healing which was going on all around him; he, too, believed, and, no doubt honestly as far as he went, but there was no surrender of his whole being to God. Philip, glad as any evangelist would be, to have secured such a convert, let him continue with him, and probably a very great stumbling-block in the way of many was removed when this well-known sorcerer was seen among the ranks of the disciples of Jesus, a baptized believer. But in this man's conversion there is no account given of a thorough break up of the heart, no humble confession; he seems to have stepped out of his

Christians, putting them in prison and setting the law in motion against them. The fact is worth noting, because there are so many people who believe the conscience is a safe guide. Here was a conscientious man active in cruel and wicked work. His case is a warning to all persecutors, who like him, may under a mistaken belief, do things which in after life may cause them unavailing remorse.

Philip was not Philip the Apostle, but the deacon, one of the seven appointed (Acts 6:5) to distribute funds to the poor. He was probably a Grecian Jew like Stephen, and this fact may account for his missionary journey. The Apostles were able to stay in Jerusalem. They were Palestine Jews and the people had no quarrel with them. They went up to the Temple to pray and were punctilious in the discharge of the Jewish observances. The Sadducees were exasperated with them, but the Sadducees were unpopular, and the people took the part of the Apostles in the conflict. But the Grecians were different. They were suspected of speaking slightly of the old religion and of the Temple, and against them the people were aroused. But as commonly happens with persecution, the persecutors defeated their own objects. They wanted to keep the new doctrines from spreading, but in scattering its advocates, they provided the means of its wider propagation. They went everywhere preaching the word, Stephen's fate did not deter them. When he fell, Philip stepped into his place and continued his work. He went northward toward Galilee to Samaria, probably the city of that name now called Sebastieh in the province of Samaria, and preached there.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

THE WING ON THE BONNET.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that,
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.
The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle,
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Warming Poverty's Homes.

1000 Shivering Families Cheered
Daily by Mr. Nathan Straus' Poor
Man's Coal Yards in New York.

At this season of the year, when the keen and piercing winds of winter intensify the sufferings of the poor, it is consoling to know that the forlorn condition of many in our large cities does not pass together unheeded. There are, in our communities everywhere, men and women to be blessed with abundance of this world's goods, employ their wealth as stewards, for God's glory and the benefit of their less fortunate fellow-beings. If the record of even a part of the individual philanthropies of this class were written, it would make such a showing as would surprise many of those who rail at all wealth indiscriminately as an evidence of selfishness and hard-heartedness. There is no nobler factor in a community than the individual who, being prospered in his affairs, recognizes the source of his prosperity by consecrating a liberal portion of his substance to good works, and thus transforms his wealth into a blessing to surround him.

Among the many practical benevolences induced by private enterprise in New York, there is probably none that commands itself more strongly to public approval than the Cheap Coal Stations for the poor, opened on the east and west sides of the city, by Mr. Nathan Straus, a well-known wealthy merchant. That on the east side is at the river front, foot of East Third Street, in what is known as the coal-district. A long shed on the dock is used as a depot, and three or four coal-dredge boats are towed to that point each week, and their contents lifted into big bins on the wharf, from which they are doled out into bags, baskets, boxes, wheelbarrows, tiny express wagons and a variety of other receptacles that are brought here by the poverty-stricken purchasers. It is a moving sight to see the crowds that assemble in line to take advantage of the cheap coal distribution. Men, old and young, some ragged, others poorly yet decently clad, women in shawls and dragging babies with them, and children too thinly clothed to resist the nipping winter winds, all stand shivering and awaiting their turn. Some who have no money have a card or a note, from some well-known pastor or physician, which is certain to secure them a free supply. All day long this coal distribution continues at the east side depot as well as that at Pier 52, North River, and while daylight lasts the recession to and from these points is constantly in motion. The coal is sold at wholesale rates, 35 pounds for five cents. An average of 5,000 tickets are sold daily. These cheap coal depots enable many hundreds of the very poorer families to keep warm and comparatively comfortable in the chilliest weeks in winter. To many they undoubtedly mean the saving of life, or though the slums and tenements may welter in summer, they are even more wretched as winter abodes and cold and starvation easily find victims. To such miserable homes cheap coal—and more particularly free coal—is a genuine bless-

ing. Over a hundred tons are distributed daily at the East River depot and fully fifty tons at the North River shed, and it can be readily understood what an amount of good is accomplished in a single day when it is stated that the average purchaser buys ten cents worth, or seventy pounds, equal to two days' fuel supply for a small stove or grate fire.

This unique philanthropy is one that might serve as a good example for others to follow in those sections where the hard winter bears heavily upon the poor. Mr. Straus is a loser on every pound of coal he sells, and bears the expense of management and help besides; but he is gainer in the grander sense of having helped his fellow men and fulfilled the injunction which imposes upon us the sacred duty of remembering the poor.

Strange Uses for Dolls.

Although in civilized countries dolls are associated with childhood and the nursery, there are not a few places on the globe where they are used for quite a different purpose. Rev. A. Findlater, has gathered from numerous sources all the available information on this subject and the compilation is one of peculiar interest. In many barbarous nations, the women continue to carry dolls long after they have passed their youth. Among the Bechuanas and Basutos in Africa, it is customary for the women to carry dolls until they have children of their own. When twins are



NEW YORK'S COAL CHARITY—WAITING IN LINE FOR THE DISTRIBUTION.

born, it is the custom in certain tribes to slay the younger, in the superstitious belief that there can be but one soul between the two and that nothing but evil can come if both are permitted to live. A doll is substituted in place of the murdered babe. Most of the dolls used by the savages are of wood, although some are of ivory, an elephant's tusk being utilized for the purpose.

"Saying" and "Praying."

Mr. Moody, the well-known evangelist, tells this pretty incident concerning his own little son: "My wife came down one evening, and said she had had some trouble with one of the children. He was not willing to obey, and he had gone off to bed without asking her forgiveness. I went up and sat down by the side of the little child and said: 'Did you pray to-night?' 'I said my prayers.' 'Did you pray?' 'I said my prayers.' 'Did you pray?' 'Well, papa, I told you that I said my prayers.' 'Yes, I heard you, but did you pray?' The little fellow was stuck; he knew he hadn't prayed. How was he going to pray when there was something wrong in his heart. He could not do it. 'Well now,' said I, 'are you going to go off to sleep without praying?' After a struggle, he said, 'I wish you would call mamma.' She came up and was glad to

forgive him, and then he wanted to get out of bed and pray. He had said his prayers, but he wanted to pray. Lots of people say their prayers, just as a salve to their conscience, and go out and do some mean, contemptible thing after they have said their prayers. But they hadn't prayed, and that's the difference."

President's Daughters.

Besides the present "White House babies," there are living at this time eight surviving daughters of Presidents of the United States. These are enumerated in an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple is the eldest of the group and Mrs. Philip Pendleton Dandridge the next. The former is the daughter of President Tyler, and is living in the Louise Home, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Dandridge is the daughter of President Taylor, and presided at most of the White House functions during her father's brief tenure of the Presidential office. She lives in Winchester. The only surviving daughter of President Johnson, Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson, lives in the old Johnson homestead at Greenville, Tenn. Mrs. Ellen W. Grant Sartoris, only daughter of President Grant, is now living in Washington. The only daughter of President Hayes, Miss Fanny Hayes, passes much of the winter in travel, and spends her summer at the homestead in Fremont, O. Mrs. Mary Garfield Stanley Brown, the "little Mollie" of the Garfield family, lives in Washington during the winter and at the old family homestead in Ohio during

tered everywhere about the country. At each house is raised a bamboo mast from which hang, blown about by the wind, strings of paper fishes. There are as many of these paper fish at each as there are children in it, so that some houses a dozen fish may be counted on the masts.

A Woman's Idea of California Roses.

I. Longman, Whittier, Calif., writes us: In *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* of December 23d, was a letter from Beaumont, Tex., written by Mrs. W. A. Ward, describing "the Roses of Texas." The letter very much interested me, and I felt as if I would like to give to your readers a brief description of the roses of Southern California. As the Texas writer said, the roses of the north are inferior. The roses bloom here all the year 'round, and grow to a height of from eight to ten feet. I am a native of Maryland and have traveled across the United States coming from Salem, Oregon, last November to Whittier. In all of my travels I have not found so beautiful a country as this. We have had not so much as a frost this winter. From Whittier I can see the waters of the Pacific eighteen miles off to the south, while off to the north can be seen the Sierra Madre Mountains all covered with snow. At Whittier the average temperature is about 70°. A great many people from the North and East come here to spend the winter among the roses.

A Step-mother Speaks.

Surely the step-mother, so often and so unjustly accused, is happy in her numerous



WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT THE COAL-DOCK.

and loving defenders. In our mail this week is a letter from Mrs. S. Maria S., of Fort Missoula, Mont., which affords another illustration of how a step-mother may be loved by those of her household. The writer says:

Noticing in the issue of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* which has just reached me in my garrison home, a beautiful article on "The Step-mother's Defenders," I beg to add the following upon the same subject: I am a step-mother. My own daughter is married and abroad. My son, who is also married, is often called upon to take long journeys from his home. I have with me here three step-sons, one of whom is about fourteen. Yesterday morning I was not well, and did not come down to breakfast. The children conceived the idea that I was fretting over the absence of my daughter and son, and as they left for school without seeing me, the thought remained with them. Judge of my feelings on their return when the fourteen-year-old son came into the parlor where I was sitting and asked me to listen while he read the enclosed original verses to me. He said the thought had been "bothering" him all day. These are some of the verses:

A CONSOLATION.

Respectfully dedicated to Mother by "Duck."

FRET not thyself, dear mother,
If thy daughter has to go
Across the deep blue ocean—
'Tis God that wills it so.

Remember, Oh, remember!
That God, with his, above—
Doth watch o'er all his children
With such sweet, tender love!

FRET not thyself, dear mother,
If thy son is called to go
Upon a dangerous journey—
'Tis God that wills it so.

Remember, Oh, remember!
That God is ever near,
And he that is in danger
May have no cause to fear.

Remember, Oh, remember!
Though thou art left alone
And all from thee have parted
That God will bring thee home.

FRET not thyself, dear mother,
When life is ebbing low—
If caused death's gates to enter—
'Tis God that wills it so.

Remember, Oh, remember!
Though earthly life should cease,
Thou leave'st footprints behind thee,
To guide us on to peace.

A Young Folks' Paradise.

All travelers unite in declaring that Japan is the ideal playground for children and that more attention is paid by the Japanese, as a nation, to child-happiness, than is the case in any other part of the Eastern world. A correspondent gives this entertaining description of child-life in the Mikado's empire: "Japanese children are never bashful or sullen. They look you straight in the face, never draw back if you call them to you, and although intimidated by the familiarity of strangers, they smile at you if you show them a friendly face. Two days in the year are exclusively devoted to the children. At Tokio, Kioto, Yokohama, and in all the cities of Japan there is a day when the shops are full of toys, little models of persons or things, or even figures of the entire Japanese Court in miniature. This is on the great holiday for little girls. At this time large and small are dressed in garments of all colors. The mothers are very proud of these toilets.

The corresponding boys' holiday falls on May 5. Then they are seen scat-

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Nicholas Lloyd, a wealthy financier, whose whole mind runs on money-making schemes, is living with his wife and his daughter Alice at his beautiful country-house. An only son, Stephen, has become estranged from his father, and spends most of the time at sea. Among Stephen's acquaintances are John McAslin and his sister Jessie, the former a noble-hearted young lawyer and writer with progressive ideas concerning social and moral reforms, and the latter a bright, warm-hearted girl, who is greatly admired by Stephen. Mrs. Lloyd is a woman of emotional nature and almost worships her boy with whom her husband has quarrelled. She is wealthy in her own right, but is a mere cipher at home, Nicholas Lloyd ruling all with an iron hand. He is ambitious to make a brilliant match for Alice, and has already chosen for her future husband Lord Medway, a young English peer, but Mrs. Lloyd opposes the match. Before leaving on his voyage, Stephen visits his home and through his diplomatic arrangement, Jessie McAslin, with whom he is in love but who knows him by another name, is engaged as music teacher to Alice Lloyd.

At a meeting of workmen, at which a pending strike is discussed, John McAslin and Steve take very decided ground against extreme measures and an encounter occurs between Steve and a bully in which the latter is badly worsted. Mr. Lloyd, who has read some of McAslin's arguments on labor and capital in the magazines, invites him to meet a few other gentlemen equally interested in social reforms, at his residence. There, a friendly discussion occurs, and he is so struck with the native ability of the young man that he engages him as his secretary. McAslin's favorite doctrine is that all wealth should be consecrated to the highest and noblest uses, that there is no such thing as irresponsible riches, and that Christ was the true exponent, for both the ancients and moderns, of the reforms necessary for the universal betterment of social conditions.

Alice Lloyd learns to love the young reformer, and Mrs. Lloyd is awakened, by his conversation, to the need of a better stewardship of her own wealth. Lord Medway urges his suit for Alice's hand, and Mr. Lloyd, on laying his proposal before his daughter, is astounded by her absolute refusal to accept the nobleman as a husband. He attempts coercion, but Mrs. Lloyd unexpectedly summons courage and confronts him with the threat to withdraw her private fortune from his business, if he persists in forcing the match, and bringing on Alice all the misery of a loveless marriage such as she herself had endured. After a stormy scene, the great financier, so long used to control in all matters, business and domestic, yields to the inevitable to avert a draft upon his resources that might involve him in financial ruin. Meanwhile, the watchful mother has noted the growing affection between her daughter and John McAslin and is pleased with the prospects of such a union.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE?"



MRS. LLOYD held to this position even with regard to Lord Medway, though, at her daughter's urgent request, she accompanied her in the morning to the interview which Lord Medway desired, but she took little part in their conversation. The young noble had never before looked so handsome, and never before been so self-effacing. He regretted, with apparent sincerity, the publicity given to his aspirations, because they appeared so egotistical on his part, and because Alice had felt this publicity to be an offense. He declared his affection to be sincere and lasting, and asked permission to renew his addresses, when a year in society should have better enabled her to know her own position and what was demanded of it.

Alice felt it to be impossible to say any of the disagreeable things she had intended to say. When a man puts himself, metaphorically, at a woman's feet, it is hard for her to wantonly insult him. She found no presumption to snub, and no claims were made on her future kindness which she thought it necessary to deny. And Medway really felt the disappointment in his pocket, and his pocket greatly influenced his life. His dreams of unlimited credit and unlimited expenditure were over, or at least postponed, and another year of financial straits and annoyances was before him. The thought of this condition impressed a despondency on his face and manner which Alice was led to believe she was entirely answerable for. It had its effect, for when he asked: "May I return to Lloyd Park next summer?" she was unable to give a decided refusal. So he went away with a hope which he trusted time and social influences would bring to perfection.

As soon as he was really gone, Alice experienced a kind of regret. All that he could give her appeared for the moment so desirable. She said to her mother: "I

cannot feel certain about anything. What do you think, mother?"

"Well, Alice, there is one test of both men and matter—that of practice. The world always asks of everything, 'Will it work? If not, it must go.' Ask yourself, 'Do I love him well enough to live with him all our lives, to bear with all his faults, to forgive his neglect, to nurse him in sickness, to take an interest in all that interests him?' If not, a marriage with him will not work. It must go."

"Then I think it must go, mother."

"Be sure in your own mind, Alice."

"Why didn't I rather speak to me this morning?"

"There was no need to trouble you. I had a conversation with him last night, while you were singing with Mr. McAslin. He promised me to authoritatively deny the report of yesterday, and also to allow you the fullest and freest choice in the matter of your marriage."

"Oh!"

It was all she said, it was all she wished to say, at the time. That strange inde-

do not seem to be wholly satisfying things."

"But Miss Lloyd reads and plays and sings, and has friends. These are satisfying things," answered John.

"Oh, John, you tire of books; they do all the talking; and you cannot be always playing and singing to yourself. And as to friends that all pay their visits on the same afternoon, and who dare not say one unconventional word, what pleasure is there in them?"

"But the coolness and verdure of the country; its—"

"John, I do not believe in the coolness of the country. And the dense green of the woods is depressing beyond everything. The river glares. The long, dusty lanes are awful. I prefer the city. No place in summer is so cheery and comfortable as New York. You are never disappointed in its supplies. Ice-creams, and the best of fruits are at every corner. I find Central Park sylvan enough. The streets have always a shady side. There is a constant point of interest somewhere—a concert, a show, a lecture, or a labor meeting. Yes, I wish the Lloyds would come back to the city. I am tired to death of the country."

"I enjoy my visits there very much."

"Apparently Alice enjoys them also."

"What makes you say that, Jessie?"

"She talks a great deal about you in an underhand way."

"I don't like the word 'underhand,' Jessie. What do you mean by it?"

"I mean that she gets me to talk about you. I say to myself constantly, 'If Miss

to the New York pavements, to feel at liberty to be herself, look as cross or as happy as she wanted to, to walk as quickly as felt like walking, to speak with all plainness or emphasis she desired."

It was different with John. The swiftness of the alleys of the garden, the shadowy woods, even the long vistas of dusty country lanes were full of all delight to him, for Alice was very often his companion in them. She frequently drove the railway station for her father and John and then in the moonlight evenings the early mornings, they found themselves together without any special planning the meeting. There were always roses to be cut or the bees to look at, or the grass to gather, or a new chrysanthemum to classify. Oh, love had a thousand excuses. Love made all events to serve his own sires and purposes!

And the silence and ceremony of the Lloyd household pleased John. It seemed the proper atmosphere for Alice. She made glory in its dimness, and music in its silence. The flutter of her white movements, the rose-like loveliness of her face, the grace and harmony of her movements, all these things seemed to John but outward manifestations of a pure, guileless soul. He wondered at Jessie's waning enthusiasm; Lloyd Park was to him the loveliest spot on earth; it was the home of Alice, and her presence, or memory of it, invested the whole place with the glamor and glory of love.

Mr. Lloyd had not the slightest suspicion of this attachment; indeed, it was unfessed by the lovers themselves. John knew it, but John feared to speak, lest he had been too presumptuous. Alice felt to listen, lest words should destroy the definable, ineffable charm of their conscious silence. She did not wish to be brought to resolution and acknowledgment. In such case, she would have decided a question she did not wish to consider. She was too happy to make inquiry about her happiness. She feared to do so. She had an instinctive apprehension that the delicate bloom on the cheek of Psyche might easily be soiled by wasted by too much examination. John had the same delicacy of feeling; he divined that while love was shyly advancing and retreating, it was well to let alone.

Mrs. Lloyd was not as ignorant as her husband of the condition of affairs between her daughter and John McAslin, for she was naturally an observing woman, though her sense of observation had been dulled by long neglect. She had so fully trained herself not to see what was retained to this life, that a sentiment so delicate and undemonstrative might have easily escaped her notice; yet in a passing manner she was aware of it, and the knowledge did not trouble her. "John is good, and clever, and likely to have a brilliant career, and Alice might do much worse than marry him," was generally the conclusion she came to, if she gave the matter consideration; a thing that under circumstances as yet did not often come to her mind.

Besides, during these summer and autumn months, she had been entertaining a new and absorbing interest. Her interview with her lawyer had been one of great importance. To her amazement, she had found him not only willing, but anxious to aid her in the great work she was so fully planning. For the words spoken by John McAslin had sunk into her heart, and troubled its still depths into active, conscious thought. The force and meaning of these words remained with her; and in actual order, she could not remember.

"But Mr. Telford," she said, "I am made to understand that my money is not mine; that I am only a steward for others; that I must not only render to God the things which are God's, but also unto man the things that are man's; and that if I do not do this I shall have the fate of the unjust steward. And this 'outer darkness' and the 'binding hand of foot' terrifies me. What can it mean? Help me to escape from it at any cost and cost."

"I will be your friend and helper in this matter most gladly," he answered. "I am thankful that you have realized your responsibility before it is too late. Your father made money and he left it to you, and you have simply buried it in a napkin. Even his silent growth accuses you. Let it be silent money too long, madame, make it speak."

(To be Continued.)



"IT HAS BEEN SILENT MONEY TOO LONG," SAID THE LAWYER.

cision which gives to whatever we are likely to lose a renewed worth and interest was troubling her heart. Between Lord Medway and her father's paid secretary there was a social gulf whose width and depth she was able pretty accurately to measure, and for a moment she told herself it was impossible to cross it. Then she remembered that between Lord Medway and John McAslin, as men, there was a mental and moral gulf greater than the social one. John would lift her higher than all her hopes and aspirations. To walk on the same plane with Lord Medway, she must sink lower than herself every way. John's voice and presence set her soul vibrating like music. For Lord Medway she had, at most, an experimental interest, made up of flattered vanity and tolerant indifference. "It won't work," she said to herself. "He may go back to England and stay there." And yet she sighed, and wondered "why the nice lover was always the poor one."

After this event was fairly past, there was one of those pauses in life which generally follow periods of great feeling or great excitement. Jessie began to think her visit to Lloyd Park a little monotonous, and to wonder at the stupid life some rich people endured.

"The same things occur every day, and at the same hour," she said to John, "and though the place is pretty, and the house beautiful, river views and fine furniture

Alice wants to pull out the stop called John, she shall play on it herself," and then, before I know, I am telling her about your last speech, or describing some of your Western adventures, or explaining how good you are to father and mother, or in some other obvious way preaching for my saint. And she sits smiling and listening, and answering me, and encouraging me in monosyllables, and I call that 'underhand.' But it must give her pleasure, or she would not always begin such a conversation. However, John, even with you to talk about, the time goes very slowly, and I am ready for a change. I wonder where Steve is. When did you hear from him?"

"Yesterday. He said he was going to the Baltic. He is a queer fellow."

"He is nice enough. A great many people are much less interesting than Steve Morrison."

Change, however, does not come because it is wished for, nor can it ever be safely forced. Indeed, it is a wise provision that for the majority, duty stands guard over wayward inclinations. Duty kept Jessie safely on its homely sward, and the weeks went not unhappily away. The most wearisome days were those she spent at Lloyd Park, and Alice finally found it impossible to detain her beyond her business hours. She felt the sweet alleys of the garden lonely, and the stillness and method of the fine house oppressed her. After its ceremony and quiet, it was a joy to step lightly

SALVATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic: "What Christ Saves from," for the Week Beginning Feb. 26. Titus 3: 1-7.

WHEN the anxious soul prays that it may be saved, when, as we say, a man seeks salvation, there is often a very vague notion of what salvation means. In many cases it does not go beyond the mere desire to be saved from perdition, from the punishment of sin in the dark vault, the penitentiary of the universe, where hope is excluded and there is weeping and wailing and unavailing remorse. Well, it is a very motive, but if it brings the trembling soul into contact with Christ, it becomes a useful purpose. There are some motives to which no higher motive would appeal. They are in dread of suffering, or they are anxious to avoid it. Christ saves them in that sense. They are assured that when that hour comes which awaits every man, when they must quit their mortal bodies and go forth into the mysterious realm of which we can have no conception, they will be safe in the hands of Him who has passed through the grave. So, Christ saves the who commit themselves to him from perishing, with all the unknown mystery that word implies.

It does more than this. If a pardon was issued to a convict who was lying in prison under sentence of death, it would benefit him but little if he were the victim of a fatal disease, or had uneducated propensities that would bring him back to the condemned cell in a short time, with a new crime on his conscience. To make the pardon a blessing to him, he must have physical and moral cure, in addition. The sinner saved from perdition, has a similar need. He needs to be saved from the corruption of sin, which is working in him being like a leprosy and from the propensity to sin, which would bring him into bondage again after being liberated. His salvation is placed within his reach through Christ. He can now enter on the task of working out his own salvation with some prospect of success. Power is at his disposal which will save him from sin.

A newly converted soul realizes what has taken place in him and how his salvation from perdition has come to him. He begins to understand the nobility of his sacrifice. He perceives that he has been saved by a love of inconceivable intensity and that he must have been saved for a purpose. God exercises no compulsion upon him, but in many ways beckons him and incites him to make effort to rise out of his environment. Though his physical nature he is allied to the brute creation and he may live like a brute: but he begins to understand that there are possibilities in his being of something higher. He has been brought into a tender association with Christ and a new ideal has entered his life. To be like Christ is to be the highest type of man. In a feeble, faltering way he begins to give up his sins. There may have been spasmodic efforts in that direction before, but as he makes firm now there is a strange new power of alliance with the superior part of his nature. The love that brought Christ to this rescue is working with him. He is being wooed away from sin, is getting free that sin degrades him. There is a new life in him reaching upward, and the light of Righteousness is shining down on his young growth and drawing it as the sun draws the shoots of the young plant. Christ is saving him from his lower nature, slowly and often with many relapses the struggle goes on. At first to outward things his life does not materially differ from his life before conversion; but within there is a change. Before, he followed sin naturally and willingly, now he resists it. If he yields, it is after a struggle and falls occasions sorrow. When he sins, he does the thing that he would not. He is actually the new nature gains power. It tastes the sweets of victory. He learns of the indulgence of his lower nature does not give him the happiness that he receives from its repression. He feels that is rising to a higher plane. Christ is saving him from selfishness, from animal nature, and is helping him in all his conflicts.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Thy God Reigneth.

"That saith unto Zion."—Isa. 52: 7.

F. S. SHEPHERD, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Trem-bling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth!"
 2. Join, ye saints, the truth pro - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
 3. Church of Christ, a - wake! a - wake! "Thy God reign-eth!"

Look a - bove and dry thy tears; "Thy God reign-eth!"
 Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
 For - ward, then fresh cour - age take; "Thy God reign-eth!"

Tho' thy foes with pow'r as - sail, Nought a - gainst thee shall pre -vail;
 Zi - on, wake, the morn is nigh. See it break from you - der sky;
 Soon de - scend - ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;

Trust in Him; He'll nev - er fail, "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
 Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
 Sin shall then be o - ver - thrown; "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."

Copyright, 1895, by James McGranahan.

From the new book "SACRED SONG, NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

"TRUST THYSELF TO JESUS."

O, TRUST thyself to Jesus.
 When conscious of thy sin,
 Of its heavy weight upon thee,
 Of its mighty power within.
 Then is the hour for pleading
 His finished work for thee,
 Then is the time for singing,
 His blood was shed for me.

O, trust thyself to Jesus.
 When daily cares perplex
 And trifles seem to gain a power
 Thy inmost soul to vex;
 Then is the hour for grasping
 His hand, who walked the sea,
 Then is the time for singing,
 He makes it calm for me.

O, trust thyself to Jesus,
 In days of feebleness,
 When thou canst only dumbly feel
 Thy utter helplessness.
 Then is the hour for proving
 His mighty power in thee,
 Then is the time for singing,
 His grace sufficeth me.

O, trust thyself to Jesus,
 When thou art full of care
 For wanderers, whom thou canst not win.
 Our blessed hope to share
 Then is the hour for trusting
 Thy Lord to bring them nigh.
 Then is the time for singing,
 He loves them more than I.

O, trust thyself to Jesus,
 When loved ones pass away,
 When very lonely seems thy life
 And very dark thy way.
 Then is the hour for yielding
 Entirely to his will.
 Then is the time for singing,
 I have my Saviour still.

O, trust thyself to Jesus,
 As thy spirit takes its flight,
 From every earthly shadow
 To the land of perfect light.
 Then is the hour for feeling
 Christ has done all for me.
 Then is the time for singing,
 He gives the victory.

THE PRESENT AGE.

Characteristics of Our Time by which we Recognize its Place in Prophecy.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.*



THE term "age" refers to the moral rather than the physical world. An "age" marks an historical cycle whose characteristics are so well defined and diverse from the characteristics of

other periods, as to prominently distinguish it. Thus Scripture reveals a succession of these ages from Adam onward to eternity, each stamped with individual features, and hedged in by limitations of its own.

The New Testament is chiefly devoted to the unfolding of two of these ages: that one which began with Christ's crucifixion and is now in progress, and the other one which shall begin in connection with his assumption of rule as King of kings. We call these "the present age," and "the Millennial age."

Now, great confusion has arisen from the mistake of confounding these ages, and mingling their characteristics. Thus their limitations have been obliterated, and they have been merged into one; till in the minds of some, the whole future lies before them like a vast, unfenced prairie, without trees, hedges, or landmarks of any kind to designate boundary or ownership.

These two ages are prophetic of one another, and complementary the one to the other, even as in music or in painting, sounds and color have their own dependent accessories.

1. A worldly age. Jesus compares the days of the period before his advent to the days that were before the flood, and to the days of Sodom. The people then were solely occupied with selfish pursuits—eating, drinking, marrying, buying, selling, planting, building (Luke 17: 26, 30).

Our Lord did not intend to teach that it was essentially wrong to eat, drink, and marry. But he sought to show that indifference characterized that former age. Had the antediluvians believed a flood was coming; and had they taken in the fact that it was coming because wickedness was so prevalent, they would have been too serious and terrified to become wholly absorbed in the pursuits of commerce or pleasure. Like the Ninevites they would have girded themselves with sackcloth, seeking by repentance to call out the mercy of the Almighty. Their worldly attitude thus demonstrated their unbelief. And the parallel is precisely this: The end of this age is sketched with the terrors that shall accompany the second Advent. Men and women laugh at it, and because they discredit it they go on about their ordinary pursuits, throwing coming judgment out of the account and planning for a long continuation of the present state of affairs.

Now on the contrary, how does the true expectation of the Lord's coming affect men? Why just in proportion as it is apprehended, it makes them unworldly. They look for the dissolution of things temporal. If they marry, if they feast, if they plant, if they build, they do all in godly fear, as stewards whose account may be required at any time.

Thus it is with the promised advent of the Lord. Chronologies have been outlined for the Jewish nation; but only spiritual signs are appointed for the church. Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh (Matt. 24: 42-44). Thus he implied that he himself knew, that a divine programme was arranged, but the disciples were not to know, and not to ask to know.

2. It will remain a scoffing age. The Apostle Peter declares (II. Peter 3: 4-7), "there shall come in the last days scoffers" whose sneers and jeers are specially aimed at the promises concerning the Lord's return. Untruthfulness will mark such scoffers. The boast that "all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation," proves them false to history. They are willingly ignorant, or rather willfully forget, that the first world created was overflowed with water, and so there was an interruption to the material earth in its course from the beginning.

*From his booklet, "Will Jesus Come Again?" 83 pages; price ten cents. Published by Albert Needham, Narbeth, Pa.



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Saint Content Wintergreen.

CONTENT Wintergreen has come to her sainthood through what most people would call great tribulation, though she herself never thinks of it as



SAINT CONTENT WINTERGREEN.

such, and never dreams that anything she has done would look heroic in the eyes of anyone. And yet, to my mind, she is a heroine of the most Christian type. Perhaps many who look on the wrinkled face disclosed in her photograph will say that I must have been hard pressed for heroines to have taken up a picture like that. But, I think, if you will listen to my story, you will agree with me that there is something sweet and divinely beautiful in the very homeliness and irregularity of these features, and that every wrinkle on her brow is an added wreath in her crown of glory, that diadem which shall never fade away.

Content Wintergreen was born seventy-nine years ago in a little town in Central New York. When only a girl her mother died, and her father brought his family of three girls and a boy to try their fortunes in the then small city of Brooklyn. Sixty years ago, while still but a girl, Content Wintergreen found the source of all true contentment in a sweet fellowship with Jesus Christ.

The family were poor, and the girls early sought to help bear the burdens of the household by working in a tailor's shop or bringing their work home, as Content did after awhile when the father was ill. One of the sisters married and went away to enjoy the happiness of her own home and family, but as the other sister soon lost her health, Content had no time to think of love affairs, save to care for the loved ones of her own household. The brother had grown up and gone West, and on Content's frail shoulders fell all the burden of the home.

The father died soon afterwards, and though that wrung her heart, she had not time for morbid grief, for there was her invalid sister to provide for still. For fourteen years she wrought with her needle and earned enough to care for them both, and ministered with a mother's love and tenderness to her sick companion who was never able to go beyond the door of their humble room.

During the last and most trying year of her sister's illness, a letter came from the brother in the far West, telling the sad news that he had been struck by a fatal disease and longed to come home and die in the arms of some one who loved him. There was no moment's hesitation. Content thought of the blue-eyed brother who had been the playmate of her childhood, and in a most loving letter bade him come. Toes made three months to feed instead of two, and a double burden of nursing, but said Content, the other day,

as she told me her story: "Those were very happy days after all. Though we were poor, we loved each other and were so happy together." The brother, after a few months, passed away, and only a little later the sister, too, faded out of life.

"The only time I was ever tempted to murmur," said Content to me with a wistful face, and I knew by the far-away look in her eyes that a picture of other days was passing before her inner vision, "was when my sister died. It was hard work, the working all day and the being up, much nursing her in the night, but love made it light, and I had cared for her so long, that I think I felt about her as a mother does for a crippled child."

During all these years of toil and nursing her sick, Content Wintergreen never for a moment thought of excusing herself from Christian work. For forty years she was one of the most persevering and successful tract distributors that Brooklyn has ever known. She could not go to church much, and seldom had time to seek out any one to talk with them, but she never allowed herself to go out of the room to the tailor's shop, or to the grocer's, or to the market, without her little bundle of tracts, which with gentleness and skill she gave out here and there with a kindly word of good cheer that made them welcome. Many a home among the poor was sweetened by the little visitor carried home from the market-place. In this way Content Wintergreen introduced her divine Lord and Master, whom she loved so well and served so faithfully, to scores and hundreds of people.

For a long time now Content has lived alone, and on her next birthday she will have reached her four score years. She is not able to work much now, and a kind relative pays her room rent, and allows her four dollars a month for living expenses. Out of that four dollars a month she provides her provision and fuel and clothing, and lives in peace with God and man. If she was a government officer, pensioned by the government in most generous style, she could not be happier or more grateful to God and her friends. To anyone who goes in to talk with her she never utters a word of complaint. Her talk is all about the goodness and mercy

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of God, and the abundance of his blessings to her. Neither has she lost her desire to be a worker for Christ in her old age. A young friend who takes an interest in her had been for a long time taking her the newspapers to read, and on one occasion, desiring a paper in which to wrap a parcel, said to her, "Auntie Wintergreen, what becomes of all the papers I bring, you never seem to have any about here?" The dear old saint flushed red like a school girl caught whispering, and stammered out, "I hope you won't mind, but I save the papers up, and every two weeks I take them down to the jail. I thought I might perhaps do a little good yet, in that way."

Now won't you please glance back again at the worn and wrinkled features of Content Wintergreen. I think it will look sweeter since you know its story. The face is wrinkled and worn, but the soul is flushed with immortal youth, and some of these days in the resurrection glory it will be a beautiful face to look upon. It shall glow forever with the peace of him whom having not seen she loves.

The University Settlement.

At the recent annual meeting of the University Settlement Society in New York it was announced that the debt of the society had been reduced to \$2,770, and the building fund for a suitable edifice raised to \$50,000, adding that the council would buy property for building purposes when \$30,000 had been added to that sum.

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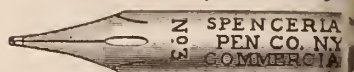
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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN LOVE AWAKES.

O father and mother, it is often something very like a shock to discover that their children have sufficiently advanced on the journey of life to fall in love. Parents do not always realize that their young people stand precisely where they did themselves, in years gone by. The thing seems strange and almost new in their eyes, this stirring of the heart toward others, than the brothers and sisters in the home nest. Fathers are a little jealous of the men who capture the affections of their daughter's affections; mothers regard the wooer with suspicion, and the path of true love does not run through roses and lilies, but across a rough and turbulent stream, thickly strewn with rocks and boulders.

When this combines with other circumstances and conditions to make the period of courtship a rather exciting phase in life, the position as a rule strengthening young people in their determination, so that many a match is precipitated by the injustice of protests of parents and friends.

From the outset, people are apt to make mistakes about the feeling of boys and girls toward one another, and to put the sexes in wrong relations. Talk about beaux and heartbreaks sometimes begins in the home, so that even small children are made shy and self-conscious, long before they should be the slightest intimation of what will be the dawn of love. Particularly prone are short-sighted parents to pry and comment upon, either with a well-natured laugh, or an ill-natured frown, the earliest signs that a lad shows when he becomes aware of the lassies, O! what if Guy does buy a pretty valentine and send it to Louise? It is a graceless courtesy on his part; it does no harm, it may give pleasure to the pretty girl recipient? The dawning of a young man's attention, and of woman's favor, is a rarely beautiful thing to see, and we are apt to rush in upon it with our interference and our frowns and spoil it forever.

Do I remember my own first valentine? I went, blessed be the kindly fate, to present me there in early childhood, to the little district school in the country, on the side of the low-ceiled room were the desks of the boys; across the aisle, benches for recitation between, were the girls. It was such a school as Whittier described in his poem, beginning:

It sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Round it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

It was only eight and my brave boy was possibly ten years old, brought me red-cheeked apples from his father's farm, and carried my gun and gave me rides on his sled, and he sent me a valentine, a funny thing with hearts and darts and crude drawings about loves and doves and violets. Sugar is sweet and so are you, and I for a book-mark for several weeks, harm was done. The boy's name was Ezekiah, and whatever became of him I don't know, for the idyl of the district school soon floated away, and I went to a beautiful higher seminary for young ladies into which boys were not admitted.

It is certainly a good deal to be said in favor of co-education, at least, for some of the children's school life. Sentiment does not obtrude itself to an alarm extent, where girls and boys are obliged to sit together, to stumble together through algebra and logic, to meet in the lists of

as competitors on equal terms. Happily, the customs of our own day, bring young people not only into daily acquaintanceship in study, but also in sport, and the wheeling, and golfing, and playing tennis, and engaging in other active outdoor recreations are wholesome and sensible, and can produce nothing but good, if not carried to excess.

When love awakes, if the mind and heart are pure, if the body has been respected as a hallowed temple, then it is a very sacred and benign experience which comes to the young. Here, let no alien foot profane the place—it is holy ground. Alas! for those who have so indulged in coquetry and flirtation and spurious sentiment, that first love in their lives has suffered a wrong.

In the meantime, before love awakes, let there be friendship. Let everything be open and above board. Have no concealments. The family sitting-room, with parents present, is the best and safest and happiest rendezvous for the young people who enjoy each other's society none the less than older people enter into the pleasure of the moment.

May I add that there should be similarity of tastes, social training on the same plane, and full sympathy in the religious life, to make youthful love a happy and blessed experience? "No man," said a wise friend of mine, "need expect happiness, if he fall in love with a heathen girl." And no girl should trust herself to a professed unbeliever.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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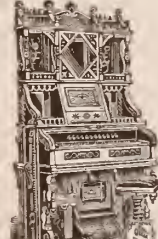
REQUIREMENTS.—We believe that Jesus lived and taught a life which, rightly discerned, would mean a hundredfold more of true happiness and glory here and now, than a life of mere seeking for wealth, honor, or human friendships. We believe that He desired—as we know He prayed for—a union with us, His Father, and that He offered and does offer a complete and perfect gift of Himself to all who will receive Him—a real and present friendship and companionship, such as alone can call forth the entire love of the human heart, soul, mind and strength. It is not the physical frame that we love, but the soul shining through. One may receive a true mental picture of God through rightly studying the life of God in the flesh—thus coming to know Him and love Him as we realize His unchanging nature and respond to His spirit within us—and so may enter a life of union with Him. The book should help the reader to the best conception of this life and true living of it. It will be judged upon its literary merits and forcefulness for this purpose. The widest liberty will be given writers as to plot.

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LIKE A BIRD.

(Prov. 27: 8; Isa. 16: 2.)

LIKE a wandering bird that is cast from her nest,
So my soul had no rest.
I was storm-driven over the land and the sea,
Far away from my mountain to which I would flee;
Not a rock for my refuge, no bower, nor tree:
But impelled, Lord, to thee
I found peace on thy breast.

(Prov. 7: 23; Ps. 124: 7.)

Like an innocent bird for whose feet a meshed net
By the fowler is set,
So, un mindful of danger, suspecting no snare
I was flitting about like a bird in the air
Till my feet were entangled and I in despair,
But my Saviour was there
And he broke the meshed net.

(Song of Sol. 2: 11-13.)

Like the singing so sweet of the birds in the spring
As they flit on glad wing
Over meadow and valley, by bower and dell,
A great organ of nature with wide open swell,
So my heart in its freedom is under the spell
Of such joys as compel
Me to blissfully sing.

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.

A Forbidden Tree.

The story of the Garden, and also the lines of Milton, the poet, when he sung

Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought sin into the world and all our woe,

are strangely recalled by a remarkable tree that has lately been added to the collection of plants in the Botanical Gardens of Madras, India. It is known as the "Stinging Tree," and is surrounded by a stout railing, which bears a placard inscribed: "Dangerous—all persons are forbidden to touch the leaves or branches of this tree." The plant within the enclosure is thus described: "It is a forbidden tree, but no one is tempted to touch it, for it is known to be a burning tree. The tree stings rather than burns, however. Beneath the leaves there are stings comparable to those of nettles, which, when touched, pierce the skin and secrete a fluid which certainly has a burning effect. The sting leaves no outward sign, but the sensation of pain persists sometimes for months, and is especially keen on damp days, or when the place which has been wounded is plunged in water. The natives in Burma, where this tree grows, are in such terror of it that they fly in haste when they perceive the peculiar odor which it exhales. If they happen to touch it, they fall on the ground and roll over and over on the earth with shrieks. Dogs touched by it yelp and run, biting and tearing the part of their bodies which has been touched. A horse which had come in contact with it ran like a mad thing, biting everything and everybody that it could reach. A missionary at Mandalay, who investigated a leaf of the plant with his forefinger, suffered agony for several weeks, and for ten months felt occasional darting pains in his finger."

White Ribbon Conventions.

The programme for next autumn's White Ribbon Conventions has been definitely arranged, and these meetings will be held as follows: The Dominion convention will be held in Toronto, Canada, October 20th to 22d; the World's will open on the 23d and continue through the evening of the 26th at the same place; the National will meet in Buttrick, beginning Friday, October the 29th, and continuing through November 3d. These are not mass conventions, like those of most philanthropic societies, but are on the basis of one delegate for every one thousand members.

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ARMENIA'S ORPHANS.

ALTHOUGH the horrors of massacre and famine have been arrested in Armenia, and the condition of the unfortunate sufferers has been greatly improved through the generous aid afforded by the Christian people of Europe and America, the present winter is proving a very severe one in many districts. All that can be done in the way of relief is being faithfully performed by the missionaries, who have wisely economized the funds placed in their hands for the purpose, knowing that the time of the greatest suffering would come in winter. The Harpoot district alone, 21,706 Armenians have been aided; Palu district, 157 aided; Coarsandjak, 8,291; Arabkir, 6,151; Egin, 2,543; Malatia, 7,738; Bakur, 9,989; Chemish-yuzek, 2,543; Harbekir district, 30,000; and Cesarea, Peroum, Oorfa, Van, and other cities in proportion. The greatest need of orphan aid is at Oorfa, Malatia, Arabkir and Egin. During the present week, another remittance of \$1,000 has been sent to Oorfa through the American Board, for the relief work among the Armenian orphans in that city, in special charge of Miss Shattuck, an American missionary. This is the third remittance made from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Relief Fund for the special purpose, and together with previous remittances and disbursements, makes a total of \$55,000 expended by the Fund in relief work up to the present time.

The following contributions to the Fund we received last week:

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one cup Graham flour, Quaker Oats Gruel. Two tablespoonfuls two cups wheat flour, Quaker Oats, one- one teaspoonful salt, half a quarter teaspoonful a cake compressed yeast, dissolved in two cups salt, one quart warm milk. Mix boiling water. all thoroughly. Boil one hour, together over a fire, strain and serve night; in the morning with cream or morning roll out milk, or half an inch in thickness, cut with either, if so large, round cutter, folded as desired. through the centre, Sugar can wash over with milk, be added if let rise again, and bake desired. A in hot oven fifteen minutes. Strengthening food for invalids.

Quaker Oats Gems. Quaker Oats Water. Pour one cup boiling water One tablespoonful Quaker Oats, half of a lemon and let stand one hour; and one tablespoonful then add half a cup cold sugar. Pour on one water or milk, two cups quart boiling water and let wheat flour, two tea- it stand for three hours, then spoonfuls baking powder, strain.

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ness Catarrh, Pho-Ozo Air cures by inhalation those deaf 5 to 35 years. Book Free. Dr. David A. Evans, 74 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

A Soul-Winning Countess.

Readers of this journal are already familiar to a considerable extent, with the remarkable gospel labors of Adeline, Countess Schimmelmänn, among the fishermen and sailors of the islands and seas of the Baltic. In a letter on the subject, *The Kingdom* gives these facts concerning her experiences: She passed one winter in Berlin to raise funds for her enterprise, and did much work there among the unemployed. She gives this experience of bread-riot:

Never before had I seen such a brutal selfishness and never before had I felt such a burning pity. My soul was so filled with compassion that I felt no place for fear. * * * In that moment I understood that it was that the martyrs had died without fear. On her way home she passed the royal palace which had so long been the centre of her life. The windows were lit up, and a ball was in progress. And all those fashionable people know as the needs of their poor brethren of their duty towards them as I in the earlier days? * * * I had just the prophecy of the trouble which ignorance or indifference might some bring upon them.

She has now extended her work and founded a general international mission to Baltic seamen. She makes her home upon the yacht, the *Duen*, and in it she goes from port to port. She has recently held meetings at Hamburg and Great Yarmouth. She believes that her mission is only to fishermen and sailors but "to the distressed and troubled elements of society everywhere."

THE BOWERY MISSION

and Young Men's Home.

Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.

Conducted under the auspices of *The Christian Herald*.

ONE hundred and Fifty beds. Restaurant, and Free Dispensary.

Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays Wednesday 3.30 p. m.; Women's Tea, Gospel Service, Saturdays 2 p. m.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Day Services, 10 a. m., and 8 p. m.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Religious Meetings Held	469
Professed Conversion	3,671
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,768
Men Served in Restaurant	598,321
Men Treated in Free Dispensary	
Aug. 20, 1895	736
Number of Men and Boys for whom employment was secured	933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Mr. Ack'd	\$88.63
A. Hatcher	1.00
S. Brooklyn	2.00
N. Currie	1.00
Boothby	1.00
Oral J. Fawcett	1.00
S. Adairville	5.00
Halladay	2.00
Christensen	75
M. H. Cooke	25
Alend, Milford	2.00
Jesup	25.00
David J. Blauvelt	3.00
W. Daingerfield	25
Hope	5.00
nd, Bay City	1.00
Total	\$138.88

All contributions for the Bowery Mission be acknowledged in these columns.

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Conducted under the auspices of *The Christian Herald*.

LIVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum Children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, room, dining-hall, school-room, baths, and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and 70 of caretakers and medical attendant. Regular religious services held.

300 tenement children received, sheltered, taught, and (in many instances) clad at Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost \$3 per head, including transportation.

This beautiful Charity costs annually between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support. Pays for a ten days' mid-summer-out for three children.

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Children's Home:

Mr. Ack'd	\$15.00
T. H. Cole	2.00
C. F. White	2.00
E. Hill	2.00
Norwood	5.00
Hope	10.00
Total	\$36.00

All contributions for the work will be acknowledged in these columns.



We are Anxious for a Name

Worthy of this **SUPERB NEW PEA** ("1897")

And will Pay for it in Cash **\$200.00**

Because we are certain that the "1897" will attain, among garden Peas, the highest possible rank, we have decided to offer a prize of \$200.00 for the name sent in this year that we shall consider the most appropriate for the variety. Purchasers of the Pea who intend to suggest a name should read **CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION**. Every package of "1897" Pea contains a coupon with blank space for name suggested, also for competitor's name and address, so that all purchasers of the Pea are entitled to fill out just as many coupons as their order calls for packages. Coupons may be returned to us any time throughout the season, but not later than October 1, 1897. The prize money to be remitted by us during December, 1897.

DESCRIPTION OF HENDERSON'S NEW "1897" PEA

The ideal garden Pea should combine extreme earliness, quantity and quality. We have long had many varieties that possessed one, and often two, of these most essential characteristics, but until the advent of our "1897" none that possessed all three, and what is more wonderful still, that it should have all these features in the superlative degree. We have grown it in our Trial Grounds for the last two seasons, and find in earliness and yield it leaves nothing to be desired, while its delicious flavor is such that that epicure would indeed be hard to please whom it failed to satisfy. Our Catalogue, offered below, describes it in more extended detail.

Henderson's "1897" Pea will be delivered free to any Post-Office in the United States, at following prices (when more convenient buyers may remit in stamps), 20 cents per package; 3 packages for 50 cents; 7 packages for \$1.00. (Every package containing a coupon as stated above.)

NOW THEN about "JUBILEE" CATALOGUE which we will send FREE

With every order from this advertisement. Every copy of our "Jubilee" Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" costs 25 cents to produce, but with every order from this advertisement for "1897" Pea we will send a copy without charge. Prepared to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of our business, scores among the thousands who have already seen it have told us that it is the most beautiful and interesting Seed and Plant Catalogue ever issued. It is a magnificent work of 170 pages, on which are displayed over 500 illustrations of the principal products of our Gardens and Greenhouses. Also 6 full-sized colored plates, which in artistic beauty have probably never been equaled. **FINALLY**—we bring this most liberal of offers to a close when we promise never to surpass. To send our "Jubilee Surprise Souvenir" without charge to all who, in ordering from this advertisement, will state they saw it in this publication.

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This **Giant Everbearing Tomato** is entirely new and a wonder to all. Ait once grown you will have no others. We own all the seed there is, and will pay \$500 for 1 of them weighing 3 lbs. Plant some, you may get the 3 lb. tomato. Instructions will be sent with the seed.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 8.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1897.

Price Five Cents.

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LEADERS IN THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS



Questions and Answers.

A. S. A., Huron, Cal. 1. Are warnings ever given now in dreams or visions? 2. Is there any harm in writing a letter on Sunday to a friend?

1. There have been strange coincidences which many have taken to be warnings in dreams, but they are so vague and so unreliable that sensible people disregard them. 2. You might be better employed on the Lord's Day than in writing letters. Considering how important the soul's interests are and how short is the time that in the busy week can be devoted to them, the Christian should use the Lord's Day for the purpose and exclude from it all that might distract his attention. There may be circumstances in which it would be justifiable to write a letter on a Sunday, but the urgency ought to be very pressing before the precious time should be spent in that way.

R. O. M. M., Saugerties, N. Y. 1. Is it right to hold fairs in churches? 2. Do you think it is right to have a stage in a church on which Christians appear in changeable costumes, charging admission at the door for the same? 3. Will a church be blessed in such work?

1. Church fairs are a species of amusement usually productive of anything but spiritual benefit. If held at all, they are better held somewhere else than in the church building. 2. No. 3. We should hardly expect it.

D. W. Conard, Marseilles, Ill. 1. Is the orthodox belief true that the great and good men of the past, such as Socrates, who had no opportunity of hearing the truth, as we believe it, are in endless tortures? 2. Will not the thought that some of their dear friends are in unspeakable misery affect the happiness of some who are saved?

1. Do you not think God will act justly toward all men? Why are you anxious to settle the fate of these men? Our duty is to accept the offer of salvation that is made to us, and to leave to God, who is not only just, but loving and merciful, the responsibility of dealing with men who might have accepted the offer of salvation if it had ever been made to them. Christ said (Luke 12:48), that any man who did not know his Lord's will, and did things worthy of stripes, should be beaten with few stripes. This should relieve us of solicitude on their account. God has not revealed their fate to us—it was not necessary—but we know him and are sure he will do right. 2. We do not think that anything will mar the happiness of the denizens of heaven. The firm conviction that God is doing right will fill the soul, and there will be no murmuring at his decisions. The practical, present duty is to seek by every means in our power the salvation of our living relatives and friends, and to leave the future world, about which we necessarily know so little, in the hands of our loving Father.

Bird-lovers will be interested in the following letter from a reader in Turney, Mo.:

I noticed an article in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on "The Small Boy and Birds," which had the correct ring. I have never worn birds or bird's wings on a hat, but wore ostrich tips until I read an article describing the manner of procuring them, which stated how painful it was. I do not know whether it is painful or not, should like to hear from some one who knows. However I thought I would be on the safe side in discarding them. They also cost more than some other trimmings, and the heathen may profit thereby, if we will. Dear sisters, do not think because you do not kill the birds, you may innocently wear them. If none were worn, there would be many less killed. Do not say, "Oh, I am only one, it will not make any difference whether I wear them or not."

What fair bird you had adorning,
Have you ever thought, my sister,
How the helpless ones suffered,
When, through death, for you they missed her?

HERALD Reader, Philadelphia. Would it be right and proper for a young lady, a member of a Protestant church and a Christian family, to keep company with a young man who is a strict Catholic? Would it be safe for her to marry such a person, against the wishes of her parents, although the young man may have a good moral character?

Marriages between two persons of different religious beliefs are ill-advised and invariably unhappy. We should venture the assertion that the man or woman who deliberately takes such a step invites a lifetime of trouble and regret. This will be doubly so, should children follow the union, as there will then come a time when, at "the parting of the ways," in a religious sense, the heart of one or both parents must be sorely tried, indeed. Even in the

best aspect of the case, there is a barrier between husband and wife in such unions, which effectually shuts out all real happiness.

E. A. Bird, Fairport, Mo. I hear that Pastor C. H. Spurgeon withdrew from the Baptist denomination in his late years; to what religious denomination did he belong?

He was a Baptist until his death. He never wavered in his fidelity to Baptist principles. He withdrew from the Association of Baptist Ministers and Churches, which is a voluntary association for united denominational work and friendly conference. He did so because the leaders in the conference adopted views about the inspiration of the Bible, the Atonement and the Calvinistic theology which he could not endorse. They appeared to him so erroneous that he could not work harmoniously with them, or listen without pain to the sermons and addresses his ministerial brethren delivered at the Association meetings. He therefore severed his connection, but he and his church remained in the Baptist denomination.

Subscriber, Glen's Falls, N. Y. Is it possible for a man to be a true Christian and a Freemason?

The editor of this journal does not belong to any secret order, so he is not in a position

resulted in our work being investigated by committees from seven different states with the object of starting similar work. In some cases they are started and now running successfully and others will start in the near future. Thus others are induced to interest themselves in behalf of the poor, unfortunate prisoner, and to make some move that will lift him up and give him back to manhood and God.—F. H. FARR, Superintendent Home of Industry, Philadelphia.

Lottie S. S., Owego, N. Y. Will you inform me who is the present Emperor of Japan?

The Mikado is Mutsu Hito, born November 3, 1852, a most enlightened Asiatic ruler.

E. E. D., Mauston, Wis. What do you think of church members and Christian Endeavorers attending dances and balls?

They are altogether out of place at such entertainments. Those who are seeking the kingdom will keep their feet from such pleasures, and will have no share in these vanities. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has repeatedly expressed its views on the dance as a menace to morals and a most pernicious indulgence. It has never helped any one and has ruined countless thousands.

C. A., Houstonia, Mo. Who composed the words of the hymn, "Ninety and Nine"? I can imagine it was some poor, old saintly widow, with a wayward son, whom she was ever asking God to bring to her and to himself, and had faith to believe that he would hear and answer her. I never was more impressed with anything that I read than I was with the piece headed, "The Hymn that Sung Itself," in the Dec. 23d number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Sankey relates that he saw the verses in a Scottish newspaper, and sang them to an improvised tune of his own composition. Afterward, a lady who had attended the services and heard the verses sung, wrote to Mr. Sankey stating that her sister, now dead, had written the hymn and enclosing several other

you believe that it was miraculously produced from pure water. You must, therefore, conclude that it would be different in its nature from ordinary wines, although sufficiently them in taste to satisfy the governor of the feast. Christ certainly infused no alcohol nor any ingredients that could cause fermentation, nor was there time for fermentation. Besides which, you cannot imagine C. making in such an enormous quantity (a dried and twenty-six gallons), a drink would degrade those who drank it.

L. A. B., Harbor Springs, Mich. How can we be rewarded in heaven? If a man gains heaven what more can he wish or hope for? In what the loss or gain referred to in 1. Cor. 3:15 consist?

That there are differences in condition taught by Christ's parable of the pounds (Luke 19:17-20), and Paul says (1. Cor. 13:12) that "one star differeth from another star in glory." The nature of the difference, however, is not revealed. It may be in the service which a soul is assigned, or in rank, or in the conferred. There must be men who toiled and suffered in Christ's cause, who God will honor more than he will those who have done nothing for him, but by faith aged to get their own souls saved.

D. A. S., Shirentown, Pa. Does the prohibition against swearing (Matt. 5:34-37), at oaths in courts of justice or before a notary?

Members of the Society of Friends, the Quakers and Mennonites think so, but Christians of other churches differ with them. The general opinion of Biblical scholars is that the prohibition applies only to the profane use of swearing by some sacred name. The use of a court of justice simply calls God to witness that a man is telling the truth, or pleads himself to perform a duty.

Anxious One, Hagerstown, Md. I have been led to believe from the emphatic command in John 12:17, that we ought to wash our feet and that it should be a church ordinance. Am I right?

If among your acquaintances there is any one whose feet are washed and he is unable to render him the service, you would be in doing any other duty. But there is no need to do so ostentatiously in church, where would savor of Pharisaism. Christ had lived in Palestine in the days of Christ, when people went on dusty roads, with sandals on their feet which left the top of the foot exposed, and it was the custom for the lowest servant of the household to wash the feet of a guest, you might have shown your humility by performing the duty. But in these days, when no custom prevails, there is no need in the act. There is, however, an abundant occasion for the exercise of the spirit which Christ commanded by the act. If you are to undertake any duty for Christ's sake and in his cause, have a humble it may be; if you desire to push to the front a good honor and glory to yourself, you are willing to serve Christ with a capacity that offers, you are obeying Christ's injunction intelligently, than by slavishly following an antiquated custom which now has lost its significance, and the apostle's advice (Rom. 12:2) and serve Christ in a new spirit and not in the oldness of the letter.



THE "SACRED CITY ON KAIRWAN," NORTH AFRICA.

This City, which is the Mecca of Northern Africa, is in the regency of Tunis, and lies in an open plain. It has a population of about 15,000, and is emphatically a religious City of the Moslems, no Jew being permitted to enter it, and Christian travelers being allowed to do so only at rare intervals. The place is crowded with the tombs of Mohammedan warriors and saints, and some of the Mosques are among the finest known. Photographs of the City are very rare, as the Mohammedans have a horror of the camera.

to state of his own knowledge whether there are any obligations that a Freemason has to perform which are inconsistent with a Christian profession. He knows, however, several eminent Christians, both ministers and laymen, who are members of the Masonic Order who would not be members of it if they were required to do anything contrary to Christian principle.

Subscriber, Baltimore. If one who desires to be a Christian laying aside every weight and every sin, should own the building in which is conducted a large dry goods store, which, while containing a great variety of useful articles, also usually contains numerous articles that belong only to "the pride and vanity of the world," would a Christian commit sin in God's holy sight by having such worldly merchandise sold in a building of his or her possession?

This is a matter that must be decided by the individual conscience. If you believe the occupant is selling goods that tend to degrade the buyer in a moral sense, or to minister to any wicked or perverted taste, then you do well to change. It is possible, however, to be self-critical to an extreme degree in such matters, and to imagine evil where none exists.

As an illustration of the stimulating influence of one good work in inducing similar efforts elsewhere, we publish this letter from Philadelphia:

In your issue of March 17, 1896, you noticed our Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners and it

pieces of verse by the same Christian hand. The author was an invalid for many years before her death.

A reader in Alliance, Va., sends us this appeal:

There are many ministers in the South, and, perhaps, elsewhere in the United States, who do not get support in the ministry and have to supplement their pittance of salary by some kind of manual labor. Some of these have not the money to purchase books nor to take religious periodicals. To my knowledge there is no religious paper which many of these appreciate more highly than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; but they have not the means to take it. Will not some of the kind-hearted Christian readers of your paper who have the means, send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offering to help them get this grand paper which will help them so much in their work? ONE OF THEM.

G. A. M., Bedminster, N. J. In your sermon of January 27, 1897, I noticed the statement, "The Bible says we will be higher than the angels. Will you please inform me where it is found? We had the same subject brought up in our Sunday school class only a few weeks before. One young man said the Bible said so, but could not tell where it is found; and that is the reason I ask for the above information."

You will find the passage in 1. Cor. 6:3, which justifies the statement.

P. S., Cooperstown, N. D. Was the wine made at the feast at Cana fermented or unfermented?

The Evangelist does not say; we are therefore left wholly to inference. We presume

Miss Ola Wright, Chambersburg, Va., gave by Grace," words and music, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Dec. 5, 1894.—Miss G. of K. J. 1. The entire set must go together. Nowhere. The practice was probably unknown in Bible times.—Constant Reader, Huling, Va. We cannot sell the books of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library separately.—Aaron Bush, Ridge, N. J. No.—Subscriber, Madison, Wis. it is customary. The fee should be according to circumstances of the family.—Chas. G. J. Lock, N. C. No, we have no more of them.—M. D. Humphreys, Norfolk, Va. Many besides myself have remarked on the attitude of the question, but its statements have already been contradicted from authoritative sources.—C. J. Poway, Calif. Mr. D. J. Williams' tract, "The Articles of Faith Explained," can be had by sending to him at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—W. S., Schenectady, N. Y. We do not believe there is any law that applies to the case. Black-bagging is a last resort, sometimes very unfairly used in a majority of cases operating as a sanction against undesirable association.—Mrs. W. New Haven, Ct. No.—W. C. J., Viola, Ill. No biography that we ever read does such a thing appear.—Mrs. Emma A. S., Melrose, Va. experience was a very delightful and helpful such tokens should increase faith.—E. B. J. Hanson, N. Y. 1. No. 2. Nothing to prevent giving their receive votes enough.—Carrie the beasts of the field were placed at the service man, and we see nothing wrong in wearing the skins for necessary covering, as shoes, stockings, gloves, &c. It is not supposable that one would propose to skin a live animal.—Subscriber, Pomeroy, Man. Can. We have at several occasions stated the Scriptural and objections to dancing.—Mrs. M. C. Vint is requested to send her full name and address.—Mrs. Isaac Hunt, Spencer, N. Y. 1. Yes. 2. Constant Reader, Syracuse, N. Y. These are contradictory and can hardly be applied to the same book.

A CONGRESS OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

A Great National Gathering of Matrons at the Nation's Capital—The First Assemblage of its Kind—Important Topics Discussed.



OUR Nation's Capital was last week the scene of an event of the highest interest to all who hold home to be "the dearest spot on earth." The National Congress of Mothers assembled here in high convocation. It was not a congress to make laws, to regulate duties, to negotiate treaties, or to decide political questions; the remarkable body of American women who met there were drawn thither for an object whose importance reaches beyond the scope of ordinary legislation, and which has closer relation to the pure happiness and prosperity of our nation in any measure Congress has now before it. The welfare of the children and the manifold interests of the home. As stated in the call issued for the Congress, it was proposed to consider many subjects bearing upon the betterment of the spiritual and physical as well as mental training of the young, such as the value of kindergarten work and the extension of its principles to more advanced studies; the love of humanity and country; the physical and mental evils resulting from some of the present methods of our schools, and the advantages to follow from a closer relation between the influence of the home and that of institutions of learning; also the means of developing in children characteristics which elevate and ennoble them, and thus assist in overcoming the conditions which prompt crime, and make necessary the maintaining of jails, work-houses, and reformatories.

Origin of the Movement.

The idea of such a movement originated with Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, a wealthy philanthropic lady, who believed that a time had arrived for organized and earnest effort on the part of American mothers concerning questions vital to the welfare of their children. She presented the subject at the Mothers' Meetings at Nauvauqua in 1895 and it was so well received that the first steps were then taken which, followed by others, led finally to the great gathering of last week in Washington. Associated prominently and actively with Mrs. Birney in the preliminary work were many noble women, and it is their splendid ability, tireless energy and zeal for the cause that the success of the Congress is very largely to be attributed. Among these ladies were Mrs. Rebecca Hearst and Miss Emma Morton of Washington. The former, who is the wife of a Western millionaire, has done more charitable work than most women of the present day, and she supports eighteen kindergartens while thirty young people abroad and fifteen in the United States are now being educated at her expense. Mrs. Hearst's liberal heart prompted her to stand as godmother for the plan to hold the Mothers' Congress and much of the preliminary work was outlined in her beautiful home in Washington.

An Army of Workers.

Other ladies, too, were interested and on a large band of workers were making propaganda for the proposed Congress. Mrs. Kincaid of San Francisco, another wealthy woman, threw open her beautiful home in the interest of the movement and likewise did many other ladies, South and West. Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, Mrs. John R. Lewis of New York, wife of a retired general of the U. S. Army and for a number of years interested in women's clubs and children's work),

Mrs. Daniel Lamont, Mrs. John G. Carlisle, Miss Herbert, Mrs. William L. Wilson, Mrs. Judson Harmon, Miss Janet Richards, Mrs. Ella H. Micou, Mrs. Ellen Henrotin, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, (representing 200,000 women), Mrs. Mary Low Dickinson, and many others were also in active sympathy with, and rendered valuable aid to, the movement. One of the most valued workers was Mrs. Henry J. Finley (formerly Dr. Clara Bliss Hinds) widely known as an author and lecturer on the philosophy of hygiene and woman's work generally. The following officers were appointed to take charge of all arrangements for the Congress:

Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, President; Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, First Vice-President; Mrs. John R. Lewis, Vice-President;

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Vice-President; Mrs. Mary E. Mumford, Vice-President; Miss Emma Morton, Treasurer; Miss Mary Louisa Butler, Corresponding Secretary.

Chairmen of Committees.

Executive, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney; Reception, Mrs. Wm. L. Wilson; Transportation, Mrs. H. W. Fuller; Arrangements, Mrs. A. A. Birney; Entertainment, Mrs. James H. McGill; Literature, Mrs. Harriet A. McLellan; Press, Mrs. Henry J. Finley.

With these capable and enthusiastic officers working together in the utmost harmony, the arrangements progressed smoothly and when the time of the assembling of the Congress approached, all had been done that was needed for the comfort of the delegates. It was decided to hold the Congress in the Arlington Hotel, and at the opening session on the forenoon of Feb. 17th, the banquet hall was packed with delegates and spectators—the whole presenting an attractive and notable scene.

The Congress Meets.

No Congress that ever assembled could have had a more interesting personnel. It was a distinctly representative gathering, and showed to the world the grace, the dignity and intellectuality of American womanhood. There were in the brilliant gathering ladies of great wealth and high social position, and there were others comparatively unknown in the circles of fashion, but all met upon the common plane of sisterhood in the same grand cause. It was the first National Congress of Mothers ever held in any land, so far as known. Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Senate, offered the opening prayer, after which President Birney made a brief address of welcome to the delegates who were in attendance from all parts of the Union. A responsive address in behalf of the delegates was made by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of New York, and then the officers and delegates of the Congress

attended a reception given at the White House in their honor by Mrs. Cleveland. On the afternoon of the 17th, the delegates listened, with interest, to addresses on "Mother and Child of the Primitive World," by Frank Hamilton Cushing, of Washington, D. C.; "Mothers of the Submerged World and Day Nurseries," by Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge, of New York City, a most interesting and instructive paper; "What the Kindergarten Means to Mothers," by Miss Amalie Hofer, of Chicago, Ill., and "Parental Reverence as taught in the Hebrew Homes," by Mrs. Rebekah Kohut, of New York City, an address that contained many valuable suggestions. On Wednesday evening addresses were delivered on "Mothers and Schools," by Mrs. W. F. Crofts, of Washington, D. C.; and "The Value of Music in the Development of Character," by Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of Lowell, Mass.

Addresses on Many Topics.

On Thursday the speakers and their subjects were as follows:

"Dietetics," by Mrs. Louise M. Hogan, of Germantown, Pa.

"Mother's Relation to the Sound Physical Development of her Child," by Mrs. Jenness Miller, of Washington, D. C.

"Reproduction and Natural Law," by Mrs. Alice Lee Moque, of Washington, D. C.

"The Moral Responsibility of Women in Heredity," by Mrs. Helen M. Gardner, of Boston, Mass.

"The Mother's Greatest Needs," by Miss Frances Newton, of Chicago, Ill.

"Play Grounds," by Miss Constance Mackenzie, of Philadelphia, Pa.

"Some Practical Results of Child Study," by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Worcester, Mass.

"Reading Courses for Mothers," by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, of New York City, an exceedingly entertaining address full of bright suggestions.

"How to Guard our Youth Against Bad Literature," by Anthony Comstock, of New York City.—A paper showing the secret foes who invade home purity.

"How Shall the Nation Secure Educated Mothers?" by Mrs. Stanton Blatch, of New York City—timely and suggestive.



MRS. J. H. MCGILL.
COMMITTEE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

"Club Organization," by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, of Chicago, the newest development of woman's intelligent social life.

Among the rules adopted for the government of the Congress was one forbidding the admittance of any one to the hall during the reading of a paper, and in order that all the addresses might receive the undivided attention of the audience. Another rule—adopted in the form of a resolution—requested the ladies to remove their hats during the sessions of the Congress. All the ushers were young ladies, and the general arrangements for seating, etc., were as perfect and satisfactory as could be wished. No color line was drawn, as several colored delegates had been invited and were welcomed on equal terms. Many of the ladies spoke extemporaneously, and all the addresses were marked

by a logical clearness, a grace and power in delivery, and an earnestness in the tone and manner of the speakers that frequently awoke the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. The few addresses by gentlemen were also heard with deep interest. Full stenographic reports were made of all the proceedings and speeches of the Congress and these, when published, will be a volume full of interest and importance to all who have the cause of American motherhood at heart. At the conclusion of the work of the Congress, the delegates returned to their homes greatly benefited by their experience, and full of new zeal for a movement that had unexpectedly reached such grand proportions, and whose prospects are brighter than could have been anticipated.

On the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and also on this page, are presented the portraits of some of those ladies who

were foremost in all the arrangements for the Congress. An extraordinary amount of correspondence was entailed in the preliminary work, and the duties of the various committees were by no means light ones. Excellent rates were secured by the Transportation Committee, from the trunk lines, resulting in a large attendance from all parts of the country, North, West and South.

All inquiries relative to the work of the Mothers' Congress or concerning any subsequent action to follow, should be addressed to Mrs. Henry J. Finley, No. 1429 20th Street, Washington, D. C., at whose hands they will doubtless receive prompt attention.



THE "BLUE ROOM" IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE RECEPTIONS ARE HELD.

On Friday morning the programme was as follows:

"Heredity," by Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Cartersville, N. C.

"Physical Culture," by Miss Julia King, of Boston, Mass.

"Character Building versus Education," by Mrs. Ellen Richardson, of Boston, Mass.

"National Training School for Women," by Mrs. Sallie A. Cotten, Falkland, N. C. a most comprehensive address on an all important topic.

"Nature Studies in the Home," by Miss Anna A. Schryver, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Youth and Literature," by Hamilton Mabie, of New York City.

"Stories," by Dr. Walter L. Hervey, N.Y.



A SHATTERED FAITH.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Acts 27: 44: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."



EVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain-ship on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean Sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone for ever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a radder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything, and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore, keep up your courage

Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes: there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself to-day to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gospel ship is the finest of the universe, and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for oftentimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that *Great Eastern*, so called by me because its Commander came out of the East, the star of the East a badge of His authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank.

I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go hell, or heterodox and go to heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept him is lost.

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death, is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege-guns of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both tire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you

from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy about the atmosphere, from that of others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from other theories, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different from other theories, do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different from other theories, do not refuse to acknowledge the stars. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? I have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to a safe age, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" I go to your room, and all alone, with door locked, give your heart to God. Join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism." Come in without it and settle that afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't like the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Epistles of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to the shore, whom you admit to be the Saviour, you are lost, because you cannot admit that things, you are like a man out of the Mediterranean tempest, and so in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of a broken ship. I hear him say: "I will go in on any of these planks until I find in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the place, and the sails set, and that keel where it belongs, and that floor right, and these ropes untangled, I will come ashore. I am an old sailor, and know about ships for forty years, and as long as I can get the vessel afloat in good stead, I will come in." A man drifting on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get the ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and I saw one before I came on board this ship. I cannot swim a stroke, but I am on the shore on this shivered timber." Then the ship goes down. The man who used to the plank is saved. O my brother, your smashed-up system of theology is the bottom, while you come in on a shivered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties solved as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian of the gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out, he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave the people free government, under the name of Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being two years from Caprera, returned when he approached it, he found at home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as surprise, been Edenized. Trimmings had taken the place of thorns, the old rookery in which he once had given way to a pictured island. And I tell you if you will come in on the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile he has changed your heart from a thicket of thorny scepticism into a garden that blooms with luxuriant joy that you never dreamt of. From a tangled thicket of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only a plank

you believe little or nothing. Or they have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm-book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associated with people who have talked against Christianity in our presence until you are "all at sea." Or you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to regard, and he put his sea-glass to his eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need see.

You can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship *Knickerbocker*, of the New York and New England line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great distress, and the captain and crew saw the schooner *Mary D. Cranmer*, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a life-boat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on. The sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and righted, and a line was thrown the other fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who are here, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and to a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of Jewish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept from the Caribbean, than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on the life-gate pier-head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different style of oar-locks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. And I hear the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man overboard! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads! Pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, try to bring them to. Put these ropes around their hands and feet, and I'll pull for the shore. God help me! Here! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sorrow and wretchedness, let all of us go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is as small as a wreck, and they have only a small piece left. You started in youth with all set, and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction, or have foundered on a rock, and have only a fragment of time left, when come in on that one plank. "Some broken pieces of the ship."

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy: but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

Enemies of Our Children

How the Disseminators of Impure Literature Plan to Destroy Innocence—The Society for the Suppression of Vice and Its Noble Work.



How shall we deal with those subtle and insidious influences that are at work in every community, poisoning the minds of youth and leading our children astray from the paths of morality and virtue? This is a problem that appeals with singular force to the fathers and mothers of our Union. While we carefully guard the home and its immediate surroundings from the intrusion of vice, and by sweet and holy example, lead our sons and daughters in ways of purity and rectitude, we know that there are dangers over which we have apparently but little control, and that evil influences may quickly undo the character-building of years. There is no sharper pain than that which lacerates a parent's heart when it is suddenly discovered that a beloved son or daughter has been corrupted by evil companionships or contaminated by impure books. One of the most appallingly destructive agencies in the world to-day, for the breaking down of youthful character and the demolition of all the virtues that combine to make youth noble and beautiful, are those printed infamies which, disgracing the "art preservative," take unto themselves myriads of wings, every wing a page, and flying like the winged pests of Egypt, enter our homes, our schoolrooms, and even our colleges and universities, leaving a foul and too often an indelible stain upon those whom they touch. There are no greater enemies of society than the disseminators of impure literature. They are the sworn foes of personal purity; they would drag down the innocent and trample them in the dirt of shame and corruption; the sons and daughters of Christian families are their special prey. They have in recent years flooded schools, seminaries, academies, colleges, with their vile prints, full of suggestions that are calculated to arouse the worst passions in young minds. They have even sent thousands of their debasing books and pictures to the young under the parental roof, illegally using the United States mails for this purpose. Pure young girls and bright, clean-hearted boys have been ensnared by these foul schemers, and many a parent's heart has been sorely wrung in consequence.

It was for the purpose of fighting this far-reaching evil that the Society for the Suppression of Vice was organized in New York City twenty-five years ago. For nearly a month, Mr. Comstock acted alone, without a single supporter, but soon friends came to his side. Mr. Morris K. Jesup was the first to become interested in the work and furnished the first contribution of \$500. With this money more than \$50,000 worth of vile engravings, electro plates, bound books, pictures and playing cards were seized. Almost immediately after this contribution, a representative Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City was appointed to take charge of the movement. A very short experience convinced the Committee that the traffic in evil books and pictures had reached such proportions that it could not be dealt with successfully by a mere Committee. This resulted in a charter for the Society for the Suppression of Vice being presented to the Legislature early in 1873. Officers were elected and the first Board of Managers was composed as follows: Mr. Charles E. Whitehead, President; D. H. Cochrane, L.L.D., A. S. Hatch and Wm. H. S. Wood, Vice-Presidents; John Pa-

ton, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee including: Jacob F. Wyckoff, Chairman; Henry R. Jones, S. H. Strang, Walter Edwards, Jr., R. R. McBurney, Fessenden N. Ous, M.D., Rutherford Stuyvesant, and Anthony Comstock, Secretary and Chief Special Agent. Messrs. Samuel Colgate, A. S. Barnes, William E. Dodge, Jr., William F. Lee, and many



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

other eminent Christian citizens have served the Society in various capacities.

On March 5th, 1873, before the Society was incorporated, Mr. Comstock received a commission as Special Agent of the Post-office Department. He has been re-appointed every year, having served faithfully without taking a single dollar of compensation from the United States Government. This office has enabled him to reach many sources of evil outside the State of New York: to check many vile swindling schemes, and to suppress, to a very large extent, the general distribution of obscene matter through the mails.

At a later date, Congress enacted laws originally drafted by Mr. Comstock, and which aided the Society greatly in its work of suppressing vice. By these laws the mails were closed to all obscene books, pictures, and articles, the importation into this country of such articles was forbidden, and their sale was prohibited in the District of Columbia, the Territories, and places over which Congress had exclusive jurisdiction. Many state legislatures patterned after these laws and enacted similar statutes. At the present time a law drawn by the Society is now pending in the New York legislature for the purpose of preventing the sale of improper books and pictures, and to stop improper exhibitions.

A glance at the work accomplished by the Society, through its energetic Secretary and Special Agent, Mr. Comstock, discloses the story of a campaign against vice of such magnitude and importance as few fathers and mothers have dreamed of. Briefly summarized, the Society's officers, in 25 years have arrested 2,251 persons for printing and disseminating impure and debauching books, pamphlets, and pictures, and have tried, convicted and sent to prison about 1,600 such offenders. Mr. Comstock has seized and destroyed over 64,000 pounds weight of impure books and sheets of vile reading matter intended to deprave American boys and girls, and nearly 900,000 pictures and photographs of a character that no Christian parent would permit to be in his home. He has also seized and destroyed nearly 6,000 negatives and a vast number of wood-cuts, lithographic stones, stereotype plates, wicked songs and leaflets, and other articles such as are used by these dealers in their nefarious business. It has been the object of the Society all these years to reach the actual perpetrators of the crimes against morality, and to effectually destroy their possibility of further wickedness. This has been done, whenever possible, but vice is hydra-headed and the battle against it needs to be waged incessantly, if our homes and our children are to be protected from its baneful influence.

In the prosecution of his work, Mr. Comstock has repeatedly been in position of great peril. He has been stabbed by one man whose crimes he had detected, and on

another occasion a noted offender lay in wait to shoot him in his offices in New York City. He and his agents have visited nearly all the states in pursuit of offenders, and everywhere have been aided and sustained by judges, courts, police and other authorities in their war on vice. The general attitude of the bench in dealing with this class of offenders, was tersely expressed by Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, in passing sentence upon two prisoners who had sent vile books through the United States mails. He said: "You are vipers and your crime is second only to murder. I would rather have a rattlesnake come into my house and crawl into my child's couch than to have your vile literature carried to him."

In the course of his investigations, some very remarkable evidence has come into Mr. Comstock's possession at times, showing that vile books and pictures are successfully scattered in places where none would ever suspect such being the case. The publishers of this debauching literature and the propagators of revolting practices, have even had agents among the servants of our colleges, and the sons of some of our most eminent citizens have been among their victims. In one instance at least, they have not hesitated to place their vile prints and still viler wares in the classes of one of the most famous young women's colleges in America. But the simple farmer boys and the little girls hardly escaped from mother's knee—they, too, are reached by the touch of this octopus-like evil, which—like the Minotaur of old, that yearly devoured a number of youths and maidens—feeds only on innocence. In one rural school in the northern part of New York state, it was shown that only three pupils had escaped the influence; every one of the others had received some publication expressly calculated to poison the mind of childhood!

The Society for the Suppression of Vice is maintained by voluntary contribution, and is deserving of the moral and financial support of all parents especially, and of every man and woman who believes in public morality. Its excellent work in the past with limited means at its disposal, gives hint of what might be accomplished were its resources larger. We commend it cordially to the support of our readers generally. Any readers of this journal knowing of the circulation of impure literature in their neighborhood or any improper use of the mails, would do well to communicate the facts to Mr. Comstock at 198 Times Building, New York, who will answer all inquiries regarding the Society and its work.

HELPING THE PASTOR.

Suggestions on the B. V. D. U. Topic for March 7. II. Cor. 7: 1-17.

PASTORS need help. They need it for the efficacy of their own work, and they need it to widen their sphere of usefulness. They may be helped by prayer. God will certainly bless the pastor for whom his people pray. They may be helped by regular and punctual attendance. The storm that will keep members away from church would not keep them away from business or from a place of amusement. The presence of his people in their places is an inspiration to a preacher which always cheers and helps him. An attentive demeanor is a help. It is hard work preaching to an audience whose faces show absent-mindedness or frivolity. It is a help to a pastor to have his people minister to each other. It shows that they have the spirit of Christ and are profiting by his teaching. It is a help, though of a negative kind, when his people refrain from gossip, from quarrels, from censorious criticism of him and of each other. Many a pastor's mind is harassed and his burdens increased by having to adjust differences and to reconcile quarreling members. It is a help to the pastor when his people are ready to work either in Sunday School, in visiting the sick, or in bringing others to the church. It commands the church to the world, makes his own duty lighter, and preaches an eloquent sermon to outsiders on the power and influence of Christianity. In all these ways and in others of like character the pastor may be helped. Cordial co-operation with him in his efforts makes him feel that his services are appreciated, and that there is hope for their success. Depression takes away the life and vigor of his sermons, and it is produced very readily by the coldness and indifference of the people to whom he ministers.

CALL TO WORK.

Suggestions on the Epworth League Topic for March 7, Isa. 6: 1-10.

VERY vivid is the imagery under which the prophet describes the origin of his mission. He is in the presence of God himself. He sees the adoration of angelic beings. He realizes how gross and sinful he is and that the people among whom he lives are like himself. He cries out in his humiliation and his lips are touched with celestial fire. There are two cures for corruption known to man—water and fire, the latter more searching than the former. This is applied and he is assured that his sin is purged. He becomes eager for service and when there is a call for a messenger he offers himself. But he is warned that his mission will fail. The people will not listen to him. Yet he is still desirous of going. God foresees that the result will be only a hardening of the people's hearts and that they will add to their sins by a rejection of the messenger and his message. Still, the opportunity is to be afforded them, even if they do shut their eyes and refuse to be converted. God will not compel men to behave. They must choose the good by their own volition and if they choose the evil they must take the consequences. So the call to the work came to the prophet and it comes in the same way to every heaven-sent messenger. His own heart must be purged that he may speak the word with power. He must not be deterred by the attitude of those to whom he goes. If the congregation is dull and apathetic; if the children in the Sunday School class are frivolous and careless, the message must still be spoken. Every Christian is responsible for doing that. He is bound to warn them of their danger, he will not be held accountable for the attitude of his hearers. His responsibility is to Him by whom he is sent. The faithful delivery of his message with all earnestness, with love and tenderness is his duty. Whether they hear or whether they forbear, is their own question, not his. God needs such messengers who will carry his message to the people and every converted soul may thus serve him. There are within the reach of every believer, some souls to whom he can bear the message of life. He is responsible for their hearing it.

Good Causes Helped.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

Philadelphia Liberator's League.	For The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.
A. E. Allen, 1.00	— Salt Lake City, 2.00
Rev. S. Ed Young, 2.00	I. Gilbert, 3.00
W. C. Dickson, 25	W. P. N. Y. City, 2.00
Helpers, Topsheld, 10.00	Lewis McKnight, 2.00
Total, \$13.25	Mrs. L. A. Bruce, 2.00
	Helpers, Topsheld, 20.00
	Mrs. Z. Stone, 1.00
	Friend, Mineral Pt., 1.00
	Edward W. West, 2.00
	Friend, Chillicothe, 5.00
	R. A. J. Summit, N. J., 50
	Mrs. Geo. Waldren, 3.00
	J. A. M. P., Mass., 1.00
	Mary D. Reid, 1.00
	C. C. Grubb, 1.00
	Cash, Patterson, 2.00
	Louisa Jaeger, 10.00
	Mrs. J. B. Crosby, 3.00
	Total, \$41.50
	Mrs. Emma Aaron's Help among Laborers.
	Eliza Ridley, 1.50
	Helpers, Topsheld, 1.00
	Mrs. S., 10.00
	Cash, Patterson, 2.00
	M. A. Seymour, 1.00
	Friend, Mechanicsburg, 5.00
	Total, \$19.50
	For Penn's Mission.
	Chas. Patterson, 2.00
	Ja. O'Connor, 5.00
	C. D. DeLoach, 5.00
	Mrs. R. H. Thayer, 1.00
	For the M. E. S. S.
	J. A. J. Summit, N. J., 50
	Total, \$1.50
	For Paul Mary.
	L. A. J. 5.00
	V. Y. K. 2.00
	Cash, Patterson, 2.00
	Dora F. J. H. 1.00
	M. H. Boyer, 1.00
	Total, \$11.50

WHO IS THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHAMPION?

The Competition Extending, and Many More Claimants Entered, With Phenomenal Records—Still An Open Race.

BOYS' LIST.

Scholar.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks.	Total Attendance.
Harlan P. Bradstreet.	Congregl. S. S., Danvers, Mass.	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	17 ..	884
Charles Sloop.	1st Pres. Ch., Kittanning, Pa.,	Miss B. S. Slaymaker, 12 ..	624	
George Currin.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. K. Sharpe, Supt., 11 ..	613	
Percival Grover.	M. E. S. S., Tom's River, N. J.,	W. S. Roberts, Supt., 11 ..	580	
James Boyd.	Pres. Ch., Kingston, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt., 11 ..	572	
Harry Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove, 11 ..	572	
Bruce Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove, 11 ..	572	
Philip Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove, 11 ..	572	
Theodore Reuter.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. K. Sharpe, Supt., 10 ..	544	
R. Patterson.	Madison Ave. Pres. Ch., Albany, N.Y.,	C. M. Atwood, 10 ..	528	
Geo. Winlow.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	James Ryrie, Supt., 10 ..	520	
J. C. Eastland, Jr.	M. E. Ch. S. S., Danville, Ky.,	 9 ..	39	507
Samuel Boyd.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Kingston, Pa.,	 9 ..	468	
Geo. T. Woglom.	Simpson M. E. Ch., Perth Amboy, N.J.,	 9 ..	468	
George Rector.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Pacolit, S. C.,	B. B. James, Supt., 9 ..	468	
Harry Rhame.	E. Rockaway, L. I.,	Miss Topping, 4 ..	208	

GIRLS' LIST.

Scholar.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks.	Total Attendance.
Gertrude Emison.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Bluffton, O.,	B. F. Biery, Supt., 16 ..	5	837
Belle Thorne.	Meml. Pres. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Rev. T. A. Nelson, 12 ..	624	
Lena Reuter.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharp, Supt., 10 ..	24	544
Lizzie Inrig.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt., 10 ..	520	
Mary E. Basteed.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt., 10 ..	520	
Mary Cranbrohart.	Fall River, Mass.,	J. Clarence Read, 9 ..	26	494
Ella Cranbrohart.	Fall River, Mass.,	J. Clarence Read, 9 ..	25	493
Lou Winlow.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt., 7 ..	364	



GEORGE RECTOR.
A Very Youthful Contender.

enter, since there is probably no school without at least one pupil, boy or girl, who has a distinguished record. In the present friendly rivalry it is hoped that every Sunday School in the United States and the Dominion of Canada will participate, and that every pastor, superintendent or teacher will co-operate by sending in the name and attendance record of their best pupil, so that it may be entered on the Roll of Honor. These records must be vouched for by the superintendent or teacher, and the attendances must be consecutive and not disconnected, and must in all cases be certified up to Feb. 1, 1897. It is the purpose of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the close of the competition, to award valuable prizes to the successful contestants. There will be a first and a second prize for male scholars, and a first and a second for female scholars as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—ELEGANT LARGE ART BIBLE (London Edition)—with nearly one thousand superb illustrations, bound in genuine seal—Divinity Circuit—kid lining, red under solid gold edges, with thumb index and appropriately inscribed: **WORTH \$25.00.**

SECOND PRIZE—THE SAME BIBLE, bound in Divinity Circuit, Palestine levant, grained leather lining, red under gold edges, not indexed, and appropriately inscribed: **WORTH \$18.50.**

ROLL OF HONOR PRIZES. For this competition all pupils who have made a record of 260 consecutive attendances and upward are eligible. Send name, with name of Sunday School and of superintendent or teacher, and the record of continuous attendance. Every successful competitor so vouched for will be presented with a **Superb, Illustrated New Testament**, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, with red under gold edges.

Among the letters received are some that omit to give the name and location of the Sunday School, and the name of the superintendent or teacher. These omissions must be rectified in order that the competing pupils may have an equal chance with all the others. Teachers and superintendents will kindly remedy these omissions as early as possible. The lists of competitors up to the present time are given above.

The lists will appear from week to week

during the competition, thus enabling all who are interested to watch the progress of the contest. Among the letters received last week were the following:

KINGSTON, Pa. James Boyd, a member of the Presbyterian Sunday School of this place, has attended Sabbath School every Sunday for the last eleven years without missing a single session. His brother, Samuel, has a record of nine years, having never missed in that time. W. A. Moyer is the Superintendent of the school. W. F. CUTTEN.

BLUFFTON, O., Feb. 8th. Since January, 1881, Miss Gertrude Emison has not missed a single Sunday in attending Sunday School. All but two of these were attended in the Bluffton, Presbyterian Sunday School. She is an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and belongs to the young people's Bible Class. Until better informed we claim the championship. L. B. BIERY, Presby. S. S. Supt.

A friend in Perth Amboy, N. J., writes: George T. Woglom, aged seventeen, has a record of nine years' steady attendance at his Sunday School, Simpson M. E. Church, here.



HARLAN P. BRADSTREET.
At Present Leading the Boys' List.

Mr. George Fiske, Superintendent of the Maple Street Congregational Sunday School, of Danvers, Mass., writes:

Harlan P. Bradstreet is a member of our Sunday School, and is twenty-seven years old. He commenced attending Sunday School when seven years old, and has not been absent a single session for seventeen years, and only twice in twenty years. His absence for those two Sundays was due to an accident. He is a member of the Christian Endeavor Society and a regular attendant at all the prayer meetings, and always ready to witness for the Master. He is interested in all branches of Christian work. He united with the church when quite young.

Still another claimant from Pennsylvania comes to the front in this letter from a teacher:

In your last issue, you called for Sunday School teachers to send name of Champion Sunday School Scholar. I think we can claim that honor. Charles Sloop, now aged nineteen, has attended the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church of Kittanning, Pa., for twelve years regularly without missing a single day; and what is more, is always in his place in time when school opens, helps distribute papers, or whatever he may be called on to do.

Mrs. R. S. SLAYMAKER, Teacher.
Kittanning, Pa.

Mrs. J. E. Ardmore, Pa., writes concerning the three Fetter boys, whose wonderful Sunday School record has already been noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Lexington, Ky., was five miles from my Kentucky home, and John C. Eastland, George Currin have my sincerest congratulations for their honorable records. I read article on the subject with great interest strengthened by the devotion of our Fettes brothers to their Sunday School of Third Christian Church, Lancaster Ave. and Aspen Street, West Philadelphia. Their spirit take root and continue to grow in all the Sunday Schools throughout our Philip, Harry and Bruce Fettes, with close of 1896 completed the eleventh consecutive year in which they have attended school every session for a year. The Superintendent is Mr. Geo. H. Grove.

We would urge all in the United States and Canada who have an interest in this unique contest to forward their names without delay. Be careful to comply with the conditions of the competition, which are as follows:

1. Send full name and address of petitioner.
2. Name of Sunday School.
3. Name of superintendent or teacher who must vouch for accuracy of report.
4. Period of attendance, in years and weeks, up to Feb. 1, 1897.
5. Number of consecutive attendances.
6. All letters should be addressed to Sunday School Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

After the prizes have been awarded to scholars, we shall commence the competition among Sunday School officers and teachers, and the rewards selected for this purpose will be fully described hereafter.

Do Mastodons Exist?

In many of our public museums are gigantic skeletons of the "mammoth" or "mastodon," two species of elephants posed to have disappeared from the long ago. Some scientists (writes Woodward in an exchange) think the disappearance was many thousand years ago, and till lately this has generally been accepted as fact. Again, the fact that these huge animals have sometimes found in Arctic regions, and in the ice, has been supposed to prove that at one time the earth enjoyed a polar spring, and that a sudden climate change which left these semi-tropical animals in a frozen condition where their bodies were preserved. It has been conjectured that this occurred at the time of the Flood. The finding of some mammoth tusks bearing marks of human use has caused some to consider this evidence of the antiquity of man preceding that assigned the race in the Bible.

But among the many things which come up to prove the truth of history, and to set aside theories, seems to be good evidence that at one species of these "extinct" animals still survives. The *Portland (Me.)* of Nov. 28th published a long communication with Col. C. F. Fowler, late of Alaskan Fur and Commercial Company, in which he gives very clear evidence in the interior of Alaska many mastodons still survive. He first discovered some "fossil" ivory collected by natives two tusks which showed evidence being recently taken from the natives, which carried them. On questioning a native who sold it to him, he was surprised to receive a full description of an immense beast, which had been killed by the natives, a description fully identical with the animal with the mastodon.

Colonel Fowler quotes Governor Ford, of Alaska, as having also investigated this matter, and as being satisfied that on the high plateaus of that country large herds of mastodons still roam unmolested by the natives, who fear greatly. The *Alaska News* also states that the evidence of their existence is strong to be denied.

The mastodon and mammoth were, as is commonly supposed, semi-aquatic animals, but were furnished—as the elephant is not—with a warm coat of hair, and were evidently designed for the climate which now exists where their remains are often found. Therefore, only are we relieved from the necessity of believing that the human race and the Bible history of the creation, are not obliged to assume a great sudden change in the earth's temperature at the time of the Flood, or at any time.

FIGHTING THE FAMINE.

India's Starving Millions See Relief Four Months Hence—Can they Live to Enjoy It?—What One Dollar Sent to Help them Now will Do.

RECENT reports from India encourage the hope that if the people can be carried over the next four months, the most terrible of the suffering will be alleviated. Rain has fallen over the greater part of the Punjab, and the prospect of crops in the Central Provinces, Bihar and the North-west Provinces, is "to good." How many of the poor will be alive to reap the crops in latter part of June depends on the state of Christendom. They can be kept only by liberal contributions reaching them through the missionaries who their extremity and whose hearts are aching to give them food. How bitter the need is may be inferred from a letter from a correspondent of a daily journal who has just returned from a journey to Bijapur, in the Bombay Presidency. He says: "I saw thousands working in the fields, but skeletons of cattle which had perished from lack of fodder, whose bones were had pecked clean. Great distress prevails, and the people are at their death. By June the amount of grain will be enormous." All opinions are that no famine within the past century has been half so terrible. The people are hopelessly and are awaiting death. Women and children are literally starving to death by hundreds. The people in the Central Provinces are emaciated to a degree quite awful. Men and women are so weak that they cannot weigh less than a hundred pounds and there are instances in plenty of adults weighing less than fifty pounds. The writer in another letter describes the state of the poor in Raipur, in the Central Provinces. He says: "I found it besieged by crowds of laborers in the most state of destitution. Many of the people were skeletons, their faces quite sunken and their skins hanging in large folds while others again had swollen stomachs—a sign of extreme privation. I questioned several, and they said cattle-drivers and usually a strong, robust class who work in the fields—quite unfit for work of any kind. The men were in the same state. It is the worst I have yet seen, in the Jabalpur district worse still. If no seed comes this year the people will be utterly incapable of procuring food or other, and their condition next year will be too awful to contemplate."

How more pitiful is the description of the missionaries whose hearts are aching by the appeals to which they are unable to respond. Their houses are besieged by Christian natives, to whom they have preached and who have turned to reverence them, now piteously pleading with the ministers of Christ for one meal to relieve their agony. It must be very gratifying to our readers if it is to us, to know that before this issue is published in this journal last week, we received the five thousand dollars forwarded by cable in anticipation of the relief fund. What gladness it will give to be able to feed the starving people whose tongue can tell. When it is remembered that with one dollar thus sent direct to the scene of destitution, ten persons can be fed for ten days, or one person for ten months, we can estimate what a little denial will do. It would be a happy day if before the five thousand dollars

already sent are exhausted another remittance of like amount could be sent. This may be done if all our readers who can spare even a small contribution will send it promptly.

Many of the contributions received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past week have a touching interest which speaks volumes for the Christian spirit that prompted the gift. M. S., of Doylestown, Pa., writes: "Although I am a poor working girl, I would like to add my mite toward the relief fund for starving India. Enclosed find one dollar." Such a gift is not likely to escape the notice of Him who as he saw the rich casting their gifts into the Temple treasury, gave to the widow who cast in her two mites the commendation "she hath given more than they all." Another pathetic gift comes from a Home for Incurables in Brooklyn, N. Y. The poor sufferers and their helpers sent six dollars with the prayer (which must enter the heart of the compassionate Saviour), that God will stir up the hearts of people to give of their abundance to the distressed nation. Another letter enclosing a gift which is sent by Mrs. E. Elam, of Bakersville, Va., testifies to an experience which is invariably with those who, in the purity of their hearts, give to the needy for Christ's sake.



STARVING NATIVES BY THE ROADSIDE PLEADING FOR RELIEF.

She writes: "I try to help the needy as far as I am able, and I believe the good Lord blesses me in many ways." From a lady in Lynn, Mass., comes a gift of two dollars, which was plainly not easily spared, but was given as she says because she felt that in the presence of suffering so dire she would "be worse than a heathen" if she did not do all she could. Perhaps one of the most interesting of all the letters, however, comes from May Milburn, secretary of the Junior Epworth League, of Delphos, O. In a beautifully worded letter Miss Milburn says that the Juniors had saved \$2.57 to pay for an Easter treat, but having read of the suffering of the starving people of India, they decided to give up their treat and send the money to keep

some poor creatures alive. We should like to know the members of that Junior League. God has surely blessed them. They have received the spirit of Christ and learned the glorious lesson of self-denial in his cause.

The following contributions to the Relief work in India have been received:

- Prev. ack'd. \$1,445.92
1. Amherst 1.00
Miss M. I. Banks 5.00
Miss N. M. Hannis 5.00
Frank Wood 2.00
M. D. S. Balt 1.00
Sms'r. W. Bethany 1.00
Schaeferstown 1.00
Wynona C. Fee 2.00
A. P. M. Uica 2.00
Money order, L. I. City 5.00
F. B. Bramer 3.00
Mother & daughter, Westboro 5.00
C. A. W. Newark 1.00
In Jesus' Name, Newark 1.00
Mr. & Mrs. N. W. Estabrooks 5.00
Friend, Hampton 1.00
C. Haven 2.00
Mrs. S. E. Gillmore 5.00
Miss L. Sanders 1.00
Reader, Lowell 1.00
Miss L. P. Ley 1.00
E. B. Barker 3.00
I. H. N. Tidoute 2.00
Alinka, Lebanon 3.00
J. G. Sands & family 3.00
Sugar, Watford 5.00
Mrs. M. Myers and Mrs. S. MacMurtree 2.00
I. H. N. Madison 1.00
Two Readers, Vanceburg 4.00
H. A. Van Driest 2.00
J. B. Wis 10.00
J. H. Yeagley 10.00
- G. H. Williams 1.00
L. Reddin 2.00
Sms'r. Roseboom 1.00
M. E. Carter 5.50
Elizabeth and Wm. Hunter 2.00
C. A. Sprague 2.00
D. B. Wallace & family 10.00
W. Woodside 2.50
Mrs. L. B. Coy 2.50
Friend, Clint 5.00
J. C. R. Louisville 5.00
I. E. G. B. Tavia, Mich. 2.50
Chas. F. Keiser 2.50
Mrs. Anna F. Bartels 4.00
New Haven 5.00
J. W. N. Y. City 1.00
In his name, Brighton 1.00
K. A. M. 3.00
Mrs. W. W. Brown & Josephine Crouch 3.50
Two Sisters, Norwalk 2.50
Annie Corson 3.00
J. T. G. Huntington 2.50
In Jesus' Name, Varysburg 2.00
Mother & Daughter, Owens X Roads 1.00
Jno. H. Hershey 1.00
M. J. R. Shippensburg 1.00
Walnut Hill and Maxwell Ch's 5.50
M. E. R. Laclede 2.50
Friend C. Bridge-ton 5.00
C. A. Gackenbach 1.00
Mrs. W. S. Curran 5.00
Thos. Daniels 2.00
George and Ida Connett 2.00
Edwin Govett 1.00
Ida H. 5.00
Sep. 5.00
Mrs. Florrie Neal 2.50
Newton Woodruff 1.00
Hannah Greiner 1.00
Otis 20.00
Sub. Dakota 5.00
G. Ogren 1.10
Friend, Del Roy 2.50
S. D. Wilmar 2.50
Well-wisher, Houston 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. L. Stanford 1.00
I. H. N. Greenland 3.00
J. O. A. Gardiner 2.50
Mrs. Abram Thurston 5.00
Member of Christ's body, Bklyn. 1.00
Mrs. Ann Richardson 1.00
L. E. Hardy 1.00
Gratitude, Phila. 1.00
F. Williamsport 3.00
Mrs. M. E. Fournes 2.00
Mary M. Benjamin 1.00
Box, Morris 1.00
C. S. Catskill 5.00
Reader, Blossom 2.50
Mathilda Vacker 5.00
Mrs. & Mrs. W. N. Tewksbury 1.00
Mrs. J. R. Newton 1.00
Willow Glen S. S. 1.00
Helen E. Black 1.00
M. S. Phillippe 2.50
Mrs. A. H. N. Y. City 5.00
I. H. N. Ft. Scott 1.00
Mrs. E. Conaway 1.00
Like as a father pitied his children 5.00
Verna Sims 1.00
Miss Gau 3.00
Asheville 10.00
D. Whitman 1.00
Henry Holkeboer 1.00
Friend, Westfield 2.00
E. Wright 4.00
M. H. B. & family 3.00
R. L. Farrer 2.00
Gust. Tomkivist 1.00
Mrs. Jno. B. Clough 2.00
Geo. & Thos. Haig 2.00
Westfield 2.00
Bangor 1.00
S. E. G. Orelka 2.00
Mrs. J. R. Baker 2.00
Winfield & Eleanor Higgins 10.00
Adrian 2.00
Mrs. Bradford Smith 2.00
Saline Hall & friends 2.00
Emily A. W. Vinton 2.00
Mrs. Phoebe Sanders 1.00
Mrs. M. H. Pratt 1.00
Reader, Hancock 1.00
Widow's mite 1.00
Benjamin I. Hess 5.00
Mrs. G. Garretson 1.00
A. Sympathizer 2.00
Subr. Mo. 2.00
In Memory of Mel-lie, Delphos 4.00
John A. Bunney 1.00
Mrs. A. M. Raeder 1.00
Ladies Mission Soc. Ref. Ch. Crutville 15.00
Waubay 1.00
E. L. C. Ripon 1.00
Mrs. E. J. Nay 5.00
I. K. M. Atterville 10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Davis 2.00
A. Friend, Starbuck Capital Park Foreign Missy's Ban-lis Moines 1.10
C. D. Nichols 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. J. H. Newark 1.00
Mrs. E. Surphin 2.00

- F. A. M. Edgerton 1.00
Mrs. Bailey 1.50
Mrs. A. H. Benner 5.00
Unwashed Claypool 1.00
Mrs. J. T. Harrison 2.00
Walter Jones 5.00
Bethel Springs 5.00
Martha Wright 2.00
H. R. Heller 1.00
A. H. Hill 1.00



HINDU SUPPLIANTS BEFORE THE SACRED BULL.

- Chas. R. Fessenden 1.00
Mrs. I. E. Henry 5.00
Joel Dyer 10.00
C. S. and friends 5.00
Pine Bush 1.25
Thos. Daniels 2.00
George and Ida Connett 2.00
Edwin Govett 1.00
Ida H. 5.00
Sep. 5.00
Mrs. Florrie Neal 2.50
Newton Woodruff 1.00
Hannah Greiner 1.00
Otis 20.00
Sub. Dakota 5.00
G. Ogren 1.10
Friend, Del Roy 2.50
S. D. Wilmar 2.50
Well-wisher, Houston 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. L. Stanford 1.00
I. H. N. Greenland 3.00
J. O. A. Gardiner 2.50
Mrs. Abram Thurston 5.00
Member of Christ's body, Bklyn. 1.00
Mrs. Ann Richardson 1.00
L. E. Hardy 1.00
Gratitude, Phila. 1.00
F. Williamsport 3.00
Mrs. M. E. Fournes 2.00
Mary M. Benjamin 1.00
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Reader, Blossom 2.50
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Willow Glen S. S. 1.00
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Mrs. A. H. N. Y. City 5.00
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Emily A. W. Vinton 2.00
Mrs. Phoebe Sanders 1.00
Mrs. M. H. Pratt 1.00
Reader, Hancock 1.00
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Benjamin I. Hess 5.00
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E. L. C. Ripon 1.00
Mrs. E. J. Nay 5.00
I. K. M. Atterville 10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Davis 2.00
A. Friend, Starbuck Capital Park Foreign Missy's Ban-lis Moines 1.10
C. D. Nichols 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. J. H. Newark 1.00
Mrs. E. Surphin 2.00
- Mrs. A. Godfrey 2.00
Jane T. and Robert Deane 1.00
Joos J. Arnos 1.00
Mrs. C. Spinheim 3.00
James Smith 1.00
E. Kahl 5.00
In Jesus' Name, Lonsdale 5.00
C. A. Hagaman 3.00
Mrs. Alex. Aillex 3.00
Miss Bingham 3.00
W. E. Killip and fr. A. Friend, Hyde Pk 3.00
Senior S. C. E. Cong. Ch. Centre Lebanon 1.00
Junior S. C. E. Cong. Ch. Centre Lebanon 1.00
East Orange 2.00
Rilla Cowling 2.00
Mary 2.00
F. Osborne 2.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Hirt 5.00
Mabel Lewis and C. L. Eddy and Wife 2.00
Mrs. E. A. M. thews 1.00
E. L. A. Navsota 1.00
C. Dawson 1.50
D. E. Moore 1.00
Sisters' Fund, Race Track 5.00
Mrs. Annie Jensen 1.00
Mrs. Laura Beck 2.00
L. P. Beck 1.00
Paul Gregorson 1.00
Joe Kramer 5.00
Henry Hendrickson 1.00
J. Hendrickson 1.00
A. Hendrickson 1.00
Mrs. Ben Goide 5.00
Miles J. Beck 1.00
Mrs. O. Miller 5.00
Ino E. Carroll 5.00
A mother and her Twin Boy, I. H. N. Marshfield 2.00
Francis Krouse 1.00
In the Name of Jesus, Amsterdam 2.00
Mrs. Wm. A. Pembroke 5.00
Abram S. Peet 1.00
A. Friend, Indian Orchard 1.00
W. P. Port Chester 2.00
Elmer F. Moyer 1.00
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E. A. M. Ballston Centre 2.00
A. Friend, Great Barrington 1.00
Mrs. F. C. Holmes & Miss S. P. Balch 2.00
I. H. N. Beverly 2.00
Mrs. Chas. J. Rice 10.00
Geo. Dustan 5.00
Walter O. Shults 1.00
Geo. W. Lenhart 1.00
A. A. & C. I. Dike-man 100.00
A. M. D. Lancaster 10.00
Mrs. C. C. E. 100.00
D. Lyndie 25.00
Mrs. Jennie Smith 2.00
Mrs. Ella Emmott 2.00
Mrs. J. S. Emmott 1.00
Friends, Perth Am-boy 4.50
P. D. Wine 1.50
Mrs. Eva Laughlin 3.00
In his Name, Melrose 2.00
M. J. E. Canaan 5.00
A. Reader, Oswego 1.00
Mrs. C. E. Merril 2.00
A. Friend, P. Young 2.00
A. Friend, Bridge 2.00
Mrs. C. P. Allen 1.00
New York 1.00
Smo to Br 5.00
M. S. McMahon 5.00

Total \$2,613.62

And seven hundred others to be acknowledged next week.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

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The Art of Doing Good.

THERE is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go into the fields, we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting, save to sharpen his instrument—goes from one side of the field to the other without any special fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him fifty dollars, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jack-knife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will scarcely hold them. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to fish; in the other he does not.

We acknowledge that there is an art in everything. Is there any art in religion? Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no especial drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the church of God and achieve nothing. Why is it that the one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets along in Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as slipshod. If a man advances in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

Which Denomination?

WILL come to think less and less of the name of a church to which a man belongs, and more and more of the good he accomplishes. I no more hold the Roman Catholic Church responsible for the persecutions in the past than I hold the Puritan descendants of New England responsible for the fact that their ancestors burned witches. I put the piety of a Roman Catholic servant girl of my own household against the harshness and intolerance of some priding themselves on their orthodoxy. Protestants do

not like the Pope at Rome; but we have in all our Protestant denominations little popes with thumbscrews in their vest-pockets, and they would burn at the stake tomorrow, all those who differ from them, if they dared. I like a Roman Catholic pope five hundred times better than a Methodist pope, or a Baptist pope, or a Congregational pope, or a Presbyterian pope. If you are going to lord it over God's heritage, put on your canonicals and let us see who you are. All our denominations today are laboring under the fact that some ecclesiastic has set down on them, and they are impatiently waiting for his funeral. All along the line of our great denominations, the word will after awhile be given, and there will be a rising up that shall be the emancipation of Christendom. I have been told by men in all the great denominations of Christians in this country at different times, that there are men in their denominations standing in the way of all progress and all Christian enthusiasm. The difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant has been that the former has one Pope and the latter many. There is no country on earth where it requires so little timber to make a pope as in this country. Let us in all our denominations brave the equality that comes from standing on our platform and in the service of our Master; the preacher of a mission station side by side with an archbishop, and the minister that preaches in a linen coat, a brother to him that has a new color of gown for every change in the service.

Incompetent Wills.

MORE and more frequent are the efforts to prove men insane, so that they are incompetent to manage their property or make wills. It is more and more a habit in this country to brood over the eccentricities of wealthy men in attempts to hatch out mental incompetency. What vast sums expended in trying to prove that testators are *non compos mentis*. I do not know the merits of any of these cases, but the general rule is that if a man has wit enough to make money he ought to be considered wise enough to keep it. I have noticed that the sanity of testators is never questioned except by those who are cut off with an unsatisfactory portion, and that most aged people, if poor, are by their relatives thought to be able to take care of themselves; but when they hold large sums of money, immediately people become anxious about their incapacity. It ought to be a matter of consolation to persons of moderate possessions that they escape such assault, that they have so little money to fight about, and that they can have lawful eccentricities without being sent either to the insane asylum, or pronounced by the courts to be crazy. The fact is that the miserly spirit is always a species of insanity; but if all the men who hold with inordinate grip to their worldly possessions were pronounced imbecile, then you might take the whole earth for a Bedlam. The most difficult of all undertakings is to hold large property and preserve at the same time mental and moral equilibrium. In the majority of cases they topple either into parsimony or into dissipation. There are a million men to-day in this country insane on the dollar question. They have distorted and unhealthy ideas as to what money is worth, and spend their days in trying to drive a full-grown camel through the eye of a cambric needle. Whatever surrogates and judicial benches and jury boxes may think of their intellectual status, God decides their mental calibre when he says, "Thy fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Mounted Police.

IT has become the habit of many people always to speak in derogation of our city constabulary, but what additional safety has been given many of our cities by the mounted squad of police? These men have wellnigh revolutionized things

for good. Formerly, all a criminal wanted was swift feet to escape the police, where now the officer puts spurs to his horse and swoops upon the offender swift as a hawk. As long as we have so many intoxicated men riding through our parks and thoroughfares, reckless of human life, we want a mounted police to keep up with them. After men with fast horses have stopped at all the drinking saloons on the highway, there will be upturned vehicles and wild collision and loss of life, unless there be lightning hoofs ready to take after them. Well executed laws are mighty auxiliaries to religion. Honor the police. Passing them at night in the cold, give them salutation. It will cost you nothing to tip your hat and say: "Good night, officer." It will cheer them through the long hours. Under their official shield there beats a heart just like your own, with love of home and wife and child, and an appreciation of the amenities of society. They stand between you and incendiaryism and burglary and murderer's knife. Remember that these officers of the law are not only defenders of society, but messengers of God, and the policeman who, in the attempt to arrest a runaway horse with a family in the carriage, is killed, or who gets a child out of the third story window of a burning building, losing his own life in the attempt, is as much a martyr as anyone whom historian and poet and painter and orator have celebrated.

Almost always in the list of those who perish in great casualties are the names of some of the police. They slipped from the ladders, or helping others out, had not time to get out themselves, and their lacerated bodies were carried home and laid down amid wailing widowhood and orphanage. May God bless the captains and sergeants and detectives and patrolmen and doormen of our cities, arming them for the struggle against crime and for the defence of morals and religion!

Lanterns Wanted.

THIS is a dark world to many people. A world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk. The reason that there are so many sour faces among people we meet, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. We know persons whose brows are shaggy, and whose eyes are oblique, and noses are ominously longitudinal, and the mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray.

BRIEF NOTES.

The new Speaker of the Japanese Parliament, Dr. Kazuo Hatoyama, is a graduate of Y. University. He is a recognized leader of West ideas.

From the recently published Year-Book Jews compiled by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, it appears that there are eleven million Jews in the world today, of whom nearly one-half are in Russia.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York raising a sum for the support of Miss Julia C. Sander, in India; Miss Margaret C. Morrison, in China; and Miss Mary Deyo, in Japan.

In 1886 Corea was a sealed nation. Christianity was absolutely prohibited. A brave missionary healed a nephew of the king, and to missionaries are welcomed with open arms by 15,000,000 inhabitants of the country.

The native church in connection with Church Missionary Society in the Fuh-kien Province, South China, increased in numbers twelve per cent. during 1897, and the native subscriptions were nearly double those of the previous year.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union Committee in New York have arranged for a special campaign for temperance in harmony with evangelistic campaign that is going on, and invited Mrs. Helen M. Bullock, of Elmira, to direct a series of meetings.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is offering a substantial inducement to the friends of Baptist mission relieve the Mission Boards of the burden of which is crippling their work. The total indebtedness is \$486,000, and Mr. Rockefeller offers to \$250,000 if other friends will contribute the remaining \$236,000 before July 1st.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has accepted pastorate of the West Avenue Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y. A cordial reception tendered him and Mrs. Freshman in the park the church on their arrival, and the members of the church and the pastors joined in good wishes the success of the new pastorate.

Evangelist Henry Varley, of London, preaching in the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco. The Evening of that city says: "Those who heard Mr. Varley's former visit to the city can never forget his marvelous exposition of the Scriptures, and we found among his attentive listeners in the streets that are still to come."

Of the persons who made professional faith at Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Otis, Can., 633 expressed a preference for the Methodist Church, 282 for the Presbyterian, 163 Protestant Episcopal, 81 Baptist, and 42 Congregational. Every case the pastor was notified so that he could follow the evangelist's work by special attention to the new convert.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor announces that arrangements have been definitely made for the next convention to meet at San Francisco, July 7th-12th. Arrangements are being selected for good terms for round-trip tickets, will permit delegates to go by one route and by another, and improve the opportunity for interesting places on the way.

The Committee of Clergymen of all Denominations in New York, appointed to consider condition of the daily press, has issued a urging the religious public to support only journals which manifestly aim to be clear, wholesome, and that if any journal should draw its Sunday edition it should have the date and generous support of religious citizens every denomination.

M. Escande, of the Paris Missionary Society, has been appointed one of the pastors of the Church in Madagascar. The queen remained in her Protestant faith, though persistent efforts have been made to induce her to enter the Catholic Church. M. Escande's appointment encourages and strengthens her in these troubles, and may perhaps do something to shield from these constant solicitations.

An English journal reports that Dr. Fleming, Vicar of St. Michael's Church, L. I., has arranged with the telephone company to place a large telephone transmitter in front of reading desk and pulpit of his church, with connection with one ward in each of the houses of the city, so that convalescents who are unable to leave the hospital may assemble in the ward and hear the service over the phone.

The Calvary Baptist Church, New York, Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, pastor, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary during the week beginning February 28. By a singular coincidence, it falls this year on the very day on which this church commenced its existence a half-century ago. The church hopes to commemorate this epoch in history by building a chapel as a thankoffering for mercies shown during a half-century.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey had an immense audience in St. Louis, Mo., on February 7. The friends of the Union Methodist Church hearing the famous singing evangelist was in the city, he way to the Pacific coast, pressed him to give a service of song. Half an hour before the service began, it was necessary to bolt the doors, as a great influx of space being occupied, while a crowd thronged the street outside. Mr. Sankey listened to with rapt attention both when he sang and spoke.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Women's Christian Associations of Ontario at Quebec, it was stated that there are now in Canada the United States 1,500 associations, 275,000 members, 800 libraries, 1,000 reading rooms, 355 schools, 1,000 teachers, and 26,000 students. A great rally held in the Dominion Methodist Union, Alderman Stewart, who presided, read a greeting from the Governor-General, Lord Alden, who is Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. Great Britain and Ireland.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York, has issued its annual report showing material progress. For the first time in history, it is said, the Margaret Louise Hall all its current expenses. During the year women had board and rooms, and the total of meals served in the home restaurant was 1,000. During the year 4,374 applications for work were received, and 1,720 positions were filled. Receipts of the Association for the year were \$100,000 and the total disbursements \$47,979.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

CRISIS IN CRETE.

An acute crisis in the Eastern Question has developed from the action of Greece in reference to the island of Crete. Reports were current early this month that the Christian population of the island, being unable to bear the oppression of the Moslems, had taken up arms in resistance and that a state of anarchy prevailed. The Sultan of Turkey ordered an expedition to suppress the revolt of the Christians; and the next day expected was that of the massacre which usually follows in any part of the Sultan's dominions, when his savage, blood-thirsty troops are sent to quell an insurrection. But to the amazement of all Europe, the little kingdom of Greece suddenly announced that it would prevent the Turkish army from landing on the shores of Crete, and it promptly dispatched a fleet of torpedo boats to intercept the Turkish fleet. This meant war between Turkey and Greece, for no one could expect that the Sultan would tamely submit to being excluded from territory which undoubtedly belongs to him. The consequences of such a war might involve the Great Powers; and Turkey, knowing well the outbreak of such a crisis is dreaded by every government in Europe, appealed to the Powers to restrain Greece. They agreed to use their influence to that end and in order to avert the danger of a collision, persuaded the Sultan to postpone the sailing of the vessels which were ready to transport his army to Crete. The governments interested in the preservation of peace brought pressure to bear on Greece to induce the king to recall his fleet, but the king is himself in a difficulty, his subjects being strongly of the opinion that their government ought to help the Cretan Christians, with whom they are in close sympathy. The king of Greece has long found it difficult to restrain them from showing it actively and he is sure that if he yielded to the Powers, a revolution might break out which would menace his throne. In the meantime a new proposal has been made in the interests of peace, that Crete should be made independent, with Prince George, second son of the king of Greece, as governor, the island to continue to pay the tribute to Turkey, but it now pays, but be free from Turkish control. Whether the Sultan would entertain such a proposal is doubtful. One circumstance in its favor is that it may have the support of Russia, whose advice the Sultan is now taking. Prince George is a cousin of the Czar, whose life he saved about six years ago, when the two young men were in Japan together. An assassin attacked Nicholas, who was then Czar, and with his cousin Prince George was making the tour of the world. Prince George beat the assassin off with a stick, but not until Nicholas had received a stab that showed the assassin's murderous intent. If the Czar is grateful, he has now an opportunity of advancing his cousin's interests and, at the same time, of saving the people of Crete, who are being oppressed by the Sultan. With or without Russia's support, Greece seems determined to interfere. She attacked a Turkish transport which was carrying ammunition to a besieged Turkish garrison in Crete, fired three shots at the transport

and compelled it to turn back. She is also believed to have landed troops in Crete to assist the insurgents. The Sultan is highly indignant and threatens to invade Greece if she persists in her hostilities. If he is wise, however, he will not risk a conflict in which the public opinion of all Europe would be against him. All Christendom is weary of his misgovernment and of the cruelties he practices on the peoples who are subject to his rule. It would gladden all hearts if we heard that at last the mandate proclaimed by the prophet of old, had been issued against the bloodthirsty tyrant.

Thou shalt devour men no more, neither bereave thy nations any more, saith the Lord. Ezek. 30, 14.

A Plank Valued above a Life.

A shocking act of inhumanity is reported from Williamsburgh, N. Y. At the foot of North Fourth Street there is an eddy in the river, where drift wood and light articles, dropped from any of the numerous craft in the river, are apt to be carried. The poor people along shore often go to the bank there with boat-hooks and ropes to secure these things. A few days ago, a man went to this

place to get a load of sand from a boat that he kept moored there. He laid a plank from the pier to the boat and was just crossing it to the boat when the swell of a passing steamer struck the boat, and causing it to roll, the end of the plank slipped off and splashed into the water. The man fell in with it, but caught hold of the plank as he fell and supported himself with it. Two Poles who were on the pier gathering drift wood, saw the accident, and one of them stuck his boat-hook in the plank while the other flung a rope around it. The man who was clinging to the plank thought they were trying to save him, but when they had the plank near the pier they grabbed it and pulled it up, shaking him off as if he had been a rat. He scouted after them but they ran away carrying the plank, and left him struggling among the lumps of drift ice in the river. His shouts, however, attracted the attention of a man in a passing boat, who threw him a rope and hauled him off. After changing his clothes, he went in search of the two Poles and found them in a shed sawing up the plank. He made a complaint against them to the police, but they were unable to help him, as they knew of no law under which the Poles could be punished unless

it was for stealing the plank. A more heartless thing than those Poles did has seldom been reported; but the principle on which they acted is only too common. Even among Christians there are some who are too busy trying to add to their property, to give any thought to the men who are perishing around them, and there are some people who, to make a little money by their lectures and books, would take away the Book by which the perishing might find salvation.

Through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you. (1st Peter 2, 3.)

Fire in a House of Refuge.

The House of Refuge on Randall's Island, N. Y., had a narrow escape from destruction by fire a few days ago. The seven hundred boys and one hundred girls confined in the institution, had retired to rest, as had the officers, and no one was stirring but the night-watchman who made his rounds at regular intervals. Shortly before two o'clock in the morning the watchman noticed that the dome over the north wing was illuminated. He knew that there ought to be no lights in it at that hour, and at once investigated. He found that a fire had broken out under the flooring and had sent a column of flame up into the dome. He gave the alarm to the officers and sent the Island tug over to New York for assistance. Happily the young delinquents in the house had been drilled for just such an emergency. Three sharp whistles, on every corridor of the north wing of the big four story building, brought every one of the

The wind was contrary and there was a very high sea, with heavy rain. While two of the crew were securing a grating, a heavy sea was shipped which washed them both overboard. A life-buoy was thrown to them and the vessel was stopped immediately and a life-boat manned by volunteers was lowered. One of the drowning men managed to secure hold of the life-buoy, but the other was sinking, when a man named Creelman jumped from the *Maine's* deck and swam to his assistance. He swam bravely, Captain Crowinshield says, but was unable to reach the drowning man, who sank and was not seen again. Creelman himself became exhausted, but succeeded in joining the other man on the life-buoy. Meantime, the crew of the life-boat was in danger. The high sea broke the swivel of the steering-oar and half filled the boat with water. Fearing that all would be drowned, Captain Crowinshield maneuvered his ship to shield them from the storm. It was a work of considerable danger and difficulty owing to the high wind and sea. In turning, the *Maine* rolled so heavily that one sea swept over her turrets and carried away two seamen who were drowned. The captain signalled to the men in the life-boat to return to the ship and they were eventually hauled on board, but the boat was abandoned. The ship was then maneuvered to rescue the two men who could still be seen clinging to the life-buoy. After a long time and many efforts, a rope reached them and they were drawn on board in a helpless condition. Captain Crowinshield asks that the Department give Creelman a life-saving medal of the first-class for his gallantry. It will be a graceful thing to do and it may be hoped, that the crew of the life-boat will not be forgotten. All deserve it for their noble efforts, although they failed to save the lives

they endeavored to rescue. It was not with them as it was with our Saviour who, to rescue our race poured out his soul unto death, but he does not miss his reward.

He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied; therefore will I divide him a portion with the great and he shall divide the spoil with the strong. (Isa. 53: 11.)

Moving a Village.

The novel spectacle of moving a village has been witnessed in New York state for several weeks. The Croton Watershed Commission recently took possession of the village of Katonah and notified the inhabitants that they must move away. The people were well acquainted with each other and had no wish to disperse. They, therefore, decided to found a new village of the old name about a mile away. The site was chosen, and since that time there has been a procession of houses from the old site to the new. The cottages are moved bodily, and in some instances without taking out the heaviest articles of furniture. One of the chief residents, a prominent politician, who is an ex-State Senator, preferred to build a new house rather than remove the old one. But he took a great pride in a grove of fine shade trees on his property, and these he decided to move. Trenches were dug around each tree about eight feet from the trunks, and the roots were undermined. Each tree was then raised on skids in an upright position, and was dragged by horses to the ex-Senator's property in the new village, where the grove is being carefully re-planted. Some of the trees are over forty feet high. About one-third of the residents of the village are already settled in their new location, and others are to follow speedily. There are many people who would be glad if some similar arrangement could be made for them when they leave the world altogether; but those who trust in Christ need have no such wish, having his own assurance of a better habitation.

In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you. (John 14: 2.)



THE TURKO-GREEK MEROGLIO.

THE PORT OF CANEA, CRETE--PORTRAITS OF THE KING OF GREECE AND PRINCE GEORGE.

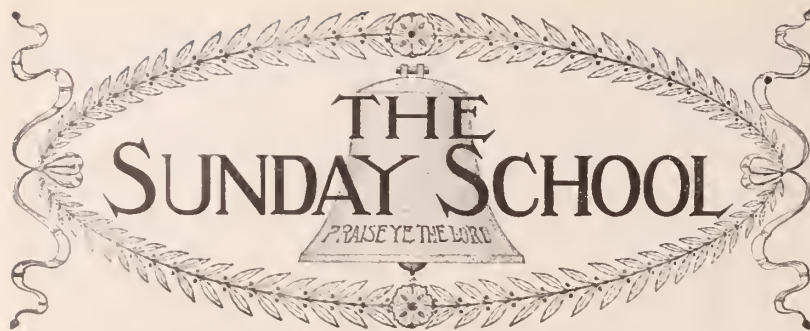
place to get a load of sand from a boat that he kept moored there. He laid a plank from the pier to the boat and was just crossing it to the boat when the swell of a passing steamer struck the boat, and causing it to roll, the end of the plank slipped off and splashed into the water. The man fell in with it, but caught hold of the plank as he fell and supported himself with it. Two Poles who were on the pier gathering drift wood, saw the accident, and one of them stuck his boat-hook in the plank while the other flung a rope around it. The man who was clinging to the plank thought they were trying to save him, but when they had the plank near the pier they grabbed it and pulled it up, shaking him off as if he had been a rat. He scouted after them but they ran away carrying the plank, and left him struggling among the lumps of drift ice in the river. His shouts, however, attracted the attention of a man in a passing boat, who threw him a rope and hauled him off. After changing his clothes, he went in search of the two Poles and found them in a shed sawing up the plank. He made a complaint against them to the police, but they were unable to help him, as they knew of no law under which the Poles could be punished unless

three hundred boys confined in the wing out of bed. They, instructed by signals, dressed quickly, the cell-doors were opened simultaneously and all the boys marched to the play-ground, where they were drawn up in lines. Forty of the bigger boys were called out and sent to help the firemen with the little engine used on the Island. By this time the river fire-boat arrived and was throwing a steady stream of water on the burning wing. It was impossible to save it, but the firemen succeeded in saving other parts of the building. Damage was done to the amount of ten thousand dollars, but no life was lost. The name of the institution seems to make the fact of a fire there particularly pathetic. Happily the Christian knows that whatever may befall him, in his refuge he is safe.

Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. (Ps. 91, 1.)

Heroism on a Battleship.

The Navy Department has received from Captain Crowinshield of the U. S. battleship *Maine*, a report of bravery rarely equaled. It states that on February 6, the *Maine* encountered a severe storm.



THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERT.

Sunday School Lesson for March 7.
Acts 8: 26-40. Golden Text, Acts 8:
35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER the mission of Peter and John to the ready-made converts in Samaria they returned to Jerusalem, not, however, before they had testified and preached the Word of the Lord there, and also "in many villages of the Samaritans." Surely now the work, thus quickened by power from on high, would go forward, and Philip, with the help of so many Spirit-filled converts, would evangelize all the country round. This would, no doubt, have been the plan which would suggest itself to him; but God thought otherwise. "The angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying: Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert." This was

Philip's Time of Testing.

He had been chosen as a man full of the Holy Ghost to the office of a deacon (Acts 6: 3-6); and yet the Holy Ghost had taken possession of none of his converts until Peter and John had come down from Jerusalem. Now it would be put to the proof whether Philip himself had received new grace in seeing the grace of God which accompanied this ministry; or whether feelings of jealousy would take possession of him that these apostles from Jerusalem were more used and favored than he. If Philip were filled with self-importance, he would have thought himself indispensable to the work at Samaria. Philip stood the test; he arose and went, and the work was left in the hands of him to whom it belonged. God had another mission for Philip.

An anxious soul, so anxious that he had taken the then difficult journey from Ethiopia to Jerusalem, was being prepared of God for the ministry of Philip. He was a man of no mean position, the treasurer of state in a country of some importance. He had thought it worth while to leave his country and his high office with all its great responsibilities, that he might know the truth about the God of Israel and might become acquainted with him. It was worth while for Philip to leave Samaria if God should use him in the conversion of such an one. The Ethiopian eunuch had performed his journey, but its object was not yet attained. One thing, however, and that no light thing, had been accomplished; he had got possession of

A Great Treasure.

a portion of the Word of God. How little he knew that the eye of his Creator was upon him as he unrolled it; and that just as he was reading the very Scripture which could meet his need he was to meet a prepared instrument, who should be used of God to open that Scripture to him! All God's ways are perfect. When we seek to bring things about and to arrange them ourselves, there is always a mistake somewhere, but God is perfect in knowledge and there is perfection in all his ways. Self-guidance entails often much loss of strength and time. As Philip reached the place which God had in counter to him without giving him any reason for taking such a journey, the chariot which the Ethiopian statesman drew near. "Go near and join thyself to this chariot," was spoken into his ear by the still voice of the Spirit which had directed his steps thither. With a woman's resolution the eunuch determined to go. "Go near and join thyself to this chariot," was spoken into his ear by the still voice of the Spirit which had directed his steps thither. With a woman's resolution the eunuch determined to go. "Go near and join thyself to this chariot," was spoken into his ear by the still voice of the Spirit which had directed his steps thither. With a woman's resolution the eunuch determined to go.

readest?" "How can I except some man should guide me!" And the guide was there already, prepared of God; and the work was there for the ready worker. Who would have anticipated that the statesman would have invited an unknown stranger to take his seat beside him in his chariot of state, and listen with intense attention to a man whom he had never seen or heard of before? Who inspired him with such confidence? God the Holy Ghost. When God prepares interviews with conscious souls, there is no need for any human strain. God is the Doer of his own work; the instrument has only to fall in with him and the thing is done.

It was no accident that the very place of the Scripture where the distinguished

(Ps. 37: 23). Just as long as the Lord wanted him to ride in that chariot that, and no other was Philip's way. "They came to a certain water," and the new believer inquired: "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest," was Philip's answer. "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The chariot was drawn up to the side of the water, and there, in the lonely desert, but in full sight of all his heathen retainers, this man renounced his heathenism and idolatry; buried himself and his own past life by baptism into Christ took his part in his death as one with him in shame, and put on Christ as his life henceforth.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

LUKE probably heard this incident of early church life from Philip's own lips during the visit which he and Paul paid to the Evangelist at Caesarea, twenty years afterwards. As the two missionaries recounted the story of their labors among the Gentiles, Philip would naturally tell them of this conversion which carried the Gospel into the far-off African kingdom. It was the conversion of only one man, but at a time when Christianity seemed likely to become only a Jewish sect, it was important as an in-



"THE WAY THAT GOETH DOWN FROM JERUSALEM TO GAZA."

inquirer read was that Gospel of the Old Testament the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so he opened not his mouth: in his humiliation, his judgment was taken away; and who shall declare his greatness? for his life is taken from the earth." "I pray thee of whom speaketh the prophet thus, of himself, or of some other man?" inquired the eunuch. "O, how easy it is to preach the Gospel to a real inquirer, to one whose heart the Lord has opened! And how utterly nothing does his instrument feel when every answer comes from him who is with us and is not the product of our own resources!" Philip preached unto him Jesus, the Saviour who saves his people from their sins. Jesus, the despised and rejected of men, the patient Lamb dumb before her shearer, Jesus "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" Jesus dividing "a portion with the great," and dividing "the spoil with the strong;" Jesus the Saviour, and the Saviour for him. The inquirer became the believer, and Philip's obedience to the Spirit had not been in vain, and God had gained ground in the life of Philip, while he gained also another heritage for his Son.

They went on then, the direction of the journey could not matter to a man whose steps were guided by the Lord.

dication of its destined universality. Whether the man was a Jew or a proselyte we are not told. The fact that he had been to Jerusalem to worship was an evidence that although he was high in office in a heathen kingdom he was a worshipper of Jehovah. He was returning, taking the direct southern route, which led through an unfrequented country that was then, as now, unsafe except for men who traveled, as the Eunuch probably did, with a retinue large enough to protect him from the brigands. His way would lie through Egypt and down the Nile valley to the Eastern Soudan. The name of Ethiopia was given to the belt of territory stretching across the continent south of Egypt, but in this instance was applied to the country of Meroe, which lay between the two branches of the Nile, having Abyssinia on the East and Khartoum on the West. From ancient historians we learn that it was ruled by a dynasty of women who took the name of Candace as a title, like the Pharaohs and the Caesars. The men of this country were tall and strong, black in color and notable warriors. This officer, whose name according to tradition was Indich, appears to have occupied a position corresponding to our office of Secretary of the Treasury. As he approached Gaza, the most southern of Palestine towns, Philip, divinely directed, approached his carriage. The eunuch was

reading the book of Isaiah, and in Oriental fashion was reading aloud. Philip asked him if he understood what he was reading and was promptly invited to enter the carriage. The eunuch did not understand and was glad of the opportunity of getting help. The passage that puzzled him was that which in our version is fifty-third chapter. He wanted to know about whom the prophet had written. Philip could give him the answer and told him about Christ. The conversation was effective. The eunuch offered himself for baptism and Philip administered the rite. Tradition says that when he turned to Meroe he was the means of converting his queen and introducing Christianity to the country.

Arise and go . . . and he arose and went. Philip did not know why he was being sent to that desert road, but he obeyed his orders and he obeyed. "I wish I could feel like my dog does," said a boy waiting his shaggy friend as he ran after stick; "he always looks so pleased in mind, but I can't do it." It was a humiliating confession that a dog could set an example the boy could not follow. During the Peninsula War, an officer came to the Duke of Wellington with the statement that an order the Duke had given could not be executed. Such a move required more men than he had at his disposal. "I did not ask your opinion," said the Duke. "I gave you my orders and I expect to be obeyed." The officer returned gloomily and ordered out his men to undertake the impossible task. Lo! when he arrived at the scene of operations, the task was so easy, for the Duke was directing a powerful attack against another of the enemy's positions and had caused a diversion, which left the fort the officer was to take, comparatively unprotected.

What doth hinder me? In this case, baptism took place. But there are many hindrances which keep people from confessing Christ. In heathen lands is generally the dread of persecution. In many instances a young man who confesses Christ is turned out of his father's house and none of his friends will associate with him. In our own land, a young man is often hindered by the fear of ridicule. His companions may laugh at him, call him "Saint," and he naturally dislikes the jibes and taunts he may have to endure. Some of the figures uncovered at Pompeii show how the people lost their lives. There was a great fête going on when the earthquake was buried. The people who were in the amphitheatre, who ran for their lives, escaped; but those who stayed to save their homes to save valuables, perished. Several bodies have been found there, money and jewels in their hands. These were fatal hindrances.

Understandest thou? Philip seemed to have made no apology for thus unexpectedly addressing the illustrious treasurer. None was needed, as his coming was welcome. There is often more reverence for religion than is wise. The late Dr. Johnson used to tell the story of a vivid dream he had of the crowd waiting at the judgment. He fancied he saw one of his friends, a man who was a terrible time. But the other answered that he expected to be saved. "So," said his friend, "you knew the way of salvation?" "Yes," "Then why did you not tell me? You knew me well, you knew my danger, we often met, why did you never warn me?" "I thought you would resent my doing so." "Why, alive, if you saw me in a burning place, would you not have called to me? Would you have stood on ceremony? How much more when such an awful fate as this was before me!"

Preached unto him Jesus. Some people profess doubts whether Isaiah 53, the passage the Eunuch was reading, was to Christ, but Philip had no doubt, nor any doubt as to what to preach to the inquiring man. A minister traveling the South wanted to preach in a certain jail and obtained permission. As he did not know the way to the jail, a son of the host offered to be his guide. He came with him and heard the sermon. On his way back, the young man, who was a Christian, said to the minister: "I heard some of the convicts were imprisoned. Such a sermon as that ought to do good." "Did it do you good?" the minister asked. "Oh, you were preaching to the convicts!" The minister shook his head. "I preached Christ," he said, "you need him as much as they."

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

JERUSALEM AND THE EASTERN QUESTION
The Sacred City a Centre of Political Interest to the
Whole World—The Disastrous Effect of Turkish Domination.

does not require study to see that Palestine is not its proper place locally. It is not an independent country and must be grouped somewhere. Its present assignment to Turkey is unfortunate in every way. It ought to belong to Egypt. It practically borders on the Suez Canal, the great thoroughfare between Europe and the far East. Its quickest connection with all the civilized world is through Port Said and Alexandria. Its climate, productions, market, commerce, business relations, and postal service compel the most intimate associations with Egypt, while Constantinople, at present its political head, is remote, and the interest which Palestine has in it is forced in every particular. Moreover the language of Constantinople is wholly Turkish, while that of Palestine is wholly Arabic. The language of Egypt is likewise Arabic. Language, climate, commerce, all testify that the Holy Land is wrongly placed.

This is not a specially new idea, nor is it brought forward as such, but to remind the reader how unfortunate the situation is. More than half a century ago, a serious attempt was made for a redistribution of territory. The late Ibrahim Pasha was then in power and in 1831 he conquered Palestine for the Turks. In 1833 it was formally ceded to Egypt.

This was a great thing to do in the line of racial harmony and political justice, but for some reason the arrangement was not satisfactory to the European powers, and in 1840 an English fleet under Admiral Balfour and Commodore Napier appeared before Acre (near Carmel) and in 6 hours the town was reduced to ruins. Ibrahim and the remnant of his army withdrew from the country. The Turkish government, mediæval, despotic, retrogressive, the sworn enemy of civilization and progress, was in trouble and needed England—proud, Christian England—appeared as usual as her defender. Her act viewed impartially in the light of history was nothing else than a long step backward: it was a political crime. England was prompted, no doubt, by a variety of reasons, but on this, as on many other occasions, one of the principal reasons was Turkey's promise to institute reforms. How strangely England has been deceived in all her intercourse with Turkey! Not once, but many times, Turkey has fallen on her knees before England and said: "I am in trouble again: I have been despotic and cruel. I have been a great robber and oppressor of my people, and am suffering the consequences: but just help me and I will promise good behavior in the future. I will surely and at once set about governing better, and you will soon see the improvement." England, on her part, has often

responded to the nations of Europe: "Turkey is really sincere: we believe she will change her methods of government; she will soon be all that we desire, wise, economical, and just to all races and religions within her borders, and we must give her a fair trial." For centuries the world has heard these worthless promises and seen the foremost Christian nation on the globe believing these lies.

The land of Palestine is a little safer than it was fifty years ago, but the taxes are as burdensome and are collected with the same severities as ever, the difficulties in the way of securing justice in the courts are just as great, internal improvements are always discouraged, roads are not opened and markets are not provided, there is the same chronic and bitter hostility to foreign schools and civilizing influences, the processes of decay are not arrested, there is the same blighting curse of poverty, misery, and wretchedness everywhere.

Egypt herself has always had a hard struggle against adverse influences exerted from Constantinople, which have kept her poor and depressed, as she was not able alone to assert her independence. It is only since England's policy became dominant in 1882 that the Nile Valley has started on a career of prosperity. Egypt is an example of what England can accomplish if her influence is properly exerted; and the Christian world wonders why it could not have been exerted in a

try at once, every school would be closed, and every church would be levelled. We ought to be profoundly thankful that she is powerless to carry out her wishes in this respect.

It is next to impossible to make a stranger realize that in Jerusalem international politics and religion are inseparably connected. We do not expect a religious war between ourselves and England, nor do we expect such a thing between England and France, but in Jerusalem such a war may break out at any moment. The sects are numerous and the jealousy with which they regard each other is with difficulty suppressed.

There are the Greek Orthodox, the Greek Catholic, the Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, Abyssinian, and Protestant, besides two sorts of Mohammedans and three sorts of Jews. These are the principal sects. Besides these there are a considerable number of people who are not Mohammedans or Jews and who do not belong to any existing body of Christians, but who, nevertheless, claim to be religious and who are popularly and properly classed under the head of "cranks." Of the recognized bodies of Christians, the Greeks and Latins are the largest and both control a great deal of property.

Omitting the smaller sects, the representatives of these two great churches guard the holy places in the most jealous manner. The feeling between them is

coming under my own observation. A bit of the flooring in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem needed repairing, and the cost of doing it would have been



FIELD OF ACRE, SCENE OF ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN 1840.

small. It came at a point where the territory of the Greeks and Latins joined. The governor told me that he had spent hours with the representatives of these two bodies and their consular backers, over this matter: if one party repaired it they would claim jurisdiction over it, and the same with the other party. Moreover neither party would allow the governor to repair it, although he would have been glad to do so at his own expense. He said it was with difficulty that he kept the parties from flying at each others' throats the feeling was so strong between them. It was not only a few priests and monks, Greeks and Latins, but France and Russia that were quarreling over a bit of worthless pavement.

About three years since, a party was being conducted through the Grotto of the Nativity in the church (of the same name) at Bethlehem, when opposition was made

by some of the monks. The kawass (guard) who was conducting the party, and one of the monks drew their pistols at the same instant and both fired. One monk was killed and another was seriously wounded. The consuls at Jerusalem were at once notified, and the place was full of commotion. The characters in this tragedy were strangely mixed as to nationality. The kawass was a

Russian subject, in the official employment of the Austrian government. The man killed was an Italian under French protection. Four great European powers brought into collision within a few feet of the birth place of Christ! Turkey, a fifth power, was interested because the deed took place upon her soil. The most serious consequences were expected, and an international outbreak was certainly imminent. It required the most skillful diplomatic engineering at Rome, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Constantinople to prevent a catastrophe.

I must not give further illustrations, but my judgment based upon close observation, and many facts convinces me that the elements of an Eastern question are smoldering in Jerusalem. France would give anything for a foothold in Syria, consequently she works political schemes with one hand and religious schemes with the other. Russia, even if she secures Constantinople, will not be satisfied till the land of Israel is dotted with her churches, and the empire of David and Solomon is brought under her sway. Germany, on her part, will not allow her strong colonies in Palestine to be interfered with. And Turkey, with her vast conscripted unpaid army, not a man of which knows what patriotism means, poor Turkey, will make the greatest sacrifices before she will allow one of her provinces to be absorbed by a foreign power.



GENERAL VIEW OF ACRE, FROM THE SEA.

like beneficent manner for Palestine.

During the quarter of a century since my first visit to Palestine, there have been many changes in the country and in the condition of the people. It must be emphasized, however, that these changes are only slight ones. Palestine has been talked about as no other small section of the globe has been. Eight hundred or twelve hundred of our countrymen running all over the Holy Land every year have rubbed the scales from many Oriental eyes. From Mount Lebanon clear down to the desert the people of the country know what Americans are. They know that the name "America" means money, progress, ideas, push, and hope for anybody who is willing to work. The entire inert mass of human life there has been leavened by American schools. We must not take exclusive credit to ourselves for this leaven, for Palestine is filled with English tourists as well as American, and there are besides a fair number annually of Germans, Austrians, French, Swedes, and Belgians. Foreign influence has crowded in and is felt everywhere, and this in spite of the slowness of the Oriental mind and the unfriendliness of the government. The Turkish government knows what is going on, and it is not strange that it regards this restive spirit which is beginning to be manifest in Palestine, with great solicitude. Had she the power, Turkey would compel every foreigner to leave the coun-

try at once, every school would be closed, and every church would be levelled. We ought to be profoundly thankful that she is powerless to carry out her wishes in this respect. It is next to impossible to make a stranger realize that in Jerusalem international politics and religion are inseparably connected. We do not expect a religious war between ourselves and England, nor do we expect such a thing between England and France, but in Jerusalem such a war may break out at any moment. The sects are numerous and the jealousy with which they regard each other is with difficulty suppressed. There are the Greek Orthodox, the Greek Catholic, the Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, Abyssinian, and Protestant, besides two sorts of Mohammedans and three sorts of Jews. These are the principal sects. Besides these there are a considerable number of people who are not Mohammedans or Jews and who do not belong to any existing body of Christians, but who, nevertheless, claim to be religious and who are popularly and properly classed under the head of "cranks." Of the recognized bodies of Christians, the Greeks and Latins are the largest and both control a great deal of property. Omitting the smaller sects, the representatives of these two great churches guard the holy places in the most jealous manner. The feeling between them is

always intense and outbursts of fanaticism are not infrequent. A busy man in one of our churches at home, or in one of our places of business, will no doubt wonder how a quarrel between Greeks and Latins in Bethlehem or Jerusalem, could be of the slightest interest to the civilized world; but such a person needs to be reminded that less than fifty years ago, an apparently trifling affair connected with these very (so-called) holy places led to the Crimean war. There is no lack of combustible materials now ready and liable at any moment to flame up and spread consternation and ruin far and wide. This is not an assertion made at random, for I have resided in Jerusalem in an official capacity for eight years and have studied this question from inside sources, and I know that my statement instead of exaggerating does not fully represent the real danger.

But, it is asked, how are the great nations of Europe mixed up with these local and trifling affairs? It must be remembered that all the interests of the Greek Church are under the care of Russia. To touch one of the little ones of this faith is enough to shake that great empire. In like manner all Catholic interests are under the care of France—even the Italians who are of this church. Religious and political protection are one and the same thing.

The following is one of several instances

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"What is this heart of mine?"



HAT shall it say?" in-

quired Mrs. Lloyd, eagerly.

"First," replied Mr. Telford, "it might tell you to pull down those shameful old tenements in H—

street, from which you derive so much yearly income. They are responsible for incredible suffering, and incredible wrong and crime. Send for architects and let them devise homes in which men and women and children may be able to live like human beings. Remember, if they can't pray, they can wash; and cleanliness is a kind of godliness, and leads to higher things."

This suggestion, received with enthusiasm by Mrs. Lloyd, was strenuously opposed by her husband. "Our poor," he said, "are mostly Irish, and they like to crowd. If they wanted decent homes, capital would flow into building them, just as it flows into building saloons and beer gardens." When arguments failed he tried scorn and anger; and finally such arts of affection as might once have availed, but which were now only to be placed among the futile efforts on which are stamped those sad, ineffectual words—Too Late!

She took no counsel of him, but with wise deliberation carried out the plan suggested. Her time was occupied with architects and philanthropists of various kinds, and she threw off as she might have a crown off a garment the mysticism and solitude which had been for years the air she had loved to breathe. "A more excellent way has been shown me," she said; and she renewed even her physical youth in its invigorating action and sympathies.

She talked much to John on the subject and he was always ready to prevent the material side of her efforts claiming too much for themselves. For there was a tendency in the work she had put her hand to leading to the exaltation of mere human means, and John regarded this as a distinct lowering of that Brotherhood which he was always advocating—

"If we are to love humanity and labor for its welfare," he said, "then we must look at humanity from its noblest destiny and responsibilities. We must consider that man is not only a citizen of this world, but an inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven. Comfortable houses, good food, perfect drainage and education, are but means to a loftier end. For man is not a mere animal to be cultured and cared for, so that he may get through life as pleasantly as possible, and then be done with it; he is the child of God, made for eternal life, and all our loving service for him must be based on our love for God."

"You mean that from the fatherhood of God must spring the brotherhood of man?" asked Mrs. Lloyd.

"Yes," answered John. "This is the great charter of our salvation, that first we love God with all our heart, and soul, and mind; then, without fail, we shall love our neighbor as ourselves. And if any man or woman, Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Mohammedan, reach this height, that man or woman has attained unto salvation."

In this way, and through such conversation, she was prevented from falling into those extremes of feeling which usually attend conversions of any kind, for coming directly out of the cloud of mysticism into the vivid day of actuality and labor, it was very difficult for her not to overrate the importance of the work growing so visible under her care and generosity.

Nearly before a summer passed so quickly and pleasantly to Mrs. Lloyd. She was surrounded when Alice became restless and anxious to get back to the city, yet, as soon as the subject was taken up by her own mind, she was equally eager to go. She would be nearer to her work—nearer to her lawyer and adviser—nearer to the people whom she was bent on benefiting. So the early days of October saw the large house on the avenue opened again,

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

and Mrs. Lloyd and her daughter, each through their own hopes and desires, looking forward to a winter that should answer all their expectations.

Jessie also was gratified. She was very unwilling to give up her pupil, but she was quite elated over her first visit to the Lloyd city house. It was an exceedingly handsome home, and satisfied her conception of a rich man's dwelling. Its stately splendor reflected a sort of honor on her; she even fancied it influenced Alice, that it made her more reticent and dignified, and less inclined to familiarity and confidences. But if there was any truth in this fancy, it arose from circumstances hardly realized even by Alice herself.

The girl had quickly found that John in the city, was much more frequently present, and she feared the constant proximity. Some days Mr. Lloyd did not go to his office at all, and John brought the correspondence to him and answered the letters at the house. Then he usually dined with them, remaining with his employer an hour or two afterwards, occupied with business, or sometimes attending the ladies to an entertainment or passing the evening with them in their own drawing-room. And Alice had reached that stage of love when love is silent and shy, because it has come to understand that all of life's joy is in the power of another. Undoubtedly Alice loved John with the sweet fervor that marks a first affection, and yet she was not free from reservations and little social anxieties. And she knew well how angry her father would be at the destruction of all his hopes regarding Lord Medway, while she was hardly certain that he would visit his anger on John.

Also, she was not oblivious of what her friends and acquaintances would say; and it was easier to contemplate their opinions in the country than in their very presence, surrounded by all the circumstances which gave authority to social judgments. There were also hours in which she suffered from the uncertainties of love—when she wondered if her love would bear John's steady and increasing devotion to ideas which she did not altogether approve—hours when Jessie's intimacies fretted her sense of what was perfectly high-bred and lady-like; and when the thought of John's family, and its possible intrusions, was not endurable. So she was often depressed, as those must be in whom perfect love has not cast out fear.

These feelings certainly found no expression in words, but they made an atmosphere which Jessie felt and resented so far as to retire promptly into her position as teacher, a position Alice appeared to be quite ready to accept. But this appearance was in reality the indifference which Alice felt to all other subjects but the great one which was to decide her future life. Her feelings toward Jessie had not changed; it was the constant growth of feeling regarding John which compelled her to assume that veil of dignified calm, behind which she hid all emotion, but which Jessie thought the result of pride, of self-appreciation. Others had the same opinion, for "what airs Alice Lloyd puts on since that affair with Lord Medway," was a very usual comment of visitors at the Lloyd dwelling.

One November day, just as the lamps were being lit on the avenue, Jessie came down the steps of this dwelling with an angry heart. "I will give no more lessons

in that house," she said to herself. "Alice has become 'Miss Lloyd' with emphasis. She is decidedly changed. She has put on city airs. She thinks I shall expect to be invited to her entertainments, and that it is necessary to snub me in advance. Pooh! I want nothing she has, or can give me;—then she laughed a little to herself, and added, "Yes, I want her money for my labor; and I won't throw that away for a little false pride. Oh, dear, I wish! I wish!—I wish I did not have to teach!"

But the smile of her mother as she entered the house, the cheerful supper-table, the glowing fire in the little grate, put all dissatisfaction quickly out of her mind. As she took off her wraps and brushed back her hair, she heard her father and John coming up the stairs together. "After all," she told herself, "I have John! Alice wants him, but she can't make up her mind to accept him with his etceteras of unfashionable opinions and unfashionable relations. And I wouldn't change places with her if I had to change my opinions and my relations. John is worth twenty of her! Who are the Lloyds, anyway?"

She put down her brush with considerable accent and went into the dining-room humming a melody that had sprung from her heart as an unconscious explanation of her mood. As soon as she entered the room, it stopped suddenly. Steve stood in the middle of the floor watching her, and the next moment he was holding her hands, while a thousand joys and hopes

and John had business with Mr. Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. McAslin remained together in the dining-room, there seemed to be a propitious arrangement by which Steve and Jessie had the parlor to the selves. Steve went there with his purpose plainly written on his face. Jessie hid intelligence of the position under a pre-access of vanity in her new and precious belongings. But all pretences fell away when they stood alone. Steve made attempt to delay his fate. He said simply yet with great tenderness,

"Jessie, you know how truly I love you. What have you to say to me?" And the words Jessie said went like wine to Steve's head and heart, and he took her in his arms and answered with truest, fondest kisses.

"Oh, you dear, dear girl! God bless you, Jessie! I will try from this instant to be worthy of you!"

CHAPTER VII.

STEVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

The man who cuts himself loose from the organized prejudices of his time and contemporaries is always regarded as a fool, and Steve could not escape this verdict, even from those who loved him. He did not give him serious trouble. He knew that the world in general looked on matters as "foolishness," which the Eternal that makes for righteousness holds to the highest wisdom; and his simple, wandering life had been only in accord with that stream of tendency by which things seek to fulfil the law of their being.

For freedom he had joyfully given home, and kindred, and great wealth, to escape the trammels of conventional life he had been content to work with

hands for such things as were necessary for his existence. The religious doubts which assailed thoughtful youths had been conquered, not in a natural, disputatious attitude, but on his knees in desert places among woods and mountains, when he was alone with the Solitudes and wide horizons had given to his mind an equal plenitude. "If it is possible to believe too much in God," he once said to John, "I desire to be guilty of that sin." His faith in God was equally wide. His opinions were large, hopeful, honest. They did not turn into insinuations, nor were they ambushed in plausibility; he put them boldly forward and asked no quarter for them.

Such a man was not likely to let love dominate him; he was challenged. He was sure of the long run to inquire of his tendencies—how it would influence, and where it would lead him. So it was, that the loneliness and storm of the Baltic shores, and in the heavily beauty of the Mediterranean, he had to live out, during the past summer, the greatest battle a man can fight, as regards this life—the battle between the absolute freedom that was his soul's highest atmosphere and the captivating love, that was his heart's sweetest hope.

Freedom had nearly won him many times; perhaps if he had remained in the stress and storm of the bleak, tossing Baltic, for a little longer freedom would have gained the final victory; but under the soft Italian skies, in the warm sunshine of the South, loved the atmosphere of its being. Memories of Jessie floated in the perfumed air, and in its lovely languors, he dreamed only of her beauty and brightness, and thus love easily won the day.

A change, therefore, in his whole life had to be contemplated. He had to decide whether he would be his wife, and she had to decide whether she would be his. He was sensible to his request; and he was aware, that marriage meant a home, and all its attendant cares and responsibilities. He would have to shut himself once within four walls. He would be compelled to perform some regular work. He would be obliged to live day after day, in the same place. No more wanderings, no more length and breadth of the land, no more sleeping and dreaming under the stars, with his knapsack for a pillow. He had taken one dear, lovely woman to his heart; and he must take with her the cares as well as all the joys which inevitably brings.

(To be Continued.)



"WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY TO ME?" ASKED STEVE.

lit up his beaming face. They met in each other's arms, the meeting being perfectly unconsidered and natural. Before either of them were aware of the act Steve had kissed her. He had called her "dear Jessie." He had led her with the air of one who had the right of possession to the chair beside his own. And then he slipped into her hands a little box full of ornaments made of amber from the Baltic Sea, amber that looked like crystallized sunshine, and a coral comb for her hair that he had bought in Naples, and a set of rich laces from the Isle of Malta.

Jessie was delighted. What woman is insensible to presents, especially such presents as are for the adornment of her beauty? She could not eat her supper. She ran into her room and came out brilliant with amber glory and silky, white lace. Then Steve could not eat for very admiration of her; and their joy spread as fire spreads, and every heart was aflame with love and friendship, and the delight of welcome for one who had been far away and had come back to his home again.

Nothing explicit had been said, and yet every member of the family felt that Jessie and Steve belonged to each other, and as Flora was visiting her betrothed's sister,

OPPORTUNITIES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Mar. 7. John 4:5-15. 1Cor.9:19-22.

ALTHOUGH Christianity lays stress upon being, rather than on doing, it is only as means to an end. It secures the doing of good by insisting on the being good. James seems to put the matter logically when he says: "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." But Paul is the better logician, because works are not always a proof of faith. There are many examples of good works being done for a noble purpose. They may be done, we know, under some vague idea of accumulating merit, or of gaining popularity, or from generous impulses which can exist in a soul which has no faith at all. We are thankful for a good deed whatever it may have been the motive that prompted it, but when we come to examine our own performances, it is important to discriminate. Again and again we are warned that motive enters into the account when God judges our conduct. Christ said of the Pharisees that they had received their reward. They wanted the applause of men, they sought their good deeds to obtain it, and even when they did obtain it, the account was balanced and they had no reason to look for any further recognition. The Christian who acts on Christ's principles does good to the unthankful and the evil, renders service to his enemies, denies himself for the sake of people who will show no gratitude and makes no parade of his benefaction. What he does, he does for Christ's sake and in Christ's spirit. He does it out of the goodness of his heart and with no expectation of reward. The surprise with which those on the right hand of the Judge heard that in feeding the hungry and visiting the sick, they had been ministering to Christ, indicates the spontaneity and disinterestedness of their service. It is on this radical principle that Christianity provides for good works. It implants in the heart the disposition of helpfulness and kindness and love, and the disposition to seek its own way in a world where so much of those qualities is needed. Where this disposition exists it will never be idle. Though a man be so poor that his own absolute necessities are barely met, he may minister to others, by an encouraging smile and the sympathetic word cost nothing, yet they may give new life into some soul that is faint under the burden of life. Suffering and sorrow are on every hand, and it is our business to relieve them. Every dark hour is an opportunity for those who are in the light of the world. At school, in the home, in the office and the store, there is opportunity for ministry. The cheerful disposition and the ready hand may do much to help others bear their burdens. The curse of competition, the struggle of ambition, the eagerness to "push to the front," the desire to secure good things of life for ourselves, the marks of the spirit which is in antagonism to Christ. Where they reign, opportunities pass unseen, and even our cries are unheeded. The eye needs to be taken from our own interests and to our own advantage before it can detect the need of others. The surgeon who has an anæsthetic for a sickness goes where that sickness is prevalent that he may relieve it. How much more the Christian, whose heart is full of the sweet peace that comes from union with Christ, should seek opportunities to tell his secret to others. So, from closing his eyes to the opportunities that force themselves on his attention, he will go where he is likely to find opportunities, and think how best he can use them. Much of the harassing introduction which embitters the spiritual life may might be avoided by this active distraction. "Am I saved? Shall I be saved?" are questions that torment thousands. But if the mind were occupied with an effort to help some other soul to the light, to cheer some sufferer, to console some mourner, to lift the burden from the weary back if only for an hour, the devil would cease its tormenting self-questioning.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

I Will Bless the Lord.

F. J. CROSBY.

PSALM 145: 1.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I will bless the Lord and praise Him ev - er - more, In His name my
2. I will bless the Lord, whose ten - der, lov - ing care Has been with me
3. I will bless the Lord, my Shel - ter - aud De - fence, I will trust, and

trust shall be: I will sing His praise and tri - umph in His grace,
all my days: He has filled my life with bless - ings ev - er new,
fear no ill: Tho' I walk a - lone the val - ley and the shade.

CHORUS.
For His righteousness a - vails for me.
And mer - ci - ful are all His ways. } With His own right hand He
His rod and staff shall com - fort still.

lead - eth me, And the way grows bright as I go; as I go; For with

Him I walk by riv - ers of de - light, Where the liv - ing waters gen - tly flow.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

SOUL LONGINGS.

O TO be trusted and trusty,
O to be faithful and true;
Lovingly serving my Captain,
Always prepared for review.
O to be just where he wants me
There in his presence to stand
Willing to do to the utmost
Aught he may please to command.
O to be fully surrendered,
Never a will of my own;
All of my life for his kingdom,
All of my heart for his throne.
Thus to be guided entirely
By the sweet counsel of grace;
Never a word to oppose him,
Never a thought to displace.
O to be filled with the Spirit,
Emptied of dross and of tin;
Filled with the wonderful fullness,
Sanctified thoroughly from sin.
So to be more than a conqueror;
Never a moment of loss—
Never a shadow of failure
In the Crusade of the Cross.
Lord, to provide me this blessing
Is a small matter with thee;

Here would I claim thine own promise,
Claim it as given to me.
Bring I the tithes and the offerings,
All at thy pierced feet I pour;
Open the windows of heaven—
Bless me as never before.

JOHN WILFRID MCCLURE.

A LITTLE WAY.

WHAT though with weariness oppressed—
'Tis but a little, and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent and morn is near—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear:
No vanity nor folly now,
No fading garland round our brow;
No moody musings in the grove,
No pang of disappointed love;
With the brave heart and steady eye
We onward march to victory.
'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
Another year, it may be less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE PRESENT AGE.

Characteristics of our Time by which we Recognize its Place in Prophecy.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

(Continued from page 152.)



THE saddest peculiarity of present scoffers is that they appear not to know that the very reason of the Lord's delay is because of long-suffering toward themselves. Just as ample time was given to the mockers of Noah's age, so now Jesus is waiting in the heavens, if peradventure some of these wicked will turn from their ways and escape wrath.

Another feature of these scoffers is lack of moral character. They are not good men or sober men. Their testimony is worth nothing, for they are given over to sin, and therefore to blindness of heart.

It is an anti-Christian age. Not outwardly so in Christianized lands, but inwardly in all that pertains to the heart and life. We cannot better demonstrate this statement than by quoting from a lecture delivered in a theatre in Yokohama by a distinguished Buddhist priest on his return from the Parliament of Religions convened in Chicago during the World's Fair. Amid great applause he said: "The Parliament was called because the Western nations have come to realize the weakness and folly of Christianity and they really wished to hear from us of our religion, and to learn what the best religion is. There is no better place in the world to propagate the teachings of Buddhism than in America. . . . Christianity is merely an adornment of society in America. It is deeply believed in by very few. The great majority of Christians drink and commit various gross sins, and live very dissolute lives, although it is a very common belief and serves as a social adornment. Its lack of power proves its weakness."

The startling statement of what a stranger saw and felt in a Christianized land, may well set the faithful in the church to sober consideration. Perhaps we shall learn that Paul and John were not wrong when they predicted that the spirit of lawlessness should increase as time moved on; and that a "falling away" should characterize the last days. (II. Thess. 11: 1-4.)

It is estimated that less than thirty per cent. of our population are regular attendants upon church, while one-half of the whole population of the United States never attend any church of any name. Other Christianized lands yield an even more discouraging census.

Do any ask what shall be the final result? Scripture alone can answer. "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron (I Tim. 4:1-2)

And again, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." (II. Tim. 3: 1-5.) Mark the coincidence between the words of that heathen priest and the inspired apostle. One says: "Christianity is merely an adornment of society . . . deeply believed in by very few. The other says: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

It is a mixed age. Wheat and tares grow together; good and bad fishes are in the same drag-net; sheep and goats are herded together; wise and foolish virgins are found in each other's company; and evil birds lodge in the branches of the mustard tree of the kingdom.

These are the rough outlines as sketched by the hand of prophecy. We can see how the latter-day Church is filling in the details of the picture. Active Christianity is barely holding its own in running a race with active sin.

*From his booklet, "Will Jesus Come Again?" 32 pages; price ten cents. Published by Albert Needham, Natick, Pa.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.



Winter Days in Florida.

A Frost-Pinched Orchard—Alligators as a Source of Income.



SUALLY a Floridian winter is a season of salubrious mildness. It is very seldom that the mercury touches the freezing point, and zero is quite unheard of, even by the oldest inhabitant, while snow is something about which the Florida mothers tell their children as being a product peculiar to northern localities. Yet Florida occasionally feels the pinch of Jack Frost, although not with a marked degree of severity; but even the slightest degree is a thing to be dreaded by the owners of the beautiful orange groves in the Flowery State. One of the photographs on this page shows how serious are the results of a visit by the "frost-king" in that state. The picture is that of an orange grove on the beautiful Indian River, where great quantities of the fruit, frost-bitten over night, have fallen from the heavily-laden trees to the ground. It is a pitiful sight for the orange-grower. He, perhaps, may have built all his hopes of profit for the year on that particular crop, which is now ruined in a single night,—the trees stripped almost bare, the fruit rotten and flavorless, fit only for the refuse heap. Sometimes it happens that a frost-wave, passing over an orange-growing section, will kill immense quantities of the fruit, involving damage to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Fortunately such visitations are exceptional, and when they do come they usually affect only a limited section. Within the last ten years Florida fruit-growers have suffered considerably from frost; but a single fortunate season may reimburse them for the loss of the bad crop of the previous year.

Another of our illustrations is one that will be full of special interest for our young readers. Alligator hunting in the Southern swamps and bayous is not without its attendant dangers; but young alligators are so easily caught without much risk. This is particularly the case when they have been a touch of frost, which seems to make them and render them helpless. They are then roped around the neck and around the body and they can be handled. Last year a collector in the Indian River section of the State as a friend tells us, saw one dollar per foot, and was so lucky as to get a good one, and a very small one. The boy in the photograph is a side to the coast in the Indian River section of the State.

netting a dollar a foot. The skin is used for making shoes, slippers, satchels and purses, and good skins are in active demand. For these purposes the young alligators are preferred, as the skin is pliant and more easily handled.

Florida is every year becoming more popular with Northern tourists and invalids, who go there at this season to escape the rigors of our Northern winter. It is a delightful and health-giving country in winter, rich in scenery and full of picturesque variety. For hunters, fishermen and naturalists, it is a veritable Paradise.

Discontented People.

As long as there are thoughtless women there will be discontented wives. As long as there are careless men there will be discontented husbands. Because the rich man wears patent leather shoes and fine clothes, and indulges in expensive habits and luxurious living, the well-to-do laborer of limited means thinks he must do so too. Because the wives of the rich rustle in silk and diamonds, and pay fifteen dollars to have a dress made, the poor man's wife, unless she is possessed of that very uncommon and most desirable thing, common sense, sighs because she cannot do likewise. How great the truth expressed by the apostle when he wrote, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." The most perfect image of a saint to be seen in this world is the happy,

Majesty packed a large case of dollies and dishes—all in a fair state of preservation—and had them sent off to the little sufferers. The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time.

A Japanese Tea-Party.

In a letter from Japan to *What to Eat*, Mrs. Robert P. Porter gives this pretty picture of a tea-party in the Mikado's kingdom: "Conducted into a spacious suite of apartments, furnished in European style, and terminating in a long drawing-room, we found we had been bidden to a family party, an honor to be greatly appreciated. Here was the aged mother, her white hair shaven clean, like that of a priest, and her bent form clad in the darkest of blue silk kimonos. Our host, too, wore his native costume, the long flowing lines of his gray silk gown giving added dignity to his fine face and upright carriage. He led Madame forward, calm, gracious, and wearing the subdued colors of her age and position. Then two charm-

HIS WAY IS BEST.

THE snows of winter nurse the hop corn; Long, patient months produce the harvest fair; The darkling clouds the sunset's throne pare; 'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born; The tempest tracks the mountain's adorn; In deepest mines are treasured gems rare; The port is calmer reached through stormy care; The night of weeping melts in joyful morn; Events are not as first they meet the sight; The sons of God by passing griefs are blest; Amid the dark he ever leads to light; His purposes and plans are always right; Commit thy way to him, his way is best.

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL

Attractive Firesides.

WHY is it that in some homes parents seem to have no cult in making their sons daughters happy and agree preferring to spend their leisure under family roof-tree, rather than to wander in strange places, where other households the young people seem to have a chronic aversion to pass any more time at home than is necessary for purposes of eating and sleeping? This is no overdrawn picture; many parents know their sorrow. Perhaps can best find out the son by going to the young folks themselves about it. "Our home," says a lad, "is one in which there is always plenty of light, plenty of light, plenty of light, and a good fire; a boy is happiest when a good fire. Rooms should be warm, and there should be light in every corner which is a great thing for boys. Warmth and light are good, but there should also be, for both boys and girls, a supply of books, magazines, and such amusements. There is nothing in this whole creation half so well as saving as the boys and girls.

Imagine a community of young people, says a girl in *The Kingdom*, busy up with a pleasant morning place where they can pass their spare time in chatter, music, game, and the society of bright and intelligent people. Picture this evening, a young man to-morrow afternoon stereopticon talk and next week, and all through the year interesting and events interesting and instructive, something to look forward to, something to make the time pass agreeably to brighten the daily life of young people to whom a dull, workaday world is monotonous and dispiriting.

Wash-day in Sweden.

Wash-day has terrors for the Swedish girl. It comes only once a month, after a pile of accumulated garments may have been imagined than described. The no stationary tubs, washing machines, wringers. Five or six women, professional washers, come in and begin to scrub and rub. Each piece is put through the process in three separate waters. The first pour boiling water on the white garment thirteen times in succession, and finally then he over night in a weak lye mixture, pouring water through a bag containing soap and wood ashes. Next morning the tubs are placed on a sledge and drawn by a horse to the public wash-house, where the women take garment after garment and beat it with a paddle, holding one hand in a trough, through which a stream of water. The wash is then back into the tubs and hauled home.



CATCHING BABY "GATERS" NEAR INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

A FROST-KILLED FLORIDA ORANGE ORCHARD.

ing young married daughters, supple in figure, smiling of eye, and painted like fine porcelain, both the wives of men of distinction, and speaking English with ease, were presented to us, and in turn brought forward a group of children and grandchildren of both sexes, and all ages, from the baby up, round as apples, rosy as peaches, and beaming upon the little strangers with anxious civility. In all, there were four generations. A few Japanese gentlemen, whose names are well-known to the scientific world, were also invited. We were shown a wonderful collection of netsukes, gems in carved ivory, metal and precious woods, and tasted of the beautiful bonbons, that in the form of a basket of fruit and flowers were passed around. Then we were invited upstairs into another large suite of apartments, where a unique and delightful entertainment was given. Famous conjurers fanned bits of white paper into clouds of snowy butterflies, and gave us a drama on wings in a butterfly courtship. Live roosters were evolved from small fire-crackers, and plants in full bloom sprung up from the straw matting.

contented woman of limited means, cheerfully presiding over her home, diligently working with her own hands, ministering comfort and joy to the members of her own household, and turning her eyes and ears away from the extravagant demands of the senseless, wicked fashions of the times. God has a high seat hard by his throne in heaven for all such.

A New Use for Old Toys.

There are many excellent uses to which old toys might be put after the children have become tired of them. A pretty custom which prevails in the German royal family, illustrates this: On the birthday of one of the children the Empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites, to the sick children in hospitals. On the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's birthday recently, her



SOUTH TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, LOOKING EAST.

MORE MORMON FALLACIES.

Eaton Replies to Many Critical Correspondents — The Real Mormon Doctrines about God and Christ Explained.

URING the publication of the series of articles on Mormonism, in these pages, from the pen of Gen. John Eaton, a recognized authority on the subject, a large number of letters were received from persons in different parts of the country, some of them taking issue with the author regarding the statements made in his contributions. These letters were placed at Gen. Eaton's disposal for answer, and we print below his communications in reply, which will shortly be followed by another, dealing with a different branch of the correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 10, 1897. Supplementing my half dozen articles on Mormonism, as required by the numerous communications received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and by the writer, it is impossible to take up each in detail, for time nor space permitting. The numerous communications shows the great interest in the subject. They come from many different sections, indicating not only the extensive circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but expressing the greatest confidence in its fairness. In general it may be said the letters divided themselves into two classes: those which approve and those which deny in part the statements made. Some express surprise at the amount of data the writer has in his possession. Some ask more specifications. Any one who has dealt with a subject of this kind so briefly, knows how often space permits only general treatment, forbidding the use of details or exceptions. Some criticised omission of data in the earlier articles found their points duly noted and in their order, later.

The writer may say for himself that he had exceptional opportunity to understand Mormonism, its origin, progress, and present condition, and, from most mature consideration, believes it without foundation or revelation, false in doctrine as a religion and injurious in practice to our civilization and piety. Yet his purpose in these articles was in accord with the well-known character of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, only to bring out the truth and rely on its effect; not a word put down in unkindness towards any one. He believes in the honesty of the body of Mormons and would accord every reader the same freedom of religious belief as he enjoys himself—the same guarantee to every citizen by the American Constitution. Mormonism must stand or fall on its merits. Those who are in it seek by greater and greater pretension to confirm themselves; those who do not believe in it, find ever increasing reason for rejecting it. This latter the writer believes will be the result in every case where the question is approached lightly and candidly. He may say the most severe terms in the letters against him, purported to come from one of the gentler sex, eighty years old, who takes this as an illustration of the perversion accomplished by the rites and practice of Mormonism. The statement of the doctrines of Mormonism in the previous articles, sustained by accurate quotations from authoritative exponents, which the writer deemed the most serious of the charges made by the articles, are confirmed by the most credible witnesses. Among the illustrations of the fact that are found in the later articles what they

charged the writer with omitting, is the truth that the "Josephites" do not practice polygamy, which came out clearly in its place. The articles do not take up the divisions already arising among the followers of Joseph Smith. They make much of the divisions among professed Christians; they use these facts to prove that the time has come for the Latter-Day Saints to possess the earth. I did not bring out the bitterness that has been manifested between the "Josephites" and the "Brighamites," so-called, nor did I mention the failure of all recent efforts to bring them together, nor did I dwell upon the other divisions, and I may now add that the recent efforts to harmonize the "Reorganized Church of the Latter-Day Saints" and the "Hendrickites" have also failed. I have before me the doctrines of the Brighamites as declared by Joseph Smith in the thirteen articles, recently reaffirmed by Wilford Woodruff, and as printed on the back of the personal card used by the Brighamite missionaries, and I have also a copy of the articles of faith of the Josephites, as approved by their secretary, Elder H. A. Stebbins, of their headquarters, Lamoni, Decatur Co., Iowa. The Josephites declare specifically that they believe "in marriage as ordained by God," but that the doctrine of plural marriages is "heresy," and they affirm that freedom of worship "does not require a violation of the constitutional law of the land." As to the doctrine of polygamy, fidelity to history makes it necessary to say that Brigham Young declared that the doctrine was revealed to Joseph Smith years before it was made public, and further it should be stated that the belief prevailed among those outside of Mormon circles that celestial marriage, so-called, was practiced in the days of Joseph Smith; indeed the general public was profoundly convinced of the practice of immorality among the Mormon leaders before they left Nauvoo.

It is well understood that the missionaries from Utah have not included polygamy among the first doctrines declared where they preach. Polygamy has had its fullest development in Utah, where Mormon leaders were supreme. Many are now known never to have given up its practice, and there is a deep conviction in the minds of many non-Mormons that there is to be a general return to the practice of plural marriages, as soon as it can be done without too severe a shock to the public mind. In confirming this view, they point first to the fact that they personally know of many families living in polygamous relations; second, the doctrine of plural marriages fundamental to the Mormon system; third, that it never has been excluded from the revised editions of their compendium of faith; fourth that (a) the "manifesto" suspending plural marriages was only issued and (b) the clause prohibiting them, which was inserted in the constitution, were only for the purpose of securing statehood; fifth, the well known fact that the Constitution of the United States does not prohibit polygamy, that the subject of marriage is left entirely to each of the states, is cited as showing that the Mormon sentiment has now an open way in Utah to follow its own direction; sixth, what that direction is, it is claimed, is indicated by the fact that the first legislature under statehood, as has already been cited, (a) made all children born in polygamous families legitimate and (b) re-

fused to pass any law punishing plural marriages; seventh, it is affirmed that the leaders, having found a way to continue the control of the church in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, thus violating their pledges and the spirit of the state constitution for which they voted, will also find a way to practice polygamy, a doctrine so fundamental in their system.

With reference to the use by Mormon preachers and writers of the terms "God" and "Faith" and "Jesus Christ" in a sense in which they are not used among Christian people, a single illustration must suffice. Elder B. H. Roberts, a man greatly respected among Mormons, who has written various books in support of their doctrines, the last of which is entitled, "A New Witness for God," in a discourse delivered before Christian people in Salt Lake City, April 5th, 1896, said: "But I do mean the young man who is deep in his religious convictions, and who, in the presence of unbeliever and believer alike, modestly affirms his belief in Jesus Christ, and brings the principle of Jesus Christ into practice in every-day life." Who would find fault with this declaration if the terms are accepted in their commonly-received meaning? But what they mean to Mormons, will appear if we turn to his "A New Witness for God," page 465, where he says: "The Prophet Joseph Smith corrected the idea that God that now is was always God. We have imagined," said he, "and supposed that God was God from all eternity. I will refute that idea and take away the veil so that you can see. . . . God himself was one as we are now, and is an exalted man and sits enthroned in yonder heaven. This is the great secret." Again he says, page 461: "I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man, that is, his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a Mother, also. . . . Instead of the God-given power of procreation being one of the chief things that is to pass away, it is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in that great eternity, which like an endless vista stretches out before him! Through it man attains to the glory of an endless increase of eternal lives, and the right of presiding as priest and patriot, king and lord over his ever-increasing posterity. . . . Through that law, in connection with the observance of all the other laws of the Gospel, man will yet attain unto the power of the Godhead, and like his Father—God—his chief glory will be to bring to pass the eternal life and happiness of his posterity." With this man-god doctrine, teaching that Jesus is the God next to the Father, and is and has been building his kingdom with many wives, what becomes of the plausibility in Christian minds of the first quotation, so nearly sound if its terms are interpreted as is usual among our Christian believers! JOHN EATON.

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OORFA'S ORPHAN BAND.

The Parentless Children Crowding upon Miss Shattuck—Two Interesting Letters About the Rescue Work.



HEARING news comes to us of the progress of the rescue work among the orphans at Oorta. Miss Chambers, a missionary who has lately gone to that city, writes: "Miss Shattuck seems very tired, and I am very glad I could come. We have united schools with the Gregorians, and have fourteen departments in all, with more than one thousand children, and soon will have twenty teachers. We also will have fourteen Bible women at work, teaching women and grown girls to read. Many more wish to learn as soon as we can arrange with them to have a teacher. These teachers are newly-made widows, and support, or at least partially support, their families by this means. Beside the readers, there are five who hold little meetings and visit the sick. Those who pass a satisfactory examination in reading are allowed to enter a Bible class I conduct every Wednesday morning. Our Sunday School is very large, having sometimes as many as 1,100 children. I have a class of twenty-six large girls. We also have an industrial department, in which we employ a number of persons. I believe there are now one hundred and ten in all. Besides this, we have our orphan boys and girls. We are taking in new ones all the time. Every minute is filled up. There is scarcely time for anything to be thought about or talked over except the work on hand. We have no time to borrow trouble or worry about the future."

Miss Shattuck, writes of one branch of the work: "Our orphans in two homes now number 115; 55 boys are in our own home and the girls in two houses near us; all are healthy children, little suggesting, as one sees them at play, the sad scenes of one year ago. All but seven or eight are in school, and six older boys are learning the shoemaker's trade, working in turn, two by two, one set before school in the early morning, one after school before evening meal, and the other in the time most precious of all for lessons, the evening study time. They are quite enthusiastic in their work, as in their study also. A few are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and all have lost both father and mother. We have been obliged to enlarge our premises, and the new rooms are nearly ready for occupancy."

In another letter Miss Shattuck writes of expecting a number of additional orphans and of the special need of providing for them. She expresses the warmest gratitude for the help already rendered.

These glimpses of the very energetic work now going on at Oorta only serve to show how busy the workers are, toiling among the orphans and the helpless ones from day to day without cessation. They deserve the most cordial encouragement and support in their efforts.

The following contributions for the Armenian Relief work have been received during the week:

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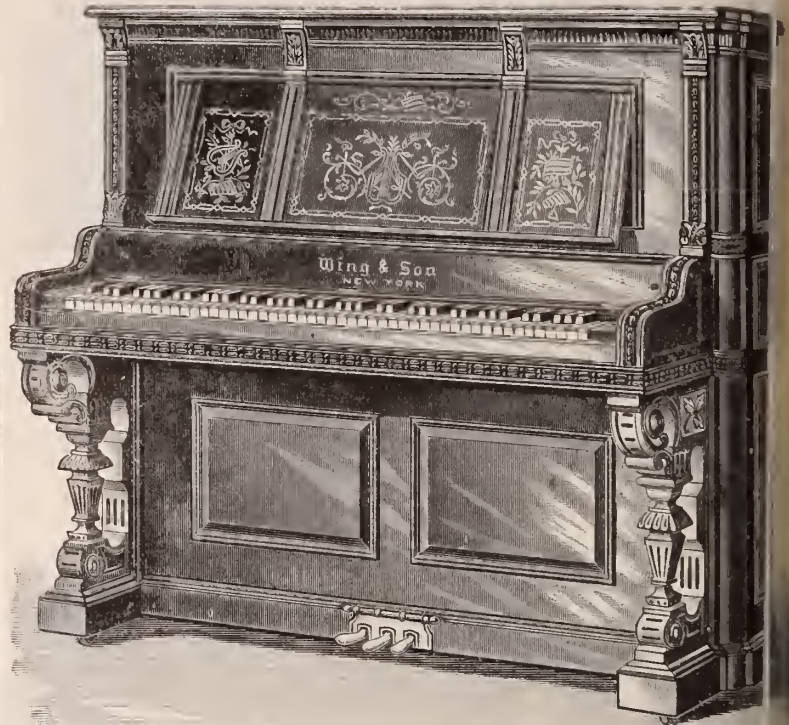
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M.C.A. Progress in India.

A letter published in a recent issue of (by whose courtesy we print the accompanying illustration), an interesting account is given of the proposed Y. M. C. A. building at Madras, the gift of Hon. W. Vanamaker. About two years ago, officers of the Y. M. C. A. while travel-



PROPOSED Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT MADRAS, INDIA.

In a crowded section of Madras known as blacktown, photographed a piece of ground then covered with old debris and ruins of long uninhabited houses. Within a few months that site was acquired by the Madras Association, and an appeal was made for funds. Mr. Vanamaker generously consented to give the whole amount needed for the superstructure—\$30,000. Other gifts, large and small, have been pledged, assuring a sufficient amount to cover the cost of furnishing the building when it is completed.

Requests for Prayer.

The Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 7, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion Reader, Clarendon, Tex., asks prayer for the conversion of two brothers. — "Grate Reader," for the conversion of two friends, one of whom has fallen under the power of an insidious drug may be desired. — J. T. A. Chambersburg, Pa., that a loved brother may give his heart to God. — M. St. Stephen, N. B., for the conversion of three young men. — "Wife and Mother," that her dear husband and son may be brought to Christ, and may be enabled to earn an honest livelihood. — "Distressed Mother," Burlington, Iowa, that five dear brothers might be brought to the Lord and find salvation. — Reader, T. B. C., for the conversion of two sisters and an only brother. — E. F. C., Elkader, Ia., that a whole family, mother, two brothers and a sister might seek and find salvation through Christ. — "Praying Mother," Jacksonville, Minn., for the conversion of a family, husband and five children, especially of one son, whose need of divine grace is very urgent. — M. G., Larimore, N. D., for the conversion of a husband and wife. — "Father," George, N. S. C., that a young man may give himself to the Lord. — W. L., Newark, O., that a son, who is in financial trouble, may realize his redemption of Christ, and may be led to seek first the kingdom of God. — "Anxious Wife," New York, for the conversion of her husband and father. — "A Wife and Daughter," that wife and daughter may cling closer to Christ and have the grace and patience needed. — M. M. H., Tupper Tract, W. Va., that a beloved son may be saved from his bondage to strong drink, and may be led to consecrate his life to God. — M. M., Fort Scott, Kans., for the conversion of husband and children. — "Troughful Wife," Va., for the conversion of her husband. — "Mother," East Pittsfield, Mass., that God would lead her son and his wife to give themselves to him. — A. M. H., Wallingford, Vt., that one who once knew the Lord, but has backslidden, may be brought back and renew his vows of consecration. — "Wife of the Lord," Fulkerson, Me., for the conversion of a son, a cousin, and two young men. — A. E. C., Thompson, O., for the conversion of her husband. — Sunday School teacher North Platte, N.Y., that the boys in her class may all be brought into the fold of Christ. — "Anxious Mother," that her children, sons and three daughters might give themselves to Christ. — "Anxious Mother," Anoka, Minn., that her only son, an unbeliever, living in sin, may turn from his evil ways and seek redemption. — "Waiting Wife," Solon, O., who has been praying thirteen years for the conversion of her husband, begs that Christ will come with her in presenting his case at the throne of Grace. — "Fond Mother," Clinton, N.Y., that her son may be made strong to resist the temptation to strong drink, and that he may give himself to Christ who is able to help him from falling, and that he may be able to pay his way honestly.

For the Restoration L. C. B., Louisville, Ky., asks prayer that God would heal a dear son who is very sick and in danger of con-

sumption. — Reader, Roxborough, for the recovery of a friend, a King's Daughter, who is threatened with blindness. — W. R. K., Jefferson, Mo., that she may be healed of a distressing affliction. — "Anxious Daughter," Frankford, Pa., that God, with whom all things are possible, would restore her beloved mother to health and would prosper an effort on the daughter's part to obtain work for the mother's support. — E. D., Farmer City, Ill., for the restoration to health of a dear son, who is very sick and that he might be led to Christ. — V. E., Stephens, that a friend may be healed. — V. E. Stephens, that a friend who is paralyzed may be healed. — D. E. L., Gresham, Neb., for the recovery of a grandfather who has been stricken with paralysis. — G. W. A., Markleysburg, Pa., that her mother may recover her former health and vigor. — R. C., Charleston, S. C., that a sick sister may be restored to health. — J. H. H., East Orange, N. J., for the restoration of hearing. — L. E. S., Plattville, Wis., that Christ would grant recovery and avert the necessity for a dreaded operation. — C. L. S., Mt. Vernon, Wash., that she and her daughter may regain their health that they may be able to support themselves. — "Anxious Mother," Cape Vincent, N. Y., that a sick daughter may be healed by the power of the Great Physician. — L. A. B., Fairmont, Ind., that an aged infirm Christian woman may be spared recurrent attacks of severe pain. — The following persons afflicted with various maladies ask prayer that the Lord would heal them: H. L. D., Newark, Del.; Lizzie S., Bakersville, Pa.; Subscriber, Mill Village, Pa.; M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. S., Richmond, Miss.

For Special Blessings. B., Emporia, Kans., asks prayer that her husband may succeed in finding the employment he needs and be enabled to have his family with him and support them. — J. J. S., Slater, Mo., that a worthy family may be enabled to get a home and earn an honest living. — "Distressed Father," Brooklyn, N. Y., that God in his great mercy would enable his son to obtain employment at some place away from New York, where he would be removed from the temptations which overcome him in the great city. — M. P., Randolph, N. C., that a husband and wife who are very unhappy, may be reconciled and may be enabled to live peacefully in mutual love and confidence. — Reader, Montclair, N. J., that he may secure employment so as to be able to maintain his family. — Reader, Central, Pa., that a widow and her daughter may be enabled to collect from the executors of an estate the money that is due them. — S. C. B., Saunsville, Va., a widow who has great difficulty in supporting her young family and is unable to raise a small sum needed to take advantage of an offer of help, asks prayer that God would open the way before her. — "Troubled Child," Brooklyn, N. Y., that she may find out the cause of her spiritual darkness and learn what her duty is as to a promise made to God years ago, but not kept. — "Perplexed," New York, who is suffering misery through falling into sin about a year ago, and is unable to shake off a wrong connection, asks prayer that in some way God would remove from the neighborhood the tempter who holds him to his sin and that God in his mercy would forgive him. — E. C. V., Garden Grove, Cal., that the Lord would hear the many prayers being offered for a small country church and answer them by giving the church peace and power. — "Pastor," Athens, Tex., that God would give him the grace of consecration and revive the church under his charge and bring in many souls into the kingdom. — "Believer," Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that a young lady who is dejected over a great grief may learn how Christ comforts those who trust in him and may regain her wonted cheerfulness. — Y. E. H., Liberty, Mo., whose misconduct caused his wife and daughter to leave him, asks prayer that God would show them how sincerely he has repented, and lead them to forgive him as God has forgiven him and that they may return to the home they left a year ago. — W. H. B., Piedmont, Wyo., that God would interpose to save a child from evil companions and would prevent her falling into grievous sin. — Parents, Boston, Mass., that their son, an Evangelical minister, may be kept from worldliness, and that his wife may cease to be the cause of his inconsistencies.

Many other requests were received and were presented at the prayer meeting, which we have not space to publish.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Johnson & Stokes Garden and Farm Manual for 1897; an illustrated, practical, up-to-date catalogue and guide; pp. 70; published at 27 and 219 Market Street, Philadelphia.

F. B. Mills Catalogue of Seeds, Bulbs and Plants for 1897; a useful 34 pp. list of all that the agriculturalist needs. Illustrated; published by F. B. Mills at Rose Hill, N. Y.

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SAPOLIO



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Diaz—The Apostle of Cuba.

ONE of the most heroic personalities that has come to the front in connection with the Cuban insurrection against Spain, is Diaz, the devoted Baptist minister, who by his unflagging energy, marvelous self-sacrifice and splendor as a preacher, has gathered about him in the city of Havana a church



DR. ALBERTO J. DIAZ.

nearly twenty-five hundred members, and a congregation of eight thousand souls. Six years ago, in Clarendon street Baptist Church, Boston, he told a very interesting story of his conversion and the development of his work as a minister.

When he was converted he immediately commenced his labors in his own family. They were astonished and troubled to hear him talking of Christ, the Bible, and salvation, and were greatly opposed to it, his father refusing to listen to him. Every member of the family was against him, with the exception of a little four-year-old sister who, after hearing of Christ, said: "I like that man, and will love him." His father was a Catholic, and very bitter against what he said. She called him a heretic, a heretic, a Jew. "She said 'I will not speak to you if you do not come back to the church and the religion I taught you.' He tried to tell her about Christ and his word, but she would not listen to him: all she would say was: 'If you are my son and love me, you will leave that religion and come back to the Catholic Church.' She knew very well that he loved her, and what she said troubled him very much. They lived in the same house for months without her speaking to him. He trusted in the Lord, however, and prayed constantly for her conversion. At the end of that time he was very much surprised to see her come in one evening and take a seat in the meeting. Her presence disturbed him, as he thought she had come to reprove him before the people. In mastering his feelings, he preached his usual sermon and then gave the invitation to those who wished to become members to stand up. His mother was one of the four who arose. Now he thought she was going to speak to him. Three of the people stood on his right side, and his mother was on the left side. Not knowing what she was going to do, he turned back to her and began to examine her over three, thinking she would think better of what she was about to do, and go away. She was intensely engaged with the other persons whom he was examining, when one of the people said:

"Well, mother, what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Diaz, there is your mother standing over there; why don't you speak to her?"

Turning to her, he said:

"Alberto," said she, "don't you want me in your church?"

"Yes, mother, we want you if you are ready to receive the Lord Jesus Christ:

but how is it that you have changed?" he asked in great surprise.

"Through the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have found in your Bible," she answered.

Then she stood up and told the people of the trouble they had had, how she had not spoken to her son for so long a time, but when she had read her Bible and found the way to salvation she could no longer resist coming and joining them.

Diaz says: "When my mother was in my own hands and I was about to immerse her, all the words that my tongue would give utterance to were, 'Lord Jesus, this is my mother: have mercy.'"

After his mother came to the light, his greatest anxiety was for the conversion of his father. He was a man of science who, immersed in his scientific studies, thought, like many others, that religion was something good enough for women and children, but nothing for a man to have anything to do with. The son approached him one day with the Bible and said:

"Father, don't you want to read this book?"

"No," said he, "that book is too old. I want something new."

One day, talking with his mother about it, she asked:

"Do you think, Alberto, that if father reads the Bible he will be converted?"

"Yes," said the young preacher: "if we can only get him to read the Bible he will soon be converted."

"Then I will make him read the Bible," she exclaimed.

So in about three or four days, when Sunday came, she went to him, putting on her gloves, and making him believe she was in a great hurry, said:

"Father, won't you please read those three or four verses for me? I am in a great hurry, and I want to know my lesson before I go to Sunday School."

The old scientist was very devoted to his wife, and so he took her Bible and read the verses she had pointed out to him. Under various pretenses she kept him reading the Bible for her. Early one morning, a little while later, young Diaz awoke, and seeing a light in the next room, thought some one was sick, and going to see what was the matter, he was so surprised at what he saw that he could not speak. There sat his father, reading the Bible at four o'clock in the morning. He said to him:

"Father, what have you been doing here?"

"Oh, I have been reading this book," he answered: "what time is it?"

"Four o'clock," the young man answered.

"Four o'clock! No!" he said, "it cannot be more than eleven."

But the surprised and delighted son told him it was really four o'clock, and asked how he liked the book.

"I like this book," said the old man, "and will go with you next Sunday."

He went to the church on the following Sunday, was happily converted to Christ, and entered upon a joyous Christian life.

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Mr. J. E. Du Bois,

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A RECEPTION DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE—THE CROWD OF CARRIAGES AT THE ENTRANCE. (See Page 163.)



Questions and Answers.

THE MAIL-BAG is this week honored with an official communication from the Chief of the Weather Bureau which, as it will be found interesting to all our readers, we give in full:

U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Weather Bureau, WASHINGTON, D. C., February 17, 1897.

The Christian Herald. In reply to the question submitted to you by William Dixon, 108 Scollard street, Toronto, Can., asking on what part of the globe New Year's day first commences, I beg to reply that, by common consent of European nations, the dates of our civil days begin at midnight on the 18th meridian, opposite to that of Greenwich, which passes through Eastern Siberia and the Pacific Ocean. When vessels cross this meridian they necessarily change the date. It is understood that on some of the islands, the 18th meridian is not strictly adhered to, depending in part upon their convenience in commercial transactions with neighboring islands, and in part upon ancient customs, before the adoption of the 18th meridian. Strictly speaking, New Year's day begins simultaneously at all points on the 18th meridian at midnight, but for convenience, as just mentioned, such localities as Chatham Island (West longitude 176), the Samoan Islands (W. 170), and the Russian stations in Siberia (East Cape, 170 W.), anticipate so as to have the same date with Europe and Asia; the Aleutian Islands west of the 18th meridian use the Russian date which is old style reckoning, or twelve days later than the European; the islands east of the 18th meridian use new style and the American dates in business transactions, but old style and Russian dates in the Russian Church ceremonies; formerly the whole of Alaska kept the same date as Russia, at that time, therefore, the Russian New Year's day began first at the southern end of Alaska and spread westward over Siberia and Russia.

These customs as to dates are liable to change at any time, but, to the best of my belief, at present New Year's day, and, of course, every other day, first begins at Chatham Island and the Samoan Islands and advances thence westward around the globe. WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief of Bureau.

Chief Moore has the thanks of our readers for elucidating this very intricate and puzzling problem.

N. M. W. McKenzie, Tenn. 1. Is it right for one who believes in divine healing and has had prayer offered for him, to use a well-recommended remedy? 2. Is ——— a reliable remedy?

1. We suppose he would be censured for taking medicine by the teachers of divine healing, if he had ventured himself by faith on the divine power. But he might quote Ezekiel's example as a precedent. Ezekiel was assured that God would heal him (Ez. Kings 20: 5), but the promise did not keep him from applying the poultice of figs which Isaiah recommended. 2. We know nothing of the remedy you mention. Better ask a doctor.

Earnest Student, Waukon, Ia. Should you think the wrong-doing of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15: 11-32) included such sins as those mentioned in Proverbs 7? If so, could they have been so easily forgiven?

We think that so good a father as he whom Christ described, would have forgiven his son when he came back penitent, even if he had been guilty of those sins. God will forgive them when the sinner repents and renounces them and pleads for pardon through Christ. That they are so often fatal is due to the fact that they have a benumbing influence and the victim has seldom an inclination to return. If he did return and honestly seek pardon, he would be greeted with the words Christ used to such a sinner: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Troubled Husband, Middletown, N. Y. What ought a man to do whose wife tells him that all her love is given to another man, and that only her marriage vow holds her faithful? Ought he to set her free by a divorce, so that she might marry the man she loves, if he is willing to get a divorce also, and marry her?

We think the course suggested the very worst he can take. It involves the breaking up of another home. We would earnestly advise him to set himself strenuously to work to win his wife's love. It may be a long and difficult undertaking under the circumstances, but we believe it may be done and it is worth doing. In the year to come, if he succeeds, as he is sure to do if he gives his mind to it, she will thank him with all her heart for having saved her from herself. The husband has many advantages in his favor, and if he woos his wife with the patience and persistence and untiring affection that he would employ as a lover, he will win her. It is probably only a transient fancy on her part, of which in her heart she is ashamed. There are few women who can resist the earnest, patient, devoted

effort of a man to win their love, and when the effort is made by a husband who has so many opportunities of showing her kindness and affection, it must succeed. It is worth the doing for her sake as well as his own. We know of a similar case in which the success has been very marked.

Inquirer, Salem, Ore. 1. When Job's wife advised him to curse God and die, did she mean that death would be the punishment of cursing God? 2. What are the best means of eradicating scepticism from the heart?

1. She was impatient with her husband's submissive spirit. She had the spirit that Satan falsely imputed to Job—the spirit of serving God just so long as and no longer than it paid to do so. The Revised Version translates the words, "Renounce God," which convey the meaning more clearly. It is that he is foolish to trust in a God who does not protect him, and he had better abandon his trust even if death followed. 2. Prayer and some active Christian work. You will find your doubts

threatened against the ungodly? Or is it to be delivered from the power of sin? Or is it that you want to live a pure, useful, helpful life? Whatever your motive may be, your first step is to take your friend's advice: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Ask him to take charge of your life and earnestly seek, looking to him continually for help, to lead a sinless life and one of helpfulness to all around you. It may be in your case, as it often is in those piously reared, that the change may be gradual, but it is not the less real.

J. B. F., River Junction, Fla. Who taught the first school in America and at what place?

This cannot be definitely answered. The earliest public schools were established by the citizens of towns. They were opened in Rhode Island in 1638, Massachusetts and Connecticut, notably in Boston, Dorchester, Salem, Hartford and New Haven about 1640-42. Among the earliest teachers were Thomas Hooker (at New Haven), Joshua Atwater and William Davis. Virginia had schools as early as 1618. New Amsterdam's first school was opened in 1633. There were doubtless many schools opened earlier, however, of which no record has been preserved.

Mrs. T. B., Rising Sun, Ind. 1. How many people are in the Chinese Empire? 2. What results followed the wars of 1840 and 1861? 3. What is the significance of the plaited queue? 4. What are Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism? 5. When did the Roman Catholics enter China and what has been the result of their work? 6. Who was the first Protestant missionary to China?

1. It is variously estimated at between 350,000,000 and 420,000,000. 2. The first opened five Chinese ports to European and American Christians; the second aided in bringing about a dynastic change and in still further

Besides, such advertising, being usually sorted to almost exclusively by adventure would be liable to bring the advertiser in contact with a very undesirable class of people.

Jas. R., Dayton, O. What proportion of the fun contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Armenia, India, and similar causes, is consumed in expenses?

None whatever. Every dollar contributed through this paper reaches its ultimate destination in full. All expenses in connection with the various charities, such as cablegram transportation, correspondence and even personal services of messengers and others, borne by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which undertakes, absolutely without charge, to ward such moneys to the beneficiaries.

Subscriber, Amboy, O., writes:

In the editorial column of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 10 is a short piece of mercy for convicts. I would like to say that I testify to the truth of what the editor says, know by actual experience, but I believe that a man is released from prison, if he will show his actions and manners of life that he desires live an honest and upright life, he will find people will meet him half-way, and he will find more friends as time goes on. When I came out of prison it seemed to me that everybody was doing all they could to send me back again. I was slighted and snubbed and insulted in different ways, but after awhile there came a change. Some of my worst enemies became my best friends, not only live a honest life, but a Christian life; and now till one of the highest offices in our church.

B. F. S., Kingwood, Pa. Please give the story "The Wandering Jew."

It is a tradition which is found in several countries, and it has many variants. According to the early Christian writer, Mathias Parisius (who had the story from an Armenian bishop), the Jew was Cartaphilus, aged the doorkeeper of Pilate's palace. He was mocked at Jesus as he was being dragged out of the palace, and he tauntingly, "Go on! go faster! My dost thou linger?" Jesus turned and rebuked him, saying, "I am going, but thou shalt remain waiting till I return. Cartaphilus, the legend says, afterward became a Christian, and was baptized. Whenever he reaches his hundredth year he swoons, and on recovery, finds himself at the same age at which the Lord pronounced his punishment. Another version gives his name as Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem, and declares that he has appeared repeatedly in different European cities. This version affirms that the man struck the Saviour while he later leaned against his porch to rest. This fanciful tradition has become the theme of many writers, and the subject of poem, epic, drama and novel.

R. M. C., Viola Centre, Ia. Where did the custom begin of giving the title D.D. to ministers of the Gospel?

The title "Doctor" was used very early period as indicating a teacher of Christian doctrine. "Doctor of the Church" was the title applied to Athanasius, Basil, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, and also to Gregory the Great. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries many learned churchmen were thus termed. The academic degree of "Doctor" originated in the University of Paris followed that of the University of England in 1207. In England and the United States it is conferred as D.D. (Doctor Divinitatis); in certain other lands the older form of title, D. T. (Doctor Theologiae) is retained. In English-speaking countries it is now very often conferred as an honorary degree without examination upon men who have distinguished themselves as teachers of Christianity by voice or pen, but in a few theological universities the academic degree is still given upon examination to students of proper standing.

Many Readers. No Armenian women or children are now coming to this country, consequently female help can be sent to those readers kindly offer to hire such help.—W. D. F., town, Pa. 1. We will endeavor to do so, means that they are interjected to make sense are not in the original.—Subscriber, Osage. We believe there is no regular mail route.—1. Santa Anna, Cal. The first century counted to 100, the nineteenth from 1800 to 1900.—Subscriber, Davenport, Ia. 1. It is an offence against the United States revenue laws, punishable by imprisonment or both. 2. Card playing is condemned because it leads to bad associations and gambling. It has ruined thousands and helped one.—M. R. W., Bivalve. 1. Write P. Main, Biglow & Main, music sellers, Street, New York. 2. It is possible, but we cannot penetrate the plans and purposes of the Government. 3. Corsten, L. and Friend, Savage, Neb. 4. Still receiving and forwarding contributions Armenia.—Interrogo, Killeen, Tex. We know it.—Mrs. M. C., Louisiana, is requesting to send her address to Mrs. C. G., Winthrop, Haverford Ave., W. Philadelphia.—Subscriber, Pa. On receipt of \$1 we will send you a book.—M. A. P., Canada. We cannot remove.—Reader, Holland, Mich. Temporary permanent expulsion is a punishment that is in the hands of the principal only.—U. P., Campbell, Cal. They are simply ancient words, spelling which, out of reverence for the Lord, never been changed.—Inquirer, Newport, Tenn. Answered recently in THE MAIL-BAG.—J. T., Smithwood, Tenn. Write to America Union, Philadelphia.—F. P. K., Doyle. Unfortunately, they have.



CATTLEMEN IN A NEW MEXICO CANYON.

These riders (somewhat different from the old-fashioned cow-boy—a type now fast disappearing), are employees of one of the great cattle-raising companies of the Southwest. Their duties take them over a very wide territory. Our photographer has encountered this party in a canyon that has in some former age been the home of Pueblo tribes, the remains of whose dwellings are still visible amid the rocky surroundings. Their descendants are found scattered through the Southwest.

vanish when you see how Christ helps men to better lives.

"Young Wife." I am anxious to become a Christian, but am confused by the answers I receive. One friend tells me I must live a sinless life, and I know that is impossible for me. Another says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," but I have believed on him from childhood, having been piously reared, yet I know I am not a Christian. What ought I to do?

Why do you wish to become a Christian? It is a life of self-denial and cross-bearing. Perhaps if you ask yourself honestly and seriously what your object is in wishing to become a Christian, you may get some light on your problem. You say you have believed on Christ from your childhood, but there are many ways of believing, and you may have confused them. A belief in the mere fact of Christ having lived, as described in the Gospel, is not the kind of belief prescribed in your friend's Scriptural answer. If you were in a burning house and someone told you to sit still and he would come and save you, and while you waited—the flames coming nearer and nearer—another person came and urged you to jump from the window as your only chance of escaping being burned to death, could you sit still, depending on your friend keeping his promise to save you? That would depend on whether you believed in your friend. Now return to the first question, Why do you wish to be a Christian? Is it to escape the punishment

opening up the country to Western influence. 3. It is said to have originally been a degradation imposed upon the nation by its conquerors. 4. Confucianism is a system of morals; Buddhism, the religion of Fo or Buddha introduced from India about A. D. 65, and Taoism is spirit worship or belief in spirits controlling the destiny. 5. They began in the thirteenth century and were expelled in 1734, but afterward restored and have now probably between 300,000 and 400,000 adherents. 6. Rev. Robert Morrison at Canton.

S. E. D., Siloam, Miss. Who is the "man of sin" referred to in Thessalonians 2: 3?

Expositors of prophecy believe that human wickedness will culminate in the last days of this dispensation in the elevation to supreme power of some crafty potentate who will persecute Christ's people and will be an incarnation of the evil one. This monster of iniquity will be destroyed at Christ's coming (See II. Thess. 2: 8).

W. E. G., Britton, S. D. 1. Where can I get a book giving the history of all the religions? 2. Is it right for a Christian man to advertise for a wife?

1. The World's Religions, published by the Christian Literature Co., Chicago, will supply what you need. 2. It is not necessarily sinful but is considered vulgar and in bad taste. No self-respecting man or woman would degrade marriage to the level of a business bargain.

OUR HISTORIC WHITE HOUSE.

Washington's Brilliant Social Life—The Inauguration Festivities and the Winter Round of Receptions—"The Mistress of the White House."

INAUGURATION Day is always a red-letter occasion at the National Capitol. Washington is never so crowded as during the first week in March in those years that usher in a new administration. A society, which has been all a-flutter for a month or more, is then prepared to pour out its gayest moods to do honor to the new Executive and the lady who, for the first time, is to be known as the Mistress of the White House. The preparations for the inauguration of President-elect McKinley have been completed, and the incoming administration will be inaugurated into office with the same imposing ceremonies that have attended every inauguration in the past. This year the inauguration programme will be substantially as follows: the President-elect and Vice-President-elect are escorted to the State Chamber about 10 A. M., where the oath of office is administered and the inaugural address is delivered. The President then proceeds to the White House. At a quarter of one hour he is escorted to review the great parade under the command of General Porter. After the military part of the programme has been carried out, the great Washington world—Cabinet Officers, Senators, and Representatives, the diplomats and the leaders in army and naval circles, together with their wives and daughters, a host of other people—will unite as usual at every inauguration in a general celebration of the day, one of the leading events being the brilliant evening assembly and reception at the White House.

The social functions of the White House are clearly defined by long usage. Aside from the New Year's reception, when the doors of the Executive Mansion are thrown open to the public, the President gives each winter three evening card receptions, one evening public reception, and three state dinners. The first state dinner each year is given to the Cabinet, the second to the Diplomatic Corps, and the third to the United States Supreme Court. The first card reception is given in honor of the Diplomatic Corps, the second in honor of Congress and the judiciary, and the third to meet the officers of the Army and Navy and the Marine Corps. The invitations for the evening receptions are

issued to prominent citizens, and personal friends of the President. Only one card is issued for the three receptions. These invitation cards are manufactured especially for the White House, and bear in gilt the "E. Pluribus Unum" of the United States. The form of the invitation varies but little year after year.

Elaborate preparations are made for these receptions. The historic White House is always appropriately decorated with a profusion of plants and flowers. The Blue Room, where the receiving party stand, presents a picturesque appearance. The doors and windows are draped with garlands of smilax. In the recesses of the three deep windows are grouped tall, arching palms, among which cluster scarlet flowers. The mantels are banked with white and scarlet blossoms. The circular divan which has occupied the centre of this room for so many years, is frequently adorned with a tall

Though these White House receptions more nearly approach the court drawing-rooms of European countries, they are American to the core, and despite the effort to make them dignified affairs they are not without phases that verge on the humorous. It has been understood that the rush could be avoided by coming early; but as now the many aim to be early, they crowd the inner corridor long before the appointed time. About fifty policemen are detailed for duty at the White House and grounds. Officers or detectives in citizen's clothes are stationed in the conservatory and other parts of the building. The Marine Band, in bright red uniforms, occupy seats in the entrance corridor on all state occasions. Promptly at nine o'clock the band begins, and the President and his wife come down the private stairway and pass into the Blue Room followed by the Vice-President and wife, and the Cabinet Officers and their ladies. The President stands at the head of the line, his wife at his right hand. The wife of the Vice-President and the ladies of the Cabinet in the order of their husbands' official position.

From nine o'clock until twelve on the evening of the reception, the White House grounds present an animated scene, as shown in the illustration on the first page of this issue. The guests arriving in carriages drive through the eastern gate of the grounds. Frequently, on these occasions, there is a crush of carriages, and the line extends from the gate to Pennsylvania Avenue. Indeed, it is sometimes so dense that considerable time is consumed in

different directions converge near the door of the Red Room, which renders the crowd here something rather formidable.



MRS. MCKINLEY.
THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

As guests enter, they form in a single line for presentation to the President and the ladies of the receiving party.

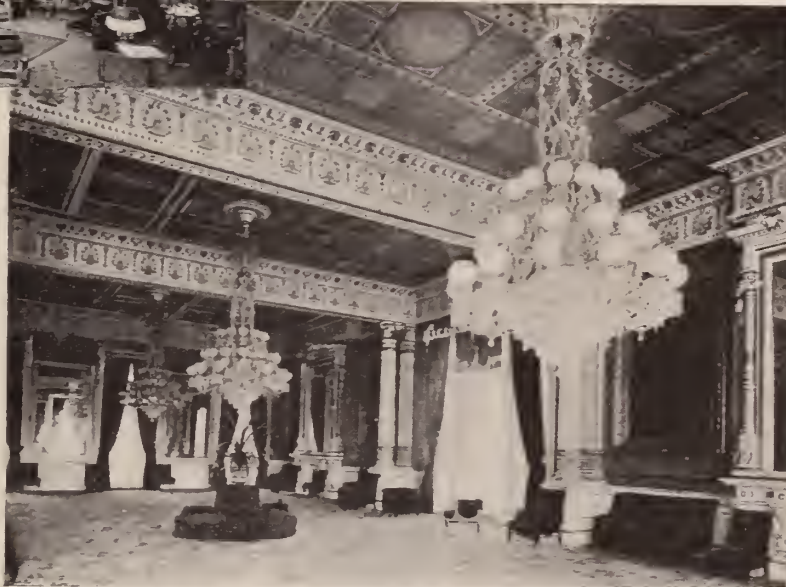
At the entrance of the Blue Room, the name of each guest is given to the official who makes the presentation to the President who then repeats the name as he takes the hand of the guest. The President's wife also shakes hands with each, as she also repeats the name, or if this repetition be fatiguing she kindly bows a welcome to all. The other ladies of the receiving party may shake hands part of the evening and stop when they become tired. Behind the receiving party in the Blue Room are congregated a number of ladies specially invited to assist in entertaining, and usually the Cabinet Officers are there also during the hours of reception.

Not only is the White House inadequate to accommodate the guests who throng it each winter, but as an executive residence it is unsatisfactory. The family really live in the second story, and which they can only occupy a little over half, as the other half is almost wholly devoted to public officers. The President's household has about nine living rooms upstairs. The largest and most pleasant of these is the library, a beautiful oval room, which serves as the family sitting-room. The room next to this, which was formally a bedroom, is used as a play-room for the little Cleveland children. In recent winters it has been converted into a school-room and furnished with tiny seats. Besides Ruth and Esther Cleveland, eight or ten little children attended this school, including President Garfield's little granddaughter. They were taught by a young lady from New York city. To make more room for the family of the President the upper corridor is partitioned off with curtains and furnished tastefully as a reception room or sitting-room.

Our photographs, procured expressly for this article, will be found especially interesting at the present inauguration season. All the rooms have a historic interest, perhaps none more so than the quaint old fashioned kitchen shown in one of the illustrations.



THE "RED ROOM."



THE "EAST ROOM" — THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

bouquet of fine white camellias and hyacinth blossoms, forming a most attractive picture. Above this the crystal chandelier sparkles through a veil of flowers and garlands of smilax. The Red Room and Green Room are fragrant with the perfume of many plants whose varied colors contrast well with the green of the palms that fill the corners.

The great East Room, the largest of the state parlors, is decorated in harmony with its majestic proportions. Before the triple window are towering palms reaching to the ceiling, while about their base are grouped smaller plants and foliage plants. The mantels are banked with scarlet and white flowers. Brilliant electric lightings add to the general effectiveness of the scene. The guests usually appear in full evening dress, the ladies wearing elegant evening toilets.

At all the diplomatic receptions, the members of the Diplomatic Corps appear in the court-dress of their respective countries, and at the Army and Navy reception the officers appear in full uniform. The New Year's receptions are especially brilliant, as both the Diplomatic Corps and the Army and Navy officers all appear in their distinct paraphernalia.

driving this short distance: you may have to wait half an hour before you can enter the gate, where two or three policemen stand. From here the line of carriages proceed slowly through the circular driveway and at last arrive at the *porte-cochere*. Here there are more policemen and a footman who opens the carriage door. The walking contingent, especially if the weather be pleasant, is always large, and the portico is crowded with people who are endeavoring to make their way to the door. The concourse of people here is so dense that progress is slow, but finally you are able to press through the door, which is guarded by policemen and White House employees, and join the throng within the corridor, that is even more compact than that outside. The next feat is to attain the cloak-room. The gentlemen's coats are checked in a room west of the corridor, and the state dining-room on these occasions is converted into a dressing-room for ladies, and provided with a dressing-case, looking-glasses, etc. When wraps are disposed of the guests proceed to the Red Room—the goal all are striving for. Several lines of people coming from dif-



THE OLD-FASHIONED WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN.

usually issued in January, and include all official list, the Diplomatic Corps, Senators, Representatives, and the ladies of their families, officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps residing in Washington, members of the press whose names appear in the Congressional Record, and who are entitled to admission to the press gallery of the Capitol, distinguished visi-



THE STATE DINING-ROOM.



WINGS OF SERAPHIM.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., { With twain he covered his face, and with
 on the Text: Isaiah 6: 2 : . . . } twain he covered his feet, and with twain
 he did fly.



In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient Temple: building grand, awful, majestic. Within that Temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first autumn, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The highest angels of God are so far beneath God that he chides them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be placed in our lives, utter and complete. Our feet how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many mistakes they have taken. Our feet, how many paths of worldliness, and how they have walked

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou testest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William Von Kysom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and till it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morris' beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverence. "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes

in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy. Reverence for sham, reverence for old merely because it is old, reverence stupidity however learned, reverence incapacity however finely inaugurated have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the of the master oratorios. You see it in Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandas. You study it in the architecture of Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke at death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look abashed upon him. Involuntarily wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer by the name Strasicrates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his majesty the emperor, the enormous figure to in the left hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while with the right hand it to hold a basin large enough to collect the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but for the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King is in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while he has the stars heaven for his tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I. to Henry II. and III., from Charles I. to Charles II., from Louis I. to Louis II. and Louis III., from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which he sees everything: His omniscience. He has one bridge with which he crosses everything: His omnipresence. He has one hammer with which he builds everything: His omnipotence. Put two tablespoons of water in the palm of your hand; it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Arctic and the Antarctic and the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. He holdeth it in the hollow of his hand.

As you take a pinch of salt or pile between your thumb and two fingers, Isaiah indicates God takes up the world. He measures the dust of the earth to the original there indicating that God sees all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You raise around your hand a blue ribbon five or ten times. You say it is five hand-breads or it is ten hand-breads. So indicate the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meted out the heavens with a span." You see that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that what vast heft has been weighed. What are all the balances of earthly measurement compared with the balanced scales Isaiah saw suspended when he saw putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the world had to be ballasted. It would not have too much weight in Europe, too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God weighs the weight of the great ranges that the continents, the tons, the pounds, the dupois, the ounces, the grains, the grammes—just how much they weigh, then, and just how much they weigh. "He weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against, oh, what a God to dishonor, oh, what

to defy! The brightest, the mightiest
angel takes no familiarity with God. The
wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain
he covered the face."
another seraphic posture in the text.
The seraph must not always stand still. He
must move, and it must be without clum-
biness. There must be celerity and beauty
in the movement. "With twain he did
fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction
of our slow gait, for we only crawl in the
service when we ought to fly at the divine
bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the
angel has wings as the seraphs have wings.
What is a wing? An instrument of loco-
motion. They may not be like seraph's
wings, they may not be like bird's wing,
but the soul has wings. Aye! I have it
now. Caged within bars of bone and
flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Sea-
gull's poem which we sometimes sing:
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.
I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander
Pope's stanza, where he says:
I mount, I fly,
O Death where is thy victory?
A dying Christian not long ago cried
out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is
filled with them, coming and going, coming and
going. You have seen how the dull, slug-
gish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly;
the dull and the stupid and the lethargic
transformed into the alert and the beautiful.
All my friends, in this world we are in
the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the
wings. Oh, if we could only realize what
a thing it will be to get rid of this
encumbering clod of the body and mount
the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor alba-
tron nor falcon, nor condor pitching from
the highest range of Andes so buoyant or so
majestic of stroke.
See that eagle in the mountain nest. It
looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so
worn-out and so half asleep. Is that eagle
dying? No. The ornithologist will tell
you it is the moulting season with that
bird. Not dying, but moulting. You
see that Christian sick and weary and
worn-out and seeming about to expire on
what is called his death-bed. The world
says he is dying. I say it is the moulting
season for his soul—the body dropping
away, the celestial pinions coming on.
Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of
weakness and sin and struggle into glory
and into God. Why do you not shout?
Why do you sit shivering at the thought
of death and trying to hold back and
wishing you could stay here forever, and
speak of departure as though the subject
were filled with skeletons and the varnish
of coffins, and as though you preferred
the foot to swift wing?
O people of God, let us stop playing the
safe and prepare for rapturous flight.
When your soul stands on the verge of
this life, and there are vast precipices be-
neath, and sapphired domes above, which
will you fly? Will you swoop or will
you soar? Will you fly downward or will
you fly upward? Everything on the wing
this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit
on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant
on the wing. Time on the wing, flying
away from us. Eternity on the wing, fly-
ing toward us. Wings, wings, wings!
Live so near to Christ that when you
are dead, people standing by your lifeless
body will not soliloquize, saying: "What
a disappointment life was to him; how
averse he was to departure; what a pity
that he had to die; what an awful
 calamity." Rather standing there may
they see a sign more vivid on your still
face than the vestiges of pain, something
that will indicate that it was a happy exit
and the clearance from oppressive quaran-
tine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting
of the faded and the useless, and the
emergent from malarial valleys to bright,
winning mountain tops, and be led to say,
they stand there contemplating your
military and your reverence in life, and
your happiness in death: "With twain he
covered the face, with twain he covered
his face with twain he did fly." Wings!
Wings!

MR. McKINLEY'S HOME CHURCH.

The President-Elect an Earnest Member of The First M. E. Church of
Canton, O.—The Story of a Progressive Western Pastorate.



It is fortunate for our
Union, and augurs well
for the permanency of its
institutions and the up-
right administration of
its affairs, that the men
who have been at the
helm of the ship of State
have uniformly been men of high principle
and deep convictions, and who have been
more or less actively associated with the
church and its work. Such a man is the



REV. C. E. MANCHESTER.

incoming Executive, who for many years
has been a member of the First M. E.
Church of his home town of Canton, O.

The First M. E. Church of Canton is a
fine, massive stone structure and stands
upon the corner of West Tuscarawas
street and South Cleveland avenue, in the
business part of the city, near the court
house and city buildings. The structure
was dedicated by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss,
September 23d, 1883. At the time, Rev.

the honored Mother McKinley, now eighty-
eight years of age, with other members of
the family and friends.
During all the busy
campaign, Mr. McKinley
has been a regular atten-
dant upon religious ser-
vices on Sabbath morn-
ings. Nor has he failed
to bring his distinguished
guests with him. Thou-
sands of strangers have
visited the church on
week days, and relic
hunters have carried
away not only the pew
numbers, but all the but-
tons from the cushions
as well.

Mr. McKinley was Su-
perintendent of the Sun-
day School early in the
seventies, and has been,
and is now, a member of
its Board of Trustees, to which position he
was elected by the congregation.

There are three other M. E. Churches
in the city, all growths from the mother
church, which has a membership of 1,300
souls. The present pastor is Rev. C. E.
Manchester, D.D. He was born in Litch-
field County, village of Colebrook River,
Ct., September 30, 1844, and was therefore
fifty-two years of age at his last birthday.
It is an interesting fact that Dr. Man-
chester gave three years of service in the
23d O. V. I., the same regiment which
gave R. B. Hayes and William McKinley
to the nation as presidents. Both President-
elect and pastor enjoy the pleasantest re-
lations, and an agreeable intimacy has ex-
isted between them many years.

Blessedness of Missionaries.

Suggestions on the Epworth League

—Topic for the Week Beginning

March 14, Isa. 52 : 7-10.

OF all men who at the close of life
look back over their labors and
pass judgment upon them, the mis-
sionary who has given his years to
the task of telling some barbarous people
the truths of Christianity seems the most

alien to him in everything but common
humanity, and to do this without the pros-
pect of reward—what grander thing can
any man do? It is true that men will do
this for office, or for commerce, or for con-
quest, but with them there is a distinct
object in view, for which they pay the



INTERIOR OF FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CANTON, O.

price and receive the stipulated reward;
but with the missionary—his rewards go
to others. The people whom he serves
benefit by his labors, and he is content
that it should be so. Like the candle that
perishes in giving light, his life is con-
sumed in his service. He braves dangers
of climate, dangers of hostility, and
dangers of travel that he may open blind
eyes and point men to God. He goes to
show them that their blind gropings after
truth and the sacrifices and self-mortifica-
tions by which they hope to propitiate the
unknown God are useless and wrong;
that their homage is due to One who
loves them with an unutterable love, and
to teach them to pray to Our Father who
is in heaven. It is a glorious message to
carry—one to thrill their hearts. How the
career of the man who labors for money
or for fame fades into sordid nothingness
when compared with the joy of carrying
such a message to those who have never
heard it. The man who has had that joy
may say with the first Christian mission-
ary, whose labors and sufferings were
manifold, "I have fought a good fight."

Why Christ is Precious.

Suggestions on the B. Y. P. U. Topic
for March 14. Eph. 2: 1-10.

WHY is Christ precious? The ques-
tion of the Topic needs a volume
for its answer. The beginning
of all life was inspired by him, and every
step of progress along the path of Chris-
tian progress is in his strength. By his
power we begin to live, and by his power
we continue to this day. He called us to
arise out of the mire of animalism, and he
has walked beside us encouraging and
helping us as we falteringly climbed the
heights whose tops reach to the heavenly
land. Looking at the lives of those who
do not know him, realizing how like we
are to them, yet how different we are, we
may form some poor estimate of how pre-
cious he is who has made us different.
From him has come the new life which
has transformed our lives; from him has
come the power that has enabled us to
overcome. Verily, great is the mystery of
godliness. We cannot penetrate it, we can-
not explain it, but we know. The stub-
born fight with besetting sin which we
waged without him was continuous defeat,
but as we learned what inexhaustible
treasures of strength he placed at our dis-
posal and we began to draw upon them
and taste the sweets of victory, we began
to learn how precious he is. With every
passing year, with every new attainment,
we answer the question, Why is he pre-
cious? with the glad tribute that he is all
in all. "Without me," Christ said, "Ye
can do nothing," and we have found it so.
In union with him, the branch bears fruit,
his life penetrates our being, and from him
all that raises us above the animal derives
its strength. His teaching and his exam-
ple are our guides; we learn from them
the way we should take, but they would be
a mockery to our weakness without the
power which enables us to tread the up-
ward path, and this power we get from
him. The life he lived in the flesh has
made him acquainted with human frailty,
so that to every one who grasps his hand
by faith, he gives the help he needs.



THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CANTON, O.

D. C. Osborne, D.D., was pastor. The
cost of the church property, not including
the ground which it occupies, was \$137,000
and it was dedicated free from debt. The
seating capacity is about twelve hundred,
and in it is a pew which has become his-
toric. It is number ten, almost in front
of the pulpit, and has been occupied by
William McKinley, Mrs. McKinley, and

envious. It is a noble, heroic life. All
the qualities of true greatness are in it.
The supreme unselfishness, the complete
consecration, the self-sacrificing devotion
which go to make up our idea of the
heroic are seen at their best in the mis-
sionary life. To turn his back on civiliza-
tion, to leave home and friends and refine-
ment and settle down among barbarians

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHAMPIONS.

The Roll of Phenomenal Attendance Records Steadily Swelling—Some who have Passed the 1,000 Mark—The Championship Still Undecided.



PERCIVAL GROVER.

OUR Sunday School contest is now the absorbing theme among the young folks everywhere, and among those of larger growth as well, for pastors, teachers and superintendents in the United States and Canada are watching its outcome with eager interest. Another cause of the augmented interest was the definite announcement in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the four valuable prizes—two for male and two for female scholars to be awarded at the close of the contest, and also of a Roll of Honor prize being in readiness for every Sunday School pupil who has made a record of 260 consecutive attendances. The first and second class prizes for male and female scholars are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—ELEGANT LARGE ART BIBLE (London Edition)—with nearly one thousand superb illustrations, bound in genuine seal—Divinity Circuit—kid lining, red under solid gold edges, with thumb index and appropriately inscribed; **Worth \$25.00.**

SECOND PRIZE—THE SAME BIBLE, bound in Divinity Circuit, Palestine Levant, Grained Leather Lining, Red Under Gold Edges, not indexed, and appropriately inscribed; **Worth \$18.50.**

In addition to the above we shall present: **ROLL OF HONOR PRIZES.** For this competition all pupils who have made a record of 260 consecutive attendances and upward are eligible. Send name, with name of Sunday School and of superintendent or teacher, and the record of continuous attendance. Every successful competitor so vouched for will be presented with a **superb illustrated New Testament**, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, with red under gold edges.

Every mail brings new names to swell the list of competitors. Some of the letters received are full of interest. Unfortunately there are some applicants whose names cannot be entered in the competition for the reason that all records entered must be up to Feb. 1, 1897. Sunday scholars whose attendance records have permanently stopped some time ago cannot be accepted.

Among other remarkable records is the following from Toledo, Ohio:

I am glad—not boasting or with the spirit of challenge in the least—to be able to break John C. Eastland's record in the case of my daughter Lydia P. Clark. She went to Sabbath School for fifteen years and didn't miss at all. It was a Congregational mission school in this city, from 1876 to 1892 (Mr. Buck, Superintendent). She then took the primary department in a mission school of the M. E. Church, and is still its teacher, having missed in all three times in twenty years last October. I have a younger daughter who has missed a very few times in sixteen years. I couldn't say just how many. MARTHA CLARK.

Another equally remarkable record is brought to light in the following:

255 Rittenhouse Street, Germantown, Pa., Feb. 14—We have a Sunday School in Germantown where there are many boys and girls who have attended ten years without being absent once. There is also a young lady, Miss Jennie Powers, 5,029 Henry Street, who has not missed a Sunday for twenty-one years. She belongs to the West Side Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Porter Lee is the pastor. I think the young lady, as well as other members of this Sunday School have a remarkable record. MRS. MARVIN O. ADAMS.

It is to be hoped that these and all other entries will be properly vouched for by the Sunday School Superintendent or teacher according to the conditions of the competition.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 16—Albert W. Bisbing came to Class 64 of the Fifth Baptist Church Sabbath School, April 23, 1887, and has never missed a session of the school since. He was awarded a retray of the class in 1887. He was married some time after, and for the last five or six years lives about eight miles from the church, but every Sunday afternoon, rain, storm or thaw, he is at his post of duty. I have been informed that he had an unbroken attendance of seven years before he came to Class 64. G. C. LANSBES.

VERMILION, So. Dak., Feb. 18—Rollin E. Haynes is a South Dakota boy who nearly, if not quite, equals John C. Eastland in regular attendance. Since beginning to attend the First Baptist Sunday School of Vermilion, S. Dak., eight and a half years ago, he has only

missed two Sundays. Previous to that he had been a very regular attendant at Sunday School ever since he was large enough to go, but no record was kept of his attendance.

MRS. J. A. HAYNES.

Boston, Feb. 8th.—Harlan P. Bradsteel, aged twenty-six, has not been absent from the Sunday School for seventeen years, and has attended 890 consecutive sessions. Rufus Hart, age sixty, has not been absent for sixteen years, and has been present at 838 consecutive sessions. Earnest Bradsteel has not been absent for seven years. They are members of the Maple Street S. S., Danvers, Mass. GEO. W. FISKE, Supt.

The leading competitor in the Girls List is heard from in the letter below:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1896. We have a lady in our school who last year completed her twenty-first year of unbroken attendance—Miss Florence Wagner of West Philadelphia. She belongs to the Mantua Baptist Church, Rev. J. G. Walker, D.D., pastor, 645 North Fortieth Street. MRS. T. B. MATTHEWS.

Our readers will remember the famous Sunday School record of the Petters family, given in a previous issue. Another equally remarkable family is found at Fall River, Mass. Mr. H. A. Skinner of that place has kindly placed their record at our

Franklin Krupp, a scholar in the Sunday School of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has a record of regular attendance covering a period of more than twelve years without one absence. This Sunday School is in the habit of rewarding perfect attendance for the year by a book given at the Christmas anniversary. Frank has received twelve of these testimonials—a good foundation for a library. He is now about fifteen years of age. His home is ten or twelve squares from the church, but neither the heat of summer, nor the storms of winter have kept him from Sunday School. In the day school Frank has the same record of perfect attendance, with the exception of three days' absence at the time of his father's death. MRS. J. A. B.

Here is still another Philadelphia record-maker:

Philadelphia, Feb. 16—Frederick Eggeling, 738 Brooklyn Street, of the West Hope Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Preston and Aspen Streets, West Philadelphia, has not missed one Sunday for the last nine years. He is now thirteen years old, and for some time attended a Baptist Sunday School, but has been connected with the Presbyterian for three years. MRS. G. W. MARTER, Teacher.

Three magnificent records are given below, one of twenty-two years, which but for a single absence might have placed the candidate ahead of all competitors:

Philadelphia, February 16, 1897.—Misses Grace and Lizzie Cornman have not been absent from Sabbath School in thirteen years and two months, and H. L. Cornman, has been

BOYS' LIST.

Scholars	Sunday School	Teacher or Superintendent	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks	Total Attendances
H. L. Cornman,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Phila., (1 absence)	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	22 ..	1144
Harlan P. Bradsteel,	Congregl. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	17 ..	890
Rufus Hart,	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	16 6	838
Franklin Krupp,	Walnut St. Pres. Ch., Philadelphia	Mrs. A. G. Bogardus,	12 ..	624
Charles Sloop,	1st Pres. Ch., Kittanning, Pa.,	Miss B. S. Slaymaker,	12 ..	624
George Currin,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. K. Sharpe, Supt.,	11 41	613
Henry Brown,	2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.,	Rev. G. B. Hsley,	11 32	604
Percival Grover,	M. E. S. S., Tom's River, N. J.,	Laura Croxston,	11 8	580
Joseph A. Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		11 2	574
James Boyd,	Pres. Ch., Kingston, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	11 ..	572
Harry Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Bruce Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Philip Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Theodore Reuter,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt.,	10 24	544
R. Patterson,	Madison Ave. Pres. Ch., Albany, N.Y.,	C. M. Atwood,	10 8	528
Geo. Winlow,	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	James Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
J. C. Eastland, Jr.,	M. E. Ch. S. S., Danville, Ky.,		9 39	507
Fred. Eggling,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Mrs. G. W. Master,	9 ..	468
Samuel Boyd,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Kingston, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	9 ..	468
Geo. T. Woglom,	Simpson M. E. Ch., Perth Amboy, N.J.,		9 ..	468
George Rector,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Pacolot, S. C.,	B. B. James, Supt.,	9 ..	468
Rollin J. Haynes,	Bapt. S. S., Vermilion, S. D.,		8 24	440
Goldsmith N. Scott,	Pres. S. S., Morrisville, Pa.,		7 39	403
Ernest Bradsteel,	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	7 ..	364
Albert W. Bisbing,	5th Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,		7 ..	364
Harry Rhame,	E. Rockaway, L. I.,	Miss Topping,	4 ..	208

GIRLS' LIST.

Jennie Powers,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Germantown, Pa.,	Rev. P. Lee, Pastor,	21 ..	1092
Florence Wagner,	Mantua Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,	Rev. W. Paine, Pastor,	20 20	1060
Gertrude Emison,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Bluffton, O.,	B. F. Biery, Supt.,	16 5	837
Mary E. Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		15 2	786
Lydia P. Clark,	Cong. Ch. S. S., Toledo, O.,	W. Buck, Supt.,	15 ..	780
Grace Cornman,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13 ..	686
Lizzie Cornman,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13 ..	686
Lavinia Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		12 2	626
Belle Thorne,	Meml. Pres. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Rev. T. A. Nelson,	12 ..	624
Lizzie Renfrew,	Cong. Ch. S. S., Chelsea, Mass.,		11 ..	572
Lena Reuter,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharp, Supt.,	10 24	544
Lizzie Irlig,	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
Mary E. Busted,	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
Mary Cranbrohart,	Fall River, Mass.,	J. Clarence Read,	9 26	494
Ella Cranbrohart,	Fall River, Mass.,	J. Clarence Read,	9 25	493
Lou Winlow,	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	7 ..	364

disposal, and it is well worth perusal. They attend the Franklin Hall Sunday School.

Mary E. Slinn, aged 20 years and 5 months, has not been absent in 15 years and 2 Sundays. She has been in her class 782 consecutive Sundays. Lavinia Slinn, aged 17 years, has not been absent for 12 years and 2 Sundays. She has been in her class 626 consecutive Sundays. Joseph R. Slinn, 15 years of age, has not been absent in 11 years and 2 Sundays. He has been in his class 574 consecutive Sundays. George Slinn, 10 years of age, has attended Sunday School for 7 years, but has been absent about seven times through serious sickness. These are the children of Mr and Mrs James Slinn, of 1666 Rodman street. Their record is truly wonderful, and must have depended not only on determination, but good health.

Here is a wonderful record—the pupil being a colored lad.

MORRISVILLE, Pa.—Goldsmith N. Scott, a colored boy from the "Friends' Shelter" in Philadelphia, came, when eleven years old, to live with Dr. W. E. Case, of Morrisville, Pa. From that time, Feb. 10, 1888, to Dec. 1895 (when he entered the Hampton N. & A. I.) he did not miss a single attendance at the Presbyterian Sunday School of that place. He is now nearly twenty years old and goes every Sunday afternoon with two or three other students to teach in a little village Sunday School a few miles out of Hampton, Va.

MRS. DR. W. E. CASE.

absent only once from Sabbath School in twenty-two years; and this time it was on account of the death of his grandfather. So far as the records I have seen yet, I think our school deserves a reward for faithful attendance.

Geo. E. Scott,

Brooklyn, N. Y., comes to the front with an interesting group of records in this letter:

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 18, 1897. I can furnish name of a friend who has been absent but three times in seven years. Also one with perfect attendance for twelve consecutive years; and absent but three times in fourteen years; another with perfect attendance for nine years, three perfect attendance for seven years, and one perfect for five years. M. H. K.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to have the names and authentic records of all mentioned in this letter. The present status of the competition is shown in the table in the centre of this page.

Be careful and comply with the conditions of the competition, which are as follows:
1. Send full name and address of competitor.
2. Name of Sunday School.
3. Name of superintendent or teacher, who must vouch for accuracy of report.
4. Period of attendance, in years and weeks, up to Feb. 1, 1897.
5. Number of consecutive attendances.
6. All letters should be addressed "Sunday School Editor," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

ARMENIAN RELIEF WORK

Still in Progress—Anatolia Great Excited Over the Cretan Troubles

ARMENIANS, who have long hoped and prayed for a way of escape from Turkish domination, watching with the deepest interest the present struggle in Crete. They sympathize with the Cretan Christians in their



ARMENIA'S NATIONAL COAT-OF-ARMS.

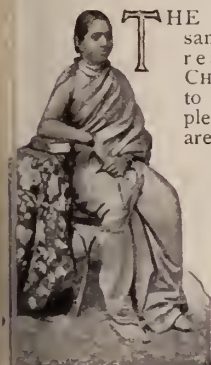
[This photograph of the Arms of Armenia is a painting by Hamparsum Papasian of Varna, original of which is in the possession of the C. H. A. at Etchmiadzin. The lamb represents Armenia, the lion and dragon indicate Persian quest, the Crescent and stars, Moslem oppression. Ararat is shown with the ark on the mountain crest. In the centre of the design the figure of a genius of Armenia is seen weeping over the ruins of her desolated cities. The inscription translates, "Armenia's New Salvation and Unity."]

struggle for freedom. Meanwhile, although Turkey's troubles seem to increase in every hand, the Sultan does not relax his military terrorism of the people of Anatolia. In the distressed districts, the government aid afforded to those imperiled by the massacres has been nominal, and had it not been for the generosity of friends abroad, whose have been sent through the missions thousands must have died of starvation this winter. This good work goes from week to week with unflinching loyalty. Mail advices, always tardy in key at the best of times, in exciting times like the present are phenomenally slow. The prevalent excitement over the troubles with Greece may possibly count for the unusual delay in receiving letters from points in Asia Minor where the relief work is going on. The following amounts have been received for Armenian Relief during the week:

Prev. ac'd.,	\$3421.98	Luana Carrier	100
Emma E. Rulon	100	Mrs B J Rogers	100
Miss Bingham	100	Geo Watson	100
Mrs A Alexander	100	H P Jensen	100
C A Hagaman	300	J Gregerson	100
In Jesus' Name,	50	U S S	100
Landsdale	50	Reader, Hazel Green	100
E Kohl	500	G W Church	100
Las Smith	100	Pella Dorcas Soc	100
Mrs C Spinburn	300	Mrs M A Kittle	100
Mabel, Austinburg	100	Clara Jones	100
Missy Cir Bergen	100	Subr, McDonalds	100
Bapt Ch, J C	850	Seneca Falls	100
Wm Barrie	500	Mrs & Mrs J J Blair	100
Mrs Paris	200	Mrs E N Pendley	100
C F H Newark	100	Ezra Crandall	100
In memory of Annie Alverson	200	Mrs C R Miller	100
Sis & bro, Hollenb	100	S Turner Bible Cl	100
M C Olds	100	A P Harrison	100
Log Ch Sch, Lathrop	500	A Jones & wife	100
Mrs H A Cochran	75	M M Lyon	100
Ella F Cochran	50	H M Campbell	100
Mary Young	25	E A Humphrey	100
Rhoda F Cochran	500	Cornelia M Ten Ey	100
Mrs M J Banks	500	Friend, Velasco	100
I Ambley	50	KMS, Easthampton	100
C A Sprague	100	I H N Springfield	100
J G Sands & family	200	Susan & U J Hare	100
"Alinka," Lebanon	200	Friend, Greenville	100
N. Deansville	200	Milton A Martin	100
Miss I Pleyburn	100	KNZ F Craftsbu	100
Reader, Lowell	100	E M F Bloomfel	100
Miss F Sanders	100	Friend, Perry's Mill	100
Mrs S E Gilmore	500	E W Stratford	100
C Hoven	250	Swedish Miss C	100
Friend, Hampton	100	Plattsburgh	100
Mrs & Mrs W Estabrooks	500	M E Ch S, Mexi	100
In Jesus' Name,	100	M C Austin	100
Newark	100	Spiceland C E Sc	100
C A W Newark	100	Swede Miss C	100
Moth & dau, Westboro	50	Centerville	100
Mrs S L Smith	500	D Simcoe	100
Mrs I R Grady	100	M M Redwine	100
E A R, Pana	75	E E Fisher	100
Friend, Peoria	25	Mrs S Worley	100
T H Botdorf	100	W D Browning	100
Robt E Reed	50	Opportunity Circ	100
Mrs J McKeercher	200	Naylorhall	100
A friend of humani	100	R C S H	100
W. Richmond	500	C W N H	100
A B C, Toronto	100	Friend, Ixonia	100
Mrs C Merriew	200	No name, Holland	100
J S, Moorland	100	ino McSwen	100
G & H Gensemer	175	C M Weymouth	100
Patient, Gallipolis	3	I H Lamb	100
John E Smith	200	Louisa F Smith	100
Hammarba, Renova	200	Mrs I Wanless	100
John W Bradbury	250	Mrs E A Sprague	100
Mrs D M Knapp	100	Mrs Susan I	100
A S I, Red Bank	100	Friend, Hallowell	100
Mary Wisner	200	Miss Featherston	100
Anon, Hampton	100	Mrs Featherston	100
Total	\$63,601		

INDIA'S BITTER CRY!

The Christian Herald Readers' Five Thousand Dollars Cabled Intact to the Missionaries—Some Significant Contributions.



THE gift of five thousand dollars from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the starving people of India, has, we are happy to report, reached the field of suffering, intact, without any deduction for expenses. In nearly every instance the cost of cabling the money to the missionaries for distribution was borne by the

Missionary Boards whose missionaries we thus helped, and where that arrangement could not be made, the proprietor of this journal has defrayed the expenses out of his own pocket. Thus every dollar contributed by our readers whose gifts Dr. Lipsch felt justified in anticipating, will be spent in food for the hungry, which will be given to them, as our readers and ourselves wish, in the name of our dear Lord. Heathen and Christian alike, will know, when they receive the gifts of people who are utter strangers to them, that they are removed from their life and land, that there are some who reverence the name of Christ and for his sake will gladly feed the hungry. May the Lord who said, "I was hungry and ye fed me; inasmuch as ye did it unto me, ye did it unto me," bless every contributor to the fund!

On this page we print a picture, reproduced from a photograph, which tells its own pathetic story of the urgency of the need. In the original photograph there were still more appalling figures which we are compelled to omit because of their shocking ghastliness. They are members of the group who fell down dead of starvation before the photograph was taken. In almost every village of the famine district such a photograph might be taken. Every village has a contingent of men, women and children who, in the best of times, live on hand to mouth, and who, when the price of grain rises in time of famine, inevitably perish unless aid is extended to them. The aggregate number of them is enormous, probably not less than thirty millions, and they are so scattered that only the missionaries who are among them can reach them. During the past week a native Indian, a Major in the Salvation Army, by name, visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office and graphically pictured the suffering of his people. Letters recently received by the Major implore him to make the pressing need known to the Christians of America. The strong and shed bitter tears as he told of men driven to desperation by the cries of their loved children for food, going into the night and cutting poisonous roots of which they make a fatal decoction, and their mother and babes drink it and end their sufferings. Others wander away in the hope of begging a little grain, and die of exhaustion by the roadside leaving their families to perish. Asked why they do not go to the government relief stations, the Major confirmed the reports already received, that in many cases the sufferers are a hundred miles away from such stations and have no means of travel. He so corroborates the statements of the missionaries that for one cent a day a life can be kept alive, so that the gift of a dollar will almost preserve a life until the gathering in of the next harvest.

The terrible famine that is now raging in India, in consequence of which multitudes are perishing for lack of food, says Mrs. Benere, the well-known missionary at Poona, has left hundreds of orphan children homeless and dying in the streets.

In such numbers, in fact, are these children cast upon the streets that it is impossible for the missionaries to care for them all. In a residence in India of eleven years, Mrs. Benere asserts that she has seen no such opportunity for rescue work as now prevails. "The famine is too terrible to describe," she writes. "It is enough for us to know that parents sell their children for food, or push them into wells, that they may not see them suffer."

A correspondent of the Bombay Guardian gives his testimony to the extent of this noble work. He says: "I cannot find language to describe the kindness which, in this time of trial, induces English, Scottish, German, American, and Swedish missionaries to pick up these little waifs and care for them with a generosity beyond their means. They make long journeys, and take them themselves to their houses or their schools, and stint their own necessities to give them milk and clothing." Pandita Ramabai, who is well-known in America, has sixty famine widows (chiefly children), and is preparing to receive many more.

It is very gratifying to notice how many of the Christian organizations of our land have been moved by India's bitter cry to contribute to the relief of the sufferers. Much more might be done in this way if some member of each Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union would bring the

the Master in the way of giving; but my heart goes out in pity to the suffering ones, so that I can scarcely enjoy my own food when I think that they are dying for want of bread.

Mrs. L. Flenner, Hollidaysburg, Pa., writes:

I am poor and my husband a laboring man, but we will deny ourselves something so that we can give a little of one dollar a month. I am glad you are willing to send it as we did not know how we could get it to them. The Lord always provides a way when we are willing to give.

Mattie Anderson, Dayton, Iowa, reports: When the pupils of the intermediate room of the school here heard of the starving multitudes in India, they eagerly volunteered to save the pennies they would spend for sweets during the next two weeks and send the money to the missionaries in India for the suffering people. Half the enclosed amount (\$2.25), is their contribution, given by loving eager little hearts.

The following contributions to the fund for relieving the famine sufferers in India have been received during the week:

Prev. ack'd., \$2613.62	John O. Myhre	5.00
Elia B. Stroud	A. E. D. Conn	2.00
Elewella Malcolm	Mrs. P. M. Seelinger	2.50
Geob. E. Erskine	Mrs. Joe Franklin	3.00
Abbie S. Wright	Bennie Franklin	1.00
Mrs. Sarah E. Bandy	I. H. N. Lumberton	4.00
Mrs. Jos. Parry	Providence	1.00
—, Loudon	Mary Duff	1.00
H. D. Hawley	A. C. Kansas	1.00
Subr. Flansburg	A. W. S. G. and Rapids	4.00
Mrs. H. Vander Ploeg	Harry Axford	1.00
3 Ladies, San Jose	Miss H. Gerrish	1.00
A. F. Laidlaw	— Gresham	5.00
Friend, Pulaaki Co.	Robt. Johnston	5.00
A. Goodyear	R. T. Lippard	1.00
G. W. Karnes	R. W. L. Latona	5.00
Mrs. M. D. Karnes	Geo. Nason	3.50
Mrs. J. W. Bliss	Alfred Anderson	5.00
Mrs. H. M. Davis	Mrs. J. E. Miller	1.00
Subr. Seranton	Mrs. S. A. Lambert	1.00
Marianna W. Lillie	E. Alburts	1.00
Alder B. Leach	Mrs. D. T. Eymann and daughter	3.00
Rev. Van F. Stewart	— Armstrong	1.00
L. M. Lawson	Mother and daughter	1.00
Mrs. Johnson	Fredericktown	7.00
Mrs. E. L. Pickford	Henry Rau	5.00
F. M. Hurlbut	In His Name, T. H.	2.00
David B. Nattiger & family	Mrs. Chas. Robinson	1.00

Friend of the suffering, Brooklyn	1.00	Anna Needham	2.00
Lyonsville Cong. Ch.	1.00	Western Spgs.	15.00
Mattie Sensing	1.00	I. H. N. Sunbury	2.00
M. Clough	1.00	Mrs. F. J. Allen	1.00
Mrs. M. A. Chitt	20.00	Friend, Broad Brook	1.00
V. Harshberger	2.00	—, Md.	8.00
May Southland	1.00	Mrs. Empey	1.00
Allen McLuain	5.00	Chas. Smith	1.00
Sister in Christ	1.00	Rocherty U. B. S.	3.00
H. B. Matthews, Jr.	5.00	E. G. Mansfield, Jr.	6.00
E. Dean	2.00	Mrs. Lucy A. Maynard	10.00
Mattie Ricker	1.00	Alex. Harley	1.00
Myra Baker	1.00	Friend, Jersey City	5.00
Liberty Centre Miss	1.00	—, Closter	15.00
Band, Byron	3.50	John Burland	1.00
S. H. F. Rock Creek	2.00	Fred Bickerdike	25.00
J. T. New Smyrna	1.00	Reba & Nannie Bick-	45.00
Seneca BStrong	1.00	H. Bomshier & Son	4.05
E. H. Gilbert & family	3.50	Harry Stroven	7.50
Chas. Saline	2.00	P. H. F. Ware	1.00
Jno. M. Bonebrake	5.00	Friend, Rochester	1.00
Mrs. C. A. Rantz	2.00	S. H. Raymond	5.00
John Davi	1.00	Estella J. Beach and	1.00
Mrs. E. M. Vorse	1.00	—, sister	1.00
J. A. Glenn	12.00	Fannie A. Blush	3.00
E. E. Bay	1.00	Henry Harner	1.00
T. Sharpe	1.00	Friend, Chicago	1.00
J. W. Kinsman	20.00	C. A. S. Phila	25.00
E. Barnes	2.00	Constant reader	2.00
S. F. Wood	25.00	Natchez	2.00
J. B. Shafer and wife	3.00	Miss E. Kain	1.00
A. Z. Berlin	2.50	Georgia B. Pender	1.00
Bertha L. Rice	1.25	H. Isabel Smith	5.00
One who would gladly	30.00	Mrs. R. Rushmore	5.00
do more	2.50	Friend, Dayton	1.00
C. S. Day	2.50	M. M. F. Louisville	1.00
Amadora Cassell	1.00	—, Gensamer	2.00
E. E. Pierce	1.00	Friend of the Lord	10.00
E. E. Earl	1.00	M. S. Doylestown	1.00
Dutch Refd, N. Y.	2.00	E. P. B. d. w. Gator	1.00
J. E. Chester	10.00	Geo. M. Greene	5.00
Friend, Landersley	3.00	—, Newark	1.00
Irving O. Woodin	5.00	Friend, Landersley Hill	1.00
Ervin G. Taber	3.00	C. B. F. Inst. Murfrees-	2.50
Norman Pike	2.00	boro	4.00
Travis Family	3.00	Friend, Maey	2.50
Sympathy, Suffolk Co.	5.00	I. H. N. Salisbury	2.50
Katie Fishburn	5.00	SG Heany	3.00
—, Specht	3.00	Sister of Coriuth Ch.	2.00
M. M. Friend	1.00	—, Spec	2.00
Eleanor Cole	5.00	Mrs. G. S. T. Arcola	6.00
Mr. Boardman	25.00	S. E. E. Blach	25.00
Mrs. Laura J. Graham	2.00	A. A. MacLachin	15.00
Mrs. Lillian Plimpton	5.00	Jas. Morrison	2.00
Walter Stansfield	1.00	E. J. Keller	5.00
M. S. Knight	1.00	Mrs. E. S. E. Morris	2.50
Geo. G. West	10.00	Henry S. Metcalf	2.00
Widows mite	5.00	Geo. D. Farrar & wife	1.00
J. W. Arnold	5.00	Ernest Hall	5.00
AC & MEG, Roxbury	11.00	Mrs. Rozetta Couse	5.00
Mrs. J. N. Park	2.00	M. H. Nickerson	2.00
Mrs. E. N. Roper	1.00	Ezra Crandall	3.00
Friend of Christ, N. Y.	5.00	Mrs. E. N. Roper	2.50
Berkhiser family	2.00	Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Blinn	1.00
R. C. R. Roke	1.00	—, Seneca Falls	12.50
C. B. S. Amherst	1.00	Sub. McDonald's Mill	5.00
Child of the King	1.00	Clara Jones	25.00
S. J. Wilder	2.00	Mrs. M. A. Kittle	1.00
Jas. Dunn & friend	2.00	Ella Dorcas Soc	10.50
Rich'd Kuenstler	1.00	G. W. Dunn	1.00
In Christ's Name	1.00	Mrs. A. M. Carline and daughter	2.00
Elmout	1.00	Mrs. Jas. Ecroyd	3.00
Glen Riddle friends	3.00	Jonathan H. Lindley	5.00
Louisa Lapham	1.00	Mrs. J. Willard Smith	2.00
Ella & Laura Bitter	1.00	Mrs. Mary J. Coon	5.00
Reader, Baileyville	2.00	—, W. Weiser	2.00
A. I. Sweet	2.00	Mrs. L. C. Renage	1.00
W. J. Newton	2.00	M. J. L. Leonardville	2.00
D. C. Kohlmeier	5.00	Briarley Busy Bees	3.00
T. W. E. J. and W. A. Schertz	3.00	—, Pattersonville	1.00
Friend, League Christ	1.00	H. N. Seranton	50.00
Ev Eng Luth Ch. Pa.	1.30	Mrs. H. V. B. Sanford	1.00
2 Sisters, White Pine	1.25	R. S. Jacobs	1.00
YPSOE, Bristol Spgs.	26.38	M. A. Batton	1.00
John Lunde	1.00	King's Dan's Circle	1.00
Elie Bechtel	1.00	of Gleaners, Ware	1.00
SEB, Buffalo	2.00	Friend, Bath	5.00
Brook Road USS	1.00	J. A. Newball	5.00
A. Uren	1.00	Wm. Goldsboro	2.00
Wm. Schneider	1.00	Friend, Oxford	5.00
Eliza Cashman	5.00	David Scott	1.00
Some new friends	5.00	H. C. B. Norristown	1.00
Crawford's Cors	5.00	Willing Wks. Stanley	1.50
Geo. N. Bryner	1.00	Mrs. Myers	5.00
S. A. Huntington	1.00	J. J. Thomas	1.00
Aug Thue	1.00	P. S. Huntington	2.00
R. C. Dorr	1.00	T. F. Metrea	3.00
Friend, Clarksville	5.00	Snbr, Pittsburg	2.00
Reader, Canfield	2.00	Louisa, Mr & Mrs CW	1.00
Retta Miller	1.00	Wichlerman and	9.00
Friend, Grove	1.00	Albert Martia	1.00
Geo. Eukans	1.00	Mrs. H. V. B. Sanford	1.00
Hilma A. Sikes	1.00	Mission, Springfield	2.00
Mrs. A. O. Keene	1.00	Dispen. Band Mora-	1.00
Womans Foreign Miss	1.00	vian Home Church,	10.00
Soc. Franklin	3.00	Salem	1.00
Rev Mr & Mrs Smith	5.00	Sarah A. Rea	1.00
Mrs. Knapp	1.00	I. H. N. Madison	1.00
Mrs. H. Hall	1.00	The Chas. Jones	5.00
B. Kansas	1.00	U. S. Grant Jones	5.00
Mr Sloan Jamison	1.00	Friend, Hillsdale	2.50
S. G. Charleston	5.00	E. J. Solt	5.00
Jas Mel' Sieg	5.00	T. B. Patton	10.00
2 Sisters, Cleveland	1.00	V. M. Taylor & daughter	5.00
Dorothea, N. Y. City	1.00	E. Kenney	1.00
Mrs. E. Wilkinson	1.00	Mary Bechtel	1.00
Friend, Terryville	2.00	Mrs. M. L. Davenport	1.00
—, Griggsville	3.00	Mrs. R. McKay	1.00
Mrs. J. W. B. Walworth	2.00	Edmund Hastings	5.00
Friend, Providence	2.00	A. S. Vickburg	2.00
Chambersburg	1.00	Mr & Mrs O. Works	5.00
Grace C. Tobey	1.00	Friend, Lawrence	2.50
Isaac Shank	10.00	Mrs. Martha de Flow	1.50
F. L. P. Jefferson City	5.00	L. R. Sams	40.00
Mrs. L. Flenner	1.00	W. J. W. Sewell	25.00
M. W. Greene	1.00	Rev W. Werneld	1.00
Friend, B. B. B.	5.00	Reader, Mohile	1.00
Mrs. K. Liggett	3.00	Rev E. K. Fanning	1.00
Eva Shinglerland	15.00	Wm. Stedman	1.00
M. J. Portsmouth	25.00	K. R. Ontario	5.00
In His Name	2.50	Mrs. A. A. Barber	5.00
W. H. Violet	2.50	Miss E. G. Doremus	5.00
Chas. Mason	1.00	M. C. Fishkill-on-	10.00
—, Ardmore	1.00	Hudson	1.00
Mr and Mrs J. D. Mac	10.00	Jr. C. Socy, Pres Ch.	2.30
Aulay	1.00	Litchfield	1.00
One who loves Jesus,	1.00	Sympathizer, Salina	1.00
Gloucester	1.00	Friend, Cameron	25.00
Mrs C. S. Plain City	1.00	M. Gardner	3.75
Mr Nelson Lee	1.00	Miss C. Buns	1.00
Asst. H. Osborn	1.00	H. L. Glaser	1.50
F. C. L. Waltham	2.00	Teacher & pupils Pub-	1.00
M. P. Neal	1.00	lic school, New Wil-	9.03
Mrs. Roderick Fitch	1.00	ington	5.00
W. F. Burns	2.00	A. & J. McCleary	5.00
—, Kennebunkport	5.00	2 friends, New Castle	5.00
Sympathizer, Marlette	1.00	John H. Sawdon	5.00
Mrs. Hattie A. Pratt	1.00	Wm. Blum	1.00
In Jesus Name, Pet-	5.00	Friends, Griggsville	2.00
erhoro	5.00	Nannie Pence	5.00
E. L. R. Sonthington	2.00	Mrs. S. A. Wood	1.00
H. C. VanNote	5.00	E. H. Wood	1.00
Trecy Rose	1.00	Total	\$4,294.10



NATIVE VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

Thousands of Emaciated Creatures like those shown in the above Photograph await the Help of American Christians.

urgent need before the attention of the members. A very small sum from each member would make up a contribution which would save some poor starving creatures from perishing. Among the organizations who have recently proved in this way that they have imbibed the spirit of the Master, are: The Christian Endeavor Societies of Centre Lebanon, Me.; Litchfield, Neb., and Manston, Wis.; the Capital Foreign Missionary Band of Des Moines, Ia.; the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Reformed Church of Orrville, O.; the King's Daughters of Ware, Mass.; the Willing Workers of Stanley, Kans.; the Methodist Missionary Society of Franklin, Vt.; the Liberty Centre Missionary Band of Byron, Neb., and the Missionary Aid Society of the Baptist Church at Gaine's Mill, Md.

Some of the individual contributors to the fund incidentally mention facts in their letters which show that their gifts are of a kind that our Lord loves to receive—gifts which are the fruits of self denial:

I stayed away from socials and earned the money I send in that way,

writes Verna Sims of Goshen City School, Ind. Another gift the sender of which modestly conceals her name, but desires that her money shall be sent "In His Name," comes from Fort Scott, Kans. She writes:

I am a poor girl and am able to do so little for

Eliza L Arrior	1 00	Miss Aid Soc. Walnut	
Friend, Lowder	1 00	Grove Bapt Ch	2 00
Mrs CM Galbraith	1 00	WR Russell	1 00
Friend, Stanton	3 00	A F Koschke	1 00
L L H Olivet	2 50	A C MacDonald	5 00
Mrs C laud Hughes	2 50	Job Burnham	5 00
Friend, Dayton	10 00		
Primary Students	6 00	Cash, Axtell	10 00
Bdgwater Col	1 00	J G Peterson	2 50
J S D, Cressey	1 00	Friends, Bismarck	2 00
Mrs Arndt	1 00	— Viola	2 00
Augusta Platt	1 00	Miss F A Darrows	1 00
Mrs Nellie Nelson	1 00	Sarah C Woodhouse	1 00
Miss J G Miller	1 00	S S Cresco	2 00
A E Deane	5 00	Mrs Geo T Berry	50 00
Rev J Noordewier	2 00	Mrs Geo A Packer	50 00
C W Harris	10 00	Reader, Chase	10 00
Friends, Unionville	2 00	— Hastings	5 00
Mrs Wm Hambroer	5 00	Jane Pond	5 00
Electric City	1 00	S S Besemer	5 00
Mrs M C B Washt	1 00	I H N, Lincoln	2 40
Friend, Pleasantville	5 00	J F Rose	1 00
Mrs L B Jackson	1 00	Geo C Gibson	25 00
A H Wesson	2 00	A Egolf	25 00
Mrs AHA, Manchester	1 00	J T Hill	1 00
— Plainsboro	1 00	Mrs J P Henry	5 00
Mrs H N Wade	1 00	Miss M B N V city	2 00
J P Garlock	2 00	Mrs G W Wilson	1 00
Subr, Neenah	20	Mr & Mrs W W Hill	5 00
I H N, W Chester	1 00	Mrs C B Hazard	1 00
Canadian subr	2 00	— Anna Gordon	10 00
I H N, Ypsilanti	1 00	Mrs Jessie E Bliss	2 50
Mrs Chas G Sybrandt	1 25	John G Merrill	10 00
Little Ruth, Green-	02	Mattie Anderson	2 25
—wich	02	C A Chatfield and LS	2 00
Mex Students, Del		Hollenbeck	2 00
Norte	1 60	No name, Lynn	2 00
Mr & Mrs GR Havens	2 00	Mrs Laura Mann	6 00
G R Havens, Jr	06	Margaret E Sechrist	1 00
Friend, Boston	1 00	EMT, Merchantville	1 00
Quit smoking for one		M A Buchanan	1 00
month	4 00	Mrs Frank Shippey	1 00
American sister	5 00	M W H, Crowns	5 00
Mr & Mrs Wm Lemna	2 00	Mrs Joel & N A An-	
— Hannibal	1 00	derson and Bessie	
P R, Fortuna	1 00	— Sutting	2 00
G W H, Angeles	2 00	W S Glen	1 00
Mrs Ug Bloss	2 00	Denver family	25 00
Mrs Caleb Wright	1 25	Ruth N Sechrist	1 00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.

Associate Editors.

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Encourage the Arts.

WE are constantly, in pulpit and on printed page, discoursing about the influence of books, but how little is said about the influence of pictures. Thank God for good pictures. They educate us for both worlds. God loves them, and hangs them on the morning and evening sky with loops of fire. The clouds are pictures in water-colors. No people in our midst deserve more than our artists, or get so little. Those shadows on the pictures are made out of their own sorrows. That crimson hue was penciled with their own blood. Do not throw your condemnation about too indiscriminately. Do not condemn a picture because it was born in America instead of Italy, or imitate those who, ignorant of fine-art, gabble about perspective and striking chiaroscuro, and admirable foreshortening. What injustices and hardships painters have suffered in all ages! No men do such great work for so little pay. You go to the vendue, and perhaps there is not more than one bid while a beautiful masterpiece lingers under the auctioneer's mallet, but there are ten bids for a great splash of yellow ochre and ultramarine. Plenty of sale for images in plaster of paris, but for the sculptor who cuts a statue out of his own soul, only here and there a solitary admirer. There came under my own observation a story of art struggle thrilling and full of romance. I had it from the heroine herself. Edmonia Lewis, a girl of half Indian and half African parentage, at nine years of age, walking along the streets of Boston, saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin, the first work of sculpture she had ever seen. She looked at it. She said she felt her soul expanding, and thought, "I can do that." She heard of a man who was a friend of her uncle and found him. As she went into the room, he lifted his eyes over his nose and asked her what she wanted. "I replied, 'I saw a figure standing on a rock in the street, and I want to make something like it.' He laid down his newspaper and smiled, and gave her a letter to a sculptor. The sculptor received her sores and ally, but gave her a model of a man's foot, and told her to go home and work that out. The work done, she brought it to the artist, and he destroyed it. He gave her another model. After some weeks she brought it back, and he destroyed that. The third time she came, and then he uttered the first encouraging word, and told her she had the soul of an artist. He

then gave her the model of a lady's hand, the copy of which she sold, getting ten dollars for it, the first money she had ever earned. She put her shingle out in Boston; on it: "Edmonia Lewis, Artist." At twelve years of age she had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. Her patrons felt she had talents that ought to be cultivated and sent her to Italy. At twelve years of age she crossed the Atlantic Ocean alone. By letters of introduction she found her way from England to Italy, and hired the studio that once belonged to Canova. Charles Sumner, and men like him, visited her studio. She has her works of art to-day in the prominent galleries of Europe and America. But from that humble start in Boston, with all the disadvantages of her race, to the recognition of some of the first artists of the world—what a prolonged struggle! In all possible ways, let us encourage those who are with chisel or brush contending for livelihood and a name. As far as your means may make it appropriate, gather works of art into your home. It is not so much the books your children read as the pictures they look at that will make indelible impression. The pictures of any age decide its civilization or barbarism. The frescoes brought up from Pompeii show the abomination of the times when that city was in power. Pure and elevated art implies a good state of public morals. There are so many evil influences abroad that we need all the fascinations of art to aid in the attempt to make the world better.

Your Health.

HOW many departures of prominent men from this life! Hardly ever such long lists of demises. Every morning and evening, I have noticed it. Without any epidemic, the sudden changes in the weather seem to have ushered an unusual number of our population into the next existence. Pneumonia and the grippe seem to have cut the widest swath. We cannot be too careful in this changeable climate. Do not let us through pride doff some garment we need, because it does not look well enough. Life is a precious investment and we ought not unnecessarily risk it. If our duty demands exposure to climatic changes, then we go ahead; but there is no crown of martyrdom for carelessness. We ought to have our worldly and spiritual affairs in such shape that a cold, or a fever, or a chill would not perturb us. There is a land of eternal summer and pneumonia is only a gate into it. God's heart is so young that he is not satisfied unless he has around him, in his mansion, an ever-increasing throng of young people, and hence he takes our children. God has the celestial banquet spread, and he wants the guests to come in and take their places. If we only knew how bright the next world is for those who love God, the most popular place on earth would be the sepulchre. I have heard those who were imprisoned during our civil war say how anxious they felt on the day when a certain number of prisoners were to be exchanged, and sent northward or southward. Only a few could go, and they were so anxious to hear their own names called. Oh! what a disappointment to those who had to stay. Oh! the gladness of those who were led out of prison. Now, while we stay on earth we are incarcerated amid hardships and temptations and trials; but as God calls the roll we go out one by one. For us then, the war will be ended. Why should there be any melancholy about being set forever free? I build a great bannister, Job throws on it a faggot, and David a faggot, and St. Paul a faggot, and St. John a faggot until it illumines all the earth and all the heavens. It is a bannister of victory. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Mothers of Great and Good Men

WOMEN are apt to complain that their lot is without influence. On the contrary, their lot is full of dignity and importance. If they do not lead armies, if they are not state officers, or Congressional orators, they mould the souls and minds of men, who do, and are; and give the initial touch that lasts through life. The conviction of the mother's influence over the fate of her children is old as the race itself; ancient history abounds with examples; and even the destinies of the gods are represented as in its power. It was the mothers of ancient Rome that made ancient Rome great; it was the Spartan mothers that made the Spartan heroes. Those sons went out conquerors whose mothers armed them with the command, "With your shield, or on it, my son!"

The power of the mother in forming the character of the child is beyond calculation. Can any time separate the name of Monica from that of her son Augustine? Never despairing, even when her son was deep sunk in profligacy, watching, pleading, praying with such tears and fervor that the Bishop of Carthage cried out in admiration, "Go thy ways; it is impossible that the son of these tears should perish!" And she lived to see the child of her love all that her heart desired. Nor is there in all literature more noble passages than those which St. Augustine consecrates to the memory of a parent whom all ages have crowned with the loftiest graces of motherhood.

Bishop Hall says of his mother: "She was a woman of rare sanctity." And from her he derived that devoted spirit and prayerful dignity which gave him such unbounded influence in the church to which his life was consecrated. The "Divine George Herbert" owed to his mother a still greater debt, and the famous John Newton proposes himself as "an example for the encouragement of mothers to do their duty faithfully to their children." Everyone is familiar with the picture which represents Dr. Doddridge's mother teaching him, before he could read, the Old and New Testament history from the painted tiles in the chimney corner. Cowley, Thomson, Campbell, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Schiller and the Schlegels, Canning, Lord Brougham, Curran, and hundreds of our great men may say with Pierre Vidal,

"If aught of goodness or of grace
Be mine, hers be the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path
And set the light before me."

Perhaps there was never a more wonderful example of maternal influence than that of the Wesleys' mother. To use her own words, she cared for her children as "one who works together with God in the saving of a soul." She never considered herself absolved from this care, and her letters to her sons when they were men are the wonder of all who read them. Another prominent instance is that of Madame Bonaparte over her son Napoleon. This is what he says of her: "She suffered nothing but what was grand and elevated to take root in our souls. She abhorred lying, and passed over none of our faults." How large a part the mother of Washington played in the formation of her son's character we have only to turn to Irving's Life of Washington to see. And it was her greatest honor and reward when the world was echoing with his renown, to listen and calmly reply, "He has been a good son, and he has done his duty as a man."

John Quincy Adams owed everything to his mother. The cradle hymns of his childhood were songs of liberty, and as soon as he could lisp his prayers she taught him to say Collins' noble lines, "How sleep the brave that sink to rest." No later instance of the influence of a mother in the formation of character can be adduced than that of Gerald Massey. His mother roused in him his hatred of wrong, his love of liberty, his pride in honest, hard-working poverty, and Massey, in his later days of honor and comfort often spoke with pride of those years when his mother taught her children to live in honest independence on rather less than a dollar and a half a week. The similar instance of President Garfield and his mother is too well known to need more than mention.

There can be no doubt of the illimitable influence of the mother in the formation of her child's character. The stern, passionate piety of Mrs. Wesley made saints and preachers of her children; the ambition and bravery of Madame Bonaparte molded her son into a soldier, and the beautiful union of these qualities helped to form the hero beloved of all lands, George Washington. I do not say that mothers can give genius to their sons; but all mothers can do for their children what Monica did for Augustine, what Madame Bonaparte did for Napoleon, what Mrs. Washington did for her son George, what Gerald Massey's mother did for him, what ten thousands of good mothers all over the world are doing this day patiently molding, hour by hour, year by year, that cumulative force which we call character. And if mothers do this duty honestly, whether their sons are private citizens or public men, they will "rise up and call them blessed."

Annie E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's annual "Char Balance Sheet" will appear in our next issue, and will be found full of interest to every reader who has contrived to these good causes during the past year.

"What do you consider the greatest discovery you ever made?" an interviewer asked James Y. Simpson, the eminent Scotch surgeon, the discoverer of chloroform. "That I have a viour," he replied, without hesitation.

The village of Lone Rock, Wis., has set a good example to larger communities. Its Board has been induced by a lady pastor of a church to pass an ordinance forbidding the sale of cigarettes within the village limits.

The Baptist Missionary Union and a whole Baptist denomination has sustained a reavement in the death of Dr. J. N. Murdock, honorary secretary of the Union, which took place at Clifton Springs, N. Y., on Feb. 10.

Of the three hundred and fifty million persons under the rule of Queen Victoria only millions profess faith in the Bible. Two hundred millions are Hindoos, sixty millions are Mohammedans and forty millions belong to other Christian faiths.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been holding evangelistic meetings at Kokoma, Ind. Nearly all evangelical churches in the city united in the movement. The meetings were held in the Opera House, with overflow meetings in the neighboring churches. Over 700 persons made profession of faith.

We are asked to publish a warning against responding to appeals which are being extensively made for the Hardy Library Association at Chief, O. T. Books and money sent there are to be misapplied, as it has no library, nor any of organizations for helping the Indians which appeal describes.

A farewell reception was tendered on Feb. 25 to Dr. E. E. Chivers, who has been elected General Secretary of the Baptist Young People's Union. The meeting was held in the Central Baptist Church of New York. Pastors and young people joined in congratulating Dr. Chivers and wishing him success in his new office.

Eleven churches in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, N. Y., united recently in evangelistic services in the First Reformed Church. Among them were Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches. Rev. J. F. Carpenter of the Central Presbyterian Church, in charge of the meetings.

A number of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and Canada have arranged to attend the third Lambeth Conference in England in May next. The conference will take a survey of the work of the Church over the world and discuss plans for its extension. It will also celebrate the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the landing in England of St. Augustine.

Recently compiled statistics of communications of the churches in England and Wales show that the Church of England has 1,778,351 communicants; the Wesleyans 529,786; Congregationalists 406,716; Baptists, 316,569; six other denominations have an aggregate of 554,652, making the total Nonconformist churches 1,807,723, or 29,372 more than the Church of England. The Nonconformist also have nearly a million more children in Sunday Schools than the Established Church. The total school attendance is 5,433,698.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall has been unanimously elected to the President's chair of the Theological Seminary. In accepting the position he heartily endorsed the declaration of his predecessor, Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, who said the Seminary intended to govern itself and the General Assembly must keep its hands off. To this Hall added that his policy would be a peaceful and peace-seeking policy, and he hoped to meet with a similar spirit on the part of those who conferred with them in matters of doctrine and principle.

A new Institutional church has been opened in New York. It is in connection with the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth street, a locality in which such a church is likely to be exceedingly useful. It has been constructed out of the parish house adjoining the church at a cost of \$10,000. A dining-room, kitchen, gymnasium, library, and reading-rooms with accommodations are provided under its roof. A number of sleeping-rooms which will be rented to young men, are tastefully furnished and will do to the income of the church.

A handsome gift to church work in New York has been made by Miss Serena Rhinelander. A building and ten city lots, aggregating in value \$300,000, has been placed under certain conditions at the disposal of the workers of St. James Episcopal Mission. The land is on East Eighty-eighth street between First and Second avenues. The building contains a chapel, accommodations for a kindergarten school, a library, and girls' clubs, a swimming bath, and a number of class rooms. Miss Rhinelander's sole condition that its usefulness shall be proved. If at the end of five years it is demonstrated that it is serving its purpose, she will deed it to the Mission.

A change has been made in the place of the Annual Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union. The refusal of the Frank Line Association to grant satisfactory terms for travel to Brooklyn, N. Y., was laid before the Executive Committee, and that body reluctantly decided to stop preparations in that city and hold the Convention at Chattanooga, Tenn. The Southern Passenger Association will give one-fare rates for the round trip on this fact decided the committee to go to Chattanooga in stead of Brooklyn. It is a great disappointment to the Brooklyn people, who had Ambrose Park for the meetings.

A South Carolina correspondent of the Independent calls attention to the earnest efforts of the colored children of that section to an education. He says that the colored children willingly work for a long time, accepting of menial some white child's disused school-bag, when an opportunity is afforded, with distance to attend school. Readers of this paper who have sent money to aid in the erection of a school at Mayesville, S. C., will be glad to see the contribution of the students previously mentioned is a pleasure to give money to a cause so fully appreciated, and which will be so gratefully appreciated. Only a few hundred dollars are now needed for the completion of the Mayesville fund.



An African Tyrant.

WHAT cruelties the natives of Central Africa suffer at the hands of the petty kings who rule over them, may be inferred from the reports received of the condition of the country of Benin in the Niger region. To Western ears the stories of wholesale massacre and cannibalism are almost incredible, but they are attested by responsible travelers who say that King Drumah is not much worse than other kings in Africa, but is likely to be punished because he did not limit his bloodthirsty operations to his own subjects. About two months ago he ordered the massacre of a party of unarmed Englishmen who were on their way to his capital to arrange the terms of a commercial treaty with him. There were only eight white men in the party, including Mr. Phipps, the Consul-General of the Niger

territory, and they went without arms, or military protection, in the belief that their peaceable intentions might be evident to the king and people. About two hundred native carriers, bringing presents for the king, accompanied them. They were well treated in the villages on the way, but when they were only a few miles from the capital they suddenly found themselves surrounded and the whole party was massacred, except two white men who were wounded. These two crawled into the bush and hid there for several days, until they could make their way to the coast. The rashness of the party in entering the Benin territory without protection seems inexplicable, in view of reports which were brought from the territory by travelers who had visited it. They averred that they saw the remains of corpses everywhere. Executions were of daily occurrence, and seemed to be the normal amusement of the people. It is the king's custom to kill every year on the day when he celebrates the anniversary of his father's death, all the prisoners he has on hand. Every national celebration is a carnival of human blood. The fetish priests of the Ju-Ju, the national divinity, are the most powerful persons in the kingdom, and under their advice the king metes out death to his own subjects as to prisoners. If the heat of the weather has been excessive, or there has been little rain, or too much rain, if there is joy or mourning, prisoners are put to death. A party of explorers whose presents to the king had won his special favor, were invited to a feast at which several prisoners were to be killed. The explorers declined to be present and protested against the slaughter, but it took place. Some of the victims were crucified by tying the right wrist and foot to one tree and the left foot and wrist to another tree about four feet apart. Others died under successive mutilations. Hanging, drowning and shooting are variations in the modes of execution. It is no wonder that Benin is called in the language of the people the City of Blood. The town has been captured by an expedition of a thousand well-armed men which was sent by the British Government to punish the king for the murder of the whites in January last, and it is possible to put an end to his sanguinary orgies. The town is reeking with the blood of recent victims. It is now as it was in the days of the Psalmist:

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. (Ps. 74: 20.)

Historic Gavel.
A present which is sure to be prized has been sent to Vice-President-elect Hobart by a contractor of Paterson, N. J. It appears that the War Department was instructed last year to arrange for the erec-

tion of a monument on the site of the house at Wakefield, Va., in which George Washington was born. After considerable search the brick foundations of the house were found, the house itself having been destroyed by fire in 1735. The debris of the burned building had fallen into the cellar, and upon it was the accumulated soil of more than a century and a-half. In the centre of the heap a sugar-nut tree had taken root, and had grown to large proportions. As the Government wished the monument to be on the exact place of Washington's birth, it was necessary to remove the tree to make room for the foundations of the monument. The contractor who removed it has had a gavel made out of the wood and mounted in gold, which he has now sent to Mr. Hobart to be used by him in the United States Senate. It bears a suitable inscription, stating to whom it is presented and recounting the origin of the tree from the timber of which it was made. The gift is appropriate, and when Mr. Hobart uses it



A BENIN WAR CANOE.

in the Senate chamber its associations will doubtless often recur to his mind. We may hope that it will serve to remind him, in his responsible office, of the eternal principles of righteousness and patriotic self-sacrifice which the great man, with whom it is identified, hoped would ever characterize the Government that he and his distinguished colleagues founded. So the gavel may have a useful significance to the user, and the senators, if a self-seeking spirit should ever be manifested among them, and will speak to them as did the symbol of priestly appointment of God's ancient people.

The Lord said unto Moses, Bring Aaron's rod before the testimony to be kept for a token. (Numbers 17: 10.)

Spain Must Explain.

An international difficulty appears likely to arise between our government and that of Spain out of the death of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, a Cuban dentist who had acquired American citizenship. Dr. Ruiz formerly resided in Philadelphia, but returned to Cuba on the death of his father to settle his estate. He had an American passport and intended to return as soon as the business was finished, but was detained, and finally he married and settled down at Guanabacoa. On Jan. 16 last, a train was derailed in Cuba and several Spanish officers were captured by the insurgents. Dr. Ruiz was arrested on the charge of having assisted in placing on the tracks the obstruction which caused the derailment of the train. He had, however, a number of witnesses who, on hearing of his arrest, went to the Spanish authorities and testified to the impossibility of Dr. Ruiz being concerned in the affair, they having been in his company three miles away from the accident. Fourteen days after his arrest it was announced that he had died in

prison. General Lee at once demanded an investigation and went to the prison to enforce the demand. An autopsy was performed which disclosed the fact that the death of Dr. Ruiz was caused by a blow on the head. Prisoners in the jail said that he had been subject to torture, and that they had heard piercing shrieks coming from his cell in the night. The facts having been communicated to the State Department, Secretary Olney has demanded from Spain a thorough inquiry and if the facts are as reported, she will be required to make such reparation as is in her power. That course is necessary to the honor of our government and for the safety of our citizens abroad. It should be known the world over, that however humble a man may be, if he is a citizen of the United States it is not safe to oppress him, or do him a mischief. Such protection is given to those who are citizens of the kingdom of God, although the world frequently forgets the fact.

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people; he suffered no man to do them wrong: yea he reproved kings for their sakes. (Ps. 105: 13.)

A Hero at the Windlass.

A rare act of heroism is reported by the *Morning Oregonian*. It appears that at the Young America Mine at Rossland, B. C., a man named Hemsworth was employed at the windlass by which the buckets laden with ore are drawn up a shaft a hundred and fifty feet deep. One day recently a heavy bucket had nearly reached the top of the shaft, when the crank of the windlass snapped off short. Hemsworth saw the windlass whirling around at a frightful rate of speed as the bucket shot down the shaft, and realized that it meant death to the men below. Jumping forward he threw his body upon the cogs of the swiftly-revolving wheel, thrusting his arm

quires that when there have been such absences the report of the whole proceedings shall be read over in the presence of all the commissioners before a decision is made. The official stenographer was therefore instructed to prepare a verbatim report. While he was working upon it he accidentally upset a bottle of ink over his notes, which so completely obliterated the characters on a number of pages that they cannot be read even with the aid of a microscope. The commissioners are very reluctant to go through the labor and expense of another trial, but they cannot give a legal decision without it. Meanwhile the captain's salary goes on, and no action can be taken. It was a fortunate accident for the captain, but his enemies will probably take care that he does not finally escape, but is tried over again. Happily, that can never happen to the Christian whose sins have been blotted out, not merely the record of them.

I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake and will not remember thy sins. (Isa. 43: 25.)

Presidential Autographs Missing.

Thieves have been at work in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. Reports reached Mr. Spofford, the librarian, some time ago, that autographs of priceless historical value were being offered for sale. Mr. Spofford was naturally anxious to secure them for the nation. From a description of one of them that he received, he thought they must be spurious, as there was already such a document in the library, and it was little likely that any duplicate was in existence. To refresh his memory on the subject, he referred to the archives, but could not find the autograph, though he knew that it had been there and it was entered on the catalogue. A further search showed that others were missing. Among them were letters signed by George Washington, John Hancock, Benedict Arnold, and Washington's diary for 1784. Two clerks of the library have been arrested on suspicion, and it is hoped that at

least some of the documents may be recovered. Happily, the value of the lost documents is only sentimental. Their contents were known, and if they are not recovered the national welfare will not be affected. It is different with those who are trying to rob us of our Bible. Not only our hopes of the future, but our present civilization is based upon it, and if the ancient documents of which it is composed were taken from us, the mainstay of our faith would be gone.

The Lord commanded us to do all these statutes for our good always that he might preserve us alive as it is at this day. (Deut. 6: 24.)

A Fatal Snowball.

A press dispatch from St. Paul, Minn., reports the distressing results of boyish thoughtlessness. On Feb. 3, a boy thirteen years old, son of a prominent citizen of St. Paul, in a spirit of boyish mischief, threw a snowball at a man who was driving past on a cutter. The snowball missed the man and hit the horse, a spirited animal, which, startled by the sudden blow, ran away. The runaway resulted directly in three other runaways, in which several persons were hurt and a great deal of damage was done. On the following day two of the injured persons called on the father of the boy who threw the snowball and, telling him how the accident had occurred, said they should hold him responsible for damages. It happened that the boy's father was at the time in a highly nervous condition through a variety of causes, and this demand seemed the last straw on his heavy burden. Without making any reply to his callers, the man walked into a rear room, took a revolver from a drawer and shot himself. Death was instantaneous. Thus, from the one boyish act resulted loss, suffering and death. How the boy must have wished he had never thrown that snowball! If we remembered that the consequences of our acts and words are beyond our control, we should all be more circumspect than we are. The Scriptural reminder of the possibility of evil being inadvertently caused, ought never to be forgotten.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. (James 3: 5.)



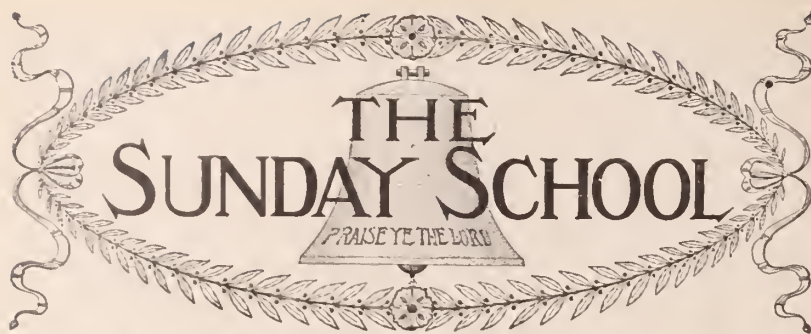
BENIN PEOPLE WORSHIPPING AT THE JU-JU HOUSE.

and shoulder under the whirling broken crank. The iron struck him a terrific blow, crushing bone and sinew and tearing a ghastly wound, but the windlass stopped with the bucket only a few feet above the heads of the men stooping at their work at the bottom of the shaft. The superintendent saw the accident from a distance and ran to the relief of the brave man. He blocked the machinery and released him. Then, as he saw the fearful nature of Hemsworth's injuries, he said: "How dare you do such a thing?" The injured man gasped, "I had to save the boys." Surgeons amputated the arm and hope to save his life. As we wonder and admire the man who could thus sacrifice himself to save his comrades, we remember Him against whom the taunt was hurled:

He saved others; himself he cannot save. (Matt. 27: 42.)

A Record Blotted Out.

A singular accident is delaying action in the case of a police captain in Long Island City, N. Y. Charges were made against the captain nearly a year ago, and he was placed on trial. Sometimes one of the commissioners would be absent from a hearing, and sometimes another would be away, so that when the case closed there was no one among them who had heard all the evidence. The law re-



SAUL CONVERTED.

Sunday School Lesson for March 14.

Acts 9: 1-20. Golden Text, I Tim. 1:

15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HEN Stephen, the Christ-like martyr, died in full view of an open heaven which his very face reflected, and in the very act of prayer for his murderers, it is significantly said that "the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." (Acts. 7: 58). In the purposes of God, the zealous persecutor and the Christ-like martyr must come in contact. Saul was undoubtedly the great instigator of the persecution against the Christians, and there was more than he knew in the act of those who, to facilitate the execution of the martyr, laid their loose outer garments at his feet. Saul was an honest man acting from conviction; a pupil of that Gamaliel who had led the priestly council at Jerusalem to take God into their reckoning in their dealings with the apostles.

The young Saul was one who could not do a thing by halves. He was an Old Testament believer, taught by Gamaliel "according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God." (Acts 22: 3). Thus it was no spirit of cruelty which actuated him in the persecution of the Christians in which he became so prominent a leader; he says himself, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." (Acts 26: 9). But here was the very crucial point. Devoted to God and to his service as he was, the young zealot did not know God, and was not at this time guided by him. He was willing to give all his time, strength, energy, talent, influence, into the crusade he had undertaken against the Christians, and undoubtedly in his own eyes he was another Joshua, bent on exterminating the enemies of Jehovah from the holy city and the holy land. But he was

Self-Guided.

"I verily thought with myself," he did not, like Moses and David, inquire of the Lord. Thus the self-constituted defender of the faith of his fathers was really become the great enemy of the God whom he thought to serve. To serve God in our way instead of his way is practically to work against him. "Thus it came to pass that this earnest devotee of the God of love thought to please him when he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord!"

In the course of his pursuit of the Christians after the death of Stephen, "even unto strange cities," Paul drew near Damascus, armed with letters from the chief priests to the synagogues, demanding that the heretics should be delivered up and brought in chains to Jerusalem. But an unexpected interruption met him. It was midday, the sun was brilliantly shining when suddenly, a wondrous "light from heaven" far outshining even an eastern sun, shone round about him. "It was so dazzling that he and all his company, unable to endure it, fell face foremost to the earth. All saw the light but only Saul heard a voice saying: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' 'Who art thou, Lord?' 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.'"

The zealous hero of the persecution, the self-made Joshua, saw himself a traitor to his God, a lost, sinful, misguided man, the very chief of sinners, persecutor of the Church of God. It was a tremendous revelation. All his former devotion had

been really offered to an unknown God, he had not yet seen the Lord as Isaiah did, or he would have been a broken undone man; he had never heard his voice, or he would have ceased to direct himself. Now God had met him, and revealed to him that his whole life had been one great, terrible mistake. Would he now yield to God or hold to his own way? This is the point to which every sinner must come before he can be born again of the Spirit of God. If he does not come to see himself utterly undone and to accept the fact of the utter bankruptcy of all he is and all he has been and done, his conversion is only a superficial one, which has to be later on supplemented by a consecration which ought to have been a part of his first receiving of Jesus.

"The spirit should fail before me and the souls which I have made," says Jehovah. (Isa. 57: 16). Paul's soul did fail. Trembling and astonished, he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Paul understood now that he could no longer dis-



DAMASCUS, FROM THE RIVER BARADA, THE ANCIENT ABANA.

pose of himself; he already, and very really belonged to another; and that other was Jehovah Jesus, whom he had been persecuting in his disciples!

"Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do;" and blind with the glorious light of an opened heaven, and led by the hand of others, he took his way toward Damascus. But who knows what took place during the three days that followed: the revelation from heaven so overpowered him that he could neither eat nor drink, and we may be quite sure that he did not sleep either. All his past life now was seen in a totally different light, now he understood the radiant, angel face of Stephen. Now he understood what love to enemies meant for Jesus, whom he had blasphemed, showed it to him. And with all the zeal of his young heart, Saul surrendered himself and the persecutor became the disciple. He rejoiced afterwards to testify that the Gospel which he preached was "not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." (Gal. 1: 11, 12), and his whole after life bore witness to the truth of his statement before king Agrippa, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Once fully surrendered to his God, it was not a hard thing that this accomplished Pharisee, and well known persecutor, should have to be dependent on an obscure disciple, whose only recommendation was his faith for the help and direction which God had promised him. Things which are difficult, almost impossible to our nature, become quite natural as soon as we let God have possession of our will. Meanwhile God was preparing Ananias. This disciple knew the voice which called, "Ananias," and he responded, "Behold, I am here, Lord." "Arise and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire

in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus, for behold he prayeth and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight." "Lord," answered Ananias, "I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem; and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name."

"Go thy way," was the instant answer, "for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel, for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." And Ananias had no more to say: he who before God trembled at the name of Saul goes to him and calls him brother.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

FROM this history of Christianity in its early days we obtain several types of conversion. In last week's lesson we had the man who was waiting for instruction and on receiving it passed easily into the kingdom. The conversion of Cornelius in the tenth chapter was of a similar order. The jailer at Philippi, described in the sixteenth chapter, was preceded by terror and distress. In this week's lesson we have another type. All the subjects arrived at the same issue, but by different ways. So it is still. One person merely needs instruction, another needs spiritual enlightenment, another needs a distressing experience, and another needs a revelation. Saul's conversion was the

great comfort to those who have to suffer for their faith. Christ sees it and suffices with them. But that is not all. Christ has pity for the persecutor. He likens him an ox who kicks against the goad, the sharp pointed weapon with which the driver spurs him to his work. The more he kicks, the more he is hurt. He has undertaken work which must involve him suffering. It is a similar proverb to that among us of the man who runs his head against a stone wall. Christ has compassion for him, in spite of the mischief he is doing. Then Gamaliel was right. Saul was contending against God. Humbly asks guidance and is directed where to look. Still blind from the dazzling vision he led into the city. Three days he sits in darkness, too much absorbed in the revelation and all it portends, even to eat. Then Ananias, a humble believer of whom have not heard before, is sent to him, and salutes him as Brother. The film is moved from his eyes and in more than a physical sense he is able to see. He sees his mistakes; he sees that he is altogether in the wrong and immediately, with courage, he declares his changed attitude and preaches the very Gospel which had come to Damascus to extirpate. The stalwart, energetic, indomitable servant of God was brought into the kingdom. So God takes a man with strong power and harnesses them in his service. There is no need to change the character or disposition of the man. It is necessary only to apply them to a different object. Saul the restless, untrusting, relentless persecutor becomes the missionary preacher with his old characteristics employed in new service.

Breathing threatenings and slaughter.

"Why does not God protect his children from persecution?" asks a troubled Christian. "Why does he allow them to be harassed and put to death without interposing their defence?" The answer is not completely satisfactory, but it is suggestive. "I stood at the window of a mansion with the owner and I saw his dogs chase his favorite chickens. I said to him: 'Why do you allow this?' He smiled and said: 'Let them alone. The birds will come here all the quicker, and I want them.'"

A light from heaven.

It is this to convert some people. They are so self-confident, so sure that they know everything and that they are quite right, that only the Spirit can open their eyes. A familiar author describes a strange phenomenon in the mountains of Africa. Three persons were threading their way through weird peaks which were almost in darkness, owing to the giant peaks which shut out the light of day. "Now," said the guide, "we must wait." They all sat down in front of a chasm. Presently a beam of light shone across the chasm as if from a searchlight. It seems that once in every twenty-four hours the sun came to a place in the heavens whence its rays shot through a cavity in the mountain, and then all was dark again. But for a minute the light revealed a projecting rock on the other side of the chasm which almost bridged it, so that it was easy to step over the intervening space. But the step must be taken at the right time, or the traveler might be dashed to pieces.

It is hard for thee. Two young men were at college together. One of them was dissipated, and the other, who came from the same town, and knew him and his family well, expostulated with him. "No," was the reply, "I do not believe in being so strait-laced. I am to enjoy life and take all the pleasure I can reach. I shall be young only once. My friend begged him to desist, but would not laugh at for his pains. Many an afterward he met his old college friend at a ten-cent lodging house. He recognized him with difficulty, for the man was a real wreck, looking ten years older than himself, though of the same age. He was dirty and his clothing was in tatters. He did not seem to have prospered," he said. "No," was the reply, "I have had a miserable life. I should have been far better if I had taken your advice. Even if there is no life after this, it would have been better for me to have led a clean, virtuous life. I have suffered torments and believe I am at this moment the most miserable creature on earth."



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Winter Pleasures.

Sleighing and Skating in the Public Parks—A Frolic on Runners—Wholesome and Exhilarating Sport.

AS Winter wanes toward Spring, and the sharp frosts of February and March threaten to suddenly be transformed to the mildness of the approaching vernal season, the lovers of skating and sleighing experience a momentary pang of regret. While it is probably true that the vast majority of our people prefer the weather to the frigid blasts we have experienced, it is equally true that there are thousands of hardy natures, fond of exercise and animation of out-door life, who love the rough, blustery winds of winter, which bring them assurance of vivid sport on the ringing steel. Photographs on this page, taken a few days ago, give a hint of how New Yorkers amuse themselves in the snowy season. In Central Park, and on the adjacent boulevards, the sleighing this winter has been exceptional, and the vision of many hundreds of elegant cutters flashing past, drawn by their steppers, with pompon and bells, has been worth a half-hour's halt to see. Almost every variety of sleigh, from the low-seated, old-fashioned affair, to the high-stylish Russian machine on runners, may be seen on the drive, and the sparkling eyes and happy faces of their occupants show how keen is their enjoyment of the sport. But the more democratic, because less expensive, pleasure of skating is the winter prime that affords relaxation to my thousands of the younger generation. On all good "skating days," when the ice has reached a desired thickness, certain of the public lakes are opened to the public. There is no reticent sight to observe a good-natured, grateful crowd of skaters, gliding like birds on the smooth ice, describing all sorts of curves, dashes and antics on the mirror-like surface. As the lakes are well guarded, accidents are rare, and save an occasional hump or contusion caused by an awkward slip, seldom comes to the skater. It is a delightful pastime, for there are rarely more than a few days' skating in a season; hence they are disposed to make the most of it and extract from it all the pleasure they can while it lasts.

Arabian Salesman's Way.

Our ladies sometimes complain of the persistency of some salesmen in the stores. What would they think, were they to encounter such a salesman as that described by a lady traveler in Tunis, in a recent letter to *Travel*. She says: "Some of the vendors of haiks, fezes, and Oriental silks would have been invaluable at a charity bazaar. They were so amiable, so ingenuously, above all so persistent. 'Spik Engli,' exclaims one in a lovely blue haik, reaching up and extending his hand with the ardor of an old friend to the leader of the party. 'Touchez la,' and he sweeps the whole party off irresistibly into his particular den, spreading out scarfs, mantles, embroidery, and chattering nineteen to the dozen. He flings a silk scarf around the shoulders of one of the ladies,

'Buy this for madame. Yes, monsieur, very pretty, very good.' Madame and monsieur happen never to have exchanged a word; she looks stony, and he embarrassed. Next the indefatigable one fixes on the most timid and girlish-looking of the party. 'Buy it, mademoiselle. Very pretty. You will have a rich husband. Lots of money. Yes, only trente francs.' In a few minutes he is down at fifteen. Some one suggests eight. He moves off with a gesture of supreme contempt. The party turns to leave; he flies after them. 'Combien, monsieur, combien.' The eight francs is offered again and accepted: the salesman shakes hands again, exclaiming, 'Good-night, good-night,' with great fervor (it being about 11 A. M.), and we go away."

Close of the Mother's Congress.

All who had to do with the management of the National Mothers' Congress in Washington deserve to be congratulated. It is now universally admitted to have been a great success. Aside from the regular sessions in the banquet room of the Arlington, meetings were held in the First Baptist Church and additional speakers were provided, thus making a double pro-



SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

gramme. Among those who made addresses at the latter place were Miss Newton, of Chicago, Miss Jeannette Rich-

ards, Mrs. Putnam and other ladies. Altogether the success of the congress has afforded the liveliest gratification to managers, delegates and all concerned. A headquarters will be kept up in Washington, and a congress will be held annually in that city. Mrs. Hearst and also Mrs. Birney, who contributed so greatly to the success of the congress, have earned the loving gratitude of their sisters everywhere, which the resolution of thanks adopted by the delegates heartily expressed.

A Honeymoon Among Monkeys.

Philip Robinson, the well-known writer and traveler, relates this most entertaining experience:

I was married in India. I engaged for our honeymoon a little house sixteen miles away, on the steep white cliff of the Nebudda river. Close beside it was a little hut, where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine. It was a wonderful place altogether, and while my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the first clatter of the plates, there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up the

trees that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house-roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda and sat there. When everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated—I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready and they are all waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming down in my dressing gown."

"Never mind," I said, "the people about here are not very fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood her breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver—my wife sat down. "Will they eat anything?" asked she. "Try them," I said. So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! About three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched. My wife threw another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another and another. But at length we had given all that we had

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

It's everybody's business
In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds
And make room for the flowers;
So that every little garden,
No matter where it lies,
May look like that which God once made,
And called it Paradise.

It's everybody's business
When a man has fallen down,
To put him on his feet again
And help him through the town:
Though wise and strong and perfect folks
May sneer and proudly say—
"You'd better let him take his course,
'Tis kindness thrown away."

It's everybody's business
To be full of hope and joy,
And be as merry as he can
Whatever may annoy;
For he who goes about the streets,
Parading all his pain,
Will cast a cross on other hearts
And have his own remain.

The Stepmother's Friend.

THERE seems to be a widespread interest among our readers, on the stepmother question. From a single eloquent advocate of that very much-maligned class, the defenders of the stepmother have increased until now they are found on every side. Among the letters we have received on the subject, we have space only for the following extracts:

Mrs. Nannie W. Tanner, of Pittsboro, Tex., writes:

I have such a precious jewel in the person of a stepmother that I read with great interest everything pleasant and kind in regard

to them. I feel that I must say something here in praise of my dear stepmother, for surely no other was ever more deserving of appreciation and esteem than she. To begin with, she is one of the purest and most unselfish women. A deeply pious, consistent Christian, she came to fill the place of our dear mother, when I was in my sixth year, and one brother, three years older, and one four years younger than myself. How lovingly and tenderly she has always cared for us! To me she is the very embodiment of all that is pure and gentle and lovely and good. I do not see how our home could have existed without her. It is exceedingly painful to hear stepmothers spoken of disparagingly. I like to assure them all of my respect and love.

An invalid son (O. F. H.), Middleton, Mass., writes:

Personally, my brother and I, have known a stepmother's love. She has, and does, care for us as though we were her own. Patiently she has striven, lovingly and sweetly suffered, sacrificed and endured for us. With sincerity and deep filial affection, we can say, "God bless the stepmothers." May the children under the care of a stepmother always love and obey her, and seek to please her. Moreover, may they love their half-brothers and sisters, too, even as themselves.

In a Persian Tea House.

One afternoon, writes a traveler from Teheran, we found ourselves in a Persian tea-house. Now a Persian tea-house is not one of those fanciful oriental places all glittering mirrors, tinsel-roofed, with swinging silver lamps, pearl inlaid tables, silken couches, and snatches of the Koran decorating the walls, such as imaginative artists depict. More often than not they are disappointingly hovel-like. There was a crowd of Persians on a sort of earth-baked platform, with little mats in front. They kept constantly drinking cups of tea. They were an apathetic lot, till one of us picked up a brass cup and almost contaminated it by putting it to his lips. With a scream it was dragged from his hand. These Persians are strict Mohammedans, and would no more drink out of the same vessel as a dog of a Christian than they would risk their souls by eating pork. They are given to much praying in public places. Thus in the village tea-house we saw two or three men stretch out the palms of their hands, raise their eyes to the ceiling, mumble faintly, and touch the earth with their foreheads.



A CADET TEAM.



A HAPPY TRIO.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VII—Contin'd.
Steve's Opportunity.

STEVE was so much in love that the prospect did not frighten him. Jessie was not accustomed to a large income; and he thought it would be easy to obtain work, which did not chain him to a desk. Anything but that! He thought, too, as he was going to marry and settle down, his father would have some faith in his social reformation. And as he had loved Jessie's mother, surely he would feel some interest in the daughter of the woman he had once intended to make his wife. Of course there must be an interview, and Steve did fear that. Nicholas Lloyd always brought to the front the worst side of his son, and Steve recognized this result, and was angry at it.

For a little while, however, he made no movement in regard to the future. He said to Jessie, "In three weeks I will speak to your father, and I hope satisfy all his reasonable desires for your comfort, and in the interval let us be happy, darling." And for once the clever, careful little woman was willing to be happy—to take the sweetness of the present moment—to put cares out of reckoning, and all considerations as to marriage and money matters beyond her horizon. She was during these three weeks delightful. She gave Steve a great love. She allowed her best nature full freedom. She forgot to consider herself. She grew more beautiful every day. Her voice was softer, her manner more gentle. She completely captivated Steve; he thought himself to be the happiest man in New York, and was ready to assert with all his heart that "the world was well lost for love."

Also during these three weeks, Flora was married and went to her own house—a pretty little flat in Twelfth street. The furnishing and adorning of its six small rooms, was very much in Jessie's hands; and Steve went with her and helped her, and supplied many pretty accessories. And what happy thoughts of his own home he had while doing so might be seen in his eyes, in his radiant face and boyish manner. Not unfrequently these heart-dreams found expression in pretty personal ambitions; thus, one afternoon as they were unpacking a present of china from the bridegroom's employer, Jessie said:

"What lovely cups and saucers, Steve!"

"We can have a set like them."

"Oh, how delightful that will be! Do you know that this china is very fine, and consequently very expensive?"

"I think we can afford it."

"I don't like the parlor curtains, do you, Steve?"

"No indeed! I hope we shall show more taste."

Thus in the happiness of others, they laid the foundation of their own, and time went swiftly by, as it has a way of doing when the heart is light, and the days are full of joy. After Flora's marriage, Steve began to think seriously of preparing for his own, and, as a first step towards it, he resolved to see his mother and sister. As he walked up the avenue, he reproached himself with being so laggard a son, and a brother, and yet his reluctance to go home was a natural feeling. He feared his mother's calm, sad face, he feared that Alice would censure him; for it was not many months since he had heard through Jessie that he had been in New York some weeks. He had to make excuses, for he knew he would be sure to blurt out the truth, and he was sure that Jessie had occupied all his time.

It was a cold, raw morning, and as he made his way through the fast-falling flakes, he asked himself seriously if this very love had slain, or even wounded the old love. No and again no! In his heart he knew that mother and sister were just as dear as ever. But then he was sure of their love. It had been tested a thousand times and found faithful. There was no wounding if necessary. It was the treasure just safely away. Jessie's love was

the treasure still in speculation. It had to be watched and cared for, and worked for until the happy hour of its appropriation arrived.

"That is the whole matter," he said positively, as he ran up the whitened steps and shook himself free of the gathered snow. How sweet and warm it was in the house! Two sweet and warm for Steve, who liked far better the snap of the frosty air and the brisk stimulant of the north-west wind. But the sweetness and warmth seemed just suitable for the lovely girl who turned with a cry of joy to welcome him:

"Oh, Steve! Steve! Is it you at last? When did you come to New York?"

"I have been here more than a week or two. I have been busy wooing a wife. Did she not tell you?"

"Who? Do you mean Jessie McAslin?"

"Yes."

"Of course you have won her. She used to talk about you without rhyme or reason."

"Does she not talk about me now?"

"I have not encouraged her to talk about you for a long time. I have begun to doubt whether she is really the best kind of wife for you."

"She is the only wife for me, Alice. And she has promised to marry me very soon."

"Steve, do not marry just yet. Wait a little."

"I thought you wanted me to marry and settle."

"I do—but—O, Steve, it is such an important thing! You will also have to tell her who you are. I don't like that—but you cannot marry her under the name of Morrison."

"Certainly I cannot."

"And how will you support her? Jessie is an ambitious woman. She loves pretty things of all kinds. I suppose all women do that. Are you going to accept the offer father made you, and go back to Wall street?"

"Not in this life, and I have a good hope that my next life will not retrograde."

"Then, pray how are you going to live? Do you think Jessie will tramp east and west with you, or even endure your long absences?"

"I shall not ask her to do either. I shall get some employment which will let me have a little freedom, and keep a home in comfort."

"But you cannot give your cake away, and then eat it. You give up your freedom for a wife. It is your own exchange. Then do not grumble at its limitations."

"How does father feel towards me?"

"I do not think he has changed his position in the least. You have not changed yours, why should he? Try now and accept the offer he leaves open to you from year to year."

"I cannot do so, Alice. I will not do a foolishness that is founded on the principle of taking without giving, and claiming without earning. I will have nothing

whatever to do with stocks, and shares, and usury. I will not live on interest, and dividends, and appropriated balances."

"Very good people have to do with them, and also live on them."

"I have nothing to do with these very good people. I keep only my own conscience."

"How do you know your conscience is right?"

"Conscience is a 'crowned truth,' armed from birth at every point."

"I do not think so. It has to be educated in a great many people. Else what good is there in our reformatories?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"I know you are as impossible as ever. Suppose you go and see mother. She is so much changed."

"Do you mean that she is ill?"

"Go and see for yourself. I will wait here until you return. You had better speak to her about your marriage."

Steve nodded assent and went slowly upstairs to his mother's room. She had always seemed to live so near to heaven that Steve could anticipate no other change but that which would remove her to the land of her hopes and prayers. And dearly as he loved her, he knew that he had given her many, many hours of anxiety and sorrow. So he went with heavy heart and lingering steps to her presence. Her door was ajar, and he pushed it gently open. Mrs. Lloyd sat at a table facing him, sur-



STEVE RAN UP THE WHITENED STEPS OF HIS HOME.

rounded by papers and busily writing. She had the air of a happy woman. She was handsomely dressed and looked much younger than her age warranted, for the cultivated, heavenly calm in which she had passed so many of the most vivid years of life, had preserved her youth and beauty.

As Steve entered she looked up quickly, and in that simple movement Steve recognized the great change that had taken place. Her face was alive with interest, her cheeks slightly flushed, her whole presence that of alert satisfaction. And as soon as she saw Steve another wondrous change appeared; a sudden transformation from the life of the intellect to the life of the heart. The intense love she had for her son was no longer pressed down and backward. It sprang into her eyes and illumined her countenance, it forced her to rise to her feet and outspread her arms, and Steve felt, even at the threshold, the warmth of her irrepressible attitude and cry:

"Steve! Steve! I was thinking of you a few moments ago. I was wishing you were here! And you come and answer my wish? Oh, you dear boy!"

The last words were said upon his lips when Steve had folded her to his heart and was laughing and crying in the same moment, and telling her she was the happiest mother a man ever had, and dearest, and the sweetest, asking between whiles "what have you been doing to yourself, mother? Whatever have you been doing?"

"I been doing something I want you to help me in, my own boy! Sit down at my side and let me tell you all about it."

She began with Max Lehman's visit, told him all, even something of that marvelous experience through the night her conviction, when she abandoned selfishness of caring only for her own salvation, and determined to give herself to others, and then trust God for her. She showed him the plans and the mates for the first duty she had assumed, and as she talked grew luminous and quiet over her hopes and intentions. In fact she quite enthused Steve. His heart beat to her heart; his face caught the light on her face; his tongue echoed all she said; they were clasping hands over the sacred bond and duty, and were not aware of it.

"Now, you must see what I want of Steve. Mr. Telford cannot give his whole time even though he gives his whole life to this work. I want you to act for me in business that I cannot well attend to, in places I do not care to visit. There are materials to contract for, and these must be examined—for we want the best—there are journeys to take, and people to see, and papers to authenticate, and papers to sign, and workmen to look at, and a score of other things to attend to that a woman has neither the prestige nor authority to profitably take in hand. You say you like work if it keeps you in the open air and permits you to walk about. This is your opportunity, Steve. Will you be my agent in this good work? Will you see to it that not a dollar of the money given for the benefit of my poor brothers and sisters is diverted from its right purpose?"

"Mother, I'll fight for every cent. I'll see that the builders keep every tithe of their obligations. I will take care that the masons do not put more sand than is in their mortar. The contractors shall do their full duty, the workmen shall do theirs. Send me whenever and wherever I wish on this work. I am with heart and soul."

"You make me exceedingly happy, Steve. When can you begin? To-morrow?"

"This very hour if you wish me to."

"What are you doing now?"

He hesitated a moment and answered: "I have been working for my wife the last few weeks. All since I was at sea."

"A wife!" A sudden coldness and chill that could be felt was in his voice. In fact both Steve's mother and sister experienced a quick sensation to the thought of him married.

They had urged him to entertain the idea, they had decided that marriage would be a good thing for him, but when the fact became fact, their first strong impulse was to repel it. It was a natural impulse. Steve understood the feeling of what was the outcome. He had been the idol, none the less so because he had escaped them endless anxieties and required frequent help. To give him up to another strange woman! To become second to one they had been first! No mother and sister ever loved thus fondly, and then to be requited without a sigh and a heartache.

Mrs. Lloyd, however, was not only conscientious, she was generous, and in a few minutes she recovered herself so completely that she was able to ask, with a smile:

"Who is the young lady, Steve?"

"It is Jessie."

"Jessie McAslin?"

"Yes, to be sure. I forgot there is to be some other Jessie. She is the one I told you about. I hope you like her, mother."

"She has many good qualities. Her brother is an exceptionally fine man."

"John is perfect. So is Jessie. I looked so brave and so happy as I heard the words, that it was impossible for me to restrain sympathy with him. Let his little jealousies slip away from his consciousness. She leaned forward, smiling, and said with tender enthusiasm:

"I am so glad you are going to marry Steve."

(To be Continued.)

THE PLEDGE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning
Mar. 14. II. Kings 1:3; 21-25.

IN what way the pledge can help the Endeavorer has often been questioned. It does not require of him anything more than it is his duty to do, and therefore it is simply nothing more than a solemn promise that Christ helping him, he will do his duty. Yet, as a matter of discipline, it has been found that it does help. The societies which dispensed with the pledge have not prospered, and those who adopted it, after working for a while without it, have realized the advantages to be derived from it. There is increased regularity of attendance and more thorough devotion to duty. Why? Chiefly because a definite and specific obligation has a power in the conscience and a sense of duty which no other has. It is sad to have to admit the fact, but it is so. We are not ready to be judged by "the law of the land." Left perfectly free, human nature yields to temptation, to circumstances, to environment, and does not always do its duty. So we have a law, voluntarily assume an obligation, which has the force of a law. The temperance movement avails itself of this excellent. A man avows himself a friend of temperance, all his sympathies are with the effort to get rid of the curse of the liquor habit. But we ask him to make the pledge. Then we know just what he stands. He binds himself to a gain, and so surrenders a part of his liberty. Without the pledge there are times when he might relax his high conception of duty and drink a glass of wine with a friend, but his pledge binds him; he is held by his specific promise, and cannot indulge without breaking it. So an oath is required of an officer. He fully intends to do all he pledges himself to do, but we require the pledge from him as a definite pledge that he will do these specified things. Even in the marriage relation, and in cases where the love on each side is so strong that each party is ready to do for love what is required, we ask for a definite and public pledge in the presence of witnesses, that the duties of husband and wife shall be faithfully performed. The pledge is in its essence an expedient, a corrective of the weakness of human nature. In a condition of higher development it would be superfluous. If human nature could be relied upon to do its duty unfalteringly and spontaneously, the pledge would not be of any utility. It could produce no better results than would be attained without it. But experience has proved that the better part of our nature is braced and strengthened by the pledge. It removes the necessity of decision in particular cases, and establishes a law which honor demands shall be obeyed. We need this compulsion as a help to our halting, wavering natures, but its necessity ought to be outgrown. As we lay commands upon a child and exact from him promises that he will do this or that, and abstain from doing other things, we look forward to the time when no such commands or promises will be necessary. We expect the time will come when, of his own accord and without any restrictive influence, he will do the things we wish him to do. So in the Christian life there should come a time when any such pledge as we now take will not be needed. The singing which was tied and forced to grow straight, shall be so strong that it cannot be forced to grow crooked. Its vigor is its growth that was forced upon it, and the props and cords, which were used in its earlier growth, may be removed. They have served their purpose. So the Christian Endeavor pledge should be outgrown when the very effects it has produced. If it becomes a habit, to a spontaneous performance of the duties recounted, its purpose will be effected and it may pass away. That is our ideal condition which sanctification holds out as an attainment to be continually sought. This is the glory of Christianity when, without law or pledge, the higher nature has established its rule so firmly that the lower nature yields without resistance and the Christian lives under the law of liberty.



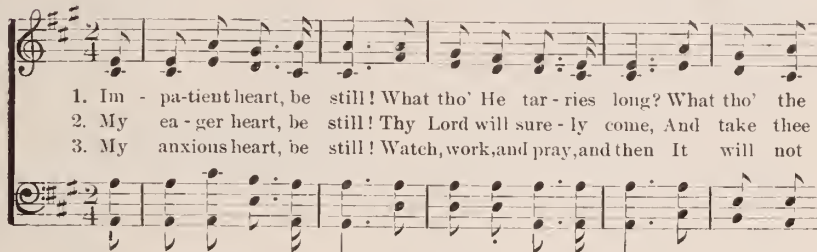
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Impatient Heart, Be Still.

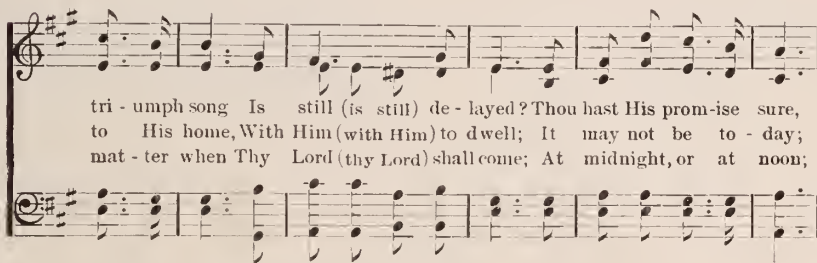
GEO. A. WARBURTON.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

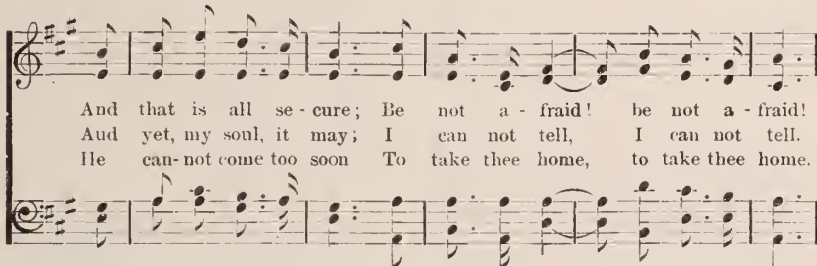
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Im - pa-tient heart, be still! What tho' He tar-ries long? What tho' the
2. My ea-ger heart, be still! Thy Lord will sure-ly come, And take thee
3. My anx-ious heart, be still! Watch, work, and pray, and then It will not



tri - umph song Is still (is still) de - layed? Thou hast His prom-ise sure,
to His home, With Him (with Him) to dwell; It may not be to - day;
mat - ter when Thy Lord (thy Lord) shall come; At midnight, or at noon;



And that is all se - cure; Be not a - fraid! be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can not tell, I can not tell.
He can-not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home.



REFRAIN.

Be still! be still! { Im - pa-tient } heart . . be still!
Be still! be still! { My ea-ger } heart . . be still!
Be still! be still! { My anx-ious } heart . . be still!

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NESTLING DOWN IN GOD'S WILL.

ONE word among the sweetest known,
O'er which I love to pause and rest,
Like lingering note of music soft,
Is learned from tender birdlings' nests.
So full of dear home peace, it seems
So restful in the trials of life.
The nest—the home—neath brooding love,
Safe shelter in earth's weary strife.
So dark the way, so hard the work,
Such strange, mysterious lessons given,
In life's hard school, I faltering turn
To rest in thoughts of God and heaven.
And there I long to find soul-peace,
To nestle down in God's sweet will,
To feel he knows, he cares for all,
His hand shall lead me safely still.
O, blessed is the holy time,
When God's own thoughts and mine are one,
When nestling down in his dear will,
Sweet comes the word, "I am his own!"
I give all up—the knowest best—
In darkest hours his light doth shine.
I nestle down in God's sweet will,
My soul at rest in love divine.
Oh, yearning heart! Oh, struggling soul!
How good on his sure Word to rest,
To nestle down in God's dear will,

To know, to feel his way is best.
I hear his voice amid earth's storms,
'Tis calm—the wind and tempest cease—
I nestle in his arms of love,
The Master walks with me in peace.
Berlin, Mass. —PHERE A. HOLDER.

"I WILL COME AGAIN"

COMING! Yes, he is coming!
What joy the prospect brings
To those who watch and daily wait
The glorious "King of kings!"
He may be here to-morrow,
Or before the sun has set;
Ere this day's task is folded up,
While this day's tears are wet!
He will gently take from my tired hands
The task he will complete,
And wipe from my eyes the teardrops
That fall on his pierced feet!
I know not the times or seasons
My God in his love doth keep.
But I know full well he is coming,
Whether I wake or sleep.
So "comfort ye one another"
With this his blessed Word
While we wait the glorious prospect
"Forever with the Lord."
Burke, Vt. —JENNIE ANNA GALE.

SIGNS OF THE END.

Events and Characteristics Denoting
the Last Days of the Dispensation.

BY REV. TALBOT GREAVES.



NE great difficulty meets us on the very threshold of this most interesting subject—the actual period of time intended by the terms, "the last days," "the latter day," "the end of the days," "the more simple and solemn," "the end."

The Scriptures abound in predictions of the signs of this period, and it is only by a careful examination of the context that we can fix the exact period intended. We are prepared to expect that the predictions should be more or less descriptive of the whole period, so that there has never been a century since Christ came when students of prophecy have not seen the predicted signs of the close of the dispensation gathering around. For centuries there have been early developments of most of those features which we now regard as signs of the approaching end of the age, such as Romanism, Infidelity, and Lawlessness.

The number of predictions unfulfilled is becoming very small indeed, and this seeming exhaustion alike of prophecy and the resources of the future, proclaims most conclusively the nearness of the end. There are predictions which are now being fulfilled for the first time: such for instance as those which foretell the decay of the temporal power of the Papacy and Mohammedanism, the rapid diffusion of knowledge, the very methods of which are described in Daniel 12: 4; the extension of missions, the startling vividness with which Peter's prophecy classifies the peculiar features of modern scepticism, giving as its very argument the words, "Where is the sign?" arguments drawn from the stability of nature. Then notice the fulfilled prediction of the widespread defection from the truth among religious professors, and teaching so subtle that the Lord declares that if it were possible it should deceive the very elect. Such teaching is going on all around us, not in this communion and in that, but in every section of the visible church. While there is much ground in the character of the times in which we live for congratulation on changes which are for the better and not for the worse, while there is an unwise propensity to magnify the evils of the present and the benefits of the past, a deeper insight beneath the gilded surface discloses elements of action and mischief which may well create grave misgivings.

The shadows of coming peril are portentous and imminent. Eighteen centuries have passed since, looking forward from his days to the last days of the church, Paul gave the expressive warning that the times through which the church had to pass would be stormy and full of danger to faith, stability and comfort. "Know this," said the Apostle, and we must know. It is not enough to be assured of safety in Christ. We must know our position, duty, difficulties and prospects as to the church and the world, the dangers against which we are called to watch, the conflicts which lie before us, and like the tribe of Issachar we must understand the times and know what Israel ought to do.

[The events now taking place in South-eastern Europe have a special significance for the student of prophecy. The best expositors have long been agreed that at the close of this century the world would see the nations which occupy the area formerly constituting the Roman Empire confederated, and delegating their executive functions to one supreme head. Sceptics have told us that such a combination could never be made: national jealousies, antipathies and distrusts would always be too strong to admit of such united action. But what do we see? For many weeks past the six most powerful nations of Europe have been acting in unison on the very question most likely to set them quarreling. France and England, who in 1855 fought with Russia about the Eastern question, are now acting amicably with her, and have been joined by Germany, Austria and Italy. Evidently the critics were wrong: a European concert is possible.]

The Greco-Turkish War Cloud.

Great indignation has been excited among the people of England and France by the fact that the fleets of the allied powers, while in the port of Canea, bombarded the Cretan Christians while they were engaged in hostilities with a strong force of Turks on the heights back of the sea port itself. English warships led the shelling, and were followed by the German, French, Italian, and Spanish vessels. Seventy shells in all being fired. Within ten minutes after the bombardment opened the Cretans hauled down the flag and fighting ceased. It was not believed possible that the warships of civilized governments would be found so ready to force in support of Turkey and against a Christian people. The Greek army of invasion under Colonel Vassos occupies a large section of Crete, and is considered probable that the powers will ultimately make a compromise arrangement, granting autonomy to Crete, or placing the island under a Greek prince governor. Unless some conclusion is quickly reached, war between Greece and Turkey would seem inevitable.

Dr. Joseph to Visit Kurdistan.

Hannah G. Yoseph, the young Persian woman who lately finished a course of medical and missionary training in the United States, has safely reached Urumia, Persia. She will labor in her native land and in Kurdistan as a missionary medical worker under THE CHRISTIAN HERALD auspices, and in the course of her travels will visit that part of Asia which adjoins the Turkish, Russian and Persian borders, around Mount Ararat. The base of the "Mountain of the Delusion" are many small Nestorian villages, whose people very little has been known for centuries. They are Christians, however, and have held to their belief in a multitude of changes and while the terms of war and conquest have prevailed over their native land. Dr. Yoseph has sent to this journal letters relating her experiences among them, that will doubtless prove interesting to our readers. The letters will be illustrated with photographs. She will shortly visit Schua, the capital of Kurdistan.

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HOW many words do you think you can correctly spell with the letters in the word "PATTERNS"? Using each letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in "PATTERNS"—verbs, pronouns, adjectives, nouns, adverbs, pluralized. Words spelled alike, but having different meanings, count as one word. Use any standard dictionary. All legitimate English words count. *Use nouns, prepositions, adjectives and foreign words as you wish.* Work it out as follows: Pat, Pen, Pens, Pe, Set, Ten, Tent, Tents, At, Net, etc.
Offer.—We will pay \$100 for the largest list, for the second largest, \$25 for the third, \$10 for the next five, \$5 each for the next ten, and \$1 each for the next twenty-five. That is to say we will divide among forty-three contestants the aggregate sum of \$800 according to merit. Don't you think you could be one of the forty-three? TRY IT.
Purpose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to MODES, by May Manton, the most popular up-to-date Fashion Magazine in the world. Its 36 pages, replete with beautiful illustrations of the latest styles in ladies', mens' and children's garments, make it a real necessity in every household: the Designs and Fashion points, being by May Manton, render it invaluable as an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.
Conditions.—You must send with your list of words 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Three Month Subscription to MODES.
Extra Inducement.—Every person sending 25 cents and a list of 15 words or more, will, in addition to three months' subscription, receive by return mail pattern of this stylish shirt waist No. 6998 (illustrated above), in any size from 32 to 44 inches.
Aim.—The present monthly circulation of MODES exceeds 100,000. We aim to make it 200,000. A contest will close April 15th next so the names of successful spellers may be published in the issue of MODES, mailed May 5th, but SEND IN YOUR LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we refer you to any Mercantile Agency. Address: MODES FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 540, 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.

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OFFER No. 1.
\$500.00 IN GOLD to the persons forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word **FASHION** as follows: \$200.00 in Gold will be given to the person sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **FASHION**; \$100.00 to the person sending the next largest list; \$50.00 to the person sending the third largest list; \$25.00 to the person sending the fourth largest list; \$10.00 to each of the next five; \$5.00 to each of the next ten and \$1.00 to each of the next twenty-five. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word **FASHION**, use no language except English. Words spelled alike but with different meaning can be used but once. Use any dictionary, any word found therein will be allowed except as follows: no plurals, prefixes, suffixes or abbreviations will be allowed. Work it out in this manner, as, ash, oil, has, fan, etc. The above rewards are given free to attract attention to our handsome woman's magazine, 34 pages, 102 long columns, finely illustrated, containing the very latest fashions, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price 50c. per year. **TO ENTER THE CONTEST NO. 1 IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS OR MONEY ORDER for one year's subscription with your list of words. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.**
OFFER No. 2.
\$500.00 IN GOLD to those forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word **FIXINGS**, as follows: \$100.00 to the two persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **FIXINGS**; \$50.00 for each of the two sending the second largest lists; \$25.00 for each of the two sending the third largest lists; \$10.00 each for the next five; \$5.00 each for the next ten, and \$2.00 each for the next twenty-five largest lists. Same conditions prevail as in contest No. 1. **TO ENTER CONTEST NO. 2 IT IS NECESSARY TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "FASHION AND FIXINGS."**
OFFER No. 3.
\$500.00 IN GOLD to the persons sending the largest lists of words formed from the letters in the word **MONTHLY**, as follows: \$50.00 each to the four persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **MONTHLY**; \$25.00 each for the next four largest lists; \$10.00 each for the next ten, and \$2.00 each for the next fifty. Same conditions prevail as in offers Nos. 1 and 2. Remember 25 two-cent stamps must accompany your list of words for offer No. 3 for one year's subscription to **FASHION AND FIXINGS**. By sending 25 two-cent stamps for one year's subscription to our magazine you can enter any one of these contests; by sending 40 two-cent stamps for an eighteen month's subscription you can enter any two of these contests; by sending 50 two-cent stamps for a two year's subscription you can enter all three contests. If you enter all three contests you will be almost sure to receive one or more of the 158 cash prizes.
GRAND COMBINATION OFFER.
Every person entering all three competitions and sending 50 two-cent stamps will receive by return mail a very handsome Gold Plated Combination Shirt Waist Set consisting of Collar, Button, 3 Shirt Studs, 1 pair of Link Sleeve Buttons and 1 Skirt Holder that will fit any belt. These Jewelry Sets are something entirely new and are set with very handsome colored Parisian enamel. They are worth more than the price of the three subscriptions and will be sure to please every one.
The March number of **FASHION AND FIXINGS** contains the names and addresses of the people who received cash prizes from our last contest. Send your lists at once or not later than May 30th, at which time contest closes. The names of all successful contestants will be published in the July number of **FASHION AND FIXINGS**. We refer you to any mercantile agency as to our responsibility. Address: Contestants residing in Foreign Countries must send double these amounts for extra postage.
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A Prominent Physician Writes.
SPOTSWOOD, N. J., Aug. 3, 1896.
MESSRS. McKESON & ROBBINS:
Dear Sirs:—Please send me, by mail, four more bottles of Tartarilithine Tablets (100 each).
I will also here state, in justice, that this is the most welcome remedy that has come into my hands since my beginning of the practice of medicine. It has given me, in every case of rheumatism in which I have used it, the happiest kind of results. I have used discretion, perhaps even more than necessary, in its employment; that it be given to patients whom I believed required such a remedy or preparation; but these are just the kind that refuse to yield to ordinary treatment, old chronic cases of gouty diathesis, where there is a tendency to calcareous deposits, etc. These are undoubtedly, or have been, at least to me, the most troublesome patients in my practice to give what might fairly be termed good results. Now these have been the very kind in which I have been using Tartarilithine with the very happiest results to patients and myself. Many valuable remedies come daily to our aid, but this has been the most welcome one to me thus far.
Yours very truly,
Pamphlet on the treatment of Rheumatism by Tartarilithine sent free by
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Requests for Prayer.

At the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 14, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask the prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.—Believer, Branchville, Pa., asks prayers for the conversion of three brothers, and that they may be kept from the use of liquor.—Reader, Yellow Spring, O., asks prayers for the conversion of her two sons.—Subscriber, Ada, O., requests prayer for an aged grandfather whose life is almost done, and who is very profane. Pray that he may be converted and know Christ before it is too late.—J. F. B. Forgy's, Ark., for the conversion of his mother.—Believer, Averett, Va., for the conversion of his brother.—M. B. L., Salina, Kan., that her brothers and sisters may be converted.—Anxious Mother, Hickman, Ky., for the salvation of her sons and daughters-in-law, especially for a wayward son who is neglecting his wife and children.—Troubled Daughter, Ida Grove, Iowa, that her brother who is a spendthrift may turn to Christ for the salvation of his soul.—Anxious Mother, Gardner, N. Y., that her husband who is indifferent to religion might be brought to Christ, also that her daughter and her daughter's children may become Christians.—Unhappy Mother, Pa., for the conversion of two wayward children.—A Mother, asks prayers for the conversion of an only son and his wife.—Praying Mother, for the salvation of her husband and wayward son.—Anxious One, Ft. Wayne, Ind., that her brother-in-law who has fallen through drink might be reclaimed, and receive strength from Christ to resist temptation.—M. C., St. Louis, Mo., for the conversion of a man who is a slave to intoxicating liquor.—H. F., Farnsworth, O., that her husband and two sons may be converted.

For the Restoration of Health.—Mrs. A. P. Young, Harrisburg, Pa., asks prayers on behalf of an aunt who is afflicted in body and mind, that she may be restored through Christ's power.—A. M. K., Erie, N. Y., that a dear friend who is in an asylum for the insane, may receive healing in body and mind.—J. C. H., Petersburg, Tenn., that God will mercifully restore to health a husband and father.—G. H. N., Chittenden, Vt., that he may be restored to health.—Child of God, Russville, Indiana, for the recovery of an invalid sister.—Reader, Boston, Mass., for the recovery of a sister and mother who are both very sick.—Reader, Syracuse, N. Y., for the recovery of wife and sister, the latter of whom has two boys who sadly need her attention.—M. L. S., Paulsboro, N. J., for the recovery of her son and daughter.—M. M., Shelbyville, Ind., that she may recover the sense of hearing.—M. E. H., Bethel Springs, Tenn., for the recovery of father and daughter who are sorely afflicted.—A. A. E., that a man who is demented may be restored to health and reason.—R. G., Des Moines, Iowa, that a dear brother, a sufferer in body and mind, may be restored to health and reason.—Believer, Emporia, Kas., that a sick suffering friend may be raised up through the power of the Great Physician.—M. E. N., Union Town, Kan., who has been a sufferer for three months past desires prayers for her restoration to health.—Reader, Chicago, N. Y., for the recovery of a man who is very sick.—A. D., Belleville, O., for the recovery of her daughter who is critically ill.—R. M., Jacksboro, Tex., for the restoration of health.

For Special Blessings.—J. E., New York, asks prayer for guidance in seeking employment, having a wife and daughter dependent upon him.—One in trouble, Braxton, Miss., for help in time of severe financial trouble.—S., Chillicothe, O., that one who is exposed to the plots of enemies may be delivered and protected from falling.—E. D., Trenton, N. J., for help in a time of sore trouble.—Discouraged, Coshocton, O., that a Christian man who has a family dependent upon him may soon be able to find employment.—"One in deep sorrow," that the God of comfort may comfort a bereaved family now in sore affliction.—Distressed wife, New York, that her husband may be delivered from his infatuation for liquor, and that he may be restored to his family.—Reader, Belton, S. C., that dear friends who have become estranged may be reconciled and live in unity and peace with God and each other.—Believer, Ontario, Can., for help in a time of severe pecuniary straits, and guidance in an effort to discharge pressing obligations.—Constant Reader, Christiansburg, Va., that brothers and sisters who are now estranged may be reconciled and live together in peace.—A Mother, Selden, Mass., who gratefully acknowledges help granted in answer to previous requests, asks that a family in very trying circumstances may have help and guidance.—Believer, Masonville, N. Y., a widow and alone in the world asks prayer for relief from the trying burden which threatens to rob her of her home.

Many other requests were received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and were presented at the prayer meeting, which we have not space to publish.

Wounded and Paralyzed.

AN OLD VETERAN OF THE WAR AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING HAS A SHOCK OF PARALYSIS.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y.

Mr. David G. Talbot is a well-known and respected citizen of Otsego County, New York, residing at Edmeston, who three years ago had an attack of paralysis, which he attributes to the effects of a wound received on the 16th of June, 1864, before Petersburg, Va., while serving with the New York Heavy Artillery.

The following is his own account of his illness and convalescence, which will be found interesting:

EDMESTON, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1896.
"On the fifth day of December, 1893, I was taken with a paralytic shock, which affected the whole of the left side, and I could not speak for three weeks. I was confined to my bed for a long time and constantly attended by a physician, though little relief was experienced. My stomach and the muscles of my throat were much affected. I was wounded in June, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., having then lost three fingers of my left hand, and that always affected me in a marked degree, my arm often becoming numb. I should state that on the day I received the stroke, I had two distinct shocks, the first in the morning, which was so light that the doctor was not at all alarmed, but the second nearly finished me up. Ever since the war I had suffered with nervous debility and my condition was very bad when I was attacked. I am now sixty years old and hardly dared look for anything approaching good health after my life

of suffering, but I saw so much said about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the newspapers, and that they were good for paralytics, that I determined to try them. This I did just one year and four months ago. I strictly followed directions and felt better within a week. I am not the same man I was when I began to take Dr. Williams' medicine. My old comrade Norton, who was in the same company and regiment with me, and was a grievous sufferer from general nervous debility, at my recommendation has taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have helped him wonderfully.

"I certify on honor that the above statement is true in every particular.

(Signed) DAVID G. TALBOT.
Witness JOHN C. LAPPEUS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Bonita, Inconstant, chance color from yellow to red. White Perle des Jardins, immaculate white. Md. Schwabacher, rich pink in clusters, very fragrant. Maman Cochet, rosy pink touched with yellow. Henri Rignon, coppery yellow, edged with red. Md. Solon Cochet, primrose yellow, rose shadings. Bouquet de De, deep golden yellow, great bloomer. The Queen, immense large pure white, very fragrant. American Belle, a grand deep red rose, deliciously fragrant. Corinna, flesh color shaded tawny copper. Crimson Queen, deep velvety crimson, very rich. Augusta Victoria, pure white, always in bloom. Queen of Fragrance, in clusters of 8 to 10 roses, white edged shell pink. Princess of Wales, amber, yellow-tinted with copper and orange. Madame Jules Finger, pure snow white, wax like in texture. Princess Margu, called the velvet rose from its richness. J. B. Varronne, rosy pink, bordered with crimson. Yellow Hermosa, a charming yellow of the richest color. Marquis de Vieux, every body's favorite, always in bloom. Victor Hugo, rich bright pink, finest rose green. GET UP A CLUB AND GET YOUR COLLECTION FREE. Six

collections of 10 labeled and packed separately sent for \$5. Our Handsome, Illustrated Catalogue, describing all kinds of Roses, Plants, Bulbs and Seeds mailed for 10c. stamps. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half. When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address,

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OPTUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars FREE. R. M. Wadley, M. D., Box 487, A. Clinton, Ga.

Here's BRIGHT'S Hope! DISEASE AND DIABETES CAN BE CURED.

SEND for History of Cures and all details. We invite inquiry as to what we have done and are doing. We guarantee no misrepresentation. Investigation will compel belief.

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1300 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED 1890.

J. W. CORBIN, A. W. TOMPKINS, M.D. Gen'l Manager. Consulting Physician.



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We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements.

For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetic Catarrh. Medication cured me in 1886. I am still entirely free from disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.
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REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and expectoration which has been cured in my health fully restored by the use of Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

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then use the NEW STYLE SUCCESSFUL INCUBATOR. They succeed where others fail. This due to their new system of ventilation; new method of heating; moisture and the action of the new self regulating system. Sold under positive guarantee. All about these and other poultry matters in our new catalogue and Book. Sent for 6c. in stamps. DES MOINES INC. CO., Box 71, DES MOINES, IOWA.

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[AM trusting in my Saviour,
He who gave his life for me,
Bringing pardon, life, and favor,
By the Cross of Calvary.
I am living in my Saviour,
In my soul he lives to-day,
Tis my joy and highest favor,
That he use me just his way.
Where he leads me, I will follow,
What he bids me, I will do,
There can be no toil nor sorrow,
But his grace can help me through.
—S. M. PARKER.

THE BOWERY MISSION
and Young Men's Home.
located at 105 Bowery, New York City.
(started under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)
NE hundred and Fifty beds. Restaurant, and Free Dispensary.
Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3.30 p. m.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturdays 2 p. m.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Day Services, 10 a. m., and 8 p. m.
Reputation of last Annual Statement.
Total Meetings Held 169
Professed Conversion 3,671
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House 40,768
Men Served in Restaurant 588,321
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary 4 and Aug. 20, 1895.
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured 933
The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Bowery Mission since last issue:
A. Northport 169.43
Maylor 2.00
Hnd. Hopkinton 50
Carriere 1.00
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\$245.23
Contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

\$100 FOR A TOMATO
The Engraving shows the most wonderful Tomato ever offered, which was grown by W. M. Finley, Salem, Ill., who writes: "They grew over 7 ft. high, and I began to pick ripe tomatoes June 24, and had an abundance all summer. Was two weeks earlier than any other variety I ever had, and of the best quality. I had 11 plants, and each one produced from 1 to 2 bushels of nice fruit, many mammoth ones, not a poor one the whole season, and Oct. 15 was still loaded with ripe and green fruit." This Giant Everbearing Tomato is entirely new and a wonder to all. After once grown you will have no others. We own all the seed there is, and will pay \$300 for 1 of them weighing 3 lbs. Plant some, you may get the 3 lb. tomato. Instructions with seed and how to grow them.
FIRST IN MARKET CABBAGE is the earliest kind in the world and you will have heads weeks before your neighbors.
Giant Flat Dutch is the largest Cabbage of all. Is all head and always sure to head, weighing 20 to 50 lbs.
JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER. Wonderful variety from Japan. Will climb a trellis, wire netting or any support 5 to 8 ft. Great curiosity.
GREEN GLOBE ONION, is a splendid variety, early, good quality, excellent keepers.
Early Snowball Turnip, is the earliest in the market, good size, white as snow.
We will send a packet each of above 6 splendid varieties of seed for only 25 cts. If you mention per and send silver or M. O. we will send free for the 100 Summer Flowering Bulbs.
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FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds grow and produce! John Breider, Mishicot, Wis., astonished the world growing 173 bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 20, 100,000 new customers, we send on trial 10 DOLLARS' WORTH FOR 10c. 1 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sand Vetch, etc., etc., positively worth \$10, to get a start, including our great seed catalog, all postpaid, for 10c. Catalog alone, 5c. postage.
Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes (\$1.50 a bush) in the world.
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A. SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE, WIS.
STRAWBERRY PLANTS
All Fruit Plants and Vines. Best and cheap guaranteed stock. Plants grown from selected pure stock. Improved varieties. Catalogue free. Address, N. A. VOO FRUIT CO., Nauvoo, Ills.

THE MAN who has charge of our Seed Storage Warehouses in Jersey City has just reported that he finds he has on hand several bushels of "1897" Pea, previously overlooked. This enables us to repeat below our large advertisement, which originally appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 17th.
PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 and 37 Cortlandt St., New York.



The Great Garden Pea of the year
HENDERSON'S "1897"

We are Anxious for a Name
Worthy of this SUPERB NEW PEA (THE "1897")
And will Pay for it in Cash **\$200.00**

Because we are certain that the "1897" will attain, among garden Peas, the highest possible rank, we have decided to offer a prize of \$200.00 for the name sent in this year that we shall consider the most appropriate for the variety. Purchasers of the Pea who intend to suggest a name should read **CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION**. Every package of "1897" Pea contains a coupon with blank space for name suggested, also for competitor's name and address, so that all purchasers of the Pea are entitled to fill out just as many coupons as their order calls for packages. Coupons may be returned to us any time throughout the season, but not later than October 1, 1897. The prize money to be remitted by us during December, 1897.

DESCRIPTION OF HENDERSON'S NEW "1897" PEA
The ideal garden Pea should combine extreme earliness, quantity and quality. We have long had many varieties that possessed one, and often two, of these most essential characteristics, but until the advent of our "1897" none that possessed all three, and, what is more wonderful still, that it should have all these features in the superlative degree. We have grown it in our Trial Grounds for the last two seasons, and find in earliness and yield it leaves nothing to be desired, while its delicious flavor is such that that epicure would indeed be hard to please whom it failed to satisfy. Our Catalogue, offered below, describes it in more extended detail.
Henderson's "1897" Pea will be delivered free to any Post-Office in the United States, at following prices (when more convenient buyers may remit in stamps), 20 cents per package; 3 packages for 50 cents; 7 packages for \$1.00. (Every package containing a coupon as stated above.)

NOW THEN about "JUBILEE" CATALOGUE which we will send FREE
With every order from this advertisement. Every copy of our "Jubilee" Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" costs 25 cents to produce, but with every order from this advertisement for "1897" Pea we will send a copy without charge. Prepared to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of our business, scores among the thousands who have already seen it have told us that it is the most beautiful and interesting Seed and Plant Catalogue ever issued. It is a magnificent work of 170 pages, on which are displayed over 500 illustrations of the principal products of our Gardens and Greenhouses. Also 6 full-sized colored plates, which in artistic beauty have probably never been equaled. Certainly, **FINALLY** to send our "Jubilee Surprise Souvenir" without charge to all who, in ordering from this advertisement, will state they saw it in this publication.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 and 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK

FRESH AND RELIABLE SEEDS SURE TO GROW
MONEY IN CUCUMBERS
Write to-day, mention this paper, and send 4 cents to pay postage and I will send you a liberal package of Buckbee's Monarch Cucumber—a world beater, together with my new Buyer's Seed Guide, the most attractive and instructive seed and plant book published.
H. W. BUCKBEE, ROCKFORD SEED FARMS,
P. O. Box 587 ROCKFORD, ILL.

Before buying Seeds you should write for
BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL 1897
FOR
Tells the plain truth about
The BEST SEEDS that Grow!
Hundreds of illustrations with remarkable NEW Novelties, painted from nature.
"The Leading American Seed Catalogue." Mailed FREE to all.
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The earliest roses to grow are the celebrated D. & C. roses. The easiest way to grow them, as well as all other flowers of worth is fully explained in the "New Guide to Rose Culture," the leading Rose Catalogue of America. 25th edition now ready. 120 pages. This splendidly illustrated book and sample of our Magazine will be mailed free on request.
The Pingree & Conard Co.,
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TRUSS ES & SUPPORTERS best made. Book of particulars free sealed. DR. W. S. RICE, Box 25, Smithville, N. Y.

SPRAY PUMPS
21 STYLES.
BEST and CHEAPEST.
Catalogue and full treatise on spraying fruit and vegetable crops mailed free. Address
J. M. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.
BOSTON ton. Rich
Stammerers' INSTITUTE and Training school. 41 Tremont St., Boston and poor welcome.

A Nest Egg
The dollar paid for a year's subscription to Farm-Poultry. It is better than a dollar saved—it's a dollar invested; which will result in increasing the profits of any one engaged in raising poultry or eggs for market. The editors of Farm-Poultry devote their entire time and attention to poultry raising. They have learned the secret of making money with a few fowls and they teach it to their readers.

FARM-POULTRY.
A sure guide to success to the beginner; a ready reference for the experienced breeder. It teaches how to get the best paying breeds; how to manage, feed and house them. It tells how to prevent and cure all poultry diseases; bring pullets to early laying maturity; make hens lay when prices are highest; keep poultry free from vermin; hatch strong chickens. Semi-Monthly. Price \$1 a year; 50c. six mos. Sample copy and a 25 ct. book, "A Living from Poultry," sent for 12 cts. in stamps.
L. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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My 1897 Catalogue, the handsomest published, tells the secret **FREE** to every reader of this Paper.
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Leading dealers everywhere sell
FERRY'S SEEDS
Don't risk the loss of time, labor and ground by planting seeds of unknown quality. The market is full of cheap, unreliable seeds. **FERRY'S SEEDS** are always the best; do not accept any substitute. Seed Annual free.
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BUY DIRECT
and pay but one profit. Our assortment is one of the best and most complete in **FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, ROSES, VINES, BULBS, SEEDS**
Rarest new, choicest old. Send for our catalogue to-day; it tells it all; an elegant book, 165 pages, magazine size, profusely illustrated, free. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., by mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Larger by express or freight. 43d Year. 32 Greenhouses. 1,000 Acres.
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MUSIC THAT SOOTHES, CHEERS, ELEVATES AND INSPIRES!

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FOR 35 YEARS THE PEOPLES FAVORITE INSTRUMENTS.



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For a limited period only we make the following special offers on two of our very latest and best instruments.
A handsome Parlor Organ and an elegant Upright Grand Piano.

LATEST SPECIAL OFFER ON OUR ENTIRELY NEW **CABINET REED ORGAN,**

...STYLE No. 29,000, **The Silver Chime.**

Full Size—Five Octaves—Double Reed Action—122 Reeds—10 Stops—15 Combinations.

This Photo-Engraving beautifully pictures and accurately describes one of the handsomest Cabinet Reed Organs ever invented by us. We guarantee it to be exactly as represented in every detail; in fact, in spite of the greatest pains taken to faithfully reproduce the actual photograph, the picture fails to do the instrument justice. It is far better even than it looks.

We are anxious to offer our respected patrons and friends the best possible organ at the least possible price. We wish to bring a really first-class, elegant-looking instrument within the reach of all and the "SILVER CHIME" is the result. We expect to sell Two Thousand during the run of this special offer, and already we are building them as rapidly as possible to meet the rush that is sure to come for all our bargains this is the best. For a limited period only we offer this beautiful instrument for the very small sum of \$35.00 (Thirty-five Dollars), provided you send us all cash with your order. Now, this is the best value for the money we have ever offered, and no agent or dealer could possibly sell you such an organ for twice as much money. Remember, also, that we are the only firm of actual makers of pianos and organs who sell exclusively to the public at first cost, and that it is practically impossible for you to buy upon the terms and prices we sell at from ANY OTHER FIRM ON EARTH.

Of course we will sell this beautiful Organ on any other terms to suit the convenience of those who cannot pay all cash. We will consider any special offer you may make us. Some people only have ready money a few times every year, but we can arrange to take notes, with reasonable interest, and, in fact will do anything reasonably possible to secure your patronage. A detailed description of this beautiful organ will be sent on application.

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NOTE.—We can supply this organ in low top case, elegantly finished both front and back, suitable for church, school or lodge, at the same price.

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This is our **SPECIAL OFFER**, for a limited period only, on one of the most desirable of our UPRIGHT CABINET GRAND PIANOS, Style "A."

Household Fairy.

WARRANTED FOR 25 YEARS.

We offer you this beautiful Upright Cabinet Grand Piano, Style "A," Household Fairy, the retail value of which is \$400 (four hundred dollars) for only \$155 (one hundred and fifty-five dollars), the actual cost of manufacture, with only our own profit added. With the piano sent, free, a handsome silk solid-wood circular-seated and piano stool, and our celebrated instructor. The whole outfit for

\$155.00
CASH WITH ORDER.

If a cash-down payment is not possible we will sell this Piano upon any term the convenience of our patrons. We will consider any other made to us, and if a suitable we will accept it. Monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments will be accepted, although, of course, in such cases the price of the Piano will be increased in proportion to the term of credit asked for.

This beautiful Piano has every latest improvement, including Practice Check, unsurpassed in Touch, Tone and Finish. Exquisite in Appearance.
DIMENSIONS: Height, 52 inches. Width 62 in.; Depth, 28 in.; Weight, Boxed and Warranted for 25 years.

A RE-MARKABLE PROPOSITION. Write us at once, mention *The Christian Herald*, and we will send you absolutely free of charge our *Elegant Special Catalogue*, illustrated in ten colors, containing a full and correct description of every Piano and Organ we make, and we will ship you on 30 days' trial in your own home any Piano or Organ you may select from our catalogue. Make your own choice. Arrange your own terms. We will warrant the instrument 25 years, and guarantee safe delivery.

IMPORTANT. Many who see this announcement have bought from us and have a Piano or an Organ and are not desirous of purchasing again at present. To such we make the following special offer. We will pay a handsome immediate Cash Bonus on every sale of a Piano or Organ made from our patrons sent to us. You may not want to buy, but you may know somebody who does, send us the names and we will do our best to make it. It will cost you nothing. Some of our friends draw a handsome salary every year from us in commission.

REFERENCES. Our bank, your bank, any bank or any of the multitude of patrons who have purchased millions of dollars worth of instruments from us during the past 35 years. Our new book "The Heart of the People," containing a thousand recent references, sent free. Don't fail to write at once to



CORNISH & CO., DRAWER A, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

PIANO AND ORGAN MAKERS,

CHRISTIAN HERALD

VOLUME 20.

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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NUMBER 10.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1897.

Price Five Cents.

1. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, UNITED STATES.

2. ADOLF DEUCHER, SWITZERLAND.

3. FRANCOIS FELIX FAURE, FRANCE.

4. PRUDENTE DE MORAES, BRAZIL.

5. GEN. PORFIRIO DIAZ, MEXICO.

Presidents of the World's
Five Great Republics.



Questions and Answers.

Reader, Canfield, O. I wish you would state in your paper what per cent. of contributions reaches the destination of the different charities. I find a good many think it very small. I am inclined to think what passes through your hands is all sent.

Every dollar sent to us for India, Armenia or other benevolences abroad, reaches its destination intact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD paying all expenses incident to the handling and transmission of such funds.

A. H. K., Melroy, Pa. 1. Where in the Bible can I find the words: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again?" 2. Who answers the questions in THE MAIL-BAG?

1. It is not in the Bible, but is a quotation from one of William Cullen Bryant's poems. 2. The editors.

M. B. C., Du Bois, Pa. Do you think it wrong for a Christian to engage in labor which prevents his attending public worship on Sabbath morning or afternoon?

It would be wrong to continue in employment which debarred him from all except evening service, if he could make a change. Such a condition need only be borne until an opportunity for a better arrangement offers. For the time being it is "a work of necessity."

F. H. S., Clio, Tex. I have thought a great deal about the evangelization of the world. Do you not think it would be possible to wake Christian people up to their responsibility and opportunity to christianize the world, and in the year 1900 to have a jubilee year and self-denial year, and give \$5 each for missions, and send 10,000 missionaries to the great mission fields, Africa, China and India, and 10,000 to other points?

The idea of signaling the opening of the new century in some way that shall mark a great forward movement in Christian work is one that has been repeatedly suggested, and it is not improbable that it may yet take some definite form.

M. A. A., Cherryvale, Kan. If the International Arbitration Treaty, now before the Senate, which you earnestly desire your readers to favor with our influence, is such a good thing, why not petition that honorable body to change it so as to cover a longer period?

The Treaty is "a good thing" in the highest sense, since it makes for peace and amity among the nations. No Christian can afford to dash aside the olive branch and grasp the sword, which he does if he opposes the arbitration principle. The present outlook for the Treaty is not encouraging; the politicians seem to have practically eviscerated it and rendered it meaningless. With respect to extending the period of the Treaty, that need not now be discussed, the main purpose being at present to get a treaty at all.

Concerning the wearing of jewelry, Rev. J. L. Kent, Parkston, S. Dak., writes:

If it is not wrong to wear jewelry, what do the following passages mean?—1. Peter 3:3; 1. Timothy 2:9; 1. John 2:15-17; Isaiah 3:16-24; Isaiah 55:2; 1. Corinthians 6:19-20? If people would honestly study God's Word and think of the starving millions in India, and the needy ones in Armenia, and other places, they would certainly stop gratifying pride by spending money for jewelry, and send it to help the needy. How much would be set aside for charity if all Christians would stop following the fashions and dress in modest apparel?

Deborah, J. F., Wawaset, Pa. A daughter desires to join the church against the will of her parents, and returns to ask her mother, who will not agree in any way to her choice. The daughter has been reared and brought up to their profession. What is her duty in the matter?

Her first duty—and the duty of every one—is to God and her own conscience. If we are to be true to Christ we must be prepared to sacrifice all other ties and affections for his sake. See Matt. 19:29.

P. A. I., Madison. Do you think it is possible to live a sin-thrilled life here, overcoming all temptations and being exempt from all sin?

That is the ideal which we are encouraged to strive after. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5:48). It is not to be obtained by any occult means, but we are assured that to every one who earnestly seeks to attain it, the Holy Spirit is given to work with him and help him. No one should expect a miracle to be performed upon him, and wait idly for it, making no effort for his own deliverance, but relying on the help promised him should diligently try to live like

Christ, getting rid of all conceit, pride, uncharitable feelings from his heart, and watching for opportunities of rendering service to those about him. In that way he may prove for himself whether it is possible to live a sanctified life. The nearer he comes to the ideal the better it will be for himself and all with whom he has to do.

A minister of Los Angeles, Cal., says: I am over eighty years old and unable to earn anything, but I had rather scrimp myself than miss sending my mite to those poor sufferers in India.

S. L. H. Is it right for a Christian to take more than the bare necessities of life? Can such a one indulge in the pleasures and luxuries of life such as comfortable surroundings, books, travel, and innocent recreations, assuming of course that he devotes a portion of his means to Christ's work?

It is perfectly right that one should enjoy all the good things of life in moderation, always keeping in view what is due from himself to others, and the duty of helping those who are in need; but indulgence in luxuries, extravagance in any form, and all pleasures that are other than innocent, educative, recreative, and healthful, are to be avoided.



THE LARGEST GRAPE-VINE IN THE WORLD.

This mammoth vine is near Santa Barbara, California, in the heart of the great grape-growing district. All the shoots, or tendrils, come from the same plant. It is said to be a magnificent sight when in full bearing, with its rich clusters of luscious, tempting fruit and its profusion of cool, green leaves.

There is nothing to be gained by living the life of an ascetic or a misanthrope. The Almighty gives us life to make the best of it we can and, it is better to walk in the brightness of the sunshine than in the gloom. One who diffuses sunshine and happiness is more likely to be serviceable in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Righteousness, than one who takes existence here as a penance.

Peter K., Lucknow. Do you think it is possible to foretell the future by the tea-cup as some claim they do? Do you think it right for a person who professes to be a Christian to claim that they can do this?

This custom, which still remains among the ignorant and superstitious, is a relic of the arts of divination and sorcery. It is absurd to imagine that anyone can foretell the future by such means, and only the very credulous and superstitious can be imposed upon by such clumsy charlatanism. No Christian will give heed to these practices, being satisfied to leave the future in the hands of an all-wise Father.

Widow, New Castle, Pa. Will a person be held accountable in the next world for leaving undone things she now sees she might have done for the salvation of another, which did not come into her mind until it was too late?

God is very merciful, and we have no conception how far his mercy will extend to persons who are sincerely sorry for having neglected opportunities of usefulness. Remorse should not be indulged except so far as it leads to amendment. Grief over missed opportunities should stir us up to vigilance, and a determination that in the future no opportunity

shall escape us. That is a better use of it than unavailing grief, which unfits us for present duties. Such atonement God will surely accept.

A. S. J., Red Bank, N. J. If, as you say, God does not convert a person against his will, I should like to know how Paul was converted?

He explicitly says: "I was not disobedient with the heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19), which shows that he was not converted against his will. The sudden discovery that he was engaged in persecuting a divine Being was quite sufficient to change his mind and alter his course. If a man finds that the road he is taking does not lead to his destination, in fact is the wrong road, he turns about; but the change is not against his will. That was the discovery Paul made.

Reader, Superior, Wis. 1. Do you think it right for Christians to read infidel books, such as those written by Col. Ingersoll? 2. Has Dr. Talmage written a reply to them?

1. We think it unwise to read them. They deal flippantly with sacred things, and they argue plausibly against Christianity. Scholars and skilled logicians are not imposed on by their sophistry, but persons unaccustomed to weigh arguments are liable to be disturbed by the assaults on the Bible, and to attach more weight to them than they deserve. 2. Dr. Talmage preached a series of sermons in 1882 in reply to Col. Ingersoll.

Reader, Thomastown, O. 1. Does God send trouble? Did God send the trouble to Job? 2. In what way have all sinned and "come short of the glory of God"? 3. Is the Holy Ghost given by the laying on of hands as described in Acts 8:17?

1. Our troubles usually come through our mistakes and sins, or those of others. It is possible that some may come as a means of purification and sanctification. Many Christians have learned lessons in the school of affliction they would have learned nowhere

relief to find it there. We think Universalists do not deny the divinity of Christ. It is Unitarians who do that.

Alvin T. Ludwig, Allentown, Pa. In the Mail of Feb. 17, you say that Mary and Joseph married before the birth of Christ. My criticism is that is not the case. The Bible says they were espoused—that means engaged to be married. They were not married until after Christ was born.

We do not think your criticism is born by the Gospel (Matt. 1:18-25). The plain meaning as it seems to us is that they were engaged or espoused, and Joseph thinking Mary had not been virtuous, was about to break the engagement. The angel's explanation satisfied him and he obeyed the advice: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife." That is to marry her as you agreed. "Then Joseph did as the angel bidden him and took unto him his wife."

D. P. G., Kimberton, Pa. 1. Has a congregation a legal right to hold an election of officers Sunday, when their constitution says it shall be held on Saturday? 2. Has a pastor the (at his own discretion) to change the number of members of a church council from seven, when the constitution says there shall be nine?

1. This question has lately been decided adversely by a New York court, even when the constitution of a society specified Sunday day of annual election. The judge held the Sabbath should be protected from desecration of transacting such business that day. 2. He has no right to change or misinterpret the constitution or to act in violation thereof.

S. M. R., Philadelphia, Pa. If a person who really converted joins a church merely to please others, can he hope for forgiveness for his sin if he repents?

Yes, we are clearly assured that the blessed Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. The man is in his resting satisfied with his church membership, and not satisfied to be really born again. The some eminent ministers (Mr. J. was one), who not only joined the Church without being converted, but preached for years without knowing the power of the Gospel, who frequently found forgiveness and used of God in the conversions of others.

W. C. M., Daisy, Ga. Why did Jesus propose to scourge Jesus after finding that he found no fault in him?

It was the effort of a weak man to effect a compromise. The Jews wanted crucifixion, but Pilate proposed scourging. He did not want to endorse the sentence of death, therefore proposed scourging, consistent as it was, as the less terrible evils. The Jews had him in their power and he knew it.

F. D. C., San Antonio, Tex. Did the Apostle Paul ever marry?

There is no reason for thinking that he was. The natural inference from his remarks about women and marriage is that he was a bachelor (1. Cor. 7:8, 26, 27). He did not favorably on marriage on account of the social conditions in which Christians were placed at that time. His remark (1. Cor. 7:9), that marriage was not so bad as burning, seems to show that he had been married, but others have regarded the passage as proving that he could not have been married. There is no actual proof one way or the other, but taking all his references to the subject together, the balance of probability is in his being married.

George C. D., Jamestown, N. Dak. We know of any such paper as you mention, but the Rt. Rev. G. F. Popham, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, has written a pamphlet for all information.—Mrs. L. J. F., Depot, Me. Not necessarily. The treaty for international peace, and that alone is sufficient to secure for it the support of Christian people. Subscriber, Allegheny, Pa. Yes, it is the gambler's game and ultimately leads to ruin.—G. K. V., C., Vilas, Colo. 1. Yes, but do not go into effect this year. 2. There is no such thing. 3. Methodist.—Subscriber, Minneapolis. Questions cannot be answered this side of the line.

Reader, Lawrence, Kan. Glass doors are non-conductors of electricity.—L. J., Havana, Minn. Dancing, like card-playing, is to promiscuous acquaintanceships, and is a direct path to immorality. Christians will do to avoid both—indeed, to avoid every pleasure that is a foe to morality and an obstruction to growth.—Parents, Bergen Co., N. J. Add to the given name, but it cannot be changed, save by legislative enactment, and the child may not be able to inherit, and questions as to the legality of its acts will arise.—Reader, North River. Use plain foolscap, write plainly on one side, send folded or flat (not rolled) and enclose full with stamps for return if unavailable.—C. Plain City, O. See answer to F. K. H. sue.—H. J. P., Hagersville, O. We have no opinion to express concerning such conduct, simply inconceivable.—A. M., Jr. The note does not appear in any standard collection.—S. K., Pennsburg, Pa. We expect to hear the individual missionaries in due time.—G., Chatfield, Minn. We have no trace of collections of poems.—S. F. W., Baitleb. Already repeatedly answered in these columns.—J. F. K., Shobonies, Ill. No record available.—Reader, Sedalia, Mo. They were brothers.—May S., Fort Spokane, Wash. Both are equal.

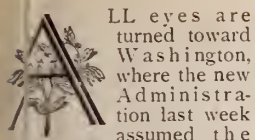
else. Whether God sends them, or merely permits them to come is not so much a question of importance as whether we learn the lessons from them they are capable of teaching. As to Job, there was an idea current that troubles were a punishment for sin. The author of the book undertook to show that there might be another explanation of them. 2. Men do not realize the life that is possible for them. They have fallen short of the glory they might attain, and the reason is that they have crippled themselves by sin. 3. God will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him. (See Luke 11:13). No one has the Apostolic power of imparting it. The laying on of hands in these days has no effect.

Eula C., Caney Branch, Tenn. For what was the Alhambra built?

It was built as a fortress and residence for the ancient Moorish monarchs of Granada.

J. L. S., West Chesterfield, N. H. What are the doctrines of Universalism? I know that the Universalists do not believe in the divinity of Christ, but what other differences are there?

The distinguishing doctrine of Universalism is that eventually all men will be saved. That God will not be defeated in his purposes. That having by his Providential dealings sought to draw men to himself in this life, he will use sharper measures after death with those who die impenitent and, when they are brought to repentance will receive them into heaven. That in the end there will be no knee in the universe that will not bow to Christ, nor any tongue that will not call him Lord. Or orthodox Christians can find no basis in the Bible for the hope, though it would be a great



ALL eyes are turned toward Washington, where the new Administration last week assumed the control of the public affairs of our Nation. This peaceful quinquennial transfer of authority, which is accomplished without the slightest friction and amid the utmost cordiality on all sides, is an object-lesson in republican government for the whole world. At the Inauguration, the National Capital was the scene of one of the grandest and most imposing pageants witnessed there in many years. The retiring President and President-elect, the retiring and the new Vice-President, the members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet and the gentlemen chosen to compose the Cabinet of President McKinley, reached the Capitol shortly before noon on March 4. They were escorted from the White House by the Inaugural procession. On arriving in the Senate Chamber—where the members of the Supreme Court, Senators and House had gathered—Vice-President Stevenson administered the oath of office to Vice-President Hobart, and at the same time, the Senate of the Fifty-fourth Congress was declared adjourned. An extra session of the Senate having been called, the new Vice-President administered the oath of office to the newly-elected Senators, and the Senate took a recess. The Inaugural procession then moved to a stand at the east portico, in front of the Rotunda, the retiring President and President-elect leading. On reaching the stand the oath of office was administered to the President-elect by the Chief-Justice, after which the President delivered the usual Inaugural address. He was then escorted to the White House, from a stand in front of which he reviewed the splendid parade, a pageant unequalled in the history of inaugurations. Of course, the ladies of the Presidential party and many others, including the wives and daughters of Cabinet members, Senators, Representatives, naval and military officers, Ambassadors and representatives of foreign governments, and other dignitaries, made a brilliant showing at the ceremonies. The President-elect's party, which came from Canton, Ohio, included the following: Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. McKinley, (mother of the President-elect); Miss Helen McKinley and Mr. James McKinley, sister and grandson; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dunn, their son, Mr. William McKinley, nephew, and daughter, Miss Sarah Dunn; Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. L. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George Morse, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Anna, Colonel and Mrs. Myron T. Herk, Judge and Mrs. Miller, of Canton; Captain and Mrs. Heistand and Mr. Mes Boyle, Miss Mary Barber and Miss Grace McKinley. While all the ladies wore handsome dresses at the ceremonies, there was an absence of fulsome or extravagant display. Mrs. McKinley's own tastes are simple and rather quiet. "Mother" McKinley wore a very becoming black satin gown and a white lace cape, and with her dear, old, good natured face, she was one of the most picturesque personalities present. In the evening the Inaugural Ball was held in the great hall of the Pension Building, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. It was a most brilliant gathering—a dignified and courtly function, at which the new and the old administrations mingled together in the pleasant interchange of sociable courtesies. It is said that the floral and electric decorations alone cost over \$12,000. Great masses of the rarest and most fragrant blooms were used, and the display of roses, plumosa wreaths, acacia and azalea plants, jonquils, tulips, Alabama smilax, tropical plants, festoons of laurel, orchids, sabal palms and palm crowns, was something truly marvelous. The entire arrangements for the induction of the new Administration into office were entrusted to the care of a number of committees, all operating under an Executive Committee, the chairman of which was Mr. Charles J. Bell, of Washington. There were Sub-committees on Reception, Finance, Banquet, Transportation, Press, Arrangements, Civic Organizations, Music,



THE NEW ADMINISTRATION INAUGURATED.

Invitations, Military Organizations, Decorations, Illuminations, etc. A generous sum was contributed by friends to help bear the expense of the magnificent display, and though everything was managed on a grand scale, no money was wasted.

Unquestionably the great event of the day, upon which popular interest centred, was the parade. It consisted of two branches—military and civic, the former including United States troops, (infantry, cavalry and artillery), National Guards of various states and cadet regiments, and the latter comprising various clubs and associations. The line of march was down

in public affairs. Senator Sherman is so well known that it is unnecessary at this time to recall the events of his long public career. Mr. Gage is one of the foremost of our great bankers, and a leading citizen of Chicago. He is a Christian gentleman of New England ancestry, and the son of a farmer. His whole career has been that of an earnest, active, conscientious man of affairs, who from a comparatively humble beginning has risen to his present deserved eminence. At eighteen years of age he was office-boy and junior clerk in a bank at Rome, N. Y., at \$100 a year. He did laborer's work in a

marked talent, and a fitting successor to the place formerly filled by such notable men as Col. John Hay, Major Elijah Halford, and Hon. Daniel Lamont, who rose to a Cabinet portfolio.

SOUL AND BODY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Mar. 21: "How the body Influences the Soul." Daniel 1: 8-21.



HOW close is the relation between body and soul, everyone knows who has observed himself. Apart from the sins of the body which corrupt and debase the soul, there is a distinct connection between physical self-indulgence in innocent gratification and spiritual deterioration. The effect of a heavy dinner on a man who is going to church, to prayer meeting, or to Sunday School, is to dull the finer spiritual sensitiveness and make him lethargic and obtuse. His perceptions are temporarily blunted and his devotions weighted. A long course of self-indulgence benumbs the soul and paralyzes its capacity for communion with God. Consciousness of the fact has led to fasting and other forms of self-mortification. The old monks who chastised each other with whips and wore irritating garments next to the skin had in the earlier times a substantial motive in their penances, until they began to be regarded as meritorious and as having a virtue in themselves. Then they became useless and mischievous. So soon as a man was disturbed and distressed by the physical pain which resulted from his self-discipline, he began to lose spiritual power. His attention was diverted from spiritual to physical things, as surely as it would have been diverted by self-indulgence. Spiritual growth and development are the supreme objects of our lives and this fact ought to guide us in the treatment of the body. If we can reach the soul by our discipline of the body we are right in using the means, but the means should never become an end in themselves. There is no merit in fasting, nor in abstinence from pleasant and agreeable things, but if by either means the soul is invigorated, there is a distinct advantage in practising them. It should be clearly kept in mind that only as they serve the great spiritual purpose are they of any value.

Another aspect of the subject is the importance of self-denial in the maintenance of physical subordination. The soul should rule in the body. There is nothing more despicable than the condition in which a man is who becomes a slave to his physical appetites and passions. When he yields to the clamoring of the demands of the body in any matter after determining to resist, he is in a state of anarchy which is ruinous. The insistence on obedience to the higher power is a discipline essential to that man's welfare which he cannot afford to ignore. The Apostle Paul's boast that he brought his body into subjection is one that every Christian ought to be able to make. If he finds himself restless or uncomfortable without some indulgence, he has clear indication of the place at which self-government should be tested. The body will get its own way if it can; it calls habit to its aid; it has innumerable ways of pressing its demands, but the more persistent it is, the more need there is of rigorous suppression. It should be taught that the soul is the ruling power within the man and that mutiny will not be tolerated. In no other way can the man rise above his animal nature and be truly a man. Of the grosser forms of self-indulgence, drunkenness and licentiousness, it is not necessary to speak to Christian Endeavorers.



HON. LYMAN E. GAGE.
Secretary of Treasury.

Pennsylvania avenue to Washington Circle and thence by various public thoroughfares to Mount Vernon square, where the parade disbanded. Besides a vast official and private concourse in car-



HON. JAMES WILSON.
Secretary of Agriculture.



GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER.
Secretary of War.

Chicago lumber yard for nearly three years before he got his first position in a Western bank, and thereafter his progress was rapid. In 1868 he became connected with the First National Bank of



HON. JOHN SHERMAN.
Secretary of State.



HON. JOHN D. LONG.
Secretary of Navy.

riages, the governors of Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Wyoming participated. And thus, amid the booming of cannon, the marching of a hundred thousand men, the waving of 50,000 flags, and the shouts of a vast, enthusiastic assemblage all along the route, the new Administration was ushered in.

The Cabinet of President McKinley will include these members: Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of State; Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Illinois, Treasury; Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, War; Ex-Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, Navy; Ex-Congressman James Wilson, Iowa, Agriculture; Judge Joseph McKenna, California, Attorney-General; Hon. Jas. A. Gary, Md., Postmaster-General; Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, New York, Interior. All have wide experience



HON. JOSEPH MCKENNA.
Attorney-General.



HON. JAMES A. GARY.
Postmaster-General.

Chicago, of which he is now president. He is one of those who believe that a bank officer has no right to speculate. His selection for the Treasury portfolio gives general satisfaction.

The other members of the new Cabinet are, without exception, men of broad, special and general qualifications, and adapted by their training and predilections to the departments for which they have been chosen. Gen. Alger is a veteran soldier, Congressman Wilson, besides being an experienced legislator, is a farmer of high attainments, with a thorough understanding of the art of agriculture. Judge McKenna has achieved an enviable fame as a jurist of rare ability and sound judgment; Mr. Bliss is a leading New York merchant and bank president; and each of the other selections has some special quality to recommend the choice.



HON. CORNELIUS N. BLISS.
Secretary of the Interior.



FESTIVITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., **Bring hither the fatted calf on the Text: Luke 15: 23: . . . and kill it.**



IN all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity. The signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now having returned to his father's house the father proclaims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him, how glad they are to have him back.

One brother stands pouting at the back door and says, "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastised instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of our church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said, "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I come to say so." You have seen perhaps a man running for his temporal liberty and for others of the law enter into it, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that released man, but it is a very tame thing

that compared with the running for one's everlasting life, the terrors of the law after him, and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save.

You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears, and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car-driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to be come a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. Oh, the joy of the new convert. Oh, the gladness of the Christian service. You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two Churches, the Church on earth and the Church in heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience; sorrowful yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things." Oh, the joys of this Christian religion. Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out. Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry VIII. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight,
And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices singing:

Where saints immortal reign,
The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting Spring abides
And never withering flowers;
'Tis but a narrow stream divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for

time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter; go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish Sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a Sultan, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks, when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates he cries: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"

At the opening of the Exposition in Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the solo of that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went times a day to the depot. His son was off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much and his mind passed, and three times a day the father went the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there watching the coming, watching the going for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching waiting for some of you, my brothers, years, twenty years, thirty years, years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, watching, watching, and if now the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will.

I notice also, that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the sisters of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this Gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession, I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate for eternity. I know some boast about equilibrium, and they do not rise in enthusiasm, and they do not break forth with emotion; but I confess to you that when I see a man coming to God giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation.

When in one communion service I see throngs of young and old stood up in the presence of heaven and earth and he attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says, "Whether in the body I cannot tell, of the body I cannot tell; God knows. Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? The trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They praise to the full supply, and ought they to rejoice when thirsty souls plunge into the baptism for the water brooks? They answer forth, saying: "All things are now accomplished—ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Insurance men will all tell you that mine of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. It is the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity that ministers of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. Why is it? The more draft upon the nervous system in any other profession, and their life most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by pious congregations who wondered at the dullness of the sermon when the minister was God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not a nutritious food to keep any fire in the temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the feeble many of the American clergymen accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it; but I have seen the struggle on with salaries of five or six hundred dollars a year—the average of them—that their struggle well depicted the Western missionary, who says in his letter: "Thank you for the last remittance until it came we had not any meat."

base for one year, and all last Winter, although it was a severe Winter, our children wore their Summer clothes." And the men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyance and exasperations innumerable: some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps or lightning-rods to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men, as ministers, as a class, live longer than any other? It is because of the joy of their work; the joy of the harvest-field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

Notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If I stood on Montauk Point, and there was a hurricane at sea and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed to the rocks, and you saw people get more in the lifeboats, and the very last one got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who, tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear the Christians sing. Just hear the Christians sing. It is not a stereotyped supplication I have heard over and over again for forty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive thy sight." "Lord, save me, I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers one hand around the other hand. And even see those Christian-faces, how illuminated they are! And see that old man get up and with the same voice that sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting-house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it.

If you have never seen a telegraph, do you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before he sits on the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father." "That's my mother." "That's my son." "That's the one I used to pray for." "That's the one for whom I wept so many years," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the Orator; at the Macedonian festival at Philip the Conqueror; at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the Philosopher; but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide, its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The

ring of God's forgiveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalices drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!" That scene of jubilation comes out before me this moment as in a sort of picture gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look, look! There is Christ. Cuypp painted him for earthly galleries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanhedrim, and of Agrippa's court-room, and of Mars Hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth-chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it, or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On, further in the corridors, see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! we will!

From this hilltop I catch a glimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality. Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son whose arm had been torn off in the threshing-machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'Welcome.'" Oh, heaven swing open thy gates. Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of thy sunshine anthems. Oh, heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy lustre. An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshipped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So heaven will after a while come so fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

FIVE GREAT REPUBLICS.

The Presidents of the Famous Group of Distinctive Popular Governments—America, France, Switzerland, Mexico, and Brazil.



A majority of historians, as a rule, there has been a failure to do justice to the republican idea. There is, by contrast, so much that is picturesque and dramatic in the pomp and glitter of thrones and crowns, beside the simplicity of republics, that the mind is unconsciously attracted and the eye fascinated by the splendors of the kingly state, and the condition of the people is overlooked and forgotten. Thus, the greater part of the history of the European nations in the past consists of a recital of wars of aggression and conquest, and the real condition of the people themselves, their progress, industry, art, education, and racial character are dismissed with an occasional reference.

In the illustration on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are presented the portraits of the Presidents of the world's five great Republics: United States, France, Switzerland, Mexico, and Brazil. They are the representatives of the popular will in five enlightened and progressive nations, as it is expressed by a free ballot. All may truthfully be said to have "risen from the ranks." Dr. Adolf Deucher, the chief executive of Switzerland, the oldest of this group of republics, was born in 1831 in Steckborn, and studied medicine at Heidelberg, Zurich, Prague and Vienna universities. In 1856 he became a member of the Thurgau Grossen Rathes, or Upper House, and was afterward thrice elected President of that body. In 1868 the people called him to a seat in the Constitutional Rathes, and in 1869 he entered the Regierungsrath, or Swiss Parliament. From 1869 to 1873 Dr. Deucher was a member of the National Rathes, and in 1882 and 1883 was its President. From that position he rose to the Bundesrath, and in 1886 became its presiding officer. On Dec. 17 last, the combined Houses elected him Chief of the Council and of the Industrial and Internal Departments and President of the nation for 1897—an honor which his great career and faithful services well merited.

M. Francois Felix Faure who was Secretary of the Navy before he succeeded M. Casimir-Perier as President of France, is a ship-owner of Havre and has the confidence of the business people. In the Legislature he was always recognized as an authority on marine and colonial matters. He is fifty-six years of age, tall and upright of carriage, and a man of genial temperament. It is worthy of note that he is a Protestant, the first Protestant who has ever ruled over France. Belonging to the same political party as his predecessor, M. Faure has met opposition from the same political opponents and has had the same difficulties to encounter. He is exceedingly popular, however, and under his administration the republic has made marked progress in many ways.

Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic of Mexico, is a statesman and general of humble origin, who first became noted during Maximilian's occupancy of Mexico in 1866. At the head of a republican army raised in the northern provinces, he laid siege to Puebla, and after defeating the imperial General Marquez, took the city by storm in 1867. He then proceeded to the capital, which made a stubborn resistance, but was obliged to capitulate, June 21, after General Marquez had withdrawn. Having acquired a military reputation, Diaz aspired to the Presidency. In 1871 he was named for the Presidency as a rival to Juarez. After the death of the latter in July, 1872, Diaz put himself at the head of a military insurrection, but was obliged to submit to Sebastian Lerdo, the Chief-Justice. Lerdo was elected President Oct. 27, 1872; but before his term of four years had expired, Diaz was again in rebellion and had seized the city of Matamoros. He succeeded in driving Lerdo from the country, and on May 5, 1877,

Diaz was proclaimed President by Congress till Nov. 30, 1880. During his presidency, peace was maintained, the tariff revised, smuggling diminished, and several important lines of railway established, and much was done to invite the investment of foreign capital in mines and railroads. When Gen. Grant visited the country, President Diaz was assiduous in his attention to the distinguished chieftain. In 1880 an international exhibition was held in the city of Mexico, which gave abundant evidence of the resources and prosperity of the country.

On the expiry of his term, he transferred his power to General Manuel Gonzalez, the constitution forbidding any person to hold the presidency for two successive terms. General Diaz became the Minister of Public Works, but resigned this position in June, 1881, and became Governor of the province of Oaxaca. He has always been popular with the lower classes, and after reaching the presidency, succeeded in conciliating the aristocratic and conservative portions of the community. He has, since then, been re-elected three times as Chief Executive, and now holds that office. General Diaz is in his sixty-first year, and is probably the most popular citizen of his country. He is brave, generous, liberal in politics and religion, and simple in his tastes. His life has been that of a successful soldier of fortune whose influence has been employed for his country's good.

President Jose da Moraes e Barros, President of Brazil, is the genuine type of a high-born, cultured South American statesman. He is a man in middle life, finely educated, of a grave and dignified temperament, and a pronounced advocate of morality, economy and simplicity in the public service. He was selected by the National Congress and chosen by acclamation as President for the period from 1894 to 1898, Sr. Manoel Victorino Pereira being at the same time chosen as Vice-President of the Republic. Dr. Moraes enjoys the utmost confidence and respect of his countrymen, and is warmly supported by all classes. In private life he is an exemplary father and husband, affectionate and refined; and in public affairs he is a true patriot. As an orator he has few equals in Brazil. His administration has been wise and judicious, and his country has reaped the benefit of his prudence and experience in prosperity and progress at home and harmony in all its foreign relations. Brazilians love to speak of him as "one who has saved the Republic."

Our own newly-installed Chief Executive, William McKinley, of Ohio, is in his fifty-fourth year. He was born in Niles, Ohio, and was the son of an iron manufacturer. When the Civil War broke out he was a student at Allegheny College, and he enlisted as a private in a local company known as the Poland Guards, which was incorporated into the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. He served under Gen. R. B. Hayes, and later under Gen. Sheridan, and took part in a number of engagements. His promotion was rapid, and he was finally brevetted as Major by President Lincoln for gallantry on the field, being mustered out in 1864. Major McKinley then resumed the practice of law in Canton, O. In 1869 he was elected County Prosecuting Attorney, and in 1876 he was sent to Congress at the age of thirty-three. He served continually for fourteen years. In 1890 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and re-elected two years later. During the latter part of his service in Congress he became the Republican leader of the House, and was the foremost factor in the Tariff Bill of 1890. He was mentioned as a candidate for the nomination for President in the last three Republican National Conventions. He is a man of strong, active physique, affable in manner, cogent in debate, with a faculty for organization and detail that has rarely been equaled. He is an earnest member of the Methodist Church, and both in public and private life is esteemed by all who know him. His term opens auspiciously, and he has the warmest support and best wishes of the whole nation.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

SWELLING THE CHAMPION ROLL.

Many More Candidates for Honors in the Great Sunday School Contest—
Who will Capture the Prizes?

SO widespread and active is the interest everywhere shown in the friendly Sunday School competition now going on from week to week in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the rivalry has become national in character. Already nearly a score of states are represented and before the contest closes, it will doubtless embrace every state in the Union. We have received a number of letters from Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers during the week in relation to the contest, but owing to lack of space in this issue, are obliged to defer their publica-



MISS JENNIE POWERS.
Who has a Record of 1122 Attendances.

tion, the names of all properly certified competitors, however, being entered on the list below. We would remind our readers, and all interested in the result of the Sunday School contest, that the conditions are these: Send the full name and address of the Sunday scholar, name of church and Sunday School and record of continuous and uninterrupted attendances up to February, 1897. This record must be certified by the Pastor, Superintendent or Teacher. The following table, which we are sure will be perused with interest, shows the progress of the contest up to date:

MALE CANDIDATES.

Scholars.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks.	Total Attendances.
George H. Glasgow.	Central Ch. S. S., Rochester.	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	30 ..	1560
Daniel L. Bowman.	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	17 14	926
Harlan P. Bradsteel.	Congregl. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	17 42	926
Rufus Hart.	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	16 6	838
H. L. Cornman.	West Hope Pres. S. S., Phila.,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	14 43	771
Fred'k Bradley.	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	13 33	709
Carl Englehardt.	Pres. S. S., Pewee Valley, Ky.,	H. M. Woodruff, Supt.,	13 ..	675
Julius Shepard.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Mt. Vernon, Ind.,	J. L. Gordon, Pastor,	12 48	672
David R. Tolley.	Lex. Av. Bapt. S. S., Lexington, Va.,	B. H. Gorrell, Supt.,	12 4	628
Franklin Krupp.	Walnut St. Pres. Ch., Philadelphia	Mrs. A. G. Bogardus,	12 ..	624
Charles Sloop.	1st Pres. Ch., Kittanning, Pa.,	Miss B. S. Slaymaker,	12 ..	624
George Currin.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt.,	11 41	613
Henry Brown.	2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.,	Rev. G. B. Hsley,	11 32	604
Percival Grover.	M. E. S. S., Tom's River, N. J.,	Laura Croxston,	11 8	580
Joseph A. Slinn.	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		11 2	574
James Boyd.	Pres. Ch., Kingston, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	11 ..	572
Harry Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Bruce Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Philip Fettes.	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11 ..	572
Howard Young.	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	11 ..	572
Theodore Reuter.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt.,	10 24	544
R. Patterson.	Madison Ave. Pres. Ch., Albany, N.Y.,	C. M. Atwood,	10 8	528
Porter L. Smith.	Bapt. S. S., Fayetteville, N. V.,	H. J. Knapp, Supt.,	10 4	524
Robt. McComb.	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	10 ..	520
Geo. Winlow.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	James Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
J. C. Eastland, Jr.,	M. E. Ch. S. S., Danville, Ky.,		9 39	507
Fred. Egging.	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Mrs. G. W. Master,	9 ..	468
Samuel Boyd.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Kingston, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	9 ..	468
Chas. J. Ayres.	2d Universalist S. S., N. V. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	9 ..	468
Geo. T. Woglom.	Simpson M.E.Ch., Perth Amboy, N.J.,	Jas. E. Noe, Supt.,	9 ..	468
John Bradley.	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	9 ..	468
George Rector.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Pacolit, S. C.,	B. B. James, Supt.,	9 ..	468
Rollin J. Haynes.	Bapt. S. S., Vermilion, S. D.,		8 24	440
Chas. Berger.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	8 16	432
Clarence Terry.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8 ..	416
Eddie Rothenberger.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8 ..	416
Goldsmith N. Scott.	Pres. S. S., Morrisville, Pa.,		7 39	403
Wm. Elvidge.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	7 16	380
Allen Robson.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	7 16	380
Harry Grigich.	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	7 ..	364
Ernest Bradsteel.	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	7 ..	364
Albert W. Bisbing.	5th Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,	W. T. Chase, Pastor,	7 ..	364
Jacob R. Young.	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	6 ..	312
H. Christina.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6 ..	312
Harry Rhame.	E. Rockaway, L. I.,	Miss Topping,	4 ..	208

FEMALE CANDIDATES.

Jennie Powers.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Germantown, Pa.,	Rev. P. Lee, Pastor,	21 30	1122
Florence Wagner.	Mantra Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,	Rev. W. Paine, Pastor,	20 20	1060
Margaret C. Albany.	Embang M. E. Sch., Manayunk, Pa.	W. H. Eddleman, Supt.,	18 28	964
Gertrude Emison.	Pres. Ch. S. S., Bluffton, O.,	B. F. Biery, Supt.,	16 5	837
Ada Bolean.	Pres. S. S., Bath, N. Y.,	E. F. Parker,	15 8	788
Mary E. Slinn.	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		15 2	786
Lydia P. Clark.	Cong. Ch. S. S., Toledo, O.,	W. Buck, Supt.,	15 ..	780
Grace Cornman.	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13 ..	686
Lizzie Cornman.	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13 ..	686
Mind McDowell.	2d Pres. S. S., Memphis, Tenn.,	A. D. Mason, Supt.,	13 4	680
Lavinia Shinn.	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,		12 2	626
Lulu Herschleb.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	12 ..	624
Belle Thorne.	Meml. Pres. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Rev. T. A. Nelson,	12 ..	624
Lizzie Renfrew.	Cong. Ch. S. S., Chelsea, Mass.,		11 ..	572
Irena Reuter.	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharp, Supt.,	10 24	544
Ana M. Pennington.	Henshaw P. E. S. S., Balto, Md.,	Geo. R. Coltrath, Supt.,	10 8	528
Paul A. Clark.	1st Bapt. Ch., Hamilton, N. V.,	C. S. Savage,	10 4	524
Lizzie Innes.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
Mary L. Burdell.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10 ..	520
Margaret Lab.	1st Pres. Ch., Warren, O.,	W. D. Webster, Supt.,	9 29	494
Mary C. Abbott.	Fall River, Mass.,	I. Clarence Read,	9 26	494
E. C. Abbott.	Fall River, Mass.,	I. Clarence Read,	9 25	493
Laura Terry.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8 ..	416
Mary Reuter.	Henshaw P. E. S. S., Balto, Md.,	Geo. R. Coltrath, Supt.,	7 24	388
Cath. J. Knapp.	2d Universalist S. S., N. V. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7 ..	364
Minnie Shultz.	2d Universalist S. S., N. V. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7 ..	364
Louisa Shultz.	2d Universalist S. S., N. V. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7 ..	364
Edna Winlow.	Jarvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	7 ..	364
Gwinn Harris.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	6 16	328
Louise Herschneider.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	6 11	328
Doris Terry.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6 ..	312
Bert A. Ben.	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6 ..	312
Maria Woodward.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	5 16	276
Henri Kner.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	4 16	224
Lizzie Robinson.	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	4 16	224

Superintendents and teachers are invited to forward the names and attendance records of their best Sunday School pupils, that they may be enrolled in the competition for the valuable prizes offered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Evangelism on the Southern Border.

A Sunday School Missionary's Labors for Christ Among our Mexican Population in Arizona.

READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are already acquainted with the excellent work of the American Sunday School Union, in founding and supporting a multitude of Sunday Schools in different sections of our own land, where they were greatly needed, will be interested in the story told in the following letter of a work that is in progress on our Southwestern border. Among the Mexicans in Arizona, the American Sunday School Union has several active missionaries who are engaged in planting and fostering Sunday Schools in certain districts where the Gospel of Jesus is not now preached, and where the children have had no opportunities of a religious education. The writer is Mr. W. H. Gill.

RAMON PORRAS.



A MEXICAN BRUSH HOUSE ON THE BORDER, NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

of Phoenix, Ariz., a faithful missionary. He says: "The Palo Alto Mexican Sunday School was organized by us not long since. It is under the fostering care of the Protestant Mexican Church, located in another quarter of the city, and which also has a Sunday School of its own. They meet in a store-room, part of a large building which we have rented for religious meetings. Rev. Francisco Padierna has charge of the work. His wife plays the organ which she calls her 'bell' for calling the people together.

"A photograph which I send is that of an average Mexican brush-house with a part of the family outside and some visitors. Some of the dwellings are built of mud and brush together, and are larger but uglier than the one shown. A few live in adobe houses. These are made of bricks twelve by eighteen inches in breadth, and length, and four inches in thickness. Those dwellings are cool in summer and warm in winter. In a dry, warm climate like Arizona, a well built adobe house will last for many years. It is the cheapest building that can be erected, as the most of the material is always at hand and costs nothing. I do not include those build of brush, which can hardly be called houses, but mere brush sheds. Very many of the Mexicans live in these abodes all the year round, and such is the mildness of the climate that they keep healthy and comfortable during an occasional rainy season.

"The chief employment of the Mexicans in this valley is the cutting and hauling of firewood. This is brought into the town from desert places, ten to twenty five miles away, and sold for from \$3.50 to \$5 a cord.

As it takes perhaps three days for the men with four horses to cut and haul a cord, the wood is sold remarkably cheap. After feeding their teams, a bare living left for the family. In harvesting, they use the reap-hook or sickle, and the threshing and winnowing are done by method that were in use 4,000 years ago.

"The women are modest but not timid. As a rule they wear no hats or bonnets like their white sisters, but appear in public in loose garments with a shawl or veil for a headdress. They are a docile people and sociable. My belief is that the Mexican will, as far as his ability goes, act a part of the good Samaritan quite as ready as his white brother. But few of the adults can read English, but many know Spanish. Many of the children, however, are learning English in the schools. One of the great obstacles in the way of their advancement is the race prejudice that exists preventing so far any intermingling with other nationalities. Nearly all are brought up Roman Catholics, and this training does not tend to harmonize the differences in social life, but rather aggravates them. If the parochial schools could be substituted by the public schools, and if a large number of non-attendants could be induced to enter the latter in which a rising generation of Mexicans and Americans could be brought together in competition, it would, doubtless, be a long step in advance for the former.

"Unhappily for this unfortunate class the teachings of Rome are such as stifle independent thought, and keep devotees in blind superstition, thus preventing progress intellectually and religiously which I conceive to be the only way in which the social gap can be closed between the races. Yet some progress is being made. Mexican people are, many of them, full fledged American citizens.

THE \$10,000 MARK PASSED!

The Christian Herald's Fund for the Relief of the Famine Sufferers in India Now Over Ten Thousand Dollars and Still Rising.

It is with profound thankfulness that we announce this week the receipt from the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of contributions which bring the total thus far sent for the Indian Famine Relief Fund to ten thousand four hundred dollars. What it means to the starving people cannot be told. It means literally ten thousand deaths from starvation averted and ten thousand human lives sustained till the next harvest. How sorely the help was needed, is proved by the cable dispatch from Delhi, just arrived, that in Sirsa alone, more than forty thousand persons have perished. From all the famine districts goes up the agonizing prayer that M. Fleming, the poet of India, so eloquently voices:

Lord Christ, who fed the multitude
In bygone days on earth.
Look down upon thy people here
Oppressed by drouth and dearth.
The earth is iron underfoot,
The sky is brass o'erhead.
The water dwindles in the wells,
The grass is burnt and dead.
O, God of Mercy, Goodness, Love,
Who savest man and beast,
Send rain upon the barren land,
Show glory in the East!
Grant unto us, who cry to thee—
For when was prayer in vain?
The miracle of mighty clouds,
The manna of the rain!
So shall the seed be prosperous,
The earth give her increase,
The dew from heaven plenteous,
The dearth and terror cease.
Have mercy, and avert from us
The turning, flaming sword:
From famine, plague and pestilence
Deliver us, good Lord!

That THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was providentially guided in sending its contribution to the American missionaries for distribution, is proved by a letter just received from

Our Own Correspondent.

When he wrote, had just returned from a long journey through the famine districts. Mr. Aitken writes: "I plead earnestly the cause of miseries in connection with the children. I urge the Christian people of America to remember that many of their missionaries are now increasing their obligations, by doubling their cares in their almost desperate anxiety not to let the helpless children perish for want of food. Many are the ways in which the little ones suffer the worst of the present dire distress. When a family finds no means of subsistence, and starts out from the homestead, the members very soon get separated, the men going to work in one place and the women in another. In such cases the children are usually left with the mother, who is soon obliged to abandon them, if needed, they do not die on her hands. If she dies first, their end is short and sure, unless some passer-by who is not starving himself, or some compassionate policeman, take charge of them. These little victims are to be had by the score, and I lately come on the tracks of missionaries who are gathering them in. Therefore I would plead for liberal help for those whose schools and orphanages have their running expenses greatly increased all at once by this large-hearted benevolence."

This statement is confirmed by a letter which, through the courtesy of the American Board, we are able to publish, from Mr. E. S. Hume, who is one of the missionaries to whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's first remittance of five thousand dollars was providentially sent. Mr. Hume writes: "The famine in India is a fearful fact. One who has never seen a starved person cannot imagine how such one looks. It is difficult to believe that the object before you is a human being. The head is out of proportion, the arms and legs are like sticks, the skin looks like dried up parchment, and is generally covered with sores. It is heart-rending to hear the pitiful cries and moans of the children, and to see the sad and anxious and hopeless faces of the adults. While these poor creatures are thus suffering it does seem as if no one should wait one single hour unless he is doing all that can be done to relieve all this terrible distress. One of the best ways for us to help is for us to take the children whom we can get hold of into our schools. The sooner we do this the better, for the longer we

wait the more famished the poor things grow, and the less prospect that they can ever be restored to health and strength. Even small sums are of value at such times. Those who wish us to make use of this golden opportunity should remember that it will soon pass. What we do for the salvation of these dying multitudes must be done now."

Such an appeal cannot be ignored. Mr. Hume and the other devoted men who are engaged in this Christ-like work must be sustained. They dread the coming of the day when their treasury empty, they will have to tell the poor, starving creatures that they have no food to give them. We believe our readers will continue to do all they can to avert such a calamity, and that all who have not contributed will do so quickly. Remember, every dollar goes intact to feed the famished people, and there

others, who give in the name of Christ and for love of him: Mrs. Roiser writes respecting the contribution sent by the boys in her class in the Mizpah Sunday School, Detroit, Mich. The boys were so touched by hearing of the suffering of the people of India. The knowledge of people being hungry appealed to them at once, and each one gave so willingly that I feel the Lord will bless them for it; for they do not belong to the class of people who can give without missing it. I know it involved self-denial for them.

One of four, Lynchburg, Va.: This is a tiny pebble to throw into the ocean, but God can make the wave reach the other shore.

During the week the following contributions were received:

Prev. ack'd \$4,294.10
Mrs C Olsen 1.00
Lizzie A Smith 2.00
Anna B. N. Y. 2.00
G T Anderson 4.00
C C Stedman 1.00
May Abbott 1.00
W J Mosier 5.86
Marilla Parker 1.00
H B Jencks 1.00
Anna Colville 1.00
Chas McWilliams 5.00
A nurse, Phila 2.50
E A Bramley 1.00
For Jesus sake, Belvidere 1.00
E O Reyer 5.00
Helen M and Allen B Wallace 2.00
I H N. E. Rockaway 2.00
A W Hankins 1.00
Mr & Mrs R Gibson 1.00
Mr & Mrs Armstrong 5.00
Mrs L W Cummings 1.00
Maria A Cummings 1.00
Mrs Sophie A Dumas 1.00
Mr & Mrs E Joyner 5.00
Donald McPherson 1.00
Mrs M J Carlton 5.00
Mrs Roda Crandell 5.00
Miss Mabel Jones 10
Miss Mary Carlton 10
Mrs Lulu Jewett 15
Wm H Veza 1.00

Mrs Ann F Ows 5.00
D H Hall & wife 2.50
Mt Pleasant S S 2.10
Chas A Harnden 2.00
Mrs T Johns 1.00
Mrs E M M Wash'tn 1.00
Bang G Hess 10.00
For Jesus Sake, Maquoketa 1.00
Mrs Emma Kessler 5.00
Mrs C A Walker 1.00
I H N. Walker 5.00
J C Marlin 2.00
Mrs Snipe Copeland 5.00
Viola Hilly 1.00
Mrs Dr C W Eagon 1.00
Mrs Silas Beers 1.00
Henry Gregory 1.00
Subr. Placeville 5.00
Mrs Torrence 2.00
Inasmuch, Mich 5.00
Mrs S C Avery 2.50
M S M. Phonix 5.00
C Hanemann 1.00
Wald D Wbs er 1.05
Mrs Hulet & Mrs Cross 2.00
In memory of little Elsie 1.00
Friend, Greenville 1.00
Subr. Colfax 5.00
J C Bohn 1.00
G M Deedsville 2.00
Jas Lyle 1.00
Mrs Wm Lyle 2.50
Wm Lyle 2.50
S E. Washington 1.00
John H Braden 1.00
Eula Campbell 1.00
Mrs M & Miss L Parker 2.00
Florence Philbrick 1.00
Sympathizer, Woodhaven 1.00
Friend, Middletown 1.00
J O Betton 2.00
J H Beck 1.50
Ida C. Chicago 5.00
For Jesus Sake, Sinking Valley 1.00
C A K. Pomona 1.00
Sam'l Edwards 10.00
R B Valley Center 1.00
I H N. Kingsbury 1.00
Mrs Geo P Davis 1.00
L V Storer 2.00
Hudson City Branch Y M C A 6.00
N E W. Bristol 1.00
S H G. Sparrow's 2.00
Mrs Newton Hall 2.00
Mrs A P Beckwith 1.00
Lila M Leonard 5.00
Mrs Lizzie Parker 2.50
May E Sterling 2.50
Mrs Lizzie Bill 2.50
Mrs Geo Tiffany 2.50
Mrs Jewett Tiffany 2.50
Mrs R M Jewett 2.50
Mrs Jas L Lord 2.50
Mrs A G Sawyer 2.50
Mrs Jindah Lord 2.50
Mrs B P Anderson 2.50
C P Bill 2.50
Mrs Jas A Bill 2.50
E H Bnrr 1.00
Mrs E F Bnrr 1.00
M S Geo E Clark 2.50
Alison Holmes 2.50
Mrs A M Marvin 2.50
Mrs H B L Reynolds 2.50
Friend, Hamburgh 5.00
Mrs F Fosdick 2.50
Mrs C E Rathbun 2.50
Henry Griffin 2.50
Mrs H E Peak 2.50
E O Reynolds 2.50
Mrs A L Davis 2.50
Friend, Hamburgh 2.50
Edna J Ely 2.50
King's Daughters, Erie 2.75
Mrs G A Jeffersonville 2.00
Mr & Mrs Chas Hoffman 2.00
man 2.00
S R Baker 2.00
G A Creekmore 5.00
Mrs S H Jennings 1.00
Flora Mills 1.00
Mrs E Blish 1.00
M H. Brooklyn 2.00
Banner School, Dunlap 2.00
Mrs W F M. Warsaw 1.00
Luzerne 10.00
M S E & E C, Remington 2.00
J B Younglove 1.00
J Brownbridge 1.00
H E Staples 1.00
Mrs A O Farr 5.00
For Jesus Sake, Brooklyn 2.00
Wm Ferguson 2.00
Mrs M. Brookline 1.00
S E & J A O. Phila 4.00
M S C A. Thompson 3.00
Friend, Gonic 2.00
A F Lunt 5.00
C S. Ochoon 1.00
Phelps 1.00
Thos Roberts 10.00
Mrs J Larson 2.00
Miss Olivia C Miller 5.00
Mrs N C McDuffie 1.00
Mrs A W Reid 2.00
Mrs E B Sharrts 2.00
Mrs M J W. Easton 5.00
E S Wolfe 2.00
Mother and son, Ann Arbor 2.00
Mrs D Cooley 1.00
Edward Garlick 1.00
Rev W A Randle 5.00
Grandmother, Colorado Springs 5.00
DW Horton 1.00
James John 5.00
W F Wilsonson 6.75
Different Churches 8.25
Wilsonville 2.00
J H Daie 2.00
J H Ashby 1.00
L L Ashby 1.00
S W Miles 1.00
F A. Quaba 5.00
Mrs E D. Traer 2.00
Serena Trner 12.00
Mother & son, Ionia 2.00
J F & Esther White 2.00
S H Ross 2.00
J D Lord 1.00
J D Seip 1.00
J W Woermann 2.00
Cong Ch & Y P S C E 4.20
M N 2.50
Harold S. Downer 1.00
S J Allen 5.00
Mrs John Epley 2.50
Mrs Ed Maule 10.00
Mrs T Whitehouse 1.00
Mrs M F A. Granville 2.00
Mary L. Hathaway 1.50
M. Kitchinson 1.00
Mrs W T Marsh 1.00
Helper 1.00
Mrs Cyns Hubbard 1.00
Lu y Brown 2.00
P. Boston 5.00
J W Strawman 5.00
Mrs L M & J M Swift 1.00
Hagar S S, dist 4 5.84
J H Goulter and wife 5.00
Miss Lillie Goulter 1.50
Subr. Dragonville 1.00
N H Dow 5.00
Mrs Geo Northier 2.00
Mrs Asherville 2.00
Mrs Mary M Plumley 5.00
O O Shanks in 2.00
Lulu Crowl 2.00
Mrs Margt C Smith 2.50
Friend, Hanover 5.00
J W Garber 4.00
Courtney 1.00
Rev C A Brockmeier 1.00
Bowling Green 3.00
Geo R Tzyzer 2.00
N Y Z. Maine 1.00
Mr & Mrs Chas Long 5.00
L P Swanson 2.50
E H Teall 5.00
H Keans 2.50
Wm P McClain 1.00
C D. Rantoul 2.00
Christian, Chicago 5.00
Earl & Jessie Elliott 1.00
Mrs L E Cowling 2.50
R P Tilden 1.00
Friend, Fairview 1.00
Chas A & Anna Slade 1.00
Arthur E. Rohie 1.00
Geo Lesneu 1.00
Mrs Dr Riddle 2.00
Mrs Geo Nash 5.00
Subr. Octagon 1.00
Follower of Jesus, Columbia 1.00
Jos Cadwallader 2.00
For Jesus Sake, Shawhan 2.00
J N Fillmore 1.00
Edna L mb 1.00
CGB. Wellsburg 2.00
Sympathizing reader, Shadway 5.00
Mildred Bklyn 2.00
Anon, Bridgeton 2.00
S B Close 2.00
Mrs Lizzie Sell 1.00
Or gon 2.00
EMW, Edisto 1.00
Geo Lesneu 1.00
Sympathizer, Norvell 1.00
R Clifford Oliver 2.00
A J S. Weedsport 3.00
Petersen, Gainesville 1.00
W H Shepard 50.00
E C Stevens 1.00
Mrs W D B. 1.00
Matthew Robinson 1.00
Mrs A Hockman 1.00
I H N. Mineral Pt 1.00
Ellen M Weimer 1.00
C Q Tucker 5.00
In Jesus name, Morton 1.50
B F Grnver 5.00
Wm Newsum 2.00
I H N. Connersville 2.00
Misses Blanche and Rosa Newburn 2.00
Mr & Mrs C M Clinton 1.00
J A Ellis 1.00
H P. Attleboro 1.00
Subr. Stonington 1.00
S J M. Crawfordville 1.00
J K Grady 3.00
David R. Wooster 5.00
Rev B F Jackson 5.00
For Jesus Sake, Florence 1.00
A D. Hoimdel 5.00
Mrs M J Kessinger 5.00
Rev & Mrs B E Lake 5.00
M A S. Brandon 1.00
J A H. Sudbury 1.00
M V Taylor 2.00
Minnie Neiswander 5.00
A M M. Hartford 10.00
Friend, New Haven 1.00
Lettie Hempstead 2.00
Sympath. Aberdeen 5.00
John Newsum 5.00
Light Bearers Miss Band, Phila 1.00
Mrs Rebecca Wagner 5.00
I H N. Montrose 1.00
Jos Rutledge 5.00
Caroline Rutledge 1.00
E F. Venter 1.00
I F M. Va 5.00
Epworthian, Province 1.00
W Hampton Beh 1.00
Two Sympathizers. Onedia 10.00
Stephen S Bliss 5.00
Anel 1.00
C H. M. G. Paterson 10.00
Sympathizer, Toledo 1.00
Mrs Lorneha Judd 10.00
Mrs Harriet M Cole 10.00
B A Ayres and wife 2.00
Mrs F R Egan 1.00
SRW Jamestown 1.00
W H & F Missy's Socy Lnth Ch Strassburg 3.00
Lydia Benton 1.00
Mrs and Mrs F W S. 5.00
L Eken 1.00
Mother and daughter, Lafayette 2.00
Mrs A A Seely 5.50
Ellen Angell 1.00
Friend, Nadalia 1.00
F Huder 2.00
W F. Smitlandstrand 1.00
L H Westrom 1.00
Mrs Lindgren 1.00
W Ericson 1.00
Mrs Sweden 5.00
J W Angle 5.00
Mrs Stogman 5.00
F A Ring 5.00
H S Carpenter 5.00
A C Ericson 5.00
J F Johnson 5.00
J F Lindberg 1.00
Mrs Boestrom 1.00
Total \$5,192.95
Total 1.00
And over 500 others are contributing \$5,000 the acknowledged next week.



STARVING MEN IN INDIA STRUGGLING FOR FALLEN GRAIN.

When one of the sacks on a wagon laden with grain has come untied and the precious grain has fallen on the road, starving men struggle with each other like wild beasts for the food.

is no deduction from it for expenses or cost of distribution. Every dollar sent saves a life, and there are tens of thousands whose lives may be saved.

We are prevented by lack of space this week from publishing the whole of our list of subscriptions, but we mention a few which are typical of scores. Among the religious societies who have contributed are the following:

Welsh Congregational S. S., Shenandoah, Pa.
C. E. (Congregational), Providence, R. I.
Sunday School, Red Hollow, Martin, Ga.
Mothers' Meeting, Romeyn Chapel, New York.
C. E. Society, Landessville, Pa.
Scholars in Greener School, Elkhart, Ind.
Junior C. E., Irving Park Church, Chicago.
Dutch Reformed Church, New Kirk, N. Y.
Swedish Baptist Church, New Brnd, Ind.
Snsan Johnson 5.00
C. E. Society, East Fishkill, N. Y.
C. E. Societies, (Senior and Junior), Fifth Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

From among the personal letters received we make the following extracts which express the feeling of hundreds of

Holland 3.00
Mrs C H S Lawrence 2.00
Hannah A Swanson 2.00
A Scotch woman 10.00
Earl Pierce 1.00
I H N. Orange City 8.00
Friend, Waddington 3.00
Hopkinton 3.00
Frank Moore 5.00
E M S. Morrow 1.00
Happy Home, Galesville 5.50
Reader, Harrisburg 1.00
John S Ennk & wife 5.00
I H N. Edmond 2.00
Mrs H Herbert 2.50
Citizens, Mill Village 2.50
Mr & Mrs EO Wright 1.00
Mary McLean 1.00
Mr & Mrs EG Stauffer 1.00
Norfolk 2.00
J Seward Frank 1.00
M S R. Bklyn 1.00
Roht Boyce 2.50
2 friends, Machipongo 1.00
Bert Morris 1.00
W H & Mrs D S Rowe 1.00
C E Wang 5.00
I N N. Brighton 6.00
Hackensack 1.00
W H Fishbnn 1.00
E H. Enron 1.00
C E. Hillside 1.00
Mrs A O Tawney 1.00
Sympathizer, Trihe's Hill 5.00
C A Hagaman 3.00
M Turner & wife 3.00
Montrose 1.00
K B. Marceline 2.50
Inasmuch, Honeore 1.00
In Jesus Name, Milford 1.00
Mary B Patien 5.00
Mrs F P Haworth 1.50
Margaret F. Centre Bridge 2.00
Sam M C Canlis 2.00
Mr & Mrs W A Dickel 10.00
W H Hamilton 1.00
Epworth League, Hornbrook 5.00
Mrs G S Oureut 5.50
May F Woolever 2.50
Blanche Miller 1.00
H C Allen 5.00
Mrs A R Shaw 2.00
J M. Waite 2.00
Nannie Hume 5.00
J H Grover 2.00
Mrs S Whitnough 2.00
E M S. Phila 1.00
Minnie Horst 2.50
Miss Margaret Gore 5.00
Mrs C S Kraft 2.00
M A. Franklinville 2.00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions will commence with any issue. Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

Register your letters when you remit by cash. Foreign Postage. For each copy to be mailed outside the United States, the Canadian, and Mexico foreign postage at the rate of one dollar a year should be added to the regular subscription price.

Renewals.—It is always best to renew two weeks before the date on your wrapper, to ensure uninterrupted service.

Back Numbers.—We cannot undertake to supply back numbers, nor to make good omissions caused by day commands.

Change of Date.—It takes two weeks to change the date after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of subscriptions. The date on the wrapper indicates when your paper will be stopped unless promptly renewed.

Change of Address.—Always give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

The Name of your Post-office and of the State you live in should always follow your own name when writing to this office. We cannot find your name on our books unless this is done.

The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York, as Second-class Matter

The Pulse of the World.

WE all read the newspapers, but every busy man and woman wants to know how to read them. If our time be limited, take the editorials which are a summation of important events. Take the reports of educational, artistic and religious meetings. Do not sit down to a banquet of arsons and manslaughter and divorce cases. What you read in the newspapers finally decides your character. The newspaper is the library of the great masses of the people, and out of it they must make their selection. Read chiefly those parts of the paper which are best calculated to improve you. Read what will make you better, not what will make you worse. We are not worthy of citizenship unless we keep our eyes open to the events which affect the welfare of the community where we live. But gossip, whether on the tongue of the gadabout, or printed in newspaper columns, will improve neither body, mind nor soul. It takes all kinds of information to make a newspaper; but we are not expected to devour all any more than when a man sits at the table is he expected to eat everything on it, making no distinction between sugar and salt, sweet oil and vinegar. There are many things that do for spices that will not do to take in large quantities. We want more common sense in newspaper perusal. What a mighty advantage it gives us all twice a day to feel the pulse of all Christendom; the morning papers telling us how the world is at daybreak, the evening papers telling us how the world is at sundown. What opportunities we have for watching the world's progress.

All the world brought so near together, we ought to have an all embracing sympathy. So much intelligence implies a corresponding responsibility. I suppose God is preparing all these newspapers and telegraphic and telephonic wires and railroads so as to make quick work of the world's final evangelization. The Bible idea of nations born in a day is by most people taken as figurative. I take it as literal. All the oceans cabled, all the continents strung to ether with electric wire, some time in one hour all nations may get the gospel call, and the next morning or evening papers have for head lines the names of ten or twenty nations born unto God that day.

Let us in the rise and fall,
In the dominion of our King,
Arise and stand as one,
And with the Lord be true.

Charity Balance Sheet

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Various Charities, Missions, and Other Religious and Benevolent Work During the Year 1896.

RECEIPTS:		DISBURSEMENTS:	
Balance Carried Forward from 1895 .. \$5261 46		Armenian Relief during 1896 .. \$3321 16	
Other receipts as per acknowledgments in columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:		(This with the \$16,203.04 distributed in 1895 makes a total disbursement up to Dec. 31, 1896, of \$50,024.20.)	
JAN. 15 ..	208 45	Industrial Institute, Mayesville, S.C. ..	233 50
" 22 ..	2252 94	International S. S. Association ..	333 33
" 29 ..	2044 00	Philatelic League ..	278 40
FEB. 5 ..	1800 06	To the Fund for Expenses of Cooper Union Meetings ..	100 00
" 12 ..	1925 14	Mrs. Jamal's School for Girls, Jerusalem ..	151 12
" 19 ..	1256 61	Miss Emma Nason's Work among Lumbermen ..	163 81
" 26 ..	1707 20	Mrs. Williams's Home for Rescue of Fallen Women ..	125 50
MAR. 4 ..	1616 86	Tombs Prison (Bibles in each cell) ..	40 00
" 11 ..	911 70	FOR THE LORD'S WORK IN FOREIGN FIELDS.	
" 18 ..	2044 40	Bishop Hartzell, of Africa ..	\$10 00
" 25 ..	1282 00	Rev. J. W. Wadman, Japan ..	15 00
APR. 1 ..	2021 00	Rev. J. W. Wadman (for Bibles) ..	10 00
" 8 ..	2613 02	Rev. R. S. Taylor, Madras, India ..	5 00
" 15 ..	3362 00	Rev. J. L. Dube, Natal, Africa ..	18 00
" 22 ..	1547 25	Mrs. M. E. Logan, Micronesia ..	2 00
" 29 ..	621 25	Rev. E. H. Richards, Zambesi ..	639 00
MAY 6 ..	486 13	Dr. W. T. Currie, Benguela, Africa ..	10 00
" 13 ..	379 04	Dr. John G. Kerr, Canton, China ..	10 00
" 20 ..	1439 14	Dr. J. B. Binsted, Seoul, Korea ..	15 00
" 27 ..	400 62	Rev. R. H. Nassan, Gaboon, Africa ..	10 00
JUNE 3 ..	16 00	Dr. J. P. Cochran, Oromia ..	10 00
" 10 ..	138 26	Mary Sharp, Monrovia, Liberia ..	15 00
" 17 ..	820 02	Rev. J. N. Cushing, Burmah ..	10 00
" 24 ..	70 83	Rev. G. E. Whitman, Swatow, China ..	10 00
JULY 1 ..	226 90	Mrs. J. H. Kilbuck, Bethel, Alaska ..	11 55
" 8 ..	201 82	Rev. J. M. Spangler, Callao, Peru ..	10 00
" 15 ..	504 57	Rev. Geo. D. Wilder, Peking, China ..	10 00
" 22 ..	340 11	Rev. Francis M. Price, Micronesia ..	10 00
" 29 ..	412 37	Rev. H. Adamsen, Bangkok, Siam ..	10 00
AUG. 5 ..	657 08	Rev. Wm. H. Gulick, San Sebastian, Spain ..	10 00
" 12 ..	576 62	Rev. M. Fenwick, Wonsan, Korea ..	15 00
" 19 ..	1206 36	Rev. J. Paul, Lakhimpur, Assam ..	10 00
" 26 ..	535 85	Rev. W. P. McLaughlin, Buenos Ayres, Argentina ..	10 00
SEPT. 2 ..	391 07	Rev. W. C. Evans, Mexico ..	10 00
" 9 ..	913 17	Am. Board of Foreign Missions ..	314 41
" 16 ..	405 53	Presb. Board of Foreign Missions ..	10 00
" 23 ..	479 87	Bethesda Home, Brooklyn (For Friendless Girls) ..	1200 00
" 30 ..	604 84	The Bowery Mission ..	1096 79
OCT. 7 ..	391 34	Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. ..	8503 55
" 14 ..	69 85	Rev. G. W. Sharp (Sunday School Missionary in Southwest) ..	852 00
" 21 ..	476 51	TO VARIOUS HOME MISSIONS, AS FOLLOWS:	
" 28 ..	230 64	Alpha Baptist Mission ..	5 00
NOV. 4 ..	284 95	Seamen's Mission, N. Y. ..	2 00
" 11 ..	204 36	Door of Hope ..	37 98
" 18 ..	384 65	Day Star Home ..	15 00
" 25 ..	200 73	Brooklyn City Missionary ..	2 00
DEC. 9 ..	366 08	Living Waters Mission, N. Y. ..	1 00
" 16 ..	824 30	Y. M. C. A. among Lumbermen ..	12 00
" 23 ..	636 45	Five Points Home of Industry ..	10 71
" 30 ..	755 59	Jerry McAnley's Mission ..	27 35
JAN. 6, '97, (Rec'd before Dec. 31, 1896) ..	370 80	Florence Mission, N. Y. ..	6 00
" 13 ..	557 68	Mrs. Stombach's Mission, Danphin Island, Ala. ..	1 00
" 20 ..	288 21	Five Points Mission ..	6 00
		N. Y. Rescue Mission ..	2 00
		Catherine Mission, N. Y. ..	20 50
		Elim Home for Convalescents, Belle Island, Conn. ..	3 00
		American Bible Society ..	6 00
		Henry Vail's New Orleans Mission ..	3 00
		Miss Ruddy's Italian Mission ..	4 00
		Rev. James O'Connor's Mission ..	1 00
		Kulb Lutheran Mission ..	3 00
		Mrs. Lathrop's Work in N. Y. ..	1 00
		Grace Church Nursery, N. Y. ..	1 00
		Bella Cooke's Work ..	46 75
		Working Women's Home ..	26 00
		National Temperance Society ..	1 00
		St. Andrew's Coffee Stands ..	21 73
		Rev. Stephen Merritt's Work ..	4 00
		Oliver St. M. E. Church ..	5 00
		Rev. Wm. Jentsch's New Lutheran Church in Connecticut ..	10 00
		Miss Hard, People's Tabernacle, Jersey City, N. J. ..	10 00
		Algoni School ..	10 00
		Rev. Mr. Hagglund's Swedish Work ..	5 00
		Presb. Board of Home Missions ..	15 00
		Mrs. Nikumbi's School ..	1 00
		Huie Kin's Training School ..	1 00
		300 11	
		SUNDRY BENEVOLENCES.	
		Sick widow and four children ..	9 00
		"Little No. 5000" ..	15 25
		Blind Mary ..	28 50
		Mrs. Darrill ..	2 00
		Causes of urgent need presented by Rev. D. M. Heydrick ..	44 00
		Mr. Kossendar ..	1 00
		Mrs. Boyton ..	1 00
		Mr. McTigue ..	6 00
		Mr. Little ..	4 25
		Print Mission Worker's Fare to Washington ..	6 50
		Edward Huekett ..	4 50
		Dinner to poor children, per Miss Calmore ..	5 00
		Relief to Clergyman's Widow ..	29 00
		Mrs. Vandecar ..	5 00
		152 00	
		Balance Carried to 1897 ..	2001 00
Total ..		Total ..	\$50,012 01

All expenses connected with the distribution of these Charity funds are borne by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BRIEF NOTES.

CAUTION.—Complaints have reached the office of persons in New Jersey being swindled by man who fraudulently pretends to be a canvasser for this journal. Persons intending to subscribe will do well to be on their guard against him. It always better to send the money direct to this office unless the subscriber personally knows the person through whom he sends it.

Owing to the unusual pressure of advertising upon our columns this week, the regular Music Page is omitted. The Christian Endeavor Topic will be found on page 183.

Major Whittle and Mr. George C. Stebbins are now evangelizing at Dumfries, Scotland. They report a deep religious interest having accompanied the work just closed at Greenock.

Christian Endeavor Societies are rapidly increasing in the missionary field. Dr. Farnham, Shanghai, Dr. Wallace of Mexico, and many other missionaries testify to the benefits derived from societies.

Evangelist E. R. Hermiston writes us that he has had a time of blessing at Brantford, Ont., one meeting alone twenty persons made profession of faith, and each evening during his visit souls were received.

Commander Ballington Booth of the Volunteers conducts a noonday meeting every Tuesday at the Metropolitan Temple, Seventh Avenue at Fourteenth Street, New York. He is assisted by his staff and has very interesting and successful meetings.

Dr. Henry Jessup who has been traveling Egypt for recuperation is reported to be now on way back to his field much strengthened. He has been prostrated by whooping cough, a complaint which seldom attacks a person of mature life without danger.

A musicale for the benefit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, was given on Thursday, Feb. 25, at residence of Prof. Henry Eyre Browne, 330 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. The gathering was large and representative one and a substantial sum was netted for the charity.

Gypsy Smith and three other Evangelists have been conducting a great religious campaign at Bradford, England. Sixteen churches were visited and at all of them there were large congregations and many additions to the membership.

Mr. Richard Cadbury, a Christian manufacturer of Birmingham, England, has recently voted a sum of money to a wise benefaction. He presented a Bible to every pupil above a certain grade in the public schools of the city. The ports from the schools aggregated over two thousand. Mr. Cadbury was surprised at the number, but he did not curtail the gift.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota draws striking contrast between the past and the present condition of Indians among whom he began his thirty-eight years ago. The attitude of the government toward them has greatly changed, also public opinion, and there were now in his diocese no Indian members of his church than there were white communicants when he was elected bishop.

The Church Missionary Society is taking steps to inaugurate a new aggressive work in Africa. The limits of the Colony of Sierra Leone have been extended and government stations for the interior have outrun missionary outposts. There is an urgent call for Christian leaders to forward evangelistic work in the "hinterland."

Rev. Thomas Harrison will commence series of revival meetings on March 14 at the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Church, Greenport, Brooklyn, of which Dr. H. E. Burnes is pastor. Mr. Harrison held meetings in the same church eight years ago. He will have among his assistants and workers many who were converted during his former visit. One of them is now a trustee of the church.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding meeting at Oakland, Cal. On February 14 he preached in the "Theatre," which was crowded by young men. Dr. Munhall pointed out the various sins by which men go to ruin, and especially dwell on the theatre and the saloon as wide and much traveled roads. In response to his invitation over a hundred and fifty young men rose for prayer.

During this month the Evangelistic meetings in Cooper Union, New York, will be continued under the management of Dr. A. C. Dixon. They are well-attended. Every Monday afternoon Dr. Dixon will preach, and on the other days of the week Saturdays excepted, Evangelist Schuyler will conduct the meetings. Mr. Moody closed his services at Carnegie Music Hall on Feb. 28th. Dr. Dixon will hold a service in that building on Sunday afternoon through March.

A Conference for Bible study will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, in Association Hall, March 14. There will be three sessions each day. Among the speakers will be Rev. George C. Needham, Rev. J. Erdman, Prof. W. G. Morehead, Pastor J. L. Scofield and Prof. F. F. Streeter. All inquiries about the conference, accommodations, etc., will be addressed to Mr. F. M. Barton, V. M. C., Cleveland, Ohio, who will shortly after the conference be able to supply a stenographic report of the proceedings.

During the past week Mrs. Helen L. Bull of Elmira, N. Y., has held W. C. T. U. meetings at several churches of New York City, which have been largely attended. Among them were the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church; the West End Presbyterian; the Bloomingdale Reformed; the Michael's Protestant Episcopal, and Grace Methodist Episcopal. Mrs. Bullock has now been laboring in the city since the close of January and has done an excellent work in arousing and maintaining public interest in the Temperance cause.

The Palestine Exploration Society has made an interesting discovery. In trying to find the old wall on the south side of Jerusalem a magnificent staircase was uncovered. When the debris of eighteen centuries was removed, thirty-four broad massive steps were revealed, leading down to the pool of Siloam. There is no doubt that this is the staircase referred to by Nehemiah as "the stairs that go down from the City of David." As the staircase leads to the temple, it may also have been the "Ascent," which impressed the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Greece Menaced.

CRETE is still the problem on which the diplomatists of Europe are exercising their ingenuity. How to devise a solution which will reconcile the conflicting interests of Turkey, Greece, Russia and England, seems to be beyond their powers. Incidentally the wishes of the people of Crete come under consideration. The diplomatists are not accustomed to take such matters into account. Autocracy is apparently the favorite scheme. The Sultan as suzerain and receiver of tribute; but the Cretans do not desire autonomy, but annexation to Greece, and the Greeks naturally favor that plan. The powers, however, insist on Greece withdrawing from the island, and England demands that Turkey shall also withdraw being the final settlement of the question. They gave Greece a practical intimation of their determination to be carried out by firing on the insurgents when the latter attacked the capital. The spectacle of the powers firing on Christians in the interest of Mohammedans excited the indignation of European peoples. The Emperor of Germany appears to be the leader of the concert in opposition to Greece. He urges the powers to compel Greece to withdraw from the island and blockade the Piræus, the port of Athens, and other Greek ports, until Greece obeys. Russia has sent a peremptory order to Greece to withdraw within ten days, and intimates that serious consequences will ensue if Greece continues to defy the powers. On the other hand, the Sultan has been restrained from attacking Greece. The powers seem thus to have taken on themselves the role of a politician who stops a fight by compelling both parties to retire, as Greece is no match for Turkey in the field, she profits by the interference, unpleasant as it is. For one thing we may be thankful; Greece, by her bold action in going to the defense of the Cretan Christians, saved them from massacre. If some power had thus interposed in Armenia thousands of Christian lives might have been saved. All Europe will be glad if Greece ultimately gets the island as a reward, but in any case, the powers will not restore it to Turkey, in the face of public opinion in Europe. If the other Christian territories that the Turk misgoverns were delivered from his yoke it would be well: because he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy and the broke in me, to slay them. (Ps. 109:16, R. V.)

Inauguration Bible.

A dispatch from Springfield, O., gives a detailed description of the Bible which will be used in the inauguration of Major McKinley. It has been specially printed a bound for the purpose, and has been printed on behalf of the donors to the President-elect by Bishop Arnett of the Alban Methodist Episcopal Church. The covers are red, under gold, with round corners. The linings are of white moire and striped satin and silk. Inside the front and back covers are beautiful panels lined with dark blue turkey morocco, known as Bishop's purple, finished in gold. The centres of the panels are of white satin. On the satin centre on the front panel is printed an inscription of presentation. The paper upon which the book is printed was made at an Ohio mill. The pages are unsurpassed for clearness and beauty of style. The binding is of the best and most superb grosgrain morocco, dark blue in color. It has a fine line of gold around the outer edge. A pure gold

plate in the centre has engraved upon it the following inscription: "William McKinley, President of the United States of America, inaugurated March 4, 1897." A more appropriate gift from a Christian people to the Chief whom they have elected could not be made. It will be well for him and for the nation if he uses it as the ruler of God's ancient people was directed: It shall be with him and he shall read therein all the days of his life; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law and these statutes to do them. (Deut. 17:19.)

Appreciated Stock.

A press dispatch from Portland, Ore., reports a remarkable acquisition of fortune by a tailor of Moscow, Idaho. The tailor recently went to his bank to get an insurance policy which he had deposited there with other papers for safe keeping. In turning over the papers to find the policy, he came upon some soiled documents which at once arrested the eye of the cashier who was watching the tailor's treasures. He asked the tailor what those documents were. The tailor replied that they had been given to him five years before, by a customer who was not able to

blood. He has been working on this theory for several months past, and has constructed two instruments to aid him in his investigations. One of these is an extremely delicate balance of the spirit-level kind. The balance is a board sufficiently large to hold a man lying at full length, and is suspended so that it will swing lightly on pivots at the centre. So delicate are its movements, that a weight almost as light as a feather will cause the balance to deflect towards the head or the feet. A man lay upon this board perfectly quiescent, and the balance was exactly horizontal; but so soon as his attention was called to a problem and he began to think, the end of the board on which his head lay, dipped. Another test used was a glass cylinder enclosing the arm to the elbow, and closing with rubber around the elbow. This was filled with water and a small glass tube half way down the larger one communicated with it at right angles. When the man was perfectly quiescent the water rose about an inch in the cross-tube, but so soon as he began to think, the water fell and barely filled the larger tube, showing that the size of the arm had decreased as the brain called the blood from the hand and arm to help it in its work. Even a dream had this effect, though in a slighter degree. By what organs the brain thus calls for the blood from other parts of the body when it needs it, no one knows; but it evidently has such organs, and its call is obeyed. We can but wish that as much could be said for that figurative body of the church to which the apostle compares it. When

who had paid no interest in two years. He was foolish to lend so much on the land, the farmer admitted, but it was done now. He would not do anything in it anyway, but he was going to see about that egg account. The lawyer laughed when his client was gone and said the man was always like that, indifferent about matters that were really important and very strenuous about trifles. Probably there are not many men of that kind, but at the last it will be found how large is the number of those who have made a similar mistake as to the relative importance of temporal and spiritual things: So is he that layeth up treasure for him self and is not rich toward God. (Luke 12:21.)

A Costly Rats'-Nest.

A strange discovery has been made in the house of a recently-deceased citizen of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. The man had been remarkably careful in his expenditure, and as he and his family had several ways of making money, it was believed that he would leave a snug little fortune behind him. All that the widow could find, however, was \$250. Recently the widow employed a carpenter to transform a cowshed into a chicken-coop. In the course of the work he tore up the floor, and there, under the boards, he found a rats'-nest constructed of greenbacks. The rats had found a treasure, which the old man had secreted, and had carried some of it off to line their nest. The bills were in fragments, but it was possible to piece together some of the tens and twenties. In all the lining of the nest was worth nearly five hundred dollars, and now it is hoped that the hiding place will be found from which the rats abstracted the bills. There is grim irony in that man's lot. That the result of all his long years of toil should have been used to make a litter of young rats comfortable in their nest seems cruel. If he could have foreseen it, it would have almost driven him crazy. If he knows of it now it will make little difference to him. On the other side of the grave the important question is not as to the money left behind, or what becomes of it, but whether through Christ eternal riches have been secured.

Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good . . . laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come that they may lay hold on eternal life. (1. Timothy 6:17-18.)

Water from a Reed.

A curious method of obtaining water in an emergency is described by a gentleman who was at one time a member of a United States geological and surveying expedition in Indian Territory. The party had been for some time without water, and at last the search for water became the chief object of concern, as all were suffering from the want of it. One of the party was an old trapper, whose experience of the territory had several times proved valuable to the others. He was particularly eager in his search for water, and finally he paused at a place and examined the soil. He announced that there was water near the surface which could be secured by digging a well. That, however, could not be done. But the trapper wanted water too badly to be defeated. He searched around till he found a reed. He wrapped some moss around the end and, digging a hole, he inserted the reed and filled up the hole and stamped the soil hard. In a few minutes he applied his lips to the reed and declared the water very good. Other members of the party in turn followed his example, and were rewarded with a most delicious drink of water. "How is it, it is so clear?" the trapper was asked. He explained that the moss acted as a filter, and the soil being full of water readily yielded it. He said that more than once he had been saved from much suffering by the same simple device. It was well for the party that the trapper was among them, otherwise though with water so near them, they would have continued to suffer of thirst. It is so with those who are thirsting for salvation and know not that it is within their reach. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat. (Isa. 55:1.)



PIRÆUS, THE PORT OF ATHENS, NOW THREATENED WITH BLOCKADE.

pay for a suit of clothes he had ordered. The tailor had tried to sell them, but he could not get anyone to pay anything for them. He had put them away in disgust, and had marked the suit of clothes in his books as a total loss. He had forgotten all about the transaction till he saw the stock among his other papers. He speedily became interested, however, when the cashier told him that the value of the shares had been going up for some time and were then worth forty thousand dollars. In a business transaction such as this, the tailor doubtless took into account the possibility of a gain, but he must have been surprised at a gain so enormous. There will, the Bible tells us, be similar surprise in the day of final award when Christ's servants who have taken pity on his poor and helped them without any expectation of gain and have forgotten it, find to their amazement that their Lord has taken note of the deed done in his name and rewards them according to his riches: Then shall the righteous answer, Lord, when saw we thee a-hungred and fed thee? . . . And the King shall say unto them, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matt. 25:40.)

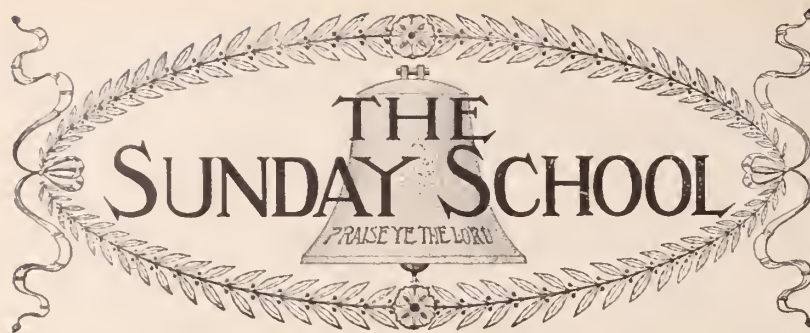
To Measure Thought.

It would not seem possible to measure anything so intangible as thought, but an effort to do so has been made by Professor Mosso of the University of Turin. He proceeds on the theory that when the brain has work to do, it calls upon the other parts of the body to supply it with

any members of that body are in need of sustenance there should be the same promptitude in supplying it. That there be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another. (1. Cor. 12:25.)

The Farmer's Perspective.

A curious illustration of the lack of a right estimate of relative importance of transactions was given to the *New York Sun* by a city lawyer. Among his clients is a wealthy farmer who came to the city recently to consult the lawyer in respect to several affairs. The one to which he devoted most of the interview, and to which he had given a good deal of careful thought was whether or not a balance was due to the man to whom the farmer sold his eggs. It was complicated by a previous deal in which there had been a dispute as to whether an egg belonged to the category of "new-laid eggs, fresh eggs, or simply eggs;" also by a question of responsibility for one or two eggs which had been broken in transit. The farmer had thought the matter out and, he stated his views with such careful deliberation of manner and speech as to tire the lawyer, who reminded him that the whole question involved only a few cents. The farmer said he had always been careful of cents and the matter being disposed of was about to leave, when the lawyer reminded him that he had referred to some mortgages about which he needed advice. "I had forgotten them," said the farmer. From his story it appeared that he had lent thirty-two thousand dollars to a man



Christian Self-Restraint.

Sunday School Lesson for March 21.

1 Cor. 9: 19-27. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 9: 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



CHRISTIAN self-restraint is self-restraint after the pattern of Christ and by the power of Christ. It is one of the fruits of the Spirit, (Gal. 5: 22), and is called in the authorized version "temperance" but in the Revised "self-control." It is one of the things which the apostle Peter teaches us to add unto our faith, (1 Pet. 1: 6); and he places it between "knowledge" and "patience," showing us that knowledge which does not result in this self-control does not attain its legitimate object, and cannot bring forth that patience which, when it has its perfect work, makes us "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." While it is called in Scripture self-control, it is practically Christ-control, but it can only exist and last where there is the fullest co-operation of our own will with the control of our Lord by his Spirit. It is neither independent self-government nor is it the despotic rule of Christ. It may seem to be a paradox to such as know not the Lord, but it is nevertheless true, that in measure as we yield ourselves to Jesus we have power over ourselves. In the chapter before us the apostle is dealing with

His Rights.

According to the Revised Version he says: "Have we no right to eat and to drink? Have we no right to lead about a wife that is a believer? Or I only and Barnabas, have we not a right to forbear working?" (ver. 5, 6). "If others partake of this right over you, do not we yet more? Nevertheless, we did not use this right." (ver. 12). "There is nothing about which 'the flesh,' i.e. our self-life is more sensitive than our rights; that is what we think to be due us from others. Paul knew well what his rights were, but he did not exercise them, nor did he complain against those who robbed him of his rights. A year before he wrote this epistle to the Corinthians in A.D. 53, he had written in A.D. 58 to the Galatians, 'I am crucified with Christ,' and above and over all his rights he gloried in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ whereby the world was crucified to him and he unto the world. (Gal. 6: 14). Paul was a consistent man; he did not assume the position of a man crucified with Christ just when he was in the act of preaching or praying, and then in the common affairs of life act as one who was not crucified, but keenly alive to his own interests; but he maintained this position which he had taken by faith, right through all the details of his daily life. He had as much right to marry a Christian woman, and have around him the comforts of domestic life, as any other Christian man. But called as he was, to bear Christ's name 'before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel,' to be 'in journeyings often and in many perils, he would not exercise his right, which was lawful but

Not Expedient.

Paul had a right to expect that those to whom he preached should maintain him and his companions. This he asserts in a strong way: "What soldier ever serveth at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof, or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not the milk of the flock?" (1 Cor. 9: 6, 7). And he quotes from the book of the laws that the very oxen who tread out the corn are not to be muzzled how much more then should spiritual teachers be maintained by those to whom they minister? He brings forward the strongest argument to prove

his point: "If we sowed unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we shall reap your carnal things?" And after reminding the Corinthians that the priests in the temple are maintained by their part in the sacrificial offerings, he says with emphasis, "Even so did the Lord ordain that they which proclaim the Gospel should live by the Gospel."

Having thus fully established his right, this man who could speak to others about a citizenship—Luther translation citizen rights—in heaven goes on to say, "But I have used none of these things." Paul had closely examined his chartered rights in heaven in the light of the life and teaching of his Lord. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all things shall be added unto you," with the exhortation: "Be not anxious what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," had entered deeply into his soul. He had found in the exercise of his heavenly rights a glorious freedom from himself in dealing with God about everything which set him free from every burden about things temporal. He knew that God cared for him and that his interests were safe with him. Thus when some would benefit from his ministry and make no return, selfishly callous as to whether he had food or clothing, there would be no bitterness or spirit of harsh judgment in the mind of Paul, he would simply know that God's help would come to him in some other way, and he

Remained Self-Controlled.

There was one thing in which Paul gloried. It was not his preaching of the gospel that had become the necessity of his life, "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel," he speaks of it as a stewardship committed unto him, but his glorying and his reward was "That, when I preach the Gospel, I may make the Gospel without charge so as not to use to the full my right in the Gospel." Here we have an example of true Christian self-control: self-denied instead of asserted and considered.

The apostle gives us more of his life when he says, "For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all that I might gain the more. And to the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews, to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ that I might gain them that are without law." Here is, in fact, another side of Christian self-restraint. How many there are, even of true Christians who value themselves on their doctrinal exactitude, who trust in themselves that they are in the right and, like the Pharisees, despise others. Paul, who had gone through much experience and had passed through phase after phase, under the law, was ready to meet each one where he was. Instead of ventilating his own superior knowledge, Paul came down to the level of every weak, ignorant, superstitious or legal inquirer with whom he had to do, and took him on his own ground. He had learned his Master's lesson, "I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." Paul knew that he could not gain the Jews in the same way as the Gentiles. He knew well the Jewish standpoint, but it would have been useless to speak to the literary philosophical Athe-

nian in the same way as to the Jews. Thus Paul exercised self-control, he might lose ground with the Jews by his work among the Gentiles, and *vice versa*, but what things were gain to him in his doctrinal prestige, these he counted loss for Christ. How many are afraid of being thought ignorant or being counted inconsistent if they simply follow the leading of the Spirit of God in dealing with souls! How many are ready to sacrifice souls on the altar of their personal reputation. The Holy Ghost never establishes our consistency or ministers to our prestige: "He shall glorify me," said our beloved Lord. Paul thought it worth while to become as weak that he might gain the weak, and he remains one of the greatest and most influential man that ever lived.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IT is not difficult to understand why Paul wrote to the people at Corinth such words as those of the lesson. He had lived a year-and-a-half among them and knew the kind of temptation that assailed them, and what were the sins into which they were liable to fall. The necessity for such teaching has not passed away. If Paul were to spend a year in New York, Washington, or Chicago at this day, and afterwards were to write a letter to the Christians of either city, it would probably be a letter full of just such teaching. Corinth was a city full of active, wealthy, pleasure loving people, such as are to be found in our own cities to-day. They made

the people. The city was a marvel of architectural beauty. Its temples, amphitheatre and its private residences were magnificent. But it was morally corrupt. The merchants who resorted thither found every provision made in profusion for the gratification of their licentious passions. The very worship of the city was a vicious orgie. The people revelled in vice and many of the merchants who went there for a brief stay, gave away the whole of their fortunes in their drunken maudlin revelry. From an incidental reference that the Apostle makes (1 Cor. 9), we learn how corrupt had been the life of some of the men and women who composed the church that he gathered there during the visit described in A.D. 18: 1-18. These people surrounded Paul with fascinations, seeing the pleasures still going on in which they formerly indulged, were strongly drawn back into their old ways. Some of them yielded, and the Apostle was extremely anxious about the others. He appears to have written them three letters, only the second and the fourth which have survived in the New Testament. In these he earnestly begs them to live the higher life, to keep their bodies in subjection, to live after the spirit and not after the flesh. He reminds them how the wrestlers and athletes in the games deny themselves that they might win the prize, and urges his converts to show similar self-denial that they might win the greater prize. He recalls to their memory his example, and tells them he still has to keep his body in subjection lest he should become a castaway. By every means he urges them to restrain their appetites, propensities and live a pure life. A

told the Romans, those who indulge after the flesh, indulging themselves, would die; only they who lived after the spirit, seeking spiritual delight and spiritual achievements, would have eternal life. And this fact is as true in America at the present time as it was in Corinth eighteen centuries ago.

All things to all Men. This does not mean that Paul changed his principles, but that he adapted himself to the people he was dealing with. Cecil, the great preacher, was addressing a sleepy audience of miners who could not get their attention. "I must get them to listen; I have them attend," he men exclaimed. But how? Tell me something they will take an interest in. He described an execution he had witnessed, and instantly every one was listening eagerly and they listened, while he pressed the lesson of the crime. John Wesley complained bitterly of an audience he had at a place called Minton. He gave them, he says, only elementary teaching, saying that they were gay, genteel people, but it was beyond their depth. "It is very hard he comments, 'to be sharp enough for a polite audience'."

A Corruptible Crown. A French officer who was an avowed infidel, and the leader of a company of infidels, read the Bible during a period of imprisonment when no other book was accessible, and became a believer. After his release he went to his infidel friends and told them of his conversion, he ridiculed him and called him a "Bernadotte?" He asked them, referring to the French officer who had been king of Sweden. "He became a Catholic." "Ah, that was different," they said. "He got a crown." "Well," said the officer, "I shall receive an eternal crown."

They who run in a race. The people to whom Paul wrote knew all about races. They included races, leaving the disk, and wrestling. The prize was a wreath of pine leaves. The State sent its deputation, each with the others in splendor. No Sicily was so great that it did not feel honored if one of its citizens was a victor in the game. When he returned home he was received in triumph and all his privileges and immunities were granted him. It was worth all the sacrifice and pleasure and the self-denial of the training he had to go through in order to win



By per. Chas. Scribner's Sons

"They do it to obtain a corruptible crown."

money easily and abundantly, and they spent it freely on vicious indulgences. The city was beautifully and advantageously situated. A glance at the map shows that the southern half of Greece is almost an island. A strip of land about three-and-a-half miles wide unites this half to the half on the mainland. At the southern end of the strip rises the mountain of Acrocorinthus, its summit crowned with a citadel. On the side of the mountain, about two hundred feet above its base, the city of Corinth was planted. On its right was the port of Cenchrae, on its left, the port of Lachraeum, and on a level plain in front was the great marble stadium where the Isthmian athletic games took place. Corinth's situation was favorable to traffic. Owing to the dangers of navigating vessels around Malea, the southern promontory of Greece, vessels were either unloaded at one of the ports and the goods sold at Corinth, or the vessels were raised up bodily out of the water and dragged over land on huge trucks to the opposite port and re-launched. This traffic brought a great deal of trade and profit to

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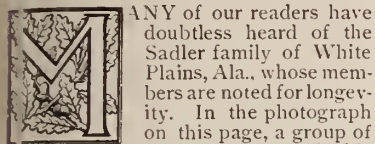
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THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

An Alabama Homestead.

Health and Longevity accompany hard Work—A Family Where even the Children are Septuagenarians.



ANY of our readers have doubtless heard of the Sadler family of White Plains, Ala., whose members are noted for longevity. In the photograph on this page, a group of the "children" of this

ned family is seen, the average age of the remarkable quintette of "children" being about seventy years, and their cumulative ages little less than three and a-half centuries. These venerable women have lived at home with their parents almost all their lives, and their furthest travels have been bounded by the limits of the territory that can be seen from the front of the old farm-house. They are practical farmers, too; they know all the methods of cultivation in vogue in their section, and raise on the farm nearly everything that is needed for the daily subsistence.

There is probably no section of the Union more healthful and pleasanter than the forest or "piney woods" region of Alabama, which comprises a large portion of the State lying south of the "Black Belt," or cotton-growing region. It is not so liable to disagreeable extremes of temperature as to sudden changes, as the interior, and the summers are longer, less oppressive, and near the coast, tempered by steady breezes. Save in a few of the valleys, miasma is almost unknown, and the health-giving odors of the pine forests are refreshing and invigorating, being especially beneficial to sufferers from pulmonary troubles. Besides the immense pine forests of South Alabama, there are in the lowlands of the same section an abundance of other woods, including gigantic cypress trees, juniper, live oak, ash, magnolia, bay, and gum trees. There are probably many other families in Alabama whose combined ages equal that of the Sadlers, for the State has a wonderful record for health and longevity. There is an abundance of springs and streams of pure water. The climate of the uplands is delightful the year round, and there is probably no more attractive region for the naturalist and botanist to be found anywhere.



Breton Wedding.

How early a Breton maid marries, writes Isabel McDougall in a contemporary, depends somewhat upon her good looks, but more upon the stripes upon her petticoat. A silver band woven round it means a dowry of 300 francs; two silver stripes mean 600, and so on, till the damsel who proudly wears stripes nearly up to her waist is an heiress indeed. Not one of these pretty Annettes and Pierrettes, moreover, would dare to add another band to her skirt unless the parental cash-box justified the assumption. As to the costumes worn at church or at a wedding, there turn out occasions of sunburned, fair-haired men in short blue jackets, vests bedizened with metal buttons as their great-grandfathers, the Chouans, wore to face the minions of the first republic; broad felt hats, with peacock feathers stuck in their bands; wooden shoes, gaiters and baggy breeches of stout homespun. And the girls, how quaintly they come arrayed! Their costumes descend from remote times; broad ribbons over the breasts of their bodices, full short skirts and aprons of brocade—brown linen with large flowers in apple-green silk, or red and purple damask, shot with threads of gold and silver.

Let us get to the table. Remember, though, that a Breton farmer's hospitality is not limited by his four walls. Half the countryside would be asked, and long trenches be dug for the invited guests to comfortably put their feet in as they sat upon the edges. Sheep would be roasted whole for them; rabbits, tender and white-fleshed as chickens; omelettes, cooked as by magic in the rudest of vessels over an open faggot fire; and shrimps, as dear to the heart of the Brittany coast man as clams to dwellers on our own Atlantic seaboard.



Let the Children Help.

If tired mothers would only try the experiment of letting the boys and girls help them at times, they would find them valuable and willing assistants. A writer says: "The other day we saw three large, able-bodied boys lounging about the house, not knowing what to do with themselves, while their mother, tired and pale, was

wonderful cat named Tom which, when addressed, will quickly respond, even waking out of a sound sleep to go toward the speaker. Sometimes, to confuse him, the clerks will sing out some word or words in which the syllable "Tom" is emphasized, and to that he pays no attention. But let any one call, "Tom, it's dinner time!" and forthwith he walks across the room, reaches up with his paws to a tin pail, claws it down, and comes bringing it in his mouth. Tom is fond of music. At the cry of "Hand-organ!" he climbs to a high window seat, but at the words, "Here's a dog!" he slinks under a desk.

Spending Sunday.

In a multitude of homes—home that would disdain to be called anything but Christian—Sunday is sadly wasted. A forenoon attendance at church and possibly a session of Sunday School for the children in the afternoon, still leaves a large part of the day to be accounted for. Many find it difficult to attend two services. Says a thoughtful writer: "Let Sunday afternoon and evenings have the brightest possible ideas talked over, sung over, thought over in the homes; let them have abundantly, what they have only sparingly at other times, penetrating insight into God's purposes for mankind and intelligent conception of the world's needs; let them have parents, children, servants, wisely, patiently, gladly ponder-



A FAMILY OF SEPTUAGENARIAN SISTERS, IN ALABAMA.

trying to do the work for a large family and company alone. Not a boy's work to help about the house? Why not? Is there anything about house duties that will injure him or that he cannot learn to do well? On the contrary, there is much to benefit him in such work, the most important of which is the idea that it isn't manly to let the mother carry all the burdens when it is possible for strong young hands to help. Many a smart boy wants to help his tired mother, but doesn't know how beyond bringing in the wood and the water, and shoveling a path through the snow. This done, she tells him to go and play, while she plods wearily on. It is a positive harm to a boy's or girl's moral character to allow them to think it right to be idle while mother is staggering under her burdens. Let the children help.



Intelligent Cats.

A writer in *Our Animal Friends* gives some very interesting illustrations of feline intelligence. He mentions a New York young lady who has a cat that trails so closely after her as to be almost stepped upon. The chief clerk of the State Department at Washington has a cat with the same accomplishment. It will follow him about the streets for miles just like a dog, and is fond of going out with him for a walk in the evenings. In the Treasury Department at Washington there is a very

ing the mystery of godliness—and then, every instrumentality of Christ's church in America will feel a new vigor animating it." Even a home Sunday evening, where church is unattainable, may be made spiritually profitable by the reading of good books, a hearty home song service, and a Scripture reading. On that day, above other days, the thoughts of God's children should be:

This is the day which the Lord has made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.

An utter disregard of the Sabbath in the training of children is a great wrong; but even a greater wrong than this is the training of children to count the Lord's day a day of irksome restraint instead of delight.

Lifted Over.

As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
When places come, at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down again, beyond the harm—
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering and saw
Rough ways before us where my arms would fail,
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt; beyond my sight and bade
Him wait for me. Shall I not then be glad
And thanking God, press on to overtake?

THE SHADOW OF A ROCK.

FAINT and weary from the heat
And the burden of the day;
Longing for a cool retreat
Where the breezes gently play,
Lo, I find it with the flock
Of the shepherd meek but grand,
In the shadow of a rock,
In a weary, weary land.

When the troubles of my life
Weaken mind and crush my heart;
Wounded in the mortal strife,
When I, like a stricken hart,
From the turmoil and the shock,
Seek defense by God's own hand;
Seek the shadow of a rock
In a weary, weary land.

Often sin appears to tread
Virtue 'neath unholy feet.
"Like a green bay tree they spread"
Who sit in the scorner's seat.
But, my God, when sinners mock,
Safely then I take my stand
In the shadow of a rock,
In a weary, weary land.

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.

The Wise Mother's Son.

AS an illustration of the influence of a mother on her children's character, this beautiful story is related by the Chinese classical teachers to the youth of that nation:

A woman weaver lived about 2200 years ago. She was a widow, and maintained herself and her only son by weaving, and was very anxious that this son should become industrious and learned, and grow up virtuous and good. Their home was near a cemetery, and the little boy often watched the funeral ceremonies, and heard the wailing at the tombs, all of which he learned to repeat with a good deal of ability. His mother thought he would grow up sad and melancholy, so she decided to move away from the neighborhood of the cemetery. She did so; but on getting into the new quarters found that her immediate neighbor carried on the trade of a butcher, and her son took interest in watching him slaughter animals. "This," she said, "will not do; my son will grow up cruel; I must move again."

This time she found the new home adjoined a school and a temple. The boy was sent to school, the mother doing all she could to encourage him to persevere in his studies. One day, however, he felt tired and indolent, left school during school hours, and came home. His mother was weaving as he entered the house, and looking surprised and grieved, without saying a word, she seized a knife and cut her web right across. The boy was alarmed, and asked his mother the meaning of such a rash act. She replied: "The piece of calico I weave is made by patiently putting thread upon thread, inch upon inch, foot upon foot, till the whole becomes a complete piece. Your

future is built up by putting moment to moment, hour to hour, day to day, month to month, but by indolence you have spoiled the whole, just as I spoiled my piece of calico by cutting the web."

The boy was much affected, prayed his mother's pardon, and she never had to reproach him again. He diligently applied himself to study, and eventually became the great sage, Mencius, who is generally placed next to Confucius, but as a philosopher was in many respects superior to him.



A Step-mother Speaks.

I am a step-mother and I can truly say that, having lost a dear son in his early consecrated manhood, stricken down early in his college course, and having an only child left, my step-daughter, a young lady beautiful with the beauty of goodness, is just as dear as either of my own. I have cheerfully furnished money when needed for education or travel, and have watched her progress with much delight. On her part she has been dutiful and loving, and more self-sacrificing than I could ask. Few own mothers and daughters are as happy in each other as we are. The responsibility has been in some respects much greater, and I have the deepest sympathy with step-mothers, many of whom have tried just as hard to win and hold the love of their charges, with far different results.

M. B. W.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY
OF THE
BROADER
CHRIST-LIFE



WRITTEN
SPECIALLY
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Nicholas Lloyd, a wealthy financier, whose whole mind runs on money-making schemes, is living with his wife and his daughter Alice at his beautiful country-house. An only son, Stephen, has become estranged from his father, and spends most of the time at sea. Among Stephen's acquaintances are John McAslin and his sister Jessie, the former a noble-hearted young lawyer and writer with progressive ideas concerning social and moral reforms, and the latter a bright, warm-hearted girl, who is greatly admired by Stephen. Mrs. Lloyd is a woman of emotional nature and almost worships her boy with whom her husband has quarrelled. She is wealthy in her own right, but is a mere cipher at home, Nicholas Lloyd ruling all with an iron hand. He is ambitious to make a brilliant match for Alice, and has already chosen for her future husband Lord Medway, a young English peer, but Mrs. Lloyd opposes the match. Before leaving on his voyage, Stephen visits his home and through his diplomatic arrangement, Jessie McAslin, with whom he is in love but who knows him by another name, is engaged as music teacher to Alice Lloyd.

At a meeting of workmen, at which a pending strike is discussed, John McAslin and Steve take very decided ground against extreme measures and an encounter occurs between Steve and a bully in which the latter is badly worsted. Mr. Lloyd, who has read some of McAslin's arguments on labor and capital in the magazines, invites him to meet a few other gentlemen equally interested in social reforms, at his residence. There, a friendly discussion occurs, and he is so struck with the native ability of the young man that he engages him as his secretary. McAslin's favorite doctrine is that all wealth should be consecrated to the highest and noblest uses, that there is no such thing as irresponsible riches, and that Christ was the true exponent, for both the ancients and moderns, of the reforms necessary for the universal betterment of social conditions.

Alice Lloyd learns to love the young reformer, and Mrs. Lloyd is awakened by his conversation, to the need of a better stewardship of her own wealth. Lord Medway urges his suit for Alice's hand, and Mr. Lloyd, on laying his proposal before his daughter, is astounded by her absolute refusal to accept the nobleman as a husband. He attempts coercion, but Mrs. Lloyd unexpectedly summons courage and confronts him with the threat to withdraw her private fortune from his business, if he persists in forcing the match, and bringing on Alice all the misery of a loveless marriage such as she herself had endured. After a stormy scene, the great financier, so long used to control in all matters, business and domestic, yields to the inevitable to avert a draft upon his resources that might involve him in financial ruin. Meanwhile, the watchful mother has noted the growing affection between her daughter and John McAslin and is pleased with the prospects of such a union. On returning from his voyage, Steve decides on marriage, and after securing Jessie's consent, visits his parents, to break to them the news of his purpose. Both Alice and Mrs. Lloyd approve of the step. On this visit, Steve learns for the first time of his mother's new awakening to the spiritual responsibilities of wealth, and he consents to act as her agent in the philanthropies she wishes to establish with her large private fortune.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Steve's Opportunity.

TEARS of rapture came into Steve's bright eyes; he thought himself the happiest man in the world. Such a noble mother! and Jessie also! There was not a king nor kaiser he would have changed places with. He could not speak for very joy, but he lifted his mother's hand and kissed it.

"You see," she continued, "it will be so nice for you to have a pretty home of your own. Jessie will like that—every good woman does—and as I shall give you a fair salary, is there anything to prevent your marriage taking place very soon? If you look at to-day's newspaper you will see that I have advertised for an agent. I intended to give him two thousand dollars a year. Will that sum satisfy you, Steve? I hope so, for your salary will come out of the money that is no longer mine—out of the money that I must use as a steward. Mr. Telford thought two thousand dollars a year a good salary for the work."

"It is more than good. I will be content with much less."

"Right, for everyone, is right. You will have a wife to support."

Jessie is very careful and prudent. She has been used, not only to making money but to saving it. You would wonder if you knew how economical she is."

"We shall see, we shall see, Steve. The next thing is your home. You must take that from me. I want you to have a pretty home. A great deal of happiness depends upon it. Steve, my boy, I do hope you are going to be happy at last!"

As she spoke she opened her desk, took out her bank book and wrote a check for a thousand dollars. "A mother does not marry her only son every day," she

said with a pleasant laugh. "I may never have this good opportunity again, Steve, so you must let me humor my whim now."

Here is a one thousand dollar check. It will furnish such a house as you need to begin life with." Then she walked to her toilet table and lifted a handsome ring. "Give that to Jessie, with my love, and go at once, Steve, for I want you to begin work this afternoon."

"Darling mother! How can I thank you?"

"Your happy face thanks me. Your loving heart thanks me. Now I will give you my orders for this afternoon, and then you will not have to come back here to-day. We must have an office, Steve, a pleasant room in some building where you can put a safe for cash and papers, a place to which all this mail can be sent, where people on business can call and see you, where contracts can be made and signed, and so on. Hitherto I have used Mr. Telford's office, but it is no longer proper or convenient, so this afternoon rent a room and buy a safe and such office furniture as is necessary—no extravagance, mind—and then tomorrow at ten o'clock report to me."

"Cannot I answer that pile of letters for you before I go, mother?"

"Not this morning. You are longing to tell Jessie what a good thing has come to you. Go, and be happy with her for an hour or two. To-day I will do this part of your work. And now I must begin at once, so good-bye. I shall see you every day now, Steve. What a pleasure that will be. One moment—have you seen your father?"

"Not yet. Do you wish me to see him?"

"Yes. I think I would say a kind and cheerful word to him."

He loves you as well as he can love anyone, Steve; and he has not been quite himself lately. Changes that even I can notice have taken place lately. He ought to give himself a holiday—a long holiday—and he will not. He ought to see a good physician and he will not."

"What changes have you noticed?"

"A month ago he was so eccentric, and did things that puzzled all of us. Twice this summer he has had extraordinary fits of extravagance. His egotism and boasting about Lord Medway's attentions to Alice are very unlike your father, or else I have never known the man. He has also assumed a slowness of speech, which I suppose he thinks adds to his dignity, but it does not. However, Alice says he is much better the last three weeks, so do not say anything to irritate him."

"I will not. Shall I tell him of my intended marriage?"

"I would. For some reason he seems to have taken a great liking to the McAslins."

"What of my engagement in your affairs?"

"Do not speak of that. We must wait a little, a favorable opportunity will come."

Steve had walked very slowly and heavily up stairs to the interview with his mother

It was over, and he came down them as if he was treading on air. Such good fortune seemed almost incredible. Nothing that he could have planned for himself, would have been half so consonant with the peculiar necessities of his nature and ideas. And he could not help reflecting, how all summer while he was apparently drifting, his mother had been unconsciously working for him while she had thought herself altogether working for others. But not until that very morning—scarce half-an-hour before his visit—had it struck her that the needed overseer and agent might well be her own son. Thus it is always in life ordered by God. We build, and we build far better than we know or intend, for the master's hand is invisibly directing and controlling events, to far nobler ends than our own wisdom or foresight had intended.

Swift as light these thoughts passed through Steve's mind, they induced a momentary fervor, and he did not perceive the opening of the parlor door until his father came slowly out of it into the hall. They met at the foot of the stairs, and Steve said in the cheerful voice of one who has a heart at ease.

"Good morning, father."

"You! Where have you come from?"

"From the Baltic and the Mediterranean."

"From Jupiter and dreamland! Tut, sir!



MR. LLOYD STOPPED AND BOUGHT A PAPER.

And pray where are you going to now?"

"I am going to stay in New York."

"Tired of roaming at last?"

"Yes. I am going to be married."

"Tip-top folly! How are you going to support a wife? Whoever the girl may be I am sorry for her. You must know that she marries you because you are my son. She thinks you will have plenty of money."

"She does not know I am your son. She is marrying me because she loves me."

"I hope you are going to make her a decent living."

"I hope so."

"Very well then, go down to the office with me this morning. I have to hire a stranger to do the work you ought to be glad to do for me. What are hesitating about?"

"The old trouble, father. You know all about it. Why should we open that question again? There are so many things we can talk pleasantly on."

"There is only one question between you and me. We must settle that question first. Come, Steve. I have never let anyone sit at your old desk. I always thought you would come back to it."

"I can never go back to my old desk, father. I wish you would put it out of your sight and your memory. Besides, I

have at present some other work, which will take up the whole of my time for now not how long. Father, forgive me that I cannot be what you would like me to be."

"Then whatever did you come here for?" And a torrent of passionate words fell from his trembling lips, after the question—words that shocked and shamed and that fell like stones on Steve's heart. He was confounded by the anger he had raised, and as he opened his mouth to try and soothe the wrathful man, Alice appeared. She stood between her father and Steve, though it was some displeasure she asked her brother why he came home, if he had nothing disagreeable news to tell, and nothing to do but put his sick father in a passion."

So quickly does trouble tread on the heels of joy! So quickly does disappointment shadow the glory of hope! Steve had to suffer both, for when he reached home he found that Jessie had unexpectedly received a visit from an old friend whose home was in Princeton, and who had gone back with her for a couple of days. There was a loving little note for Steve but the written words did not atone the delicious expectations that had their first grace in anger and delay. However, Steve accepted the circumstance which he could not alter as cheerfully possible, for many experiences had taught him how often

All earthly pleasures vanish thus:

So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or from our us,
May in a moment ravished be.

It was well that he had his mother's commissions to attend to. They occupied him all the afternoon, and in the evening he looked forward to John's society. He intended then to reveal his real name and position, and prove that he had deserved the confidence and friendship that had been so freely given him. But John did not return to dinner, and Steve, remembering his father's anger, concluded that the business and correspondence of the day had been delayed by it. If it had been for the ring and the check in his pocket, he might have doubted the honesty of the morning, so quickly and absolutely had they been dashed by disappointment. He even fancied that Mr. and Mrs. McAslin were less friendly than usual so much so that he had not the heart to do them anything, and was glad to recall a trades' meeting in whose affairs he had expressed an interest. It was unlikely he had gone there directly from Mr. Lloyd's, and pretty certain that he would visit the men sometime during the evening.

In some respects these suppositions were correct. John had been detained. Mr. Lloyd had found it impossible to attend to business with his usual devotion. In spite of himself, his interview with Steve troubled him. He could not feel his son's happy face and cordial glances of manner, nor yet his own brutal interruption of their discussion. A vague feeling that he was "not master of himself" at the time made him tremble with apprehension. He clung to John and talked to him of many things apart from their ordinary affairs, and when he finally rose to leave Mr. Lloyd said he would walk down the avenue with him.

A newsboy passed them immediately, calling "Extra! The Great Strike! Extra!" and Mr. Lloyd stopped and bought a paper. "What folly!" he said. "The mice might as well rise against the rats as labor against capital. These men are only consuming their savings and the funds of their union."

"It will be a long strike," said he thoughtfully.

"All the worse for the strikers then," answered Mr. Lloyd. "Their struggle lies in the beginning of a fight and exhausted as it proceeds. The emigrants most the breaking up of contracts and the suspension of work, but as soon as the first shock is over he makes new arrangements, and the strike's course does not trouble him. He has suffered the worst and can bide his time. You know what bidding their time means to the strikers?"

"It means hunger, and sickness and trouble of every kind," said John.

"And when you have talked till you are tired, the last meaning of it all is—the attack capital is to diminish wages; but or wrong, that is the end of it."

(To be Continued.)



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MIRIAM'S GOLDEN GIFT.

MIRIAM ARROWSMITH knocked twice before she was admitted at the door of the house in Hester Street to which she was sent that bitter Sunday afternoon. The door opened cautiously, and the grizzled face of a man—a man with a hunted, desperate look—peered anxiously out.

"Your bell is broken," said Miriam. "I was afraid I could not make you hear. He told me at the settlement that Esther Ivanovitch lived here, and I have come to see her. Esther is ill, I believe."

"Yes," the man answered, opening the door to let her enter, "my little Esther is sick. Come in, if you are a friend."

"I am a friend," Miriam replied with her rare sunny smiles. "Do not be afraid of me. Take me to your little girl."

"I was a large and gloomy house, but everything was scrupulously clean, the floor on the halls shone, the stairs were carpeted. The Ivanovitchs lived on the floor above the shops, which on Sunday were closed. Other families occupied the rooms above them; there were sounds of life, children crying, a parrot chattering, the monotonous tones of a half-illiterate reader, droning out a story from a paper to an audience who hurried in and read faster. These blending sounds were so familiar to Miriam as she followed her guide to the room where Esther lay.

"The thin, furtive face of the father of the child, and the sallow countenance of the mother, who came forward to meet the visitor, did not prepare one for the splendid beauty of Esther herself. She lay on her pillows, a radiant vision, her soft eyes under a cloud of golden hair, her beautiful arched brows, her upturned bow of a mouth, suggesting the vision that ever occurred to a painter's fancy. Esther Ivanovitch might have been a reverent artist of the Middle Ages, for his ideal of the Virgin.

"The parents knew very little English, but when Esther was well she went to the public school, and she spoke the tongue of her land with ease, and with a singular sweetness of accent.

"Dear lady, dear lady!" she exclaimed, sitting herself on one elbow, and looking down to see her friend, that her face was as beautiful as a picture. "You have come! you have come! Dr. Marie said you would come, and now have. You are here! Oh! praise our great God. You will sing for me, dear lady, and that will make me well!"

"Ay, but Esther!" remonstrated the mother.

"Yes," insisted Esther, "she will sing for me by myself."

"Doctor Marie told me you wanted me to sing," said the lady, simply, "and that is what I came for. And you will soon be well. The doctor told me so. There is no great trouble, only weakness, and you must have good food and rest, and the doctor is to have work to-morrow, and all is going right for you."

"The God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob bless you!" said the man in the doorway, but he spoke in a language Miriam did not understand. All the same, the blessing of him that was ready to perish upon her like the gentle dew.

Miriam stood by the one window of the room, the sunset light falling upon her face, its dark hair bound around it like a crown. She had thrown off her jacket when she entered, and she now sat on her bed. She could sing better about them. Her hands lightly interlaced, she opened her mouth, and out came the splendid golden flood of melody. Anything more sympathetic, more thrilling, more tender, more divine than that magnificent contralto, cannot be imagined. The people who heard her were no mean critics, for though poor as the poor, they had been brought up in a loving town at home, and good mothers had given them their best for less than the price of a loaf of bread.

All over the house doors opened, men and women and children stood hushed in the hall-ways; the stairs were crowded with listeners. And Miriam sang on:

Once I thought to sit so high
In the palace of the sky;
Now I thank God for his grace
If I may fill the lowest place.
While I stumble, halt and blind,
Lo, he waiteth to be kind.
Bless me soon, or bless me slow,
Except he bless, I will not go.

The audience did not know what her words meant, but they felt the passion of her sincerity, and her sparkling music held them. She sang again and again: at last she stopped, put on her things, stooped down and kissed Esther, and was gone. She had slipped a little silken purse into the mother's hand, and given the father a note, telling him where to find "a steady job" to-morrow. Passing down the stairway and into the lighted street, she left behind her those who had been visited by an angel.

That was a desperately hard time for the poor. So many mills had shut down. So many shops had reduced the number of their employees. The crowd of girls who, a Sunday later, thronged a room where some King's Daughters were to hold a meeting, had faced hunger and cold and distress and temptation. Many of them were in great straits, for to be out of work in winter is a terrible thing in homes where every penny must be counted and looked at, and turned over before it can be spent. Girls came to that meeting who had breakfasted and dined on crackers and cold water; they were respectably clad, for somehow, whatever they go without, these young women and their mothers who manage for them, keep the decent frock and jacket for the street. But many of them looked poor and pale, and the dark shadows under their eyes told a tale of suffering and want.

The sweet-faced woman who led the meeting was no stranger to these girls, for whom the King's Daughters had opened a pleasant room in this crowded part of the town, a room with beautiful pictures, plants and a piano. It was always warmed in the day-time and lighted in the evening, and the girls could come here and invite their friends. They had no privacy in their own homes, but in this refuge from the outside world they might sit down and have a cozy, uninterrupted chat whenever they chose.

My heart looks up to thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary.

was the hymn which the leader gave out, and it was sung with fervor. There were prayers and addresses, and then:

"Miss Arrowsmith is here and will sing for us," said Mrs. Lansing, with the air of one who knew that she was announcing a treat. She was not mistaken. A little thrill ran through the crowded ranks, one girl took another by the hand, they waited, hushed, and happy, forgetful of want, cold, and hunger. Was not Miriam going to sing for them?

"I wish you had heard her that day," "The Home-land oh! The Home-land," never seemed to me so full of heaven, so sweet, so beckoning, as when Miriam sang of its beauty, and her voice was made. I think, to carry to the throne the exultant prayer in "Nearer my God to Thee!"

"What is Miriam doing with her voice?" was asked one afternoon at a tea. For Miriam Arrowsmith was born to the purple and her home was a palace where she was idolized as a dear and cherished daughter.

"Singing in the slums, I hear," answered the friend, indifferently. "I think it is a shame! She might have had a magnificent career; such a voice is given to only two or three in a generation."

"And she has had such splendid advantages," said the other. "Lessons in New York at eight dollars an hour, lessons in Paris, and in Vienna,—what can she be thinking of? Is she a fanatic? The Arrowsmiths were always a little odd, you know."

"They are singularly unworldly," in-

terpolated a listener, who knew the ladies intimately enough to speak with freedom. "Miriam is like all her people, she has an intense enthusiasm for humanity. She has pity and hope, and love for her kind, and she is using her golden gift 'to serve the present age.' I've no doubt the angels count her in among their best helpers."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE FIRST MARCH OF THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

A YOUNG boy of sixteen, the son of Judge Thompson, of Hillsboro, O., came home one night after listening to a lecture on temperance by Dr. Dio Lewis of Boston. Finding his mother still up, he related to her that in the course of his remarks, Dr. Lewis had told how his own mother and several of her good Christian friends had united in, with and for the liquor-sellers of his native town, until they had given up their soul-destroying business, and then had said, "Ladies, you might do the same thing in Hillsboro, if you had the same faith." Afterwards he put the matter to vote and more than fifty of the women stood up, pledging themselves to make the effort.

"And now, mother," said the enthusiastic boy, "they have got you into business, for you are on a committee to do some work at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at nine o'clock, and then the ladies want you to go out with them to the saloons."

Judge Thompson had that evening re-



MRS. THOMPSON, OF HILLSBORO, O.

turned from court in another county, and, being very tired, was resting on the sofa, and the mother and her son, supposing that he was asleep, had been speaking in an undertone; but as the boy spoke about his mother going to the saloons, the Judge suddenly roused up and exclaimed, "What tomfoolery is all that!" The boy slipped out of the room and went to bed, while Mrs. Thompson assured her husband that she would not be led into any foolish act by Dio Lewis, or anybody else. After he had relaxed into a milder mood, though continuing to scoff at the whole plan as "tomfoolery," the good woman ventured to remind him that the men had been in the "tomfoolery" business a long time, and suggested that it might be "God's will" that the women should now take their part.

The next morning after breakfast, when they were gathered in the sitting-room, the boy came up, and laying his hand on his mother's shoulder, inquired, "Mother, are you not going over to the church this morning?" As she hesitated and doubtless showed in her countenance that she was greatly perplexed, the boy said, "But, my dear mother, you know you have to go." Then her daughter, who was sitting on a stool at her side, leaned over in a most tender manner, and, looking up in her face, said, "Don't you think you will go?"

While this conversation had been going on, Judge Thompson had been walking the floor in silence. Suddenly he stopped, and placing his hand upon the family Bible that lay upon his wife's work-table he said, "Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions. Let us leave her alone," going out of the

room as he spoke, the children following him. Mrs. Thompson turned the key in the lock and was in the act of kneeling down to pray, when she heard a gentle tap on the door. Upon opening it, she found her daughter with her Bible open and the tears coursing down her cheeks as she said, "I opened to this, mother: it must be for you."

She immediately left the room, and her mother sat down to read with new insight the wonderful message of promise in the 146th Psalm.

Doubting no longer what her duty was, she at once went to the Presbyterian Church, where quite a congregation had already gathered. She was at once unanimously chosen as the president, Mrs. General McDowell, vice-president; and Mrs. D. K. Finner, secretary of the unique work which they were to perform.

They drew up appeals to druggists, saloon-keepers, and hotel proprietors. Then Dr. McSurely, the Presbyterian minister, who had up to this time occupied the chair, called upon the new president to come forward and take her place. She tried to get up; but having never done any public work, her limbs refused to act, and she sat still. Wise Dr. McSurely looked around at the men and said, "Brethren, I see that the ladies will do nothing while we remain; Let us adjourn, leaving this new work with God and the women."

After the men had filed out and the door was closed behind them, new strength seemed to come to Mrs. Thompson; and she walked forward to the minister's table, took the large Bible, and, opening it, told the story of the morning in her own home. After she had tearfully read the psalm and commented on it, she called upon Mrs. McDowell to lead in prayer. Now, Mrs. McDowell, though a good Christian woman for many years, had never in all her life heard her own voice in prayer; but she prayed that morning as though Isaiah's "coal of fire" had unsealed her lips.

As they rose from their knees, Mrs. Thompson asked Mrs. Cowden, the wife of the Methodist minister, to lead in the singing of the old hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears;" and turning to the rest of the women she said, "As we all join in singing this hymn, let us form in line, two by two, the small women in front, leaving the tall ones to bring up the rear, and let us at once proceed to our sacred mission, trusting alone in the God of Jacob." As they marched out through the door of the church into the street, they were singing these prophetic words:

Far, far above thy thought,
His counsels shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

And thus was begun the first march of that mighty crusade that proved to be a divine contagion that has spread to the ends of the earth.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Roads in Palestine.

Good roads and highways are now to be found in Palestine, and travel is thus rendered more difficult every year. Even the old Roman highways are now so uneven as to render traveling extremely hazardous, says a writer in *The Treasury*. This is due to the government, for should there be a call for anything better by a "Good Roads Association" of that portion of the Orient, the tax robbery would date from the hour of the commencement of work on such improvements. The Turk does not really want improvements, for it was difficult to persuade him that the railroad already started would aid the traffic, and development of trade. After the failure of a German engineer to perfect a scheme for a line of railway connecting Jerusalem with the Mediterranean, as also the failure of an Egyptian capitalist, permission was really obtained from the Turkish government in 1888 for the construction of the railway which was completed in 1892. This line is about fifty-five miles in length and actually has over one hundred and seventy bridges.

Two other railways have since been started in ancient Palestine, and it is not unlikely that the visitor to the Holy Land in the very near future will find travel less wearisome, though not likely to give the Bible-time impression that the former antiquated mode of transit must have conveyed to the minds of their predecessors.

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THE WAY OF DARKNESS.

Suggestions on the B. Y. P. U. Topic for March 21. Prov. 4: 13-19.

LIGHT and darkness are ever the symbols respectively of righteousness and wickedness. The wicked man stumbles and falls, but the righteous has light on his path and he climbs toward the light. The way of darkness has many paths, and none is so crowded as the path which has been chosen for this week's special consideration. The drunkard's path is in Egyptian darkness, which is so dark that it may be felt. The light that quenched him by the potatoes that he ate of reason and prudence, becomes darkness. Neither from God's throne nor from conscience, nor from knowledge and experience does any ray of light fall on the dangerous path. It begins in the weakness of self-indulgence, and it leads to the darkness of eternal night. As we see of the blind, groping victims, we realize that in this, as in all other ways, the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

From God's children the light shines on that gloomy path. Too blind and blind to find his way into the some friendly beam from one in whom God has lighted the candle of his life, may come to the victim and guide his footsteps out of the shadow. By example, by self-denial, by pleading, the man may be beckoned toward the light of safety. This mission of rescue and redemption is the Christian's sacred trust.



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Office of the Superintendent,
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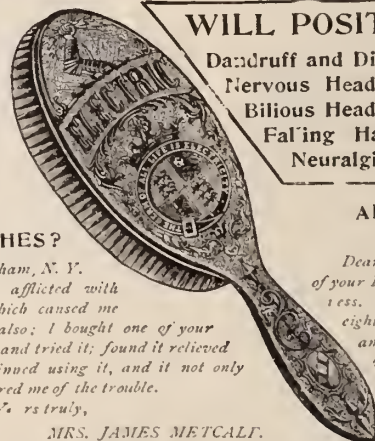
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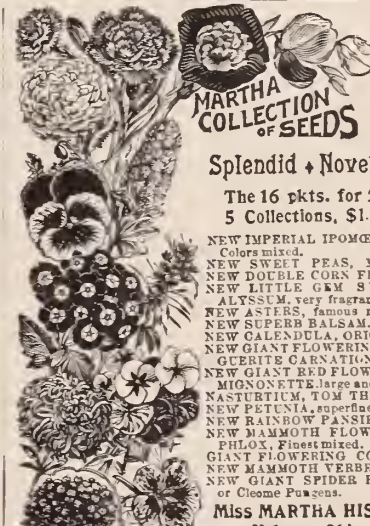
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VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 11.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1897.

Price Five Cents.

In Ancient Jaffa's Rocky Harbor.

A Picturesque Port, full of Perils for Mariners, Yet the Chief Landing-place in Palestine—The City's Great Antiquity and Many Biblical Associations—The House of "Simon the Tanner."

JAFFA, the seaport of Jerusalem, has a history that antedates written records by many centuries, and reaches far back into the past. Pliny, the historian, Ma, Sir John Maundeville, and others, assert that it was a port of consequence in antediluvian times; Jephthah declares that it was founded by the Phoenicians; Rabbinical writers claim that it was named after Jethet, and classical geographers trace its foundation back to the furthest antiquity, when it was named after Jia, the daughter of Æolus. It was the one great

Passengers and baggage are taken ashore in row-boats. These boats are skilfully piloted through the surf and past the rocky ledges. Our illustration on this page—the view being taken from the shore, looking seaward—affords an idea of the character of Jaffa's harbor and the inconveniences and perils of disembarking there.

Many a splendid vessel has been caught in stormy seas and dashed to pieces against those ugly black rocks in Jaffa harbor. The ocean's bed there is strewn with the wreckage of fleets and covered with the bones of

lovers of the sacred Scriptures. Around it the wars of Pompey, the Maccabees, Franks, Saracens, and Crusaders have raged. It was Jonah's port of shipment on his memorable voyage, and it was to Jaffa that Hiram, king of Tyre, despatched his Lebanon cedar for the building of the Temple. On the south side of the venerable city and almost at the ocean's edge, stands the dwelling which tradition declares to be the house of Simon the Tanner, with whom the Apostle Peter lodged while in that city. (Acts 9: 43). When the proprietor of this



THE ROCK-BOUND SHORE OF JAFFA, PALESTINE—VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND ROADSTEAD.

val and commercial centre of Palestine in Solomon's time and has so remained up to the present day. When the ocean traveler is nearing the coast of Palestine, the first point of land he sees is that immediately off the rocky harbor of Jaffa. It is one of the poorest of harbors to be found on any coast. No ship can come to her moorings alongshore, for the shallow bay is full of sharp, jagged rocks, that would tear any vessel to pieces, as she could not find sufficient depth of water; consequently, vessels stopping at Jaffa are compelled to ride at anchor, out in the roadstead,

countless victims. Roman war galleys, Crusader fleets, Syrian and Egyptian naval and merchant vessels have left their naked skeletons on those adamant reefs. In a single storm, some eight hundred years ago, twenty-three ships were there driven to destruction on the rocks and nearly a thousand dead were washed up on the stony beach. Any other government than that of Turkey would, long ere this, have cleared away the deadly obstructions from the ancient harbor, and made it a port of comparative safety.

There are many associations that make Jaffa dear to

journal went to Palestine in 1889-90, he visited the house, and ascended to the roof, from which the Apostle saw the miraculous vision. Even at the present time, the building, though now almost a ruin, is held in great veneration by Moslems, as well as Christians, and one of the rooms is set apart by the Mohammedans as a place of prayer, in memory, as one of their legends declares, "of the Lord Jesus having once asked for a meal, whereupon a laden table came down from heaven." Jaffa was also the home of Tabitha and here took place the baptism of the first Gentile household.

FORETELLING THE WEATHER.

How the Signal Service Gathers the Material for its Daily Predictions—A Visit to the New York Weather Bureau.

ALTHOUGH the Weather Bureau is still a comparatively new branch of the public service, it is one in which all classes are personally interested and which has already demonstrated its great value and usefulness to almost every branch of business throughout the country. Its daily forecasts are universally read and appreciated. It is not to the average citizen, however, who only glances at the weather report in his newspaper to learn whether he must take his umbrella with him when he sets out for the business of the day, that the work of the bureau appeals most strongly. The interests of thousands of farmers, stock-raisers, fruit-growers, sea-faring men, fishermen, and others, whose calling depends largely upon the weather, consult the reports as a matter of business. Long before the arrival of a great gale, snow-storm, blizzard, or cold wave, they are on guard of its approach, and take the

criticism is unavoidable, perhaps, where a territory so vast is covered and interests so varied have to be served. But even these fault-finders are not blind to the valuable services it renders in the great emergencies already referred to, and especially in foretelling the devastating storms that occur at the change of every season, and the dreaded tornados and cyclones of mid-summer. Every year shows an in-



A NOOK IN THE BUREAU.

crease in the efficiency of the Bureau. Established in 1871, it has now nearly 160 stations scattered over the United States, with a central office at Washington, D. C. The Bureau is under the Department of Agriculture, and its official chief is Willis L. Moore, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, and finely qualified for the position.

Observations are taken twice each day, at 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., Eastern time. Each station is equipped with the necessary instruments, and the observations are telegraphed to the Chief Observer at Washington, who, mapping out the whole on a chart, is enabled to trace the course of incipient storms of wind or rain, waves of cold or heat, and cyclonic disturbances, to observe the direction in which they are traveling at the moment, and to indicate their probable path, as well as their intensity or velocity, and the extent of territory likely to be affected. Even before the birth of a storm, if the premonitory conditions are noted, the observer is enabled to issue a timely warning of the approaching disturbance, and precautions are taken for the safety of life and property accordingly.

Next in importance to the central office of the Bureau in Washington is the New York Weather Station, which is situated on the top floor of the lofty Manhattan Life building. Here, under the management of Official Forecaster, Elias

B. Dunn, observations are made and recorded which are of interest to a very large section of our Continent. Mr. Dunn's offices are fitted up with an array of instruments of

the most delicate character, and apparently so complicated in their mechanism as to bewilder the unscientific visitor. All the forecasts are based on official telegraphic information from many points, in various directions. If rain, wind, or snow, blowing from a certain quarter, is reported as prevailing at a certain point 100 miles away from New York and in the direction of that city, it is reasonably certain that, with a ten-mile an hour wind, it will reach the metropolis within ten hours. But, en route, the storm may be diverted, and made to travel in another direction, and the observer must watch for such signs as would indicate such a diversion. This is a simple case, however; there are a hundred other contingencies to be considered and each season has its own peculiar barometric and thermometric features. He must take into account not only the wind's velocity and direction, but the temperature, the humidity, the many sudden atmospheric changes that are incessantly going on, summer and winter; and constant familiarity with the infinite variety of causes operating to produce changes, makes it almost a second nature for the skilled observer to detect great atmospheric disturbances long before they have attained their maximum force, and many hours before their arrival at the point of prediction. Perched in his lofty lookout, Forecaster Dunn commands a view of a great area of land and ocean space, but it must be remembered that there are no Signal Stations at sea, consequently his position is a peculiarly difficult one. His principal instruments are the telethermograph, the sunshine recorder, and the aneroid barometer (which shows the atmospheric pressure) and the anemometer, which registers the wind velocity. The aneroid barometer, which is used instead of the ordinary mercurial thermometer, is a small box from which almost all the air has been exhausted. The outside air presses on the top of the box and causes the delicate machinery attached to it to register the exact pressure. The anemometer, or wind machine, looks almost like a toy affair. It consists of four small hollow hemis-

pheres, like four orange skins, fastened one on each end of two small rods, which are perched on top of a pole and are made to revolve by the wind. At the other end of the pole, is a dial, where the revolutions of the pole are recorded. The more rapid the revolutions, the greater the speed of the wind. Rainfall, snow, and all moisture are calculated by measuring the rain that has fallen in certain vessels which are set out for the purpose. These are carefully made so as to prevent evaporation as far as possible. These instruments and appliances, inform him of the atmospheric conditions in the radius of 100 miles of his own station, and the telegraphic reports from all other stations taken in conjunction with his own observations, and mapped out carefully on the daily chart, enable him to form his conclusions as to the probable weather for the next twenty-four hours for the section reported as a whole, and especially in his own immediate vicinity.

Forecaster Dunn has now had twenty-three years experience as a weather observer, having served in that capacity at Denver, Washington, Cincinnati, and New York. One of the triumphs of the Bureau was Mr. Dunn's prediction of the great Cincinnati floods of 1883, which was given



FORECASTER ELIAS B. DUNN, NEW YORK.

in time to enable thousands to move away and thus saved many lives and much property. He also gave ample warning of the destructive Mississippi floods of 1890,

Prayer for Missionaries.



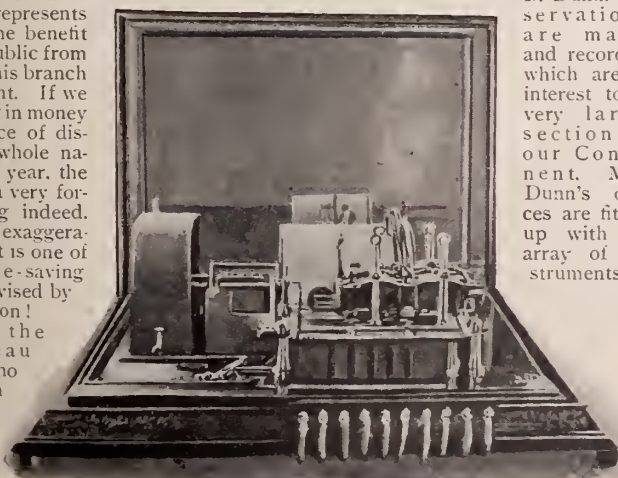
Prayer, earnest and continuous, is an obligation the church owes to the devoted men whom it has sent out to pioneer among the heathen. They have a claim on our prayers that we cannot afford to ignore. Some of them take their lives in their hands, and all of them expatriate themselves, giving up the society of their friends and the joys of home companionship, that they may

tell the heathen the glad news of salvation. Their triumphs are the triumphs of the Church, their compensation the joy of winning souls. Unselfish, self-sacrificing, they go forth, the servants of the Church, to bear the banner of the cross into the enemy's country, they need our prayers and they deserve them. Their mission is ours, the service ours; our prayer for their success should be unceasing. Their hands should be strengthened, their spirits sustained by the grace for which we plead. None know better than they that it is not by might nor by power, not by their learning or eloquence that success will be achieved. The preparation of the heart is with the Lord, and it is given in answer to prayer. The missionary for whom prayer is offered will be a successful missionary, because God delights to give the blessing he needs when it is besought at his hands. Prayer for protection, for health, for courage, for tact, for comfort, are all needed, for the missionary wants them all in his self-imposed labor. We have no right to send out to a foreign field any man for whom we do not pray. Every blessing we will need comes from God, and from him alone, and to him we should go, joining our prayers with those the missionary offers that these blessings should be given.



NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, AS VIEWED FROM THE SIGNAL SERVICE STATION TOWER.

necessary precautions to avoid loss and escape danger. Crops are housed or stacked, cattle and sheep are sheltered, vessels stay in port instead of venturing out to sea, and outdoor work that would be ruined by a storm, is so arranged that loss is avoided. As a writer has said: "It is even the great storms come, that Uncle Sam feels repaid for all the expense of keeping up the Bureau. When the blizzard is blowing in the Northwest, the Bureau hastens to warn the people of its approach. Twenty-four hours in advance, messages are sent all over the country. 'A cold wave coming' is the cry, and every one hastens to prepare for it. Stock is gathered into places of shelter, and this means a great deal, when we think of all the cattle grazing upon the Western plains; boats upon the lakes are run into harbor, railroads are ordered to keep the tracks cleared. Every one seeks shelter for himself and beast. It is estimated that in one storm alone a saving of three million dollars' worth of property was effected by the warnings of the Bureau." And this experience, repeated many times in a single season, represents only a part of the benefit derived by the public from the services of this branch of the government. If we see the saving in money and the avoidance of disaster to the whole nation in a single year, the result would be a very favorable showing indeed. It is probably no exaggeration to say that it is one of the greatest life-saving agencies ever devised by modern civilization! Of course, the Weather Bureau has its critics, who insist that much of its work is useless, and that a very small proportion of its predictions are accurate. This



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BANNERS HOISTED.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., In the name of our God we will
on the Text: Psalm 20: 5: . . . set up our banners.



HATE war! In my boyhood we may have read the biography of Alexander or of some revolutionary hero until our young heart beat high and we wished we had been born over a hundred years ago, just for the glory of striking down a Hessian. For rusty swords hung up on the ratters and bullets cut out of log houses in which they were lodged during the great strife we had unbounded admiration, or on some public day, clothed in our grandfather's soldierly accoutrements, we felt as brave as Garibaldi or Miltiades. We are wiser now, for we make a vast distinction between the poetry and the prose of war. The roll of drums and the call of bugles, and the champing of steeds foaming and pawing for the battle; a hundred thousand muskets glittering among the dancing plumes; "God Save the King" waving up from clarionets and trumpets and rung back from deep defiles or the arches of a prostrate city; distant capitals of kingdoms illuminated at the tidings; generals returning home under flaming arches and showering amaranths and the shout of empires; that is poetry. Chilled and half-blanketed, lying on the wet earth; feet sore with the march and bleeding at the slightest touch; hunger pulling on every fibre of flesh or attempting to satisfy itself with a scanty and spoiled ration; thirst licking up the dew or drinking out of filthy and trampled pool; thoughts of home and kindred far away while just on the eve of a deadly strife, where death may leap on him from any one of a hundred bayonets; the closing in of two armies, now changed to a hundred thousand maniacs; the ground slippery with blood and shattered flesh; fallen ones writhing under the hoofs of unbridled chargers maddened with pain; the dreadfulness of night that comes down when the strife is over; the struggle of the wounded ones crawling out over the corpses; the long, feverish agony of the crowded barrack and hospital, from whose mattresses the fragments of men send up their groans, the only music of carnage and butchery; desolate homes from which fathers and husbands and brothers and sons went off without giving any dying message or sending a kiss to the dear ones at home, tumbling into the soldiers' grave trench; and houses in which a few weeks before unbroken family circles rejoiced, now plunged in the great sorrows of widowhood and orphanage; that is prose.

But there is now on the earth a kingdom which has set itself up for conflicts without number. In its march it tramples no graves, it sacks no cities, it impoverishes no treasuries, it fills no hospitals, it bereaves no families. The courage and glory of Solferino and Magenta without carnage. The kingdom of Christ against the kingdom of Satan. That is the strife now raging. We will offer no armistices, we will make no treaty. Until all the revolted nations of the earth shall submit again to King Emanuel. In the name of God we will set up our banners.

Every army has its ensigns. Long before the time when David wrote the text they were in use. The hosts of Israel displayed them. The tribe of Benjamin carried a flag with the inscription of a wolf

The tribe of Dan a representation of cherubim. Judah a lion wrought into the groundwork of white, purple, crimson, and blue. Such flags from their folds shook fire into the hearts of such numbers as were in the field when Abijah fought against Jehoram, and there were twelve hundred thousand soldiers, and more than five hundred thousand were left dead on the field. These ensigns gave heroism to such numbers as were assembled when Asa fought against Zerah, and there were one million five hundred and eighty thousand troops in the battle. The Athenians carried an inscription of the owl, which was their emblem of wisdom. The flags of modern nations are familiar to you all, and many of them so inappropriate for the character of the nations they represent it would be impolitic to enumerate them. These ensigns are streamers borne on the point of a lance and on the top of wooden shafts. They are carried in the front and rear of armies. They unroll from the main-top-gallant-mast-head of an Admiral's flagship to distinguish it among other ships of the same squadron. They are the objects of national pride. The loss of them on the field is ignominious.

The three banners of the Lord's hosts are the banner of proclamation, the banner of recruit, and the banner of victory. When a nation feels its rights infringed or its honor insulted, when its citizens have in foreign climes been oppressed and no indemnity has been offered to the inhabitant of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the top of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the Church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its Sovereign, and determined to get back those who have been carried off captive into the bondage of Satan, and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long cursed the earth, and bent upon the extension of the Saviour's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up its banner of proclamation.

The church makes no assault upon the world. I do not believe that God ever made a better world than this. It is magnificent in its ruins. Let us stop talking so much against the world. God pronounced it very good at the beginning. Though a wandering child of God, I see in it yet the Great Father's lineaments. Though tossed and driven by the storms of six thousand years, she sails bravely yet, and as at her launching in the beginning the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, so at last, when coming into the calm harbor of God's mercy, she shall be greeted by the huzzas of glorified kingdoms. It is not the world against which we contend, but its transgressions. Whatever is obstinate in the will, degrading in passion, harmful in custom, false in friendship, hypocritical in profession—against all this Christ makes onset. From false profession he would tear the mask. From oppression he would snatch the rod. From pride he would rend off the plumes. From revenge he would exorcise the devil. While Christ loved the world so much he died to save it, he hates sin so well that to eradicate

the last trace of its pollution he will utterly consume the continents and the oceans. At the gate of Eden the declaration of perpetual enmity was made against the serpent. The tumult roundabout Mount Sinai was only the roar and flash of God's artillery of wrath against sin. Sodom on fire was only one of God's flaming bulletins announcing hostility. Nineveh and Tyre and Jerusalem in awful ruin mark the track of Jehovah's advancement. They show that God was terribly in earnest when he announced himself abhorrent of all iniquity. They make us believe that though nations belligerent and revengeful may sign articles of peace and come to an amicable adjustment, there shall be no cessation of hostilities between the forces of light and the forces of darkness until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord. Affrighted by no opposition, discouraged by no temporary defeats, shrinking from no exposure—every man to his position, while from the top of our schools and churches and seminaries and asylums, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

Again, it was the custom in ancient times, for the purpose of gathering armies, to lift an ensign on the top of some high hill, so that all who saw it would feel impelled to rally around it. In more modern times the same plan has been employed for the gathering of an army. Thus it is that the Church of Christ lifts its flag for recruits. The Cross of Jesus is our standard, planted on the hill of Calvary. Other armies demand that persons desiring to enter the lists of war shall be between such and such an age, lest the folly of extreme youth or the infirmity of advanced age be a clog rather than an advantage. But none are too young for Christ's regiment; none can be too old. The hand that is strong enough to bound a ball or trundle a hoop is skilled enough to fight for Christ, while many a hand trembling with old age has grasped the arrow of truth, and with a dim eye close to it, taking aim, has sent its sharp point right through the heart of the King's enemies. Many of you have long ago had your names written on the roll of celestial troops, and you like the service well, although you now bear the scars of multitudinous conflicts and can recount many a long march, and tell of siege-guns opened on you that you thought never would be spiked. But there may be some who have not yet enlisted. Your being here implies that you are seriously thinking about it, and your attention makes me hope you are only looking for the standard to be hoisted. Will you not, a hundred of you, with all the aroused enthusiasm of your nature, come bounding into the ranks, while "In the name of God we set up our banners?"

There are non-professors who have a very correct idea of what Christians ought to be. You have seen members of the Church who were as proud as Ahab and lied as badly as Ananias, and who were as foul hypocrites as Judas. You abhor all that. You say followers of Christ ought to be honorable, humble, and self-denying, and charitable, and patient, and forgiving. Amen! So they ought. Come into the kingdom of Christ, my hearer, and be just that glorious Christian that you have described. Every church has enough stingy men in it to arrest its charities, and enough proud men in it to grieve away the Holy Ghost, and enough lazy men in it to hang on behind till its wheels, like Pharaoh's chariots, drag heavily, and enough worldly men to exhaust the patience of the very elect, and enough snarly men to make appropriate the Bible warning, "Beware of dogs." If any of you men on the outside of the kingdom expect to make such Christians as that, we do not want you to come, for the church has already a million members too many of just that kind. We do not want our ranks crowded with serfs when we can have them filled with zouaves.

There are men now, as in Christ's time, possessed of seven devils. In some in-

stances it seems as though at conversion only six of those evil spirits were cast out, while there remains still one in the heart, the devil of avarice, the devil of lust, the devil of pride. Men of the world you would be transformed and elevated by the power of the Gospel, now is time to come. It is no mean ensign lift this hour. It is a time-honored ensign. It has been in terrific battle. Dragged in the dust of a Saviour's humiliation from Bethlehem to Calvary. Rent by hell's onset, the spears of a maddened soldiery, and the hands of the men said, "Let him be crucified." With an ensign in his bleeding hand the Saviour scaled the heights of our sin. While he mounted the walls of perdition, amid its very smoke, and flame, and phemy he waved his triumph, while demons howled with defeat, and heaven

Thronged his chariot wheels
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sang
The glorious work is done.

Again, when a grand victory has won, it is customary to announce flags floating from public building from trees and from the masts of ships. They are the signal for eulogy and singing and festivity. So the ensign of the Church hoists is a banner of victory. There was a time when the religion of Christ was not considered respectable. Men of learning and position frowned upon it. Governments anathematized its supporters. To be a Christian was an underling. But mark the difference. Religion has compelled the world to respect. Infidelity, in the tremendous effort it has made to crush it, has cemented its power. And there is not a single civilized nation but in its constitution, or laws, or proclamation, homage to the religion of the Cross. The war in India, when Sir Alexander Campbell found in an hour of danger the men he ordered to the field were intoxicated, and asked for the pilot whom the Christian Havelock had in his management, he said; "Call out lock's saints; they are never drunk. Havelock is always ready." That Christianity which gathered its first triumph from the fishermen's huts on the shore of Galilee, now has Samsonian strength thrown upon its shoulders and he has tried off the gates of science and power. We point not to fortresses and standing armies and navies as the defence of the Church's progress. We point to the men whom Christ has deemed by his blood. What if our army and navy-yards do not belong to the Church? We do not want then the weapons of our warfare are not of this world, but spiritual, and mighty through the pulling down of strongholds. The world and Satan have no idea of strength and heroism which God lets out against the forces of darkness. As yet they have had only one round the first regiment. The Lord of hosts will soon appear in the field at the head of his troops. I depend upon it, that God inspires the soul with a new principle in it the principle of "never give up."

We are mighty in this cause and have the help of the pious dead, sengers of salvation from high above, they visit the field. They stand ready to keep us from ignominious defeat. They go before us to encourage us in strife. The McChesnes and the Martyns and the Berrys, an uncounted multitude of them are our coadjutors. Have you heard of the Swiss tradition? The herdsmen of three great leaders of the Helvetians, though seemingly dead, are on the ground under the ground, in their dress, refreshing themselves with wine, and that if at any time the lights of their country are in danger they will immediately spring to their feet and back the enemy. May I not be thought that if ever the Church of the blessed Christ shall be threatened

action by foes which seem too great strength, the Lord himself will not come to the deliverance, but those ancients who have seemed to be among the dead shall immediately hear the trumpet blast of the militant, and full-armed, spring to their old positions in the ranks of the battle cry. "More than conquerors through him that loved us." Though we have already much to engage us in the work of the world's civilization, yet we must confess that of our time has been consumed in our batteries and getting ready for conflict. We have not yet begun to fight. We have not yet begun to work. The coasts of heathendom are mission stations. They have scarcely yet begun to accomplish what they propose. It takes some time to dig the trenches, to elevate the standard and direct the guns. From what I hear, I think we are about ready now. Let but the Captain wave the signal, and the legions of celestial weaponry shall quake the dungeon of hell and sound up the thrones of heaven. Pagodas and temples shall tumble under the shock, and nations flying from their superstitions, shouting like the undisciplined worshippers of Baal. "The Lord is the God! The Lord, he is God!"

The Mohammedans, in their struggle to subjugate the world, had passages from the Koran inscribed on the blades of their swords, and we have nothing to fear if, in reaching the infidelity and malice that oppose the kingdom of Christ, we shall be glittering on our swords the words of the Lord to the giant, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of armies of Israel whom thou has defied." Now the Church goes forth bearing the precious seed, but after awhile it will be the deaf-binding, and reaper angels shall be in the harvest home. Now it is tents of marching and exposure, but then in the ranks of prostrate iniquity and on the walls of heaven, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

The earth sends up its long, deep groan of pain, and clanks the great chains of its bondage, and cries by the voice of sea and sky, "How long, O Lord, how long?" There was a tradition on the other side of the water that the daughter of a king was transformed into a bird of the kind that she wandered for hundreds of years over river and lake until the arrival of Christianity, and that at the stroke of the cathedral bell her spirit was freed. I counted millions of our race, by the power of sin and Satan, have been transformed into a state of wretchedness, and they wander like the poor daughter of a king, but they shall after awhile be redeemed. When the great Church of Christ shall shine in those darkened lands from its rising out of the glad tidings of the Gospel, then millions of wandering souls shall find rest in a Saviour's pity and a Saviour's love, transported from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's Son.

And by you would hardly know the era if you saw it. The world as a whole shall be as greatly improved as the individual heart by conversion. Fraud, being its trickery, will go to work for an honest living. Knavery shall begin to make righteous bargains. Passion shall give way to the control of reason. Scoffers shall be changed into worshippers, and scoffs into Bible lovers. Christ shall be on his reign on earth. Whether he shall descend onto the earth in person and establish a government at Jerusalem, I cannot say; but it will be an era of more than Augustan splendor. That is enough. Knowing this we can never despair. But we see the Church of Christ putting on her beautiful garments and arising to shine, we will say, with the enthusiasm of Oliver Cromwell, who, standing before his sin and famine-stricken soldiers at Dun-

bar, saw the sun rising out of the morning mist, and pointing to it with his sword, uttered a prayer which hurled his men upon the crushed foe like a sky full of thunderbolts: "Arise, O God! Let thine enemies be scattered." With the ear of faith I catch the sound of the latter-day glory. Church of Christ, unsheathe thy sword and this moment into the battle! In the name of Christ, march on! Upon every school and hospital, upon every banker's desk and merchant's counter, upon every chemist's laboratory and astronomer's tower, upon shepherd's hut and woodman's cabin, upon ship's deck and sailor's hammock, far out on the sea and high up in the mountain, before the gaze of nations, under the applauds of heaven, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

My subject has taught you that in this contest we are not without ensigns and colors. All we want now is men to carry them. Before I sit down I must propose to each of you this great honor. Becoming a Christian is not so ignoble a thing as many have thought it. "It makes a man stoop," you say. I know it, but it is only the stoop of an heir of royalty, who on his knees is to receive a crown of dominion. We want standard-bearers in all pulpits, in all places of business,—everywhere. I do not ask you how old you are, nor how young; how weak or how strong; how dull or how sharp; nor what your home, nor who your ancestors. Without any condition, without any reserve, in the name of the God of Israel, I offer you the honor of carrying the Church's ensigns. Do not be afraid of the assaults of a world whose ranks you desert, nor of devils who will oppose you with infernal might. It were more blessed to fall here than stand anywhere else. It were more of an honor, engaged with Christ, to be trampled under foot with this army of banners, than, opposing Christ, to be buried like Edward I. in Egyptian porphyry.

You know in ancient times elephants were trained to fight, and that on one occasion, instead of attacking the enemy, they turned upon their owners and thousands were crushed under the stroke of their trunks and the mountain weight of their step. These mighty opportunities of work for Christ may accomplish great things in overthrowing the sin of the world and beating to pieces its errors, but if we do not wield them aright these very advantages will, in unguarded moments, turn terribly upon us and under their heels of vengeance grind us to powder. Rejected blessings are seven-fold curses. We cannot compromise this matter. We cannot stand aside and look on. Christ has declared it: "All who are not with me are against me." Lord Jesus, we surrender.

The prophecies intimate that there shall be before the destruction of the world be one great battle between truth and unrighteousness. We shall not probably see it on earth. God grant that we may see it, bending from the battlements of heaven. On the side of sin shall be arrayed all forms of oppression and cruelty, led on by infamous kings and generals. The votaries of Paganism, led on by their priests. The subjects of Mohammedism, following the command of their sheiks. And gluttony and intemperance and iniquity of every phase shall be largely represented on the field. All the wealth and splendor and power and glory of wickedness shall be concentrated on that one decisive spot, and maddened by ten thousand previous defeats, shall gather themselves up for one last, terrible assault. With hatred to God for their cause and blasphemy for the battle-cry, they spread out over the earth in square beyond square, and legion beyond legion, while in some overhanging cloud of blackness foul spirits of hell watch this last struggle of sin and darkness for dominion.

Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's nostrils, plunder, and sin, and Satanic force shall quit the field. As the roar of the conflict sounds through the universe all worlds shall listen. The air shall be full of wings of heavenly cohorts. The work

is done, and in the presence of a world reclaimed for the crown of Jesus, and amid the crumbling of tyrannies and the defeat of Satanic force, and amid the sound of heavenly acclamations, the church shall rise up in the image of our Lord, and with the crown of victory on her head and the sceptre of dominion in her hand, in the name of God shall set up her banners. Then Himalaya shall become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah, and the oceans the walking place of him who trod the wave crests of Galilee, and the great heavens become a sounding-board which shall strike back the sound of exultation to the earth till it rebound again to the throne of the Almighty. Angel of the Apocalypse, fly! fly! for who will stand in the way of thy might or resist the sweep of thy wing?

The Jungle Preacher.

How Deva Sundrum Resigned a Government Office in India to Carry the Gospel to the Pariahs of the Jungle.

AN enthusiast of the true type is the impression one forms of the man whose portrait appears on this page. He is a picturesque figure clad in his native scarlet robe, with his tiger skin, the symbol of consecration to jungle labor, hanging from his shoulder. His dark skin and long silky hair, his high forehead, large black eyes, strong regular teeth, and clear cut features, render him a



MAJOR DEVA SUNDURUM.

figure, that once seen, is not soon forgotten. He holds the rank of major in the Salvation Army, and has come to this country to consult with Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who spent the greater part of his life in India, and knows the country well. The present famine in India is a crisis in which the wisest heads and the longest experience are needed to devise means of alleviating suffering and averting death. Deva Sundrum knew that he would find both in the devoted man under whose command he labored in India, and with them, that kindly sympathy which India so sorely needs in her hour of trouble. The traveler has been kindly received at Salvation Army headquarters, and will carry back to his native land, for which he sails next month, the heartiest messages of good-will from the Commissioner to his old comrades.

The story Deva Sundrum tells of his conversion and his labors in India under the banner of the Salvation Army is full of fascinating interest. He was born at Ootacamund in 1859. His father was a medical officer in government employ in Madras. As a boy he received an excellent education in Hindoo literature and entered the civil service as engineer and surveyor. In this capacity he was sent to various parts of India and eventually to North Borneo. During one of his visits to his native land, while he was employed in North Borneo, he landed at Singapore and there fell in with dissipated com-

panions and joined in the scenes of wicked revelry which go on in that port. His strong nature entered with zest into the vicious pleasures of the set among whom he was thrown, and when he left Singapore he was an adept in all sensuality. In this condition he reached Colombo in Ceylon, where out of mere curiosity he attended the meetings the Salvation Army was holding there. The young man was deeply impressed, but under the influence of his evil companions and with change of scene he reverted to his evil life. His stay at his father's home was brief and he returned to North Borneo, a hardened, vicious man. At his next furlough, he found to his surprise that the Salvation Army had opened a station at Ranipet, not far from his father's house. Drawn by his recollection of the meetings at Colombo the previous year, he went to Ranipet and there the Holy Spirit brought him to repentance.

Deeply sorrowing over his past wickedness, rejoicing over the assurances of forgiveness through the blood of Christ, the young convert asked, like Paul, what Christ would have him do. He felt that he was called to a career of self-sacrifice, and he began by resigning the position which Hindoos count worthy of long toil and hold in highest esteem—an office under the English government. He wanted to be free that he might preach the Gospel to his own people. Persecution followed. His father was indignant that the son who had been educated at so much trouble and expense, and who had attained so honorable a position, should throw it all away with no other prospect than that of begging his daily rice. Deva Sundrum, however, persevered, and some years later had the satisfaction of seeing his father himself become a Christian. On his death-bed the old man blessed his son and bade him go on in the work to which the Lord had called him.

It was in 1884 that Deva Sundrum was converted and pledged all his future life to Christ's service. For several years he labored among the high-caste people of the cities, preaching Christ and working in the ranks of the Salvation Army. The work was disappointing. Race prejudices, caste prejudices, social prejudices all combined to obstruct the Gospel. The people to whom he preached, even when convinced of the truth of Christianity, had not the courage to make the sacrifices that were involved in a public profession of faith in Christ.

Oppressed by a sense of failure, Deva Sundrum went away for a season of retirement of fasting and prayer. He went to the jungle to be alone with God. There the spirit of self-sacrifice came upon him again with new power. In the jungle were the Pariahs, the very lowest of the outcasts with whom no high-caste Hindoo would associate. They are practically slaves, the lowest of the low, who must not even walk on the high roads lest they pollute the air which the Brahmin breathes. Their very touch is counted pollution and their presence an intolerable insult to the high-castes. To these Deva Sundrum resolved to go. In their misery they were the very people who would rejoice in a Saviour who casts out none who come to him. He turned a deaf ear to his friends who pictured the horrors of the life he was about to take up. He was reminded of the days and nights he must spend in traversing the tiger and elephant-infested jungle, of the wretched homes of the Pariahs, mere mud huts in which alone he could find rest after his weary journeys, and of the dense ignorance and superstition of the people to whom he was going. But none of these things moved him. To the Pariahs he would go and to those who needed the glad news of the Gospel more than any others, he would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

From that time until the day he left India to visit his old Commander in America his life has been given to this work, the repulsiveness of which only a Hindoo reared in wealth and luxury can appreciate. He has walked from village to village crossing the intervening jungle in which he has frequently slept on the carpet he carries, while the roars of wild beasts sounded in his ears. In South India he has thus visited 884 villages as a pioneer of the Gospel, has entered over thirty thousand houses and walked 3,513 miles. In North Travancore he has reached 1631 villages, called at 34,796 houses and walked 4,095 miles.

\$20,000 MORE FOR INDIA.

Another Remittance for the Starving People Dispatched by Cable to the Missionaries for Distribution—The Gifts of Readers Anticipated.

MANY urgent appeals have been received during the week in behalf of the suffering people of India. In response to these, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided again to anticipate contributions, and has now forwarded by cable the sum of **twenty thousand dollars** from the Famine Relief Fund, being the second remittance from the Fund since the movement began. This second remittance, like the first \$5,000, goes direct to the hands of the missionaries, who are stationed in the famine districts, and are acting as volunteer distributors. Full details of the remittance, together with the names of the distributors and their respective stations, will be published in our next issue, in which a four-page Supplement will be devoted wholly to the work of Indian relief.

Many prayers will go up to the throne of grace from thankful missionaries and from the hungry people whom they are enabled to feed, for a blessing on the compassionate readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have come to their help in this season of dire extremity. Many a poor creature suffering the pangs of starvation has by this time gone to the mission-station, and has been fed through the kindness of the readers of this journal. It must have cheered the devoted missionaries, whose hearts are wrung by appeals to which they could not respond, to have funds so liberally placed in their hands. We can imagine the joy with which the money would be turned into grain to feed the perishing. But who can tell the joy of the native as he received the gift which meant the difference between life and death for him and his children? Such a gift coming from utter strangers who, hearing of his need, denied themselves to supply it, is an object-lesson he can never forget. It proves to him, as preaching could not prove, that the religion of Christ is a religion of love and pity and helpfulness; for the gift coming from Christian America and reaching him through the channel of the American missionary, is so obviously disinterested that he cannot fail to learn the lesson. We congratulate our readers on having availed themselves of the opportunity to teach such a lesson, and so to recommend to the people the religion of Christ. There is not one who has given up a luxury or a pleasure to send a dollar to keep some sufferer alive, whose self-denial is unnoticed by his Lord. He knows that the self-denial is for his sake, and for love of him, and it pleases him that his people should prove their love to him in that way. To all such, the promise is given in his own words: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

All accounts from the famine districts agree that the need increases in volume daily and that the area is extending. Just as we go to press, Major Deva Sundrum of the Salvation Army, has called at the office of this journal to tell of a letter he has received by the last mail from his wife in Madras. He shed tears as he read and translated the harrowing details she gave of the suffering around her, and pleaded with him to make it known to the Christian people of America. The Viceroy of India reports that there are now 2,750,000 persons employed on the relief works, and this fact affords an unflinching test of the intensity of the suffering. At the corresponding period of the famine of 1877, only 1,229,725 persons had applied for relief, which is less than half the number now employed. When we remember how many died of starvation in that dreadful year, we realize the truth of the statement that this is the worst famine of the century. It is gratifying to know that so many are being supported at the expense of the Government, but the fact is appalling when we regard them as the representatives of the far larger number who through age or distance, or exhaustion from protracted hunger are unable to reach the relief works. We are glad to see that the Christian people of England are contribut-

ing liberally to the relief fund opened by the Lord Mayor of London. Already \$1,472,380 has been given by firms and private individuals in England for relief. Canada, too, is contributing nobly to the same cause. The fund opened by the Montreal Star has reached \$40,000, and that journal daily devotes a large part of its space to lists of contributors who are sending in their gifts. But all these sums fall far short of the need. The starving people are counted by millions and the greater part of them will die for lack of food if there should be any suspension in the flow of private generosity. Fully eighty millions are in the area of famine and scarcity, and a large proportion of these are aged people and children, who being unable to toil on the relief works, are dependent on charity for their support, and must continue so until harvest.

In an appeal recently issued by the London Missionary Society it is stated that in the Telugu district alone, there are eleven thousand native Christians connected with the Society's stations, of whom nearly the whole are in imminent danger of starvation. The American stations are evidently in the same condition, for the Methodist Conferences have formally requested Bishop Thoburn to make an earnest appeal to American Methodists for help, and the American Board, the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Disciples' Boards have received similar appeals. One fact related by Rev. T. S. Johnson, the Methodist missionary at Jubalpur, is a specimen of many others. "The body of a poor man was found this morning he says, 'in the corner of our compound. He had come in during the night and before morning came, his spirit had left his poor emaciated almost naked body. This is no uncommon occurrence, but this was the first to come into the mission compound to die.'"

Mrs. Carrie F. Bruere, Methodist Episcopal Missionary at Poona, writes: "There are hundreds of orphan children homeless, dying in the streets. Here is God's open door for his church, an opportunity to gather in many sheaves for him. Hundreds, yea thousands, of these dear children can be gathered by missionaries, for there is no one to claim them. They can be taught of Jesus, and many will become Christians, the future members of a strong Christian Church. These in turn will bring others to Christ. I have been in India for eleven years, and no such opportunity has come. Shall we not embrace it? Although times are hard and finances are low, yet God will show us how we can help if we are willing."

"A few months ago the Lord laid the burden of these children upon my heart. I saw it to be a God-given opportunity, but felt powerless, as I had no money for their support. The burden became unbearable, and after hesitation and much prayer I felt that the Lord would have me begin the work of taking in children. It seemed to me that he would not give such an opportunity, and so lay it upon my heart, if he did not purpose providing for them; so, realizing that the promises were sufficient, I took twenty, and then another twenty, until now 103 boys and girls have been taken in. They were terrible to look at, but after a few weeks of feeding, they have picked up wonderfully. They are all very bright, being from the better classes. I will undertake to provide for children as fast as I may receive support for them."

Confirming this report is a letter recently received in New York by Miss Fisher, Secretary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. Her correspondent says: "The famine among the children is very pitiful. It seems worse to see little children suffering than it does to see grown people, but both are bad enough."

"If you were with us," writes Mrs. E. M. Bacon, a missionary at Lalitpur, in the Northwest Province, "as we give the famine people their daily grain, I think you would realize a little what famine is. For many months we were so overrun with starving people coming to the mission bungalow for food, and crying with that

heartrending cry of theirs all times of the day and evening, that we decided to have one time and one place only for giving grain. They now gather at 10 A. M., and then we give them grain and teach them Gospel verses.

"We feed those who are really starving, and not those only hungry, or else it would mean feeding all the town. Some of the starving are living skeletons, almost naked, and affected with diseases brought on by starvation. We give to the children first, who sit in separate rows, and all are generally pretty quiet, unless they think the grain will not last out; then they come to us like hungry animals—fighting, crying, pushing, till we can do nothing with them. Oh, you never saw anything so pitiful! The men and women take the grain from the children, and snatch it from each other, having no sense of anything but their hunger. We found two children who have been living for several weeks on scraps of grain picked up by the roadsides. We could not think at first what they were doing. They were scratching on the ground with their bony fingers, like chickens. We took them into our Orphanage and fed them. You never in your lives saw such grateful little creatures. But like other missionaries, our treasury is nearly empty, and when all is gone, unless the kind Christian people at home replenish it, the day will come when we have no grain to give them."

Among the organizations from which contributions were received at this office last week were the following:

C. E. Society, Fairgrove, Mich.
Violet Sewing Circle (band of little girls) Philadelphia, Pa., by Renie Martin, President.



THE DAILY DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD AT SHOLAPUR.

W. C. T. U., Catharine, N. Y.
The Missionary Band, Alcolu, S. C.
The Junior League of Highlands, Colo.
Y. L. Mission Band, Marietta, Ga.
Epworth League, Unionville, Pa.
Gospel Mission, Watertown, N. Y.
Young People's Mission Circle of Free Methodist Church, Albion, N. Y.
Sunday School, M. E. Church, Ware, Mass.
Epworth League, Riggold, Pa.
C. E. Society, Beemessville, N. J.
C. E. Society, Danboro, Pa.
Churches at Bolster's Mills and Norway, Me.
Christian Sunday School, Boone, Ia.
Third Christian Reformed Sunday School, Paterson, N. J.
C. E. Society, Akron, Ind.
Ladies' Aid Society, Sebewaring, Mich.
W. O. Presbyterian Sunday School, Marytown, O.
Children's Home, Eldridge, Cal.
Infant Class, Presbyterian Sunday School, Grove City, Pa.
Sunday School, South Eighteenth Street, Louisville, Ky.
Junior Endeavor Society, Pres. Church, Concord, Mich.
Methodist Episcopal Church, South Littleton, N. C.

Some of the contributions which have reached THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office have a pathos of their own. The letters accompanying them show that in not a few cases the gifts cost self-denial. Among these letters are the following:

A friend in Christ, Butler, Ind., says:

I send one dollar in Christ's name for the hungry people of India. I am only a working girl, but I can spare a small mite and may God bless it to the relief of some poor, starving creature. I hope others who can do more will give of their abundance that no more people may die for want of food.

Frances Zieman, Pine Ridge:

My little girl feels so sorry for the starving chil-

dren of India about whom you tell us in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She has two dollars of very own saved up, and she will have me send of them to you to be sent to feed them, and she prays every night that they may be fed.

Edward Morton, Moline, Ill:

I appreciate your sympathy in this cause in dealing with such promptness, so large a sum for poor sufferers. I pray, God that your example might arouse a like feeling through this and other countries. I feel proud to be associated with a paper in this good cause.

Anonymous, Makayuna, N. Y.:

I send my mite for the starving people of India. I wish it was more, but I am a poor orphan and invalid, but my prayers go with it.

Mrs. K. B. Cook, Portage, Wis., says:

One dollar of the enclosed amount is from a servant girl, who feels she must help in some worthy cause.

Dawson Unser, Morris, O.:

I do not like to read of children starving, my child has plenty, so I send this for our baby.

H. K. Greene, Bruceville, Ind., writes:

This gift is from the Primary department of a public school. It has been the custom here for teachers to treat their pupils on the "last day" candy, oranges and peanuts. I told them of the starving children in India, and they unanimously to sacrifice the treat and send money to buy bread for them and they also brought pennies from home to go with it. It is not only their loving little hearts made a greater sacrifice than we older ones can fully realize. Candy is a common thing in their homes and some of the pennies were all they owned.

Alice Triflet, Villa Ridge, Franklin Mo., writes:

I am a poor girl, but as you say one can keep a sufferer alive, I think I ought to spare that much.

Dr. Ph. D. Paul, Chicago, Ill., writes:

May the \$5,000 you have sent to starve India be doubled and redoubled over and over again, and hundreds of thousands of sufferers be relieved through your fund.

Grace Hartman, Lyons, Pa.:

I have been taking care of 100 and other refuse all summer and have sold them for fifty cents. I should like to give it to the starving people in India. I could give more but I am only eleven years old.

Raymond Blackmon, Groveville, Pa.:

I am a little boy eight years old. I want to send fifty cents of my own money to the poor starving people in India. Will you please send it to them for me?

Mrs. C. B. Hazelton, Oconomowoc, Wis.:

I cannot eat or rest without thinking something to those poor starving creatures in India.

F. Wilder, Hartford, Conn.:

I am a poor widow but God has never allowed me to go hungry. I should like to give my mite.

A Cripple, Perth, Kans.:

Please accept the enclosed for India's starving people. It is small, but it is literally every bit I have in the world.

Mrs. L. S. Jenkins, Charleston, W. Va.:
It is so little I can do to relieve such spread suffering as you describe that it seems worth giving, but when I read how dollar would do I felt that I ought to see five dollars I had.

Thomas Williams, Tonesboro, Ind.:
A hard-working man with seven children. The Lord is good to us all.

J. E. Farrand, Boonton, N. J.:

My little girl has been saving her money buy flower seeds, but she wants to do for the seeds, so she may send it to feed the hungry little girls in India.

The following contributions have been received since our last acknowledgment:

Pres. Ackd.	\$5,102.95	Bridgefarmer, Mrs. I. & F. A.
Armstrong, Miss Edith	1.00	Bailey, Mund
Anderson, John	2.50	Betham, Minnie
Atkins, R. V.	1.00	Bremm, Mrs. G.
Alice, Rochester	2.00	Burt, Mrs. A. E.
Abel, W. H.	2.00	Biss, Wp. & Rich.
Abrams, J. D.	2.00	Boni, Peter
Albe, Clarence	1.00	Bruckman, Ed.
Albe, Mrs. Jay	1.00	Bland, B. F. & sister
Almy, Mrs. Ann K.	5.00	Bordo, Mr. & Mrs. J.
Andrews, Mrs. J. W.	1.00	Blair, H. A.
Arthur, Earl B.	75	Byans, H. G.
Appel, W. H.	5.00	Becker, Aaron
Allen, S. S.	5.00	Bateman, F. B. & A.
Anthony, Wm. E. wife and sister	3.00	Baker, Geo. A.
Anlt, A.	2.00	Bishop, Mr. & Mrs.
Anny, Margaret	5.00	Bishop, Thos.
Albee, Mrs. Daniel	1.00	Bradford, Eliza E.
Anderson, Mrs. F. E.	1.00	Bradford, Eliza E.
Armstrong, J. W.	6.00	Brown, N. T.
Armstrong, H. M.	1.00	Red Hollow S. S.
Abbott, F. mo	1.00	Bennett, Cong. T.
Arrants, Mollie	1.00	Bissett, Mrs. E. C.
Arholzer, G. P.	2.00	Brown, C. F. & Son
Atwood, Mrs. H. H.	5.00	Barrows, Mr. & Mrs.
Bright, Jewels, Bethany Ch. N. C.	1.00	Bonelli, Mrs. E.
Binkley, Mrs. C. G.	2.00	Bogeman, Mrs. H.
Bennet, Horace	1.00	Bickley, J. H.
Briggs, Mrs. R.	2.00	Bowen, Mrs. Mary
Byal, Mrs. Mary L.	1.00	Bowen, Mrs. Minnie
Buhler, Fred	1.00	
Brown, E. R.	6.15	

Belcher, AM	5.00	Fitzwater, Mrs J C	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Fidelis, Semper	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Flagg, Alice A	1.50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Frazier, Elizabeth	10.00
Bell, Thos	50	Fetzer, Peter	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	French, S B	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Frederick, W C	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Ferguson, Harry	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Farnsworth, Mrs C P	1.50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Fest, Nannie	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Fisher, Mrs Cbas	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gregory, H	50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Grain, Geo	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gassett, L	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Graves, H M	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Gibson, Mr & Mrs R G	5.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gibson, Mr & Mrs C E	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Green, M S E L	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Gould, C S	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gault, Lattie	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gibson, W P	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Graves, Ida	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gehardt, Ch A	10.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gandy, B E	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Grant, J L	3.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gable, T M	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gault, Miss M M	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Goss, Esther I	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Grimshaw, W J	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gunderson, Mary	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Gifford, Mrs C P	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Girod, I	3.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gelching, Alfred	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Grabbill, R	10.00
Bell, Thos	50	Granger, E F	10.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gladney, Chas	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Gladney, Mrs Chas	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Godfrey, Mrs A	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Geinring, Anna	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Giesler, Mrs Mary	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Garland, Mrs J G	10.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Garrett, E J	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	George Family	5.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gammell, Emma	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Greeley, J M	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Gault, W C	10.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gram, A E	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Gower, A G	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Graham, Sarah J	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Gaass, Mrs J D	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Garsid, Arnold Lie	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Grithth, Mrs A	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Goble, Mrs E H and	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Greiner Sch Scholars	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Middlebury T w p	1.20
Bell, Thos	50	Griest, Rose D	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Howard, Mr & Mrs W H	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Huff, Mrs MA	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Harris, Orlando	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hicks, W F	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hastings, Mrs G D	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Harsh, Mr B	25
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Huston, Mrs Zella	3.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hay, Wm	5.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hancock, C J	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hamilton, Mrs D	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Higgins, J W	25
Bell, Thos	50	Hodges, Mrs S E	50
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Haydon, A B	10.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hodge, Mrs Julia	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Humphrey, Lydia	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Myrtle and Irvin	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hunt, J M	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hunnes, Edwin J	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hagins, Mrs Eliza	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hall, Jas	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Heim, Fred & Family	3.50
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Harrington, Mrs B	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hope Ref'd Church	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Westfield	19.60
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hull, Lucy E	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hart, G L	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Heath, Mr & Mrs F W	25.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hill, Mrs Thos	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Henderson, Mrs M A	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Huston, Baxter & wife	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hattler, J C	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hoge, Ella	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Halliday, Mrs W R	25
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Holliday, S D	50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Howard, Julia A	25
Bell, Thos	50	Hickman, Lizzie C	3.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hall, G H	25
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hill, Clinton	25
Bell, Thos	50	Haas, Frank	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Helping just a little	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hall, Dr W H	5.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hall, Kittie M	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hall, Charlie A	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hively, Mr & Mrs M M	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hatcher, Dr W B	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hoyle, Jennie	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hutton Chapel S S	1.10
Bell, Thos	50	Hoffer, Elsie, Amy	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Wagner & Grace	48
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hartzer, Louis	25
Bell, Thos	50	Hunt, W M	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hundler, E O	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Horton, A W	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Holmes, Mrs M V B	3.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Horth, Mrs E C	50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Haganan, C A	3.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hathaway, Edith	1.75
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hills, F M	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Howard, T W	50
Bell, Thos	50	Hills, S	50
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hines, J H	50
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hines, Mrs J H	50
Bell, Thos	50	Hines, Abbie C	50
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Howell, Hannah	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Holbert, W M MD	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hart, Mrs Jas P	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hayward, Mrs Mary	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hinman, Mrs W A	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hutchins, Mrs E	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hosper, Wm H	3.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hosper, Sarah A	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Hammer, Wilford C	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hicks, Bertha	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Hoffman, M P	5.00
Bell, Thos	50	Howard, Thomas J	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Hickok, C L	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Henderson, D M	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Henderson, Mrs DM	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Ivey, Mrs Wm C	10.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Ieamon, O J	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Iske Bros	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Irvine, Mrs Margaret	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Irvine, M E	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Irvine, N H	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Johnson, Mrs & Paul	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Jordan, Miss Orrel	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Johnson, A E & wife	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Johnson, Lee	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Johnson, Miss Lenna	2.00
Bell, Thos	50	Jordan, M E	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Jonas, C A	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Johnson, Ernest	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Jeffrey, Orlo	1.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Jewell, Mrs Fred	1.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Jones, Mrs H A C	25
Bell, Thos	50	Jessop, Mrs Jas	5.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Johnson, J B & Son	2.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Knotts, Mrs M	25
Bell, Thos	50	Kem, Mrs S E	2.00
Bachooogen, Geo A	1.00	Knight	5.00
Belcher, AM	5.00	Kratz, Annie May	1.00
Bell, Thos	50	Kerr, Jos L	1.00

Kniffin, Mrs Geo M	50	Nichols, Mr & Mrs V D	2.00
Kellam, Edith	1.00	Nichols, E O	3.00
Krampe, Adolph	1.00	Nilsson, Gustaf W	1.00
Kilborn, Mr & Mrs B W	2.50	Norcross, Levi W	5.00
Kansan	1.00	Nash, M E	5.00
Kerschner, Mrs Mary	2.00	Nelson, Emma	1.00
Kemp, Alex	5.00	Newcomer, C E	5.00
Knowlton, Jesse D	2.75	Needham, Mrs E G	2.00
Kieferle, Mrs Carrie	1.00	Newb, Mrs AT	5.00
Koons, Mrs E A	2.00	Nisbet, G G & J E	2.00
Koehler, Rev W A	1.00	Norton, Mrs R	5.00
Lindquist, Mrs Vic'a	2.00	Nelson, Jennie	5.00
Larsen, Jas	2.00	Osborn, O B	1.00
Leigh, A	50	Osborn, O	1.00
Leggett, Mrs Ann	2.00	Oaks, Henry	3.00
Leggett, Annie C	25	Oaks, Philip	2.00
Lane, Mrs Dr	4.00	Orswalt, Mrs	1.00
Lewis, P M	1.00	Orne, J H	1.00
Lewis, Mrs M J	1.00	Onge, Mrs Kate	1.00
Lawrence, John	5.00	Ort, A D	1.00
Lytle, Jas D	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lambert, Beulah	50	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lambert, Georgia	50	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lambert, M H	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Leech, Mrs Nana	50	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Longstreet, Jas A	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lee, F W	50	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Larson, C P & wife	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lare, Mrs Thos	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Landes, A C	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lyford, Walter	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lambert, J N	50	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lincoln, Mrs E E	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Long, Mrs A M	2.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Laura, Pottselle	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Lowry, Ella	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Mitchell, Mrs A J	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80
Martin, Mrs J B	1.00	Ort, Mrs J E	80

Simmons, Lennie	50	Thomson, W S	2.00
Skipper, Mrs J L	25	Velte, J F	1.00
Stapleton, E O	50	Vickers, Chas	1.00
Stinson, R D	1.00	Veninger, Mrs C	2.00
Stackhouse, Mary	1.00	Voyce, Jas	1.00
Strong, L W	1.00	Van Tps, Alico	1.00
Sheffer, John	1.00	Vail, Mrs L	1.00
Shoaff, Mrs Mary F	1.00	Van Zandt, Mrs M G	2.00
Symonds, L	3.00	Verbeek, Mrs F	2.00
Sawyer, E	2.00	Van Alstine, Mrs J	1.00
Spaid, P A	1.00	Wan, Mrs Ira	2.00
Simuster, A	2.00	Wychgram, Dr H	20.00
Saxe, Mrs Ira J	1.00	Wilson, Wm F	1.00
Shepherd, Mrs C M	2.00	Wilder, Mrs Catharine	1.00
Sheppard, Mr & Mrs	2.00	Wilder, Mrs Frances	1.00
Starr, Wilbur F	5.00	Wolfe, Mrs Wm A	1.00
Sandbrook, Walter G	5.00	White, AC	5.00
Steele, Leonard M	2.00	Wilson, Ben	5.00
Shields, S C	5.00	Wing, Mrs L S	5.00
Smith, Blanche & Ethel	1.00	Winey, F & J	2.00
Staphin, Mrs E E	2.25	Winslow, Mrs Mary A	2.00
Scott, Minnie R	1.00	Wheeler, Warren F	2.00
Sheldon, Albert	1.00	Wilson, S F	2.00
Sheets, Daniel	1.00	Ward, Mrs H O	10.00
Sample, Kate	1.00	Walsh, W J	1.00
Silwell	50	Witten, E W	2.00
Strong, Harriett E	11.00	Young, Jesse	5.00
Stowe, Mrs Clark	1.00	Young, Chas W	1.00
Schrenk, M	5.00	Zell, Mrs W T	1.00
Schermhorn, Mrs H	1.00	Friend, Southampton	2.00
Sires, Mrs O D	1.00	Friend, Annada	1.00
Speeding, Mrs H C	5.00	Two Friends, Dickm	1.00
Schramm, Mrs C M	3.00	son	1.00
Siawson, Mrs H H	7.00	Friends, I Oakland	2.20
Shull, S R	1.00	Friend, Pellham	1.00

S K D, Phila	25.00	M P W, Newark	1.00
M & L, LeRoy	1.00	G M R, Enfield	2.00
E A C, Brooklyn	1.00	D A L D, Newark	1.00
M M C, Albany	1.00	Van, No Stenben	1.00
NET, Apollo	5.00	One who loves Jesus	1.00
Mrs E M B, Newton	1.00	Chicago	1.00
Falls	1.00	4 Orphans, Cross Key	1.00
Mrs COR, Greenwich	1.00	Butler Hospital	4.00
Mrs T H R, Enfield	3.50	Providence	1.00
Mrs EAS, Justus	1.00	W Auburn S S	2.25
M Cambridge	3.00	I I N, Crested Butte	5.00
Miss A R, W Phila	1.50	Friend, Crested Butte	5.00
B B B, Lebanon	1.00	For I is goodness	1.00
W, Balto	1.00	Crested Butte	1.00
G & E H, Washington	5.00	In memory of mother	1.00
Mrs H, Farnville	1.00	Athens	1.00
S E P, New Haven	2.00	Lady, Drayton	1.00
H I T, Auburn	2.00	Pow er, Vary R	2.00
N V M, Nevada	1.00	Linden Ave, Balto	5.00
C, Kennett Sq	1.00	Endeavor, Bridge-	5.00
S H W, Independence	1.00	ton	5.00
C P, Peoria	5.00	Dr. R. Wooster	10.00
Mrs P C M, Fond du	1.00	Two sisters	1.00
Lac	1.00	Children, Ala	5.00
H S D, Balto	1.00	S S class & an endea-	2.00
C L, Damsburg	1.00	vor, Woodhaven	2.00
G P, Limestone	1.00	King's Daughter	1.00
F W, N Y City	1.00	Glocester	1.00
D B D, Van Meter	3.00	Mother's Meeting	3.60
R S D, Baltimore	5.00	Romeyn Chapel	3.60
S S, Kanesholm	6.25	Cumberland Presb'th	4.00
J S, Dayton	3.00	Pomona	2.00
J M P, Lisbon	1.00	Widow and daughter	2.00
M, Louisiana	5.00	Ashtmont	2.00
N M, W Sunbury	2.00	Mother and widow	1.00
M S G M C, Brooklyn	1.00	S S, Joseph	1.00
W, Chanute	5.00	Fanny P, Roanoke	2.50
F B, Scotland	2.00	Kentucky Christian	2.50
I K, Ann Arbor	5.00	Mr Wolf U B S S	25.00



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Father of Prohibition.

ONE evening, many years ago, a woman came to the home of Neal Dow, in Portland, Maine, in great distress. She was the wife of an intelligent, capable citizen, with a large, promising family. He held a government position, and executed the duties of his office to the great satisfaction of the department and of the public; but he had one terrible habit which grieved and mortified his family and friends and threatened the loss of his office: it was periodical intemperance. On his way back and forth from his office to his house, he passed a certain liquor shop and was enticed into it to drink.

On this occasion the wife was in great sorrow and tear. She said her husband had been away from his desk and was now in this liquor shop; that if he did not at once return to his employment, he

ago. Mr. George H. Shirley, at present a citizen of Brooklyn, and one of Mr. Dow's faithful coadjutors in that great campaign, says of him: "Many times have we heard him pour forth the most scathing invectives and the most brilliant utterances against the traffic, and not hesitating to denounce the rum-seller by name. These oratorical efforts were equal to the best speeches of Sumner or Phillips. I have often been surprised that he escaped physical injury from his opponents."

The secret of Dow's great success was his utter fearlessness and his readiness to attack the wrong wherever he found it, and his keen feeling for personal responsibility for every wrong it was in his power to right. The following incident sets forth this chief heroic characteristic of the man.

Neal Dow was once passing down one of the streets of Portland, Maine, when he noticed a crowd of people, among whom



THE VETERAN NEAL DOW, IN HIS HOME AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

would be removed from office, and the family would be left in shame and destitution.

Neal Dow went immediately to the liquor shop and inquired for his neighbor. At first the rum-seller endeavored to conceal his customer, but Mr. Dow found him and requested the proprietor to sell him no more liquor.

He replied: "I must supply my customers."

"But don't you see," said Mr. Dow, "this gentleman has a large family to support? If he needs to go to his office to-morrow he will lose his place. I beg of you do not sell him any more strong drink." The rum-seller then grew angry and said he too had a family to support, that he had a license, and would sell to all who called for it, and that he wanted none of Dow's advice.

Neal Dow's answer was: "So you have a license, and support your family by the income of it, and run of other families? Well, God's help I will try to change all this."

How he did change it! How he sowed Maine knee-deep in temperance literature, how he traveled the whole world round, how he fought the whole world round. It is for this that the present generation of younger people have much conception of the old pioneer, who will be ninety-three years of age on the 20th of March, and capable of a half a century

was the mayor of the city. In the centre of the group was a country lad, crying. The lad had been imposed upon by a noted horse jockey of the town, who had got the boy drunk, and then induced him to swap the horse he had driven into town for an old plug.

Upon hearing his story, telling the boy to follow him, and lead the jockey's horse. Mr. Dow led the way to the latter's stable, nearly a mile distant. Not finding the jockey in, the old horse was turned into the stable, and Mr. Dow, with the country lad still following, turned to go down-town again. On the way they met the jockey, driving in a wagon to which the lad's horse was attached.

"That's my horse," said the boy.

Mr. Dow stepped into the road, took the horse by the bridle, and calling to one of his employees who happened to be passing at the time, told him to unharness the horse, which he did, the rate jockey swearing like a trooper, and threatening to take the law on Mr. Dow, who replied:

"You will always know where to find me."

Then telling the boy to take the horse, he started to lead the way down-town where the lad's wagon had been left.

"Look a here," said the jockey, as they went "what am I to do with my wagon?" "Do what you like," said Mr. Dow. "It is nothing to me."

As may be expected, the country lad was full of joy and profuse with thanks.

When he had harnessed his horse, he said to Mr. Dow:

"Now, what can I do for you?"

"Promise me not to drink any more."

And the boy did so.

Some three years afterwards Neal Dow was stopped by a countryman in the streets who, with mouth stretched on a broad grin, said, pointing to a horse, "There he is. I hain't drunk no more."

The Champion Roll Growing.

More Wonderful Records—The Contest to Close June 1.

THERE is no diminution of the popular interest in the contest for the Sunday School attendance Championship. During the week a number of additional entries have been received, many of them with remarkable records. The contest will continue until June 1, after which no names will be received. Teachers and superintendents are requested to send as promptly as possible the names of all scholars who have a record of consecutive attendance of five years.

and upward, to be placed upon the Ho Premium Roll. At the close of the present competition (which is only for the



MISS GERTRUDE EMISON.
A LEADING PUPIL.

who are scholars at the present time a similar contest will be opened for Sunday School Teachers and Superintendents

MALE CANDIDATES.

Scholar.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years.	Weeks.
George H. Glasgow,	Central Ch. S. S., Rochester,	John H. Elliott, Supt.,	30	150
Daniel L. Bowman,	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	17	14
Harlan P. Bradsteel,	Congregl. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	17	42
Rufus Hart,	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	16	6
B. F. Panson,	Bapt. Tabernacle S. S., Raleigh, N. C.,	N. B. Broughton, Supt.,	16	31
H. L. Cornman,	West Hope Pres. S. S., Phila.,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	14	43
Albert W. Bisbing,	5th Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,	W. T. Chase, Pastor,	13	45
Fred'k Bradley,	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	13	33
Carl Englehardt,	Pres. S. S., Pewee Valley, Ky.,	H. M. Woodruff, Supt.,	13	3
Julius Shepard,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Mt. Vernon, Ind.,	J. L. Gordon, Pastor,	12	48
Charles Sloan,	1st Pres. Ch., Kittanning, Pa.,	Miss B. S. Slaymaker,	12	6
David R. Tolley,	Lex. Ave. Bapt. S. S., Lexington, Va.,	B. H. Gorrell, Supt.,	12	4
Franklin Krupp,	Walnut St. Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Mrs. A. G. Bogardus,	12	4
George Currin,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt.,	11	41
Henry Brown,	2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.,	Rev. G. B. Isley,	11	32
Percival Grover,	M. E. S. S., Tom's River, N. J.,	Laura Croxston,	11	8
Joseph A. Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	11	2
James Boyd,	Pres. Ch., Kingston, Pa.,	Geo. H. Grove,	11	11
Harry Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11	11
Bruce Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. H. Grove,	11	11
Philip Fettes,	3d Christian Ch., Philadelphia,	T. P. Childs, Supt.,	11	11
John Weiland,	1st Bapt. Ch. S. S., Troy, Ohio,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	11	11
Howard Young,	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt.,	10	24
Theodore Reuter,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	C. M. Atwood,	10	8
R. Patterson,	Madison Ave. Pres. Ch., Albany, N. Y.,	H. J. Knapp, Supt.,	10	4
Porter L. Smith,	Bapt. S. S., Fayetteville, N. Y.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	10	10
Robt McComb,	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	James Kyrie, Supt.,	10	0
Geo. Winlow,	Larvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	9	39
J. C. Eastland, Jr.,	M. E. Ch. S. S., Danville, Ky.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	9	4
George Orris,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	9	11
Lawrence Musser,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	Mrs. G. W. Master,	9	11
Fred. Eagling,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	W. A. Moyer, Supt.,	9	11
Samuel Boyd,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Kingston, Pa.,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	9	11
Chas. J. Ayres,	2d Universalist S. S., N. Y. City,	Jas. E. Noe, Supt.,	9	11
Geo. T. Woglom,	Simpson M. E. Ch., Perth Amboy, N. J.,	J. C. Chance, Supt.,	9	11
John Bradley,	Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila.,	B. B. James, Supt.,	9	11
George Rector,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Pacoliti, S. C.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	8	24
Rollin J. Haynes,	Bapt. S. S., Vermilion, S. D.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8	16
Chas. Berger,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8	16
Clarence Terry,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8	16
Eddie Rothenberger,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8	16
Goldsmith N. Scott,	Pres. S. S., Morrisville, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	7	16
Wm. Elvidge,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	7	16
Allen Robson,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	7	16
Harry Gingrich,	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	7	16
Ernest Bradsteel,	Maple St. S. S., Danvers, Mass.,	G. W. Fiske, Supt.,	7	16
Chas. Lohr,	1st Cong. S. S., Stamford, Conn.,	S. Scoville, Pastor,	6	9
Jacob R. Young,	U. S. Evang. Sch., Lilitz, Pa.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	6	9
H. Christina,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6	9
Albert Lohr,	1st Cong. S. S., Stamford, Conn.,	S. Scoville, Pastor,	6	9
Otto Falk,	Ger. Evang. Lu. S. S., New Albany, Ind.,	John Goetz, Supt.,	5	8
L. B. Crawford,	Greco U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	5	4
Harry Rhame,	E. Rockaway, L. I.,	Miss Topping,	4	1

FEMALE CANDIDATES.

Martha Givler,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	22	4
Iennie Powers,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Germantown, Pa.,	Rev. P. Lee, Pastor,	21	30
Florence Wagner,	Mantua Bapt. Ch., Philadelphia,	Rev. W. Paine, Pastor,	20	20
Amanda F. Long,	1st Pres. S. S., Humboldt, Kans.,	E. Callantine, Teacher,	19	43
Margaret C. Albany,	Estanger M. E. Sch., Manayunk, Pa.,	W. H. Eddleman, Supt.,	18	28
Gertrude Emison,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Bluffton, O.,	B. F. Biery, Supt.,	16	8
Ada Boleau,	Pres. Ch. S. S., Bath, N. Y.,	E. F. Parker,	15	8
Mary E. Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	15	2
Lydia P. Clark,	Cong. Ch. S. S., Toledo, O.,	W. H. Buch, Supt.,	15	13
Grace Cornman,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13	11
Lizzie Cornman,	West Hope Pres. Ch., Philadelphia,	Geo. E. Scott, Supt.,	13	11
Maud McDowell,	2d Pres. S. S., Memphis, Tenn.,	A. D. Mason, Supt.,	13	4
Lavinia Slinn,	Franklin St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	12	2
Lulu Herschleb,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Rev. T. A. Nelson,	12	4
Belle Thorne,	Meml. Pres. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	11	4
Mrs. E. Musser,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	J. R. Sharp, Supt.,	10	24
Lizzie Renfrew,	Cong. Ch. S. S., Chelsea, Mass.,	Geo. K. Colthro, Supt.,	10	8
Lena Reuter,	2d Pres. Ch., Lexington, Ky.,	C. S. Savage,	10	5
Anna M. Pennington,	Henshaw P. E. S. S., Balto, Md.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10	4
Clara Olstman,	Ger. Evang. Lu. S. S., New Albany, Ind.,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	10	10
Emily A. Clark,	1st Bapt. Ch., Hamilton, N. Y.,	W. S. Sherwood, Sec.,	9	27
Lizzie Inrig,	Larvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	W. D. Webster, Supt.,	9	29
Mary E. Busted,	Larvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	J. Clarence Read,	9	26
Ruth E. Halsey,	Nepperham Ave. Bapt. S. S., Vonkers,	I. Clarence Read,	9	25
Margaret Isle,	Full River, Mass.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	9	4
Mary Cranbrohant,	Full River, Mass.,	John Goetz, Supt.,	9	9
Ellie Cranbrohant,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	8	16
Florida Givler,	Ger. Evang. Lu. S. S., New Albany, Ind.,	Geo. R. Colthro, Supt.,	7	24
Anna Hammer,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	G. W. Byard, Supt.,	7	8
Laura Terry,	Henshaw P. E. S. S., Balto, Md.,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7	11
Mamie Reimer,	1st Bapt. S. S., Warren, Ohio,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7	11
Adelaide Turner,	2d Universalist S. S., N. Y. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7	11
Cath. I. Knapp,	2d Universalist S. S., N. Y. City,	Jas. B. Knapp, Sec.,	7	11
Minnie Shultes,	2d Universalist S. S., N. Y. City,	Jas. Ryrie, Supt.,	7	16
Louis Shultes,	Larvis St. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	6	11
Lou Winlow,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	6	11
Gwinnie Harris,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	S. Scoville, Pastor,	6	9
Elsie Hergesheimer,	1st Cong. S. S., Stamford, Conn.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6	9
Daisy Lohr,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6	9
Dollie Terry,	1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	5	16
Bertha Benson,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	John Goetz, Supt.,	5	12
Martha Weddelt,	Ger. Evang. Lu. S. S., New Albany, Ind.,	I. C. Kennedy, Supt.,	5	9
Ophe Metz,	Pres. S. S., Hackettstown, N. J.,	G. W. Byard, Supt.,	5	8
Ida Van Atta,	1st Bapt. S. S., Warren, Ohio,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	5	4
Louisa Adam,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	H. W. Neidig, Sec.,	5	4
Ida Jackson,	Grace U. B. S. S., Fairview, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	4	16
Flornie Kreer,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	4	16
Lizzie Robson,	W. Side Pres. Ch., Germantown, Pa.,	T. F. Jones, Supt.,	4	16

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Crushed by an Avalanche.

ABLE dispatches from Switzerland report the partial destruction by an avalanche of the famous hospice of St. Bernard on the Alps. An enormous mass of snow and ice fell on the left wing of the building completely demolishing it. Provisionally no one was lost, and the occupants were able to tunnel through the snow to the other part of the hospice, which remained intact. Probably there is no edifice in the world so well known as this ancient building. Although the present hospice is only a few hundred years old, a similar structure has stood in the Alpine Pass since the year 962. It was founded by Count Bernard of Menthon, who devoted forty years of his life to rescuing and succoring the numerous travelers who annually crossed the Alps on their way to and from Italy. He planted it near the great pass which runs by Mont Veillon, whose summit towers two thousand feet above the highest point of the pass. The hospice is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea and is close to the line of perpetual snow. It is a large regular mass of stone buildings capable of accommodating six hundred persons. The lowest floor is given up to stables and store-rooms, and above are the drawing-room, refectory, and dormitories. About forty monks of the Augustinian order reside in the hospice and manage its affairs. During the year they entertain as many as twenty thousand travelers who usually stay overnight. No charge is made to the guests, the funds of the hospice being sufficient to cover the expense. Guests have, however, the opportunity of contributing to the treasury, and it is customary to give at least as much as similar entertainment would cost at a hotel. Residence at the hospice is very trying owing to the extreme severity of the cold. Few of the monks are able to stay the fifteen years for which they pledge themselves. They are, for the most part, broken in health, suffering from rheumatism and other ailments resulting from life at so high an altitude, where the water lasts nine months of the year and the thermometer frequently registers twenty-five degrees below zero. The monks, aided by the sagacious St. Bernard dogs, which are bred at the hospice, go out daily to seek travelers who are lost in the snow. The records kept at the hospice show a large number of lives thus saved during the year. It is matter for thankfulness that this work of mercy was not interrupted by the accident which occurred. Had the avalanche taken its course only a few yards farther to the right, the whole hospice would have been demolished and many lives would have been lost. Both the monks and the people who depend on them for shelter in this inhospitable region, have reason to bless God that the destruction which came so near them was escaped:

"Thou shalt not be afraid... for the destruction is wasteth at noonday... Because thou hast said the Lord which is my refuge even the most terrible habitation there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." (Ps. 91: 3-10.)

Sinking Town.

Press dispatches from Wilkesbarre, Pa., report a serious disaster at the pretty little mining town of Wyoming five miles from that place. On the evening of March 14 a sudden shock as if from an earthquake. Almost immediately the building began to sink. The adjoining houses were similarly affected. The occupants realizing that a cave-in had occurred in the mine under the town, hastily collected their valuables and hurried away. The king of the houses continued until they were twenty feet below the level, and there were great cracks two feet wide in the streets. The subsidence of the land increased in area, but not to so alarming an extent. The post office seems to have been

in the centre of the cavity, but it is feared that the greater part of the town will be more or less affected. In the mine which caused the disaster eleven men were at work at the time of the cave-in. They made a rush for the foot of the shaft, but already there had been a rush of sand and water and before the miners reached the cage they were struggling with water up to their waists. Five minutes later it would have been impossible to get out. The men say that there is a quicksand a hundred feet deep, above the highest rock, and that it is in motion. Ninety-six mules were in the mine, and the men tried to save them but the animals would not leave their stalls, and when the men realized that their own lives were in imminent peril they left the mules to their fate. It was well for them that they did so for they had no time to spare in saving their own lives. It may be hoped that the men who have had so narrow an escape will show similar prompt decision in seeking safety for their souls. Unhappily, in that matter, men are too apt to act as the mules did, and cannot be induced to quit the worldly refuges in which they are easy and comfortable, heedless of the eternal disaster that threat-



THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD ON THE ALPS, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

ens them. These men, at least, must understand and appreciate the warning of the Psalmist:

"Be ye not as the horse or the mule which have no understanding." (Ps. 32: 9.)

Leaking Gas Explodes.

Eight persons were killed and over fifty injured in Boston, Mass., on March 4th, by an explosion of gas. For nearly three months past, people who lived near the junction of Tremont and Boylston streets have complained of the smell of gas in the streets. Nothing was done, however, and the odor increased. On the morning of the explosion the smell of gas was unbearable. About noon a trolley car passed the place and from under it came the sudden glare which is common with the electric cars. Instantly there was a loud explosion. The car was lifted bodily from the tracks, fell back broken in two pieces, and in a moment both fragments were in flames. Several cars in the neighborhood were shaken and more or less injured. One of them had its roof torn off and all of them had their windows broken. The houses and stores on both sides of the street also suffered. A jeweler's store suffered most, the jewelry and watches in the show-window being scattered on the sidewalk. The police and firemen were promptly on the spot and worked to take out the dead and dying from the shattered car. The injured included men and women and children. They were suffering from broken bones, contusions and cuts

from broken glass. Ambulances were summoned and those most seriously hurt were removed to the hospitals. It is believed that the accident was caused by the electric spark from the trolley car igniting the gas which impregnated the roadway. The gas had been a long time permeating the soil, but when that was done a momentary spark was sufficient to cause disaster and death. It is so with the evil of sin. We wonder when some great defalcation or other crime is committed by a man of standing and position, but if we had known his inner life we should have been aware that almost imperceptibly he had been a long time drifting under the bondage of sin, until a sudden temptation found him a ready prey.

Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death. (James 1: 15.)

Saved from Suicide.

There is now living in Nashville, Tenn., says a journal of that city, a man who owes his life to having in his pocket at a crucial moment the portrait of the young lady to whom he was engaged. He is the son of a wealthy banker, but when a young man he committed a flagrant act of disobedience and his father turned him out of his house and forbade him ever entering it again. The young man was overwhelmed with remorse. He went from one friend to another to obtain some help toward a start in life, but he had disgraced himself and no one would help him. Despair took possession of him. He sold his watch and bought a revolver with the money. Going out to a retired place in the woods he sat down at the foot

of his own love, but the conviction that this woman loved him that kept him from self-destruction. It is so with the Christian. The power that draws men out of their sins is the love of Christ for them.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. (1 John 4: 10.)

Reunited by a Child.

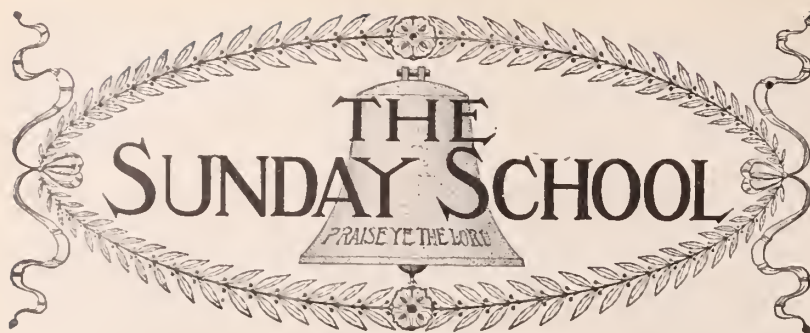
Papers filed in the Court of Chancery of New Jersey last week tell an interesting story of reunion. About a year ago a divorce was granted to a couple whose married life had been unhappy for several months previous. The husband complained of his wife's faults and the wife alleged extreme irritability and cruelty on the part of her husband. When the divorce was granted the custody of the only child of the marriage, a little girl eight years old, was given to the wife. The husband was very fond of his daughter, but of course he had to yield to the decision of the court. Nine months after the divorce the little child was taken sick and her life was despaired of. She wept continually for her father whom she had deeply loved. At last, to satisfy the child, he was sent for. He went and his visit had a soothing effect on his daughter. She begged him to come again, and afterward he visited her daily, meeting his divorced wife. Contrary to expectation, the little one began to mend, and both her parents rejoiced over her recovery. Their old affection for each other revived during the time of anxiety, and when the child was able to sit up she pleaded with both to have them with her. Finally concessions were made on both sides and they joined in an affidavit to the court praying that the divorce be set aside. Their request has been granted, and the reunited family have moved into a new home. It may be hoped that their common love for the child which has brought them together again, may continue, and save them from quarreling. The Church of Christ is held together by such a bond. Christ hoped that love for him would be so potent a force that every one who felt it would regard every other lover of himself as a brother.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. (John 13: 35.)

Treasures in Safety.

The manager of a safe deposit company has been contributing to the press some interesting reminiscences of the customers who, during the past twenty years have confided their treasures to the company's keeping. The company provides a number of small rooms like the cells of a police-station to which customers may retire with the boxes in which their valuables are stored and may examine them at their leisure. They are used chiefly by men who have stored stocks and bonds in the boxes and want to cut off the coupons as they fall due. One customer, however, excited the curiosity of the officers. He would visit the vaults about twice a week, generally in the evening. He would emerge from his cell with his pocket bulging and would return in the morning with it in the same condition. After receiving his box he would stay a few minutes and would then come out without the bulky parcel and would hand his box back to the officer and leave, having evidently transferred the parcel from his pocket to the box. That customer died and when the regular period allowed by the company had expired, the box was opened. It contained a gambler's lay-out which the man had been using and returning twice a week for years. Another case was that of a widow who used to call regularly once a week and would remain in the little room about half-an-hour. Her box was opened after her death and was found to contain a little toy rattle, a tiny baby shoe and a long golden curl tied with a blue ribbon. The poor woman had evidently feared to keep these precious relics at home lest they be destroyed by fire, so she had placed them where she knew they would be safe. What different motives controlled those two depositors! How different an estimate did the company place on the treasures which to them were so precious! Both are now in that realm in which they know what is really worth preserving. Happy are they who in that clearer light find their former estimate confirmed.

I know and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. (1 Timothy 5: 23.)



REVIEW.

Sunday School Lesson for March 28.
Golden Text, Acts 12: 24. By Mrs.
M. Baxter.



UT the Word of the Lord grew and multiplied" (Acts 12: 24). Such is our text, and such is the key-note of those wondrous, Pentecostal times which we have been studying the last three months. He who, as a corn of wheat had fallen into the ground and died in his crucifixion and burial, was now bringing forth much fruit (John 12: 24). The Word, which was in the beginning, which was with God, and which was God (John 1: 1, 2), had fallen into the soil of our humanity, and out of his death, life was coming to many. "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands. He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied" (Isa. 53: 10, 11). It was

The Word

which grew and multiplied, not a doctrine drawn from the Word, but the Word itself—himself. The written Word and the living Word are inseparable. Before he came into our flesh, Christ was the Word; (one of his last names in the Book of Revelation is this: "His name is called the Word of God" (Rev. 19: 13). In Heb. 4: 12, 13, it is impossible to distinguish between the written and the living Word of God. The human body of the Lord Jesus might pass through death and be laid in the grave, but no power of death could hinder the sanctifying of the Word of God. Men thought they had silenced Jesus, but there were witnesses of his ascension who were to become one hundred and twenty voices in the place of one, on the day of Pentecost, and thus "the Word grew and multiplied." The visible presence of Jesus was withdrawn, but he ascended that he might receive gifts for men and be sent down by God, the Holy Ghost, who took his place, and on that same day of Pentecost, three thousand more lives and voices became the channels for that same Word of God. Already it was bringing forth much fruit.

And the immediate instrumentality of the conversion of the three thousand was no remarkable eloquence of Peter, the chief spokesman, nor yet of the remainder of the disciples. Peter's sermon consists entirely of Old Testament Scripture applied by the Holy Ghost in Peter through the light of Christ. This is the kind of preaching by which the Word of God grows and is multiplied. It is the Word of God which is as fire and "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces" (Jer. 23: 29), not sermons, which are words of man spoken about a text. The power is in the text, not in the sermon; in what God says, not what man says. The sword of the Spirit is not the commentary, but "the Word of God" (Eph. 6: 17); and the more a preacher preaches Christ's words and not his own, the more they burn and the more they break the rock in pieces.

When the harvest of Christ's incorruptible seed, begotten of the Word of God (1 Pet. 1: 23), began to appear at Pentecost, the world, the flesh and the devil arrayed their powers against the Word of God. The hearing of

The Lame Man,

through the authority of the name of Christ spoken by Peter, was the signal for the onset of the powers that be, and the war against the living Word in his followers was commenced. The chief priests and elders of the people, the ecclesiastical representatives (not of God and his truth)

but of the world and the flesh, were determined to persecute this way unto the death. Nevertheless "the word grew and multiplied." The council of the priests assembled, and put their heads together, and with all their power attempted to assert and to use their authority to silence the witnesses of this Word of God which they began to feel as a mighty power against them. But its false advocates appealed to a higher court which their judges ostensibly respected. "We ought to obey God rather than men." The Word, whose servants we are, is an irresistible force. "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard," (Acts 4: 20), and their enemies were nonplussed: the mighty power of God in his Word conquered and the very opposition, made the Word yet more grow and multiply. Meanwhile the terrible judgment of

Ananias and Sapphira.

proving undeniably the mighty power of the Word, sent such a thrill of awe throughout Jerusalem that "great fear came upon all the Church and upon as many as heard these things." But far from curtailing the forward movement of the Word of God, "believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women," and the work of healing, which in the case of the lame man at the gate of the temple had aroused the jealousy and enmity of the priests, was immensely increased. The very streets were filled with sick people seeking if only that the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow them. And not one of them was disappointed, they were healed every one.

Maddened with rage those who now had proved themselves to be the enemies of God, priests though they were, went the length of shutting up in prison those whose lives and words and works condemned them, but the prison could not hold them. The Holy Spirit, who then had full right of way in all the members of the primitive church, needed the voices of these men through which to speak the word, and the prison was opened by divine power, that the ministers of the Word might go on their way of witness. And one of the Sanhedrim itself, the noble Gamaliel, restrained his fellow counsellors from further proceedings against the apostles, lest haply they should be found to fight against God.

Things were coming to a crisis. The enemy, unable to overcome the disciples from without, introduced division among themselves, and "a murmuring arose" among them about the distribution of the widows; and the infant church, which up to this time had been unassailable, while she produced a saint of the first order in Stephen, yet had to see him become a martyr. With division, death came in, not as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, where the Holy Spirit could not tolerate sin for an hour among the disciples. But she was no longer invincible; the enemy had gained an advantage, and from henceforth there was weakness and corruption in the church itself.

Stephen had borne his powerful testimony, but he must seal it with his blood, and now the volcano which had been rumbling, broke forth into an explosion, and martyr after martyr fell a victim to the persecutors, so that all the disciples, except the apostles, were scattered. But the Word? God be praised, it still grew and multiplied, for they that were scattered abroad "went everywhere preaching the word," and not in vain. The whole city of Samaria had a spirit of hearing, multitudes were saved, the whole city filled with joy, so that the persecution which brought death to some was life from the dead to others. Then too the Lord found means to gain the heart of the prime min-

ister of Candace queen of the Ethiopians, and thus again the Word grew in a new soil, to be after multiplied. May not the small results in our day arise from the lack of the Word itself in the preaching of so many?

But perhaps no soul was more fertile than the soul of that man who was the chief instigator of the death of Stephen, and of the persecution of the Christians. The war between the Word and the world, the Prince of Life and the prince of this world, was raging, and the enemy thought he had secured in Saul of Tarsus the very instrument who could best carry out his plans. As an angel of light he came to the young fanatic, and playing upon his Jewish pride, stirred him up to be a defender of the faith of his forefathers.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

VARIOUS methods may be taken for the review of the eleven lessons of the quarter. The object to be attained is, of course, to impress on the minds of the pupils the teaching of each



THE GOSPEL FIELD OF THE FIRST DECADE.

subject and any method of classification which will do this, may be used. There is the method of dates, taking each event in order as it occurred; or of places, showing what events occurred in Jerusalem, Samaria, the desert around Gaza and Saul's conversion outside Damascus. Or the review may follow the classification of persons, recalling the names of persons mentioned: Peter, John, Stephen, Philip, Saul, Ananias of Jerusalem, Ananias of Damascus, Caiaphas, Gamaliel, the lame man and the Ethiopian convert—eleven in all. It is believed that these eleven lessons covered the events of about ten years. It was a critical and deeply interesting period. Looking around now at the triumphs of Christianity, and seeing how in every land it is being preached, and in all lands there are multitudes to whom it is more precious than anything else in life, we turn to that period of origin and note how gradually the doctrines of Christ unfolded, and men slowly took hold of them and applied them to the problems of their lives. If any one doubts the divine origin of Christianity the study of this period ought to remove such doubts. It is unlike any programme of human construction. Its elements are such as human wisdom would reject as being so certain to lead to failure that the divine wisdom which planned and appointed them is manifest throughout. That Christ should have been removed at a time when his presence seemed indispensable; that a miracle and a sermon should have aroused the people of the very city in which Christ was crucified but a short time before; that one of the most useful and eloquent advocates of the new faith should have been stoned to death, not only depriving the young church of his services, but striking terror into the hearts of converts; that hypocrisy and untruthfulness should have been detected in the very heart of the little church; and that persecution should scatter the little flock, depriving them of mutual comfort and support—all these events seemed untoward and detrimental,

yet out of these flowed the great movement which has penetrated to the far corner of the world. Science has developed with prodigious strides, civilization and commerce have expanded; empires have risen and fallen; wars have devastated the earth and systems of philosophy have been promulgated and passed away—the one thing that has survived changes and has grown and increased, at the end of eighteen hundred years, is more life and vigor in it than anywhere else, is that religion which, at the beginning of the period, had no more adherents than could be gathered in one upper room. Gamaliel was a true seer, and his was the only explanation of the phenomenon. "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Even as many as the Lord our God call (Acts 2: 39). December 31, 1691, a critical day in Scotland. Word had sent through the Highlands that James William could tolerate no longer the rebellion which smouldered among the mountain tribes. They were dealing with enemies and had never renounced allegiance to the Stuart family. The had borne it with the magnanimity characterized that great monarch, but for the sake of the peace of the country, disloyalty must cease. No inquisition was to be made for past offences, but every chief with his retainers must take the oath of allegiance to the king. Any man who had not taken it before the close of the year 1691 would be treated as a rebel. Plenty of time was allowed for the chiefs to reach outlying districts, and sheriffs were appointed at convenient places to administer the oath. Loyal men took the oath at once. Even the disloyal intended to take it, but these latter put it off as long as they could. One chief who was resolved to be the last in Scotland to swear, waited until the very last day. The day passed and he had not come in. A storm impeded travel over the mountains and he did not get till too late. He bitterly deplored his delay so long, but his enemies would not listen to his excuses. He and the chief of his retainers were remorselessly put to death. They had been called repentance, but had postponed it till too late.

Had all things common (Acts 4: 32). Followers of Christ became one family, all shared in the possessions of the members, as brothers in a household shared the food and comforts of the home. An old ballad tells the story of a man who had an insane dread of wanting water and being able to get it. He had huge cisterns constructed and pipes laid to bring water into them. Every spring he could dig in the hills was laid under tribute, and a pipe connected it with the new cistern. All the village suffered a scarcity of water, that his cisterns and pools might be full. He could not use the water, but he did there ready in case the need for it should ever arise. People said he was a miser, but no such charge is ever made against men who accumulate money they cannot use, and impoverish others by trying to add to their store.

There fell from his eyes as it had fallen scales. (Acts 9: 18). He saw no external objects, but how mistaken he had been in despising Christ and persecuting the Christians. In a tailor's shop there was a young man who was the butt of the ridicule of the men. They hated him because he would not spend money to join them in any expense. They derided him "the miser," and taunted him with his meanness. They were not bad fellows, but they hated niggardliness. Although the young man's life was made miserable by them. One day one of the men saw him coming out of a poor tenement and he went in, curious to see what place he lived in. He was directed to his room by a child he met on the street. He went in and there he saw stretched on a couch a beautiful girl, so like the tailor, that it was easy to see she was his sister. She talked freely about her brother. She said that she had a disease and could not move from her couch, but he had suffered her to live for nothing. He spent all his money on nurses and doctors and delicacies, but she had made her life as happy as could be. But it was hard for him. The man went back to the shop and told the story. There was not one there who was not ashamed of his past conduct. The scales had fallen from their eyes and they saw the young man in a new light.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Out-Door Life in California.

Our Mexican Border Wards and their Progress—An Open-Air Laundry.

AMONG the loveliest of Uncle Sam's possessions are the "lost provinces" of Mexico, which lie between the sea-coast and the mountain ranges of California. On the border land, and in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas which adjoin our sister republic, there is now a population of over three hundred thousand Mexicans, speaking their own ancient language and still adhering to the customs and dress of their forefathers. The extension of our public school system and the spread of missionary enterprise have done much toward enlightening and educating this people, and the young generation of Mexican-Americans is fair to become good, intelligent citizens of our Union.

A considerable portion of the Mexicans in California are small landowners and cultivators. They live in a simple way, in adobe or light frame houses. They have a few of the advantages or "improvements" of our modern civilization and are content to cling to comparatively primitive methods in husbandry, as well as in all matters relating to domestic life. Our photograph on this page is a very good illustration of this fact. It is one taken from life, at San Juan Capistrano, in San Diego county, California. The Mexican housewife has an improved laundry in the back yard, where she is doing the household washing, and as she rubs and rinses the clothes, and spins them out to bleach, her lord and master and their little one sit contentedly on the sunny bank, watching the operation. It is a country in which summer practically lasts the year 'round, where snow is not known, and where the soil is so fertile that the cultivator can readily raise several crops each season with very little labor. They receive subsistence to an easy problem, which suits the indolent nature of the Mexican who is not prone to excessive labor, if it can be readily avoided. There may be occasional frost, but it rarely kills the semi-vegetation, and disagreeable days are few and far between. Indeed, there are seldom more than fifteen or twenty rainy days during the entire season. The air is dry and wholesome, the nights cool and refreshing, even in midsummer, and out-door life is possible the year 'round. Travelers have said this delightful section of the Union is the Utopia of our Continent, the ideal climate, whose salubrity and general desirability will come to be more and more recognized as the years pass by.

Women of Fifty.

A fifty woman need not be broken down physically, if she has a kind husband and good children. That is the age when experience and practical wisdom are most needed for the benefit of the world. It is the most favorable period for important literary work. It is also a woman's best time for going into public life, if home cares have set her free. The temperance cause needs women of mature experience and ripened intellect, and the younger women need leaders who are wise and motherly. What is true of the temperance cause is also true of church work, where "others in Israel" can perform holy offices of ministrations to those whose feet are newly turned into paths of righteousness, and also in guiding and encouraging the young. Young men and young girls away from home need the friendship and assistance which a woman of fifty years can best give. Social purity work, in par-

ticular, should be under the direction of matronly women. Inexperienced young girls, although capable of a great work among companions of their own age, are less fitted to go into the slums or visit jails. It is a sensible, motherly, sympathetic woman who can safely reach a helping hand to her fallen sister, and who, more than often can reclaim a fallen brother.

The woman of fifty can do much for the rising generation, by giving to young mothers, the benefit of wisdom gleaned, it may be, amid tears and heartaches. It should be the most useful and serviceable period of her life.

A Humble Girl's Fame.

One of the grandest women of whom literary Europe is now talking, was the daughter of a family so poor that her little cradle was rocked by a waterfall, by means of a wheel attached to a rocker, while her mother toiled in the fields.

As the child grew up, she mended her

used, she would have never been heard of and the world would have missed a great inspiration.

Child Possibilities.

What mighty possibilities there are in a little child! The story is told of a Hindu father who said to his son: "Bring me a fruit of that tree, and break it open. What is there?" The son said: "Some small seeds." "Break one of them and what do you see?" "Nothing, sire." "My child," said the father: "Where you see nothing there dwells a mighty tree." So in the wee toddler at our knee there may be hidden the germ of a great statesman, warrior, scientist, philosopher, painter or legislator. He may be a Croesus or a Lazarus, a beloved monarch among men or a tyrant. Let us strive and work and pray that he may be a Christian and a benefactor of his race.

Home Politeness.

"How do you expect your children to be well-bred in society, if you do not practice courtesy and politeness at home?" was the inquiry a lady addressed to a somewhat thoughtless mother. And she was right. We should be careful that in family life we do not let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live, such things as we say about strangers, behind their

BE PATIENT.

SWEET friend, when you and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying?
Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flower; Above our pillowed slumber.
'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me, Ere Love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living.

Pleasant Sabbath Afternoons.

WHAT shall be done for the very young children on Sabbath afternoons in rural localities, where it is impossible to send them to Sunday School? This question is entertainingly answered by Mrs. Fanny A. Welcher, of Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., in a little booklet which she has just published. She says: "All children love to travel. One Sabbath we have a map of the world which can be cut from any old atlas or bought for a few cents, and pasted on a large card-board. We want to send a telegram to a missionary, for whom we are working, or about whose people we are studying, so we build a telegraph line from New York or Boston to India. We do this by sticking pins along the entire route, then fasten a piece of dark thread to the pin at the starting point, wind it about the next pin and so on till we reach our destination, with our message. Once there, we can learn what is being done to teach other children. We take a paper published in Philadelphia for children, and which is charming. Some one reads a story from this, and as each month's issue is devoted to a special country, much may be learned in that way. We also take a paper printed in colors. Back numbers of many papers can be bought very cheaply, and on each Sabbath a new one is distributed. One friend has the Mission Band meet at her home on Sabbath afternoons. There are forty members with an average attendance of thirty-seven, showing how great is the interest and enthusiasm. Some Sabbaths we have a praise service, and our restless Tom is generally usher or sexton, arranges the seats, rings the bell. We always have plenty of music. Begin when they are very small, let them think

of plans. Each one wears a badge, every child is an officer, and the leader is appointed a week ahead. All through the week, pieces are copied from books or papers, to be read, programs are made out with care, each one taking part. Even a little one of five has her "scribbles," and the program is read with as much interest and dignity as if it were plainly written. Children are very fond of formulating plans, and when one little "tot" of seven recently said, as leader, 'now we will all listen to the notices: there will be a picnic on Monday, a tea-party on Tuesday, a trip to the lake on Wednesday, ice-cream for everybody,' etc., etc.—the effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described. A few audible smiles though do not work any harm. One feature of our society is the sentence prayer. This teaches growing children to frame their thoughts. How many children are put to bed by their nurses and only occasionally 'say their prayers!' Sometimes the requests at our meetings are original and peculiar to say the least, but they soon learn to express themselves well." We believe many mothers would find Mrs. Welcher's booklet exceedingly helpful.

Since the days and years are slipping away so fast, and the children go out into the great busy world so soon, let us fill their hearts and minds with that which is "abiding," and try to lead them

Out of the by-ways
Into the highways
Up to the light.



AN OUT-DOOR LAUNDRY AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA.

father's nets in winter, oiled his great boots so that he could stand in the icy water to fish, dug the potatoes, cut the wheat, gathered pine needles to fill the beds, sheared the sheep, and spun until her hands were bleeding. At sixteen she went out to service, and at twenty she married a poor peasant lad who had loved her from childhood. Until very recently she regularly swung the flail on the threshing floor, mowed the hay with a scythe, and bound the sheaves in time of harvests. For twelve years after her marriage, so stern was her poverty, she never saw a newspaper or a book, a Bible or a hymn-book, the things above all else she craved. Uncomplainingly, however, she endured her hard lot, and from the darkness rose—a poet. A special messenger was lately sent by the Empress of Germany to find this unknown writer of verses which had so moved her. The messenger found a woman of forty in a poor village home near the Russian border. She was weak and feeble, but her soul was full of song which all the hardships of a bitter life could not quench. The world wondered at and appreciated the peasant-poet and now Johanna Ambrosius is finding her lot easier and her friends wonderfully multiplied. What a lesson in encouragement her life contains for those who, because they are born amid poor surroundings, feel that "it isn't worth trying" to fill any special state in life or to strive to reach a higher plane. Had Johanna simply accepted her lot and left her talent to lie un-

backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak more plainly, to your associates, but you ought not to do it less courteously than you would speak to strangers. If brothers and sisters are courteous and polite to each other they will certainly be better prepared for the duties of life which require the constant exercise of these qualities.

Barbarous Headgear.

A reader of this paper (Miss Bessie L. J., of Chatham, N. Y.) has this to say on the subject of birds' plumage in women's hats: "I was interested in a note from a correspondent in your columns this week about the wearing of ostrich plumes. She asks if they are plucked in a cruel manner. I have received a pamphlet from the Boston Audubon Society which states that the plumes, when ripe, are cut off, which is painless, and a stump of six inches left. In a few weeks this dries and is removed and the bird is uninjured. So the wearing of ostrich feathers is entirely consistent in a bird-lover. But the aigrettes which are so universally worn are gathered in a brutal manner. They are found only on the mother bird at the breeding season, and at that time the birds' nesting grounds are invaded by hunters who kill them in great numbers, pluck out the feathers from the dead or dying birds, and leave the young to die."

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER VII—Cont'd.

Steve's Opportunity.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

"I ON'T think so," was John's reply to Mr.

Lloyd. "It is an old theory that wages are paid out of capital, and that to increase wages you must increase capital. I don't think in any dispute between masters and men, the question as to whether the capital sunk is sufficient to increase wages is ever raised—the dispute is whether prices will allow of the increase. The men then look to production, not to capital, as the fund out of which wages are to be paid. That, however, is not the question now. I do not see what this strike will accomplish. There is no necessity for it. Work is plentiful and wages are not bad. They will have no public sympathy. It is the wrong time," said John with an air of worry.

"That is just it. When other people have a good market before them, they set themselves to make the best of it. Workingmen, driven by their unions, choose that lucky period for strikes and idleness. But they can't coerce customers as they do employers, and by all that's fair and just! there is a point when even employers will abandon work that does not pay them."

"Is it not right that workingmen should do what they think best for themselves?"

"A conspiracy against free labor is not good for any one, John McAslin. Why do you stand still?"

"To say 'good-night,' sir. I turn eastward here."

"Are you going home?"

"No, I am going to a Socialistic meeting."

"I should like to go with you."

"You may hear some unpleasant truths, sir."

"Still, I would like to go—if you have no objections."

John said he had none, and the two men walked across the city together. "I want to know what your Socialism means, John," said Mr. Lloyd. "Of course, I know, that it looks to an entire change of society."

"If Socialism meant only a change of society without a change of its heart, it would mean no change at all, except on the surface. Socialism means a changed conception of human life, a higher conception of human dignity."

"Is humanity not dignified enough?"

"No. We want a dignity that will scorn to claim what it has not earned, a dignity that will not feel itself degraded by any kind of honest labor. Socialism means the simplifying of life as much as possible. It means the defence of all weak members of the great human family. It means courage to live by our personal convictions. It means charity for the failings of others; in short, it means the application of the Christianity of the first century to the daily life of the nineteenth century."

As well as the noise and confusion of the streets would permit, this argument was continued until they reached their destination. A group of men stood before it, smoking; John said a few words to them in an undertone, and then assisted Mr. Lloyd up the narrow, dimly-lighted stairway. He was quite excited by his adventure and he said to himself—and meant it—this is far better than sitting alone planning and worrying."

The room, a fairly large one, was well filled even to the door. Nothing could be less inviting than its general appearance. The seats were of unpainted wood, and the solitary gas burners protruded at intervals from the bare, plastered walls, and yet the humanity filling it gave to the room appointments a visible and unquestionable dignity and interest. John appeared to be well known and well liked. Men made way cheerfully for him and a youth rose and gave Mr. Lloyd his seat. It was a voluntary mark of respect for a man whose name was known of his wealth or influence.

Then John was aware of some strong

feeling agitating the whole assembly—a feeling of anger and dissent—and lifting his eyes to the platform he saw Steve standing aggressively in front of the audience, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown forward a little, his lips tight set, his eyes flashing with that electric spark, that distinguishes the modern eye.

"You have nothing to fear, sir," said John to his companion, for he saw Mr. Lloyd's face pale, and a visible tremor pass down his large body. "I know that speaker. It is his delight to see how far he can stir these men up. He has been defying them now about something or other. I know he has. Look at him!"

It was easy to look at the handsome, disdainful youth, for he seemed to stand alone, and to thoroughly enjoy the storm he had raised. It was the more remarkable because of its silence. Hissing and groans would have been less dismaying to most men, than the still wrath of that



"IT'S THE SOLID TRUTH," RETORTED STEVE.

voiceless crowd. Evidently he was waiting for the words which no one had the courage or the ability to give him.

"Nothing to say!" he ejaculated. "Of course you have nothing to say. Then I will tell you once more that it is all muddish nonsense, our clamoring about our 'rights.' We don't know how to use the 'rights' we have. Talk about shorter hours! Hadn't we better give up working altogether? Most of us have already found out how little work we can do in our present hours. Who ever sees a good day's work done in these times? We should be far more ashamed of it than of doing real bad work. I'll tell you what! We are a lot of dishonorable idlers who take money for work we do not do."

"It's a lie! A lie as big as the United States!" shouted a man from the audience.

"It's the solid truth," retorted Steve. "Denying truth doesn't make truth a lie. I know it's the truth, for I'm in with you. There is not a bigger idler anywhere than I am. But I like justice, it is a sixth sense with me; I like justice for every man. I don't care whether he is rich or poor. And I say that just as long as we take money for work we do not do, we can hold our tongues about rich men living on interest and dividends. We are birds of the same feather. Sweep the cobwebs out of your brains and give rich and poor alike, fair play."

"Do you mean to say, Steve Morrison, that a poor, badly paid working man, taking his work as easy as he can, is as big a thief as—well, say, old Nicholas Lloyd, gormandizing and drinking, and

sleeping, while a lot of poor souls are sweating and worrying, to make his interests and dividends?"

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," answered Steve with a complaisant smile. "I happen to have done something for the rich man you name. He isn't a worse sort than the crowd of us in this room. He does not gormandize, his servants eat far richer food, and twenty times more of it. Suppose he does drink, are all of us strictly temperance? As for poor men sweating and worrying about their work, I don't know any that do it, but I do happen to know that Nicholas Lloyd can't sleep of nights for worrying about his investments. Do any of us want to join the dividend dance of the present day? I should say not! Do we want to welter down to idiocy? Do we want the shadow of paresis following us to a premature grave? You imagine these kings of the stock market build palaces. No they build private asylums. We may as well let the rich man and his troubles alone, he has plenty of them."

"He has that," said Mr. Lloyd, thumping his stick on the floor and drawing on himself the curious gaze of many eyes.

"He does not know what freedom is," continued Steve. "He is the prisoner of society; he is the prisoner of his very servants. He can't whistle or sing on the street or shout across it to a friend, it would not be respectable. He can't put a bundle on a stick and take a long tramp with nature. We can. The rich man has to wear particular clothes at particular times, and in particular ways. Which of us would do that? Their trusteeships

seilless" flirting with our national history. John McAslin you know what we want, and if you can't start it I will," and his bright face aglow and smiling and springing to its majestic swing and Steve rolled out the battle hymn of Christian Socialism:

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
Its storms roll up the sky;
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold
The dreamers all toss and sigh.
The night is darkest before the dawn,
When the pain is sorest, the child is born
And the day of the Lord is at hand!

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,
Freedom, mercy and truth!
Come, for the earth is grown coward and
Come down and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love!
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the day of the Lord at hand!

Steve came down to his friend's side the last line. He was having what he considered a glorious time, and he looked almost triumphantly as the fervent words fell sharply to his footsteps. Lloyd rose as he advanced. He was of excitement, and hesitating as he regarded Steve, between anger and appreciation. Steve broke the last word of song in two when he saw his father, made no effort to escape the immediate interview.

"Steve, you did pretty well," said old gentleman. "I have a great deal to forgive you. Go to the platform, Steve, and I will go with you. I can't forgive these people their faults as well as a can, and it is only fair some rich man an opportunity with them."

"No, sir," answered John, quickly. "I would not do at all. Besides, the members are dispersing. I am sure also you are very much tired."

"I never enjoyed a night as much of my life. It has been the best kind of entertainment. John McAslin, this is my friend Stephen Lloyd."

"We know each other well, a great deal," answered Steve. "John and I are brothers. I am engaged to marry his sister, Jessie."

"Then you are a very lucky fellow."

But John said nothing. A sudden shadow attacked him; he left Mr. Lloyd the care of his son and went thoughtfully home. Steve's reticence regarding his family did not please him. Under the circumstances he thought he ought to have more confidential. He would much rather have had no acquaintanceship between Alice and Steve. He feared this relationship would be an injury to his own. For love quickens the apprehensions, and he had long perceived that Alice had much of her liking for his sister. He therefore understood, without saying on the matter, that she would be apt to think her brother's marriage to Alice was "enough of the McAslins. At this feminine probability so exercised his heart, that the perilous fascination of knowing the worst of it" took possession of his intellect, and he resolved at the first opportunity, to put to Alice the question on which his whole future happiness depended.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I Must Go and See Jessie."

It was Jessie's and Steve's wedding day, and they sat together in the parlour, talking over their last preparations. Their own beautiful home was ready for occupancy, and after the ceremony were going to it. Steve had ordered flowers for its decoration; the table laid for their wedding-dinner; a parlour servant was at that moment coming. There was a rapture of love on the handsome face as he drew his hand toward him, and an adorable shyness answering tenderness on Jessie's.

"We shall meet no more until we are in God's house," said Steve. "I shall see you, darling, as from his very hand. And then he drew her closer to him and kissed her fair face with a fond, solemn affection."

Attairs had gone very well with Steve after those memorable interviews with mother and father. He took to the work provided for him, and gave it a sensitive attention. Nor did he find it tedious. There was a variety of interest, constant movement which afforded scope for his restless disposition. To the recurrence of certain duties a few hours made him often impatient, yet he had never given way to a pulse which longed to defy what his life was positive and periodical.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Heroes as Cross-bearers—The Marshes of the Home and Workshop.

Enough in this day and land, sacrifices, such as the first followers of Christ had to make, and such as still have to be made in non-Christian countries, are not involved in a confession of Christ; but there is still a cross to bear and still a living in the injunctions of our Lord. (Eph. 9: 18-26, 31-62). If the Christian is not to incur the risk of loss of home and property and life by declaring himself a follower of Jesus, he is liable to be called on for services which will test his fidelity. The spirit of the world and its principles are as antagonistic to the precepts and principles of Christ as ever were, and those who would oppose them have need of all the courage and strength that can be had. Duties need to be performed which are irksome and ungenial, but which must not be neglected by one who is a follower of him who pleased not himself. Natural sentiment and natural ambition have been eradicated in following the example of him who, when he was reviled, did not again; who made himself of no reputation and took on him the form of a servant. When companions and friends are pushing to the front, and not caring whom they trample on in their selfish struggle, it requires an effort to follow Christ's injunction to his followers to take the lowest place and be willing to forego all that life has to give in proper and just honors. The hero spirit is not in the Church, nor has the need of it passed away. In many a home and store and workshop the hero is daily toiling on, bearing and forbearing for Christ's sake, without the éclat and appreciation that the hero in the field enjoys. Men and women, unknown to the world, are bearing heavy burdens, and fulfilling their duties day by day, while the spirit faints, and patience is strained, yet supported by Christ's approval.

Neither the world nor the Church needs its heroes. There are certain classes of heroism they are able to recognize. The soldier who goes out to fight, the explorer who opens up new territories, the fireman who saves lives at risk of his own, the missionary who goes to heathen lands to preach the Gospel to hostile peoples—all these are recognized and honored. But there are other men and women who are truly heroic but are looked upon as quite ordinary people. One of the most heroic men we have known was a man whose valiant fight continued through long years, had no kind of recognition. It was a lonely struggle which he waged with a hereditary propensity to strong drink. His father and grandfather and his two uncles had gone down to drunkards' graves. The craving for intoxicants was in his blood and at times was almost frenzied in its demand for gratification. At such times he was alone, and to his associates he seemed morose, but with dogged persistence he held his ground resisting by sheer stoicism the craving of his nature. The heroism of that man's life and the suffering he endured was known to God and to him alone. Another instance of heroism was that of a woman who voluntarily laid her back on a life of love, of ease and luxury, and congenial occupations, that she might minister to an unhappy father and his querulous, repining wife. In a brother who was bent on vicious courses. Patiently and cheerfully she bore the miserable, sordid details of a life of poverty, sacrificing her own life that her family might be better and happier. There are heroes in the business world. Men who harassed and worried and anxious will not sacrifice principle even to themselves out of their troubles, who will not lie or conceal the truth to gain money that would save them from bankruptcy. Heroes there are in the pulpit who will denounce the sins of men on whose good will their bread depends. All known to fame, these heroes struggle against temptation and calmly doing their duty, and will hear at the last the praise that will ever reach their ears: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou unto the joy of thy Lord."



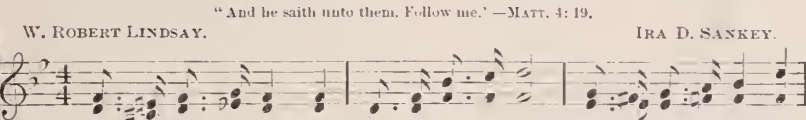
OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

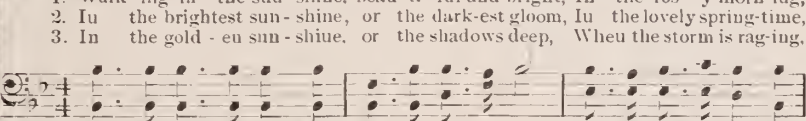
Walking in the Sunshine.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me." —MATT. 4: 19.

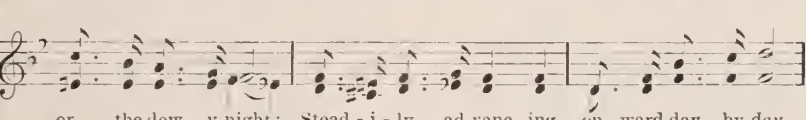
W. ROBERT LINDSAY. IRA D. SANKEY.



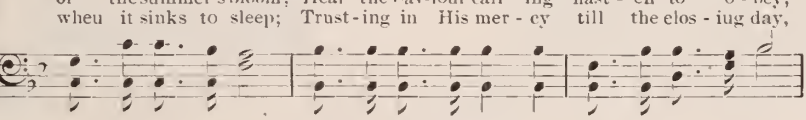
1. Walk - ing in the sun - shine, beau - ti - ful and bright, In the ros - y morn - ing,
2. In the brightest sun - shine, or the dark - est gloom, In the lovely spring - time,
3. In the gold - en sun - shine, or the shadows deep, When the storm is rag - ing,



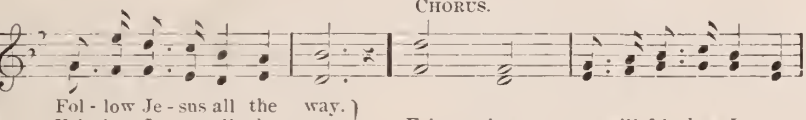
or the dew - y night; Stead - i - ly ad - vance - ing on - ward day by day,
or the summer's bloom; Hear the Sav - iour call - ing hast - en to o - bey,
when it sinks to sleep; Trust - ing in His mer - cy till the clos - ing day,



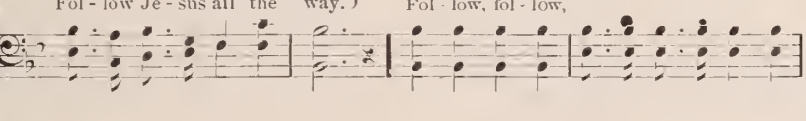
CHORUS.



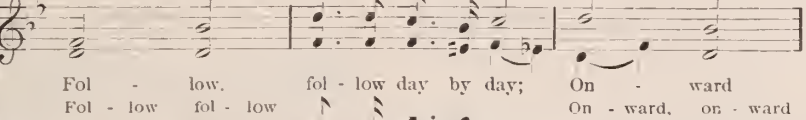
Fol - low Je - sus all the way. } Fol - low, we will fol - low Je - sus;
Fol - low Je - sus all the way. } Fol - low, fol - low,
Fol - low Je - sus all the way.



Fol - low, fol - low day by day; On - ward
Fol - low fol - low On - ward, on - ward



where - so - e - er He leads us, We will fol - low Je - sus all the way.



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

LAND OF THE UNSETTING SUN.

O HOW precious the promise of God
That, when earth's gloomy shadows are
done,
We shall carol with joy in the light of his face
In the land of the unsetting sun.
O how often I dream of the day
When the conquest at last shall be won;
And my soul shall rejoice in the presence of
In the land of the unsetting sun. [God
Sweetest joys that we have here below.
Are but gladness celestial begun;
Are the faintest of beams from the glory of
In the land of the unsetting sun. [God
I can bear all the sorrows of earth
Since I know, when my course shall be run,
That the tears shall be wiped from my wonder-
In the land of the unsetting sun. [ing eyes
O, my Father, I care not how soon
The whole web of my life shall be spun.
I am eager to bask in thy heavenly glow.
In the land of the unsetting sun.
Ref.—O, a gladness supernal shall reign,
And my weary-one toil shall be done.
When I enter the gates of the city of light
In the land of the unsetting sun.
Noank, Conn. —W. C. MARTIN.

STILLNESS OF HEART.

WHAT the heart is at the birth,
What the soul is to the earth,
What the gem is to the mine,
What the grape is to the vine,
What the bloom is to the tree,
That is Jesus Christ to me.
What the string is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.
What the estate is to the heir,
What the autumn to the year,
What the seed is to the farm,
What the sunbeams to the corn,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.
What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
What springs of water to a well,
What beauty is in all I see,
All this and more is Christ to me.
—ABRAHAM S. FLAGG.

CONVERGING DATES.

A Remarkable Prophetic Period in the Sway of Islam and Rome.

By ARTHUR W. DAY.

THE Eastern Question assumed its present shape at the epoch of the Crimean War. Before then, Europe had come to no definite decision in the matter of Turkey's future, and allowed the process of decay and dismemberment to go on almost unchecked. A time came, however, when fears entertained by England and France of Russian aggrandisement out of Turkey's ruin led to the Crimean War, and after that war the treaty of Paris (1856) laid it down that, in the interests of European peace, the Sultan's Government must be maintained, a friendly supervision being exercised by the joint Powers. Thus the Crimean War marks a new departure in the history of the Eastern Question.

Ten years after the Treaty of Paris 6,000 Christians were massacred in the Lebanon, and ten years later came the Bulgarian atrocities, for which Turkey, refusing amendment, was punished by the loss of half her European territories. And now have come those deeds of darkness in Armenia which have made the Ottoman Empire a hell upon earth.

In short, the plan embodied in the Treaty of Paris, which was supposed at the time to be a final settlement, has proved a failure. "The authors of the treaty," to quote Lord Salisbury, "had attempted what in the nature of the case it was impossible to achieve. They thought that Turkey would reform herself, and long experience has proved that Turkey will not reform herself."

Why is it reasonable to suppose that we should find the Bible throwing some light upon the Eastern question? Because Constantinople is the chief seat of Islam, and Islam is a politico-ecclesiastical system which has been the greatest avowed foe of the Christian faith, and has been "the jailer of Palestine," and the down-treader of Bible-lands.

The apocalypse speaks of a persecuting power which would arise and continue for forty-two months, and as long ago as the Crusades this was understood of Islam. When the Reformation came, the Christians of the West realized that there was another persecuting power nearer home. It struck them that the Papacy had arisen in the West and Islam in the East at about the same time, and they expected that as each was to continue for the same period they would come to an end at about the same time.

So far as the Papacy is concerned, their interpretation has been justified by history, for Papal Rome did lose the last vestiges of her temporal—i. e., persecuting—power almost at the time expected.

But we have here to do with Islam, which arose after the Papacy, and accordingly has retained persecuting power longer. Now as our chief authorities on Islam tell us, the systematic oppression of Eastern Christians began in 637, the date of the infamous Edict of Omar, 1,260 years from that date would bring us to 1897, so we may look this year for some decisive event which, if not in itself the end of Turkey's persecuting power, will immediately lead to it.

The Lord said that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21: 24). Jerusalem had already been trodden down by three of Daniel's four world powers, when these words were spoken—Babylon, Persia, and Greece—and was even then being trodden down by the fourth—Rome.

Rome lost her power over Palestine and Jerusalem through the Mohammedan conquests under Omar, in A. D. 636-637, and if we measure from the time when the Jews first became tributary to Babylon in B. C. 625 up to A. D. 636 we find that 1,260 years, or three and a half "times" was the duration of the ascendancy of Daniel's four world-powers in Palestine.

To them succeeded Islam, and this year (1897) the dominion of Islam will have continued 1,200 years more—i. e., the same period as that which measured the ascendancy of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome over Palestine.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CROCUS AND JONQUIL.

I KNOW you love flowers. And I am sure that after the long reign of the winter, you are glad that nature again begins to show her never-waning energy—that once more the green leaves

unfold, the brave birds return, and wood and garden have signs of coming bloom.

The early spring flowers are the forerunners of a great throng of a procession which will march like an army with banners through the months which lie between this time and another wintry season.

We rejoice to meet old favorites lifting the same faces we have always loved. Mrs. Whitney sings about this:

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow through the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same sweet faces,
The violet is here.

And long, long ago, in an idyl which never loses its charm, King Solomon broke out in a rapturous burst of melody:

"Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

I have always loved flowers dearly, but I can never make them grow. My houseplants wither and my garden, if it depended on my care, would not be the delight it always is, because I see that it is cared for by somebody who possesses the magic which I lack. The secret of successful gardening goes deeper than mere love for flowers: it means time to attend to them, vigilant looking for and constant warfare against the many foes who prowl about and injure plant-life; it implies much individual thought for and care of every flower, from the day of the first green shoot, to the day of the gathered seed. A woman whose flowers reward her by bloom and growth, must do much more than merely love them, more than wear them on her breast, and keep them about her for the displaying of their colors, and the decoration of her house.

Now, dear mother-friend, perhaps you see what this sermonette of mine is about: not about flowers only, but about our beloved children, who are the joy of our heart-life, the pride of our homes, and the fairest plants in our gardens. Day by day these darlings are growing up, with such culture as we can give them, taking impressions of their surroundings, learning from us, as much by our example as by our precept, to be the sort of men and women we would like to present to the Master, with our reverent exclamation: "Lo! here they are, the children whom God has given us!"

Having said this, you will not accuse me of inconsistency, if I begin by the remark that for many children, as for some flowers, nothing is better than a little wholesome neglect. My small neighbor, Genevieve, came in to her mother one day with a puzzled frown on her smooth forehead, and tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, dearie?"
"Oh! mamma, my flowers don't grow a single bit. I have done everything, watered them, and put in sticks with labels, and dug up the ground constantly to see if they had started, and I believe they are all dead."

Genevieve's flowers were tended to death. They needed to be let alone. I know a young mother who is simply an embodied conscience in her way of bringing up her children. Discipline is never relaxed. Every lapse of good manners, every act of thoughtlessness is observed and punished. Obedience is her fetish, to which she sacrifices her own peace and the comfort of all her friends. An hour in her household when the children are present is, to a child lover, a form of penance as irritating as a haircloth shirt, as

distressing as a scourge. It is "Molly, this!" and "Carrie, that!" and "Jack, the other!" till it drives a visitor fairly wild. And the queer thing is that the children are no credit to their mother. They are not obedient, nor are they truthful. They are priggish and time-serving, and it is a grave question how they will turn out in the end. But if their mother could let them alone awhile, they would probably behave as ordinary good children in ordinary Christian households do.

A little wholesome neglect does not mean entire surrender of the home rule into the hands of the children. Little people must be taught to obey because obedience is in the Divine ordering of the universe. They must learn self-sacrifice and devotion to others' comfort, and care for one another, because Christ teaches these virtues, and the law of love underlies all right living. The father must not be so much absorbed in business that he forgets to educate his boys in manliness and patriotism, nor the mother so wrapped up in housekeeping, sewing, social pleasure, or charitable work that her children are left to grow up, like Topsy, as best they can.

Mrs. Jellyby, with her dissipated husband and her unfortunate family, was a by-word years ago, when everybody read Charles Dickens, and his phrases and his people were freely used in conversation, as current coin. She was a satire on the philanthropic lady of the day, but satire as she was, her like has existed, and may still be discerned. I pity the Jellyby children.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad.

It is now some five and a-half years ago since work was begun on the Siberian railway, and it will take four years more to complete its 4,700 miles of track. Seventy thousand men are working on it, and French loans are available for its continuation. Some time ago it was announced that the road was open to the Obi River, 900 miles east of the Ural Mountains; during the present winter connections with the Yenisei River will be made. The

work proceeds by sections. If Port Arthur be selected as the principal or sole terminus, and Vladivostok be abandoned, the distance will be greatly shortened and also the time for the completion of the road. It is not believed, however, that the Siberian port will be given up as a terminus. A portion of the track is already laid in the Amoor, and villages are springing up along its line. Russia needs to develop the Vladivostok region, and ways have been devised to overcome the difficulty of ice formation in that port during the winter.

The Wealth of the Sea.

There is no mine, diamond, gold, or silver, on earth that contains half the riches of the ocean. Professor Livensidge, the Professor of Chemistry in Sydney University, in a very remarkable and exhaustive series of experiments, found evidences of gold being present in sea water off the New South Wales coast, in the proportion of about one-half to one grain per ton, or in round numbers from 130 to 260 tons of gold per cubic mile. This, of course, means an enormous amount for the whole of the ocean, the cubic contents of which are put down approximately at 400,000,000 cubic miles; and if the gold be uniformly present, at the rate of one grain per ton, the total amount would be over 100,000,000,000 tons of gold! All the mines of earth do not equal it.

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Are closely connected. Life, And Life

health, happiness, usefulness, depend upon a healthy condition of the blood. Pure blood ensures good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all spring humors, pimples and eruptions and makes the weak strong.

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Sixty-one Prizes, aggregating \$500. A genuine Bonafide Offer. We give nothing but cash for prizes. No trash. Here is our proposition: Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in INSTRUCTION? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner. INSTRUCTION: In, Tin, Ton, Sin, Son, Sir, Seion, Run, Us, etc. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD and JENNIS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$100.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INSTRUCTION; \$50.00 for second largest; \$25.00 for each of the next three largest lists; \$20.00 to each of the next three; \$15.00 to each of the next three; \$10.00 to each of the next nine; and \$2.00 to each of the next forty largest lists—sixty-one prizes in all for the sixty-one largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of these sixty-one? You will enjoy the making of your list. Why not try for the first prize? The prizes are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, thirty-two to thirty-six pages, each page containing four long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send a money-order, silver or stamps, for a three-month's trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 25 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail in addition to the magazine, of a 100-page book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by the famous Ian MacLaren. This book has attracted much attention in the United States than any book of recent years. We give a complete unabridged edition, handy size, finely printed in handsome type. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than April 20. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in May issue, published April 25. Our publication has been established ten years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 225-226-227 Temple Court Building, New York City.

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25c THIS "BABY ROSE" COLLECTION. Entire 15 varieties of NOVELTIES, and all HIGH PRICES.

- 1 Pkt. New Fairy Roses, 20 seeds.
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- " Scarlet Pansies; bright red; 100 seeds.
- " Asier; new sulphur yellow; 50 seeds.
- " Cannas, Large Flowering Dwarf French; 15 seeds.
- " Filifera or Weeping Faint; 10 seeds. Grand Plant.

With 25 cents for all the above 15 new varieties and send directions "How to Grow." Catalogue, premium 1c. Miss MARY E. MARTIN, Floral Park, N. Y.

Stammerers' INSTITUTE, 41 Tremont St., Boston, N. Y. City, and poor welcome.

Ms. H. W. Beecher Dead.

On the anniversary of the death of her famous husband, (March 8.) Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher passed peacefully away at Stamford, Conn. She was born in 1812, in West Sutton, Mass., and was a Miss Eunice White Bullard, the daughter of a prominent physician. In 1830, she first met young Beecher who was then a student at Amherst College and who spent a vacation at the Bullard homestead. Seven years later the two were united in marriage and began housekeeping at Lawrenceburg, Ind. They afterward moved to Indianapolis where Harriet Beecher Stowe, while in their home, received her first inspiration for her famous book, "Uncle



THE LATE MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Tom Cabin." Here their family grew up and here Mr. Beecher's genius in platform and in pulpit first began to assert itself. His devoted wife was a most efficient aid in all his labors and was one of the most important factors in his advancement in the ministry and in literature as well. Her whole career was that of a faithful, loving wife who sank her own personality and made all her talents and energies subsidiary to her husband's interest. She was possessed of considerable literary ability and in this direction undoubtedly was a valuable aid to the preacher, who had pressing demands on his voice and pen from every side. At his death, she spent her time largely in retirement amid her own relatives and busied herself much in literary work. In December last, while on a visit to relatives, Mrs. Beecher fell and fractured her thigh. From this blow to her vitality she never fully recovered. Later her strength sank rapidly and when it was apparent that death was near, her family gathered around her and were with her to the end.

The Street Cries of Cairo.

Much has been said and written of the street cries of European and American cities, but while they are all interesting, the street cries of Cairo have a peculiarly picturesque flavor which we find in the street cries of the cities of the Orient. The Muskee of Cairo, its great native street, is a singular, oriental-looking place, always crowded with strange people, calling somewhat in this fashion:

- Seller of sugar and water—Refresh thy heart! Quench the heat!
- Seller of raisin-water—It is well clarified. Reason! By the life of thy father, it is well and good.
- Preacher—O all nourisher! O all good! O all minister! O omniscient pretzels!
- Preacher—I am the guest of God and of the prophet. I have not yet breakfasted.
- Preacher (in reply)—God open to thee the heart of men!
- Seller of wheat-cakes—These belong to thee, O strong man! How they did knead thee in the night, O cakes!

You know a man by the company he keeps. If he is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly you can rest assured that his blood is pure, his appetite keen and his health the best. Try it yourself.

Rose-seller—The rose was a thorn; she bloomed from the sweat of the prophet!

And thus the cries continue, hour after hour, and day after day.

COVETOUSNESS.



The picture that the Pilgrim saw in the Evangelist's house seems of late years to have been taken down, or Christians who have visited the house have overlooked it. The picture we refer to was that of the man with the rake whose attention was so concentrated on the straws and rubbish that he was scraping together that he could not spare a thought or a look for the angel who offered him a crown. Paul sets the contrast vividly before the young disciple whose ministry was his special concern (1. Timothy 6:6-19). The acquisition of money seemed to the great Apostle a very poor achievement compared with the object for which he would have the young preacher strive. To us in this money-loving age, money seems the one thing to be desired above all others; yet we do not dispute Paul's statement that as we brought nothing into the world we can carry nothing out. He would have his disciple aim at being rather than having. Eternal life is in his eyes something much better worth striving after than great riches. In theory we all agree with him; we should agree with him in practice, too, if there were not in our hearts an unacknowledged inhumanity which doubts whether there is any world beside this. Doubtless few would admit such doubts; but why then do we not concentrate our thoughts on the things of eternity? If we really believe that beyond the grave there stretches out an illimitable vista of existence, is it not short-sighted policy to plan and work and strive for possessions which we must leave at death? We go into that existence with empty hands, but we need not go poverty-stricken. What we have of character and of principle and disposition we take with us and surely common prudence dictates that these shall be of the best. It is low ground to take but on the lowest level we stand self-condemned if our lives are given to money-making.

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DRESS SKIRT
of handsome Wool Check Cheviot; Cambric lined, faced with Velveteen; well made and 4 yards wide. Colors: Blue and white, black and white, green and white, brown and white or plum and white check.
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BRIEF NOTES.

Next week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish a four-page Supplement devoted exclusively to the famine relief work in India, and containing the names of contributors to the Fund which we have not hitherto been able to print in full without encroaching too much on the space of the various departments.

Rev. W. A. Foster, of St. Louis, Mo., has been invited to the pastorate of the West London Church, of which Henry Varley was formerly pastor.

The Third International Convention of the Epworth League will be held in Toronto July 15-18. The first was held at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1893, and the second at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1895.

Mr. Moody's work in Boston is being supplemented by addresses given every Monday noon at Tremont Temple by Rev. Dr. Alex. McKenzie, of Cambridge.

A deep revival interest is reported from Connecticut. Dr. Edward Judson has been holding special services at Hartford, in the First Baptist Church, and services are being held in many other towns by other Evangelistic preachers.

The pastor of a New Jersey church announces in his church calendar that his sermons are written out on a type-writer, and he will be pleased to lend the manuscript at any time to anyone desiring to read it.

In spite of the troubles in Armenia the circulation of the Bible in the Turkish empire was larger last year than in any previous year. Rev. M. Bowen, the agent of the American Bible Society in Constantinople, reports unprecedented sales.

The Greek Church is following the example of American churches in the propagation of its doctrines in sparsely settled districts. It is placing church cars on the railroad in Siberia. One-third of the area of each car is railed off for the priests.

Arrangements are being made for a series of meetings for the deepening of spiritual life in the churches of New York City. The first meetings will be held in the North Baptist Church, West Eleventh street, early next week. Dr. A. C. Dixon will preside.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, invited the famous London preacher, Rev. Archibald G. Brown to preach in his church on March 7, and in Cooper Union, New York, on March 8. Mr. Brown had a crowded audience on both occasions.

The railway traffic associations have granted a uniform rate of fifty-one dollars for the round trip from Chicago to San Francisco, for the Christian Endeavor Convention July 7-12. Doubtless the half fare rate will prevail between points east of Chicago. Tickets will be good until August 15.

Rev. John H. Elliott assistant pastor of the Central Church, Rochester, N. Y., has been holding evangelistic services at Batavia, N. Y. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Henry R. Fancher, writes that the result of the meetings has been very gratifying. The benefit will be felt for years.

Major Deva Sundrum whose portrait appears on another page, will be glad to give lectures on India for churches or societies. He wears his native costume and describes his journeys through the jungle. Letters may be addressed to him at Salvation Army Headquarters, 125 West Fourteenth street, New York.

During the past twelve months nearly 1,000 new Christian Endeavor societies have been registered in Great Britain, making a total of 3,029. There are 161,784 active members, 44,333 associates, and 13,791 honorary members, making a total of 159,808. Of the 954 new societies, 162 are juniors, 7,278 associate members have become active, and 7,052 have become church members.

Indignation meetings have been held in Minneapolis, Minn., recently, in connection with the liquor traffic. The practice of having the side doors of saloons open nearly all day on Sunday is contrary to law, and the increase of drunkenness is very marked. At one meeting a resolution was passed memorializing the mayor and asking him to reply in writing whether he was prepared to enforce the law of Sunday closing.

The Baptist Home Missionary Society is sending out Gospel wagons through California to districts inaccessible by rail. Each wagon is loaded with Bibles and religious literature, and meetings are held where the wagon makes a stay. There are, it is said, thousands of miles of good wagon roads in the State, adapted to this kind of work.

Evangelist Leonard Weaver and Mr. W. S. Woodin have been conducting meetings at Spokane Falls, Washington. They were held in the First M. E. Church and the Opera House, both of which were crowded at each service. Evangelist Weaver is now holding services at Bridgeton, N. J. His present address is now 440 Market street, Philadelphia.

A Christian Workers' Convention was held at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, in the Simpson Memorial. It occupied five days, with three sessions each day. Among the speakers were Henry Varley, Dr. A. I. Frost, Dr. George Cochran, Rev. H. C. Woodin, Rev. Herbert W. Lathrop, and Mr. S. H. Holley. During the convention thirty-six persons were added to the foreign missionary field.

Dr. I. T. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society writes that as he was crossing the Red Sea, on his way to India, he found no less than ten Christian Endeavorers aboard the ship, and on the South American steamer a delightful Christian Endeavor or prayer meeting was held. From all the missionaries and workers of Christian Endeavor was shown by the fact that one of them had been from England, two from Canada, two from Australia, and the others from the United States.

Mr. D. L. Moody announced a special conference for his staff, to be held at the Hotel Lighthouse, Chicago, April 6-8. He will make the first of a series of addresses at the Institute without being accompanied by those pupils who, on the Sundays following, Rev. W. A. Foster will be there, and on the following Sunday, Prof. D. L. Moody will be holding a conference. The Conference is really for ministers and laymen, but other workers will be welcomed. Expenses as to accommodation, etc., may be addressed to Rev. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent Bible Institute, Chicago.

THE BOWERY MISSION

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Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

ONE hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Free Kindergarten, daily from 9 to 12 A. M. Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3.30 P. M.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	169
Men Professed Conversion	3,471
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,768
Meals Served in Restaurant	588,721
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary	736
(Opened Aug. 30, 1895)	
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured	933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Prev. ack'd.....	\$270.23
Frank A. Dutton.....	3 00
J. D. Abrams.....	50
B. W. D. C.....	2 00
Friend of Humanity, Brooklyn.....	1 00
Mrs. L.....	50
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Godbold.....	2 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Remhart.....	1 00
J. H. N. Waynesboro.....	1 00
Mrs. W. G. Johnson.....	1 00
C. H. Jones.....	1 00
Mrs. R. A. Burrough.....	7 20
Total.....	\$291.43

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

HIS VOICE.

ABOVE earth's din and tumult

To hear the Master's voice;

Amid a thousand pleadings,

To make his way our choice—

This, this is life's solution,

And faith will triumph still,

When hearts in sweet submission

Seek but the Father's will.

The hours are full of voices

Which call our souls aside,

And those alone are strengthen'd

Who in God's love abide:

Who spurn with bold denouncement

The tempter's subtle guile,

And seek through love's enchantment,

His service all the while.

Such shall, with life ennobled,

Win, though the strife be long,

And stand by grace perfected

With the great ransomed throng,

Whose joy through endless ages

Shall rise and never cease,

As they follow still as Leader—

The Saviour, Prince of Peace.

"The Westminster," New York,

Is one of the few good Hotels, conducted on the American and European Plan. It has all the luxuries, comforts and conveniences of an elegant home. Located corner 10th street and Irving Place, it is quite close to Union Square, and near all of the best Shops and Theatres, also to the "L" roads and principal surface cars. Streets on all sides are paved with asphalt. Rates, European Plan \$2.00 upwards, American Plan \$3.50 upwards per day. "A Little Book About a Big City" free for the asking, by

GEORGE MURRAY, Prop.,
Irving Place, New York.

**\$100
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GIVEN
AWAY**

Are you a smart seller? We give \$100 away in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word RESPONSIBLE. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can you will get a present any way, and if your list is the largest you will get \$100 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letters in a word more times than it appears in RESPONSIBLE. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and we allow to be counted proper nouns, pronouns, prepositions, suffixes, any legitimate word. This is the way: Responsible, response, rip, sop, sea, sin, sip, soil, sob, sole, etc. Use these words. The publisher of THE AMERICAN WOMAN will give away, on April 10, the sum of \$100, divided into 21 prizes for the largest lists of words as above. Add to the person making the largest list \$10 for the second largest; \$5 each for the next five largest lists; \$3 each for the next three largest, and \$1 for each of the next 13 largest lists. We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these premiums. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word-building contest, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents silver or stamps, for which we will send you our handsome illustrated 25 page magazine for six months, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you free a beautiful picture, entitled "The Forest Sanctuary." It is 21 inches a charming present. This offer is the greatest you have ever had made to you. Send your list at once. If you win one of the prizes your name will be published in our May issue. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, 112 and 121 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

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from **Rev. Geo. C. Needham,**
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EAST NORTHFIELD, Mass., Feb. 1st, 1897.

MR. J. E. DU BOIS—MY DEAR SIR:—I have invariably declined giving endorsement to medicines or agencies for curative purposes. But after a faithful use of the Electropoise in my family I have had such signal proof of its remedial value that I herein voluntarily testify to its healing virtues. It is my immediate duty to make known its curative properties for the sake of those who suffer. The Electropoise has very materially benefited myself in dissipating the agonies of chronic nervous dyspepsia. I regret that an unjust prejudice founded on misrepresentation kept me from its beneficent help until recently.

CHRONIC
NERVOUS
DYSPEPSIA.

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CRESOLENE when vaporized in the sick room will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant. Harmless to the youngest child, sold by druggists. Descriptive booklet with testimonials free.

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An appetizing, nutritious Family Food, for
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Europe. Pamphlet and Sample Free. Ask for
write to Farwell & Rhine, Watertown, N. Y.

Requests for Prayer.
the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on Feb. 28, dance with the requests of many among whom the following askers of our readers:

Restora- A Believing Mother, Richmond, Ind., asks prayers for a sick friend who is becoming insane through health may be restored.—A Believer in Springfield, O., for the recovery of a dear friend, Golden Gate, Cal., that a friend who was injured by an accident may be restored to health.—Anxious Mother, Cynthiana, Tenn., that her son who is subject to fits may be cured.—Indiana, for the healing of two friends.—Connecticut, that a dear sister may be restored to health.—Reader, Platteville, Colo., for restoration to health of a Christian woman, T. Evanston, Ill., that a dear cousin who is suffering from a severe financial strait.—Troubled Mother, Jerseyville, Ill., that God will reconcile her two daughters who have not been friends for some time.—J. C. C., Columbus, Mo., that he may be released from prison in which he is lodged, charged with a crime he is not guilty of, and be restored to his family who are depending on him for support.—G. J. G., Westerton, N. Y., for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the special meetings held in the Reformed Church and community.—M. E. R., Camden, Pa., that a brother may be pardoned who is unjustly imprisoned at Trenton. The petition is before the Board of Pardoners, also for a brother who has a sick wife that he may help financially.—Old Subscriber, Hill, N. H., that God will guide her in seeking employment.—H. M. V., Kansas City, Mo., that God will break down the barrier which separates a family, and that they may live in peace with each other.—C. M. S., Dak., that an opportunity may be opened for her son to make an honest living.—Reader, Point Pleasant, W. Va., that God will help her to overcome faults that hinder her spiritual growth, and that she will have strength to let her light shine under trying circumstances.—Reader, asks prayers for a man who has made a mistake, and in order to cover it up wronged another person out of a sum of money. Pray that he may confess his mistake and make it right.—A Daughter, Sag Harbor, N. Y., requests that the few remaining days of her mother who is suffering from a distressing disease may be painless, and that the family may be comforted.—Very Anxious Mother, Cleveland, O., for an only son who is in great trouble, that the way out may be made clear, and that he will fully trust Christ and come to him in true humility.

Many other requests were received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and were presented at the prayer meeting, which we have not space to publish.

Church Organs at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Few mercantile moves are of as much interest to our readers as the announcement that the great music house of Lyon & Healy, Chicago, has determined to sacrifice its entire stock of church organs, both new and second-hand. Churches everywhere need new organs, but at the usual prices cannot afford them. So Lyon & Healy, rather than shut down this branch of their manufactory, have determined to make prices on organs, while their present stock lasts, that no church can resist. If you belong to a church that needs an organ—either large or small, costing anywhere between \$125 and \$1,200, ask yourself if you cannot better afford 50 cents now than a dollar a year hence. For the reductions that Lyon & Healy offer are bona fide, and in some organs amount to nearly or quite half. Time payments may be arranged and every organ bears this great firm's guarantee. Write for the list and further particulars to Lyon & Healy, 100 Wabash Ave., Chicago. They will answer without delay.

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Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ
ts a complete self-instructor, enabling any one to play the piano or organ at sight, and to play without difficulty brilliant accompaniments to any song ever written. It is valuable to the advanced musician as well as the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music, and is the nearest approach to a complete knowledge of music yet attained by science. It is a short cut to harmony, and is so music what the multiplicity of tables to arithmetic, a quick method of learning to play the Piano or Organ without a teacher. It is the practical result of years of study by CHAS. E. PRATT, the noted American composer and musician, and is the most comprehensive, yet simplest, chart ever published. Endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere. Publisher's price, \$1.00 each.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

that if he still lives, he may be brought to Christ.—Reader, Hubbardston, Mass., pray for a young man without father and mother, that he may be kept from evil companions, and will seek salvation through the blood of the Lamb.—Sister in Christ, E. Orange, N. J., pray that a drunken father may be converted.—E. L. B. E., Elmira, N. Y., that a husband who has grown cold in Christ's cause may again feel his need of Christ and be brought back to the fold.

For Special Blessings. E. A., North Port, that God will grant her strength to resist temptation and strength to testify for Christ.—Believer, Canada, for a family who are at enmity with each other, that they may live in peace and love, and be filled with the Holy Spirit.—G. T., Evanston, Ill., for gentleness, patience and wisdom in the rearing of two children, and that the parents may be endowed with wisdom, and their hearts filled with Godly fear and love.—A. C. E., Rockford, Ill., that she may be fitted for the work God has given her to do, and that he will bless that work.—An Afflicted Believer, Allentown, Pa., that God would give aid to a widow and her daughter in a severe financial strait.—Troubled Mother, Jerseyville, Ill., that God will reconcile her two daughters who have not been friends for some time.—J. C. C., Columbus, Mo., that he may be released from prison in which he is lodged, charged with a crime he is not guilty of, and be restored to his family who are depending on him for support.—G. J. G., Westerton, N. Y., for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the special meetings held in the Reformed Church and community.—M. E. R., Camden, Pa., that a brother may be pardoned who is unjustly imprisoned at Trenton. The petition is before the Board of Pardoners, also for a brother who has a sick wife that he may help financially.—Old Subscriber, Hill, N. H., that God will guide her in seeking employment.—H. M. V., Kansas City, Mo., that God will break down the barrier which separates a family, and that they may live in peace with each other.—C. M. S., Dak., that an opportunity may be opened for her son to make an honest living.—Reader, Point Pleasant, W. Va., that God will help her to overcome faults that hinder her spiritual growth, and that she will have strength to let her light shine under trying circumstances.—Reader, asks prayers for a man who has made a mistake, and in order to cover it up wronged another person out of a sum of money. Pray that he may confess his mistake and make it right.—A Daughter, Sag Harbor, N. Y., requests that the few remaining days of her mother who is suffering from a distressing disease may be painless, and that the family may be comforted.—Very Anxious Mother, Cleveland, O., for an only son who is in great trouble, that the way out may be made clear, and that he will fully trust Christ and come to him in true humility.

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Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ



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HOW many words do you think you can spell correctly with the letters in the word "PATTERNS"? Using each letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in "PATTERNS"? Verbs, pronouns, adjectives, nouns, adverbs, plurals allowed. Words spelled alike, but having different meanings, count as one word. Use any standard dictionary. A legitimate English words count. Proper nouns, proper names, proper titles, obsolete and foreign words not allowed. Work it out as follows: Pat, Pen, Pens, Reap, Set, Ten, At, Net, etc.

Our Offer.—We will pay \$100 for the largest list, \$50 for the second largest, \$25 for the third, \$10 each for the next five, \$5 each for the next ten and \$1 each for the next twenty-five. That is to say we will divide among forty-three contestants the aggregate sum of \$300 according to merit. Don't you think you could be one of the forty-three? TRY IT.

Our Purpose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to MODES, by May Mantion, the most popular up-to-date Fashion Magazine in the world. Its 36 pages, replete with beautiful illustrations of the latest styles in ladies' fashions and children's garments, make it a real necessity in every household: the Designs and Fashion Hints, being by May Mantion, render it invaluable as an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.

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Our Extra Inducement.—Every person sending 25 cents and a list of 15 words or more, will, in addition to three months' subscription, receive by return mail a pattern of this stylish waist No. 9339 illustrated above, in any size from 32 to 44 inches.

Our Aim.—The present monthly circulation of MODES exceeds 100,000. We aim to make it 200,000. This contest will close April 15th next, so the names of successful spellers may be published in June issue of MODES, mailed May 15th, but SEND IN YOUR LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we refer you to any Mercantile Agency. Address: MODES FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 616, 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.

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Dear Sirs—Mr. called on me a few days ago and left with me a sample bottle of Tartaric acid tablets, which I gave to an obstinate case of chronic rheumatism. As soon as they were used the patient sent to my office, asking for more of the same medicine, stating that it had acted splendidly. The same patient has taken every preparation and combination conceivable, but this was his last, and this his request and statement. I would like a couple of bottles of tablets for this patient and another in similar trouble.

Yours very truly,
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Armenian Aid.

APPREHENSION is felt among the friends of Armenia lest there should be an attempted renewal of the massacres during the coming spring. In the present disturbed conditions of the Turkish empire, this is considered by no means improbable. It is believed, however, that Europe would not permit any high-handed proceedings by Turkey, and Russia in particular would very likely make such an event a pretext for a military occupation of Anatolia. The trouble between Greece and the Porte may at any time burst out into a flame of war that would make ancient Armenia once more the scene of unheard-of atrocities.

Relief work is still progressing at the centres of suffering and especially among the orphan children. In a letter from the Rev. H. N. Barnum of Harpoot, the writer says:

The massacres removed thousands of fathers. The forlorn condition of this multitude of widows and orphans has deeply impressed us. The first distinct effort made for orphans separately, was in Malatia in August, by Mrs. J. Rendel Harris, who, during a visit to that city with Dr. Gates and Miss Bush, gave the money for the support of forty for a year. Our method whenever there is a reliable Protestant community and a school, to have the children placed in families where they will be under good influences and go to school. We take none who have mothers or any other natural protectors. Mrs. Harris has made provision for ten more orphans in Malatia and twenty-five in Egin. Almost every child whom we have taken comes clad in worthless rags. Each is sent to the bath, is furnished with new clothes and a bed. It is not easy to recognize them when they appear in their change of garment. Quite a number of the children whom we have taken have recently been rescued from the Turks and Kurds, and there are still others whom we hope to secure. It is touching to see the anxiety of these little creatures lest they may not be accepted, when they are brought here and their cases are under investigation.

The following sums were received for the work during the week:

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Jun C E S Bapt Ch. 1.00	A E Laidlaw 1.00
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M S R, Brooklyn 1.00	Donald 1.50
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Mary McLean 50	well Ctr. 6.00
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Citizens, Mill Village 2.50	Mrs A Garlock 1.00
Mrs H Herber 2.50	Glenner sis & niece 10.00
I H N, Edmond 2.00	One who returns the
John S Funk & wife 5.00	tenth to the Lord 5.00
Reader, Harrisburg 1.00	Jun Unk 1 Bapt Ch,
Happy home Gales-	Nebraska City 2.50
ville 55	Gallipolis 5.00
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Mary E Gowthrop 5	C A Hagaman 3.00
J H C, I C 25	E B, Pierce 1.00
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Convincing Free Offer of an Eminent
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Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, of New York City.

The fact has been established that he has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial throat, lung and chest diseases, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away; and to make its great merits known, he will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of The Christian Herald.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases by its timely use, and it seems a necessary and humane duty, therefore, to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids who may be benefited thereby.

He considers it not only his professional, but his religious duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his infallible cure to all afflicted.

It is a common assertion that the age of miracles is past, and yet chemistry

and science are daily astonishing a world with new wonders. It is no longer safe to say that anything is not to be achieved. The researches and experiments of this great chemist, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to mankind as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher.

The doctor has proved the dread consumption to be a curable disease beyond a doubt, in any climate, and so on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of "heartfelt testimonials of gratitude" from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world.

Catarrhal and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, interrupted, means speedy and certain death. No one threatened with this dangerous disease should hesitate a moment to write T. A. Slocum, M. C., Pine street, New York, giving explicit and postoffice address, and the medicine will be promptly sent. Every sufferer should take advantage of this most liberal proposition. Please let the Doctor that you saw his offer in The Christian Herald when writing.

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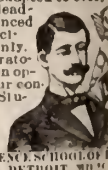
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OUR CHILDREN'S HOME
Tontown, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
(The auspices of The Christian Herald.)

Over 2,000 neglected "Slum children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, dining-hall, school-room, baths, 70 acres of grounds, Matron and caretakers and medical attendant. Religious services held.

Homeless children received, sheltered, taught, and (in many instances) clad at last summer at an average cost of \$3 per head, including transportation.

Beautiful Charity costs annually between \$500 and \$8,000 for its support. For a ten days' mid-summer outing for free children.

Following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Children's Home:

.....	\$132.75
son.....	1 50
.....	2 00
Los Angeles.....	6 00
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.....	15 25
.....	1 00
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.....	50
.....	3 00
W C Crocker.....	1 00
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.....	2 00
.....	\$166.50

Contributions for the work will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE BETHESDA HOME.
For Homeless Girls.
7 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
(Under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

much needed rescue work in the New York.

Matron in charge, 30 beds, laundry, and rooms; regular religious services. Homeless girls helped and restored to the homes, and others helped to regulate and better lives.

Following contributions in aid of Bethesda work have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

.....	\$7 55
Mrs. O.....	5 00
.....	2 00
.....	3 00
.....	2 00
.....	\$22 85

Contributions for this work will be acknowledged.

God Causes Helped.
Following sums have been contributed to the readers of this journal to the worthy causes mentioned below:

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..... \$2.50	Prev. ackd..... \$25.50
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..... \$5.00	Mrs C Ferguson..... 50
..... \$1.00	Sam A Whitley..... 50
..... \$6.00	Total..... \$55.76

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Friend Washington 2 00

Cuban Sufferers.

Reader..... 1 50

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev. ackd..... \$5.30
C O Dissenbacher..... 1 00
Total..... \$6.30

St. Vitus Vanquished.

What Cured Little Stanley Nichol of Chorea.

From the Republican-Journal, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

A letter was lately received at the office of the *Republican-Journal* from Hammond to the effect that the cure of an extraordinary severe case of St. Vitus' dance had been effected on the person of little Stanley Nichol, the eight-year-old son of Mrs. Charles Nichol of that village.

A reporter was accordingly dispatched in that direction who, after some inquiry, found Mrs. Nichol's residence about a mile outside the village. Mrs. Nichol said:

"A little over a year ago my boy, Stanley Nichol, who is now only eight years old, alarmed me one day by being taken with a strange gurgling in his throat. After the first attacks became quite frequent. Stanley did not complain of any pain, but said that he could not help making the noise. At that time there was a New York doctor stopping in the village who was a specialist on throat and nasal diseases. I took my son to him and after a careful examination he said that there was nothing the matter with the boy's throat. The gurgling in his opinion was caused by a nervous contraction of the muscles of the throat. He asked who our family physician was and said that he would consult with him before he prescribed.

"Stanley rapidly grew worse. He was always a sickly boy. One day I noticed that he was jerking his arm up in a very peculiar manner. A few days later he seemed to lose control of his legs, first one and then the other would be pulled up and then straightened out again. He was a perfect bundle of nerves and was rapidly losing all control of himself. When eating at the table or drinking, his arm would often twitch so as to spill what he was drinking. One day he scared me terribly by throwing back his head and rolling his eyes up so that only the white parts showed. I took him to our family physician who prepared some medicine for him. He took it

and commenced to improve. The dose, however, had to be increased and Stanley rebelled against taking it. It was a very disagreeable medicine and I don't blame the boy for not wishing to take it.

"Our physician went to New York city on business and while he was away the medicine became exhausted and we could get no more. Stanley was still very bad. About that time I read about a little girl who had been cured of St. Vitus' dance by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought I would try them and procured a box. I followed the directions that came with pills, and gave only half a pill at a dose. I did not see much improvement and increased the dose to a whole pill. The effect was noticed in a day. Stanley immediately commenced to get better and did not object to taking the pills as he had the other medicine. He took seven boxes of the pills and to-day appears to be perfectly well. He discontinued taking them some time ago. He weighs nearly fifteen pounds more than he did and is strong and hearty. A year ago we took him out of school but he is so much better now that he is going to begin again this fall."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION



MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST IRRITATION OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Combing, an inconspicuous mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the head, and on washing after a day it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growths are destroyed, although all hair will be removed as each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE PREPARED BY ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence—sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement.

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We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE or the SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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Illustration of a woman playing a piano.

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Loc. Illinois, October 1, 1895.

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss abt 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as good as when a boy.

Yours truly, M. C. STERN, M. D.

STANDARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1895.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people.

DERBURY CITY, Pa., June 3, 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The let day I got it I put it on and moved grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me.

Alex. BROWN.

TRIN, N. C., July 21, 1895.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore about 6 months and it has made a final cure. We hadly restored. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent.

O. G. HALLAM.

\$1.00 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

UE 20.

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NUMBER 12.

De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1867.

Price Five Cents.

FOR STARVING INDIA.

How the \$30,000 Sent by The Christian Herald Relief Fund are Being Distributed—Our Readers Energetically Pushing Forward the Great Work of Charity and Life-Saving.

THE remittance of twenty thousand dollars by cable to the missionaries in India announced in this journal last week, was an urgent necessity, in view of the piteous appeals for help which came from parts of the famine district. Five thousand dollars have also been cabled to Veroy's Famine Relief Committee, making with the five thousand previously sent to the ten missionaries, whose names were given in our issue of February 17th, a total of **thirty thousand dollars**, given in the name of Christ to the starving of India. The contributions of our readers have not reached this amount, but

deduction of a single cent for expenses. So much was due to the contributors of the Fund, many of whom have denied themselves luxuries and even ordinary comforts, that they might obey our Lord's injunction to feed the hungry in his name. It has been a pleasure to co-operate with them in this Christ-like work and to serve them in forwarding their gifts.

In the selection of missionaries who would gladly act without cost as distributors of the fund, care has been taken to choose those who are stationed in the districts suffering most severely from the famine, and especially those who have the largest number of native Christians depending upon them for relief. It was important that these should be supplied, because their converts were liable to be excluded by their



graphed specially for The Christian Herald.

STARVING NATIVES OF INDIA ENGAGED ON THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS NEAR LUCKNOW.

assurance of the missionaries that men, women and children were dying daily who might be saved if money were supplied to buy them food, made every day's delay fatal. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, knowing these facts, felt justified, therefore, in anticipating the gifts of the readers, and advanced the sum required to make the large remittance now being distributed in the form of grain to the starving people. He also defrays the costs connected with the Fund, including extra clerks, printing postage, etc., which will aggregate several thousands of dollars. The various Mission Boards have borne the fees for cabling the money to the field, so that no expenses of distribution have fallen upon the Fund, and every dollar sent by our readers has thus been spent in food and, in food only, without the

profession of Christ from any distribution controlled by Hindoos or Mohammedans, who might not be careful to save the lives of relatives and friends who had exasperated them by abjuring the faith of their fathers. The converts would naturally look to the missionaries for help in their dire extremity, and expect from them a practical exhibition of Christian charity. But the income of a missionary is too small to meet so extensive a demand, and much as he might wish to help the starving, his power is terribly limited. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, consequently, have done a double service by feeding the hungry and at the same time enabling the missionaries to prove to their people the helpfulness, kindness and love of the religion of

(Continued on Page 237.)



Questions and Answers.

Miss Eliza Peters, St. Paul, Minn. Do you send receipts for charitable contributions sent to your paper?

We do, in all cases where the amount is five dollars or over, or when publication of acknowledgments may be delayed, owing to the very large number of contributions received, as is the case now in the India Relief Fund.

Andrew B. P. Trenton, N. J. Your letter informing me of the receipt of my contribution for the relief of the famine-stricken people of India has just been received. I don't want to be hypercritical, but I say I would have preferred that the postage and expenses should not have been deducted out of my contribution.

All the work, clerical or otherwise, postage, cablegramming, and every other expense of whatever character, including the publication of supplements necessary for acknowledgments of contributions received, is borne by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and every cent of money entrusted to it for any charitable purpose whatsoever, is devoted without the deduction of the slightest fraction, to the purpose for which it was given.

Reader. Will you give me your opinion of having what they call a church "Hard Times Society," where they dress in masks? Is it right? It was more like a dance than anything else in my opinion.

Such entertainments are a parody on religion. They belong to the category of "church amusements" which every truly spiritual church and every earnest congregation will strive to avoid.

W. H. Berlin, Ont., Can. Is it right for a man to accept an office in the Church, if his wife be not in favor of his doing so?

It would be perfectly right for him to do so if he is qualified and has his heart in the Lord's work, even though all his kindred should object. It ought to be a pleasure for a wife to have her husband honored by such a call. At the same time persistent opposition from that quarter might greatly embarrass him in the performance of his duties.

M. M. M. Could you please tell me the meaning of the name Sabrah, and where the name is found, or where it is from? Sabrah is sometimes called Sadie for short.

Sabrah was the beautiful daughter of Protemy, king of Egypt, whom tradition declares to have been rescued by St. George from the fangs of a giant, and ultimately married to her deliverer. She is represented as pure in mind, saintly in character, a perfect citizen, daughter and wife.

L. C. G., Provincetown, Mass. Could you inform me whether the great pulpit orators can sing? Are there any hopes of being an orator if you cannot turn a tune?

Oratory and music are totally distinct and independent of each other. We very seldom find them both highly developed in the same person, and there is probably not one in one hundred of the great pulpit or platform orators who could "carry a tune," except in the most ordinary manner if at all. One may be a magnificent orator without being able to sing a note and vice versa.

D. Misk G. Was Martha a truly converted Christian prior to the time that Jesus raised her brother from the dead?

Yes, we have no reason to doubt that she was a firm believer and disciple of Jesus. Furthermore this is attested by her language on meeting Christ after Lazarus had been buried. (See John 11: 27.) Her nature was, however, probably less purified than that of her sister.

J. W. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. I am a young convert, and I have been a Christian for a few years. I feel like going back to those from whom I stole, and I would like to know if I should make any special effort to make up for my sin, or if I should just leave God and my fellow men.

Expectations, confessions, and full restoration will doubtless go very far toward helping you, and you would follow the plan outlined. But those sins will not take away the sting of the sin that can only be removed by the con-

sciousness of the Divine forgiveness which is ready to be granted if we ask it in the right spirit.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, Wis. I am a farmer and dairyman. Is it right for me to sell my milk on Sunday, and hire a man to draw it to the factory? Is it consistent with a Christian profession?

The commandment is clear and explicit, and only such labor as can be properly classed as of "necessity or mercy," is justifiable. Any other is inconsistent with a Christian profession.

S. C. C., Manchester, N. H., writes: I don't understand how a person can be a true Christian, and see so much suffering among God's speechless creation and not raise a voice against it. Did God make anything to be abused? You say you don't suppose anyone would skin an animal alive; but it is done, nevertheless, and beautiful birds caught and wings cut off, and then they are thrown down to die, just to satisfy our selfish wants. As long as Christians will see this barbar-

Interested One, Albany, N. Y., and Others. I have read with deep interest, the series of articles on Mormonism, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from the able pen of Gen. Eaton. Will they be published in some permanent form, say in pamphlet shape, so as to be convenient for reference, instead of compelling one to go over several issues of the paper?

Gen. Eaton is now contemplating the publication of these articles in pamphlet form, and if you will address him at The Concord, Washington, D. C., he will doubtless be glad to give the required information.

Thos. F. Tiffin, O. Was it ever known whose child the Saviour took up in his arms and blessed when he said, "Suffer the little ones," etc?

There is a tradition to the effect that the child so blessed and honored afterwards became Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, and died a martyr's death among the lions in Trajan's amphitheatre at Rome.

C. Scheel, Zetienople, Pa. We have all read of the disgraceful actions (or behavior) of the so-called Christian powers across the sea, toward the down-trodden Armenian and Cretan Christians and feel like calling aloud: Shame! It would have required only the raising of the finger of those powers to stop the massacres of those Christians, but instead of saving them, they have now with concerted action even prevented the Grecian government from bringing deliverance to the Cretan Christians. Where is the archbishop of Canterbury—the head of the Church of England? Has he no tongue to speak out against such traitorous action by his government? Where is the Czar of Russia—the Patriarch of the Greek Church? As for the Emperor of Germany who pretends to be the "Oberbischof" of the Protestant Church I will ask no questions. Verily the words of St. Paul apply to these would-be Christian potentates: "Many walk . . . whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly and

in a volume entitled *East of the J* (Scribners, New York, and in London by Bentleys). He published also *Galilee Time of Christ* (Boston, 1888, and L. 1885), in the series of books known *Paths of Bible Knowledge*.

G. Ramaker & Son, Greenleaf, Minn. interest you to know that this amount, \$6.50 (as well as \$14 sent one week since) was raised as follows: We took the India famine page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Feb. 17th and made a charity box and placed them on our counter, with a list for names, which we headed. The result so far in two weeks being \$20.50.

The idea is a capital one, and we commend it to the attention of others who contemplate helping famine-stricken people in India.

T. M. H., Boston. The sign of the three balls by pawn-brokers, is a very old one. A kindly state the origin of these three balls.

The three golden balls are the emblem of St. Nicholas, who is said to have given purses of gold to three virgin sisters to them to marry. The Lombard family first great money-lenders in England first the sign which has now been exclusively appropriated by pawn-brokers.

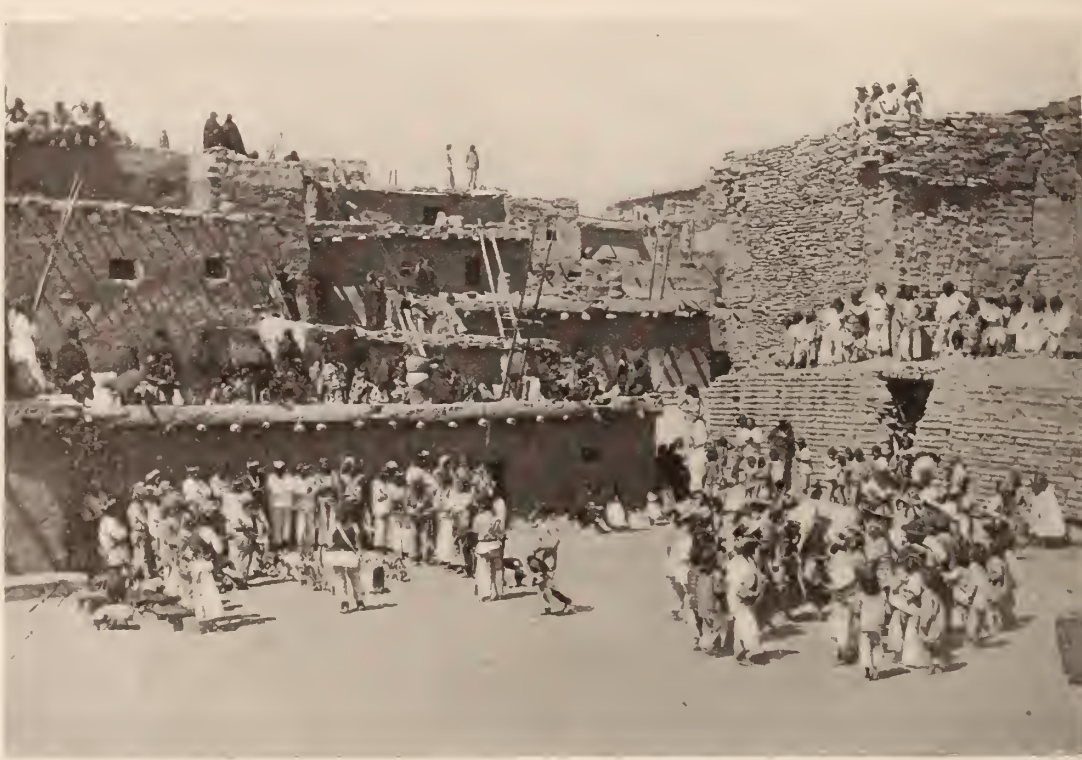
Reader, Ruttimo, N. D. 1. Are there any donable sins mentioned in the Bible? young person under the influence of one swears to a fall which of them incurs greater guilt?

1. The sin against the Ghost is the only one pronounced unpardonable that sin is we are not sure from the context it is the sin of ascribing tunic power the n worked by the power Holy Spirit. It is a of dispute whether it can be committed in o but he comes perilous it who ridicules the nations of the Holy Spirit are witnessed at revivals in conversions at our churches and missions. 2. The person incurs heavy guilt Matt. 18: 6, 7; Rom. 14: 10, 11; but the younger does not fit by the fact; he must be held accountable for his

M. A. L., Selma, Cal. right to have one's sword, or does it so taking the care of our out of the hands of a man? 2. Does the Sunday occur in the

1. Perfectly right. Since is a wise and un precaution for the maintenance of dear ones who otherwise be penniless a step is entirely consistent with the Christian principle (see 1 Tim. 5: 8). 2. Name "Sunday" was adopted at a date later than the coming of the New Testament Scriptures, by the early Christians from the Roman calendar (the "Dies Solis," or "Day of the Sun") the Christians interpreting anew the application, and applying it to the "Sun of Righteousness."

H. N. S., See answer to Mrs. S. J. M., Alliance, Va. Send name and address to J. Long, Evansville, Ind.—Alonso P. S., H. Kan. 1. The ocean's bed. 2. Certainly A. M. D., Lansing, Mich. 1. We are not in the matter. 2. Rev. A. J. Gordon, bed, after a brief illness, of bronchitis and 3. He is a Methodist. 4. Mrs. Mary Terhune.—Mrs. B. Tonawanda. Write Christian Witness Publishing Co., 57 West street, Chicago, for pamphlet. These comments are usually the reverse of helpful in a sense.—Any reader of this journal has surplusage of good reading matter can serve purpose by sending the same to Mr. A. H. inson, 23 First street, San Francisco, Cal. the lepers in the past have been there. All sin should be sent by express prepaid.—F. B. ita, Kan. You were right, unquestionably—religious reading matter can be used to aid in Christian work by Mr. Wm. Frick, 924 Broadway, Elizabeth, N. J.—Reader, Mt. Gilead, O. W. H. G., Valley City, N. Dak. We were of him.—Miss M. A. Mansfield, Le Roy, would like to hear from some reader practicing as to the care of gold-fish.—Mrs. S. Cunningham, N. V. Already repeatedly—J. S. S., Tipper Lake, N. V. On sending will renew your subscription, and send a Minion Bible, red under gold edges, and set of best Thumb Indexed Bible, leather binding, N. V. 2. From the Blavatsky Collection and possibly from the so-called Theosophical Society, New York City.—R. G. Winburn, Ia. 1. The climate in summer is never feverish. 2. We see no objection to its place for educational purposes or for legitimate instruction, but draw the line at what are called social entertainments.



ZUNI INDIAN CEREMONIAL, AT THE FUEBLO OF ZUNI, NEW MEXICO.

The Pueblo Indians, about 12,000 in number occupy nineteen villages. They are chiefly herdsmen and agriculturists. The Zunis speak a distinct language and their customs and traditions prove them to be of very ancient stock. They have many peculiar ceremonial, one being that, after the death of a certain chief or leading member of the tribe, a number of the tribesmen set out for "the home of our others," (the spirit-land), returning after four days with several turtles to which divine honors are paid. These turtles are afterwards killed and their flesh and bones deposited in the river, that they may "return once more to their comrades on the dark waters of the lake of the dead."

our work go on and not do more in the churches against it, just so long will humanity be cruel to one another.

Constant Reader. In early life my husband had spells of melancholy, in which he contemplated suicide. The melancholy has returned, and he sometimes wishes he were dead. I have had fears that he might commit suicide, but had no fears for my own life until about a month since, I found spiders in the coffee pot. Ought I live with him at the risk of my life?

You should have a medical examination made, as soon as possible, to ascertain whether he is not in a condition mentally that calls for expert treatment. It may save you much anguish afterward, if you do this promptly.

I H. N., Orange. About three years ago I kept company with a young man. I would not marry him because he would not be a Christian. Since we parted, another wants me to marry him. He shows in many ways that he thinks a great deal of me. Would it be right for me to accept number two, when I still love number one best? I have told number two all about number one, but he does not seem to mind it. He is a Christian. What shall I do?

Yours is certainly a peculiarly trying position. While to give up the one you love, for conscience sake, might seem a heavy sacrifice now, it would probably be abundantly repaid by the affection of an honorable Christian man whom you already evidently esteem. On the other hand, to marry one who rejects Christianity might be to invite a life of misery

whose glory turns to shame," (as the German translation has it.)

A. C., Middletown, Cal. Where was Christ between the ages of twelve and thirty?

Probably at Nazareth, but there is no record. The theory that he was in India, which was suggested recently, has not an atom of evidence to support it.

J. R. P., Germantown, Pa. What is the term "sweetness and light," now so frequently used?

It originated with Esop, who likened the ancient authors to bees full of "sweetness and light" and the moderns to spiders.

Miss S. I., Pleasant Plains, Ill., S. A. B. Bethel and many others.

We have already published the hymn, "Saved by Grace," in December, 1894, and do not care to put it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD again. You can procure it by applying to the Biglow & Main Co., Ninth St., New York City.

F. W. V., Tokyo, Japan. I have read Hon. Selah Merrill's articles on "Modern Jew," that appeared in recent numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with intense interest, and if I mistake not, Dr. Merrill is the author of some books on Biblical and Eastern subjects, which are no doubt equally interesting. You would greatly oblige by stating the titles of the books and where they can be had.

Dr. Selah Merrill spent two years in the work of exploration in the countries of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, and published the results



E. B. STEVENSON, A. S. S. U. MISSIONARY.

"My Jim!"

Story of an Untaught Western Boy, who Became a Missionary.

NE of the brightest and most successful workers of the American Sunday School Union is Mr. E. B. Stevenson, who for the past seventeen years has represented the Union in the Northwest the first seven years as missionary in Nebraska and Iowa, and the past ten years the assistant superintendent to the G. Ensign of Chicago, for the western district, which comprises the states of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Montana. Stevenson is now in the East where he is speaking to the larger churches in New York and New England, in the interest of this great work for the neglected children of the rural districts of the country. His methods of presenting the work have been most intensely interesting to the large numbers who have listened to him. Through his efforts the Board of Managers of the Union at a recent meeting decided to take up a new department to their work, viz.: the using of college students during their summer vacations in reaching the neglected children. One of the objects to be attained by this great good it will do the students is to come in contact with the people by the personal efforts. The work of these men will be four-fold: First, systematic house-to-house visitation. Talk-

country where one cannot find a single religious book for sale and yet all sorts of trashy literature may be found in every hamlet. In co-operation with Mr. Moody and his Colportage Association the best of books will be secured for these students at the very lowest rate possible, and yet with a profit to the men. Third, in the evening they will hold Gospel meetings, and try and lead those they have personally visited during the day to publicly confess Christ and fourth, where needed, they will plant new Sunday Schools.

The thing above all that led Mr. Stevenson to see the need of this line of work will be seen by what our college student did, as illustrated by the following incident related by himself:

A friend called my attention to a certain township that had over eight hundred people and not a church or Sunday School in it. I asked if there were any Christians. He said, "Yes, there is one man down there that makes enough profession for the whole township." I immediately drove to the community, called upon this man, and asked him if they had a Sunday School. He replied, "No, but if there is a place on earth that needs one, it is right here. Talk about heathen! See that house over there? One of the worst men you ever met lives there." By this time I saw a boy coming on horseback. I said, "Who is that boy?" "He is the meanest boy in all this country. Talk about heathen! They haven't even got a Bible in Jim's house." By this time the boy came up. I reached out my hand and said, "Hello, Jim, come up here. I want to shake hands with you." The boy came up, and I gave him a hand shake, told him I was going to have a meeting down at the schoolhouse, and asked him if he knew where I could get a boy to go around and tell the people of it. He said, "Will I do?" "You will do if you will go." "All right, sir. I'll go." I told him I would give him a nice Bible if he would agree to go around and not miss a single house. We had hardly had our bargain made before the boy turned to the old man standing by, and said, "Don't know but I might as well commence now as at any time. Going to be meetin' down to the schoolhouse next Sunday morning at ten o'clock; come down and bring the old woman and all the kids." I went away perfectly satisfied there would be a crowd.

Sunday morning I drove to the schoolhouse a little early, but to my surprise when I drove up I found the house crowded full and a number of boys standing around the door. I said, "Boys, I would like to get in." One of the boys spoke up and said, "So'd we. It's chuck full clear up." "Well, there can't anything go on until I get in there." "Don't make no difference, you can't get in here." So I was obliged to go around and crawl in through the window. As I reached the desk, I looked down and there sat my Jim on the front seat. He looked up and said, "I fetched 'em!" "I see you did," said I, and gave him his Bible. At the close of my address we organized a Sunday School, and elected as superintendent a gentleman I brought along with me. We then went to a

but began to yell with all his might, 'Goin' to be meetin' down to the schoolhouse next Sunday mornin' at ten o'clock; funiest feller you ever see from Cedar Rapids is goin' to be thar, and if you don't come out you'll miss the biggest thing that ever come to this part of the country.' Of course there was a crowd. This school ran along during the summer. In the fall I went back and held some meetings for about a week. There were a dozen hopeful conversions, among them this boy. We secured a minister to come once a month. Finally, we held meetings, and over forty professed Christ. They organized a church and built a building.

Five years later I was addressing the students at one of the largest colleges of the West. At the close a young man came up, reached out his hand, called me by name, and asked if I had forgotten him. I said, "I do not remember meeting you." "Why," he said, "have you forgotten Jim already?" I said, "Why Jim, is this you?" What are you doing here?" He said, "You remember that winter when you held meetings down to our schoolhouse?" I said, "Yes, I remember it well." "Well, I gave my heart to Christ at that time, and have come up here to try to make something of myself." "Well," I said, "Jim, what are you going to do?" He said, unhesitatingly, "I don't know; but whatever God wants me to do, that I am going to do. Ever since you organized that Sunday School down there, I have thought that I would like to do just that kind of work." The next summer, during his summer vacation, we sent him out as one of our volunteer Sunday School missionaries. About the first of August we received a letter stating that he had organized eight Sunday Schools already. He commenced at once some meetings in groves, calling two or three of his schools together in convention, and continued the meetings from night to night. At the



THE CHURCH JIM'S NEIGHBORS BUILT.

close of his summer work we found that over two hundred had professed conversion. The next summer he went out again, and again the third summer. The last two summers he had the service of a tent in which to hold his special meetings. During these three summers he organized thirty-three Sabbath Schools, gathering into them over eleven hundred boys and girls. Eight churches have already developed from these schools, and six of them have buildings of their own; 1,025 professed faith in Christ in special meetings that he held.

Jim is no longer a laborer in the earthly field, having gone to his reward above, but his influence and example remain to stimulate others.

There are hundreds of bright young boys who, if they had a helping hand extended to them, might be as effective servants of the Master as Jim. What a glorious record for a poor, untaught, country lad! If any reader of this journal wishes to know more of this work or to aid it in any way, they may do so by addressing Mr. Stevenson, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Mr. Stevenson has been speaking to the students of a number of the larger colleges of the East, and has everywhere had a most hearty response on the part of the young men.

East London's Evangelist.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown the Spurgeon of East London now Holding Revival Services in Colorado.



REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

AMONG the eminent preachers who have addressed the meetings in Cooper Union, New York, since Mr. Moody's departure, has been the Rev. Archibald G. Brown, who in London is known as "the Spurgeon of the East End." Mr. Brown spent a few days in New York on his way to Denver, Col., where by invitation of several churches he goes to hold a month's evangelistic services. Mr. Brown is well qualified by a remarkable experience for such work as this. He is fifty-three years of age, and has been thirty years in ministerial work in one of the most difficult and unpromising districts of the British metropolis. As a lad he was notorious for his head-

strong ways and his impatience of any kind of control. He ran away from his boarding school and "kicked over the traces" in every position in which his God-fearing parents placed him.

One day, in 1861, he being then seventeen years of age, young Brown went by invitation to a drawing-room meeting at which the late Sir Stephenson Blackwood was to speak. He listened with some impatience to the earnest speaker's appeals, and at the close was just leaving, when the famous evangelist put his hand on his shoulder and asked if he were a Christian. Brown replied bluntly that he was not a Christian, nor did he desire to be. Sir Stephenson looked at him earnestly with those tender, penetrating eyes and said: "How sad!" Only those two words, but the Holy Spirit carried them to the lad's heart. There was no reproach, no warning, no appeal, only the sorrow of a friend grieved at the spectacle of one bent on going to ruin. Mr. Brown says the words "hooked themselves into his soul" and he could not get rid of their disturbing effect until he had given himself to Christ.

The young man was eager to enter on some kind of Christian work. He went to the superintendent of the Sunday School connected with the church which his parents attended, and asked for a class. The superintendent knew something of him as a wild young man, and he said: "No, Archie, we cannot let you teach." Brown was disappointed. "If I can collect a class will you give a corner of the room to teach in?" he asked. That could not well be refused. The next Sunday the young man came with a procession of denizens of the slums, and Brown's class soon became one of the most conspicuous in the school. Later, he applied to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the Pastor's College. Mr. Spurgeon was reluctant. He did not expect any good of him, but was eventually persuaded. So well did the young man study, and so earnest was he in his work, that when the deacons of Stepney Green Tabernacle went to Mr. Spurgeon to get his advice about a new pastor, he unhesitatingly recommended Mr. Brown.

His pastorate commenced in 1867. The church at the start was small, but it was situated in a district in which there was unlimited opportunity for work among the poor and the sick. For thirty years Mr. Brown has labored in that district and has received into church fellowship six thousand souls. Greatly to the sorrow of his church, Mr. Brown has felt it his duty to resign the pastorate. A series of domestic bereavements and heavy trials have so depressed him as to render rest and change of scene imperative. It is probable that he will continue his journey around the world and will, we hope, regain the vigor and elasticity of his youth.



"ALL RIGHT, SIR; I'LL GO," SAID JIM PROMPTLY.

and praying with the people, securing the names, taking their church preferences, and turning them over to the pastor of denomination preferred. Second, distribution of Christian literature. There are hundreds of counties in some of the States and Territories of this

house near by, where we had been invited for dinner. We had just seated ourselves when the lady began to laugh. I asked what was the matter. She said she was thinking about Jim. I said, "What about him?" "Well," she says, "you know he came around here, rode up in the front yard, never looked to see whether anybody was around or not,



SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Without shedding of blood is no remission. on the Text: Heb. 9: 22: . . .



JOHN G. WHITTIER, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases too. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store front that bank, from that shop front that counting-house, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins

bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on

meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell

me where among my neighbors or my low men, where, even in his heart, I expect to find a sentiment, a thought, to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you care. I asseverate before heaven and you, at to the best of my knowledge and belief the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my statement falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the mortem examination of the poor criminal showed to all the surgeons and to a world that the public was wrong. William H. Seward was right, and hard, stony step of obloquy in the courtroom was the first step of the of fame up which he went to the top within one step of the top, that landed him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was seen in an American courtroom. William H. Seward, without standing between the fury of the people and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there is as remarkable an instance. A brilliant hypercriticized painter, Joseph W. Turner, was met by a volley of from all the art galleries of Europe, paintings, which have since won the plause of all civilized nations. "The Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on Shore in Squally Weather," "The Pier," "The Sun Rising Through the Clouds," and "Dido Building Carthage," were targets for critics to shoot at. In this of this outrageously abused man, a author of twenty-four years, just out of college, came forth with his essays, and wrote the ablest and most essays on art that the world ever saw. He will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years the author fought the battles of the martyr artist, and after, in poverty and bereavement, the painter had died, the public tried to undo their cruelties to him by giving him a big funeral. A burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old friend took out of a tin box nineteen hundred and fifty pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through weary and uncompensated months sorted and arranged them for observation. People say John Ruskin's old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do he ought not to do, and whatever he says he ought not to say between his death, he will leave this world solvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalrous Christian defense of a poor painter and a council. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this leads one to suffer for another! No so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or awakens nations. The principle is the doctrine in our religion—Christ the Martyr. Christ the celestial Hero, Christ the Defender, Christ the Substitute. Not principle, for it was as old as humanity; but now on a grander, wider, deeper, and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion of Israel with a sling toppled the giant Philistine braggadocio in the dust. Here is another David who, for the armies of churches militant and tripartite, hurls the Goliath of perdition to defeat, the crash of his brazen armor an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in had provided a ram of the thickest substitute; but here is another bound to the altar, and no hand to the sharp edges of laceration and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this Substitution

and every comparison, inspired and fired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ is Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from Noah a type of Christ, because he saved his own family from the deluge; Jacob a type of Christ, because he was predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out of his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Aaron a type of Christ, because of his death to slay the lions and carry off the gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his wisdom; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others; but put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Aaron and Solomon and Jonah, and you would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ. Christ forsook a throne and sat down on a footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation, and he drew a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on angels, now hissed at by brigands, he came down; and high up he came down; and his meteors swifter than they; by starry paths, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of elements, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree-tops and into the camel's nostril to thrust his shoulder under our burden and take the lances of pain through our vitals, and wrapped himself in all the sorrows which we deserve for our misdeeds, and passed midnights on the mountain amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal powers charged on him at once—our minute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? In any man or woman or child in this universe who has ever suffered for another, find it hard to understand this Christ suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most precious, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his right arm, and all his sorrows under his left arm, and said: "I will atone for thee under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Father! Roll over me with all thy surges, the seas of sorrow?" And the thunder struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever loved their heart changed mean by "blood." Cry ye to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battle-field on which Christ achieved our liberty!

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battle-field of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on the famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene retold, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougoumont Chateau, its walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the well in which the hundred dying and dead were

pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English, and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars died for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field.' Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene from a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock, on the eighteenth of June, until four o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tide turned, and at eight o'clock in the even-



THE BOWERY KINDERGARTEN CLASS AT ITS EXERCISES.

ing the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. From twelve o'clock at noon to three o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battle-axes struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but he fought on until he gave a final stroke and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

Our Bowery Kindergarten.

Miss Ruby Hoge's Work among the Eastside Tenement Children; Bringing Joy into Lowly Little Lives.

SINCE the publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago, of the announcement that a new work had been undertaken at the Hall of the Bowery Mission, in connection with the little tenement children of the east-side, many readers have evinced a lively interest in the matter and have written to make inquiries. The work is under the care of Miss Ruby M. Hoge, a young Southern lady, who is now giving daily to classes of nearly one hundred east-side children, the benefit of her experience, as a trained Christian worker and kindergartner. It will be remembered that Miss Hoge's present undertaking was only recently begun, yet its success has been surprising beyond expectation. With the co-operation of the Bowery Mission, she established a Sewing School for girls under fifteen. It met every Monday and Thursday at 3 P.M. in the Bowery Mission Hall, and the programme included a brief Gospel service, singing, and prayer, followed by two hours of sewing lessons. The attendance averaged between fifty and sixty girls. But the work grew and soon a score of nationalities were represented. Then a daily Kindergarten was opened for

taught that happiness is an essential atmosphere in early education, and also that every habit of life receives its direction while the child is yet in its unconscious and plastic stage; two truths so full of meaning, that we have not yet learned half their value, and upon which the kindergarten must rest. But this happiness must be an organizer of the child's faculties, or they run riot, because activity is the first principle of life, and cannot be repressed with safety. In order to secure organization, method must be employed, and Froebel's contributing to the new education was the formulating of such methods as would utilize the first instincts of activity in the child to produce or create something which is attractive to him—and which will, by the pleasurable sensation success gives, excite in him the desire to repeat the activity, not aimlessly, but to produce again the result. Thus the unconscious activity becomes a conscious and ever-increasing force, which, by being directed, as it develops into wholesome channels, presents that wholesale and indiscriminate use of power which is such a marked characteristic of the average child.

"The kindergarten offers such forms—beginning with the ball, the simplest of all forms—as the child can understand—and that represent such implements as are



THE KINDERGARTEN LUNCH.

needed in mechanical and artistic work. No matter how many little children are in the streets needing the heart-culture of loving care, of bright clean rooms, and harmonizing play, their condition remains very much the same as the years glide on, and proper efforts are not put forth in their behalf. Business men have their boards, ministers their conferences, teachers their conventions, and politicians their caucuses, and these bodies of men and women discuss finance and business interests, the most effectual way of bringing the wayward and sinful into the fold, the best methods of instruction in the various branches of study, and the chances of electing candidates for office. And almost everything else is discussed that promises to undo, to control, or regulate the mistakes, mischiefs, and unfortunate conditions of life. Recognizing fully these important offices, and many other phases of helpful work, it is still true that all these are reformatory or charitable, and not primarily preventive, in the sense of beginning with the child to systematically arm and educate him for defense or attack. No body of men or women make it a business to trace back to their sources, with the view of preventing, rather than curing, enduring, or punishing the helplessness, misery, and crime that have called forth our gigantic charities, that tax legislation in vain for adjustment, and baffle our just efforts to protect ourselves.

"How prophetic sounds the reason Froebel gives for living with our children: 'That the new generation may be fitted for answering the questions which lie in wait for it—questions which the passing generation can never solve.' For these questions lying at our door for solution are greater than any that ever confronted society before. The quality of men is the test of civilization, and their integrity the full promise of all that is needed for answering these questions concerning social regeneration."

Miss Hoge will reply to any letters concerning the work that are addressed to her at The Bowery Mission, 105 Bowery, N.Y.

LAST OF THE SAMARITANS!

Pilgrimage to Their Ancient Seat on Mount Gerizim—"The Seven Crosses," the White Lambs and the Sacred Pentateuch.



THE HIGH PRIEST.

THE five candles which were placed in a tin pan and let down to illuminate the bottom of Jacob's well for a suitable bakhshish and for my benefit, having been extinguished and dinner enriched by vegetables from the Greek priest's garden having been enjoyed, we mounted our horses for the short journey to Nablus. The evening sun was bathing the Moslem house of prayer on the summit of Mt. Gerizim, as we rode in between Mt. Ebal and the Hill of Blessing. Right past the great natural amphitheatres facing each other on the opposite mountains, on past the Turkish arsenal, and the troops gathering for the Druse-destroying expedition, right on to the Latin monastery we went. When I reached Nablus the Samaritan Sabbath had just begun.

In the morning, determined not to fail seeing the place where the last of the Jewish sacrifices is celebrated, I went out to the west end of the city and ascended Mt. Gerizim. The road is steep and well filled with loose stones. Seven days before the feast of the Passover the Samaritans leave their homes, climb the mountain and encamp in a hollow near the top of Gerizim. Three times a year they make their pilgrimage to the holy mountain, but only at the Passover is there a sacrifice offered.

It is in the month of flowers, it is in the month Nisan, and at the full moon this feast is held. About an hour before sunset on the last day of the encampment, one hundred and eleven, which is the full number of the male Samaritans, gather at the place of the slaying of seven white lambs. (Most of the women remain in the tents.) Then Jacob Aaron, the High Priest, dressed in long flowing white priestly robes, steps upon a large stone and stands there barefooted, leading the congregation in chanting prayers or praises. During prayer the men stretch out their hands, bow, kneel and touch the ground with their forehead, much after the fashion of the Moslems. Seven white lambs having been driven into the circle by seven barefooted young men dressed in white, the history of the Exodus is recited in concert, faster and faster as the moment of sunset approaches. When the "orb of day" has touched the western sky-line, the seven young men suddenly unsheath their bright knives, lift them on high, they flash in the light of the setting sun for a moment and then across the throats of the innocent lambs. The slayers then dip their fingers in the blood and touch each Samaritan on the forehead and on the nose. Sometimes only the youngest are thus blood-stained. I noticed two holes dug at the place of sacrifice, one some distance from the other and twice as deep. I was told, on the spot how a fire is kindled in the deep hole, a kettle swung in and water boiled. The hot water is poured and thrown on the slain animals and the fleece removed. Afterwards a spit fashioned out of what is supposed to be pomegranate, about four lengthwise of each lamb. A shorter spit is either driven through the throat or else is fastened to the long piece where the throat is cut. The forefeet are stretched out and fastened to it, thus making a veritable cross and crucifixion. They are then taken to the more shadowy place and here having been made in it are put in and the hole covered over; here they remain until the flesh is well roasted. I must not omit

mentioning that the right foreshoulders and entrails are flung aside and burned. The congregation employ themselves most of the time by chanting. By and by the lambs are taken out and held aloft, then one can behold the seven crosses. They are carried to the place of sacrifice where the people, having been supplied with bitter herbs and unleavened bread, hastily tear the flesh off and eat it. It is intended that all should wear white robes, have ropes tied around their waists, shoes on their feet and stones in their hands, thus fulfilling the Scripture requirements to the letter. (Meat is carried to the women in the tents.) After having eaten, the men search diligently for any morsels that may have fallen aside, and burn all that remains and then, according to Deut. 16:7, which says: "Thou shalt turn in the morning, and go unto thy tents," they depart to their homes.

A guard of fifty Turkish soldiers is frequently necessary to protect the Samaritans at the time of the sacrifice, from the excitable and fanatical Mohammedan residents of Shechem.

In Nablus is the famous Samaritan Pentateuch, which they claim was written by Aaron's great-grandson. It is not that old, but there seems to be good reason to believe that it is a trifle over two thousand years of age. It is kept in a costly case of silver which is wrapped about with a cover of fine venetian cloth. Some portions look older than others, due no doubt to the priests kissing Aaron's name. I called on the High Priest and was invited to the Sabbath closing service. The synagogue is a plain room about eighteen feet wide and thirty-two feet long, with arched ceiling and matting on the floor, which is not to be walked on with shoes. The service began at 6.00 P. M., and lasted till sunset.

Only male members attend. Just outside the door I counted 165



THE SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH.

It is claimed to have been written by a great-grandson of Aaron, the high priest of the Exodus, and to have been miraculously preserved.

slippers. I surely miscounted, for the number must divide by two at any rate. There were over eighty males present, and as there are only one hundred and one all told, it is likely that every one of sufficient age was there. (I've seen nearly all of the living Samaritans.) All were dressed in long white robes, a beautiful sight, and as they sang in concert or chanted, or the priest would chant a sort of solo and the others join in on the chorus, it was impressive. It was not a lazy

service. At prayer they would stand awhile, then kneel, then touch the matting with their faces.

I saw a man wait by the three trees in the court yard till a lad brought him water. He would not go to church till he washed his hands and feet. The twenty-five soap factories are not out of place where cleanliness is a part of religion. I was at a loss to know how each one would find his slip-

now. I have it, on good authority, that many of them are pretty well off.

The Samaritans are slowly dying out. REV. W. E. GILL

Another Plea for the Bird.

The recent publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of an article on "The Day," has awakened sympathetic interest in many quarters. Mrs. Geo. E. Fox

Loveland, Col., writes: "I was much pleased and interested in your article and its plea for our dumb friends. It seems few persons think much thought of birds and animals, the worm beneath our feet. So many ladies who are



PLACE OF THE SACRIFICE.

pers after service, for a small boy got among them and tried most of them on, and mixed things up considerably. My interpreter told a Samaritan lad to ask me for bakhshish. He quickly answered, and with emphasis: "It is the Sabbath."

In the morning, before climbing Mt. Gerizim, I called at the Samaritan quarter of Nablus, to inquire when I might have an interview with the High Priest, and was told "after the last Sabbath service." As I was going away a son of the priest, very confidentially accosted me, saying he would let me have a part of an ancient manuscript, but I must not mention it in the presence of the Samaritan elders. He informed me that he would show it to me after the Sabbath,—all of which was for the western man's money. After sunset I sat and drank coffee with the priests and elders. "How many Samaritans are there in the world, and where do they reside?" "They all live here," a priest answered, and continuing, he said: "There are two hundred and one now. Of that number one hundred and eleven are males and ninety are females. Our young men find it difficult to obtain wives. All except the priests may marry Jewish ladies, if they can get them." This last was said with a merry twinkle in the eye.

"Do you have any converts?" "His answer was simply the following question: 'Who would join the poor and the hated?'"

On the Sabbath day a Samaritan has no light or fire in his house, and hence no cooking. The Jews keep things warm in ashes, but the last of the Samaritans do not even that. The Chief Priest's wife passed by, and he remarked:

"That is my old woman."

I said, "Why don't the women go to the services in the Synagogue?"

He, knowing well the high regard in which women are held in the west, very shrewdly remarked, "There isn't room."

The fact is the women are not considered to have an interest in religion. Probably their souls are not as valuable as those possessed by the men. Women's souls are said to be of inferior quality.

There was an odor of good things cooking, and I concluded they were about to make up for the Sabbath fasting. The priests took me to see the old manuscript. It required two keys to get to it. One was eight inches long, the other only about four inches long. A contribution was expected.

The Samaritans claim to be very poor. They told me that years ago they were rich, but that they incidentally learned of a plot to murder them all. They took their gold and gave it to the Pasha, and he protected them. Hence they are poor

fessed Christians, and who seem good and merciful, go about wearing dead leaves on their clothes, hats and bonnets. Sometimes I think if all the dead birds represented at the church services could gather in the class-room and have a testing meeting, so that people could understand it would open the eyes of some and make many a heart sad.

"Many of our women who wear aigrettes and wings and delicate plumes, are not aware what an evil they are sanctioning and encouraging. I see lovely Christian ladies with their bonnets trimmed with the delicate feathers of the white egret, and I often wonder if they think or have ever learned how these plumes are obtained. The gathering of these feathers means a harvest of pitiless, horrible death, because it is reaped at the sowing time of birds when it is the most helpless through its blind natural parent-love for its offspring, and when its death means the death of its young birdlings. Any observant person who will take notice of the plumes worn on the heads of so many women should know that the slaughter of these birds involves not thousands but millions, as there are but few plumes to each bird that can be used, and it is only at the nesting time that they are fit for the market. It is stated as a fact that one merchant in New York City employs yearly from forty to sixty gunners, and it is not uncommon thing for one man to kill a hundred birds a day for days in succession.

"Every good woman should shun the responsibility of carrying aloft the trophies of such wicked work, and no doubt would, were it not for mere ignorance or thoughtlessness. Neither would a mother put into her little boys' hands such toys as swords, whips, air-guns, etc., if it is with these play weapons that the child learns his first lessons in cruelty."

Dwarfs of the Pamir.

The discovery of a singular race of dwarfs is reported by two Danish explorers who have lately returned from the hitherto unvisited portions of the vast lands called the Pamir. The trail of dwarf people are still fire worshippers without a knowledge of the proper use of money.

The travelers have some hundred photographs proving their story, and they tell of the timid, elusive habits of these little people who hide at the approach of strangers tallies with the reports of the primitive dwarfs in Morocco aroused such interest a few years ago.



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

"The Good Luck House."

SEVENTEEN years ago Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln, a young lady of high culture and refinement, and with means at her command to live at ease and indifference to the world's reproach, if she had so pleased, became deeply interested in the pitiable condition of many of the poorer people in the

it was still more profitable, the net sum at the end of the year being \$157.47. Mrs. Lincoln still carries on the administration of "The Good Luck House," and no queen was ever treated with more genuine respect than she is there. She is regarded as a most practical sort of patron saint to the institution. Yet there is no element of charity suggested in her dealings with her tenants. It is simply Christian justice. She seeks with great care to help them retain their self-respect, and treats them as fully her equal in personal responsibility. The rent is required to be paid regularly. One rigid rule enforced upon all tenants is cleanliness. She pays for the weekly scrubbing of the halls and stairways, but the tenants are required to sweep them every day in turn. The sinks and drains are kept clean. All this has a marvelous effect on the home habits of the inmates; and I have seen as clean and tidy rooms in "The Good Luck" tenement-house as I have seen anywhere, and that, too, on days when they were caught unawares, it not being the regular rent-day.

Mrs. Lincoln has a conscience, and justly feels that if six per cent. interest is enough for business men to pay on money borrowed, it is enough for poor people to pay on their investments in rents, and so all the profits above six per cent. she puts into the bank as an emergency fund, and from time to time, the tenants have been permitted to share some unexpected pleasure from this.

Turkey's Doom Foreshadowed Europe Sick of the Sultan's Misgovernment and Massacres—The Cretan Crisis.

ALTHOUGH the threatened European war over the Turko-Grecian troubles in Crete seems to have been averted for the moment, the danger of an armed conflict that may involve even the so-called "great powers," is still far from being safely past. Turkey and Greece are not less hostile toward each

massed near the Greek frontier, while the latter government has fully seventy thousand. Both forces are well supplied with war material, but the general condition of the Greek troops is said to be much inferior to that of the Sultan's forces. Yet

Paghtchi on the Bosphorus. The other boats found safe anchorage in the Golden Horn. As no Turk was deemed competent to act as admiral of this newly-organized navy, Hobart Pasha, a bluff Englishman and expert seaman, was put in charge. It was only by the most persistent appeals that, once a year, vessels



THE TURKISH FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE GOLDEN HORN.

the Turks, as all history shows, are brave soldiers and their qualities in the field need not be underestimated. Should a land campaign take place between the two nations, without outside allies or interference, it is the general opinion of European military experts that Turkey's troops would be strong enough to overrun the peninsula.

On the other hand, a sea campaign, without interference could hardly fail to result in a triumph for Greece. This accurate description of Turkey's once powerful navy is furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by a gentleman who has an intimate acquaintance with that branch of the Sultan's armament:

A battered remnant of rusty iron-clads, renovated torpedo boats and antique transports,—twenty-nine all told—even when dilated by the glowing imagery of Turkish official parasites, lie to-day idly rocking in the Golden Horn, as impotent for offence or defence as so many wash-tubs. Twenty-two years ago,

were permitted to leave their anchorage and slip up to the Black Sea for a brief series of manoeuvres. When in May, 1876, Redif Pasha forced his way into Abdul Aziz's presence, and told him that he was no longer Pashah, the Sultan rushed to his window only to find, that, in the irony of fate, his own ships had been selected to carry out coercive measures, and were now turning their grim batteries against their former master.

In the recent crisis, the chief of the navy, Hassan Pasha, the successor of Hobart Pasha has, under advice of the Minister of Marines, "prepared his ironclads for action." Advice from Constantinople say that after repeated discussions at Yildiz Kiosk respecting the fleet, its inefficiency is at last admitted by the issuing of an order directing it "to remain for the present in the Golden Horn."

Greece's navy, though comparatively small, is compact and modern. While it cannot be compared for a moment even with the second-rate navies of Europe, it is clearly more than able to cope with the ill-conditioned Turkish warships.

Since Germany's warships appeared off Canea, all the six great powers are represented in Cretan waters, though in varying strength. Great Britain has sixteen vessels on the spot—six being battleships—with Rear-Admiral Harris in command on board the *Revenge*. Italy has nearly twenty vessels present, her commander, Admiral Canevaro, as senior officer, directing international operations. Russia, Austria, and France are also represented. None of the Greek ships are very large; indeed, the most servicable seems to be the corvette, *Navarchos Miaulis*, armed with six-inch guns, which fired the first Greek shot in the struggle. The torpedo flotilla, brought on the scene by Prince George, musters some half-dozen smart little boats, with more in reserve at home. They are German built and carry four one-pounders apiece. Prince George himself is on board the royal yacht, *Sphacteria*. Meanwhile, a good deal of desultory fighting has been going on in Crete, the advantage resting with the insurgents, who seem more than a match for Turkish garrisons.

While the varying international kaleidoscope may change the complexion of affairs in Eastern Europe and bring to pass either war or peace, there is little doubt that in the present trouble, the pluck and resolution evinced by Greece will yet accrue to her permanent advantage. Her courage—all other considerations apart—was displayed in a righteous cause; for religion and liberty. She has won the sympathy of the liberty-loving peoples, and France, England, and Italy, at least, as Christian governments, have been compelled by popular opinion to decline supporting coercive measures against her in Crete and the Piraus, while Russia, Germany, and Austria have ranged themselves on the side of the Turk and against Greece.



MRS. ALICE N. LINCOLN.

poor houses of Boston. She set her face with heroic determination to do what was within her power to better the condition of these poor people. She hired a house in the heart of Slum-dom. It contained twenty-seven tenements, and she paid one thousand dollars a year rent the first year and afterward twelve hundred. The house had a bad reputation, and had been for some time under the ban of the police.

It was, at the time she took it, half empty, because of the degraded character of the occupants. Its entries and corridors were blackened with smoke and dingy and uninviting. The sinks were in dark corners, and were foul and disease-breeding. The stairways were innocent of water or broom, and throughout the entire house, from top to bottom, ceilings, walls, stairways—everything was dirty and neglected. It was surely not an attractive task to attempt to bring cleanliness and order out of such chaos, but this resolute young reformer bravely set herself to perform the seemingly impossible. The interior was painted, improved means of lighting and ventilating the sinks were ordered, and wood and coal closets arranged for each tenement on its own landing.

Previously the tenants had to keep their fuel in the cellar. The mouldy paper was removed from the entries and a fresh surface of plastering was put on. A few of the worst tenements had to be removed, but the majority, pleased with the new administration of things, were willing to accept its rules and remain. Tenants were soon found for every room; and this house, which had been regarded as very unhealthy, and had been a regular hive for reformers under the old regime of carelessness and greed, that did not care how dirty the tenants were so long as they paid their rent, under the new administration became so healthy that disease was almost unknown, and was, as is to this day, known by the tenants, as "the neighborhood generally, as "The Good Luck House."

During all these eighteen years Mrs. Lincoln has collected her own rents, and kept everything well under her own supervision. A close account was kept of all receipts and expenditures, and at the end of the first year the balance of cash in hand was \$111.67, or more than eleven per cent. on the investment. The second year



GREEK WARSHIPS AND THE FLEETS OF THE POWERS IN CRETAN WATERS.

other than at any time since the beginning of the embroglio. Their land and naval forces are straining every nerve to reach the full requirements of an active war footing, and while the coasts and harbors of Crete no less than those of the Grecian Archipelago are patrolled by armed warships—those of King George, among the number—the mountain chain which constitutes the European border land between Turkey and Greece, is covered with the armed forces of the two rival nations. The former has 90,000 men

Sultan Aziz, in his first spasmodic attempt at reform, determined to improve the old Turkish proverb, "God gave the land to the Turk, and the sea to the Giaour," by making the Turk the custodian of the sea as well. To this end, he invested in a dozen of the finest iron-clads England could produce, paying a most exorbitant price. These named for the various members of his family, were the pride of his royal heart, and in their possession he felt his kingdom an acknowledged maritime power. So highly did Sultan Aziz value these novel toys, that like a child he could not bear them out of his sight. Some were kept riding at anchor in front of his marble palace of Dolma-

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.

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India.

INDIA, now the scene of famine, plague and suffering, is a land where the Gospel has already won wonderful triumphs. Calcutta is the headquarters of Bishop Thoburn's work, and what Bishop Heber did in his day, Bishop Thoburn is now doing for the gospelization of India. I saw some of his schools and preached to many of his people, and got facts in regard to what is being done here and throughout India by consecrated men and women, enough to thrill all Christendom with gladness. Thousands of native converts in India every year under the Methodist missions, thousands of native converts under the Baptist missions, and a vast number under all the missions every year. But more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city, or town, or neighborhood of India but directly or indirectly feels the influence, and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood is being loosened, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the last funeral pyre has been extinguished, and the wheel of the Juggernaut has ceased to crush. All India will be taken for Christ. If anyone has any disheartenments let him keep them as his own private property—he is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragements to utter, let him utter them. What we want is less croaking owls of the night, and more morning larks with spread wing, ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up now Naomi and Windham, and give us Ariel, or Mt. Pisgah, or Coronation!

Glad am I that the last thing I did in Calcutta was to preach that Gospel which is to save India, and to save the world. With what interest I looked over the pulpit into the dark faces of these natives, and saw them illumined with heavenly anticipation. While yet they were seated I took my departure for a railroad train.

And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries. It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England, that the missionaries are leading a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries in the foreign field.

Against fearful odds, and with three millions of Christians opposed to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America, and England, and Scotland, and of all Christendom add ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year, preaching the Gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down, they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places. Not on the thrones nearest the King; they are reserved for the missionaries!"

Withhold Criticism.

AS soon as a man becomes prominent in official position he is the target to be shot at. We have in this country great profusion of anathema for our officials when they make mistakes, but not one word for official well-doing. We curse better than we bless. We never do a public man justice until he is dead and there is no danger of his ever being a candidate for alderman in our ward! By funeral eulogium we try to atone for all the lies we told about him while he was living. Everybody praises General Jackson now, but when alive he was hung in effigy in every city. We wait until we have put a heavy marble slab on a man, and it is certain he cannot get up from under the burden, and then Massachusetts Legislature passes resolutions of praise for Charles Sumner in the same hall where a little while before they had passed resolutions of insulting denunciation. We caricature Horace Greeley in the pictorials as no man ever was caricatured, and call him a crazy fool until he puts down his thunderbolt of a pen forever, and then we get the President of the United States to attend his funeral, and blockade Broadway from Grace Church to the Battery with sympathizers. Mr. Webster, while he lives, is "Black Dan;" after his death he is the "Great Expounder of the Constitution." The war president is "Old Abe" while he lives; after death he is the "Saviour of his Country." Now I say, let our public men, whether they do well in affairs municipal or national, hear plauditory echo. Praise never hurts a well-balanced man, but augments him.

The Printing Press.

NATION rises no higher than its literature. The cylinder of the printing press is the high water mark of civilization. Correct the world's literature and you correct its morals. Tell me what a man or a woman reads, and I will tell you the style of moral character, without, in ten thousand cases, an exception. No one ever read continuously bad books without becoming bad. No one ever continuously read good books without becoming good. A thousand dollars reward for anyone who is regularly reading corrupt novels and yet keeping either his religion or his morals. The most charming road to perdition is through a Parisian book stall. Watch the trade sales if you want to mark the rise and the fall of the great oceanic tides of moral feeling. When you pray for the Church and the school-house, let the most important paragraph of your supplication be for the purification of the American printing press. Long live all good books and newspapers!

APOSTLES OF SPRING.



NATURE is now busy making a new Spring. There is no sound of trumpets about her work, no noise of axe or hammer, no smoke of factory or forge; and yet her wondrous toil goes on, without rest and without haste. An inscrutable, irresistible

force is busy on every side of us, and the hard-trodden sod before our doors, is moved aside by slender, needle-like shafts, that will bend and blow with the faintest breeze. A miracle! Yes, indeed, a miracle before which science is dumb.

"The grass that tarrieth not for man" is everywhere, and we may go now into our brown gardens, and look for that beautiful brotherhood of floral Apostles, which year after year, bring us "glad tidings" of the coming Spring. Snowdrops, and Crocus buds, and daffodils, and violets, those sweet advent preachers that tell us although the bare shrubs shiver yet against the window panes, it will not be long, ere the twinkling streams, and fresh green fields, shall lie

Under clear skies of blue.

It is ages since God spoke by the Urim and Thummim, but these snowdrops, with their bells of light hanging in white perfection, are fresh from his fingers to-day. Reverently and lovingly then, let us accept the lessons they teach, the memories they enshrine; the hopes they foster, praying as we stand above them,

Make thou our spirits pure and clear

As the first snowdrops of the year.

Like day-stars against the white loveliness of the snowdrops, are the gold and purple crocus buds. Imagine now, the hills that look on the Levant the landscapes of Greece and old Ionia, the fields of Italy and Spain, and the sweet, green meadows of England all like "fields of cloth of gold" with the yellow crocus. Some Palmer, or Knight of the Crusades, brought the crocus to England; and the yellow and purple flowers in Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire, overrunning the meadows in gold and purple patches, taught Mary Howitt to sing for us:

Like lilac flame its color glows,
Tender, and yet so clearly bright,
That all for miles and miles about,
The splendid meadow shineth out;
And far off village children shout
To see the welcome sight!

A very little later the daffodils may be found in the shelters of the evergreens:

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;

and make the whole garden-place joyful. In Cumberland and Westmoreland daffodils have the lovely names of "Lent lilies," and "chalice flowers," the first because they flower in Lent; the second, from their nectaries being shaped like the chalice at the Communion Table. Lent lilies, in spite of their sunny color, have melancholy memories. They were the flower that the frightened girl Proserpina let fall from Dis's wagon in her terror; and Milton makes them fill

Their cups with tears

To strew the laurel hearse where Lycid lies;
while Herrick, in a poem that is almost a prayer, thus beseeches them:

Fair daffodils! We weep to see
Ye haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay! stay!

Until the hasting day
Has run;

But to the even-song:
And having prayed together, we
Will go with ye along.

"Gather we violets now," and then we can afford to wait until we see Flora peering into April's front. Violets, whose looks are like the skies, whose very name hath a garden in it; whose memory is a dwelling-place of dim woods and green secluded places. Violets, on whose rare-limbed, scented leaves, is written one of the most poetical chapters of humanity's great epic! In heraldry, they are the device of fair and modest girlhood, with the sweet and appropriate motto, "I must be sought after." What more exquisite emblem for a maiden than

Upon her heart that never yet felt trouble

A bunch of violets, full blown and double!
serenely sleeping. In poetry they ally themselves with all things fair and sweet; Milton and Shakespeare dedicate to this entrancing flower some of their daintiest conceits; as when Shakespeare would praise delicious music he says,

Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor!

or still more exquisitely in the "Winter's Tale,"

Violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

Barry Cornwall says that "the violet stands first always with a lover;" and therefore, as lovers never die, violets are perennially beloved.

Persia, Syria, Greece, France, England vie with America in their love for this little flower; and yet, but for its fragrance, we had not known there was so sweet a thing hid in the gloomy shade. But, lowly as it is, Mahomet chose it as the symbol of his faith; it was also the emblem of the first Napoleon, and is yet in Paris the badge of all who favor a free and

liberal form of government. So we can all wear violets, and yet it is for us them a still nobler meaning—we can wear them in remembrance of the unobtrusive and meek content of woodland which bless the passer-by with their fragrance and give as angels give—unseen.

Very soon our spring flowers will every one of them be but a memento, yet each in turn has brought us the odor coming summer, the glory of days reborn; they have given us sweet hope perfect year with its splendor of the flowers, and its wealth of the autumn grain. And herein is a parable which a read who hold communion with nature shall find their Maker there:

To teach their listening heart.

Amelia E. Per

BRIEF NOTES.

The Zion Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church has appointed Rev. Small its Bishop of Africa. Bishop Small to go out to his great diocese shortly and the planting of mission stations in neglected

English Christian Endeavorers are preparing for their National Convention which held this year at Liverpool. Last year the convention was held at Manchester. This year's meetings are being made to accommodate a thousand. Five large buildings have been

A curious reason is given by the Christian Missionary Society's magazine for the U. S. shape of the new Bibles prepared for Uganda, most formidable enemy of books in that country, the rat, and to prevent his ravages the native their Bibles in empty cracker tins. The Bibles made to fit the tins.

The Daisy Home and Hospital for children at Englewood, N. J., is this season through lack of means, to turn away many and deserving cases. All who are interested in this excellent work may address Mrs. J. H. Hinch, Treasurer, 22 William street, New York.

Rev. W. E. Geil has been holding services at Chelsea, Mass. The services were in the Cary Avenue Baptist Church, of which C. C. Pieri is pastor. Mr. Pieri writes us that more than two hundred persons, many of whom young men, made profession of faith while services continued.

The Commercial of Buffalo, N. Y., that Rev. Jacob Freshman, had the joy on communion Sunday of receiving into church ship thirty new members, of whom twenty admitted on confession. Revival services commenced in the West Avenue Presbyterian Church of which he is pastor and are progressing.

At a recent festival of the American at Athens the Capital of Greece, a well-known professor of that city, came forward and that he had been, many years ago, a little school; that he himself and every Greek knew of the school felt very grateful to the cans for what they had done and were still for Greece.

During the past few weeks successful revival meetings have been held in Providence, Church, Scranton, Pa. The meetings were under the charge of the pastor, Wm. Edgar. He was assisted by neighboring pastors who rendered valuable service. Over seventy bowed at the altar of penitence, and fifty-two have joined on probation. Others soon follow. The church is greatly encouraged.

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Plainfield, has been conducting revival services at Canton, N. Y. The central meetings were held in the House, with overflow meetings in the Baptist and Methodist Churches. Three services were held daily. It is estimated that the additions to the churches will aggregate four hundred. Crane went thence to Bridgeton, N. J.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, states that after a study of reports and statistics he is justified in belief that not less than 20,000 Chinese have converted to Christianity through the agency of the mission since its establishment in 1865. The past three years, 200 missionaries have added to the staff of the Mission.

The Christian Endeavor Societies continue with the Disciples of Christ are pressing forward educational lines. At the convention in New York a special reading course for them was suggested, and a committee has reported a plan, which with approval at the convention at Springfield in October. This report emphasizes three Bible study, the study of missions, and the study of the history and purpose of the denomination.

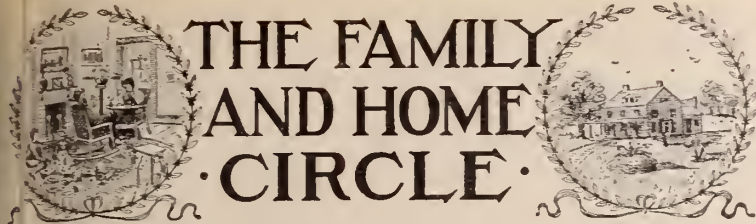
The Waldensian colony at Valdesse, Italy, celebrated their emancipation day, February 1, by laying the corner stone of a new church, known as the Bethany Waldensian Church. At a time of great rejoicing, not only the colony itself sharing in the exercises, but many from the country around. It is reported that the colony is to be largely re-enforced in the spring by many as 1,000 Waldensians planning to come Italy.

Evangelist Grant C. Tullar is holding revival services in Brooklyn, N. Y. The revival was recently by the work in the Western Presbyterian Church suggested a project for work to include the other churches in the district. The Strong Baptist, South Congregational, the Tabernacle Baptist and Pilgrim Chapel are working with the Westminster Presbyterian in the series. Meetings commenced March 10th and continued for two weeks.

The new Babi religion is spreading rapidly through Persia. It is estimated that in towns and villages half the population are Babis. There are probably 800,000 of them in the country. This is, in itself, a clear indication that the light of Persia are already, in large measure, won over to Islam, and anxious for a higher, holier, more spiritual faith. Almost all through the country the Babis are quite friendly to Christianity. The rise of this faith is in a large measure due to the spread of the Gospel, the best of their doctrines are borrowed from it, while they openly recognize the Scriptures and profess to be ready to accept any opinion they may hold when once proved contrary to the Bible.

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself, should be a castaway. (1 Cor. 9: 27.)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Colorado Country and Its Abundant Game — A Picturesque Camp in the Wild Woods.

EVERY passing year witnesses a perceptible diminution of the once abundant large game of our Western States. There was a time, not so very long ago, when buffalo were found in vast numbers on the plains, and bear and deer in the Colorado country—a term employed by hunters and miners to indicate the extensive tract through which the Colorado river flows, and which was formerly one of the best game fields in the world, although it is no longer. But while much of the larger game, including bear and deer, has vanished, there is still enough left to satisfy the love of adventure. Streams are alive with fish, and there is nothing finer to tempt the appetite than a dish of mountain trout, caught in the liming and swirling waters. Our illustration shows a party of campers in the Colorado country. Every summer finds many such camps in the lands that are still open to the sportsman. It is a healthful and invigorating life, out there in the woods, with no terror of the summer heat and far from the turmoil of traffic and business. Camping in such a place, however, is by no means a simple or inexpensive affair. Such a party needs a good supply of victuals to supplement the proceeds of the hunt, which are sometimes rather meagre. Besides there are the expenses of guides, and the cost of transportation of tents, boxes and traps to be taken into account. Still, so much is gained in reinvigorated bodies, strengthened muscles and healthily bronzed faces that a season's camping, under advantageous circumstances, is a good investment. It has been the means of prolonging many a life.

Wildish Self-Reliance.

If trained to the habit of doing things for itself, it is surprising how soon a child will develop the ability of self-reliance. Too many parents, like nursery-maids, says a thoughtful writer, imagine that they know better than it is good for a baby to look at than he knows for himself. In this way a child is usually taught to depend upon others for amusements and occupations, instead of being satisfied with his own resources. How much pleasanter it is to follow the natural bent of our minds and do a thing the time we are inclined to do it. Children, though easily diverted, have the same natural instinct, and are often made peevish and fretful by having this innate longing frustrated. As far as possible, the child's natural inclinations should be permitted free course. If he enjoys tossing a ball and seeing it rebound, let him exhaust at pleasure for himself. He will then have a sense of contentment and satisfaction, which is utterly wanting when his attention is constantly distracted by new objects being thrust upon it.

the Real Kindergarten Spirit.

One wishing to become a kindergartner need in no wise enter into the spirit of the work, says Harriet L. Coolidge in *Trained Motherhood*, unless she is willing to become as a little child. Added to this, she would have a heart full of love, a throat full of music, an imaginative brain from which to draw lovely stories, and last, but

not least, the patience of Job. Now do not be discouraged if you have not these; go and live, not for a few hours only, but for days and weeks, among little children and learn of them. The world is beginning to wake up to the fact that the Master was right when he placed a little child in the midst of his disciples as a pattern and guide. If mothers would study themselves and their children, make every nursery a child-garden, they and the fathers as the gardeners, they can make what they will of this plastic clay. They, and they only, are the ones to begin the training.

A Day at the White House.

The President is a busy man. An observant writer gives this outline of a day's life at the White House: All the linen, bedding and towels are furnished. His table is furnished with the finest, daintiest damask, set with exquisite china, and bountifully supplied with flowers from the

ate in them the appetite for drink. He said: "Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will also be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown, and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys; and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the habit has been formed."

A Royal Family's Home Life.

At the present time, when the eyes of the world are turned toward brave little Greece, it may interest our readers to peruse this short description of the personalities at the royal home in Athens. The royal family spend part of their time at the palace there, and part at the palace at Tatoi, their country residence. Tatoi is a very pretty place, situated in a valley and accessible by a small railway running from the palace to Kephissia. The life led by the king and queen is a very simple one. King George has his rooms in the palace decorated with fine bronzes, marbles and paintings, and a few portraits of Hellenes. There he spends his time in

GATHERING HOME.

OUT of the cradle of mansions,
Out of the tenements cold,
One by one, the little ones
Are gathering into the fold.
Round the great White Throne they're thronging.
These babies of earth so fair;
They hear the voices of angels,
And join in the songs over there.
At the feet of Christ they are learning
The lessons earth cannot teach,
Up to his great hand of kindness
Their tiny hands they reach.
And lean their heads on his bosom,
He'll bless them there, we know,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
For they love and trust him so.
Then out of the cradle of mansions,
Out of the tenements cold,
The babies of earth are coming
To fill a place in the fold.
San Marcos, Texas.

LELIA STOREY.

In Burmese Homes.

IT is a remarkable fact that Burmah differs from almost all other Oriental countries in the freedom accorded to its women. They stand in every way almost on an equality with men, so far as law, religion and custom are concerned. Girls share equally with boys in all inheritance, and they inherit property absolutely. There are no trustees between a woman and her property, and when she marries, she retains it, her husband having no legal control over it nor over her. Children are not so much ordered in Burmah, as guided and cared for, and when comparatively young, they are practically given control over their own doings—not without sound advice from their elders, but there is little command and no compulsion.

Although the Burmese women are not beautiful according to the accepted idea, yet to those who know them, they possess in a great degree the attractions of womanliness. Their voices are soft and sweet, and their manners quiet and self-restrained. Their complexion is fairer than that of the men and their eyes large and brown. Nearly all the women of the class above the peasants can read and write, but they are not so universally educated as are the boys, because they are not allowed to go to the monastery schools where the boys are taught.

Burmese women may be said to have no accomplishments. They are not taught music nor any of the light accomplishments that are valued by Western women, but in household matters they are thoroughly acquainted and all weave, cook and sew and some embroider. A girl does not have many amusements. She may go to the river, where there are boat-races and festivals of different sorts; but they have no "games" for young folks. In every household, the daughter has her appointed work and in all but the richer merchants' homes it is the daughter's duty to bring the water from the well, morning and evening. This well is the gossiping-place of the village and here are told the latest news and the little chatter of the place. In almost every house there is a loom and the girls weave their own dresses and those of their parents.

Teaching on Daughters.

Teach her all that is possible of everything good and useful, writes Elizabeth Scott Droke, in the *Religious Telescope*. . . . Then having mastered the ordinary education, take her to the kitchen. Teach her to make good wholesome bread. See that she understands the conditions under which typhoid lurks in the dishrag, and the kitchen sink. Having graduated from the kitchen, let her advance to the dining-room. Here she should attend to all the appointments of the table and serve the family from soup to dessert. Seek to instill and to foster within her a due regard for the sweet small courtesies of life which everywhere and under all circumstances mark the perfect lady.



CAMPING OUT IN THE COLORADO COUNTRY.

White House conservatories. If he sends a telegram, it is done from an instrument in the White House. His stationery and postage are also furnished. If he wants to take a drive his stables are amply equipped, all being paid for by the government. When he enters his business office, a man is stationed at the door to open and close it, and a private secretary, to whom the government pays a salary of \$5,000 a year, assists him with his correspondence; also a typewriter. He is protected from the curious by a number of private watchmen. His steward does the marketing without cost to him. Yet with all these conveniences ready to his hand, there is not an hour of the day he can call his own. He is the people's servant, and must hold himself subject to their call at all hours. His Cabinet, the heads of departments, Congress, statesmen and visitors from many parts of the country, the demands of private and official correspondence, and lastly, the ceaseless round of social obligations, all leave him with hardly an hour of the twenty-four at his disposal, save those that are passed in slumber.

A Wholesome Warning.

In a recent address by an officer of the Ohio Liquor League, delivered at a public meeting in that state, the diabolical suggestion was made that the boys should be degraded by "treating," in order to cre-

study. Twice a week the king receives all callers who have asked for an interview. These he usually receives in his own private room on the ground floor, where he is seated beside a table covered with papers and letters. Those who call on him find him very frank and pleasant. During a conversation, a caller may contradict him without the least fear of angering him. When he married the Grand Duchess Olga, who is a member of the Greek Church, he pleased the people greatly. She, through her benevolent work and charitable institutions, has won the love of the Greeks as her husband has. Their six children are all very popular, and altogether the family is one of the happiest royal groups in Europe.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

TAKE the sunny side of the road
Walk through the gracious light;
Yonder, heavy grey shadows stay,
But there God's yellow sunbeams play,
And make it glad and bright.
Take the sunny side of the street—
Step through the golden rain,
Perchance it's there that you will meet
The children with small, dancing feet
Bringing you joy again.
He who in sunlight thus abides
See rainbows through his tears
And turning out what'er betides,
A face that all its sorrow hides,
He conquereth the years.

—V. SHEARD in *Mass.ys.*

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER VIII—Cont'd.

"I Must Go and See Jessie."

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



HERE was also a better feeling between Mr. Lloyd and his errant son. The older man could not forget the bold recklessness of Steve's philippic at the socialistic meeting. He liked it. He felt a pride in his manner and his eloquence, and he smiled involuntarily whenever he thought of Steve's defense of himself, and his description of rich men in general. Then he usually permitted his mind to wander away in speculations which ended with the admission, "Steve is no such fool as one would think. He could manage my business, with my advice, just as well as he does his mother's trumpery benevolences—if he would—if he would—if his ideas about money were not all aslip and aslant, and if he was not as stubborn as a mule." So that as far as his home went, many years had passed since Steve had been able to visit it with so much satisfaction.

But when it came to his actual marriage with Jessie, Steve did not get the sympathy that he expected. Both Mrs. Lloyd and Alice felt as if there was hurry and mistake. When they had first thought of a wife for Steve it was as a last hope for his respectability; a kind of heroic treatment for which there now appeared no necessity. Jessie had gone out of date. They felt it difficult to accept her. Good women as they were, they were not above imagining Jessie's pride and satisfaction in finding out that she had captured the son of a millionaire in entertaining an unknown guest. They spoke of it to themselves with little sighs, and Alice, who had some imagination, pictured Jessie's excitement and pride in a variety of ways.

In reality the girl had taken the denouement in a very different manner to any of Alice's suppositions. On that night when Nicholas Lloyd so unconsciously assisted in it, Steve, after seeing his father home, went directly to the McAslins to finish the explanation. It was a little difficult for John to accept it, but he was honest enough to realize that his own hopes about Alice made this difficulty. Steve then went exhaustively into the circumstances that had made him a wanderer, and when John complained, and with some reason, of the confidence withheld from his best friends, Steve fortified his position by a positive assurance that his only motive had been a desire to win Jessie's affection without a suspicion of money influencing her. He then explained the purpose, and the payment of his mother's proposal, and showed the ring she had sent Jessie and the check given for their home making.

So John put the little selfish ache in his heart down below all show of feeling, and gave Steve his hand in token of their renewed friendship and alliance. There had evidently been an effort of some evil influence to thwart Steve's happiness, but his clear honesty drove away all suspicions. And pray, how many of us are proof against the prospect and power of money? Mr. and Mrs. McAslin were both excited over the circumstance. Mrs. McAslin's pride being also strongly tinged with a pious sentimentality. Considering her early relations with Nicholas Lloyd, and his cruelty to her, she found it easy and satisfactory to relegate the whole affair to a just and retributive Providence. She was so anxious for Jessie's return that she could not sleep by night nor eat by day, and the solemn importance of her countenance impressed her daughter before she had taken the pins out of her hat.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked nervously. "Has anything gone wrong? Has any one done wrong? You look as if you had more to carry than you could bear."

"A very strange thing has happened, Jessie. We have found out something about Steve."

"You have found out nothing wrong, I am sure, mother. I won't believe that you

have done that. I won't!

I won't!"

"His name is not Morrison. Morrison is only his middle name."

"What of that? I am going to marry Steve, right or wrong,—and I do not fear any wrong that may come through him. If his name is not Morrison, pray what is it?"

"Lloyd!"

"Hum! it might be worse, and it might be better; that is if names have any influence over the people that bear them. I wonder if he is any relative of the Nicholas Lloyds?"

"He is the son of Nicholas Lloyd."

"O! the brother of Alice Lloyd, then?"

"Yes."

"I am rather glad of it. That accounts for much and sundry!" Poor Jessie! Her face flushed rosy, her whole attitude became suffused with a well controlled but haughty satisfaction. She felt that she must be alone in order to realize properly the good fortune that had come to her.

When Steve came home to dinner she was shy but gracious. She had put on her best dress and given her appearance an air of holiday. He took her part at once. He gave her his mother's ring and message, and showed her the generous check which was to prepare their home. The interest of all this was so wonderful and so great, that dinner was half over when they came hand in hand to the table. Their eyes were shining with happy tears; they were above and beyond hunger; they had had food to eat that God gives but rarely in life—the food of heaven—the satisfying joy of perfect love. Indeed they could talk as little as they could eat. They were too happy to say how happy they were. But it was Steve only that felt that sensitive deprecation of great happiness which fears to wound by too much evidence of joy before those who are less fortunate.

The weeks which followed these incidents were weeks of unparalleled pleasure to Jessie. She selected her own home, an uptown flat, with all the adornments and conveniences which have taught people with limited incomes unlimited extravagance. Then she necessarily furnished it up to the walls, and mantels and mirrors, showing such exquisite taste and delight in the work that Steve could not find it in his heart to name the expense to her. Her wedding garments also were to order, and between the house and the modiste, she found herself every night exceedingly weary and exceedingly happy. A street costume of dark silk that could do service afterwards had been Jessie's first idea of a wedding gown, but the house so enlarged her conceptions of what was beautiful and proper, that the dark silk was given up for white satin. Then the small home wedding, with only their most intimate friends present, was resigned; the white satin dress asked for a church ceremonial, to which every one she knew could be invited.

These changes came so naturally and so gradually, and were so bewitchingly advised that Steve had no power to deny his sanction. "You see, Steve," she argued, "anybody can go to a church. There will be no sense of degradation in going there, but your family would not like to come to a little flat near St. Mark's Place, and it would be a great pity to begin our relationship with a sense of scorn and a feeling of unkindness. We must keep good friends, eh, dear?"

This argument seemed reasonable to Steve. He could find nothing to say

against it. The church being granted, it naturally demanded the accessories of a church wedding. Jessie affirmed it and Steve's own experience proved her assertion. This point gained, it followed that all her old pupils, all her friends and acquaintances, every respectable person she knew must swell the crowd who would gather on the seventh of February, to do her honor.

Nothing could possibly have been more at variance with Steve's desires and opinions. He thought, with grim smiles, of his socialistic conferees, and imagined the words they would say to him. He thought of himself tramping through the Rockies and fiddling and singing to the birds. He thought of himself driving cattle, working before the mast, cutting wheat, rolling barrels, in fact in every antagonistic condition that he had filled. But he could not smile at the contrast, he was too much in love to oppose Jessie's desires in anything, and he told himself that it was the obvious duty of the bridegroom to submit to every whim of the bride,—yet somehow the vision of Hercules with a distaff instead of a club, always slipped into these reminiscences.

The seventh of February brought this condition of enthusiastic devotion to a climax. Steve would have sworn on that morning that all and everything was a too small concession to the satin-robed, bewitching little woman, who laid her hand in his with such a charming confidence. At that moment, neither of them knew, or cared who, or who was not, present. But the outside world noticed that Mrs. Lloyd alone represented Steve's immediate family, and the criticisms on this shabby support, were as various as the people uttering them.



"HIS NAME IS NOT MORRISON," SAID MRS. McASLIN.

"Old Lloyd was afraid he would have to give a big check."

"The girl was a music teacher, and Mrs. Lloyd a Valliante. The Valliantes are a very proud family. I don't suppose the Lloyds have any family to talk of."

"But so few people have."

"We must speak as we know. My own family is very, very old. I wonder at Miss Lloyd's absence. She is said to be so amiable."

"She adored her brother. Girls who adore their brother do not usually adore that brother's wife."

"Do you think so? Now my sister-in-law worships me. She asks my advice about every thing."

"What a phenomenon! You are to be hugely congratulated."

"I heard Miss Lloyd was sick."

"She has chagrin. You know she is engaged—or was engaged—to Lord Medway."

"O! that match is off, I assure you. Here comes the bride! Is she not pretty?"

"Is that Steve Lloyd? Why! how changed he is! The man is positively and audaciously handsome."

"Gentlemanly, too; and I have heard such dreadful reports about him."

"Hush! The service begins."

And what a marvellous service it was! Steve! Mystical, wonderful words gave him the right to take from her father and mother, and brother and sister, a woman he loved, and bind her to his life and soul forever. He was conscious of nothing but this stupendous gift obligation. The words of the official minister beat on his ears and heart as they came from afar off, and with special authority. He was astonished at his own voice, and the slipping of the ring on Jessie's hand was a miracle of grace. Jessie was at last his wife. A delicate destiny led them to a waiting carriage; they entered it with happy words in their ears; they were alone in the travel traffic of the streets; and anon, stepped over the threshold of their home. The world had bid them speed! and left them, and their future happiness was in their own hands.

The suppositions of the company regarding the absence of Mr. Lloyd and Miss Lloyd were as correct as suppositions usually are. Nicholas Lloyd—whose behavior had been lately more and more erratic and contradictory—gave no reason for absenting himself from his son's marriage, except a general disapproval of son's conduct. "Steve will do nothing to please me," he said to Steve's mother, "and therefore he has no right to expect anything from me." Alice's absence was absolutely beyond her control. She prostrated with a nervous headache, which did not suffer her to move, or speak, or endure the light. She said truly enough that if it had been her own wedding service, she could not have been present. The world, however, put its own construction on her absence, and John was a more charitable. He believed that she remained away to prevent meeting under circumstances which would demerit if not familiarity, at least a show of friendliness.

For the admitted relationship of Steve to his sister, which produced precisely the effect John foresaw, Alice did not really say "this is enough for the McAslins," but she felt that she permitted herself to act upon that feeling. She kept out of John's way. If forced to meet him, she drew her sweetest self, and gave him only a polite courtesy which he had no power to refuse, and yet which she felt to be a great cruelty when offered in lieu of those nameless evidences of interest—of affection—which had sweetened his life, and made his days one bright hope.

The injustice of her action was a conscious one. She grieved the wrong, she frequently resolved to atone for it, she wondered why she should make herself and John miserable because she had taken a dislike to Jessie, a perverse spirit ruled whenever an opportunity offered of putting the wrong right. Honestly she had

tended to make the marriage ceremony a kind of day of atonement, she had prepared a dress of wonderful beauty to emphasize her submission to events, and in all her kind intentions were frustrated circumstances quite beyond her control.

Her experiences in society during the winter had also greatly embarrassed her attitude towards John McAslin. She had been questioned and twitted and contradicted about the Medway affair, until she felt it would require a great effort to escape the net of circumstances binding her to it. There were days when she did not think she cared to make this effort when her serious appointments and beautiful life, and the glamor of riches and honors were set in such sharp contrast to poverty, and the unlovely straits of life, that to prevent contact with, or even knowledge of the seemed a personal duty. God had set her in pleasant places, why should she go down into the Valley of Baca, to make it a well, or else suffer its miseries and drought? was the almost angry question in her heart.

John divined this struggle in the girl's feelings, for a pure love knows best of the things such that are never told.

(To be Continued.)

Fortifying India.

(Continued from First Page.)

In the selection of such as these, the *Christian Herald* has the valuable assistance of Misses Leitch, who fully know the field of missionary labor, and who have no trouble to collect information needed. Others of the Mission, notably, Dr. Creech, the American Dr. Leonard of the Board, Dr. Chivone Baptist Board, Mr. McLean of the Disciples, Miss S. D. Dore, the Women's Union Society—have all co-operated in the work, and have been able to make up the forty able and sympathetic distributors whose stations we published last week. All these are gladly feeding the grain purchased for them by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

It will be seen by the list now published that all denominations share in this great work. The division of the work is not governed by denominational lines, but by the fact that owing to the character of the work, there was a more pressing need in some cases than in others. The extent of the need was in all cases the principle of distribution.

To supply the need in all cases far exceeds the supply. Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to whom a remittance of five hundred dollars has been sent, cables: "Famine in India. Eight millions now suffering, a thousand orphans."

More and more pathetic letters from Rev. J. Deane, another Methodist missionary, who writes: "Many mothers are begging us to buy their children. Some are willing to sell them, but not to treat them as we do the children from Africa, and are content to see them with us for money. They say: 'Take my children and I will go off.' One parting was pathetic. It was a mother who left his child with us. He had been a prosperous farmer, but his fields parched and produced nothing. He begged his boy not to go with him for he loved him. Last Friday as I rode home I saw a man lying by the roadside, the cries of the dying ringing in the streets at midnight. You, in

your ten thousand miles away, can imagine the strain of heart and mind that this famine causes a missionary. To see our fellow-men in the grip of famine, from the hungry to the dying skeleton, and not being able to help because of the vast numbers, is distressing in the extreme." Margaret Dunning, who describes the fierce appearance of the children, adds: "Two days of regular sufficient food and these wild, wolfish little creatures, their first coming, snatch and tear into cheerful, pleasant little girls. When new comers arrive, 'Let me have plenty; they are so hungry.' What an opportunity there is in these famine times to raise little ones for Christ."

The extent of the famine, with all its appalling horrors, may be estimated by the number of people who toil on the relief works established by the Government. A photograph taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of one of these relief camps, is reproduced on the first page. Benjamin Aitken, our own correspondent in the famine districts, who employed the photographer to take the

Our India Famine Fund Distributors.

Forty New Stations Opened and Relief Funds Cabled to American Missionaries at Each Point.

Station.	Name of Missionary.	Denomination.	Am't Sent.	Station.	Name of Missionary.	Denomination.	Am't Sent.
Bombay,	Bishop J. M. Thoburn,	M. E.,	500	Udayagari,	Rev. W. R. Manley,	Baptist,	500
Buccalla,	Rev. Justin E. Abbott,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500	Palampur,	Rev. W. E. Hopkins,	Baptist,	500
Cumbun,	Rev. John Newcomb,	Baptist,	500	Hurdia,	Rev. G. L. Wharton,	Disciples,	500
Manipuri,	Rev. H. M. Andrews,	Presbyterian,	500	Muttra,	Rev. J. E. Scott,	M. E.,	500
Damoh,	Rev. J. G. McGavran,	Disciples,	500	Narsingpur,	Rev. J. O. Denning,	M. E.,	500
Poonah,	Miss Bannister,	Salva. Army,	500	Meerut,	Miss Anna E. Lawson,	M. E.,	500
Lucknow,	Rev. E. W. Parker,	M. E.,	500	Dindigul,	Rev. Edward Chester,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500
Sitapur,	Rev. P. T. Wilson, M.D.,	M. E.,	500	Madura,	Rev. Jas. E. Tracey,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500
Rahuri,	Rev. W. O. Ballantine,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500	Secunderabad,	Rev. W. B. Boggs,	Baptist,	500
Ahmednagar,	Rev. James Smith,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500	Nalgonda,	Rev. A. Friesen,	Baptist,	500
Ongole,	Rev. John E. Clough,	Baptist,	500	Nursuravapetta,	Rev. W. Powell,	Baptist,	500
Nellore,	Rev. David Downie,	Baptist,	500	Bareilly,	Mary E. Bryan, M.D.,	M. E.,	500
Allahabad,	Miss T. C. Lathrop,	W. U. Miss. B.,	500	Toradabad,	Rev. Lewis A. Core,	M. E.,	500
Calcutta,	Miss S. F. Gardner,	W. U. Miss. B.,	500	Lodiana,	Rev. A. H. Ewing,	Presbyterian,	500
Bilaspur,	Mrs. Mary D. Adams,	Disciples,	500	Lahore,	Rev. H. C. Velt,	Presbyterian,	500
Lucknow,	Col. Eolwar Das,	Salva. Army,	500	Allahabad,	Rev. C. A. Janvier,	Presbyterian,	500
Cawnpore,	Rev. C. G. Conklin,	M. E.,	500	Jhansi,	Rev. J. F. Holcomb,	Presbyterian,	500
Aligarh,	Rev. Jas. C. Lawson,	M. E.,	500	Kanigiri,	Rev. Geo. H. Brock,	Baptist,	500
Sholapur,	Rev. Chas. Harding,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500	Ahmednagar,	Rev. R. A. Hume,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500
Satara,	Rev. Henry J. Bruce,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500	Vinukonda,	Rev. Frank Kurtz,	Baptist,	500

Total previously sent as per list Feb. 17,	-	-	-	5,000
Cabled to Governor-General's Relief Committee at Calcutta,	-	-	-	5,000
Total Amount Forwarded to Date,	-	-	-	\$30,000

picture for us, writes that this Relief Work is near the historic city of Lucknow. The artist was unable to take a tenth part of the whole scene. In all, there are five thousand persons on the work. In this particular case they are quarrying stone and concrete to be broken into small pieces which will be used for years to come in repairing the roads in and around Lucknow. In the Relief Works in other places, railroads are being made and canals cut for irrigation purposes. These works are not immediately needed, but the Government having undertaken to feed the people, is getting the work done now for the double purpose of finding them employment and of preventing a recurrence of the famines. People of all nationalities in India concur in saying that

who know the appalling need and the benefit to the cause of Christ which must come from this distinctively Christian effort to meet it. Dr. James L. Barton, one of the secretaries of the American Board writes: "We sincerely appreciate the excellent work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing for the relief of the sufferers. The letters which come from all parts of our Marathi field report increasing distress and the inability of the government to cope with the famine." Dr. Leonard, of the Methodist Board writes: "Permit me to thank you most heartily for the good work you are doing in aiding our missionaries to provide for the starving people around them." Dr. McLean of the Church of the Disciples writes: "Our workers write us that they are living on

week until the crisis is past, and the blessed fruits of the earth are gathered in. The work belongs to the readers of this journal; we are sure that they will carry it forward. It is worthy all the sacrifices of self-denial, and time and trouble they can give; for it means, not only life to those who are starving but an object lesson to those who do not know Christ. When his servants feed them in his name they will learn what Christianity means.

Among the letters from contributors received recently are some which show how true and disinterested these givers are. The following are a few extracts from these letters, which are typical of hundreds of others:

Mrs. F. L. Connell, Topeka, Kan., sends A widow's mite saved by denying ourselves dainties which we used to think were necessities for our table.

G. Ramakee & Son, Greenleaf, Minn.:

It may interest you to know that the \$6.30 enclosed as well as the \$14 sent last week, was raised by placing a charity box on our counter, on which we pasted a page from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. S. Palmer, Sharon, Pa., in sending a contribution of five dollars writes:

I am wonderfully interested in the marvelous philanthropic work being accomplished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I firmly believe it is doing the grandest work for humanity in general of any institution in the world. May you have the smile of God's approval, and may he continue to bless your work in the future as he has done in the past.

Although we have added at large cost a four-page supplement to this week's issue, to avoid encroaching on regular features, we have still to ask the indulgence of our readers in the matter of acknowledging contributions. Some thousands of names are still withheld for lack of space but all contributions are acknowledged in the order of their receipt. The totals of the pages devoted to acknowledgments in this issue are as follows:

Contributions acknowledged on p. 237, \$ 71.16
 " " " 238, 2066.92
 " " " 239, 2634.28
 " " " 240, 2599.43
 " " " 241, 1944.30
 Previously acknowledged 7698.82

Total contributions acknowledged to date ... \$17,014.91

Arnold, Pearl, ... 25	Baker, Mrs. A. M. ... 100
Adams, E. E. ... 136	Baker, Mr. & Mrs. C. F. ... 100
Ackiss, Wm. H. ... 100	Barnes, J. B. ... 200
Aiken, Mrs. Samantha ... 100	Baumgardner, Anne ... 100
Albro, Mrs. Z. L. ... 100	Beazell, Mrs. Jas. S. ... 100
Alldworth, Mrs. J. ... 100	Bell, Mrs. S. L. ... 100
Allen, M. J. ... 400	Bennett, Stephen ... 200
Allen, O. H. ... 250	Berlin, E. L. ... 100
Anderson, Geo. ... 50	Best, W. D. ... 200
Anderson, Mrs. O. ... 400	Best, W. J. ... 100
Anderson, Mrs. Wm. ... 50	Behney, Edwin H. ... 100
Andrews, Mrs. M. ... 100	Bickenbach, J. & Mrs. ... 100
Arms, Geo. C. ... 100	Bidwe, E. ... 200
Armstrong, Alice ... 50	Bird, Wm. ... 100
Arnold, Mrs. A. ... 50	Bishop, David E. ... 100
Arnold, Lottie ... 50	Bitner, Dr. & Mrs. ... 50
Arnold, Nettie ... 50	Bock, J. A. ... 200
Atwater, L. C. ... 25	Total ... \$71.16
Avery, E. W. ... 200	
Ayers, M. ... 200	



A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN INDIA.

the Government is doing all in its power to save life, without increasing the burden on the national treasury. In this it presents a striking contrast to the policy of the old native governments, which in former famines permitted the people to die without making any effort to find them employment. Over three million persons are now employed on these Relief Works in various parts of the famine districts, and a large number of the old and sick who are unable to work are being fed in sheds near the relief grounds. But there is universal testimony that, much as the Government is doing, it touches only the fringe of the calamity, and that the aid of the missionaries alone is preventing the deaths rising above the present shocking figures. Many of the people remain in their villages, hoping against hope, living first on one meal a day, then on one meal in two days, and finally without food for days at a time, until they are too weak to undertake the journey to the nearest Government relief camp, which they might have reached if they had started earlier.

The noble work being done by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is receiving recognition from eminent men,

two meals a day and giving the rest to the suffering. I believe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never did a better work than when it undertook to send relief to these starving people of India." Miss Doremus says: "The Board return many thanks on behalf of our missionaries who are in the centre of the famine district."

More than two months yet remain before any harvest can be expected. In the meantime every week adds to the suffering. It is, we are sure, sufficient to state the fact to ensure continued effort on the part of our readers. They have done so much and have done it so cheerfully that they are not likely to relax their efforts in this supreme crisis. We have had a number of single pages from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing a compact story of the famine, struck off which we shall be glad to send to any subscribers who are willing to make an appeal to their churches, Sunday Schools or societies. Much has already been collected in this way, and more might be obtained with a little effort. These pages will help any sympathetic worker in presenting the cause to his friends. It is gratifying to find how many of our friends have not only contributed

the famine districts, who employed the photographer to take the

the famine districts, who employed the photographer to take the

[illegible]

Hubbard, Mrs L M	2 00	Lane, Wm P	1 25
Hunt, Nida	1 25	Lanfill, Mrs F B	1 00
Hutchinson, C C &	2 00	Lawson, Mrs John G	1 00
* family		Lewis, Harriet	1 00
Hot Miss J and Mrs H		Laetty, Mrs Anna	1 00
Pens	5 00	Lindsley, Blanche	1 00
Haines, W A	1 00	Lindsley, Mrs H	1 00
Hale, Carlos	5 00	Lindsley, Mrs W	1 00
Hale, Mrs Carlos	1 00	Linsow, J & M Barr	1 00
Hall, Jas	1 00	Loague, Nellie J	25
Hall, Mrs S B	25	Loat, Mrs Wm F	50
Handel, Mrs D	50	Lott, Mrs Wm F	50
Harrison, J. wife and		Lorkins, Mrs	1 00
child	1 19	Lyle, Mrs A M	1 00
Hartman, Mrs H	1 00	Lyle, John	1 00
Hartshorn, Mrs F C	1 00	Lyle, Levis	1 00
Hartshorn, Mrs Wm	3 00	Lambeth, Marshall	1 00
Hatch, M M	5 00	Lyle, Melvin	1 00
Hausenstern, Mrs A C	5 00	Lyle, Mrs Oliver	1 00
Heath, Alma A	2 00	Lyle, M s W	1 00
Helmich, E F	3 00	Lynde, Isabella	1 00
Hendershot, D A	5 00	Lyons, A A	1 00
Henderson, Mrs M A	2 00	Lyons, Mary F	1 00
Hendon, Mary	8 00	Lake, H mrs & fam	1 00
Herr, M Lizzie	3 00	Lambeth, H V	1 00
Huston, Mr & Mrs C	5 00	Leenon, Mrs & M	1 00
Hickman, Mrs W S	10 00	Levey, Emma L	1 00
Higburger, D&family	1 00	Lepper, Mr & Mrs A	1 00
Hill, Mr & Mrs J	6 00	Lester, Henry	1 00
Hinckley, Mrs Emily	1 00	Livemore, Mrs G T	1 00
Hine, David W	5 00	Lozan, James	1 00
Hine, Delilah	5 00	Langenecker, I K	1 00
Hoffman, Geo W	1 00	Lynde, Geo's family	1 00
Hoge, Mrs J O	1 00	Lowe, Mrs W D	1 00
Holmgren, T & E	2 00	Lowry, J A	1 00
Holt, J A	50	Lowry, Mrs Laura	1 00
Horne, H	1 00	Lowry, Mrs	1 00
Howell, J B	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Howard, Mrs & Mrs H	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hoyt, Mrs John	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hubbell, H M	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hughston, R	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hulse, J A	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Humphrey, C M	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hunt, A W	50	Lowry, C	1 00
Hunt, I B	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hurd, Mrs Ellen A	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Hurst, Samuel	10 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Husley, M A	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Holman, W R	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
I		Lowry, C	1 00
inch, Louisa	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Igon, John	3 00	Lowry, C	1 00
J		Lowry, C	1 00
James, Mrs Ellen	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jenkins, Mrs V T	3 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jewell, Emma A	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jennings, Mrs A C	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jessup, S	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mrs C A	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mr & Mrs M	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
A & Lattie Ruth	1 25	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, M s M L	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mamie H	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mattie	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Reuben T	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Reubie	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnston, W D	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jeffries, M D	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson I B	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Wm	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mrs Wm A	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Jones, A B	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Jones, Mrs M F	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Johnson, Mrs A O	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Joy, Mrs J F	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Julian, T G	5 00	Lowry, C	1 00
K		Lowry, C	1 00
Kellogg, F G	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kendall, Mr & Mrs	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kneble, Mary M	50	Lowry, C	1 00
Kenny, Henry S	5 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kremler, Mrs A	2 50	Lowry, C	1 00
Kitt, James	2 10	Lowry, C	1 00
Knight, R A	3 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kroger, Mr	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Kroger, Herman	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kuffman, Mrs Laura	5 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kennedy, Harry	5 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kennedy, Jennie S	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kornier, Mrs J	50	Lowry, C	1 00
Koski, Mrs B	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Kingsnorth, Esther	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
K. J. J. J.	25	Lowry, C	1 00
Krohn S M	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Kagoy, Fannie	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
L		Lowry, C	1 00
Lambert, Mrs K L	1 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Lankin, A	10 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Lankin, Mrs A	5 00	Lowry, C	1 00
Lane, Mrs F	2 00	Lowry, C	1 00

NATIVES IN A BAZAAR IN INDIA

A characteristic scene in India is sketched. The native who is dependent for his support mortgages his earnings for years ahead to the money lender, and he gives to the creditor, much to the disadvantage of the debtor, the grain as it were gold dust, and

Jewell, Emma A	2 00	McMurray, Mrs	1 00
Jennings, Mrs A C	1 00	McMillan, Belle	1 00
Jessup, S	1 00	McWilliams, John	1 00
Johnson, Mrs C A	1 00	McAulay, Marg t D	1 00
Johnson, Mr & Mrs M	1 00	Mackintosh, Mrs I	1 00
A & Lattie Ruth	1 25	Magnure, W	1 00
Johnson, M s M L	2 00	Marslin, Mrs	1 00
Johnson, Mamie H	1 00	Martin, Mrs S	1 00
Johnson, Mattie	25	Martin, Mrs Mrs T	1 00
Johnson, Reuben T	1 00	Martin, Mrs Mrs J	1 00
Johnson, Reubie	25	Matthews, Mrs W	1 00
Johnston, W D	1 00	Melvyn, C V	1 00
Jeffries, M D	1 00	Merrill, Irwin	1 00
Johnson I B	25	Merrill, Mr&Mrs G	1 00
Johnson, Wm	1 00	Morsecan, Roy A Fr	1 00
Johnson, Mrs Wm A	1 00	Metcalfe, Mrs F C	1 00
Jones, A B	25	Moyer, G	1 00
Jones, Mrs M F	1 00	Myers, Mrs B	1 00
Johnson, Mrs A O	1 00	Myers, Louisa	1 00
Joy, Mrs J F	1 00	Myers, Sophie	1 00
Julian, T G	5 00	Muldoon, Mrs	1 00
K		Mulford, Mrs H	1 00
Kellogg, F G	1 00	Miller, Grace M	1 00
Kendall, Mr & Mrs	1 00	Miller, Mrs J C	1 00
Kneble, Mary M	50	Miller, Mrs	1 00
Kenny, Henry S	5 00	Miler, Nuth I	1 00
Kremler, Mrs A	2 50	Miles, W H	1 00
Kitt, James	2 10	Milly, Jos & Adelp	1 00
Knight, R A	3 00	Mollenauer, H C	1 00
Kroger, Mr	25	Moore, I D L	1 00
Kroger, Herman	1 00	Moore M	1 00
Kuffman, Mrs Laura	5 00	Moore, Wm	1 00
Kennedy, Harry	5 00	Moore, Lizzie M	1 00
Kennedy, Jennie S	1 00	Mooren, Wm	1 00
Kornier, Mrs J	50	Morgenstern, Louis	1 00
Koski, Mrs B	25	Morrill, Aug	1 00
Kingsnorth, Esther	1 00	Morris, Mrs Andro	1 00
K. J. J. J.	25	Moses, Mr	1 00
Krohn S M	1 00	Moses, Mrs	1 00
Kagoy, Fannie	1 00	Myers, Mrs I A	1 00
L		Myers, Jos	1 00
Lambert, Mrs K L	1 00	Myersland, Alex	1 00
Lankin, A	10 00	Myersland, Mary	1 00
Lankin, Mrs A	5 00	Myer, I W	1 00
Lane, Mrs F	2 00	Myer, J V	1 00

100	McDonald, Geo W	2 00	Polson, A	1 00
25	McFarlan, T M	1 00	Potts, F	1 00
1 00	McGee, Grace O	5 00	Putcamp, Wm	1 00
1 00	McKenzie, Katie	114	Paddock, Howard	1 00
1 00	McLane, Mrs J	1 00	Paddock, Manley	1 00
1 00	McMullen, A	1 00	Paddock, Stann	1 00
1 00	McWeeny, F	10	Page, C E	1 00
25	Magee, M & Mrs	2 00	Page, Mrs C P	1 00
25	Mailley, Mrs W A	1 00	Palmer, John D	1 00
5 00	Malcolm, Wm	5 00	Parker, Mrs A L	1 00
5 00	Mann, B J & wife	5 00	Parker, E W	1 00
1 00	Mason, Mrs	5 00	Partemer, Hatt	1 00
5 00	Mathews, E & niece	2 00	Patterson, Hatt	1 00
25	Mathews, Mrs SA	25	Patterson, Jenn	1 00
5 00	Mathews, S I D	2 00	Patton, John	1 00
5 00	Mattick, Annie	1 00	Payne, Charles	1 00
1 00	Maxwell, Miss & Miss	1 00	Peason, H	1 00
1 00	Kaath	1 00	Pembale, Emma	1 00
1 00	Meachum, F E	3 00	Phillips, B M	1 00
25	Meals, Mrs K	2 00	Phillips, Mrs T	1 00
1 00	Merrill, Mrs A M	1 00	Power, Henry C	1 00
1 00	Merryman, Dr T J	1 00	Powles, W E	1 00
1 00	Meseningring, Otto	5 00	Phelps, J H	1 00
1 00	Mett, Mrs Jos	1 00	Pratt, Geo D &	1 00
1 20	Miller, E B	4 00	Prevost, Geo &	1 00
1 75	Miller, Marion B	1 00	Provo, Fred	1 00
2 00	Miller, Mrs Phillip	5 00	Park, Bessie C	1 00
1 00	Mitler, W J	4 00	Park, Beth E	1 00
2 00	Mills, Mrs C D	1 00	Park, Margaret	1 00
1 60	Miles, J H	1 25	Park, Sadie A	1 00
1 00	Mingenson, R	1 00	Pasell, F H	1 00
1 00	Montgomery, W J	9 00	Q	1 00
5 00	School & friends	1 00	Quivey, Edwin	1 00
1 00	Moor, Miss T H &	1 25	R	1 00
1 10	sisters	1 00	Randolph, Jess	1 00
1 00	Moore, Emma E	1 00	Raylor, Mrs	1 00
1 00	Moore, Rev Geo W	1 00	Reed, Mrs S E	1 00
1 00	Moore, Johnnie	20	Reinart, Mr &	1 00
1 00	Moore, Mr & Mrs R A	1 00	Richardson, N	1 00
10 00	Moore, Mrs S J & son	1 00	Richardson, N	1 00
1 00	Moorhead, Mrs	1 00	Richardson, Mrs	1 00
1 00	Moorhead, Laura	1 00	Ricker, Mr & M	1 00
1 00	Moorhead, May	25	Ring, Mrs L A	1 00
5 00	Moorhead, Robbie	25	Robinson, Mrs	1 00
25	Moorhead, W G	25	Robinson, Mrs T	1 00
2 00	Moorhead, Willie	25	Robinson, W W	1 00
1 00	Moorhead, Sam I	1 00	Robinson, Mrs M	1 00
1 00	Morgan, George E	1 00	Roe, Mrs J G	1 00
1 00	Morgan, Mrs Lilly	2 00	Rutgers, M E	1 00
1 00	Morris, My A Mrs J L	2 00	Burgess	1 00
1 00	Morse, Alberta S	10	Raley, Mrs S	1 00
1 00	Morse, Anna H	2	Rawlings, Mrs J	1 00
1 00	Morse, Bertha	52	Remmoud, Mrs	1 00
1 00	Morse, I thel P	10	Rhine, Mrs C	1 00
25	Morse, F E	50	Rice, Mrs W B	1 00

A BUYING GRAIN FROM THE BUNNIAHS.

by the artist of the London "Graphic" in this use of food on the Bunniahs, or grain sellers, in Bunniahs, who, in time of scarcity, diminish the satisfaction of the latter. The artist depicts the Bunniahs and the hungry natives protesting and pleading for

1 00	Morse, Lawrence	2	Ridley, T W	1 00
1 00	Moor, Mrs L A	2 00	Riddle, Mrs Marg	1 00
5 00	Muckmore, Mrs	1 00	Rihlet, Mrs O	1 00
1 00	Munson, M B	1 00	Robinson, C J	1 00
1 00	Murdie, Mrs H	25	Robinson, C W	1 00
5 00	Mygatt, Mrs A E	5 00	Robinson, Fanny	1 00
1 00	Margrave, A W	25	Robinson, J H	1 00
5 00	Mur, rave, Nellie	25	Robinson, Levi	1 00
1 00	Nelson, Bessie E	2 00	Robinson, Lula	1 00
1 00	Norton, Carrie &	1 00	Robinson, Olette	1 00
1 00	Aldie	1 00	Robinson, F N	1 00
1 00	Nelson, Chas	1 00	Robinson, Mrs M	1 00
2 00	Nelson, Nellie	1 00	Roebuck, Mrs P	1 00
1 00	Newton, Kate	68	Rogers, Emma	1 00
5 00	Northrup, Rev F and	5 00	Ross, W A & wife	1 00
1 00	Adine	1 00	Round, Monnie	1 00
1 00	Northrup, Mrs W F	3 00	Russell, Cand	1 00
1 00	Neshatt, Clara	1 00	Russell, Roy	1 00
1 00	O & L F	1 00	Russell, W W	1 00
2 00	O Gerth, Arnold	4 00	Ryan, J E	1 00
5 00	Oles, Harry	5 00	Ron, Mrs Mary J	1 00
1 00	Orr, J	1 00	Tuggle, J H	1 00
1 00	Overpeck, Mrs S	5 00	Sanders, Mrs S	1 00
1 00	Owen, Mrs	50	Say, Mrs P	1 00
1 00	Ober A E	1 00	Schud, Mary	1 00
1 00	O'Brien, W L	25	Schutt, E M	1 00
5 00	Odell, Urdl & Karl	2 00	Scott, Mr & Mrs	1 00
1 00	Odell, L W A wife	1 00	Seaville, Mrs D	1 00
1 00	Overton, Merle L	1 55	Shaw, A E	1 00
1 00	Parsch, Herron	1 00	Schelmudre, M	1 00
1 00	Pake, Fred	3 00	Shous, Mr G	1 00
1 00	Peterson, Mrs A	1 00	Skeel, Mrs G H	1 00
1 00	Peterson, August	1 00	Skinner, Dr A C	1 00
1 00	Peterson, Mrs J F	1 00	Smiley, Margie	1 00
07	Peterson, Peter	1 00	Smith, Mrs Alice	1 00
1 00	Peterson, Mrs S	1 00	Smith, S A & fam	1 00
2 00	Pettingfush, Mrs M M	2 00	Smith, Sue T	1 00
5 00	Pfeister, Dr Ana	5 00	Smith, W A	1 00
1 00	Phillips, J Rob & w f	3 00	Spencer, Cora L	1 00
1 00	Phillips, W A & fam	2 00	mother	1 00
5 00	Pietze, Mrs J B	5 00	Springs, Mrs Al	1 00
5 00	Pienne Mrs M C	1 00	Stadler, Mrs H	1 00
3 00	Pollock, John	2 00	Stanley, Baby	1 00

[illegible]

NATIVES IN A BAZAAR IN INDIA BUYING GRAIN FROM THE BUNNIAHS.

A characteristic scene in India is sketched by the artist of the London "Graphic" in this picture. The native who is dependent for his supply of food on the Bunniahs, or grain sellers, frequently mortgages his earnings for years ahead to the Bunniahs, who, in time of scarcity, diminish the supply they give to their debtors, much to the dissatisfaction of the latter. The artist depicts the Bunniahs weighing the grain as it were gold dust, and the hungry natives protesting and pleading for more.

Jewell, Emma A	2:00	McMurray, Belle	1:00
Jennings, Mrs A C	1:00	McWilliams, John	1:00
Jessie, S	1:00	McAulley, Margaret D	1:00
Johnson, Mrs C A	1:00	MacKenzie, Mrs D	1:00
Johnson, Mr & Mrs M	1:00	Magnare, W	1:00
A & Little Ruth	1:25	Marshall, Mrs	1:00
Johnson, M M L	2:00	Martin, Mr S	1:00
Johnson, Mamie H	1:00	Martin, Mr & Mrs T W	1:00
Johnson, Mattie	1:00	Martins, Mrs Mrs Wm	1:00
Johnson, Stephen T	1:00	Matthews, Mrs J	1:00
Johnson, Reubie	25	Melvin, C	1:00
Johnston, Wm	25	Mentzer, Irwin	1:00
Jedries, M D	1:00	Merrill, Mr & Mrs Geo	2:00
Johnson I B	25	Messersnon, Roy & Fred	2:00
Johnson, Wm	1:00	Metcalfe, Mrs F C	1:00
Johnson, Mrs Wm A	1:00	Meyer H G	1:00
Johns, Mrs M F	1:00	Meyers, Mrs F B	1:00
Jones, Mrs M F	1:00	Meyers, Louis	1:00
Joslyn, Mrs A O	1:00	Meyra, Sophie	1:00
Jay, Mrs J F	1:00	Middlemist, Mrs	1:00
Julian, T G	5:00	Milard, Mrs H	1:00
Kellough, F G	1:00	Miller Grace M	1:00
Kendall, Mr & Mrs	1:00	Mills, Mrs J C	1:00
Kemble, Mary M	5:00	Miller Jas	1:00
Kinney Henry S	5:00	Moller, Nels	1:00
Kirchner, Mrs A	2:50	Miles, W H	1:00
Kitts, James	2:10	Molly, Jas & Adela	1:00
Knight, R A	3:00	Mollenhauer, H P	1:00
Kraus, J	1:00	Moores, L d I	1:00
Krauger, Herman	1:00	Moores, M V	1:00
Kaufman, Mrs Clara	5:00	Moores, Wm M	1:00
Kennedy, Harry	1:00	Moores, Lizzie	1:00
Kennedy, Jennie N	5:00	Morgenson, James	1:00
Kerner Mrs J	5:00	Morrill, Aug	1:00
Kimball, H B	2:00	Morris, Mrs Andrew	1:00
King, Mrs Chas	1:00	Moses, Mr	1:00
Kingsnorth, Esther L	1:00	Moses Mrs	1:00
Kohl, J A	25	Moyers, Mrs E A	1:00
Krohn S M	1:00	McArthur, Geo	1:00
Kuzy, Fannie	1:00	McAusland, Alex	1:00
Lambert Mrs K L	1:00	McAusland, Wm	1:00
Landin, A	10:00	McAusland, H W	1:00
Lankin, Mrs A	5:00	McBirk, J V	1:00
Lane, Mrs F	2:00	McBirk, M J & fam	1:00

Morse, Lawrence	2	Ridley, T. W.	
Moser, Mrs. I. A.	2 00	Riddle, M. Margaret	
Munson, M. B.	1 00	Ridley, Mrs. O. C.	
Munson, M. B.	1 00	Robinson, C. J.	
Murdick, Mrs. H. L.	25	Robinson, C. J.	
Mykett, Mrs. A. E.	5 00	Robinson, Fanny	
Murgrave, A. W.	25	Robinson, J. H.	
Murgrave, Nellie	25	Robinson, Levi	
Nelson, Bessie E.	2 00	Robinson, L. H.	
Norton, Carrie & Addie	1 00	Robinson, Olette	
Nelson, Chas.	1 00	Robinson, E. N.	
Nelson, Nellie	1 00	Robinson, Mrs. Mary	
Newson, Kate	68	Roebuck, Mrs. P. J.	
Newton, Rev. F. and Adeline	5 00	Rogers, Emma	
Northrop, Mrs. W. F.	3 00	Rol, T. C.	
Nesbitt, Clara	1 00	Ross, W. A. wife	
Oak & L. F.	1 00	Rounds, Connie D.	
Oertli, Arnold	4 00	Russell, C. M.	
Oles, Harry	50	Russell, Roy	
Orr, J.	1 00	Russell W. W.	
Overpeck, Mrs. S.	50	Ryan, J. E.	
Owen, Mrs.	1 00	Ryan, Mrs. Mary E.	
Ober A. L.	50	Riggle, J. H.	
O'Brien, W. L.	2 00	Sanders, Mrs. Susan	
Odell, L. W. & Karl	1 00	Say, Mrs. Jas.	
Odell, L. W. & wife	1 55	Schmied, Mrs. Mary	
Overton, Merle I.	1 00	Schmitt, E. M.	
Parrish, Henson	1 00	Scott, Mrs. A. Mrs. Geo.	
Parker, Fred	3 00	Seaver, Mrs. Dora	
Peterson, August	1 00	Shelmadine, M.	
Peterson, Mrs. L. F.	1 00	Simons, Mrs. A. Mrs. C.	
Peterson, Peter	1 00	Skell, Mrs. G. H.	
Peterson, Peter S.	1 00	Skinner, Dr. C. V.	
Peterson, Mrs. M. M.	1 00	Smiley, Maggie	
Phillips, Jacob & wife	3 00	Smith, Mrs. Oleana	
Phillips, W. A. & family	2 00	Smith & S. family	
Pierce, Mrs. J. B.	5 00	Smith, Sue T.	
Pionne Mrs. M. C.	1 00	Smith, W. A.	
Pollack, John	2 00	Spencer, Cora I. and mother	
		Springgs, Mrs. Alice	
		Stadler, Mary E.	
		Stukey, Baby	

00	Van Winkle, Mrs A.	1.00	H. E. H. Johns
00	Walker, R. H.	1.00	Mrs H. & Daugh
00	Walker, C. G.	1.00	Turboville
00	Yander, Selmer, Jacob	1.00	Christian A.
00	Yander Werp, Birdie	1.00	retor
05	Yander Werp, Edna	1.00	1 H. Wanted
15	Yander Werp, J. D.	2.00	Reader, May's L
25	Yannice Mrs.	1.00	Subscriber, Yan
25	Van Utsum Mrs.	1.00	— Dover
05	Vernillion Emma	1.00	Y P S C E F
20	Veser, G. A.	1.00	Ch. No. Attle
25	Vose, P. F.	25	C. F. Soc. Elys
00			Dev.
75	Wachtel, D. E.	1.00	Y P S C E F
00	Walker, Mrs.	1.00	Wanted, New H
00	Walker, Mrs M. A.	1.00	By Presch Ch
00	Walker, Mrs. J. E.	1.00	Hasly Y P S C
00	Walker, Robt.	2.00	Ladies Auxilia
00	Warner Mrs. J. E.	1.00	Howland
00	Warren, Maria L.	1.00	Ladies Aid Soc
30	Waters, Mrs M. J.	1.00	Ch. W. W. W.
00	Weaver, R. M.	1.00	2 ladies, Pump
00	Weiner, Orlando B.	1.00	Child's Mrs. S
00	West, Geo. G.	1.00	Ch. Varion
00	Westley, Mr & Mrs	1.00	First Ref Ch H
25	W. F.	3.00	Ho land Clir R
20	Wickham, F. & wife.	1.00	S. S. Deer Loc
35	Wilexon, Anna	1.00	Tulsa, Mrs. H
00	Williams, Miss, SS C	1.00	St. Marys High
00	Williams, Mrs. F. M.	1.00	Deaver
00	Williams, Mrs M. G.	1.00	First Bapl Ch
00	Williams, Mrs. Warg.	2.00	sterdam
1.00	Williams, Mrs. W. C.	2.00	A litte band of
3.00	Williams, Wm. J.	1.00	lions, Oaklev
00	Willing Dr Mary	25	Pella's S. G.
00	Wilson, J. P.	50	Goshob
1.00	Wison, Mr & Mrs J. E.	2.00	Kennbecke
1.00	Wilson, J. Le Roy	1.00	Fort Keogh S
7.00	Wiss, B. N.	2.00	Warburg read
00	Wiss, Saml	25	friends
1.00	Winch, Mr & Mrs JW	2.00	Epw. Longe
00	Wingo, Miss N. J.	1.00	Termined Sice
20	Whitte, P. C.	1.00	Lower
50	Wybe, Helen	2.00	One of His S
00	Waldsworth, M. E.	1.00	Somerville
2.00	Wuile, Mrs S. E.	1.00	
			Total of Page, \$ 660

100

\$2,634.28

Allen, Sam'l	500	Cramer, Margaret H.	100	Keeler, Miss Ada	100	Norton, Clara M. &	200	Shearer, George	50	Wilmut, C. E.	100	Friends, Buchanan	325	L & Y. Shushan	100
Allen, M. D. W. A.	100	Cramer, F. W. C.	500	Keeler, Mrs. C. F.	100	Nellie A. Bass	200	Wilson, A. C.	100	Wilson, E. A.	100	North Bend	100	J. I. St. John	100
Alexander, T. W.	50	Crawshaw, Betty	100	Keeler, Mrs. G.	150	Norway M. E. Church	700	Wilson, Helen	100	Wilson, E. A.	100	Mountain Lake	2025	P. M. E. Putsch	100
Anderson, Israel	100	Cue, J.	100	Kell, D. J. wife and 5	100	Noxon, A. M.	100	Wilson, H. A. family	100	Wilson, H. A. family	100	Honolulu	100	M. K. Pleasant Plun	100
Anderson, Mrs. & Mrs.	100	Cutler, C. H.	100	children	200	Noyes, L. P.	200	Wilson, Mrs. Juliet	100	Wilson, Mrs. Juliet	100	Kinzua	1120	G. C. & wife, Helen to	100
Anderson, Kathie M.	75	Davis, Mrs. Eugene	250	Kelly, A. A.	100	O'dell, Chas. & Hat-	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Lake Linden	500	E. W. Brynolyn	100
Anderson, Marie	100	Davis, Rosa E.	100	Kennard, J. Willie	300	tie Vanderbilt	300	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Ontario	100	J. D. R. Colfax	100
Amerson, Mary E.	75	Day, Mrs. Alice	100	Kenny, Mrs. C. T.	100	Ogden, Mr. & Mrs. G. E.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Boston	300	B. C. D. N. Y.	100
Amerniste, Mr. & Mrs. J.	100	Devan, Neal	100	Kenny, Benj.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Brighton	155	J. P. Buffalo	100
Aldred, Mrs. M.	100	Dierdorf, Mrs. A. S.	100	Kettle, Mrs. P.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Mane	100	M. K. Mount Troy	100
Allen, Mrs. Frank	100	Dougherty, Dr. W. H. Sr.	100	Kidder, Mrs. Mrs. Gova	200	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	of Christ, Phila.	200	A. M. E. Church	100
Allen, Mrs. Frank	100	Dougherty, Dr. W. H. Sr.	100	Kingsley, Mrs. I. P.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	of Retirement	100	of Retirement	100
Ames, Mr. & Mrs. H. C.	200	Dando, Helen	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	No Carolina	400	L. M. C. Phila.	100
Anderson, Anne	100	Daniels, Alice M.	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Boston	300	J. M. B. Burgetts	100
Anderson, Mrs. D.	200	Davis, Mrs. C.	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Providence	500	E. H. D. & wife, Jesse	100
Anderson, Wm.	11	Davis, Mrs. C. M.	200	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Bridgeton	600	town	100
Apenhorst, J.	100	Davis, David T.	310	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Brooklyn	200	F. H. D. Virginia	100
Arendale, J. B. and	100	Dawley, J. H. & O. M.	25	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Stonewall	300	D. L. Salem	100
children	130	Deans, Hattie L.	25	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Hammond	200	L. J. Elizabeth	100
Asper, J. H.	500	Decker, Mrs. E. V.	200	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	of cause Deep-	200	A. H. Y. Adino	100
Adams, R. N.	500	Decker, Mrs. G. J.	500	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	water	200	S. A. B. Trenton	100
Agard, Lina	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Friend B. N. Y. City	600	C. H. N. Dighton	100
Andrews, Mary F.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Friend E. Bklyn	2000	M. A. K. Allentown	100
Armstrong, A. J.	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Favored friend N. H.	200	S. G. N. Y. City	100
Bail, A. E.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Friend of Indian suf-	500	S. R. H. Paradise	100
Baile, Anna	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	ferers	500	L. C. Halifax	100
Baile, H. M.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	of the poor, No	1000	Mr. & Mrs. N. P. C. B.	100
Baile, John	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	of the suffering	1000	N. M. & C. F. Palmer	100
Baker, W. C.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	A Kansas friend	500	P. S. Camden	100
Ballantine, Mr. & Mrs. R.	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Elon Friends	425	P. F. Linden Hall	100
Barber, S. F.	300	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	H. N. Beth	500	W. F. W. Razine	100
Barge, E. B. children	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Blooming Port	100	R. F. B. Genesee	100
Barnes, H. C.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Bristol	100	J. K. R. Reading	100
Beckendorf, Arthur &	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Bryant	100	L. C. Newark	100
friends	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Canbridge	200	D. H. Newark	100
Beckley, Rev. G.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Catlin	210	I. A. H. Alert	100
Beel, Wm.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	College Park	900	R. D. Landsdale	100
Bennett, J. S.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Detroit	100	E. H. R. Landsdale	100
Berch, Martin	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Germantown	100	ALN & S. M. S. High-	100
Berniger, John	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Great Neck	200	ville	100
Biggs, J. C.	125	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Hampton	500	B. R. Vernon Ven	100
Bissell, Henry	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Kansas City	100	L. J. K. Westcott	100
Blasi, Geo.	150	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Lincoln	500	H. Y. L. Keene	100
Bledsoe, Mr.	25	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Litchfield	100	M. M. & G. Rochester	100
Blanco, Mrs. Lucy A.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Malta Bend	100	M. H. Elkin	100
Bloom, Antoinette	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Monson	100	B. F. Lumberton	100
Boden, Ellen	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Memorine	100	F. W. Jr. Phila	100
Bodine, Emma	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	New London	100	D. C. Plymouth	100
Boward, W. C. & wife.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	No Hatfield	200	A. M. Brooklyn	100
Bovee, Mrs. H.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Paterson	100	I. M. E. Phila	100
Breeze, Mr. & Mrs. J. G.	1000	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Perry	600	C. R. G. New London	100
Brigham, L. M.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Providence	25	I. A. K. Wash. Dep.	100
Brigham, M. A.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Phila	500	G. H. Roehald	100
Brinker, Mrs. L. I.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	M. R. Seranton	100	M. E. M. Delhi	100
Brunner, Frank R.	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	St. Louis	100	A. C. Franklin	100
Bruse, Fisher & Co.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	A friend Sears	200	I. W. S. Brooklyn	100
Bunker, Ann	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	W. Upton	100	L. K. L. Ozeana	100
Bunker, Mrs. E. P.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Winnaboro	180	M. H. Chas. Co.	100
Burnfield, Hiram	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Ann Arbor	100	J. C. H. York	100
Burnfield, Alfred H.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	New Haven	100	T. C. E. Atlanta	100
Burd, John Q.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Oakley	75	J. A. H. S. Chelmsford	100
Burd, Mrs. Sabina	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Burnham	200	S. M. Atlanta	100
Barney, Mrs. Cora	50	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Greenbush	100	A. A. S. Chicago	100
Barrie, Wm.	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Waterbury	500	A. R. G. Phila	100
Bate, D. & family	250	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	H. Y. T.	500	W. H. S. Juliet	100
Battick, James	500	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Belleville	500	H. S. Spring Arbor	100
Baxter, Melvin	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Freeport	100	B. B. B. Grand Rapids	100
Beck, J. H.	2300	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Greenwich	100	D. C. B. S. Scot	100
Belleville, Morris W.	50	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	M. G. T. White Plains	100	M. G. T. White Plains	100
Belleville, Morris W.	50	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Middletown	200	S. A. R. Elizabeth	100
Belleville, Morris W.	50	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Handwick	200	T. G. T. Toulon	100
Benson, Mary O.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Westford	100	I. G. P. N. Y. City	100
Benton, Mrs. Wm. A.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	San Fran	100	E. C. C. Dawson	100
Berry, Mr. & Mrs. O. H.	200	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Darien	100	M. E. P. Geneva	100
Bieder, Mrs. C. & family	300	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Winthrop	100	F. C. P. Franklin	100
Blackman, Raymond	50	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Seewickley	100	J. L. W. Ottawa	100
Boal, Mr. & Mrs. J. M.	300	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Port Penn	65	H. W. W. Dexter	100
Bodge, Mrs. G. A.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Freeport	100	I. M. Ohio	100
Borse, Geo. & Etta	15	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	W. J. Ohio	300	C. M. C. Forty Fort	100
Botes, L.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Intercourse	500	A. L. Conitocook	100
Bolinger, Mr.	100	Denton, Mrs. Anna	100	Komprund, G.	100	Ogden, L. C.	500	Wood, F. J.	100	Wood, F. J.	100	Mannington			

Anonymous—Cont'd.	In Jesus' Name, Mich	100
Augusta	I A His, Williamson	100
Ab	In memory of Hannah	100
His City	Costen	200
500	"Jay"	300
42	Jeanette st working	70
100	man	70
100	Jesus only, Danbury	100
100	Little girl, Newport	100
255	Little boy, Minerville	5
500	Little Garland Gras-	
500	ty's gathering	437
500	Mother & daughter	200
35	"	20
200	"	Lowell
100	"	Danbury
100	"	Dover
100	Mother & Son, Manlius	500
100	Mother, Gillette	250
100	Mother, Prescott	600
100	Richmond	200
100	"St Paul"	100
100	" & 2 daughters,	
100	Dangherty	200
1000	" & daughter	200
100	"	Neenah
130	"	Richmond
100	"	Basin
100	" & sons, Kiowa	50
500	" & son, Hannibal	200
155	A young mother, Brat-	
300	tieboro	100
100	Martyrs	400
100	Mit	25
500	A mite in Jesus'	
500	name, Bklyn	100
200	Widow's mite, Adeno	100
750	Widow's mite, Arkan-	
500	sas City	50
125	Widow's mite, Hamp-	
100	denburg	50
100	Our mite, E M S. Lake	
500	Arthur	100
200	Mite, Anacostia	100
150	Mite boxes, Salt Lake	
100	City	185
100	Mite, Chicago	21
200	Miscellaneous, Farm-	
100	ersburg	10
250	Mission Box, Sylvan	
35	Grove	170
200	Offering, Fayetteville	365
500	One of God's Child	
100	Bethany, Freshy Ch	200
200	One of twelve, La-	
250	Grange	100
300	One who loves Christ,	
200	Madison	100
700	One whom his love	
100	constrained, Kan-	
100	sas City	200
100	Orphan, Alden	100
200	People, Peyton	410
600	People of, Bay Minto	450
200	"Pilgrim"	100
500	Reider, Auburn	100
200	Westminster	500
100	Bethel	100
100	Bristol	100
200	Jeffersonville	200
200	New Milford	300
200	St Ansgar	200
1200	Langworthy	1200
100	Phila	100
100	Jewell	100
200	"Christian Herald"	25
100	Acton	100
100	"NY"	100
50	"Saco"	50
200	Belfast	200
100	Yungtown	100
25	"V. Penn	25
100	Barnesville	100
500	Columbus	500
500	Cartilage	500
1000	3 Sisters, Sudleyville	1000
200	2 Sisters, L Britain	200
100	Grand George	500
100	Southport	50
500	Allegheny	500
200	Ackerly	200
50	Sidney	50
200	Coxsackie	200
200	Dayton	200
300	Rowlette	300
100	A sister in Christ	
200	Sumersworth	100
20	Emington	20
200	A sister whose brother	
500	starved in war, Bow-	
100	nsville	100
100	2 pilgrim sisters	200
100	2 brothers, Harpers	200
200	Brother & sister, Rny	250
100	Sub'r, Westminster	100
100	Mascogee	100
100	Hanover	100
100	May's Landing	200
100	Enosburg	100
100	Beverly	100
600	Sub'r, Long Branch	500
100	Bedford	100
100	Pawtucket	500
100	Old Town	100
100	Brookdale	100
200	Clare City	100
100	Williamsport	50
100	Roxborough	300
100	Sympathizer, W Phila	200
200	No Bayard	200
25	Fair Haven	25
200	N Y City	200
300	E Las Vegas	300
100	Wtopham	100
100	Caledonia	100
100	St James	100
105	Charleston	105
500	Birmingham	500
100	Johnsville	100
100	Balto	100
100	Wenah	100
200	Wakertown	200
100	Milton	100
100	Greenville	100
100	Potwin	500
100	Lalayette	100
200	A sympathizer, Lam-	
200	by, Yocumtown	200
100	2 sympathizers, Aber-	
250	deen	250
100	Sympathizers Gettys-	
500	burg	500
100	Sympathizers, Plans-	
1150	burg	1150
100	Sympathizers, Top-	
2500	field	2500
100	2 sympathizers, Win-	
100	throp	100
1200	2 sympathizers, PoNY	1200
100	A man in Christ,	
100	Roanoke	100
100	Symathy, Morton	100
100	Sympathizer, Man-	
225	hatten	225
100	Sympathizer, W Snn-	
100	bury	100
100	Symth'r, Waltham	100
200	2 "Charlote, 1500	
100	A sympathetic friend	100

Let the Sunshine in.

"A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."—ECCLES. 11: 7.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way? Knowing naught of

out you, dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
answered by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sunshine in. Let the bless-ed sunshine the

in Let the bless-ed sun-shine in; Clear the darkened
sunshine in, the sunshine in;

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

Lover of Christ, Leb'n	200	Believer	500	3 little girls, Grovel'd	200	A Sabbath Schoolist	500
A Soldier's widow,	100	Christian, Phila	50	Two families, Weister	600	Presby Ch, Peoria	500
Stonerville	100	A Denver family	500	5th U S Inf Band, Fort	800	W O Presby S S	1585
Widow, Summerville	25	Farmer's boy, Villisca	100	McPherson	25	Mowrytown	1585
Widow, Paris	100	Little school girl	100	Wisconsin Girl	100	Infant Class Pres S S	125
Widow, trusting in	100	Sailor, Phila	300	Supper, Cong'l S S	120	Grove City	125
God, N H	100	Benevolence, Janesv	75	Hobart	120	Whitaker Chapel S S	325
Thank offer g, Mill n	200	Citizens, Kenyon	750	Pres Juniors, Scram-	100	M P Ch, Enfield	325
Birthday Gift, Moline	500	Citizens of Haddon	100	100	200	E N Market Bapt S S	500
Cup of cold water	100	King's Dan, Me	200	Sunshine Soc, Frank-	200	Sing Sing W C T U	500
Lingiestown	500	One of the members	100	W T U, Catharine	1175	Y L Mission Band	749
A rough miner, Wa-k	200	One who would try to	100	Marietta	749	Alcoln Missy's Band	660
Small family, Norw-k	320	do what she can, Le-	35	Alcoln Missy's Soc	2624	Canadea	500
Youngstown friend	200	land	35	Bethel U P Church	725	Young Peoples M C	500
Mass'tts girl	100	Saved by grace, Bel-	600	Crawford Chapter	200	Free Meth n church	350
Nurse girl, Lakewood	100	lord	600	Epworth League M E	282	Albion	350
Phila family	100	Sel-denial, Fairhar'n	100	Ch No 9,552, Union	282	Blessed Hope Circle	100
A School girl, Cham-	100	One who sympathizes	500	Pleasant Vt Epworth	610	K D	100
bersburg	100	Dayton	500	League	610	A King's daugh'r, SM	200
A child of the King,	130	Lady who sympathizes	100	Epworth League	510	Mont Alto	200
Granite	130	Sister in Christ, Al-	100	Ringgold	510	Tristville	100
English woman, L W	100	toona	100	Bethel	408	King's daughters,	500
Minn	100	Francis, Newark	100	Churches of Saratoga	100	Rock Rapids	500
An invalid lady, Bald-	200	Lydia, Red Bank	100	Martin Bapt Ch	625	King's daughter	500
win Co	200	Rosebnd, Sunbury	100	Woodhaven French	500	Woodland	500
Old lady, Flyria	100	Ogden, Ruth	200	Mission	700	King's daughter,	100
Servant of the Master	500	Wm E K, Balto	100	Bapt S S, Blue Mt	1300	2 King's daughters,	100
Kimberly	500	Scotia, Holroke	100	Ch No 9,552, Union	282	Mont Alto	600
Lady of Southampton	200	Little Ed, Phil	25	Progressive Literary	200	Mountain Lake Park	532
A Missionary Santse,	100	Relief, Albion	100	Clnb, Melrose	200	Class	532
Sinox Indians	100	"Singer"	100	The Smithland Public	840	Wasted School	225
Baby Louvie, Tazewil	450	Smith's School, Rural	100	School	840	Academe Dept	905
Buffalo friend	450	Dale	100	Class No 5, F S S	75	Children of Chaska	861
Friends of the poor,	200	The Lord's money	500	Sabinal S S	200	Public School	861
Ipswick	200	Dudley	500	Sabbath S, Kemma	200	Public School Kenzwa	280
Mite, Wash	100	The Lord's money	500	S S, Louisville	100		
Widow's mite, Slater	200	Colorado	1703				
Poor widow, Decatur	100	Three boys, Laurel	03				
Poor widow, Pittsfield	100						

Primary School,		L B S, Berthond	200
Braceville	572	M H R, Fayetteville	300
Violet Sewing Circle,		Mr & Mrs G W H Two	500
Philadelphia	200	Taverns	500
P D S Sewing Circle,		J B Wisconsin	1000
Philadelphia	500	M C N & relatives,	300
A white ribboner N H	50	Wareham	300
Ladies Aid Soc, Ev	100	Mrs W H Somerset	100
Assn B. Schwaig	100	J E B, St Louis	100
Young Peoples Meet-		J J S, Brooklyn	200
ing, Manchester	353	C S R, New Brunswick	200
Young Men's Prayer		M J H, Woodworth	200
Meeting, Newport	300	J I B, Elizabeth	300
N Riverside Prayer		M M C, Essex	100
Meeting	160	Mrs J M K, Vernon	500
Junior League, M E		J G R, Newton	200
Ch, Highlands	150	S A D, New Woodstock	100
Willing Helpers,		C E M, Buffalo	200
Hillsboro	200	Mrs E C P, Thomson	200
A C Endeavor, Phila	300	Mr & Mrs W B H, San-	
Y P S C E, Amadore	200	ford	120
" W Hoosick	825	H G W, Prairie du	
" Presby Ch,		Chien	100
" Nashville	200	L G S, Chicago	100
" Beemerville	200	G M M, Manchester	100
" Wattsburg	500	C T, Roxborough	500
" Circleville	500	S E G, Green stams	100
Bowmanville C E Soc	332	S L H, New Milford	100
C E Soc, 1325		E B, Green's Farms	100
" Po. T Gamble	350	E K, Orwigsbury	50
" Bartow	1100	E H, Wellsville	100
" Akron	500	E I C, Litchfield	100
Presby C E Society,		Mr & Mrs E F H, New	
Fairgrove	200	Milford	100
Junior Soc, C E Reid		Miss P M R, Western	100
Ch, Louisville	100	I M B, Lancaster	100
Junior C E Soc Presb		T T & K T, Prairie	
Ch, Earlham	75	Grove	200
Junior C E Soc Presb		M J H, Ashfield	100
Evangel, Phila	200	MAR & Irieud, Cleve-	
Junior Endeavor Soc		land	200
Pres Ch, Concord	300	R B, So, Belleville	50
Jr Epw L First M E	500	A K & J W, Amherst	100
Ch, Washington	200	Mrs I N G, Graton	100
Jr Epw L M E Ch		Mrs G E C, Johnston	200
Ogden	500	Mrs E H B, London-	
Darien Presb S S	350	erry	100
Eden Sunday School	215	Mrs W G G, Melmore	100
Mrs H & daughter	300	Mrs A W H, Worcester	100
Merle & Marguerite,		Mrs A B, Altoona	100
Chambersburg	200	Mrs F, Rochester	100
Alfred & Bessie, St		Mrs M H D, Rochester	100
Peter	100	Mrs W S R, Phelps	100
Frances, Vincentown	200	Mrs M J W, Enstis	50
Bertha, Sudbury	200	Mrs M A B, Boothbay	100
Mary, Freeport	200	Mrs M, Rnshville	500
Callis	200	Mrs A B Lym, Ctr	200
Mary, Alice, James &		Mrs D A G, No Clar-	
Jennie, Tarentum	100	endon	100
Aston, Vivian & Mar-		Mrs M F, Ransom	500
garet, Meadow View	150	Miss A V, Ionia	200
Escher, Brooklyn	100	Miss R W J, Lawrence	500
Adelaide, Margaret T,		Miss G, Milwaukee	125
Brooklyn	300	Miss M E G, Beverly	100
Mabel, Jay & Mary,		Brookfield	100
Ekleberry	100	N Y City	50
The Davis family	500	Louisville	200
Edna, Harrisburg	200	Hermosa	100
Ryl & Wykel	100	Coram	100
Augusta, Cossackie	100	Pleasanton	100
For Christ's cause,		Asheville	100
Hayes Store	200	Roddy Ford	50
For Christ's Sake,		Elwood	100
Kalamazoo	100	Kanona	285
For Christ's Sake,		Bloomington	500
Emington	80	Brig, ten	500
For Christ's Sake,		Providence	100
Gt Barrington	500	Brown's Kanona	200
For Christ's Sake		E Smithfield	100
Lake City	200	Lena	100
For Christ's Sake,		Hokah	200
Akron	200	Amsterdam	200
For Christ's Sake		Frankfort	100
Carnot	100	Etna Ctr	100
For the love of Christ,		Milltown	100
Diamond Hill	100	Jersey	50
For His Sake, Mary		Linton	50
N Y	100	Coatesville	400
For His Sake, Coldw'r	100	Englewood	100
For His Sake, Albany	200	Lamont	50
For his dear Sake,		Granite Hill	50
Walnut	200	Bermuda	100
For Jesus' Sake, Ta-		Elkiras	100
mora	35	Phila	25
For Jesus' Sake, But-		Middletown	100
falo	200	Va	50
For Jesus' Sake, Lau-		B'klyn	100
derdale	250	Brookfield	100
For Jesus' Sake, New		Leweswood	200
York Mills	200	Easthampton	200
For Jesus Sake, Mem-		Hartford	250
phis	200	ross	355
For Jesus Sake, Mc-		Mason City	200
Lenth	100	Vasca	700
For Jesus Sake, Al-		Waterbury	200
burtis	100	So Bond	100
For Jesus' Sake, Oak		Wankon	100
Park	100	Inglewood	105
Aunt Maria	100	Spring Haven	25
100	100	Ralston	100
Verne, Philman	150	Bristol	100
Mat, Keyport	200	New Haven	200
Genevieve, Rhinebeck	100	Beverly	200
Hattie, St Paul	25	Iola	100
Ry St Paul	25	Plainfield	200
Irma & Lila, St Paul	310	N Y City	100
Lily & Frankie, Clare,	100	Portland	100
Kittie & Clarence, Os-		Salt Lake City	100
borne	100	Norwood	100
Perrell	100	Columbia	300
Beulah	100	German's Valley	100
Ted	100	Gordon	100
Jessica, Pleasant Un-		Hacklebergh	100
ity	38	Harrisburg	100
Arnth	200	East Lake	100
100	100	Baileville	200
Etche S, Holton	100	Edgartown	100
Hattie C, Balto	100	Phila	100
1 P, Cleveland	100	Bridgport	100
I M H, Oshkosh	100	Morris	500
For His & daughter,		Better	50
Cincinnati	300	Salisbury	300
F G S, Freehold	100	Sparta	100
Mrs. P, Chatham	100	Detroit	200
G W M, Ft Wayne	300	Marshall	200
A L M, Pottsville	100	W Warren	200
H F W, Boston	100	Overlook	100
A & M L, New Bruns-		Falls City	50
wick	500	100	
M W, Brooklyn	200	Richland	300
A B, Brooklyn	200	W Shamshurg	600
" B, Newton	500	Oak Lodge	100
A L A, Pt Haywood	100	Lake City	100
M A S, Waynesville	100	Sinnickson	50
Mrs J F W & H W, Phila	500	Freeport	300
J M A, New Windsor	100	Va	200
M H M, Watertown	100	Balto	25
J M B, Steles	100	Center Brook	200
E T, Alfred	300	Winch ster	100
L E A, Flushing	200	E Pepperell	100
F A S, Chicago	100	Redlands	300
J L P & family, Big		E Shelburne	100
Spring	200	Fairfield	100
J H W, Wirt	200	W Salem	500
M C W, Wirt	100	Oneota	500
A P W, Balto	100	olo Sams	200
C R W, Pilot	100	Tot of Page,	\$1,944 30
M R E K B, N Y	200		
V A S	50		
P R D, Blainstown	500		
Mrs G S, Petaluma	100		

MORE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHAMPIONS.

Many New Entries for the Valuable Prizes to be Awarded—A Long List of Brilliant Records from Many States.

MALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Schools.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years.	Weeks.	Total Attendance.
J. Seymour Snedeker, 1st Pres. Ch., Hempstead, N. Y.,	P. B. Bromfield, Supt., 21	21	1113	
Wm. A. Handy, Memorial Bap. S. S., Phila., Pa.,	J. E. Duxley, Teacher, 10	10	832	
Elijah Fox, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 13	5	681	
John Scott, 2d Reformed Ch. S. S., Phila., Pa.,	Mrs. Leihand, Teacher, 13	5	676	
Jos. Fox, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 12	5	629	
Wm. Durnell, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 11	5	577	
John Ford, 1st Cong. S. S., Hyde Park, Pa.,	J. K. Knight, Supt., 9	34	562	
Jasper M. Bullock, 1st Bap. S. S., Bristol, R. I.,	L. L. Anderstrom, Supt., 8	5	421	
John S. Ingram, Fredericksburg M. E. S. S., Fdksburg, Va.,	P. V. D. Conway, Supt., 8	4	420	
John H. Eba, 1st M. E. S. S., Ashland, Ky.,	J. G. Crable, Supt., 7	28	372	
John Higley, 10th Bap. Ch. S. S., Philadelphia,	A. Felsburg, Supt., 7	0	370	
Isaac Jones, 2d Reform Ch. S. S., Phila.,	Dr. J. L. Vantine, Supt., 7	0	364	
Herbert H. Hall, Cong. S. S., Townshend, Vt.,	F. T. Randall, Supt., 6	36	348	
William Bradley, Olivet Pres. S. S., Phila., Pa.,	R. McComb, Teacher, 6	25	337	
Wm. D. Bishop, Union S. S., Fairville, Vt.,	M. R. Tait, Asst. Supt., 6	18	330	
Alex. Keddy, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 6	5	317	
Herbert Richards, Alton M. E. S. S., Alton, Ohio,	Mrs. Wilson, Teacher, 5	20	280	
Alvin Richards, Alton M. E. S. S., Alton, Ohio,	Mrs. Wilson, Teacher, 5	20	280	
Stuart Postle, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 5	5	265	
Geo. Bevan, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 5	5	265	
Albert Kulp, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 5	5	265	

FEMALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Louisa Koyne, St. John's Evang. Ch. S. S., Freeport, Ill.,	H. P. Kochmeier, Supt., 20	..	1040
Ruth Hoadley, Pres. S. S., Tunkhannock, Pa.,	W. C. Kittredge, Supt., 11	40	612
Lottie Carnall, St. Michaels P. E. S. S., Trenton, N. J.,	J. C. DeCore, Supt., 11	7	579
Edith Durnell, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 10	5	525
S. Brown, Christ Ch. S. S., Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	J. K. Henkel, Supt., 9	4	472
Pearl M. Bullock, 1st Bap. S. S., Bristol, R. I.,	L. L. Anderstrom, Supt., 8	5	421
May A. Beverie, English Luth. S. S., Pottsville, Pa.,	H. S. Sterner, Supt., 6	16	328
Christie Palmer, St. John's Meth. S. S., St. Louis, Mo.,	S. Kennard, Supt., 8	8	268
Gertrude Fowkes, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 5	5	265
Mrs. Swift, Nicetown Bap. S. S., Nicetown, Phila.,	C. C. Collins, Supt., 5	5	265
Florence L. Baker, Cong. Ch. S. S., Carpentersville, Ill.,	Wm. Ashby, Supt., 5	..	260
Edith M. Baker, Cong. Ch. S. S., Carpentersville, Ill.,	Wm. Ashby, Supt., 5	..	260



MISS AMANDA LONG.
RECORD: 19 YEARS AND 43 WEEKS.

MANY more contestants have been enrolled in the Sunday School competition during the past week. The contest now covers a territory as wide as the Union, and it embraces Sunday Schools belonging to almost every Christian denomination. It is evident that pastors, teachers, superintendents, and scholars are all eagerly watching the issue.

On this page, we give a table showing new entries for the week. The letters, if published in full, would occupy several pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They are all more or less enthusiastic, and show with what zest and earnestness this unique and friendly rivalry has been taken by our readers and their friends.

J. S. Snedeker, of the 1st Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Hempstead, L. I., comes very close to the front with a record of twenty-one years and twenty-one weeks—unbroken by a single absence. Miss Lottie Carnall, of Trenton, has apparently a clear record of eleven years and seven weeks. John Ford of Hyde Park, Mass., has nine years and thirty-four weeks to his credit. The Baptist Sunday School of Nicetown, Philadelphia, has a remarkable

view, Pa., has not missed a Sunday in twenty-two years and four weeks, and the same school has several other excellent records. Miss Pearl Bullock and Jasper Bullock, of Bristol, R. I., have respectively twelve and ten years without an absence. Mr. John Goetz, of New Albany, has been scholar, librarian, teacher and superintendent for twenty years, and Mr. B. F. Faison, of Raleigh, N. C., has sixteen years and thirty-one weeks of consecutive attendances.

Mrs. George Lohr, of Stamford, Conn., may be proud of her children, Charles, Daisy, and Albert, with their records of six years and two months, six years and two months, and five years and two months respectively; Miss Amanda Long, of Humboldt, Kan., according to the testimony of the pastor, has not missed a Sunday School session in nineteen years and forty-three Sabbaths; Ruth Hoadley, of Tunkhannock, Pa., has a twelve years' record fully vouched for; Miss Lulie Shacklister has never missed a Sunday in ten years; Shelton Houston, of Greensboro, N. C., has a record of twelve years and two months, also unbroken; Mr. John Weiland, of Troy, Ohio, has been present for over eleven years and never late—a very good comment, by the way.

For the Honor Prizes there are many entries, the records of five or more years' continuous attendance being surprisingly numerous. Many have seven, eight, or nine years to their credit. Some fine records are marred by occasional absences. All the records mentioned are thoroughly examined, and each contestant will receive the proper marking according to the terms of the competition.

We are pleased to note that the parents of the pupils are also taking an active interest in the contest. All should be careful to have the records vouched for by teacher, pastor, or superintendent before sending them to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Here are some of the letters:

Bath, N. Y. We have some rather notable pupils in the Presbyterian Sunday School at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. Ada Boileau has missed but two sessions of our Sunday School since December, 1887, fifteen years and eight weeks. And on those two Sundays she was out of town and attended Sunday School where she was, which according to the rules of our school makes her record perfect for the entire fifteen years and eight weeks. E. F. PARKER.

Warren, Ohio. Miss Margaret Isle, a young member of the First Presbyterian Sunday School of Warren, O., who has been in our Sunday School continuously for eleven years (11) missing but two Sundays (unavoidable misses) one on account of death and the other sickness. Now, count out the miss on account of sickness and she would have a record of ten years and two months. She can show a record of nine years and six months without a miss. We have one other who is on her eighth year, also several on their sixth year and a good many on their fifth year, and so down with eighty-seven in our roll of honor for the year 1896, in a school of 600 enrolled. Miss Isle's record has been such as to help many others to be faithful.

Walden, D. W. E. Supt. of Presby. S. S. Mr. Vernon, Ind. The Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church of Mount Vernon, Ind., has 1000 represented in your contest. Mr.

Julius Shepard began to attend our Sunday School in 1882, and did not miss a session for twelve years and eleven months (12 years, 11 months) 672 consecutive Sundays. During all of this time, except two and a half years, he has been an officer in the school—librarian, secretary, treasurer, and superintendent. The last year he has taught a class of boys. He is an active, enthusiastic worker in the Y. P. S. C. E. of our church and a faithful church member. J. L. GODFREY, Pastor.

Pewee Valley, Ky. Kentucky shows up pretty well in the competition for best record of attendance at Sunday School, but I think I can raise her record still. Carl Engelhardt, now in his nineteenth year, has been a pupil in the Presbyterian Sunday School of Pewee Valley, Ky., for nearly fifteen years, and from 1883 to 1895 inclusive, he was in his seat at the top of the bell for silence every Sunday, except one in 1886, when he was too sick to come. In 1896 he was present fifty Sundays. This makes his record for the thirteen years, 675 attendances. He has two sisters whose records nearly equal his own, Caroline (his twin sister) and Dora.

HENRY M. WOODRUFF, Supt.
A veteran Sunday School Superintendent sends us the following:

Upper Falls, Md. Who is the oldest Sunday School superintendent in the United States? I am over sixty years in service as scholar, superintendent and assistant; had my usual Bible Class on Sunday, February 21, at Salem. H. KENNARD.

This is a good record. We would be pleased to hear from other superintendents on the same subject.

Germantown, Pa. I beg leave to submit to you some of the records of the Sunday School of the Westside Presbyterian Church, Germantown, Pa. Miss Jennie C. Powers entered the school in July, 1875, and has since been present every Sunday up to this present time, a continuous record of twenty-one years and seven months. The following three records are from one class. The continuous attendance is as follows: Charles Berger, 8 years and 4 months; William Elvidge, 7 years and 4 months; Allen Robson, 7 years and 4 months.

In addition to the above would mention: Winnie Harris, 6 years and 4 months; Elsie Hergesheimer, 6 years and 4 months; Martha Weidewelt, 5 years and 4 months; Florie Kreer, 4 years and 4 months; Lizzie Robson, 4 years and 4 months.

In an average attendance of two hundred scholars during the year, twenty-six were present every Sunday, and I could give you in addition to those already mentioned the names of two scholars who have not missed for three years, and five who have not missed for two years.

The following records are highly valued by us, although they are not continuous: Amy Topley has been absent twice in 11 years; Tillie M. Ogden has been absent once in 6 years; Rebecca Barclay has been absent twice in 6 years.

THOMAS F. JONES, Supt.
Cohoes, N. Y. I commenced going to Sunday School at the early age of three years, and am



JOHN, FREDERICK AND WILLIAM BRADLEY,
WITH RECORDS OF 9 YEARS, 13 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS, AND 17 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.

still going, although not a scholar in any class. I am now in my fifty-eighth year, am the librarian in the Sunday School, having held the position just how long I cannot give the precise time, but I date from the time I am sure, commencing in 1890, and have missed only one Sunday in ten years, and in twenty-five years, fifteen Sundays, and in thirty-six years not more than twenty-five Sundays. I am a member of the Reformed Church, Rev. O. H. Watson, pastor.

Kittanning, Pa. This is to certify that Charles Sloop has been in regular attendance on the Sabbath School of the First Presbyterian Church of Kittanning, for twelve years, not missing one Sabbath in all that time. H. L. MAYERS, Pastor. GLO. W. DOVERSPIKE, Superintendent. MRS. R. S. HAYMAKER, Teacher.

Manayunk, Pa. Miss Maggie Cookman Albany, Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Manayunk, Philadelphia, has never missed a single session since July, 1878, and for ten years attended both morning and afternoon. When the morning school was discontinued, she had attended in all, fourteen hundred and ninety-nine (1499) sessions, up to last Sabbath. We are proud of her record and most cheerfully send her name as a competitor. Fraternally yours in the good work.

WILLIAM H. FORTSMAN, Supt.
MRS. M. BRANKIN, Teacher.

The attendances are to be reckoned as one to each Sunday only. This makes this candidate's record eighteen years and seven months, equal to 664 attendances.

Peoria, Illinois. I have felt very much inter-

ested in the Champion Sunday School Contest, wonder to myself if the record of a teacher not be interesting as well. Miss Sallie Ben 700 Franklin street, Peoria, Ill., has attended same First M. E. Sunday School for thirty years last July, only missing four Sundays, all of these she attended Sunday School where in Chicago, making only twice (2) in over thirty years. She is a lady of very delicate health for many weeks, yes, months, she has not dined only from Sunday to Sunday; often times will to dress herself, her mother would do so, her brother almost carry her to the church would go home and to bed again until next day would roll around. I do not know whether teacher's record is desired or not, but I think her faithfulness is beyond my pen.

Mrs. WALTER WYATT
(One of her S. S. S.)
818 Fayette st., Peoria.
We would be pleased to hear from lady's pastor.

Hamilton, N. Y. We have in our Bible at this place a young lady who has not missed a Sunday in her attendance beginning Jan. 1888. Her name is Emily A. Clark.

C. S. SAVAGE, Pastor 1st Baptist Ch.

Rochester, N. Y. A young man, George I. Gow (whose mother, a Scotchwoman, brought Central Presbyterian Sunday School (years old), has never missed a Sunday in years. He is a modest young man, freight, the Erie Railroad depot. Our Sunday Superintendent left us in August, but I probably hear from his teacher or others soon. 466 N. Clinton st. MRS. ELLA R. STEWART.

We have since heard from this date's superintendent, giving the which complies with the conditions of the competition.

Fayetteville, N. Y. Porter T. Smith not missed a session of the Sunday since January 1, 1887, a little more than 10 years. During the past summer our school took during the pastor's absence in August, we have ever had in my recollection, habit had become so fixed that he attend Methodist Sunday School during the month that he has been in attendance at Sunday every Sunday since January 1, 1887.

H. J. KNAPP, Supt. Bapt.
Lititz, Pa. The following persons have missed one session in the given time, and members of the United Evangelical Sunday of Lititz, Pa.: Daniel S. Bowman, 8 years and Young, 11 years; Harry Gingrich, 10 years; Jacob B. Young, 6 years. E. C. R. Supt. of I. D. of U. E. S. S. of

Chelsea, Mass. We have in the town of at the Chester Avenue Chapel (a branch of Congregational Church), a young lady who attended Sunday School for eleven years, not missing a session of the school; also, she went to single sessions of the school, not losing any of those schools. On the anniversary, the Superintendent of the Sunday School presented her with a handsome Bible as a testimonial from the school, which attests her faithfulness. She is of every Sunday. Her name is Renfrew. MRS. M. A. HALL.

All records should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 100 N. Y. The of for scholars will close June 1st.

After the close of the test for scholars, lists will be opened for teachers and superintendents, and an opportunity will be afforded to the School officers to confer terms of service and of consecutive attendance. Meanwhile the pupils' list still absorbs attention. It would remind our readers of all records, to be accepted, entered on the list, must be fully vouched for by the superintendent, or pastor. Compliance with these conditions qualifies the candidate and makes him or her eligible.

The following are the terms and conditions of the competition:

FIRST PRIZE—ELEGANT LARGE BIBLE (London Edition)—with nearly a thousand superb illustrations, bound in genuine seal. Divinity Circuit, red under solid gold edges, with thumb and appropriately inscribed; Worth \$5.00.

SECOND PRIZE—THE SAME BIBLE in Divinity Circuit, Palestine Levant, Leather Binding, Red Under Gold, not indexed, and appropriately inscribed; Worth \$4.50.

In addition to the above we shall publish a

ROLL OF HONOR PRIZES. For the competition all pupils who have made 260 consecutive attendances and are eligible. Send name, with name of day School and of superintendent or pastor, and the record of continuous attendance. Every successful competitor so vouch will be presented with a superb illustrated New Testament, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, with red under gold.

Be careful and comply with the conditions of competition, which are as follows:

1. Send full name and address of competitor.
2. Name of Sunday School.
3. Name of superintendent or teacher, vouch for accuracy of report.
4. Period of attendance, in years and weeks, to Feb. 1, 1897.
5. Number of consecutive attendances.



GEORGE H. GLAS, V.
RECORD: 19 YEARS AND 43 WEEKS.

group of records running from eleven to sixteen years, fully vouched for, and the same remark applies to the Neppharan Baptist Sunday School of Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Martha Gayler, of Grace United Brethren Church, of West Fair

BOOK SHELF

HEROD'S PALACE.*

WITHIN the gaudy and sinful palace which he had builded for himself at the southern outpost of the kingdom, the palace which looked upon the town of Machærus and was overshadowed by the tower of its name,—the Black Fortress,—this stronghold of his power, Herod held high revelry. In that day, one of his sinful house, vice was his pleasure, and his pleasure was naught but this did not, however, offend the beautiful Herodias, who sat on the couch of the king in all the pride of her matured beauty. Time had gone round many times, and he passed from the flagons of the slaves into the reeling brains, and the heated faces of the banqueters. Herod's mirth waxed loud, and the words of his heart escaped by the lips. "With you now, at last, content. O Herod?" he cried suddenly, upon the queen, half in jest, but with drunken wrath. "Hast thou not thy desires?" Art thou not a queen? I not for thy sake divorced a king? Tell me now!" The woman beside him leaned on her arm and she turned in her chair of ivory and gold to look into his eyes. "What I crave?" she asked, in the rich and tender melody which came to her from her grandmother, the beautiful Jewish Princess Mariamme, in her early death. "All that I desire. When hath the tidings come of the death of the daughter of Aretas?" she the messenger, that I may rejoice."

"Would that I might!" replied Herod, "forasmuch as her flight to the father will yet bring down his upon us!"

"Lehem come!" cried the courtiers, with wine and security, "let them be! Is not a dog of Israel better than the beasts of Arabia? Let them come!"

"Atis regarded the gaudy, wine-drunk before him, for a moment, in drunken gravity. "Ay, let them be," he replied; "nevertheless, I tell you, my friends, this woman beside me will yet bring evil upon me and upon you."

"O lord, what sayest thou?" cried the courtiers, turning ghastly under the false moon on her cheek. "What sayest thou art ill, my lord. Come away."

"The king put her rudely aside, and fell in his speech.

"Betill, woman. Ye know, most noble men and men of Jewry, that it is but a few months since, on the day of the kingdom, I was in the city of the earth, the dwelling of the lord of all the world and heir of the name Augustus. Weeks before, in the house of my brother Philip at Jerusalem, I had seen the face of this woman, and had promised her marriage on my return from Rome: not that she had snatched at me, but that she would fain be mine."

"It not true! Antipas, my beloved, is not true! Do I not love thee with—" "May be so," returned the king, nodding his head with the combined vanity of a man and a Herod: "for, how could I be otherwise! But, also, thou art sh for a crown. Yea, and I also love thee, Herodias; nevertheless, I fear thee still. For upon a certain night in Rome, when on a sudden my heart was heavy because of the twain had done my brother, behold, thou camest to me in a vision, and beside stood our father Herod; over his shoulder peeped the dead faces of the kindred slain at his hands, the inmates of the house of the Asmoneans.

thy grandmother Mariamme, thy father Aristobulus, and also his brother and mine, Alexander; and the words of the great king were clear, though his lips moved not in speech: 'Touch not the woman, for in her hand she bringeth vengeance for the death of these; vengeance upon me and all my house!'"

There was a deathful silence upon all the banquet hall: the courtiers looked each into his empty wine-glass, or upon the ground, as he fervently wished himself many miles from the hearing of the words so perilous.

Ere she could speak or move, the king's mood changed swiftly: he burst into loud, broken laughter, and reached up a brawny arm.

"Nay, of a truth, I did but jest," he cried: "or, if not, what matters it? Let us drink and love, for to-morrow we die!"

But the goblet which he lifted never reached his lips: for at that moment a slave entered the banquet hall, with the haste of one who knoweth that his errand will justify his lack of ceremony. And as he bent before Herod, he exclaimed, with a loud voice:—

"Pardon, my lord the king; but certain of the Pharisees are even now come hither from Jerusalem, with tidings that another king hath risen in Judea!"

The goblet rolled crashing upon the marble floor, the wine poured from it and stood in a pool like blood: for the Pharisees, always ready to use the wickedness of another to promote their own ends, had struck their first blow against the kingdom that was not of this world, by sending to Herod the king tidings of the preaching of John the Baptizer, and his proclamation of the king that was to come,—that king who, when they were certain of having found him in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, it would then be time enough to destroy him also.

Philadelphia's Pre-eminence.*

CERTAIN it is that within the last few years we have experienced a revival of intellectual life; and the forces of the city are apparently becoming more united and are being inspired anew. Our commerce has been gradually restored; and though not yet in the supreme condition it was before the War of 1812, it is far in advance of the decay and hopelessness of 1840. Our manufacturing interests, which have always existed in some form, have since the Civil War been inspired with new life and grown to enormous proportions; and the men whom they are raising to wealth and influence will play an important part in the development of the next hundred years. Our architecture is rapidly improving, and there are signs of better ideas in widening and laying out streets and abolishing grade crossings.

Indeed, within the last few years the city has begun to put on a totally different appearance. The people in favor of honest municipal government are becoming more united, more effective in organization, and have already in the last fifteen years accomplished decided reforms. Our college, which was ruined in the Revolution, has been restored by Provost Stille, and within the last ten years raised to a still stronger position by Provost Pepper and Provost Harrison. The manufacturing interests of the city, which were scattered over a wide extent of territory, are being centralized and made more effective by the Bourse. The islands in front of the city have been cut away, the harbor enlarged and deepened, the navigation of the river improved, the wharves extended and connected with the railroad system by the belt line.

The men who are now rising into importance and prominence are educated

* From *Pennsylvania's Colony and Commonwealth*, by Sydney George Fisher. An excellent and comprehensive account of the history of the Keystone State, its growth and population; pp. 422; buckram binding; with maps; price \$1.50. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

men, and they will in the future have an educated population to support them. The discussion, of which we hear so much, about a new Philadelphia, has a meaning, and seems to mark a turning-point in municipal history. There are many signs of unity and enlightenment which have been gradually gathering force since the public-school system and the Consolidation Act were adopted; and there is every reason to suppose that they will continue and increase until pre-eminence is restored.

The Consolidation Act has been reinforced in recent years by the Bullitt Bill, as the new city charter is called. After the consolidation of the city, in 1855, some of the old forces of disunion continued to work, and the city government again grew complicated, until there were twenty-five departments more or less independent of each other, and the mayor a mere figure-head with none of the controlling powers of an executive officer. Agitation for a reform began in 1877, and the Bullitt Bill passed in 1885, and went into force in 1887. It reduced the departments to nine, made them report to the mayor, gave them power to investigate their conduct and remove officials. A steady improvement has since been observed in the whole city government.

It required forty or fifty years to overcome and undo the good work of the old colonial rulers, and reduce the city to the decay of 1840; and it has naturally required about the same length of time to restore and renew and bring us to the state we might have reached long ago if the old conditions had gone on in their regular course.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- The A B C of the Ex-Rays*, by Wm. H. Meadowcroft. Pp. 189; published by the American Technical Book Co.
- Naves from my Bible*. From Genesis to Revelation, by D. L. Moody. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York City.
- How to Read the Bible*, by Walter F. Adeney, M. A. Pp. 135; price 50c.; published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3, Bible House, New York.
- Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing*, by Mrs. E. G. White. Pp. 261; price 75c.; published by The Pacific Press Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.
- Divine Library*; Suggestions how to Read the Bible, by J. Paterson Smyth, B.D., LL.D. Pp. 128; published by James Pott & Co., New York City.
- Heroes of the American Republic*; A Series of Patriotic Lectures, by Rev. David Gregg, D.D. Pp. 405; price \$1.50; published by F. B. Treat, Cooper Union, N. Y.
- Faith and Self-Surrender*: The Fulfillment of the Spiritual Life, by James Martineau, D.D., D.C.L. Pp. 122; price 50c.; published by The Macmillan Co., N. Y.
- Christianity and Idealism*, by John Watson, LL.D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Pp. 216; price \$1.25; published by The Macmillan Co., New York City.
- Autobiography of Charles Force Deems, D.D., LL.D., and Memoirs*, by his son, Rev. Edward M. Deems. Francis M. Deems. Pp. 365; price \$1.50; published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York City and Chicago.
- Scenes from the Life of Christ*: Pictures in Holy Word and Sacred Art. Edited by Jessica Cone; a superbly illustrated work, containing scenes in the Holy Land, and pictures illustrative of the life of Christ; published by The Educational Publishing Co., New York, Boston, and San Francisco.
- The Modern Reader's Bible*: A Series of Books from Sacred Scripture. Presented in modern literary form, by Richard G. Montton, M.A., Ph.D. *Chronicles and Isaiah*. These handy little volumes are the separate books of the Bible with introduction, giving the date and authorship as far as can be ascertained. The contents are in paragraph form, instead of in verse. Price 50c. each; published by The Macmillan Co., New York City.

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ARMENIAN AID.

DURING the past week, there has been a marked subsidence in the prevailing excitement in Anatolia over the Cretan troubles, although the hope of a renewal of the massacres is not means ended. So excited are the populace at many points, that a little provocation might be productive of a repetition of the terrible scenes of 1895. The relief work continues, and the orphan rescue movement is pressing satisfactorily. During the week another remittance of \$2,000 was received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and sent to Miss Corinna Shattuck, at the work among the orphans. This is the fourth remittance, making a total of \$5,000 sent to Oorfa thus far, a grand total of \$57,000 since the relief work since the Fund began. A delayed letter from Miss Chambers, associate of Miss Shattuck, just received she writes:

"We have now 107, fifty boys and fifty-seven girls are adding to our numbers as we have able candidates. At first only those wholly orphaned were selected, but now children of widows, where the mother is dead or more children dependent on her for support. We take none from widows less than four, or who are able to help. Miss Shattuck takes the boys into our care, as none of us feel they would have been safe elsewhere. Our girls are in rented houses. They are mothered by Christian widows who are glad of a child who look after them carefully. The attend the village schools all except a few who are not yet old enough to be in school. When out of school they assist in the work of the houses. All who are able to study alone, are sometimes their Sabbath verses by an older sister or sister. Our six largest boys are making shoemaking. The contributions were received during the week:

Ed. \$1,875.46	Sarah W. Singer	2.00
any others to be	Henry Holing	5.00
aged next week	Mrs J. Mathews & friends	3.45
Los Angeles	Mrs E. M. Fales	1.00
NY City	Reader, Wilmington	1.00
...	F. W. Scott	10.00
...	Brother & sister, Ruby	2.50
...	F. J. Wilson & family	2.50
...	Mr & Mrs Brobst	5.00
...	Mary D. Reid	3.00
...	J. E. King	3.00
...	Jacob J. Moser	1.00
...	Mrs M. M. Riner	1.00
...	Mary W. Stone	1.00
...	Mrs Geo. Brown	1.00
...	Symonizing friend, Thornaston	10.00
...	Jennette G. Moir	1.00
...	Widow's mite, Arkansas City	50
...	Mr & Mrs C. Reeve	2.00
...	Mrs J. H. Swan	3.00
...	Cora H. Cundy	1.00
...	Mary Humphrey	1.00
...	Margt. T. Adelaide	2.00
...	In Christ's name, L. W. Bucyrus	1.00
...	Mrs. A. S. Robertson	2.00
...	Robt. E. Davis	2.00
...	An Amherst friend	2.00
...	C. E. Irons	1.00
...	Mary E. Pugh	50
...	A. N. B. Pawtucket	5.00
...	J. B.	5.00
...	Friend, Rock's Ridge	1.00
...	Mrs J. C. Houghton	3.00
...	S. P. Hayward	3.00
...	Foreign Missary, M. E. Ch. Rushville	2.50
...	Y. P. S. C. E. Union, South Bend	10.20
...	Union S. S. Reedville	3.67
...	Parnell Union S. S. Bessie Lewis	1.00
...	S. E. Brown	5.00
...	Pilgrim, Evansville	2.00
...	Mrs A. Boyes	2.00
...	Thos. Bicket	1.00
...	Hannah Williams	1.00
...	Mrs E. E. Hayes	5.00
...	Mrs A. J. Wilson	1.00
...	Agnes K. McLean	1.00
...	J. B. Hodson	1.00
...	Englewood	1.00
...	Chas. N. Story	50
...	Reader, Shiloh	1.00
...	Mr & Mrs D. A. Mitchell	5.00
...	Mrs Mary A. Gibbs	2.50
...	Mrs F. O. Prichard	5.00
...	BAB. Grand Rapids	1.00
...	Mrs Elliott	1.00
...	I. H. N. Lewisburg	50
...	Mr & Mrs G. C. Forest River	2.00
...	R. L. Park	5.00
...	Mrs Sophia J. Davis	1.00
...	Mrs Lucy Garver	1.00
...	Mr & Mrs Newbury	1.00
...	J. D. Rauck	1.00
...	Mr A. S. Wilcox	1.00
...	Mrs M. Chapin	1.00
...	Mrs Harrison Cole	1.50
...	Richd. C. Cooper	2.00
...	Hallie Hain	5.00
...	Mr & Mrs Reinhardt	2.00
...	Friend, Preston	25
...	Memorial Ev. Ch. Balto	12.00
...	Total	\$5,301.49

Medical Missions in Ceylon.

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hieb, announced their arrival in Ceylon, where they have made a hopeful beginning in their work. Mr. Hieb went out to be the general Y. M. C. A. secretary in Ceylon, and to engage in aggressive evangelistic, temperance, anti-opium and purity work. Two medical ladies, Drs. Curr and Irwin, have also arrived in Ceylon. They will live with Dr. and Mrs. Scott, while learning, before they formally open the Woman's Medical Mission work at Jaffna, and assume its responsible duties. An effort is being made to raise funds to put the Medical Mission premises in repair.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'TIS sweet to think while struggling
The goal of life to win.
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I, longing, cast my eyes,
Before me like a boundless sea,
The great hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles.
And gathers like a golden robe,
Around the emerald isles.

And in the far blue distance
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowing groves
Of dear old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
That gem the wave serene,
The image of the cloudless shape
Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the great hereafter,
Aforetime dim and dark,
I freely now and gladly give
Of life, the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are past,
By angel hands the quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

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Author and Teacher Passed from
the Scene of His Labors.

VERY sincere will be the mourning in all parts of Christendom when it is known that the pen that wrote of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is laid aside forever; and the voice which fired so many to seek "The Greatest Pain in the World," will speak no more to long, reverent disciples. Henry Drummond is dead. Dead in his prime! when his vigorous mind and clear ringing utterance were most needed. The sad news has been brought to this country on March 11,



THE LATE PROF. DRUMMOND.

Thousands of hearts realized that the world was poorer than it had been. Prof. Drummond had the faculty of making friends wherever he went and of winning affection and esteem of men who would not accept his doctrines. He had strong, manly lucidity of manner and clearness which impressed his hearers and made as the characteristic of a man who thought clearly, and was able to express himself in clear, unambiguous phraseology. A man who believed strongly in truth and was ready to follow wherever truth led, and to accept the consequences of his reasoning. People have said that Prof. Drummond traveled far between the time he was writing "Natural Law," and his recently published book on "The Programme of Christianity." A friend of the distinguished author told him that this was said, when he laughingly declared that "The Programme of Christianity" was written long before "Natural Law," though it was not published until lately. Henry Drummond was born in 1851, at Perth, Scotland. He was educated in his native town, and went thence to the University of Edinburgh and the Free Church Divinity School. Subsequently he took a course at the University of Göttingen, Germany, where he was honored with the degree of Ph.D. At the age of twenty-six, he was appointed Lecturer in Science at the University of Glasgow, and shortly afterward became professor in the same institution. It is an interesting fact that the book which made his name familiar throughout Christendom and which was destined to have a larger sale than almost any theological work of the period, was rejected by every publisher to whom the young author offered it. Finally, despairing of getting it into print, he left the manuscript with a friend

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SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc. can be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Avoid imitations.

and went on an exploring tour in Central Africa. His friend was more successful than he and it was published. One day when Drummond had reached the northern shore of Lake Nyassa, having been for five months without news from home, a package of letters reached him, informing him of the astonishing success of his book. It passed rapidly through many editions in English, had an enormous sale in this country, and was translated into French, German, Dutch and Norwegian. Among other works from his pen which were widely read, were "The Greatest Thing in the World," "Tropical Africa," "The Programme of Christianity," and "The Ascent of Man." Prof. Drummond's earnest endeavor was to reconcile Christianity and Science, and to show especially to young men that there was no way of mental growth and development so sure as to make the Bible the guide of their lives.

IMMORTALITY.

"It is better further on." - Phillips Brooks.
AS years go by and words seem less,
Faith, Hope and Love are more to me;
Sweet Hope, that through the mystic veil,
With clearer vision God can see.
All earthly things more shadowy grow,
Still passing with the years away.
The Eternal and Invisible
Brighten as nears the heavenly day -
"It is better further on."
Hope, 'mid the wreckage sad of life
Hears, like a songbird, 'mid the gloom:
"All things shall work for good to those
Who to the Lord in love have come."
The Love that counts all human life
In one great brotherhood the same,
The Heavenly Father's children all,
Bearing the signet of his name -
"It is better further on."
I'm rising still, I feel, I know,
To nobler life beyond the sky;
Earth's sunrise gold is on my head,
But heaven's pure light is by-and-by.
The nearer I approach the end,
Immortal symphonies I hear
From world unseen, with notes of joy,
Onward and upward, calling clear,
"It is better further on."
I stand upon the opening way
Unknown, that stretches on before,
Praying that still each onward step
Fast hold shall take on shining shore.
The earthly life is dear and sweet,
With all its precious blessings given
By Hand of Love, that still has kept
The best for his redeemed in heaven.
"It is better further on."
Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.



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AN AFTERNOON TEA OF THE MOTHERS' CLUB AT WHITTIER HOUSE, JERSEY CITY, N. J. (See Page 100.)

A HAVEN OF HELPFULNESS.

What the Workers of Whittier House Social Settlement are Doing in Jersey City, N. J., to Brighten Lowly Lives.

(See Colored Picture on First Page.)



SHORT time ago two boys were running as hard as they could go along Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. They stopped at a plain substantial house and eagerly inquired for Miss Bradford.

They had seen a rough man beating a woman a few blocks away and they were afraid he would kill her. By no means a formidable looking person is the lady to whom the boys carried their appeal for help in the emergency. But there must have been some reason why, seeing a disturbance in the street they called to her, instead of to the police. The lady who went with the boys and rescued the woman from her drunken, brutal husband, is well known enough that neighborhood and many miles around. Among the homes of working-people, the resorts of news-boys, and in the factories, her cheerful, kindly, intelligent face is well known to all. In any case of trouble, in any misfortune, in trials personal or domestic, whether there is sickness, bereavement, or a financial crisis, or some gross injustice that needs to be rectified, the impulse of the boys to call her to the rescue of the woman is the impulse of the poor people. "Send to Miss Bradford," ask Miss Bradford about it," is the most invariable suggestion. If this wonderful lady kept a diary recording the emergencies in which her assistance is sought and the problems submitted to her for solution, it would show a variety of human trouble that would amaze the reader. She is popularly supposed to know everything, and to be the incarnation of sound, practical common-sense, and helpfulness. "You seem to be a general women's friend," said a city official the other day after the energetic lady had paid him a series of visits during the previous weeks, each visit as the advocate of some poor woman of the neighborhood who needed official interposition either as an oppressive landlord, or protection in some form or other against wrong.

To persons familiar with the work of degree and social settlements in great cities, the position Miss Bradford occupies as adviser-general and "everybody's friend," is no mystery. Wherever the experiment of a settlement has been tried, it has been found that a disinterested effort to render service to those who need it has been cordially welcomed and heartily appreciated. Miss Bradford commenced her

emergency may have their lives brightened and the inevitable ills of their lot alleviated, by the residence among them of some follower of Christ, who was anxious to be useful in any way that opened. The possession of wealth was not essential, nor need the worker be a very learned or accomplished person. The one thing indispensable was the love to all and the spirit of self-sacrifice that the religion of Christ inspires. Assured of this, Miss Bradford settled in Jersey City about four years ago. She spent about five months



LOUISE ALCOTT CLUB AT WHITTIER HOUSE.

in getting thoroughly acquainted with the people to whom she proposed to devote her life.

Dr. Scudder, in hearty sympathy with any kindly beneficent project, placed an unoccupied room in his People's Palace at her disposal, which became her temporary headquarters. For some time Miss Bradford spent her days in visiting among the tenements and humble homes that clustered around Dr. Scudder's church. She listened to stories of sorrow, privation and hardship, and studied the problems of the people's lives with a sincere desire to discover and apply a remedy, if one could be found. For one man she managed to secure employment; for another she negotiated a chattel mortgage at six per cent.; for another she faced an obdurate landlord and induced him to make his house decently clean and habitable. There was

ment. "It was some time," Miss Bradford says, "before the women could believe that there was no hidden reason for these teas. Finally one woman frankly said: 'Miss Bradford, we don't know what to think about these meetings. You don't ask us to go to church, to sign a pledge, or to pray with you. You seem to forget that we are used to washin', scrubbin', and such works. You seem only to try to make us happy.' Now, what do you want of us any way?" When I told her that my desire was to give them one afternoon a week when life might seem to them pleasant and comfortable, the tired face brightened, and she replied: 'Well, life ain't so bad after all when you have a friend who cares whether you live or die.' It is now our custom at these teas to give lectures and talks to the mothers on home improvement and kindred topics. By this time we were an incorporated Settlement, and through the kindness and generosity of one of our officers we were enabled to secure our present building. The house is a large, handsome three-story brick residence, in every way admirably adapted to the needs of the settlement. We are not, by any means, in the very lowest part of the city.

It was found convenient to organize clubs for the entertainment of the different kinds of visitors at the new Settlement. One of the first was composed at the outset of fifteen little girls who had been accustomed to play on the streets until nine or ten o'clock in the evening. Miss Bradford and her helpers began by reading to them one of Louise Alcott's books. They listened gladly, became deeply interested, and came night after night. Reading and games were the occupations, and the club was organized under the name of the Louise Alcott Club. A Mothers' Club was arranged soon afterward, and a Newsboys' Club followed. Then a Men's Club, and others as the need arose. In each case the time was passed pleasantly in reading, or talks on subjects of interest to the members. Besides these, educational classes were organized for teaching millinery and dress making, Latin, stenography, singing, music, cooking, etc., the members paying a small fee for the teacher and appliances. Alto-



BOYS' READING CLUB.

gether, Whittier House speedily became a very busy place, where the people were very happy, and where they knew that they were always sure of sympathy in trouble, and kindly service if it could be rendered. It became just such an institution as the tender, brotherly poet would have loved to see associated with his name. Miss Bradford knew him well, and has taken a pleasure in putting his portrait in every room. For the motto of the institution she has taken the poet's well-known lines:

He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Miss Bradford and her helpers are thoroughly happy in their work and are rejoiced at the success which has attended it. The cost of it hitherto has not been more than twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but the happiness it has brought into the dull and burdened lives of the people of that neighborhood is beyond estimate. The expenses are paid by voluntary contributions and there is occasionally a straitness of resources, but hitherto funds sufficient to meet the emergency have always been supplied by sympathetic friends when they were needed.

How One Pastor Helped India.

Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Illinois, who Aroused the Sympathies of the Farmers in the Corn Belt.

ONE of the foremost preachers of the M. E. Church in Illinois is Rev. R. G. Hobbs, who is now pastor of the Centenary Church in Jacksonville, Ill. Hobbs is exceedingly popular in his district, and his church has one of the largest congregations in the Conference, the membership



REV. R. G. HOBBS.

being over seven hundred, while the regular Sunday attendance is seldom less than a thousand. It is a church full of spiritual life and energy, and its people are active in Christian work and varied benevolences. The pastor has lately directed the attention of his people toward suffering India, and the spirit of helpfulness has spread throughout the great corn belt of Central Illinois, awakening a generous sympathy everywhere. Many offers of contributions of corn for India were received by the pastor and were accepted, his purpose being to arrange ultimately to send the gifts in a vessel, provided one could be secured for the purpose.

Dr. Hobbs, who is now visiting New York, speaks modestly of his own efforts in the relief work. He says:

"Some months ago my attention was arrested by the first reports of the famine in India. I live in Central Illinois—about where the buckle comes together in the great corn belt. Instantly I thought of the overflowing cribs of the corn country—with more grain in them than Joseph ever stored up in the years of plenty. Why not get those cribs opened on the sides toward India? I made the suggestion to the Missionary Committee of the Methodist Church, and the idea was heartily endorsed. Then it was thought best to convert the grain into money, because it could be sent so much more quickly. We had not yet begun to realize what a wide-reaching famine it was to be. It was thought a few thousand dollars would be enough to send. When the magnitude of the calamity became apparent, the plan of sending corn again came to the front. I have felt from the beginning that this should be done. It takes a little longer to send relief in this way, but the money goes further and carries more help, and help will be as much needed a little later as it is to-day. I had a letter from a personal friend, a missionary, who is five hundred miles northeast of Bombay. The letter bears the date of January 10. My friend says he is in the heart of a great famine district, that hundreds have starved to death on his circuit; that the famine must last the greater part of a year yet.

"There is another thing not to be forgotten. Corn is worth not more than ten cents per bushel in some parts of the West. This giving will afford an outlet for part of the surplus. What remains will be the more valuable for this giving. Surely it was not without design that the crops of the last three years were so abundant! Western farmers may, by this sending of corn to the Orient, open a new market for their grain. This is perhaps a selfish way to look at the matter. The benevolent enterprise may be thus a direct advantage to our own people."

Dr. Hobbs was born in Joliet, Ill., in 1854. His father is a Methodist pastor, an honored member of the Nebraska Conference. He entered Northwestern University at the age of thirteen, registering a few weeks later as a student for the ministry. It is doubtful if anyone is likely ever to register at the Garrett Biblical Institute, the theological department of the University, at an earlier age. He graduated from the full college and theological course, and was admitted to the Illinois Conference—the strongest conference in Methodism west of the Alleghenies—in 1874, having been given a license to preach at sixteen. He has been continuously a pastor ever since.



THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL.

plenty of work to do of this kind, and Miss Bradford soon had her days full of business.

Dr. Scudder and the officers of the People's Palace facilitated Miss Bradford in her next step, which was to have a weekly afternoon tea for mothers. These teas were held in the gymnasium, and soon became a popular entertainment in the neighborhood. They were informal affairs, with no attempt at preaching or teaching, but simply friendly social enjoy-

ment. She was familiar with the settlement idea and had seen it in operation at the Hull House in Chicago, and Mansfield House and Toynbee Hall in London. She had seen how workingmen and their wives and children, who do not need charity, save in some exceptional



SYMPATHY FOR THE GREEKS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } I am debtor both to the Greeks
on the Text: Rom. 1:14: - - - } and the barbarians.



AT this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of a hundred thousand Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great AcroCorinthus fortress frowning from the height of sixteen hundred and eighty-six feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor. In this Letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the Apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks." Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the State of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cylene, and Eta, and Taygetus, and Tymphrestus, each over seven thousand feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over eight thousand. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-day holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe, and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literatures to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the Book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother, James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal tongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivalled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of

the nations of the earth at that time jumbled. Who can forget it and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks? the language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lysurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?" Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden-lipped, emerald-handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic, drama and comedy, Odyssey and Iliad; but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation of the Gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And while speaking of our philological obligation, let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but fifty per cent. of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off if, through learned institutions our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces. Hesiod's "Weeks and Days," or the eulogium by Simonides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Victory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's Anabasis.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides, there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy, there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer, there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions twenty-three hundred years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvas, and although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished: Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with the world on his back, all these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy

and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece five hundred years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellow, and Bryants of eighteen and nineteen hundred years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intelligent farmhouse to-day in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this, Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident, when standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars' Hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written:

For we thine offspring are. All things that creep
Are but the echo of the voice divine.

And Aratus, one of their own poets, wrote:

Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh?
We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously from a poem in a language foreign to his, and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering, and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, cromlechs, sphinxes, and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain even of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the living. Ignoring Egyptian precedents, and borrowing nothing from other nations, Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures, rounded its own mouldings, and carried out as never before the three qualities of right-building, called by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, venustas," namely, firmness, usefulness, beauty. Although the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and although Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British Museum, the Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries past, and will be an inspiration all the time from now until the world itself is a temple ruin. Oh, that Parthenon! One never gets over having once seen it. But what must it have been when it stood as its architects, Iktinos and Kallikrates, built it out of Pentelican marble, white as Mont Blanc at noonday, and as overwhelming. Height above height. Over-topping the august and majestic pile, and rising from its roof, was a statue of Pallas Promachus in bronze, so tall and flashing that sailors far out at sea beheld the plume of her helmet. Without the aid of the Eternal God it never could have been planned, and without the aid of God the chisels and trowels never could have constructed it. There is not a fine church building in all the world, or a properly-constructed courthouse, or a beautiful art gallery, or an appropriate auditorium, or a tasteful home, which, because of that Parthenon, whether its style or some other style be adopted, is not directly or indirectly a debtor to the Greeks.

But there is another art in my mind,—the most fascinating, elevating, and in-

spiring of all arts, and the nearest to divine,—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least a hundred and fifty years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightily useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries. He who wishes that some sculptor, contemporaneous with Christ, could have put his matchless form in marble! But for every grand, exquisite statue of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas C. Miers, of Wellington, of Lafayette, of some of the great statesmen or emancipators or conquerors who adorn your parks or the niches of your academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, they glorified the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, some in cedar, some in ivory, some in silver, some in gold, some in size diminutive, some in size colossal. Thanks to Phidias who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Dantas, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration! Do you not realize that many of the wonders of sculpture we owe to the Greeks?

Yea! For the science of medicine, a great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened a door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and to slumber on the hide of a sacrificed bee. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath of Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of this day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism, and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals, and medical colleges of the twenty-three centuries. Ancient medicine and surgery had before that been an anatomical and physiological assault, a battery, and long after the time of Hippocrates the Greek doctor, where his theories were not known, the Bible speaks of a fatal medical treatment, when it says: "his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers." And we read in the New Testament of the poor woman who had been treated by incompetent doctors who asked large fees, where it says: "She had suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all that she had, and nothing better, but rather grew worse. For our glorious science of medicine and surgery, more sublime than astronomy, we have more to do with disease than with the stars; more beautiful than botany, a bloom of health in the cheek of wife and child is worth more to us than all the roses of the garden—for this grandest of all sciences, the science of healing, every pill of recovered invalid, every ward of American and European hospital may well shout, "Thank God for old doctor Hippocrates! I, like Paul, am indebted to the Greeks."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for heroisms in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right, Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the port-holes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom had better read of the battle of Marathon, where ten thousand Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over one hundred thousand of their enemies. At that time in Greek council of war five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it. Callimachus, presided at the council of war, had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus!"

to enslave Athens, or by insuring freedom, to win yourself an immortal fame, for never since the Athenians were people were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow to the Medes, they are to be reaped to Hippias, and you know what will then have to suffer; but if they come victorious out of this contest, she has it in her power to become the city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. We do not bring on a battle presently, but a factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is any rot in the state of Athens, I think that, provided the gods will give us aid and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

At the vote of Callimachus, and the battle opened, and in full run the Miltiades fell upon the Persian shouting, "On! Sons of Greece! for the freedom of your country! for the freedom of your children, for our wives, for the shrines of your gods, and for the sepulchres of our fathers! All, all are now staked on the issue!" While only one hundred and two Greeks fell, six thousand four hundred Persians lay dead upon the field, many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were crowded in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was secured, the cause of civilization was advanced, and the Western world and all nations felt the heroics. Had there been no Miltiades, there might have been no Washington.

At Thermopylae, three hundred Greeks, along a road so wide enough for a wheelbarrow, between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae, there might have been no Bunker Hill. The echo of the Athenian and Spartan heroics was heard at the gates of Moscow, and Sebastopol, and Vicksburg, and Lexington, and Gettysburg, English Magna Carta, and Declaration of American Independence, and the story of Robert Burns, entitled, "Man for a Man for a That," are only the long-continued repetition of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that little kingdom that the powers of Europe are now imposing upon Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than a hundred men in the wrong, the heroics of Leonidas and Aristides and Thermopylae will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic to-day, a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

It now comes the practical question. How can we pay that debt, or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than ten percent of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By calling Almighty God that he will help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American Senate did well the other day, when, in the Capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have heard words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared in Greek: "Blessed are those

who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. While here and there one comes to public approval and reward, the most of them live in privation or on salary disgracefully small. The scholars, the archeologists, the artists, the literati—most of them live up three or four nights of stairs and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight. You pass them every day in your streets without any recognition. Grub street, where many of the mighty men of the past suffered, is long enough to reach around the world. No need of wasting our sympathy upon the unappreciated thinkers and workers of the past! Though Linnæus sold his works for a single ducat. Though Noah Webster's Spelling Book yielded him more than his Dictionary. Though Correggio, the great painter, receiving for long continued work payment of thirty-nine dollars, died from over-joy. Though when Golosmith's friends visited him they were obliged to sit in the window, as he had but one chair. Though Samuel Boyse, the great poet, starved to death. Though the author of "Hudibras," died in a garret. Though "Paradise Lost" brought its author only twenty-five dollars cash down, with promise of fifty dollars more if the sale warranted

Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through. They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life, then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Homos-thenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail, a kindly heart-throb may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hemsworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cogs of the whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket, and saved the lives of the two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's

at: but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained: whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at daybreak. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, and dominion and victory and song world without end. Amen.

PUBLIC BATH-HOUSES.

New York Improving its Present System, and Erecting Beautiful Public Comfort Buildings.



In all the great cities of the world the public bath is a prominent institution. London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and Rome have many spacious and magnificent buildings devoted to that purpose, all constructed on modern principles and with a view to the best architectural and utilitarian results. Birmingham, Brighton, Newington, Newport, and other localities in England have, in recent years, erected capacious buildings for purposes of public comfort. Of late years, New York, which is sadly deficient in this respect, has devoted attention to the matter and an official Committee was appointed in 1895 to investigate and report. That Committee collected all the material available on the subject, and the result of its labors and recommendations is that the metropolis will soon have some very beautiful and useful buildings, open the year 'round, and of great value as aids to public health and comfort.

Chief among these will be a system of improved bath-houses which will be introduced. New York had the first public bath in the United States where the spray or rain-bath system was used for hot or cold water. Since 1891, the People's Baths (a system under which a nominal charge is made), furnished over 420,000 baths. This effectually demonstrated that the public bath

was clearly a municipal function, and should not be controlled by private persons. The city authorities, therefore, had plans and specifications prepared for an experimental Public Bath-house to be located in Tompkins Square (the building is shown in the illustration on this page, photographed from the architect's drawings). It will contain waiting-rooms for men and boys with seats for 100 persons, and one for women with seats for fifty. In the men's department there will be twenty-eight rain-baths on the main floor, and fourteen on the second, ten tub-baths for men and seventeen rain-baths for boys—sixty-nine in all. For women there will be seventeen rain-baths on the main floor, and ten tubs on second floor—twenty-seven baths in all. It is estimated that these accommodations will be equal to supplying over one million baths a year. There will also be the necessary laundry conveniences for washing towels, engineering for heating and supplying electric light and for ventilation. All the baths will have dressing-rooms (except those with bath-tubs), and each floor will have a marble foot-bath. All will be arranged with a view to the best hygienic results. The departments for the sexes are entirely separate.

This beautiful building is to be in the Italian style of architecture, simple yet dignified, and the material will be light stone. It will be in the centre of the east side of Tompkins Square, immediately adjoining Avenue B, and will be one of the most ornamental and useful public structures in the metropolis.



THE PROPOSED NEW PUBLIC BATH IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK.

it: so that seventy-five dollars was all that was paid for what is considered the greatest poem ever written. Better turn our attention to the fact that there are at this moment hundreds of authors, painters, sculptors, architects, brain-workers without bread and without fuel and without competent apparel. As far as you can afford it, buy their sculpture, read their books, purchase their pictures, encourage their pen, their pencil, their chisel, their engraver's knife, their architect's compass. The world calls them "bookworms" or "Dr. Dry-as-Dust," but if there had been no bookworms or dry doctors of law and science and theology, there would have been no Apocalyptic angel. They are the Greeks of our country and time, and your obligation to them is infinite.

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can out-argue, out-quote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God they are brought by simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl. They have found life a struggle.

bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward, and some one exclaimed: "Jim, this is awful!" he replied: "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys!" What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hemsworth's, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of today, and your story of what Christ has done for you does not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—Doctor—Judge! Why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" And ask your learned friend to take his Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid peroration of Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered, namely: "The times of this ignorance God winked

FORTY STARVING CHILDREN RECEIVED AT BOMBAY FROM FAMINE-STRICKEN DAMOH

ing, Emma S.	1000	Freeman, S. S.	25	Holmes, Mrs.	50	Luetchford, Mrs. H.	100	Palmer, Mary	25	Scott, Mrs. J. H.	200	Thompson, Mary	500	3 "	Somerville	300	
Davis, Mrs. G. L.	39	Frey, H. W.	100	Holmes, Mrs.	1000	Lynn, Maggie & mother	200	Parker, Wm. E.	100	Scotthsmith, Mrs. G. H.	240	Thornon, Mrs. Sallie	25	"	Colebrook	100	
er, Nell M.	200	Frink, Mrs. F.	100	Holmes, Mrs. Phebe	50	Lyman, J. D.	50	Parry, J. J.	500	Shadden, Mrs. D.	400	Thornton, W. P.	50	"	Crimceton	200	
sp. Mrs. J. T.	100	Galbraith, B.	100	Holt, A. E.	100	Lyman, J. G.	250	Pascoe, Mrs. F. A.	100	Shaffar, J. E.	100	Tibbitts, L. Lizzie	500	Reader, Monmouth	200	Concord	100
Lotts, Alie	100	Garrett, F. E.	200	Home, E. A.	100	Lyman, M. F.	250	Patterson, Mrs. M.	2500	Sharp, Mrs. R.	300	Topping, L. M.	100	"	Cincinnati	100	
luster, Mrs. E. J.	100	Gerard, Mrs. G. B.	100	Home, Mrs. F. A.	100	Lyman, P. P.	100	Peckham, Mrs. J. P.	100	Shaum, R. J.	100	Turner, Mrs. John	100	"	Cincinnati	100	
ue, Jas. H.	100	Gilbert, Mrs. J.	100	Hosler, J. & H.	100	McArthur, Dr. & Mrs. S.	100	Pedley, Sarah	100	Sherman, P.	100	Tuttle, Mrs. F. L.	200	"	Opel	100	
glas, Mrs. R. B.	100	Gilkey, Cora A.	200	Houglund, Minnie	100	McArthur, Mrs. J. K.	300	Peters, Marie & Rns. I.	100	Shiner, Mrs. W. F.	100	Uhley, A. H. & wife	150	"	Albua	500	
glass, Mrs. Ursula	50	Giller, C. B.	150	Huff, Wm. E.	200	McDonald, Annie	100	Petersen, P. C.	250	Shuman, Susan	50	Uhley, Alma	100	"	Firth	150	
John	100	Gillespie, J. E.	500	Huntley, Mrs. H.	100	McDonald, James	100	Pierce, W. E.	200	Simpson, H. A.	200	Umble, John A.	100	"	Newark	100	
man, A. R.	100	Gilmore, Mrs. T.	100	Jackson, Geo. G.	100	McDuffie, Mrs. & Mrs. S.	100	Pike, Mrs. H. D.	100	Slotter, Wm. H. & R. F.	300	Ushaw, Mrs. H.	100	"	Woodland	100	
man, Mrs. A. W.	100	Gleason, David	100	Johnson, J. Lambert	100	McFarland, Mrs. J. K.	200	Pinus, Mrs. M. & dan	200	Smallegan, D.	100	Usher, A. J. & S. E. A.	100	"	Shelton	200	
man, G.	100	Gleason, Andrew J.	100	Johnson, Andrew J.	100	McFarland, Mrs. J. K.	200	Planten, G. H. & wife	500	Smith, Mrs. Daniel P.	500	Van Nort, Leota	200	Readers, Norristown	100	Berryville	300
W, Mrs. E. M.	100	Graves, Mrs. W.	500	Johnson, Lena	300	McGraw, A. A.	500	Plough, H. H.	100	Smith, E. A.	100	Vance, Mrs. & family	160	6 "	Emleton	500	
W, Mrs. Mary P.	100	Greenleaf, Mrs. F. E.	100	Jones, W. C.	100	McKenzie & family	100	Pamelstein, Mrs. A.	100	Smith, Mrs. E. A.	100	Van Nort, Leota	200	Sub'r, Sunner	100	Lockington	100
W, Mrs. A. L.	100	Griffith, Mrs. F. R.	100	Jandell, Mrs. J. W.	50	McKibben, S.	500	Pance, J. C. & wife	100	Smith, Mrs. Matilda	150	Vail, John P.	100	"	New Bedford	100	
W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gunderman, Mrs. A.	100	Jeffries, A. M.	200	McKinnon, Lottie M.	100	Parman, B. I.	100	Snowaker, Chas.	25	Vail, M. Jennie	300	"	Kittanning	50	
W, Mrs. E.	100	Gunderman, Rev. J.	100	Jewell, Jennie	100	McLellan, Mrs. Flora	200	Palm, A.	25	Snyder, Fred	25	Van Etton, K. M.	100	"	Monroe	50	
W, William	100	Gunn, R. E.	100	Johns, A. D.	200	McMullen, J. M. & fam	500	Palme, Ella	50	Southmayd, Wm. P.	500	Voth, Frieda E.	400	"	DeWitt	50	
W, Mrs. E.	100	Gusser, Mrs. J.	25	Johns, T. J.	300	McWayne, Miss M.	25	Falmer, Mrs. Lyman	100	Spearin, Mr. & Mrs. F.	200	Voth, R. H. & wife	400	"	Jewell	100	
W, J. O. & Mary E.	500	Gause, Mrs. C. H.	100	Johnson, Lillie C.	300	Mackinnon, Grace	200	Parmenter, Mrs. J.	500	Stanley, Cora G.	300	Waddell, T. J.	200	"	Worcester	100	
W, Mr.	15	Gause, C. H.	100	Johnson, J. W.	50	Matran, Grace	200	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Woonville	250	
W, T. H.	100	Gibson, C. C.	100	Johnson, J. R.	30	Maxwell, James	100	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Clifton Forge	100	
W, M. M.	100	Gibson, M. J.	100	Johnson, J. R.	30	Maxwell, James	100	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Conn	100	
W, Mrs. E. M.	200	Gibson, Thos.	250	Jones, Mrs. C. A.	100	Meisenhelder, Geo.	10	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Fair Grove	300	
W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, C. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	New Bethlehem	125	
W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
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W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
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W, Mrs. Georgia A.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
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W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
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W, Mrs. S. E.	200	Gilbert, Grace	200	Jones, E. F.	500	Meisenhelder, Anna	50	Patterson, W. E.	10	Stehman, Lizzie	100	Wadsworth, Mrs. S. P.	100	"	Manheim	500	
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
FOUNDED 1824. PROPRIETOR,
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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A Broadside on Public Affairs.

THE change in administration and the ceremonies of inaugurating a new President have inspired us to an editorial broadside on public affairs. We mean to keep in touch with the national life of this great Republic. Though the Christian's citizenship is in heaven, for the time being he has important duties here. And it is often the test of his citizenship there, to know how he performs his duty here.

OUR REPUBLICAN WAY.

We have chosen a straight-forward, honest man for President, and he has chosen eight other straight-forward, honest men to assist him as counselors and advisers. This is our republican way. It has worked well from the days of Washington; that is, for 106 years. Then, this nation was a third-rate power, having a population of scarcely four millions, and it took a week to go from Boston to New York in a stage-coach. During this period we have had among our Presidents at least seven remarkable men: Washington, the two Adamses, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, and Ulysses S. Grant; certainly seven. And great emergencies have always developed our great men. The stock is not likely to be exhausted. We have had in the Presidential office a few common-place men; but no dishonest, no dishonorable ones. Webster said of the nomination of Gen. Taylor, that it was a nomination not fit to be made. It did not give us the ideal man. But, on the whole the Presidential average has been creditable to the nation. We believe, the present administration will prove no exception.

OBSERVING THE LORD'S DAY.

It is significant of the character of this nation, that we inquire where are our rulers on the Lord's Day. We have not put the name of God in our written constitution. But, we have put it in our unwritten one. We say our rulers must act as though they knew the fourth commandment, and meant to keep it. As Grover Cleveland worshipped with the Presbyterian Church, we are glad William McKinley worships with the Methodist Church. "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind."

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

International law is a plant of slow growth. It grows with the exigencies which demand the application of its principles. A Cabinet of eight Christian gentle-

men led by the President, have now to determine how this nation shall keep the golden rule, as to Cuba, as to Turkey, and doubtless, too, as to the Hawaiian Islands. We can, all the more safely, trust them, because we know that on every Lord's day, they somewhere worship God in public. For our own part we want to see Cuba free, and Turkey swept from the face of the earth: always provided this is consistent with the Golden Rule of doing as we would like to be done by. Whether the time has come for us to treat Cuba and Hawaii as France once treated us, to help the other nations exterminate Turkey, and whether it can be done without violating the Golden Rule, the President and Cabinet are set to determine.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Bryan said the President is the people's hired man. That's suggestive of wages. Doubtless he is their representative. The President of this Republic will want to know what the people think on all these great international questions. He knows what they think about the tariff and the currency. They have put that in black and white. What do they think about Cuba and Turkey and Hawaii? He will not consult the filibusters. He will have them interrupted and arrested if he can catch them. But we are one of the family of nations; no longer a third-rate power, like Belgium, or Portugal, or Denmark to-day; but the equal of the greatest. We are to help set the fashion, as to when struggling nations should be encouraged. That we should lead in this direction is perfectly natural. This is the way we became a nation ourselves. We have on Lafayette Square in our national Capital a statue of Lafayette. What did he do? He did to us as we like to be done by. When the mother country, when the world was against us, he brought us the gospel of good cheer from France. Have we ever paid humanity that debt? The great men of this administration must decide.

ETHICAL QUALITY IN PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

If God is a factor in this period, we must count him in, when we make our decisions. We talk about a man's God-given rights. God-given! This means a great deal. If they are God-given, men have a right to take them against all odds. They have the right. As against the dominion of such a power as Spain, or the dominion of such a power as Turkey, no sensible man can doubt where are the sympathies of all the celestial inhabitants. But here comes the question of expediency. We had the right to our independence in 1776. But we had to demonstrate this right. That we did, has changed the destiny of this American Continent. We believe that God was in this change! Shall we still take our cue from him? If there are movements for larger freedom in the earth, to win God-given rights, what have we to say of them?

Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,

Steered by men behind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future.

That make Plymouth Rock sublime!

Professional Men.

WE hail the ever-increasing number of good doctors. It is a matter of congratulation that there are so many more skilled men to feel the world's pulse and rouse the world's torpid liver, and set the world's broken bones, and mix the world's medicines. People sometimes laugh, when well, at doctors, but send for them in hot haste when sick. To one case of malpractice there are a thousand cures. There are tens of thousands of people dead who would have been living if they had sent for a doctor in time. The army of medical science will be augmented until pneumonia and asthma and pleurisy and scarlet fever and marasmus and consumption will be driven off the edges of the world, and fever hospitals will become obsolete, and many years will be added to the average of human life, and the world's climate softened and invigorated, the earth shall be lit for millennial residence. But there is one phase of pro-

fessional life, whether medical or legal, that most people fail to appreciate. We all sympathize with the struggle of the great masses of humanity for a livelihood, but fully as wearing and dreadful are the struggles of professional men to get established in medical practice, or in the forum—a fight goes on the story of which will not be told until the final reading of the scroll of the world's martyrs. Young doctors with diplomas starting out to get a practice excite all my sympathies. Old doctors are preferred on the supposition they have more experience, although many a young doctor has saved a life which the old doctor would have bungled and lanced and calomeled and jalaped into eternity. But there are a thousand prejudices to keep the young graduate of the medical college out of the field for which he is fully equipped. He has his library, and his lancets, and his stethoscope, and his stellimeter, and embrocation and antidotes, but no patients. He is perhaps sent up to the hospital to operate, on the heathenish supposition that the eyes and limbs of the poor are not of much importance, and no one will know the result of his cutting and slashing; but only by dint of strategy, or by the death of an old physician into whose partnership the young man went, can he enter into the endearing relation of family physician. While therefore, I read not long ago that 142 young doctors got their diplomas, I feel not only like congratulating society upon the event, but I must also utter my sympathy for those who took upon themselves the toils and embarrassments of this sublime profession. Success and eminence in such a calling is worthy of a struggle. It is no small honor to have their names on the roll with Valentine Mott and Rush and Harvey and Sydenham and Abernethy of the past, and the living doctors and surgeons of to-day, just as mighty as their predecessors. Do not let us expend all our sympathies on those who, illy compensated, toil with hand or foot, but let us have some of our most intelligent cordiality for those who, with delayed appreciation, toil with racked brain in their profession. I hail all young doctors and lawyers to their magnificent work. The offices of restoring the health and adjusting the wrongs of society are so grand a consummation that you ought to have the sympathy of all the people. Whether disciples of Blackstone or Esculapius I cheer you, and prophesy for you achievements which will fully repay all hardships.

Good Company.

WE notice it is becoming quite usual for men going to secular or religious conventions, to take the wife with them. It is generally cheaper to take your wife with you than to go without her. She keeps you from expenditures and associations and bargains that will cost you more than her tickets to and from the place of convention. There has been much platform jangling about man's rights and woman's rights, but the grandest right of man is the respect of a Christian wife, and the grandest right of woman is the affection of a Christian husband. If one's home is right he is all right; if one's home is wrong he is all wrong.

* * *

Nothing can be sadder to the angels of heaven and good people on earth, than the spectacle of two muscular men about to engage in an encounter to prove which of them can do the other the most physical injury in the ring. Yes, there is something. It is a country full of newspapers that are reporting, and citizens who are studying events unworthy of creatures themselves made in the image of God. We are great admirers of the mother country; but God forbid that in these respects the daughter shall be like her mother. If this is the only way to evolve American pluck, we say let us go without it. The Australian beat the American; we wish somehow both might have been defeated.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Total Abstinence Congress of Montana proposes to establish a bureau of information for the benefit of all temperance workers in the Northwest.

The Norwegian Government has passed a measure providing that employers who are convicted in any way coercing their workmen in political affairs shall be imprisoned and fined.

A London judge has decided that money put into the contribution box by mistake can be recovered, the custodians having no right to it, because it has become "an accepted offer to the Lord."

Recently published statistics show that the State of Massachusetts during the year there were 26,672 criminal convictions, of which 18,232 or 68.26 per cent were connected with crime.

The Free Church of Scotland Monthly states that Dr. Cross, the Society's minister on Lake Nyassa, Africa, has upon the roll school the names of three hundred children redeemed from slavery.

One of the prizes for meritorious service the interests of social uplift annually award France has been given to Miss Hocart, in recognition of her mission work in the slums of Paris. She is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister.

Since Mr. Moody left Boston the daily services have been continued by Dr. A. T. Pierson, Mr. Moody's committee, of which Mr. H. M. S. is the leading member, is making every effort to perpetuate the good results of the evangelistic campaign and a good portion of the religious public showing appreciation of the services.

German statistics show that the number of students in the Theological departments of universities of that country now number 2956, which is less than the number six years ago by 1571. Only universities showing an increase in the number of Theological students are the conservative universities of Griefswald and Erlangen.

The recent movement, initiated by the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Union of Worcester, Mass., for the better enforcement of Sunday laws, has resulted in a more general observance of the Lord's Day. Five grocers and a cistern were brought into court at the beginning of the movement, and fined \$20 each for violating the day laws.

The revival services, in Nebraska, conducted by Major Cole continue to bear fruit. A paper states: "In the smaller towns reached by Major Cole since closing the work at Hastings there have been 124 conversions. In the preliminary work in McCook there have been twelve conversions, making since the campaign began at Hastings, 819 conversions."

At the recent celebration of the ninety-third anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it was stated that nearly 4,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and extracts—133,217 more than in 1804 had been issued in all parts of the world during the past year. The total number of copies distributed since 1804, when the Society was organized, amounted to 147,366,662.

The Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church Brooklyn, N. Y., had the gratification of receiving a hundred and three persons into church membership on March 21. Seventy-three of these were confession of faith, and were chiefly young people. Dr. Gregg, the pastor, was especially pleased, as was his last Lord's Day before sailing for the Island. He will carry with him pleasant memories of the service.

"Sister Charlotte" has consolidated her work at the Day Star Home for the reclamation of fallen women, with the Florence Crittenton Association, which has now forty-four homes in various cities. Mrs. Draper's work will in future be done in Philadelphia, but she expects to come to New York frequently to meet her converts and to take part in the work at the Florence Mission Bleeker Street.

Mr. McKenny, clerk of the United States Supreme Court, who held the Bible on which President McKinley took the oath of office is author for the statement that it opened to 11. Chron. 1, a verse upon which the President's lips seem to rest was the tenth, which reads: "Give me no wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and not in before this people: for who can judge this people, that is so great?"

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding meetings in Cincinnati, where a great revival is taking place under his leadership twenty-six years ago. Mr. Hammond had the pleasure of seeing among his most earnest workers men and women who were converted in that former revival. During the services this winter a large number of children and young people—by some of the workers estimated at well nigh a thousand—have pledged themselves to Christ.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey conducted services at Redlands, Calif., on March 7. The Los Angeles Herald describes the congregation which gathered in the Baptist Church to hear the famous singer, as "crowding the large edifice in every part." Mr. Sankey, having sung his new hymns, was asked to sing the old favorites, "Ninety and Nine," and other familiar songs. The audience joined in the choruses with enthusiasm, and will not soon forget the pleasure of Mr. Sankey's visit.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has closed his meeting at Oakland, Calif. All the churches uniting in the movement have received additions to their membership. During the meetings over six hundred persons made profession of faith. Dr. Albie Kummer, writing to the California Christian Advocate respecting the financial arrangements, speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Munhall's disinterestedness, and gives an emphatic contradiction to certain false reports which had been circulated to the detriment of the evangelist.

The Chicago correspondent of the Congregationalist mentions that while a notorious infidel lecture was in that city defaming the churches earnest Christians in the Pacific Garden Mission near by, were speaking of the love of Christ to hundreds of discouraged men; that a good congregation was gathered in the auditorium of the V. M. C. A. to listen to the gospel; that another was listening to it in the First Methodist Church, and that still another, which occupied every seat in Music Hall galleries as well as on the main floor, listened to Dr. Gungahis as he spoke of the evidence of a future life as given in literature.



The Mandalay Disaster.

FROM the far-away land of Upper Burmah comes the news of a great disaster. Mandalay, the capital of the country has been devastated by fire. Fifteen hundred houses were burned and seven thousand persons rendered homeless. The cablegram announcing the catastrophe gives no information as to the origin of the fire or the character of the district. It was probably the business center of the city, as the houses in the center occupied by the nobility are not so close together as to feed the fire to the extent indicated by the dispatch. The fire proper is peculiar. It consists of the parallelograms, one within another. In the center is the palace of the ex-king and the houses of the officers of his household. These are surrounded by a wall. Outside this enclosure, in a belt of equal width on all sides, are the houses of the nobility. These were rulers before Burmah was annexed to India. A wall surrounds this enclosure also, so that these privileged classes dwell between two walls. Outside the second wall are the merchants' shops and stores. These are laid out in streets crossing at right angles and following the conformations of the walls which they surround. Beyond this, and stretching out with less regularity to the country around, are the houses of the mechanics, clerks, laborers, etc. The entire population of the city is estimated at a hundred, and fifty thousand. In the poorer quarters, which were probably the cause of the fire, the houses are generally built of wood or bamboo and are roofed with the leaves of the cogon palm. Usually, they are raised several feet above the ground and rest on spiles of teak wood driven into the earth. They are substantial structures and would not easily be destroyed by a fire broke out in a dry and windy season. The city is rather modern. In 1853 its site was cultivated fields without any buildings save a few scattered farm-houses. The capital was then at Arrapura, a few miles to the south of Mandalay. That city was entirely destroyed by fire in 1810. It was visited in 1839 by a disastrous earthquake which overturned most of the houses and public buildings. It was partially rebuilt, and in 1856 the rebuilding of the present capital was begun. Arrapura was then deserted, and only the ruins of a few pagodas remain to show where a city of 170,000 population once stood. It had been the capital for about seventy years. Prior to that time the capital had been at Ava, a city whose name is ever memorable to American ears, as the scene of the long imprisonment of the sainted Adoniram Judson, whose devotion to missionary work in Burmah was almost apostolic. He gave his life unreservedly to the cause, toiling on in sickness and bereavement year after year until 1850, when, thirty-seven years after his first landing in the country, death closed his labors. He left behind him a dictionary of the difficult Burmese tongue, both of which are still used by the missionaries. Judson was long enough to see some of the fruits of his labors, but since his death other devoted missionaries have reaped a large harvest. The bulk of the people, however, remain faithful to Buddhism. Now the calamity has fallen on so many of them, it is more than ever sad that they do not know Him of whom his people testify: "He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." (Ps. 46: 1.)

Realed by the Roentgen Rays.
An attempt to defraud a Railroad Company in Baltimore, Md., has been foiled by the aid of the new rays. The *Sun* of that city says: A man recently presented

himself at the office of the City and Suburban Railroad Company and claimed compensation, declaring that he had had one of his arms broken by a car of the company. He demanded \$3,500 damages. His arm was tied up from the wrist to the elbow, and he pretended to be in great pain. Rather than go the expense of a lawsuit, the railroad company offered to compromise the claim by the payment of \$100, which was refused. The company then thought of the X ray, and believing the claimant to be a fraud, they arranged to have a picture taken of the bones of the man's arm. The photograph showed that the bones were intact, and that they had never been fractured. When the bandages were removed from the arm the skin was found burned and discolored, and the physician who examined it said that it had been burned with acid. The man had evidently been injured in some way and not being able to collect damages for the injury had set up his false claim against the Company in the hope of extracting money. When he learned the nature of the examination it was proposed to make, he was anxious to accept the Company's offer but it was withdrawn. When men



MANDALAY, THE CAPITAL OF UPPER BURMAH, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT GREAT FIRE.

are able to do so much by the aid of this wonderful light, how foolish anyone must be to play the hypocrite in his sight in whose hand are all the resources of nature! Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. (Heb. 4: 13.)

Beaten With His Own Arm.

The extraordinary results of an encounter with an intoxicated man were described in the New York daily journals a few days ago. A workingman and his wife were sitting down to an early breakfast, when they were startled by a loud rapping on the street door. The man went to the door and found there a tall, powerfully built stranger, who walked in without any ceremony. In a thick voice he demanded to know what his involuntary host was doing there, and bade him quit the house immediately. It was evident that the visitor was intoxicated, and had mistaken the house for his own. The rightful occupant tried to explain, but the intruder cut his explanation short with a volley of abuse, and seizing him roughly by the shoulders, tried to throw him out of the house. The other naturally resisted, whereupon the intoxicated man attacked him fiercely, and being much bigger and more powerful than his antagonist, was getting the better of the encounter. Seeing this, the workingman's wife went to her husband's assistance, and, seizing the stranger by the arm, tried to drag him off. The man endeavored to shake off her grasp, and threw her down, but the woman

clung to him until at last, in the struggle, the arm to which she was clinging came off in her hands. Then she saw that it was an artificial limb, and so hard a one that it formed a good weapon. She and her husband beat the intruder with it about the head and shoulders so energetically that he was glad to escape. They were too exhausted to follow him, but later in the day they notified the police, who are now looking for their assailant. The police think the man will surely be caught, as he will want to recover possession of his artificial limb, which he left behind him. He is not the first man who has provided a weapon for his own discomfiture. When we fall in our conflicts with temptation, it is because there is something in us, some propensity, or doubt, or habit, of which the enemy takes hold and with which he wins the victory. Every Christian should search his nature to find out his proclivities to evil, against which he should be continually on his guard and having done all, should offer the prayer of the Psalmist:

Search me O God and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me. (Ps. 139: 23.)

A Terrible Wreck.

One of the most distressing of recent stories of the sea is told by the survivors of the wrecked steamship *Ville St. Vazaire* which foundered off Cape Hatteras, N. C., on March 7. Although there were eighty persons on board the vessel, only four have, at the time of writing, reached New York. It was at first feared that no others had been saved, but there is now reason

York. How sad was the fate of those who died in the boat! It would have been better for them, as the event proved, if they had gone down with the ship. But as no ship was near to save them, it was natural that they should go in the boat and try to save themselves. So in heathen lands men often try to save their own souls by suffering. But their penances and self-inflicted tortures do not avail. We pity them and wish they knew better, but it is marvelous that in Christian lands there is sometimes the same ignorance. Though Christ stands ready to save all who put their trust in him, some men persist in looking for salvation to their own feelings, and trying to merit salvation.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly his faith is counted for righteousness. (Rom. 4: 5.)

A Fatal Prey.

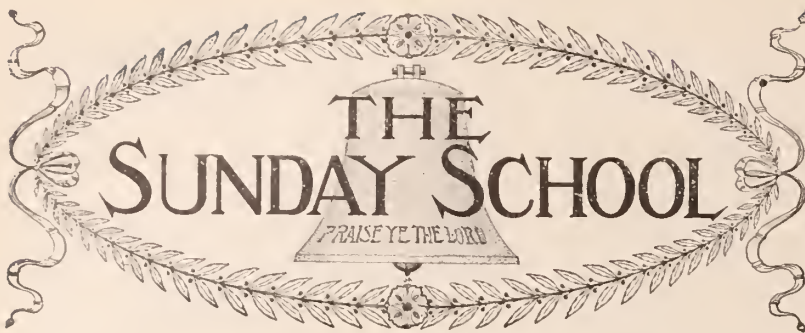
A remarkable instance of a duel in mid-air is told by a physician of Saratoga, N. Y., who is on a hunting expedition in Georgia. He says that a few days ago while lying half-asleep under a tree, he heard a dull thud behind him. He supposed it was caused by the fall of a dead branch, but on investigating, he found that it was a large hawk that had fallen. The bird was still alive, but was apparently dying. It was a powerful specimen whose wings measured over three feet from tip to tip. As no shots had been fired, the doctor was puzzled to account for the fall of the hawk; but on examining it he discovered the cause. The bird had seized a black snake in its talons and had down away with it. The snake had succeeded in coiling itself around the hawk's legs and, wriggling itself out of its grasp, had thrown a coil around its body. Gradually the coil had tightened until the hawk could not fly, and captor and prey fell together to the earth. The snake had escaped injury in the fall, but the bird was almost dead. It could not have known, when it seized the snake, the injury it was capable of doing. Men sometimes make a mistake as fatal to the life of their souls. They struggle to obtain an office, or a fortune, or some other prize, thinking it will make them happy and, when they have obtained it, they discover that it is dragging down to earth the soul that should have soared heavenward.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. (1. Tim. 6: 9.)

Danger of New Chemicals.

A warning is given by a medical journal against carelessness in the handling or conveyance of certain substances which were formerly regarded merely as chemical curiosities, but are now used so extensively as to have become commercial commodities and are made in large quantities. One of these is carbide of calcium, which on simply becoming moist evolves pure acetylene, which possesses a remarkably high illuminating power. The employment of this method of generating a gaseous illuminant for optic lanterns, for photographic purposes, and for lighting private dwelling houses, has already become widely-known. It is quite obvious that some restriction should be placed upon the sale and storage of this substance, as the gas it gives off is not only highly inflammable, but when in contact with air forms an explosive mixture. Already the British government has moved in the matter and has issued an order declaring it unlawful to keep carbide of calcium except in virtue of a license to be obtained from the local authority under the Petroleum act. With the order is a memorandum showing the character of the risks to be guarded against, and giving suggestions as to the nature of the precautions likely to be most effectual for securing safety. It is not proposed by the British Government to prohibit the making of light by means of this substance, but merely to prevent its being used by ignorant or careless persons, lest in seeking light, they do injury to themselves and their neighbors. It would be well if a similar provision were made as to the search for mental and spiritual luminants. The mischief that may occur in this search has a very ancient precedent.

When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, she took of the fruit thereof. (Gen. 3: 6.)



Conversion of Cornelius.

Sunday School Lesson for April 11.
Acts 10: 30-44. Golden Text Acts
10: 43. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HILE God was so mightily using Peter, he was at the same time carrying on his education. Hitherto the ministry of this Apostle had been exclusively to the Jews, in accordance with the order immediately before his ascension: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." (Acts 1: 8.) Jerusalem and Judea Peter had understood; he had seen, and been used to confirm, the grace of God in Samaria, but it needed a special lesson from on high to enlarge his heart, and to make him fully believe that the God of Israel was visiting "the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name." (Acts 15: 14.) God made use of Cornelius to teach Peter as he made use of Peter to teach Cornelius.

How the Work Began.

How this Roman centurion came to be "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people and prayed to God alway," we are not told. Probably both Cornelius and the centurion of Matthew 8, Luke 7, were men of honest minds, open to conviction, only longing to know the truth, that, whatever it should cost, they might yield themselves up to it. Cornelius had probably heard much of the Scriptures in the Jewish synagogue at Casarea, and probably the one cry of his heart was to really know and have to do with God.

But Cornelius must be put to a test as to the way in which God should reveal himself. An angel appeared to him, and much as he desired to have some personal, definite communication with God, yet, when it came in this form, he was afraid. But the heavenly messenger reassured him, and he knew now by a message straight from heaven, that God regarded him, and that his prayers and alms had not been in vain. And yet, instead of giving him credit for prayers or alms the angel directed him to send to Joppa for Peter, who should tell him what he should do. There is a moment of anguish which comes in the history of almost every awakened soul, where the Spirit of God shows him that he is not saved, not really born again. All the earnest efforts to reform our past life, as long as we are occupied with them, afford us a certain satisfaction, they seem to us certain steps gained. But when we come to see that we, too, need some Peter, some messenger of God, or some very direct light by, or independently of, such a messenger, it is like cutting off a right hand or plucking out a right eye to acknowledge to ourselves that all our earnest desires and efforts and good deeds have not, in any sense, saved us. It was a yielded heart and an obedient will which awaited the coming of Peter, for whom he sent the same day by two servants and a centurion soldier, to whom he frankly told all that had passed between God's angel and himself.

While God thus prepared Cornelius he carried on his work in the soul of Peter. The messengers were on their journey and nearing Casarea, when a burden of prayer came upon Peter. How often be-

fore receiving a special and new light upon God's truth, some of us have experienced this great necessity to get alone with God and pray. God had something to communicate, and it was given him by a vision, in which he saw all manner of unclean beasts, forbidden by the law, and he heard a voice saying, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." The inquirer had his message from heaven, and the teacher must have his: thus

God Adapts

the one to the other. Peter objected. The unsaved inquirer was more ready to obey than the prejudiced Apostle! But God did not lose patience; he explained what Peter had never yet understood. In answer to his objection, "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean," he replied, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Three times the test was applied to him and always with the same result. And Peter did not yet understand.



CASAREA, THE HOME OF CORNELIUS AS IT NOW APPEARS.

But while he doubted, Cornelius' messengers arrived, and inquired for him, and the same voice which had said, "Arise, Peter, slay and eat," declared, "Behold three men seek thee, Arise therefore, and get thee down, and go with them doubting nothing: for I have sent them." Hearing from them the story of the Gentile seeker, the now convinced Peter went with them. Oh, what a journey! His little views of the power and efficacy of the blood of Christ had received a wonderful enlargement. What, did the redemption of Christ take in even the Gentiles? Could it be that the same Holy Spirit who filled him, and whose voice was the guide of his every step: could it be that he had awakened this honest Roman? Peter was in a new world, the barriers of years were broken down, and the rigid Jew could call any man, every man brother, since his Lord had also died for him.

It was a touching moment when the humbled seeker and the humbled Apostle met, both of them taking the lowest place. We can come near to any man who is honest when we take the lowest place. All Peter's national pride and conscious superiority had given way; he was a learner side by side with Cornelius, and as they told one to the other the way the Lord had led them, sympathy and oneness sprang up between them. God told me to send for thee, on the one hand, and God told me to come to thee, on the other, explained all. And Cornelius, who understood the import of this unparalleled opportunity, had gathered together his kinsmen and near friends that they, as well as he, should learn the way of salvation; and he said to

Peter, "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Peter found, where he had least expected it, an honest and good heart (Luke 8: 15); and the influence of Cornelius upon the members of his family, friends, and dependents was so great, that they, too, seem to have been as much prepared as he himself was for the message from on high. Beginning with his own newly learned lesson, he went on to preach Jesus of Nazareth: his life, his death and resurrection, and the personal witness to his resurrection which he and those who were with him could bear. And having thus declared the truth he began to apply it, and say: "He commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IT is difficult at this distance of time to realize the momentous character of the event described in the lesson. We are unable to fully grasp the proud exclusiveness of the Jewish mind. The Jew believing himself a member of a race peculiarly favored of God, divinely appointed to be the custodian of the truth, forbidden to intermarry with other races, or even eat with members of another race, separated and isolated to keep him from spiritual contamination, held himself aloof and looked down almost with contempt on other peoples as being

a Jew, and Peter must not despise him. He accordingly returns with the messengers and finds Cornelius with a number of friends gathered at the house to hear the Gospel.

Cornelius also had had a vision in which he had sent to Joppa for Peter. There is some doubt as to the position Cornelius occupied in relation to Judaism. He may have been a proselyte, that is, a man pledged to worship God but not formally received into Judaism, nor required to obey the Levitical law. But it is more probable that he was even a proselyte. It is more likely that being stationed as part of the Roman garrison at Casarea, he was brought into contact with Judaism and had made study of the Jewish scriptures and a devout, spiritual-minded, benevolent man, was attracted by their high principle without reaching the point of uniting with the Jewish religion. He was aware of Jewish prejudice against men like him to which Peter frankly referred, but he calculated on his responding to his invitation and had gathered his friends together to hear what he would have to say. The company Peter preached. His sermon a plain, simple, direct statement of the report of it contains no appeal, gentle invitations such as we are accustomed to hear from the pulpit, but it seems to have been effective. We gather that they were converted. They were probably men like Cornelius, and may have been his brother officers. The name of Cornelius would correspond about that of a captain in our army. He had a name of centurion implies, about a hundred men under him, a garrison doubtless composed of several of the same rank would naturally be on intimate terms with him. Nothing is recorded about him, there are traditions about one of which says he built a Christian church at Casarea, and another says that he left the army and became a bishop, but of these there are no positive proofs. The conversion of special interest because his being the first Gentile to enter the Church, the leader of the mighty host of Gentiles who have since his time accepted Christ.

Thou hast well done that thou art come. Cornelius was a benevolent, God-fearing man before Peter's visit, but his life afterwards would be much more fruitful. Dr. W. Arnold says that in the Garden of Plaisance in Paris there was a very rare tree which grew and flourished several years. Year by year it was covered with blossoms

year by year the white blossoms were on the ground, leaving no fruit on the tree. At last, one season, although the extraordinary had been observed, the flower came fruit; it grew and ripened. Another tree of the same species had been planted in the adjoining garden and blossomed at the same time. The white dust of the blossoms had been carried on the feet of insects or had been wafted by the wind from one plant to the other. Then the plant had borne fruit. So the life of Cornelius was vivified by the Gospel, brought to him by the Apostle.

God is no respecter of persons. A man-colporteur writes that he was at an out-of-the-way Prussian town when Prince Bismarck, then Imperial Chancellor, had a country house. He was told that any one might go to the Chancellor's house to evening prayers. He went and found a spacious room filled with farmers, keepers and villagers. Soon the great master entered and, nodding affably to one and another whom he recognized, walked to the reading desk and opened the Bible. Glancing over the company, his quick eye detected the presence of a stranger. He turned and asked some one near the new comer was. Being told, he said: "I understand we have a Bible man with us to night. I want him to come and conduct the service." The stranger protested that he had come to listen could not think of displacing his highness, "Highness, nonsense," said the Prince. "We are in the presence of God and his sight what difference is there. We are all sinners and he regards us all in the same light. Come and lead the service."

infinitely inferior to himself. Other nations might be more wealthy, more powerful, more cultivated, but no nation could approach the Jews in the proud distinction of being the favorites of the one true God. It would seem that eight years after the Ascension, the Apostles still retained this exclusiveness. They had no other conception of Christianity than that of its being a Jewish sect, destined by its inherent excellence, to become paramount in Judea. The idea of admitting Gentiles to participation in the faith does not appear to have occurred to them. Divine interposition was necessary to open the way. Peter, who was still at Joppa, after the raising of Dorcas, going up to the housetop to pray, has a vision. He dreams that he sees a sheet let down by its four corners and within it, beasts of all kinds. The only animals the Jew was permitted by the law to eat, were those which chew the cud and divide the hoof. All others were forbidden as unclean. But Peter hears a voice bidding him kill and eat. He answers, as any Jew of his time would answer, that he did not eat anything common or unclean. The voice reproves him for calling anything that God had cleansed, common or unclean. Puzzled as to the meaning of this spectacle, he is still meditating on it, when three men come to the house to ask him to go to Casarea, a town about thirty miles away, the seat of the Roman governor, to visit Cornelius, an officer of the Roman army. Possibly at another time he might have declined, Cornelius being a Roman Gentile; but the meaning of the vision seemed to apply to the case. Cornelius was a good man, though he was not

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

In Lovely Sicily.

The Dreamland of Poets, Painters, and Lovers of the Beautiful—Charming Picturesqueness of its Scenery.

ANY and varied as are the scenic beauties of the Mediterranean islands, there are few that can be compared with the idyllic loveliness of the Sicilian shore. Bays that seem like semi-circles of gold girt, by white sandy beaches, or

Fishing, fruit-growing, and agriculture constitute the chief employment of the laboring class. The coast is bold and rocky, but the bay is a limpid sheet of water unruffled by a single breaker and reflecting the bold outline of Etna with its long, sloping, snowy sides, and its crater continually darkening the sky with the dense clouds of smoke it belches forth—a reminder of past terrors and others yet to come. But the Sicilian peasants in the vineyards below, the bare-footed fishermen, or the pulse-gathering children among the rocks, view the great mountain and

Christian to be "clean every bit." That which works injury to the body, must affect the moral being. Self-indulgence in anything that is known to be hurtful becomes a sin, writes Rev. R. M. Donaldson. Temperance in all good things and total abstinence in all harmful things should be the rule of every Christian. It is incontrovertible that simple diet and simple habits of life tend to promote healthy morals as well as a healthy body. It is not a matter of opinion or inference how we treat the body, for the condition of the tenement largely determines the condition of the tenant. This principle is recognized by the rescue missions in our large cities where a bath, clean clothes and a warm supper are made the preliminaries to a presentation of truth for the inner man. Self-respect is often the vestibule to respect for God.

Pictures at School.

Who does not remember the peculiarities of the little comrades we met at the old fashioned country school. There is a little girl, crying over her lesson. Why cannot somebody show her? Napoleon getting his ammunition wagons over the Alps had nothing to do compared with the tug of a little child making her first trial at spelling. The alphabet to many has been twenty-six tortures. Here stands a little girl with her finger in her mouth. A boy is looking through a sheet of paper, which he has rolled into a scroll like a telescope—he is probably an astronomer in the early stages. Here is a plodding boy, prying away at his books. He suffers many impositions from his comrades.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been:
One year has heaven's white portal shut back
the sound of sin;
And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating
down from thee,
To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven
may be.

Our hearts before it listen—the beautiful
closed gate;
The silence years around us; we listen and
we wait.
It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies
bloom;
In thine immortal garment canst find for these
no room?

So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the
blossoms wear
Some tender, mystic shading we never knew
was there.
We'll say, "We see things earthly by light of
sainted eyes;
She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from
Paradise."
—LUCY LARCOM.

A SPRING SYMPTOM.

AT this season of the year, when the frost is coming out of the ground and there is widespread complaint of grip and spring fever, this little sketch of personal experience from Dr. Talmage's pen will be appreciated:

You begin without any apparent reason to feel very tired, awfully tired. You become seriously aware that you have a great many bones, and are convinced that your limbs have a great superfluity of ossification. You begin to yawn till any chicken with the gapes would think you were caricaturing the diseases of the barnyard. You stretch, without any seeming idea as to what you are putting out your hands for. You button up one button of your coat. You walk round the house, and then fasten two buttons. You walk up stairs, and fasten all the buttons. You lie down on the clean white spread, boots and all. Your wife, after criticizing your taste in going to bed with boots on, puts on you all the blankets she can find; and you shout, "More cover!" She hunts up all the shawls, and piles them up in woolen pyramid. She gets out two or three old dresses, and puts them on; and you cry, "Give us more cover!" Considerably frightened, she lays on the top of the pile her best dresses. She puts on the top of this the children's clothes, and then gives solidity to the mass by adding two pillows; and through your chattering teeth you exclaim, "More cover!" You feel that you are making the Arctic expedition in search of John Franklin, and that the friendly Esquimaux are rubbing you down with a couple of small icebergs. Your tongue is a hailstone, and your nose an icicle.

Suddenly the climate changes from arctic to torrid. Your wife lifts the two pillows; but still you are too hot, and your wife takes off the layer of children's clothes. But by this time you are like a buried Titan, and away fly off from your struggling limbs the tertiary, cretaceous, carboniferous strata of old dresses and new dresses, shawls and blankets. You wonder why a big blanket is called "a comfortable." You want air. You want fans. You have an oven in your head, three cooking-stoves under your diaphragm; and if one earns bread by the sweat of his brow, you have shed enough to buy out several bakeries.

The ague is not all disquieting after you get sufficiently used to it. The trouble with us was, not that we had the ague, but that we did not keep the place long enough to get used to it. We have no patience with those plain, matter-of-fact people who can see no poetry in the ague. They have no appreciation of any great physical enterprise. We have it to boast that, while some neighbors beat us in the size of their turnips, and the flavor of their strawberries, we beat them all in the shakes.



SIGHT OF MOUNT ETNA.

by town, precipitous rocks, are entrances to verdurous paradises. In that deliciously semi-tropical climate the soil produces fruits of the most exquisite flavor, and flowers of the richest hue. Sicily in geographical and historical importance is the reatest of all the Mediterranean islands. When the Scythians (who are believed to have crossed over the straits to the island, about the eleventh century B. C., long before the founding of the Greek settlements), settled there, they found the island already inhabited by the Sicani, who appear to have been of Spanish or Italian descent. Then came the Greeks, who doubtless gave to the island its first impulse toward town life and the civilized arts. They found the islanders dwelling in hill-top villages, the Siculi, who had formed settlements along the coast. These early days of Sicily are, however, vague and legendary. The island is mentioned in the Homeric poems and elsewhere as people by tribes who regularly bought and sold slaves. There is no doubt of its very great antiquity. In 735 B. C., Naxos was founded. Shortly afterward arose Syracuse and Katana (the modern Catania), Agrigento (Girgenti), Messina (Messina), and other settlements were founded. The island has had a most eventful history, but amid all its changes, it has retained many of its earlier characteristics, and its people have always been noted for their brave, independent spirit, the love of liberty and of art—an inheritance from their early Greek ancestors and associations.

Our photographs present two very beautiful views of a portion of the eastern side of Sicily, in the near neighborhood of Etna, the famous volcanic mountain. Back of the coast, and for a distance of twenty miles in either direction, the lava flows of the volcano stand out in bold cliffs and white promontories. The whole island is volcanic, and seismic disturbances are not infrequent.

In the vicinity of Taormina, life among the lower classes, at least, is very simple.



SICILIAN FISHER BOYS OF TAORMINA—VIEW OF ISOLA BELLA AND THE CAPE.

its rumblings with indifference. To them the harvest of the bay or the fields is of far greater importance than the mutterings of the old mountain. Their gardens and orchards—and certain parts of the island are little else than a succession of them—contain many varieties of fruits: olives, almonds, pomegranates, figs, carob, pistachio, mulberry, and vine. In cereals: the crops are wheat, barley, oats, beans, and maize. There are about three hundred sulphur mines in operation, this being the chief mineral product of the island and a source of considerable revenue.

Cleanliness and Self-respect.

It should be a moral principle with us to preserve our bodies in the best possible condition for the service of the Lord. A converted pugilist, now a successful evangelist in London, was heard to say, in a very kindly way, to a young man who was smoking on the deck of a Mediterranean steamer: "Before I was converted I used to enjoy my pipe. But when God saved me, he taught me that he wanted me to be every bit clean." So does he want every

When a joke is told, the children laugh, he will turn around with a bewildered look, imagining himself the victim of the satire, but next day will cackle out in the quiet of school-time at the sudden discovery of the meaning of the witticism. But he may yet outstrip them all. There a boy makes faces, and the whole school is in danger of running over with giggle. It is an awful thing for a child not to dare to laugh when the merriment arises, and wells up till the jacket gets tight, and the body is a ball of fun; and he knows that if out of one of the corners of his compressed lips a snicker should escape, all the boys would go off in explosion. There! to severely correct them, a boy and a girl are placed beside each other—a style of punishment greater at that age than ever after. Here is a boy making way with an apple behind his lifted book. Just outside the school-room door is a boy showing his strength. As he turns up his arm in the light, he says, "Do you see that muscle?" There will be no Sunday School books made about him, although out of his brawn of body, and mind, and soul, there may yet come a Cromwell, or a Luther.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY
OF THE
BROADER
CHRIST-LIFE



WRITTEN
SPECIALLY
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER VIII—Contd.

"I Must Go and See Jessie."

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

JOHN made no attempt to interfere, he knew that Alice's decision to bring happiness to them must be self-evolved. And yet while his dearest hopes were thus held in abeyance he did not suffer as constantly as Alice did. The longing for John's respect and regard never left her heart, never once did she feel that his opinion "made no difference." On the contrary her first thought about every event that touched her was, "what will John think of it?" This pervading quality in love is essentially a feminine attribute; the great majority of men remain unconscious of the strength of their affections, for their occupations prevent them making them as women do the subject of their constant contemplation. So then while Alice's love flavored all the small exercises and social functions of her days, John's—though of really more vigorous and potent character—was compelled to give place to duties that were necessary and imperative.

Indeed his duties as regarded Mr. Lloyd had gradually assumed not only a very extensive but also a very grave character. It was impossible any longer to ignore the changes that had taken place in the man. These changes, remittent and insidious, had puzzled John so much at first that he had come to believe there were two Nicholas Lloyds, and that sometimes the one and sometimes the other had the ascendancy. One of these was a prudent, forecasting, farseeing business man, the other a reckless, plunging, visionary speculator. One was a man of extreme dignity, inclined to avarice, reticent and reserved, the other was a practical joker, boastful, extravagant and egotistical. The latter character at the beginning of his engagement came only very seldom to the front, but it had now become alarmingly evident, and in the early summer John felt that Mrs. Lloyd's attention if not already drawn to the fact ought to be aroused.

One day while these thoughts were forced upon him, a letter from Lord Medway arrived. Mr. Lloyd was greatly excited. He read it to John with such extravagant comments as "She must be willing—I'll have no drawbacks now—I'll give her all I promised and ten times more—I'll give her the State of New York if he wants it—she is going to be a lady. She may become a Countess—she may be anything she likes—I'll find the cash for it—John, I want you to write to Lord Medway at once—No, I'll write myself. I'll double Miss Lloyd's fortune—"

"Sir, permit me to write for you," said John. "It is not well to let these Englishmen value themselves too much."

"To be sure," he answered with a sudden caution. "I thought last year he did not think enough of my girl and my money."

"He could not, sir, for the first article of the creed in which Lord Medway has been brought up, is, the inherent superiority of Englishmen. They not only call all other nations 'foreigners,' but they feel that their existence is an anomaly hard to be explained, without discrediting a wise and good providence."

"Come, come, John! You are too hard. Medway is a fine fellow; and any woman that marries him is a fortunate woman. I will answer him myself."

There was then no more to be said; but that afternoon John went out to Lloyd Park to see Mrs. Lloyd. She received him with enthusiasm. She was honestly glad to see him, and she let him feel her pleasure. Then she entered at once into a description of what she had accomplished and of what she was doing. John told her he had seen her new "Homes" and said they were all that could be desired. He did not tell her, however, how severely he had heard working men and women criticize them. He did not tell her that the children quite neglected the play room she had made for them, and still played, by preference, in the streets.

He did not tell her that the women refused to use the common laundry, and resolutely did their washing in their kitchens. He could have pointed out these and many other disagreeable results of her efforts, but since Steve had not named them, he also kept silent.

He understood Steve's motive, for one day he said to him very despondently—"John, I see that men and women have to be taught to love order and cleanliness. They are no more natural products than are honor and truth. Here and there a soul brings such attributes into the world with it; but mostly, they have to be acquired. And when men and women have learned dirty, slovenly ways, how can you expect them to undo old habits, and learn new ones by simply putting them into new conditions? It won't work." Then John had asked: "What is to be done, Steve? Can you not reason with them?" and Steve had answered:

"Reason with ignorant men and women set in their own ways and opinions? You



ALICE SAT UNDER THE TREES WITH A LETTER IN HER HAND.

might as well go about to convince a bull! I have come to the decision that progress is a plant that grows very slowly. We can't have an era per annum, John; and yet the temper of to-day looks to results, and to results rapidly achieved. Do we take centuries to raise elaborate cathedrals now? No, we build our modern churches on contract. That illustrates our ideals; whether they be good or bad, I am not prepared to say."

Steve made these remarks with such an air of despondency and utter weariness that it troubled John for many days, and this feeling was renewed on his visit to Mrs. Lloyd's, for he met Steve in the park with just the same dissatisfied expression.

"What is the matter with you, Steve?" he asked, laying his arm across his brother-in-law's shoulder.

"Oh, John, how good it is to see you! What is the matter? The old, tired-of-everything feeling. Life is such a monotonous go-over-and-over, for no good end, that I can see. Here is mother wasting her money and her life, and not one of the people she is trying to help cares whether she lives or dies."

"Gratitude is the last virtue learned, Steve. Your mother is not working for man's or woman's gratitude, or she may as well give up at once. I am sorry she is not well. Your father, I think, is seriously ill. He ought to go away from business of every kind. Travel might be good for Mrs. Lloyd also. I am going to speak to her about it. How is Jessie?"

"Well—but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing—she has the disease also."

"What disease?"

"She is out of love with life. That 'something that infects the world, has touched her as well as the rest of us. We are a lot of dissatisfied creatures. There are so many things to want now, and we want them all. I would like to be in the heart of the mountains to-day with a crust and a fiddle, and a stream of running water."

He laughed as he said the words, and went off at his usual swinging pace, with a backward look at John full of feeling. And John was more troubled than he had been before. Steve was changed. How he was changed, he could not instantly say, his clear face reflected such a complexity of emotion, but as he went forward to Mrs. Lloyd's room he suddenly said to himself, and without any reasoning towards the decision, "I must go and see Jessie."

This thought was with him all the time he was listening to Mrs. Lloyd's plans and expectations. Of Steve's depression she said nothing, so that it was likely Steve had kept his trouble—whatever it was—to himself, and John felt no obligation to bring it to her notice. He spoke, however, with great emphasis about Mr. Lloyd's eccentricities, which he said "could be no longer regarded as peculiarities of temperament."

"You think he is ill?"

"I do. Lord Medway's letter to-day excited him very much."

before she saw him coming, and it gave him some confidence and comfort. He knew intuitively that the letter in her hand was from Lord Medway, and that she was thinking about its contents, and yet the expression on her face was not that of a woman dreaming happily of a lover; it was that of one who weighs and considers, who is perplexed and suffers, and is in a strait betwixt two.

She rose as John came near her, slipped the letter into her work-bag, the trees bending and swaying above her head a look as irresolute as herself as she waited for John's approach. They stood silently, and she was the first to speak. The words were all questions: her hand trembled as it lay in John's hand, and she was nervously at the point of tears.

"Have you been well? Is it not a day? Have you seen mother—and the bees as you came by the limes, are not busy?" she asked with that pretense of interest which would fain believe the true one.

John answered none of these questions. He said simply: "Will you sit down or do you prefer to walk? I have something to say to you."

She sat down and John stood leaning against the tree at her side. "Alice," he said, "I came here purposely to find you. Unfaithfulness is a thing I have never understood, yours least of all. Tell me before we part forever what I said or did to deserve your anger or indifference."

"Do not say 'indifference.' I have never been indifferent to you, nor since the hour we met. Several things have angered or annoyed me, and others have drawn me this way or that way from you. Also you are much to blame, for you have come more and more seldom to the house; you have avoided me when you did come; you have worn an air of injury that was unjust to me, because, at first, there was no reason for it."

"In short, dear Alice, there has been a thorough misunderstanding."

"One that you might have explained away while it was but a little shadow. You were too proud to do so. You were too busy with money, and real estate, and political and social questions, to care for my trifling feelings. If I had been an over-worked factory hand you would, perhaps, have wondered what made me so pale and unhappy, because I am rich, you would have said I cared only for myself, or that I was false and proud."

"These are hard charges, Alice. I do not think they are not fair ones."

"Do me the justice to think a little for me, and you will understand how fair they are."

"I would much rather throw myself at your mercy. If you have even thought me wrong, then I have been wrong. Forgive me, dearest. I know we must part, but I cannot bear to part in anger."

"You know we must part. So come to tell me so—to renew all my love for you—to make me feel wretched in losing of you—if you can. This is my love! I think it a very selfish thing, would have slipped out of your heart so and imperceptibly, as unobserved in going as possible. I would rather have been misjudged than have given you an additional heartache. I would rather have suffered wrong than let you suffer from wounded love and self-appreciation. If love is not unselfish it is nothing at all. 'You know we must part,' this is what I seek me out to tell—Oh, John! How cruel! If we are to part why should you try to give me more heartache?"

"Alice! Alice! I love you. I love you only. I shall love you forever. Forgive what has been wrong or unkind."

"When forgiveness is asked too late is an additional wrong. You know that Lord Medway has renewed his offer—you must have seen his letter to my father—now you try to embarrass my actions, prejudice my future, to disappoint my father, to make me miserable by coming to me as you have done. John, it was a cruel thing to do, it was a foolish thing also, for it sets my heart in revolt against you."

(To be Continued.)

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

How the Religion of Christ May be Tested—The True Christian Loves a Men and Strives to Help Them.

E John was probably quite an old man when he wrote the Epistle, the third chapter of which is the basis of the Topic. A tender, paternal, affectionate tone pervades the whole letter, as if the writer had grown very kindly and charitable in his old age. He was anxious that his readers should understand the essentials of the Christian faith and distinguish between them and the non-essentials. He insists on holiness and a life, but more than all on the love for others, which he raises to a test of real godliness. The man who does not love his brother has, according to this apostle, no business in the Christian church. He does not think that a man who loves God if he does not love his brother. It is not right thinking, or orthodoxy that John looks to as the best proof of Christian character, but the affectionate disposition, the kindness and usefulness that is ready to help another and to do the best of others. Conduct and affection are placed side by side. The good man is he that doeth righteousness and the child of God is he who loves his brother. By these two tests every man can find his spiritual parentage. Love marks the child of God and hate the child of the devil. Protestation and profession and unreachability orthodoxy do not count with this teacher. He asks what the man's life is. If he is doing the works of God, avoiding sin and showing kindness and helpfulness to others, there is no reason for believing him to be a child of God. He bears the family likeness and resembles his Father in heaven whose name is love. Not that right thinking and right belief should be ignored, but they are of no importance. They are necessary because, as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. But when we are looking for proofs of the divine nature in ourselves or others, it is of disposition and conduct that we must take account. The Topic, however, is chiefly concerned with the objects of this love. This is Christianity's crowning glory. It includes love that is world-wide. It does not include that of the selfish, with oneself, or limited to our household, nor to our own countrymen. It goes out to the whole world. Still harder, it goes out to our enemies and to those who have done us injury and are seeking opportunity to do more injury. This is the vast step in love that Christianity has taken. The Christian is to be so permeated with love that he have within him a spring or fountain so inexhaustible that there is no limit to its operations. Neither distinction nor difference of race, nor unworthiness is to be a barrier. The Samaritan is spread for doing good to the man who hates him and despises him. The very men who are inflicting torture on the suffering Saviour are the objects of compassion and he pleads with his Father to take their ignorance into account when he judges men. This is the example it is so difficult to follow. This it is which shows that the new nature has been imparted. When we read, for instance, of the massacre in Armenia, our pity went out naturally to the victims; but it was difficult to feel that the brutal soldiery were our brothers, too, for whom we ought to feel compassion. Yet how much they need it! So misguided, so demoralized, so brutalized, so inhuman! They are more to be pitied than their victims. This is the real power of the religion of Christ. For who have his spirit are like the Father, kind unto the unthankful and the evil. Truly, as we think of this attainment and draw it into our own hearts, where we find natural indignation and hatred and resentment, we learn the meaning of Christ's words, "Ye must be born again." Yet as Christianity takes a deeper hold on men, as the world gets a clearer view of Christ's principles, we see the effects as John depicts them in this chapter. How many readers of this journal are at the present moment denying themselves in order that they may be like the pariahs of India may have the same people whom they have never seen recognized as brothers, and like brothers we give, that they may be fed. By this we show that we are Christ's disciples.



OUR SERVICE OF SONG



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Speed Away.

F. J. CROSBY.

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.



1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word.
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night, 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - press'd; For the

Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - iour has pur - chas'd their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

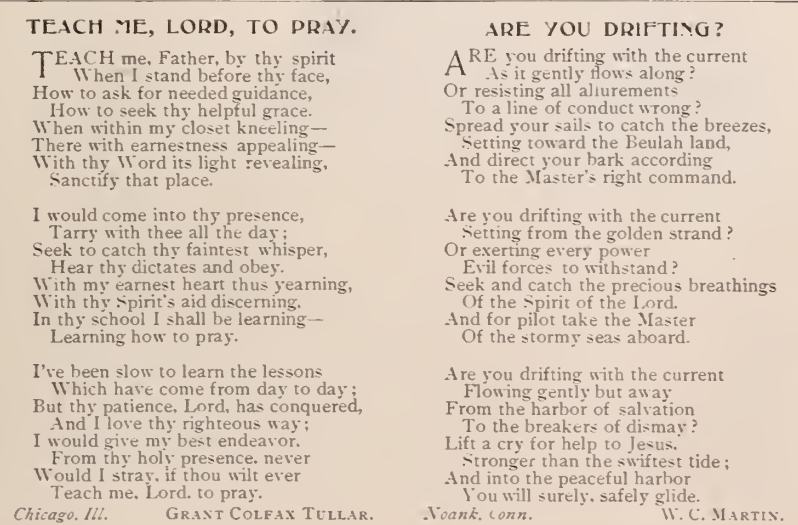
Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y. O gath - er them in; To the res - cued make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day, } Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
moment's de - lay, }
time for de - lay, }

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

TEACH ME, LORD, TO PRAY.

ARE YOU DRIFTING?



TEACH me, Father, by thy spirit
When I stand before thy face,
How to ask for needed guidance,
How to seek thy helpful grace.
When within my closet kneeling—
There with earnestness appealing—
With thy Word its light revealing,
Sanctify that place.

I would come into thy presence,
Tarry with thee all the day;
Seek to catch thy faintest whisper,
Hear thy dictates and obey.
With my earnest heart thus yearning,
With thy Spirit's aid discerning,
In thy school I shall be learning—
Learning how to pray.

I've been slow to learn the lessons
Which have come from day to day;
But thy patience, Lord, has conquered,
And I love thy righteous way;
I would give my best endeavor,
From thy holy presence, never
Would I stray, if thou wilt ever
Teach me, Lord, to pray.

ARE you drifting with the current
As it gently flows along?
Or resisting all allurements
To a line of conduct wrong?
Spread your sails to catch the breezes,
Setting toward the Beulah land,
And direct your bark according
To the Master's right command.

Are you drifting with the current
Setting from the golden strand?
Or exerting every power
Evil forces to withstand?
Seek and catch the precious breathings
Of the Spirit of the Lord,
And for pilot take the Master
Of the stormy seas aboard.

Are you drifting with the current
Flowing gently but away
From the harbor of salvation
To the breakers of dismay?
Lift a cry for help to Jesus,
Stronger than the swiftest tide;
And into the peaceful harbor
You will surely, safely glide.

Chicago, Ill. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. Noank, Conn. W. C. MARTIN.

TIMES OF THE GENTILES.

Their Approaching Termination in the Deliverance of Palestine from Turkish Control.

THE year 623 B. C. is, I believe, the date for the commencement of the first kingdom of the prophetic image described in Daniel 2: 31-45—the Babylonian—the "Head of Gold." Taking the "Times of the Gentiles" as being equal to the seven times of Israel's punishment (a "time" being the Jewish prophetic year of 360 days; on the year-day basis 360 years), we have seven times 360—2,520 years. If we are right as to this start-point date, we find this long period closes apparently in 1897-8.

If the times of the Gentiles are really the great period of 2,520 years—as we believe—and these end in 1897-8, then it follows that this Scripture must needs be fulfilled in connection with Jerusalem. We may expect to see "the hand of the Turk taken from the throat of Palestine" in 1897-8, or thereabouts, and the land and the city possessed again by their rightful owners, either independently, by autonomy, or by the Jews being put in by the nations, as, so to speak, their "man in possession."

The first half of the great period of the "seven times" of the Gentiles extends from the head to the ankles, from the commencement of the Babylonian "head of gold" dynasty, to the close of the Roman "legs of iron" dynasty—i.e., 623 B.C. to 636-7 A.D. From 636-7 A.D. we have to reckon the other half of this great period 1,260 years, which brings us to 1896-7—represented on the figure by the feet. This completes the 2,520 years. The toes, then, represent the further and latest period during which things will go rapidly from bad to worse. Wickedness will be intensified to a degree probably not understandable by us at present. "When the transgressors are come to the full," then the "king of fierce countenance and understanding dark sentences" (Dan 8: 23), "the man of sin," the Antichrist, will be revealed; his power consolidated; his covenant made with the Jews, and broken in the midst of the last week of seven years. "The time of Jacob's trouble," and "the great tribulation," fill up the latter half of this week. Then follows the smiting of the image upon its feet (toes), by "the Stone cut without hands," and the "setting up of the kingdom which shall never be destroyed, the kingdom which shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall endure forever" (Dan 2: 44). The first stage or phase of this glorious kingdom will be the reign of the thousand years on and over the earth.

This, however, we believe to be certain, from Holy Scripture, that "the Church," the "body" of Christ, will certainly not pass through the great tribulation. "The Tribulation," "the time of Jacob's trouble," is to close the last great week of seven years. Therefore, the "body," as it does not pass through this terrible time, will have been removed beforehand. When? This we cannot answer. Whether directly before the tribulation (of the last three and a-half), or before the commencement of the last seven years, or immediately after the fulfilling of "the times of the Gentiles," we do not know.

But although we cannot answer specifically this question of absorbing interest, this we do know, that at the appointed time—whenever that may be—"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1. Thess. 4: 16-17).

It is possible, however, that the catching away of the "body"—the "rapture of the saints"—may make the fulfillment of the times of the Gentiles. We know from many Scriptures that the world will increase in intensity of wickedness until it ends in the great apostasy—the rejection of everything belonging to the true Christ, and the reception of everything belonging to the false Christ. This will occur when the true body of believers has been removed from the earth and is safe from the persecution of Antichrist. That is the event now impending.

ALL SUNDAY SCHOOLS INTERESTED.

Still More Phenomenal Records Received in the Competition for the Continuous Attendance Championship.



GEORGE D. WOGLOM.
RECORD, NINE YEARS.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, several weeks ago, published the ten-year record of a bright little Sunday School boy out in a Western state, with the comment that he was claimed to be the champion Sunday School pupil of the Union, it was not expected that the publication would stir up a friendly rivalry of such mammoth proportions as that which speedily followed. The wonderful records that have been received make a showing that must be a surprising revelation to thousands of teachers and superintendents all over the country. During the week, the popular interest in the contest has not diminished. Names of new candidates are coming in, and being added to our list every day. Letters from pastors, superintendents, teachers and parents show that they are watching the progress of this friendly

town the last Sunday in May, 1883—making forty years attendance next May, and thirteen years eight months to Feb. 1, 1897 without a break, or 2,080 Sundays with only one absence. I have also attended the same church service every Sunday morning and evening during the forty years when there was a service in the church.

LINUS BIRDSEY.

Here are some other letters of interest: STAUNTON, GA. This is to certify that Alma W. Newham has not missed a Sunday in Sunday School for seven years and six months, from Sept. 1, 1889 to Feb. 1, 1897. She was ten years old the 23d of Feb., 1897.

W. D. Hoge, Superintendent Staunton Baptist Sunday School.

TOUGHKENAMON, Pa. We send two names who have made a good record of attendance at Sabbath School. My attention was not called to this contest until last week, but hope it is not too late now to have these names enrolled. Raymond Owen, aged sixteen, has been present every session for five years and three weeks. His brother, Clyde Owen, in his tenth year, has been present for 267 consecutive Sabbaths. They are members of the Presbyterian Sunday School of Toughkenamon, Mr. J. M. Yeatman, Superintendent.

MISS S. HUGHES, Secretary.

HINESBURGH, Vt. Ruth Anna Beecher commenced Sunday School service April, 1892, when two years of age, and lost one Sunday in Feb., 1896 through illness, making five years with only one absence. Her home is three miles from the church.

MRS. H. A. BEECHER, Teacher, Hinesburgh Baptist Sunday School.

MALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Scholar.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks.	Total Attendance.
Linus Birdsey,	1st Bapt. S. S., Meriden, Conn.,	W. G. Fennell, Pastor, 13	34	710
Wilmot Beery,	1st Eng. Luth. Ch. S. S., Lancaster, O.,	C. H. Heed, Supt., 9	4	472
John W. Burrer,	Reformed Church, Shelby, Ohio,	Julia Ott, Teacher, 8	11	427
Henry Jaeger,	2d Pres. Ch. S. S., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt., 8	3	419
Will McCullough,	1st Pres. Ch., West Bridgewater, Pa.,	A. C. Dunlap, Teacher, 7	27	391
Thos. McCullough,	1st Pres. Ch., West Bridgewater, Pa.,	M. Heinman, Teacher, 7	27	391
Wm. C. Adams,	Southern M. E. S. S., Elberton, Ga.,	John H. Jones, Supt., 7	4	368
Fred'k H. Grant,	St. Paul's M. E. S. S., Providence, R. I.,	Olin Hill, Supt., 6	22	334
Geo. E. Boynton, Jr.,	Brownell St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,	J. C. Read, Supt., 6	10	322
George Jaeger,	2d Pres. Ch. S. S., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt., 5	23	283
Horace E. Gunn,	Evangel. Cong. Ch. S. S., Uxbridge, Mass.,	F. L. Bristol, Pastor, 5	14	274
Freddie Surbeck,	Pres. S. S., Newtown, L. I.,	Jas. D. Hathaway, Sec., 5	13	273
Clyde Owen,	Pres. S. S., Toughkenamon, Pa.,	J. M. Yeatman, Supt., 5	4	264
Raymond Owen,	Pres. S. S., Toughkenamon, Pa.,	J. M. Yeatman, Supt., 5	3	263

FEMALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Scholar.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years, Weeks.	Total Attendance.
Lulie Shacklitter,	Walnut St. Bapt. S. S., Louisville, Ky.,	T. T. Eaton, Pastor, 10	..	520
Janie McCullough,	1st Pres. Ch., West Bridgewater, Pa.,	J. Bigger, Teacher, 7	27	391
Alma W. Newham,	Staunton Bapt. S. S., Staunton, Va.,	W. D. Hoge, Supt., 7	26	390
Helen Jaeger,	2d Pres. Ch. S. S., Lexington, Ky.,	J. R. Sharpe, Supt., 6	17	329
Lelia Flinn,	Ladford M. E. S. S., Pine Hall, N. C.,	J. C. Flinn, Supt., 6	12	324
Mrs. G. E. Boynton,	Brownell St. S. S., Fall River, Mass.,	J. C. Read, Supt., 6	10	322
Maggie Keely,	1st Eng. Luth. Ch. S. S., Lancaster, O.,	C. H. Heed, Supt., 6	..	312

competition with quite as much enthusiasm as are the contestants themselves. Sunday School children in every part of the Union are eagerly coming forward with records they may well be proud of, some showing many years of faithful attendance.

Miss Jennie G. Moseley, of the First Parish Unitarian Church, Dorchester, Mass., has attended Sunday School for twelve years and eight months, and has not missed one Sunday in that time. Miss Margaret Grosz has been a member of the Throop Avenue Mission Sunday School of Brooklyn, N. Y., for eight years and four weeks, and in that time has attended three hundred and seventy sessions. Freddie Surbeck, of the Presbyterian Sunday School of Newtown, L. I., has a record of five years and thirteen weeks without an absence. Frederick H. Grant, of St. Paul's M. E. Sunday School, Providence, R. I., has not missed a session of the school since August 17, 1890. Horace E. Gunn, ten years old, has attended the Evangelical Congregational Church Sunday School, Uxbridge, Mass., for two hundred and seventy-four consecutive Sundays. Mr. C. H. Heed, superintendent of the First English Lutheran Church Sunday School, sends us three good records: Miss Maggie Keely, present for three hundred and twelve Sabbaths without an absence, Miss Minnie Porter, who also has missed only four Sundays in eleven years, and Mr. Wilmot Beery, who is present every Sunday for ten years without a break.

The following gives a remarkable record of continuous absence in forty years:

MEER, L. J., of the interest taken in Sunday School by the Christian Herald, I have had my record. I am a member of the First Baptist Church, Meriden, Conn., for W. G. Fennell, Pastor, and Mr. F. Throop, Superintendent of the Sunday School. I have been present at our Sunday School from May 1, 1857, every Sunday except one, being out of

On this page we give a table showing the new entries for the week. The entries in the present contest will close on June 1.

The prizes to be awarded at the close of the competition are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE ELEGANT LARGE ART BIBLE (London Edition)—with nearly one thousand superb illustrations, bound in genuine seal Divinity Circuit kid lining, red under solid gold edges, with thumb index and appropriately inscribed; **Worth \$25.00.**

SECOND PRIZE THE SAME BIBLE, bound in Divinity Circuit, Palestine Levant, Grained Leather Lining, Red Under Gold Edges, not Indexed, and appropriately inscribed; **Worth \$18.50.**



MARY E. SLINN.
RECORD, 15 YEARS 2 WEEKS.



LAVINA SLINN.
RECORD, 12 YEARS 2 WEEKS.

In addition to the above we shall also present:

ROLL OF HONOR PRIZES. For this competition all pupils who have made a record of 200 consecutive attendances and upward are eligible. Send name, with name of Sunday School and of superintendent or teacher, and the record of continuous attendance. Every successful competitor so vouched for will be presented with a superb illustrated

New Testament, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, with red under gold edges.

Be careful and comply with the conditions of the competition, which are as follows:

1. Send full name and address of competitor.
2. Name of Sunday School.
3. Name of superintendent or teacher, who must vouch for accuracy of report.
4. Period of attendance, in years and weeks, up to Feb. 1, 1897.
5. Number of consecutive attendances.

Requests for Prayer.

AT the Converts' Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Bowery Mission, prayer was offered on March 21, in accordance with the requests of many persons, among whom the following ask prayers of our readers:

For the Conversion of Relatives and Friends.

M. J. W., Fargo, N. D., asks prayer for the conversion of her daughter and family; also that she may consecrate her life more to God.

—Reader, Anacostia, D. C., for the conversion of a husband who is a drunkard.

—B. F. J., Bellbrook, O., for the conversion of an invalid mother, and a sister and brother that they may be given the grace to profess Christ.

—Reader, Gavers, Ohio, that one who is out of Christ may become a Christian.

—T. J. A., Breneman, Pa., that her husband may become an earnest Christian.

—Afflicted wife, Worcester, Mass., for her husband, who is leading a dissipated life, that he may seek the Lord and be able to resist temptation.

—Sister, Youton, Ill., for the conversion of a wayward brother, that he may be brought to Christ; also that a father may be made a true Christian.

—Anxious Mother, Oakland, Me., for the conversion of her family.

—A King's Daughter, Chelsea, Vt., for her two brothers and for two friends, that they may accept Christ for their Saviour and consecrate their lives to him.

For the Restoration of Health. Reader, Richmond, R. I., asks prayer that she may recover from a nervous affliction.

—H. W., Washington, D. C., that a friend who has rheumatism may be restored to health.

—E. H. G., Thayer, Mo., that her husband who is afflicted with an obscure disease may be healed.

—Reader, Anacostia, D. C., that her mother and two aunts may be restored to health.

—M. D., West Olive, Mich., that she may recover from a sickness which has lasted nearly a year.

—L. G., Colebrook, N. H., that a distressing nervous affliction may be removed and that her son may be restored to health.

—Sorrowing family, West Point, O., for the restoration of health of mind and body to a dear son who is in an insane asylum.

—L. E., New Plymouth, Ohio, for the recovery of a father who is sorely afflicted.

—Believer, McCutchanville, Ind., that she may be healed of a nervous affliction that has troubled her for years.

—S. B., Denver, Colo., that an invalid daughter may be restored to health.

—Anxious Mother, Minneapolis, Minn., for the restoration of a dear son who is at present in a hospital.

For Special Blessings. M. D., West Olive, Mich., asks prayer that God will reveal himself to her as he did to him entirely.

—Waiting and Hoping, Brooklyn, that her husband may realize his duty to his child and support his family.

—A. J. B., Mora, Ark., for a desire to do the Lord's commands and strength to overcome carnal desires.

—Trusting Father, New York, N. Y., that God will send means to a family in distress so that they may keep their home and meet their obligations.

—Believer in prayer, Listowel, Ont., for a family who are suffering under a heavy burden, that God would remove the burden and that they may have divine guidance.

—A. M. Tiskilwa, Ill., for guidance in seeking employment for a son so that he can support his family, also that his sisters may become friends.

—Reader, Chester, Pa., that a friend in temptation may be kept pure and true.

—Anxious Mother, Hackensack, N. J., for a son who has lost his situation, that he may find employment.

—Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y., that some relief from financial stress may be granted to an upright, conscientious, faithful man, who at sixty years of age finds himself with no means of supporting himself and his invalid wife.

Many other requests were received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and were presented at the prayer meeting, which we have not space to publish.

Floods Bring Death and Destruction. Western Rivers Overflow Their Banks and Cause General Disaster.

GREAT floods, accompanied by loss of life and the destruction of a vast amount of property, are reported from many points in the West and Southwest. Unusually copious spring combined with the mild weather, swollen the Tennessee and Arkansas rivers, the Missouri, the Ohio and



THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS IN FLOOD.

Mississippi, to such an extent that have inundated the fertile valleys and lands for many miles on both sides these great waterways. Great loss of life and property is reported by the Mississippi overflow, is reported above and below Memphis. A stream country from nearly twenty miles to a point fifty miles south of that city submerged to a depth of from four feet, and the loss of crops, live stock property in the Tennessee and Arkansas valleys is said to have been far greater than in any previous floods. The Mississippi levees were patrolled by guards to prevent the embankments being cut by reckless people, who, to their own property from inundation, not hesitate to involve others in ruin.

It is impossible, until the waters subside to even estimate the extent of the damage. Seventeen lives were reported lost at point below Caruthersville, Mo. Six hundred persons were rescued from drowning and brought to Memphis, and on No. 10, a hundred persons and many more were surrounded by water for twenty hours, being finally rescued with difficulty. Five hundred flood fugitives narrowly escaped drowning in Dyer and Obion counties, Tenn. At Gavin, Ark., the country was flooded and the Iron Mountain road track was under water. A number of lives were lost in that section.

At many railroad depots along the Missouri and Mississippi, great piles of household goods were gathered in hope of saving them from destruction. Flocks of hogs and cows, sheds and other houses were sweeping down in increasing quantities. Near Cairo, Mo., a large area of wheat land was flooded, several days of heavy rain during the rivers continued to rise, being swollen by the melted snows, the floods subsided somewhat, and the greatest danger was for the moment averted. Rescued parties on steamers and all sorts of boats went out searching for those who were still in dangerous positions. The government permitted the use of several vessels for assisting the relief work they did good service in the Mississippi valley, saving life and property. So the searching steamers sailed among the treetops, taking off from roofs and uncovered points of many hundreds of fugitives who, having lost all their property, were thankful to escape with their lives. It is estimated that a section as large as the entire state of Missouri, was under water for a time.

This latest flood calamity is causing much suffering in Iowa, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky. Missouri and Arkansas being the worst sufferers. It is hoped, however, now the worst is over, that the receding waters may not disclose so great a destruction of human life as was originally feared.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH.

BOD behavior in church is just as important as good behavior anywhere else. And part of it begins at the very beginning in being in church a little while before the service commences. In our home in my childhood, at worship, my father had a way of remembering as pleasantly in conversation the hurrying methods of to-day, doing everything with a margin, so that nobody could be late. He insisted that young people of the house should come to prayers if they were well. Himself, Bible in hand, would be five minutes before the appointed time for us all to come. I can see now, across the years, his grey hair back from his serene face, his face lit with a rare inner smile, his expression the greatest patience. He would compose my mind, he would prepare me to enter the presence of the

hear him softly crooning his favorite hymn, if I lean back in my chair and let it be as if the voice which sang the psalms had not been for many long years singing with the Redeemer above:

How happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above,
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
A soul in its earliest love.

If the unwritten laws always observed in this good man's home, was that he should be tardy in church. The things to me still. It is my delight to find my pew some minutes before the service begins his voluntary, and I am ashamed and humiliated, if ever by accident so late, that I must walk down the aisle after the pastor has inaugurated service. It seems to me as impolite to be at church, as to be late at any other function which has a fixed hour for

besides it is really unnecessary. The untidy, tardy person usually catches the eye. If this is important in his day's engagements, and the train labelled, "Disruptive service, half-past ten o'clock," can be easily caught if one chooses to take the matter.

He that the thoroughly well-bred person will be well-behaved in church. He will sit still, without fidgeting or whispering. He will not whisper, she will not whisper. Neither will comment on the people who come to church, neither will make casual engagements while service is in progress. Above all things, no decently raised person will read printed calendars, turn over leaflets, or pull letters from his pocket or fumble through the hymn-book, while the commandments, or Scripture lessons are being read. I see in well-dressed and intelligent people doing such things, and they were considered impoliteness and lack of training in the actions.

Nothing improper of all, no one can claim to good breeding will pull out a watch and consult it while the minister is preaching. I can think of no violation of good taste and good manners. While the minister is preaching, his sermon be long or short we should be there before him, are in duty bound to give him courteous attention. We should be first in looking at him, see him restraining our thoughts from wandering, insubduing the outward manifestations of any impatience.

During service, our dress should not be changed. Our thoughts, Overcoats and wraps should be resumed after the benediction, not during the doxology. If we are arrayed in the children for the street, we wait till the service is over.

Observe that many persons coming into the church, drop their heads upon their hands, their private devotions, with no reference to what is going on at the moment. This does not seem to me quite right. A better way is to unite in what

ever part of the service is in progress, one's own little prayer being supposed to anticipate the entire worship, not to interrupt itself on the worship which is appointed.

About the behavior of little children, I am sure that we must not be too rigid. They ought to go to church, but for them there may be indulgence, and the sensible mother will allow them a picture-book or a pad and pencil, or put her kind arm around the child and let the little head rest on her lap till the blessed baby is asleep. A child's sleep is no disturbance in the sanctuary. By all means let us have the dear little heads in the pew, and let the children early form the habit of going to church.

I joyed when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me,
Jerusalem, within thy gates,
Our feet shall stand before thee.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning! I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of iniquity."

This is the heart's cry of the generations which are brought up to serve the King in his sacred courts.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SLUGGARDS' VINEYARDS.

SIt is a vivid picture that the wise man paints in Prov. 24: 30-34 of the vineyard of the sluggard. The desolation, the unproductiveness, and the untidiness are portrayed with the skill of an artist.

We see the broken wall, the weeds and nettles growing rank within. No benefit is it to the owner and it is an eye-sore to the passer-by. The wise man says he considered it well and he puts his finger on the cause. "A little slumber, a little more of the folding of the hands in sleep." The man is self-indulgent. He loves rest and quiet and has lost the energy and the power of overcoming inertia. That accounts for the condition of his garden. Not that sleep is wrong or blamable. A man must sleep in order to keep up his strength. But it is the man who wakes after sufficient rest and turns back to sleep in sheer idleness, that he blames. He is the man whose poverty comes upon him as an armed man. The disposition is not unknown after this lapse of time. The sluggard is frequently represented among us still. He is the man who neglects his duty whatever it may be and he is just as culpable whatever may be the neglected sphere. The habit of postponing effort, of putting off work until the morrow, which never comes, shows itself in all walks of life and needs to be watched against with ceaseless vigilance. One of the happiest and most successful of men gave this as the rule for a long, useful, and happy life: "Not to fret and to be well forward with your work." He said it had been his rule through life and he had appreciated its value at a higher rate with every year that passed. It is simply the power of overcoming inertia, the control of the body, the prompt performance of duty, all of which may be acquired by force of will and strong determination. These are necessary because our nature loves ease and rest and will not exert itself unless it is driven. Industry, energy, vigorous activity, mark the successful man, the man who whatsoever be his walk in life does his duty faithfully and conscientiously and reaps the reward.

Jerusalem Carriage Roads.

In a letter from Rev. John H. Sherrard, Pastor, Presbyterian Church, Thornton, Ind., the writer says: In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the statement was made that there were no good carriage-roads out from Jerusalem. When we visited Palestine, March, 1895, we found the best carriage-road, free from toll, all the twenty-five miles from Jerusalem to Heb-

ron, I ever saw. It is wide, well graded and macadamized with limestone. There is also a good road for wheeled conveyances the eleven miles from Jerusalem to the Good Samaritan Inn, though carriages do run all the way to the Jordan.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Gradually, as scientific habits of observation have been cultivated, the world has discovered how much more of law there is in creation than had been suspected. It is not many generations back that the thunder was believed to be God's voice, and famines and pestilences the effects of his anger. Almost all phenomena were attributed to God's direct action. But more careful study and a more painstaking comparison of records, have led to the discovery of natural causes for the effects which were formerly deemed supernatural and as the clue was pursued, law was found everywhere. God was seen to be interfering far less frequently in his creation than was imagined, and order and regularity were found to be pervading all nature. Prof. Drummond took a step farther still and showed how law also governed the spiritual world. But this advance, slowly and painfully attained did not carry religious thought any further than the great Apostle had reached eighteen centuries before. In this sixth chapter of his epistle to his converts at Galatia on which the topic is based, he had distinctly stated that the law of sowing and reaping obtained in the spiritual world. He taught his readers that the punishment of sin was no arbitrary infliction, but the direct consequence of sin. Observation has simply confirmed revelation. The separation of man from God was perceived to be no penal enactment, but a necessity resulting from sin. Indulgence in sin produced physical and spiritual results which cannot be avoided, and moral deterioration in the end. The penal consequences of sin God could remit, and for Christ's sake would remit, but God did not protect any one from the consequence of wrong-doing. If a man lived to gratify his lower nature he could not escape becoming sensual and degraded. As the Apostle had said: "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." So the discovery was made that sin is always loss and detriment, a great wrong to the interests of the sinner himself. Though his sin may be forgiven in the infinite mercy of God, the sinner must inevitably suffer, and having sown, must reap.

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Armenian Relief Work.

Cheering Reports of Missionaries — Orphan Rescue Work Progressing.

WITH the passing of the present winter—the second since the great Armenian massacres—the prospects in that long-oppressed country seem to be improving. Rev. Americus Fuller of Aintab Mission Station, writes us as follows:

Our field (Aintab station) of the Central Turkey Mission, includes the cities of Oorfa, Severeck, Adiaman, Behisin, Biridjik, Antioch, Scanderoon, and Aintab, has suffered most severely at Adiaman, Severeck, Oorfa, Biridjik, and Aintab. In all this field we are now getting through the winter with less desperate suffering than we feared, thanks to the timely and generous aid that you and others have sent. So far as the great mass of Armenians who remain is concerned, their need will depend largely on the course of events. With a fair chance and no extra oppression, they would get on, but the widows and orphans, of whom there must be three thousand or four thousand here with very scanty means of support, are a class for whom aid must be continued, or there will be starvation. My associate is now visiting the eastern part of our field, and making a careful examination of the needs of the people and on his return we will inform you of the facts as far as they are known.

Thanking you and your co-workers again most cordially for this assistance and joining you in the fervent hope and prayer that these terrible sufferings and wrongs may soon come to an end, I am, etc.

Mrs. Mary E. Barnum, one of the American missionaries in charge of the Harpoot Orphanage, writes:

I have often wished we could send you a picture of some of the orphans, as they have come to us in their filthy, tattered garments, with unkempt hair, and then another picture of them after they have returned from the bath, dressed in their clean new clothes. The transformation is often so great that one can scarcely recognize them. It is a great joy to see the happy faces of the children in the various homes. One little girl had been rescued after several efforts, from a Turkish family, where she had been kept since the massacre, and she had forgotten how to speak Armenian, though she understood what was said to her. In a few days, however, it came back to her, and now she does not wish to be addressed in Turkish. A few weeks after she came to the Home we received a poor girl who, with her grand-mother, was wandering about, sleeping in stables or wherever they could find a place, and begging their daily bread. It was cold, but the girl had on only two cotton garments and her feet were bare. Great was the joy of these girls when they met in the Girls' Home that evening, for they were step-sisters.

The other day four children appeared at the door, from a village a few hours distant. Their mother had been killed and the father died "from fear." The oldest girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, had bravely struggled to keep the children together and provide for them, but in vain. We put the two girls and their little four year old brother in one of the Girls' Homes, and the other brother in the Boys' Home No. 2.

In one of our Homes is a little boy five or six years old, rescued the other day with much difficulty from the Turks. He, too, had forgotten his Armenian and his friends besides. He cried lustily when brought to our house. His older brother, Mugerlich, also rescued from Turks, was already in the Home, laid up with a broken bone, but little Hickore would have nothing to say to him, but threw himself on the floor and screamed. We have now four Homes in the city. Two are already full, having in them thirty-one boys and thirty girls. The other two are rapidly filling up, and we have fifty-eight children in private families. The whole number in the city under our care is one hundred and fifty, of whom about seventy-one are girls and seventy-nine are boys. We do not know what the future of these orphans will be. We cannot plan for them now, but we go trustfully on day by day. We are using the money with care so as to help the greatest number without incurring debt. Some of them come to us from villages which we never heard of before. They are very ignorant and know little or nothing of Christianity. They are delighted to be here and to go to school. Only a few can read at present. They all come to Sunday School, and attend the Protestant services. In Mezereh, the seat of government, an hour distant, we have two other Homes, where about sixty children are gathered, and in other towns and villages of this field three hundred and fifty more are being cared for. At present we receive only those whose parents are both dead.

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Fed by Faith.

In the experience of a poor Mexican tamale seller of Dallas, Tex., named Leno, who died recently there, was one episode which showed the strong Christian faith of the man, and its results. Leno was an ignorant, unlettered Mexican, prostrated by disease and suffering. His only shelter was a tent, whose ragged canvass afforded him little or no protection from the weather; his sole companions were a wretched, drunken wife, who would leave him for days together without food or water, and a faithful old dog, whose constancy should have been a mute reproach to the inhuman woman who neglected and ill-treated him. Yet, even here, under such conditions, Leno found Christ, or, rather, Christ found him. Accidentally his case of distress was made known to some ladies, who ministered to his temporal wants, and were rejoiced to hear him always, in his broken English, give God thanks for every kindness he received. One day, in recounting to these friends his sufferings before they came to his relief, he said that when left alone for days at a time he would pray for food, and that more than once the old dog went off and returned with a large piece of meat in his mouth. Said he: "Me so hungry, me eat it and tank de Lord."

He had never been taught to read even his own language, but was made happy by the gift of an English Bible, and would ask every one who came to his tent to read to him. His testimony was always, "Me ready; me glad to go." Circumstances at last compelled his removal to the county poor house, where he met and conquered the last enemy, and is, we doubt not, no longer "poor Leno," but "rich Leno," rich in Christ's fulfilled promises.



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Men's Suits to Order \$6.00

Gent's Wanted. Samples furnished. Write for particulars. **LOUIS L. HODGSON, 155 W. Jackson St., Chicago**

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Heroic Business Career.

THE forty years ago a young man began his life-work in the City of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., as a confectioner. His mother was a widow, and he had very small capital to work on, but a brave-hearted youth and set him to work with courage and good will.



HON. WM. W. SMITH.

He would make his candy himself, and with his basket on his arm make the rounds of the stores, and any private houses where candy had been ordered. He derived from the first that his candy would always be the very best he could make. He was scrupulously clean. Although his clothes were plain, his linen and long white aprons were white as snow. One day a gentleman complimented him on the fact of his always being neat and clean about his person and business. The boy flushed with pleasure under the compliment, but answered with pride that spoke volumes for his devotion, "That, sir, is the work of my mother."

The outward cleanliness of this youth was a suggestion of the inward purity and wholesomeness of his strong soul. He early became a sincere Christian, and made a solemn determination that no matter what was the result, he would live up to his Christianity in all his business engagements of his life, and he gave a vow that if the time ever came when he either had to lose business or sacrifice his Christian principle, it would be his business and not his Christianity that should suffer.

A trying time came soon enough. One of his friends, who was also one of the best young men in the community, and a customer he had, came to his shop and ordered ten pounds of brandy candies. The young confectioner did not like the order, but he ordered them from New York by express. Before they came, however, his conscience began to trouble him. Was he doing right in having a hand in selling these brandy candies? He remembered the young man who had ordered them would give them out among the young men and the young women of the neighborhood, and the result might be more than one would get their state of intoxicating drink in that city. No one could tell what sad result would come of it. On the other hand, if he refused to accommodate his customer, he would no doubt lose his friendship and trade, and only drive him to some one else who would procure them for him. He could not sleep that night about it, and more he thought about it, the more he was thoroughly convinced he became that it was not a Christian thing to do, to in any way have part in putting temptation in the way of another. Having come to this conclusion, he acted with promptness and firmness. When the brandy candies came he immediately expressed his objection to the wholesale firm in New York, and when the young man came to collect after them he frankly told him

what he had done and why. As he expected, the young man was very angry, and was full of contempt for him on account of what he called his "fanatical notions."

That was the parting of the ways for these two young men. The poor young confectioner that stood by his principles has grown to be a wealthy and honored citizen, while the rich young tippler has long since gone to a dishonored grave, eaten up by his sinful lusts and appetites, as Herod was eaten of worms.

Our young hero maintained the same attitude as his business enlarged and broadened. He became after awhile a caterer, and on his business cards, through all the years, he has kept the plain and simple statement that not only would no wines and liquors be furnished by him, but he will not permit his servants to serve at a feast or dinner where they are used. He has many times lost hundreds and thousands of dollars by this fidelity to principle, but it has never tempted him to swerve for a moment, and perhaps in the long run he has gained by it, even financially. His splendid fidelity to principle has been a great object lesson for good to all who have known him, and has helped by example and influence to banish the punch bowl and the wine glass from many a wedding-feast and public dinner in that part of the country.

When the great Poughkeepsie railroad bridge was nearing completion a big dinner was given to the railroad men of the country at that place. Our friend, as the leading caterer of the region, was secured for the occasion. But as the time drew near and he found they intended to use wines, he refused absolutely to have anything to do with it, and so steadfastly did he abide by his purpose, that the wines were banished.

Who can tell how wide the influence for good such a business man spreads through the community. Like Peter's healing shadow on whomsoever the influence of such a man falls, its effect is to strengthen him in purity and righteousness of life. All honor to Hon. William W. Smith, the heroic business man of Poughkeepsie!

Sixteen Hours Under Water.

Corsetto, an Italian inventor, has constructed an apparatus which he calls a "methydric square," and by means of which he professes to be able to descend to any depth of the sea. In an experiment at Spezzia he stored some two thousand cubic feet of compressed air in his apparatus, which he entered with two friends, and which was then lowered to a depth of thirty feet. As after the expiration of nine hours the sphere had not re-ascended to the surface, a diver was sent to the spot. The sphere was found still resting on the sea bottom, but the diver heard nothing in answer to his knocks. It was raised with ropes, and as soon as it emerged its door was opened, and the inventor appeared with a livid face and half asphyxiated. His companions were unconscious, but were quickly resuscitated. They had remained sixteen hours under water. The inventor explains that the air pressure proved insufficient to expel the water ballast. Three persons were enabled to remain under water for sixteen hours, and this experiment may not be without significance as regards the much-discussed problem of submarine navigation.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Some druggists try to substitute the bread of life with cake of their own make. Therefore sufferers who have decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla should insist on having Hood's and only Hood's.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

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A Brass Medallion, of the elliptical form shown above, bears our registered trade-mark, and is placed upon the head of every machine made by us.

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Style No. 1
\$3.50, worth \$6.

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\$4.98 Suit, worth \$10.

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\$1.29, worth \$3.

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\$2.98, worth \$5.

Style No. 5
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Style No. 6
\$4.98, worth \$10.

Our price, \$2.48; retailers' price, \$4.
STYLE No. 2. This beautiful tailor-made suit, fine brown, black, blue, or green serge, lined jacket, fly front, bell-shaped skirt, complete. Our price, \$4.98; retailers' price, \$10. Same suit in fine cheviot serge, all colors, silk-lined jacket. Our price, \$10; worth \$18 to \$20.
STYLE No. 3. Ultra stylish pure light brown Irish linen waist; collars of same material, or white; plaited detachable cuffs; plaited front; pointed yoke back, or same quality and style in fancy figures; heliotrope, Nile green, and red. Our price, \$1.29; retailers' price, \$3.
STYLE No. 4. This exquisite waist, imported lappet mull, detachable stock collar, with ruffle band, detached plaited cuff, rich pearl studs, tan, Nile green, pink, blue, brocade flower figures. Our price, \$2.98; retailers' price, \$5, or more.
STYLE No. 5. This newest jaunty cape of brocade grenadine, rich colored interlining, white, plum, green, canary, red, etc.; silk lining, trimmed with lace, ribbon, jet and santonie embroidery, or same style cape in brocade silk, or plain scillienne silk. Our price, \$4.98; retailers' price, \$10.
 We are the only Ladies' Tailoring Mfg. Co. in America, and sell direct to the consumer, thus saving you the large profit usually made by the retailer. Any of the foregoing will be sent on receipt of price, and money refunded if purchase not satisfactory. Or, send \$1.00 and we'll express, with privilege of examination. If satisfactory, pay balance to express agent. Give exact bust measurement when ordering Cape or Waist, and waist size, and length of skirt in front and rear when ordering Skirt or Suit. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Address,

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDEBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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A Perfect Lamp Wick.

"Marshall Process" Wicks are self-trimming, do not clog or get hard from use, give a white odorless light, do not creep, are non-conductors of heat and last longer than ordinary wicks. Ask your dealer or send 10c. for 3 flat burners, 25 cts for 3 round or central draft, or 20 cts. for an oil heater wick.

New Jersey Wick Co., Newark, N. J.

Little Baby Pak Dead.

The First Korean Child Born in America Dies in New York City—A Touching History.

There is sorrow in one very humble home in New York City. Baby Pak, the first Korean baby ever born in this country, passed away from earth on March 14. He was taken with pneumonia ten days before and never rallied. Mamma Pak, the young Korean matron, was with her child to the last. Baby Pak was the daughter of Dr. Kim Pak and Miss Esther Kim Pak, his wife, two worthy young Korean Christians who had been converted in the late Dr. Hall's mission at Pyeng Yeng, Corea. Mrs. Pak came to the United States about two years ago, for the purpose of studying at the Woman's Medical College, Baltimore. Baby Pak was born February 21, 1896, and she soon became a prime favorite with the doctors and students of the Nursery and Child's Hospital in New York, where she received the kindest care and most loving attention in her early infancy. Many who visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, last summer, will remember seeing the happy-faced mother and her chubby little laughing baby looking out on the lawn, across which the merry troops of tenement children were scampering and romping in play. The two were under the guardianship of Dr. Rose H. S. Hall, who was the resident physician of the Home that season, and who is now at the head of the Woman's Medical Training School in New York. Mrs. Pak will continue her studies at the Baltimore College for the next three years, and will then return as a medical missionary to her own country where such workers are greatly needed.



MRS. PAK AND BABY PAK.

necessity to do so, and loafed about the town, a common nuisance.

A few days after the new minister came to the town he met the old sinner on the village street, and bowing, spoke a pleasant "Good morning," and passed on his way. The old man turned and looked after him, and made inquiry of some as to who it might be who showed him such an unaccustomed attention. The same thing happened a day or two afterward, and again during the space of a week or two. Some one told the minister that he had made a friend of old —, and laughingly told him that he was wasting his politeness on that old reprobate, whose acquaintance was not desirable.

"You don't know him," said this person, "or you wouldn't speak to him at all." "Never mind," said the minister, "it does not cost much to be polite, and no more to an old reprobate than to the 'squire' of the town." It was not long till old — was noticed creeping into the corner of the church farthest from the pulpit and nearest to the door. He had come in late and was the first to leave the church. He came again and again, and was finally brought to Christ, and during the rest of his life he lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. He said the minister's bow was what had started him on the upward path.

An Electrical Windmill.

The first attempt to utilize a windmill as an electrical generator has just been successfully made by a resident of Walpole, Mass., Mr. J. J. Feely. His windmill is of the ordinary kind, but the dynamo is an invention of Mr. Feely, by which the variation of electric pressure, from the fluctuation of the wind, is so equalized that the surplus of electric energy generated in time of high wind is accumulated in storage batteries for use when the wind is low. The whole affair works automatically and perfectly. By it Mr. Feely lights his house, stables and grounds, forces water all over his estate, operates farm machinery, cuts wood, etc. The possibilities of the invention are almost limitless.

Evangelists Gillam and Estey are holding services at Braintree, Mass. Their mission at Marlboro, N. H., led to an extensive revival in which the Methodist and Congregational churches united.

A ten-cent lamp with the right chimney gives more light and less smell than a \$100 lamp with a wrong chimney.

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SHIRT WAIST



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ARE NOT TO BE WASHED. Made of fine cloth in all styles. When soiled, reverse, wear again, then discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents. They look and fit better than any other kind. ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM. If not found at the stores send six cents for sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size. A trial invariably results in continued use. Reversible Collar Co., 79 Franklin St., New York

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SEND for History of Cures and all details. We invite inquiry as to what we have done and are doing. We guarantee no misrepresentation. Investigation will compel belief.

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The Gospel and the Ainu.
Missionary Writes of the Fervor
with which those Poor Half Heathen
Heard the Story of Jesus.

Letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Sapporo, Japan. Rev. John Batchelor gives this interesting description of a year's work among the strange people known as the Ainu:
I work both among the Ainu and among the Japanese. The work has grown so big and the extent of territory covered is so large, that the mission has at last been divided into four parts for each of the four Presbyteries now working here. In my own presbytery alone 10,000 Ainu reside: 681 have been received into the Church of Christ, of whom there are now 667 members, and of whom 97 were baptized this year, and of whom 139 are at present under instruction. The Japanese in my district 12 have been baptized this year, and the number of Christians from among this people present under my care is 113 besides whom there are 42 being instructed in Christianity. Thus in my presbytery the Christians, Japanese, and the number 781, and those seeking baptism 181.

It is not to be doubted that the Ainu is a different race, besides non-Christians, than twelve church members have been taken from us this year. One of these was a student and helper, preparing to become a preacher to his own people. The object of this aboriginal race has been the word of God, the message of the Gospel, and is being saved. The eager people to hear the Gospel has been well sustained throughout the year.

During the months of June and July, Rev. Batchelor itinerated among the Ainu in the Utsu and Saru districts. Meetings were held every evening in different villages, and in many instances the message was proclaimed to a crowded assembly. Thirteen Ainu were baptized and thirty-three were received as members, as well as four Japanese. On the trip it was at times found difficult to get any rest, as this inclement weather: One evening a prayer meeting was held at nine P. M., at which time the Ainu were present. As soon as it was over preparations were made for rest, but just at ten o'clock a party of Ainu presented themselves for the meeting. As they had come from a neighboring village, there was nothing for it but to stay and hold a second meeting. This being over, rest was again about, but not yet, for another party of nine appeared on the scene at ten P. M., and a third meeting had to be held to satisfy them. Ultimately, rest came at midnight.

There has been one remarkable conversion, a Japanese school master in my presbytery this year which reminds me forcibly of the story of the blind men. He was brought to the knowledge of his sins by the simple teaching of the New Testament, and he came to the Saviour, where he found rest by prayer and study of the Word. He was a staunch Buddhist, he had no sin and was set against Christianity. After having found pardon he gave up his former life and came as a candidate for baptism. He was baptised a few weeks ago in the church at Piratori, having more than twelve miles for that journey. Before his baptism his wife did not wish to keep him from taking that journey, and when she found he was firm in his convictions and could not be moved in his determination, she asked him to decide! Through his tears and prayers the master graciously touched his heart, and he is now anxious for baptism. The inhabitants of the village in which he resides called a large meeting at that time since in order to see what they could do to stop Christianity from taking the headway it is apparently doing there! The meeting came to the conclusion that they must get rid of the village priest who has not much to say and employ a better and more useful man in his place! This again shows the power of Christianity. But how foolish this people to imagine that it is by their own efforts which accomplishes such wonderful things. If they come to fight the Gospel which contains the truth of God with their weapons of so-called learning, we know which must triumph.

A sick woman came to us last year, and while with us had not only her bodily ailments cured by the doctor, but also found peace in her soul through the preaching of the Word. While in the interior this year, this woman, aged between forty and fifty, came in eight miles to service on two succeeding Sundays, both of which were very wet and windy. On both occasions, she remembered the offertory, and on the first also brought us a fine salmon as a present. On the last Sunday, she partook of the Lord's Supper with us. Her little granddaughter who is ill, is now with us, being attended by the doctor. Those persons who believe the Gospel and are baptized, are not ashamed of showing their colors. We had a young girl with us early this year suffering from consumption. At the end of a few months she was sent home as incurable. In the autumn my wife and I were passing through her village when she peeped out of the hut and begged us to stay there that night and preach. Moreover, she said she had been telling her friend of Jesus and that she desired to present her to me for baptism as she also now believed! Her aunt also came out and she, too, wanted us to spend the night with them. Strange to say, this village is one of the very few whose inhabitants have hitherto been afraid of Christianity.

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

At Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

GIVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum Children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, play-room, dining-hall, school-room, baths, lawn, and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and staff of caretakers and medical attendant. Regular religious services held.

2,300 tenement children received, sheltered, fed, taught, and (in many instances) clad at Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost of \$3 per head, including transportation.

This beautiful Charity costs annually between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support. \$10 pays for a ten days' mid-summer outing for three children.

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for our Children's Home:

Prev. ack'd	\$166.50
A. D. Johns	2.00
Y. P. S. C. E., Sterling Place Church, Brooklyn	25.00
Friend to Children, Romney	5.00
Mrs. Wm. Fitters	5.00
L. M. H. Dale	3.00
Aaron J. Allen	3.00
J. D. Newark	3.00
Total	\$205.50

All contributions for the work will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE BOWERY MISSION

and Young Men's Home.

Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.
(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

ONE hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Free Kindergarten, daily from 9 to 12 A. M. Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3:30 P. M.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.
Gospel Meetings Held 169
Men Professed Conversion 3,471
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House 10,748
Meals Served in Restaurant 588,321
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary 736
(Opened Aug. 20, 1895)
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured 9,331

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Prev. ack'd	\$291.43
Y. M. C. A., Paterson	7.27
N. P. Mills	1.00
Isabel Mills	1.00
Anna Mills	50
Mrs. N. P. Mills	1.00
A sympathizer, Charleston	50
Mrs. Eliza Lang	1.00
W. A. Crosby	1.00
Wm. J. Shaw	1.00
O. P. Parhamore	10.00
Sarah E. Clark	5.00
Y. Y. C. B.	1.00
S. L. Snow	1.00
Duncan Sinclair	50
A. B. Blader	2.00
John T. Pullen	1.00
Elmer E. Genuing	1.00
Mrs. E. B. Purdy	2.00
R. L. Beavers	2.50
S. S. Bloodgood	1.00
Friend, Watertown	3.00
One who believes in prayer without ceasing	1.60
Total	\$336.80

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

Lost Appetite.
COULD NOT EAT THE MOST TEMPTING DISHES.
Many Days Without any Food at all — Can Eat Four
Square Meals a Day Now — The Cause
of the Change.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

For the restoration of an appetite which has been impaired or lost through sickness, no remedy can compare in effectiveness with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This statement is substantiated by the experience and declarations of men and women with whom these pills have become a household medicine. Among the many who can offer testimony to this particular property of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is George Marshall, Jr., who lives at No. 19 Norwich Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Marshall is a news agent on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and his territory extends from Cleveland to Toledo. Like thousands of others who owe their health and vigor to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Marshall never hesitates to sing their praises. In his case it was necessary to use only a few boxes of the pills to restore him to the full possession of bodily health. His digestive organs had become almost useless through a long and serious illness, but in a surprisingly brief period, through the agency of this wonderful medicine, they were capable of again performing their functions in a regular and perfectly satisfactory manner. In narrating his experience with them Mr. Marshall said:
"Last spring I was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and my entire system was affected. To relieve the suffering it was necessary to paint me with iodine. After three months' treatment, I became convalescent, but the attack had sapped my strength and left me extremely weak and feeble. I could scarcely lift an arm or a leg. This weakness permeated my entire system, and applied as well to my stomach and digestive apparatus as to my limbs. I soon discovered that I had lost my appetite almost as completely as though I never had one. I had no desire whatever to partake of any nourishment, and the natural result was that my convalescence was extremely slow, and my parents feared that I was going to suffer a relapse or fall prey to another ailment on account of my debilitated condition.
"Many a day I would not take any nourishment, and whenever I did the quantity was too insignificant to materially hasten my improvement. Tempting dishes were prepared for me, but I could not touch them. I began to become more or less alarmed as did my parents, and one day my mother suggested the purchase of some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for me. They had been recommended to her by a neighbor who regarded them as nothing short of miraculous, and dwelt so enthusiastically on their excellent qualities that mother persuaded me to try them. There is not much more to tell now, for I don't look like a man who cannot eat three or four square meals a day, do I?
"Three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fixed me up sound as a dollar, and they will do the same for anyone else, I am sure. It was not long after I began to use the pills that I could feel myself improving. My strength began to return and so did my appetite, and I was on the road again in a short time. That is my experience, and I am glad to give it for the benefit of others who may have lost their appetites through sickness."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diabetes and Obesity. Unlike all other flours, because it contains no bran and little starch—whence cause acidity and flatulence. Nutritious and palatable. The best degree Unrivalled in America or Europe.
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EXAMINING NEWLY-ARRIVED IMMIGRANTS IN THE MAIN HALL, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK. (See Page 271.)



Questions and Answers.

IN reply to numerous letters of inquiry, bearing on our recent Encyclopedia Offer, we make the following statement for general information:

Any person who sends Five Dollars in cash, and promises to make a determined effort to secure within a reasonable time, ten new subscriptions for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive a set of The World-Wide Encyclopedia (fifteen volumes), and will be entitled to deduct fifty cents from each subscription sent in by him until he has reimbursed himself for the Five Dollars advanced. We do not pay freight charges.

It makes no difference whether you are an old or a new subscriber. Send us \$5. on receipt of which we will immediately ship the Encyclopedia. Then apply yourself to getting the ten subscriptions and send them in **one by one** as fast as you receive them, retaining a half dollar from each one.

When you have secured the ten subscribers you will have refunded to yourself the \$5 which you advanced to make sure of The World-Wide Encyclopedia. The sooner you get the subscriptions, the sooner you get your \$5 back. We will allow you all the time required to make good the ten subscribers. Take your own time about it, and do the best you can.

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The World-Wide Encyclopedia is an epitome of the "sum total of wisdom and knowledge." It treats fully and exhaustively of every subject of human interest, whether history, science, theology, botany, mythology, travel, biography, classics, physiology, etc., etc., from the beginning of things down to the practical questions of our own day. It is a fountain of knowledge on all subjects, and contains more compact wisdom than was ever stored in the brain of the greatest sage on earth.

The World-Wide Encyclopedia contains nearly *seven thousand large pages*, and *96 colored plates*. The Encyclopedia consists of *15 large volumes*, and these are handsomely and durably bound in rich silk-finish lined cloth, and stamped in solid gold. Each volume is 9 inches long, 6 3/4 inches wide, and 1 1/2 inches thick. The 15 volumes when on the book shelf make a striking array *nearly two feet in length*. The set weighs about *30 pounds*, and not many years ago it would have taken \$200 to buy it, but this is the day of labor-saving machinery enterprise and low prices.

Reader, Ia. Where the heads of a family profess to be Christians, yet have practiced all their lives reading the Bible only on Sundays, while through the week, from early morning till late at night, their time is taken up with secular matters, having no patience with anyone who thinks or does differently, what is your advice to one who, since his connection with the Church, has lived in the city and has enjoyed the best of church privileges, besides attending Sunday School, Endeavor meetings, weekly prayer meetings, Bible readings, lectures, etc., but on account of his duty to his parents, is called home where there are scarcely any religious services of any kind? He feels that if he is compelled to remove he will lose his communion and be overcome by former habits of life, if he has not already done so.

An earnest Christian, so situated, is in the right place to do missionary work. He should

earthly glory in this work, and the record of eternity alone will give the results. Our oldest convict, eighty-four years of age, died a few days since. Eighteen years ago he confessed Christ, since which his life has been a glorious illustration of the grace of God to save to the uttermost.

A. M. McPHEETERS.

The letter referred to is as follows:

STATE PRISON, RALEIGH, N. C., March 13.
EDITOR CHRISTIAN HERALD.—DEAR SIR: While reading your paper we have seen the account of the great and intense suffering of the starving thousands in India, and our hearts go out in sympathy for them. We only regret that we are not able to do more for their relief. We are prisoners in the above-named place, and our chances are very poor to make money, as our earnings are very small; but with cheerful hearts we cast in our little mites, asking the good Lord to direct it as a blessing to the starving people of India. R. P. Willis, James Thomas, Lee Bailey, T. L. C., W. D. Eanes, H. C. Zecrest, Uriah Bell, A. J. Halford, W. H. Brantley, J. T. B., N. M. Moore, J. M. Hargett.

Geo. E. Downes, Francetown, N. H. It seems to me it would be well for our people to send corn from this country to India, since it is so plentiful.

Subscriber, Gardner, Mass. When our western farmers proposed sending shiploads of grain to the starving people of India it was objected to. Will you please tell me how the missionaries are able to purchase supplies in that famine-scourged country?

Replying to both these letters, we would say: the missionaries have now called for corn, and the first American Relief ship, *The City of Everett*, is now loading with corn at San Francisco. See article on another page. By

meat, fowls, fish, eggs, or birds are eaten, cheese is unknown. The only animal food of diet is milk, which is used as curd and *ghi*, the latter the equivalent of clarified butter. As all crops have failed, owing to long drought, the parched ground is green this year save in districts of artificial irrigation has supplied moisture.

Student, Birmingham, Ala. Where is the Bible in the world?

In the Vatican at Rome. It is in MS., and weighs 320 pounds. At one time it is said, 1,800,000 francs were offered for it.

Mrs. J. L., Madison, Ia. How many stations are there in the world?

Approximately 22,868, to which 6,355 and 5,219 men have been sent out by 141 missionary societies, making a total of 11,274. In addition there are 7,000 helpers in the field. The annual expense on the stations is \$14,441,807. These are furnished from the statistics of the organizations and are liable to a change though not materially.

Myron A. T., Birchrun, Mich. 1. What standard authority on etiquette? 2. For two Christians who are strangers, another, to shake hands in church without introduced by some one?

1. Mrs. Sherwood is one of the best authorities. 2. There is nothing improper, and if they are spiritually drawn together, there is no reason why they should greet one another, even though uninitiated. Ordinarily, however, it is always safest to the advantage of an introduction.

Reader. What was the passage in the Bible when President McKinley kissed while taking the inaugural oath?

Is it understood that the passage is Chron. 1: 10: "Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and cure this people; for who can judge a people that is so great?" This verse is cited on beforehand and when the President kissed the book, his lips touched a spot on the page where those lines appear.

W. F. B., Dupres-stone, Va. Please answer whether it is true that a letter has been written by Christ?

No; the so-called letter of Jesus is a monkish forgery, and was long ago exposed.

Jas. W. S., Clifton, O. I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the ruler of India did not send money and provisions to relieve famine sufferers. How could money be of greatest importance in such a famine?

Since that time, the scant supply of the country has gone up to famine prices; it is now absolutely necessary that corn be sent promptly and abundantly, if great life is to be averted.

Subscriber, Stratford, Ont. Does not the story in John 17: 15 that "The Jews marvelled how knoweth this man letters, having learned?" prove that Jesus was not a like other boys?

No, it proves that he did not have the theological education which public to usually received and such as Paul had. Gamaliel, but no Jew would allow his son to grow up wholly untaught. You may be sure that he who was made in all things like unto his brethren, did not neglect labor and effort necessary to an education.

Anna V. K., Bloomfield, N. J., and Mrs. A. Mountain View, Can. It seems to have been a mistake on the part of the authors.—J. Portland, Oreg. What is wrong for yourself in this case, be wrong for another.—T. Tyree, Ont. Many will doubtless take to you hold. Such matters, after all, must be the individual conscience.—Reader, Penn. Pa. 1. A savings bank which takes sums of dollar upward. 2. This has been repeatedly answered.—B. G. McC., Shelby, W. Va. 3. The oldest Book Concern, New York.—F. H. York, Ia. Write to Hanger Bros., publishers.

York.—Mrs. T. B., Rising Sun, Ind. On too numerous. Consult an encyclopedia.—A. A. Lodi, Wis. 1. Certainly not—as you say. 2. Scandal-mongers are found the world over. I. S. H., Racine, Minn. He never did—sister Reader, Washington, D. C. Write to the Women's School of Applied Design City.—M. H., Mechanicsville, N. Y. Only men and missionaries have the dollar rate. A. B., Boothbay Harbor, Me. Write to the Philatelic Society, 26 Bible House, New York. James R., W. Bedford, O. It paid nothing American Colonization Society aided the anti-slavery movement. Liberia is an independent nation.—Mrs. J. F. S., Mayville, Me. F. Footsack.—R. C. B., Broadhead, N. Y. Question is too vague.—Mrs. Anne. You are on "Stepmothers" is a touching one, and the sad side of the question.—Reader, Conn. N. Y. 1. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. 2. They believe in revelations, in the sun's immortality, in retribution, in the second coming, and practice of religion. They live mostly at Lebanon, N. Y. Comparatively few. 4. A "Siclus Aureus" shewel was worth about \$8.00.—E. H., Lake Mich. The document you forward is a statement, and we believe wholly unneeded must exercise generosity even with those who with us in religious opinion.—E. A. C., Ind. The belief of many commentators is that was sore eyes.—Wm. D., Oakley, Kan. A undoubtedly, since he received the blessing A. K., Thomaston, Me. Their beliefs are recognized as orthodox by the Christian church; it is not necessary to discuss them since they are founded on revelation or Christian experience.

Subscriber, Minneapolis, Minn. 1. Not ever heard of. 2. We believe he has done times. 3. It depends upon the locality at issues.



MOUNT SHASTA, AS SEEN FROM THE SCOTT MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

This view of the famous giant peak is one of the grandest scenes to be found in any land. Seen from the sides of the Scott range, the solitary Shasta rises to its magnificent height of 14,440 feet. Although Mount Whitney surpasses Shasta somewhat in altitude, the latter is the more picturesque, as it stands separate and alone, save for a low ridge of mountains, while Whitney lies amid a chain of peaks almost equal to itself in height. Shasta is of volcanic origin, as indeed are probably all the California mountains, and at one time its height may have been greater than now. Intervals, believed by scientists to have been not less than a thousand years, have occurred between the periods of intense volcanic agitation and the condition of quiescence.

endeavor, by constant example, to show what the Christian life is, and should try by earnest persuasion and prayer to bring the indifferent to a sense of their spiritual condition. He may be able, through some little exertion, to find other good Christians who will aid him. Keep on trying, even though appearances be discouraging, and an opening will ultimately come.

Among the many kind and sympathetic letters that are daily reaching us, since the India Famine Relief Fund was opened, there are few that speak more eloquently than this:

RALEIGH, N. C., March 13, 1897.

When at our regular Sunday School service yesterday at the State penitentiary, I received from my class the enclosed letter and the amount for which I enclose you a P. O. for \$2.75. This letter will exonerate itself. I am much gratified at the spirit that prompted this small gift. This school was commenced on the first Sunday in July, 1877, more than twenty years ago. Since then a band of Christian workers have promptly and faithfully done noble service. There is no reward or

all means gather your corn into ear loads and notify The India Famine Relief Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, when the corn is loaded and ready for forwarding. The next cargo will probably go from New York.

Several readers. Political questions are not suited to discussion in THE MAIL-BAG, hence letters containing such questions only will not receive attention.

Sympathizer, Waltham, Mass. Is there no other article of food that these starving people of India can get, such as meat, vegetables, fruits, etc? Does grain alone form their diet at all times? Can you tell me also how they prepare the grain given them?

The Hindu abhors meat, and lives directly upon the products of the soil. The lamb eat a grain like millet, called *jowberry* and *bajra*, the Brahmins eat wheat, flour and rice with *dal* and pulse. Corn, millet cakes, boiled leaves, fruit, mango, plantain and cocoanut—these are the staple diet of millions. No

ACROSS THE SEAS TO FREEDOM.

The tide of Old World Immigration to these Shores — Among the Arrivals at Ellis Island — Will Immigration be Restricted?

(See Colored Picture on First Page.)

FOR upwards of a quarter of a century, the tide of emigration from the Old World to these shores has been steadily increasing. Nearly thirty years ago, the influx from the British Islands continued, in growing volume. In the last fifteen years, during which time tens of thousands of Queen Victoria's subjects became domiciled in this country, the Irish constituting the bulk of the immigrants. Then came the German, which in turn was followed by the Russian, the latter element when the tide was at its height, exceeding in volume that of the preceding years. In the last few years our immigration statistics show a great variety of races landing at our ports. Vast numbers of Russian, Polish, Hebrews have crossed the ocean to become citizens of Freedom's land. While Danes, Swedes, Hungarians, Cubans, Spaniards, Arabs, Syrians, and last of all, Armenians, in turn, are flocking to the immigration, all who could be classed as "desirable immigrants" were welcomed, it was the laxity of our American laws such that a considerable number could not be so regarded took opportunity to place themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Many who had belonged to the pauper classes abroad, and a few who have been offenders against the laws of their own country, came hither, thus bringing to these shores an element whose presence boded ill for the future of the community in which they might dwell. On the other hand, it was not that many came to avoid political and religious persecution, as was undoubtedly the case with the Russian, Jews and the Armenians of Anatolia, with whose privations in their own land our people are already acquainted. Special attention has lately been directed to the growing necessity of stringent immigration laws for the purpose of excluding undesirable elements to our population. With the rapid growth of the population

through the port of New York alone, being about one-half of the total number arriving at all our ports of entry. This vast number represented nearly every nationality under the sun. Only a few thousand were refused admission under the existing law, which excludes paupers and the physically and mentally disabled and contract laborers. These immigrants are required to satisfactorily answer a series of questions as to name, age, married or single, occupation, nationality, ability to read or write, final destination, whether assisted or otherwise, and as to the amount of money each immigrant possesses. He is also interrogated concerning his previous record, whether he has been in jail or is a pauper or a polygamist. Great latitude has been exercised in conducting the examinations, as is sufficiently demonstrated by the comparatively small number of exclusions.

Our illustrations are of special interest at this season of the year, when the usual spring influx of immigration is beginning. It is not improbable that the number of arrivals may be even larger than usual this spring, in anticipation of the passage of restriction laws which may make entrance to our ports much more difficult hereafter. On the first page of this issue,

"runners," and swindlers of every sort lay in wait to rob, mislead, and victimize the simple. Now, these plunderers have been driven away and the entire surroundings of the immigrant are conducive to comfort and safety. Competent officers care for and direct him, all his baggage and valuables are looked after, skillful doctors attend him if sick, and there are missionaries, representing all the different denominations, who are at hand to afford spiritual advice and consolation. United States Commissioner Senner, Acting Commissioner McSweeney and staff have, on their little island in New York bay, an institution which is a model of its kind, and a visit to which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

TRANSFORMED BY GRACE.

The Remarkable Conversion of a New York Lawyer Who had Fallen to the Lowest Depths of Sin and Shame.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases of conversion—an experience which will prove helpful to many readers and encouraging to all—is related below. The facts are absolutely authentic.

In June, 1895, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an article descriptive of the Whosoever Gospel Mission and Res-

cue Home. When he "came to himself" and realized the wonderful mercy and forbearance of God, he cried to the Lord for pardon and surrendered fully to his will. The Lord heard and answered his cry and spoke peace to his soul. Understanding his own weakness and the impossibility of keeping from temptation, he prayed God to direct him to some place of refuge. In an almost miraculous way, the article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD above referred to came to his notice. He had never read a copy of the paper before. Yet here, at the moment of his direst extremity, was the help he so much needed, as though in direct answer to prayer. On the 18th of June, 1895, he came to the Whosoever Gospel Mission and Rescue Home of Germantown and remained in the Home six months. After conversion he became convinced that he had a call to preach the gospel. He attended a leading theological seminary for a time and last summer began work in the West as an evangelist. He labored in the large cities of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky and preaching in



THE PAVILION AT ELLIS ISLAND.



IMMIGRANTS JUST LANDED AT ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK.



READY FOR BAGGAGE INSPECTION.

in every hand—a growth disproportionate to the normal expansion of our industries—there followed a congestion in the labor market which was very felt in the larger cities and manufacturing centres. But there was another element, separate and distinct from those enumerated, which it was desired to exclude. It was the criminal class—convicts and the lawless, who had rendered themselves obnoxious at home and were hardly likely, with the greater freedom they would enjoy here, to change their habits and mode of living in the new world. The movement in favor of restricted immigration took the form of local legislation, and a bill was introduced with a view to shutting out the criminal, the pauper and the physically incapable, as well as the illiterate. The proposed measure failed to become a law, but it is probable that the effort to restrict such a bill will be renewed at no distant date.

In the year 1896, over a quarter of a million of immigrants reached our shores

the large colored illustration shows a familiar scene in the Main Hall, at Immigration Headquarters, Ellis Island, after the arrival of a steamer. Having been transferred from the steamship to the island boat, they are landed on the dock and quickly assigned to quarters in the large building, where all such new-comers are temporarily placed until they are disposed of either by being "passed," or "returned" to their port of embarkation. Sometimes over a thousand immigrants are gathered in this hall, and on very busy days, even double that number. Then there is the usual formal examination, at which the questions already referred to are put to the new-comer. Should the answers be satisfactory, the immigrant is forwarded to his or her destination without delay; if otherwise, there may be a slight detention, to await a more thorough inquiry by the Examining Board, which may direct that the immigrant be "passed" or "returned," according to circumstances.

Many precautions are now taken for the comfort and welfare of immigrants arriving at American ports, which were not thought of in former years. In the days when "Castle Garden" was the old immigrant depot at the Battery, the lower part of the city was full of dangers for the new-comers, and "land sharks," immigrant

cue Home of Germantown, Pa. This article was the means, in God's hands, of reviving hope in the heart of a New York lawyer who was weary of sin, and on the verge of despair. He had, through strong drink, lost all, and become a castaway. He was born and educated in the city of New York, was a graduate of one of the leading universities, and was tenderly trained by Christian parents amid religious surroundings. He started life with the most brilliant prospects, and step by step went up the ladder of prosperity until he gained a large and lucrative practice.

He began to drink wine at dinner, and soon to take stimulants to revive his overwrought mind. The habit grew upon him imperceptibly until he became a drunkard. Whiskey had complete mastery over him. Aided by a loving wife and family, who made many sacrifices for him, and strove in every way to shield him from the ravages of the destroyer, he tried many times to reform. Property, friends, all that he had, soon were lost. For months at a time, he would not draw a sober breath. He was sin-cursed, and bound hand and foot by shackles that could not be broken. He became separated from his wife and family, and sank lower and lower into the depths of misery.

One day in June, 1895, while intoxicated and oblivious to everything around, he fell overboard into the river, was rescued, more dead than alive, and taken to the

the villages and hamlets in the mountains, among the moonshiners, riding many hundreds of miles on horseback and carrying the "glad tidings" to those who had seldom heard the story of Jesus. Returning to Philadelphia, he has since been actively engaged in evangelistic work in that city and vicinity. God has blessed his labors and the poor drunkard has been the means in his hands of winning hundreds of souls to Christ.

The Whosoever Gospel Mission and Rescue Home has a unique and interesting history. This noble institution was founded by Mr. William Raws, its Superintendent, some five years ago. He and his assistant Mr. J. P. McIntyre, are both redeemed men. Some 8,000 men have passed through the Home since it was first opened, forty families have been re-united, six hundred men have obtained positions through its influence, and many hundreds of others have been helped both materially and spiritually.

Fruits of a Wayside Ministry.

REV. GEO. W. SHARP, our Sunday School missionary in the south-west, writes from Macon county, Missouri: "I am laboring for a time in a country church, nearly midway between two school-houses where, in former years, I organized Sunday Schools in places of moral destitution. The church house has since been erected and a large congregation of believers has been gathered. Their Sunday School is evergreen, they have preaching regularly, a flourishing Society of Young People's Christian Endeavor meets each Sunday evening, and a convert of one of the meetings held since the church was erected, has been attending a college to prepare himself for the Gospel ministry. Of the numerous converts of this community, one has an interesting personal history which shows the blessing of God upon wayside ministry. Several years ago I was riding on horseback through this part of the country, and overtook a young man traveling in the same direction. We journeyed together a few miles, and as on inquiry he did not know the Lord, I explained to him the Gospel message. We parted when the roads diverged, and I heard no more of him until after several months I received a message informing me he had become a Christian."



RUIN AND RESTORATION.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Then went up in the night and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned.



DEAD city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the chanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body-guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced Temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body-guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out: "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and it could not be done. Some people were infuriate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philoso-

phy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder; but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is Church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the Temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the Church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it be your own fireside. The Church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the Church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to you. Sceptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than

any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the home-sickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit abominations, and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first north-east storm of temptation blows them down. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary Gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars, and impenitent in his sins, and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence, and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." This grand redemption of the Gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ring of the trowels.

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it

was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup-bearer in the palace of Shushan, and that was a grand place." So it was. Of that palace was two hundred square, and the roof hovered over six marble pillars, each pillar six feet high; and the intense blue of the deep green of the forest foliage, the white of the driven snow, the trembling in the upholstery, the friends, you know very well that figure. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. When you see him going among the isolated streets, and by these distant towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he had been disheartened, and that he had dismounted from his horse and to his room and said: "Woe is in my father's grave is torn up. The dishonored. The walls are broken. I have no money with which to rebuild. I had never been born. I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah, though he had a grief so intense, excited the commentary of his penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city, gets his permission of absence, his passports. He hastens away from Jerusalem. By night on horseback through the ruins. He overcomes most ferocious opposition. He overcomes the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. What I call busy and triumphant

My friends, the whole temptation with you when you have trouble is just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never get it again." You say, "I have lost my property and I never can repair my fortune." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never start again for a new life." If you make you form that resolution, and you keep it, he has ruined you. It is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you to animate you, to propel you. The smith does not thrust the iron into the anvil, and then blow away with the tongs, and then bring the hot iron to the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for use. Oh that the Lord God of Israel would rouse up all broken-down people to rebuild. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday and on Sunday appeared in the house of God as usual. "Give me a class; give me a class." School class. I have no children, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class of the back of the neck. That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At three o'clock on Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a parlour in Philadelphia—a parlour and statuetted—there were fifty to twenty destitute children of the poor. Those destitute children received instruction, concluding with cake and sandwiches. How do I know that was going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way. That was the first time in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a son, a boy, and he had been drowned in the Branch. The father and mother idolized the boy, and the sob and wailing of that father and mother as they over the coffin resound in my ears. There seemed to be no use of prayer when I knelt down to pray, the only the room drowned out all the prayer. The Lord comforted that sorrow. I did not forget their trouble. If you go any afternoon into Laurel Street, you would find a monument with the name "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. There was not an hour in twenty years, winter or summer, when there was a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having not

Sabbath afternoons mothered ten or
the lost ones of the street. That
beautiful. That is what I call busy and
sadness. Here is a man who
his property. He does not go to
banking. He does not destroy his own
comes and says, "Harness me
Christian work. My money's gone.
no treasures on earth. I want
in heaven. I have a voice and
to serve God." You say that that
failed. He has not failed—he
triumphed!

wish I could persuade all the peo-
w have any kind of trouble never to
e. I wish they would look at the
nt rider of the text, and that the
o of that beast on which Nehe-
hde might cut to pieces all your dis-
raments, and hardships, and trials.

Who is going to give up, when
osom of God he can have all his
ushed? Give up! Never think
up. Are you borne down with
e? A little child was found hold-
dead mother's hand in the dark-
a tenement house, and some one
in, the little girl looked up, while
her dead mother's hand, and said,
o wish that God had made more
r poor folks." My dear, God will
light. God will be your shelter.

be your home. Are you borne
with the bereavements of life? Is
ase lonely now that the child is
e. Do not give up. Think of what
sexton said when the minister
am why he put so much care on
r graves, in the cemetery—so much
ere than on the larger graves, and
sexton said, "Sir, you know that
is the kingdom of heaven," and
the Saviour is pleased when he
much white clover growing around
se little graves." But when the min-
rsed the old sexton for a more satis-
answer, the old sexton said, "Sir,

these larger graves. I don't know
e the Lord's saints and who are not;
y know, sir, it is clean different with
rns." Oh, if you have had that
ender, indescribable sorrow that
e from the loss of a child, do not
e. The old sexton was right. It is
w with the bairns. Or, if you have
e if you have sinned grievously—
e until you have been cast out by the
e, sinned until you have been cast
society, do not give up. Perhaps
e may be in this house one that could
thly utter the lamentation of another:

I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Like a snowflake, from heaven to hell—
To be trampled as filth in the street—
To be scoffed at, spit on, and beat;
Pining, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dying in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hanging the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son
comes to you to-day, saying, "Go
and do no more," while he cries out to
r sailants, "Let him that is without
of the first stone at her." Oh! there
reason why anyone in this house, by
e of any trouble or sin, should give
re you a foreigner, and in a strange
d Nehemiah was an exile. Are you
enms? Nehemiah was poor. Are
u mesick? Nehemiah was homesick.
re you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was
ck-hearted. But just see him in the
at, dling along the sacrilegious grave of
s her, and by the dragon well, and
roth the fish gate, and by the king's
ool, and out, in and out, the moonlight
in on the broken masonry, which
bro a long shadow at which the horse
and at the same time that moon-
tndling up the features of this man
y see not only the mark of sad rem-
scoe, but the courage and hope, the
niasm of a man who knows that Jesu-
an will be rebuilt. I pick you up
d-d out of your sins and out of your
rr, and I put you against the warm
ear of Christ. "The eternal God is thy
reiu, and underneath are the everlasting
ms."



THE DESTRUCTIVE MISSISSIPPI OVERFLOW AT MOUND CITY, ARK.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

How Some of the Submerged Sections Looked at the Height of the Inundation—Much Suffering and Privation the Result.

To witness an ordinary-sized stream in flood is a thrilling sight. How much more so to view any of the great rivers of our continent in that condition? For many days past the Ohio, the Missouri, the Arkansas and the great "Fathers of Waters," the Mississippi, have been flooding their banks along a course covering in the aggregate many thousands of square miles, and doing incalculable damage. In last week's issue we referred to the western floods, and to-day we are enabled to present photographs showing the actual condition of affairs in some of the submerged sections. These views were taken in the neighborhood of Mound City and Marion City, Ark., and they may be accepted as fairly representative of the present state of many localities along the line of the Mississippi, where the river has swept over its embankments and transformed the surrounding country into a veritable sea.

On the Arkansas side of the Mississippi, at the point near which these photographs were taken, the whole of the western bank is high, and this bluff was a means of rescue for hundreds of persons who might otherwise have perished. On the opposite side, where the country is level, and in many places considerably lower than the river, the destruction was widespread. At Mound City, near the point where the Ohio joins the Mississippi, the country is

land in town, except the railroad track and a portion of a hastily-constructed embankment.

Along the Mississippi flood line are many



A WHOLE VILLAGE UNDER WATER.

"chutes," being portions of the old Mississippi bed, which has been filled in by deposits from the river. Such deposits, being rich, alluvial soil from the river bottom, make exceptionally fine land for cultivation.



A FLOODED STREET IN MARION, ARK.



THE TOWN OF MARION, ARK., (NEVER BEFORE FLOODED.)

low and flat, but such a flood as the present has never been experienced, and this is the first time the locality has suffered from an inundation. Marion is five miles east from the Mississippi, when the river is in its ordinary condition, but just now, as the photograph shows, the entire town and surrounding country are in the grasp of the flood. There is not a dry acre of

There are many places from which, when the river is unusually high and the current swift, a quarter or even half a mile of bank will be apparently moved from one side of the stream to the other, the true explanation being that the constant changes in the river bed result in corresponding changes in the bank on either side. Sometimes the changes result in

the formation of islands in mid-stream, and these islands or bottom lands are exceedingly rich soil, and grow splendid crops.

An early thaw invariably precedes a flood in the great rivers, which usually comes in May or June. The March rains this year have already brought about a phenomenal condition of affairs, which, if followed by an April thaw, may cause serious disaster during the next two or three months. In the west the annual spring thaw is invariably followed by what is known as the "June rise" in the rivers, and it is feared that this "rise" may be an unprecedented one this year.

It will be weeks before the full extent of the damage done by the present flood can be accurately determined. In Arkansas, southeast Missouri, Kentucky, and part of Louisiana and Mississippi, there is much suffering and privation. Hundreds of families have lost crops, cattle, buildings and all they possessed.

in the world. The Cumberland and Tennessee rivers also flooded the lower grounds and did heavy damage. In southeast Missouri and Arkansas it is estimated that between 500 and 800 square miles of land have been and much of it is still under water, and that 10,000 to 15,000 persons have been forced by the floods to vacate their homes. Notice has been issued by the Signal Service that the outlook for the lower Mississippi valley is very serious, and that a great flood this spring is probable. This timely warning should not pass unheeded by the people of that section. Nor is the present danger by any means over, for the latest information is that at Greenville and Vicksburg, Miss., the river is still rising and a large force of laborers is at work strengthening the embankments. Of the 1,100 miles of levees, thus far less than seven miles have given way but other and even larger breaks are feared. The official warning of the Weather Bureau declares that about April 10, the levees will be subjected to great strain in southeast Arkansas, western Mississippi, and in Louisiana. Should the levees break, the result will be one of the most disastrous floods ever known. Those living in districts overflowed in former years, are now transferring stock and movable property to places of known safety.

STILL IN THE THROES OF FAMINE.

India's Chief Justice Cables that More Help is Greatly Needed—The First Relief Ship now Loading and to Sail under Christian Herald Auspices.



RELIEF S. S. "CITY OF EVERETT," NOW LOADING AT SAN FRANCISCO FOR CALCUTTA.

THE cable message printed in fac-simile on this page presents in concrete form India's bitter need. The proprietor of this journal being anxious to obtain the latest authoritative news of the situation in the famine districts, cabled an inquiry to Chief Justice Sir Francis Maclean, who is chairman of the Government Relief Committee, to whom five thousand dollars was sent from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. He replies that over and above the amount already received, fifty lacs of rupees will be needed. Reckoning the rupee at thirty-two cents, this statement shows a need of one million six hundred thousand dollars. Coming from so high an authority, this estimate must be accepted as absolutely accurate, and is evidently based on official reports, from all districts, of the number of starving people who are dependent for their existence on public charity. The reluctance of the Government to make any appeal for some weeks after the crisis developed, renders this admission of the stupendous provision required, all the more significant.

It must be remembered, too, that besides the number of starving known to the Committee, there is a large extent of scarcity unknown to its members. Stretching through the vast region, from north to south, are the villages in which people have no means of making their wants known to the Committee in Calcutta. With the shrinking from appealing to charity characteristic of the respectable classes, the people of these villages have suffered silently, making their small store go as far as it would, until they are too weak to travel to the relief works. They appeal to the missionaries, or to anyone who may have the power to help, and if their cry is unheeded they lie down by the roadside and die. Rev. T. S. Johnson, of Jabalpur, in a recent letter to Dr. A. B. Leonard of the Methodist Board, says: "Hundreds and thousands are dying of starvation. For God's sake encourage whatever our people in America may be inclined to do to help save as many as possible of the perishing people around us." Mr. Johnson adds that "grim awful famine prevails and must continue until October at the least."

Rev. J. W. Robinson of Lucknow, confirms this statement and adds that "the pinch is becoming more severe daily and we are much oppressed by the suffering around us and our inability to help. The awfulness of the famine can only be realized when one has to live in the midst of it. It fairly takes the heart out of a man to see starvation on every side. And this is what we must see for at least six months more and be unable to help." Mr. Robinson expresses his regret that through missionary statements from India, the Christian people of America should have thought that the shipload of corn which it was proposed to send several months ago was not needed.

In view of the urgent and authoritative appeals, we have no doubt as to our duty. The good work now going on through the efforts of our readers should continue. At the same time, grain is being distributed to the missionaries, which has been provided with the money supplied by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was soon exhausted. What shall the missionaries do for the hungry people? We are confident that our

readers will go on with the work, and that they will not suffer the people whom they have supported thus far, to starve. Let every Christian who loves the Lord Jesus Christ now prove his love by feeding the people in his name.

Pundita Ramabai, a cultured Hindoo lady who is well known in this country and is herself actively engaged in relief work, eloquently voices the need of prompt help. She writes: "The sad sight of aged men and delicate women stretching out their sore hands and begging you to help them, pouring out their sorrow into your ears, and lamenting their sore fate, while their tearful eyes look straight into yours, to find out whether there is a particle of sympathy for them, is altogether too much to bear, for a person having a heart of

by immersion, probably the largest number on record at one place and time since the day of Pentecost." This testimony of the former experiment is most encouraging. What may we hope from the distribution now going on at the forty-six stations throughout India through the gifts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD!

Our readers will welcome the news that the movement to send a Famine Relief ship from these shores to India, carrying food for the starving millions in that land, has taken practical shape, and that the first vessel is now being loaded at San Francisco. She is the large 4,000 ton whaleback steamer, *City of Everett*, and she has been chartered by the United States Navy Department and placed at the disposal of the Famine Fund expressly for this purpose. In this initial enterprise, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the active co-operation of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, whose special committee has labored heroically to make it successful. Generous donations of corn have been received for the first cargo from many of the Western States, including California, Illinois, Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas, and the great railroad lines of the West have given liberal transportation facilities. Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill., (whose activity in the relief work was mentioned in last week's issue of this journal), aroused the enthusiasm of the farmers, millers, merchants and citizens generally in the great Illinois grain belt, and was instrumental in securing nearly half of the first cargo.

Many other noble Christian men and women, church organizations and societies, and residents in rural communities gave valuable aid. Secretary Perry, of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

is so poor that a mite cannot be. Some can give a sack or two of group of neighbors or a little village community can readily fill a car. Other, ferently situated, can give, not a money. All will be needed, and a gift will be welcome. Even r corn-trains are flying westward, la bread and blessing for India. 1 cargo will set sail from an eastern probably New York.

Congress is being importuned by bill directing the Secretary of the charter and place at the disposal of Relief Fund, as many more ships be needed to carry these corn gifts to India. The following resolution was presented to Congress last week:

NEW YORK, March
To the Honorable the United States Representatives:

WHEREAS, A large section of India with a population of nearly fifty millions has been so affected by repeated failure of crops as most of these inhabitants down to the starvation, and

WHEREAS, Millions are now in imminent danger of death while thousands are dying of actual want of food, and

WHEREAS, The famine now prevailing is infinitely worse than that which prevailed in 1877, when nearly six million people died, and

WHEREAS, kind, sympathetic, Christians in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Indian Territory and other parts of the United States have offered to contribute corn and other large quantities toward the relief of these wretched people in distant India.

NOW THEREFORE, The undersigned memorialize your honorable body to pass a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to transport from New York for two weeks grain for the famine-stricken people of India not to exceed \$50,000, to be paid out of appropriated funds in the hands of said Secretary, providing for the grain being guaranteed by petitioners.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, P.

MARY LEITCH.

MARGARET LEITCH.
The undersigned officers of Missionary operating in India earnestly join in the petition:

DR. C. C. CREEGAN, Amer. B. Com. F.
E. E. CHIVERS, Amer. Baptist Miss. U.
A. B. LEONARD, Miss. Soc. of the M. F.
JOHN GILLESPIE, Pres. B. of Foreign
E. W. GILMAN, Amer. Bible Society.
MRS. HENRY JOHNSON, Woman's Christian Society in America.
A. McLEAN, F'n Chn. Miss. Soc., Cincinnati.

A similar memorial has also been introduced in the United States Senate.

Many of the gifts of our readers are the kind that bring a blessing on the receiver. They represent the first self-denial and like the two mites widow cast into the treasury were valued by Christ not by their pecuniary but by their spiritual significance.

The following pathetic letter was written in a large round hand, from a little Chicago to the children of India for itself:

Dear Children—We hope you will not until my money gets to you. I would love more, but we are poor. I am six years old.
ROGER F.

Elsie Danforth, Silver Springs writes:

My papa takes your paper and read it to the people in India being hungry and having to eat. I have earned a dollar and like them to have it if you will send it to me nine years old, and it is the best I can

S. R. McArthur, Walton, Kans.
Enclosed is a small gift for the famine in India. It will help a little. No Christian knowingly permit a brother to die of starvation or anywhere.

"Friend of India" wishes us to mention a suggestion to readers who that they cannot afford to give a to the starving people of India:

I suggest to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in view of the fact that one keep a native alive for a day, that everyone one meal a week, and give to the starving the money that meal would have cost, vary from five cents to two dollars, but if was, it would be an offering acceptable to as it would be the result of self-denial.

The following sums have been received for the work, but there are literal sands crowded out of this issue will be acknowledged hereafter:

Prev. ack'd \$18,802.23	Baker, Hugh
1.00	Baker, M.
1.00	Balden, Mrs. E.
1.00	Benedict, O. M.
2.00	Biedeman, Mrs.
25	Bird, M. & Mrs.
1.00	Black, S. L. & L.
25	Blackman, B.
25	Brink, Wm.
25	Brooks, Folkert
5.00	Brooks, D. A.
50	Brown, W. J. & F.
1.00	Burder, D. W. & F.
60	Burder, J. F.
1.00	Beck, Mildred
25	Beck, S.
1.00	Beck, W. H.
25	Beidler, David J.
2.25	Bender, Mr.
5.00	Benderson, Mrs. W. F.
1.00	Bennett, R. G.
1.00	Bennett, Mrs. S.

THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO GERMANY. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, Limited.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

FIVE DIRECT CABLE ROUTES

BETWEEN

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.

CABLEGRAM RECEIVED AT No. 8 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, MAR 30 1897 189

To Klopsch
We require at least fifty lacs beyond the amount already received further appeals quite warranted
Sir Francis Maclean
Calcutta

A CABLE MESSAGE FROM INDIA'S CHIEF JUSTICE.

flesh. Why do not good Christian people in England and America send money to the missionaries in this country, who are so anxious to help the poor people and are trying hard to do as much as they can for them, but cannot do much for want of means?" By this time, the good lady has learned that her appeal was answered before it reached us, and that the Christian people of America have done precisely what she desired.

It is gratifying to see in the *Bombay Guardian* that the prediction made in this journal some time ago, of the help the benefaction of Christian people would be to the missionaries, in their spiritual work, is likely to be fulfilled. Mr. H. St. Dalmas who writes from Schore, in Central India, reminds the Christian world of a vast harvest of souls that came through missionary relief administered in a former famine. He says that when the Telegu missionaries fed the people then, "Many of the natives wished at once to become Christians, or to become connected with the religion of those who were helping them in their time of need. But the missionaries said to them: 'Wait till the famine is over, and when you are no longer dependent upon us, if you still wish to become Christians, we will gladly receive you.' After being thus tested there were found to be large numbers who were considered to be true converts, and thousands were added to the church. In one day 2,220 were baptized

Committee, together with his associates, worked day and night, and met generous responses everywhere. The proprietor of this journal bore the expense of kiln-drying large quantities of the corn and of transporting much of the cargo overland to the Pacific seaboard. The entire cargo, after being loaded, is to be in charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose representative goes with it in the Government vessel across the ocean, and attends to all the details of distribution on arrival at Calcutta, the port of destination.

Meanwhile, we urge our friends everywhere to supplement this glorious beginning by preparing now for A Second Cargo. Vessels will not be wanting to carry it, and to bear to India all the offerings of food our people are ready to send. It is a work that will be rich with blessing to all engaged in it. We therefore ask every reader of this journal, every pastor of a Christian church, every church officer, Sunday School Superintendent or Teacher, every church member, and every member of any of the various church societies, to lend a hand and raise a voice. Let hearts and purses and corn-cribs be opened. Send your gifts in liberal measure. For all who love the Master and delight to do him service, there never has been, and never again may be, such a golden opportunity. We trust and pray that every one may have share in this, the grandest relief work of the century. None

Total \$20,666 62
And 89¢ there to ac-
knowledge next we

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

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India.

FROM now till next June, at least, the people of India must continue to suffer from want; and even then, unless copious rains fall meanwhile, their condition will be a most wretched one. Absolute failure of crops this summer in the central provinces, may involve months of privation and suffering, with a mortality terrible to contemplate. Knowing this to be the situation, our people are now bending every energy to help India in her time of grievous distress. Already our readers have sent \$30,000 to buy food, which the American missionaries are now distributing at some forty stations where famine exists. The dearth of grain in India has awakened the sympathies of our own farmers, whose corncribs are full to overflowing, and soon a loaded grain-ship, the *City of Everett*, will sail from San Francisco for Calcutta with a cargo of American corn. The government has placed this steamer at the disposal of a Relief Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, and she goes to India under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose readers, by their generous gifts, have done much to secure the success of the enterprise.

Those of us who have visited wondrous India are additionally interested in the rescue of her people from starvation. The two enterprises now go side by side—giving to India the bread of this life and the bread of eternal life. The work which shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the help—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India. But how much the work will be accelerated by the practical sympathy of Christian nations in sending them temporal succor. All India will believe that there must be something in a religion which takes care of the body as well as of the souls of the people ten thousand miles away. More missionaries to carry the one kind of bread, more ships to carry the other.

A Purer Press.

I will take more than the snow-waters of all her proud mountains to wash the skirts of Nevada. She is no longer the state of silver-crags, but the rendezvous of prize-fighters. Carson never will outgrow

the degradation of that day when, within her limits, two coarse-grained men, their abettors and admirers, congregated from all quarters of the country; from city and hamlet, men, boys and women, the poor and the rich, the Governor, and the legislators have made their record. Let them have their reward. The competitors for victory laid down their garments at their feet. It is no longer the cock-fights or the dog-fights or the bull-fights of former days, but the man-fights which are attractive to the men of this generation. This is evolution backward. Manly sport, indeed! The motto of Nevada is, "All for the country," meaning its mountains of silver. What of its prize-fights? Are they dying? The country would be excused.

This is what did it. Because the penny papers will do it, we must. Decent papers would not have touched the prize-fight with the tongs had it not been for the indecent ones. For, the time being, it seemed as though the managers of decent papers had lost their heads. They certainly had lost their consciences. Did they forget the thousands of children who would get their first impressions of a prize-fight from the pictures in their columns, who for weeks would repeat in miniature, what happened at Carson? The writer once saw an elegantly dressed gentleman on a Hudson River steamer, offer one of his little boys the sugar in the bottom of a tumbler of grog, and we felt like annihilating him. These newspaper managers, what shall we say to them? Is this the satanic press?

The attitude of newspapers toward deeds of crime and sin, should be that of a public censor. If crime and sin are recorded, it should be the merest record. No details should be given. As it is now if a benevolent man, an editor, a minister, a saint dies, the intelligence, if properly paid for, may have two or three lines in a daily paper. The suicide, the murderer, the man tried for crime, the victim of the gallows; these have column after column allotted to them.

If, as a nation, we continue to sow the wind, we shall reap the whirlwind. It is the press which propagates crime by giving detailed accounts of it. A single execution often makes an epidemic of murders. Public executions are done away with. But, we have the details of them brought into our very nurseries.

The Kingdom Coming.

GOD is getting the world ready for something grand and paradisaical. We cannot see all the links of the chain by which he will draw the world back into its proper sphere, but that both ends of the chain are in his hands is a fact beyond discussion. The great secular enterprises of the day will be found to be piers of a bridge on which Christ will march to his final conquest. The waters are his, the storms are his, the lightnings are his, the earth is his. All events are marching in procession, and will halt not nor wheel to right or left until they reach the foot of Christ's throne of universal dominion. All hail the day of the world's disenchantment and redemption. Let us be watchful of events. Study the Bible to see the prophecies, then study the newspapers to see how the prophecies are coming to fulfilment. Livingstone's travels were secular, but they opened the way for the redemption of Africa.

Sir Rowland Hill's penny postage was secular, but the fulfiling of Christian correspondence was born of that project. The art of printing was secular, but it has filled Christendom with Bibles. In other words, there are no secular events, for they are harvested to Christian results. Engineering and astronomy and navigation are abettors of Christianity. Take courage. They who toil for the right shall be in vast majority. The air is already stirred with the wings of the apocalyptic angel.

The Bread Winners of the Nation.

A PAPER FOR FARMERS.

WRITE to magnify the ancient and honorable guild of husbandry; for before kingcraft and priestcraft were born, husbandry had possessed "the garden of God" and brought under its control the pleasant lands "lying between the rivers." Husbandry is the corner-stone of all national prosperity, and no nation has dared to neglect it; while it is worth noticing that not from the priesthood, and not from the royal house, came the prophets and deliverers of the chosen people of God; they were taken from the plough and the threshing-floor and the sheep-fold.

Of the literature which has been saved from the wreck of past centuries, much of it relates to this subject. The works of Hesiod are strictly agricultural; Pliny laments over more than forty books on this subject lost in his day; Xenophon's *Economics* treat of farming and household matters; and Mago, the founder of the family from which sprang Hannibal and Hamilcar, wrote twenty-eight books on farming and the breeding of sheep and cattle. These books were standard authorities for many centuries, and Mago's *Libyan Ox* of 600 years before Christ, would be a very likely fellow anywhere 1897 years after Christ. The passage has been often quoted, but it will bear quoting again: "The young ox which you buy should be square in their form, large limbed, with strong, lofty, dark-colored horns, broad and curly fronts, rough ears, black eyes and lips, expanded nostrils, long and brawny neck, ample dewlaps, wide chest, well-bowed ribs, broad in the loin—slightly depressed in the back; straight, firm legs; large hoofs; long and bushy tail, and the body covered with thick, short hair of a red, or tawny color."

Among the Roman writers on farming were Cato, Varro, Virgil, Columella, and Palladius. Varro's treatise was dedicated to his wife; and though other men have "dared" since, it is those that "make way" that are worthy of honor. The women of the 19th century ought not to forget Varro. All these old Roman farmers were against what the English call "high farming." Their way was the simplest possible: a crop of grain and a crop of fallow. All of them agree about the advantage of early sowing, and their wisdom has been collected into a proverb, which says: "Early sowing sometimes deceives the farmer; late sowing, never—because the crop is always bad."

Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, in 1534, may be regarded as the first English writer on agriculture. He enunciated the principle "that a farmer cannot thrive by his corn without cattle; nor by his cattle, without corn." Tusser's "500 Points of Good Husbandry" was written a hundred years later; and after Tusser came Sir Hugh Platte and Jehro Hull. The latter was the first who attempted new modes of culture, and improved implements. He invented the horse-hoe, drill husbandry, and a threshing machine; though the flail was extensively used within my own memory. Then came Arthur Young who made long journeys and patient experiments in behalf of farming. He tested the value of common salt and ammonia in manures, and reiterated after every trial "the volatile alkali continues to triumph." He discovered the importance of chemistry in farming, and pointed out that path which Dickson, Johnson, Lord Kames, Sir Humphrey Davy, Darwin, Knight, and Liebig have investigated with such wonderful results.

The last half century has fully recognized the high calling of the farmer; princes now aspire to be "model farmers;" science caters for the occupation, and mechanics is its hired servant. In the United States this is especially the case; no country, in any age, has done so much for farming. Its plows, reapers, mowers, its spades and hoes, are known all over the world for their lightness and strength; it has greatly improved the horse-rake, invented sowers, sub-soil and trenching plows, cultivators, threshing and winnowing machines, &c., and in fact, has done more for the science of farming in fifty years than has been done for some sciences in a thousand.

There are sciences that have grown aged, and fallen from the world like an old garment; there are others the world remembers only as a man remembers his childhood's toys; but farming has only just finished its 6,000 years of childhood; only just begun to understand the mighty promise implied in the command, "replenish the earth and subdue it." Lord Erskine says, "you might as well hope to see the body in motion, when palsy has reached the heart, as expect to see manufactures, art, industry of any kind progressive when agriculture has declined." And yet, universal as it is in influence, agriculture can only succeed by the operation of the same great principle that influences all other human industry—individual interest. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone in general, as of farmers in particular, to resist imperatively all legislation, and all other combinations, which will thwart this principle.

Neither commerce, nor education, nor valor, will make a nation great, or lasting, if it be not agricultural. Where are the armies of Rome, of the Goths, and the Vandals? Where are the mighty fleets of Tyre, and Sidon, Genoa, and Venice? Will our schools and colleges

feed and clothe us? No, the farmer is the bread-winner of the nation. Let us then give honor to whom honor is due. Let every one, however humble, lift up his voice against anything which may shackle the bandman, whether it comes from private monopoly, or public legislation; so shall the garner be full and plenteous with all of store; our sheep bring forth thousands; our oxen be strong and plenteous; and there be no complaining in our streets.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commended "Home Camp Meeting" on April 3d, in the ministerial M. E. Church, Mariners' Harbor, Island. It will continue ten days, and is attracting a large attendance.

Major Whittle expects to begin a London about the middle of this month. Mrs. Stebbins, who have been helping him work in Scotland, have been obliged to take rest to recuperate, but hope to be with him beginning of his work in the metropolis.

Dr. A. J. Diaz, of Cuba, who had so an escape of his life at the hands of Gen. Butchers, is now laboring in New York preaches in the Fourteenth Street Theatre Sunday afternoon, and has opened a free ary in connection with the North Baptist

The seventeen Bible classes, organized by Rev. D. M. Stearns will continue meetings during Mr. Stearns' tour among missionary stations of the world. Rev. Geo. Needham will take charge of the New York Brooklyn classes. Mr. Stearns hopes to res labor in the autumn.

The American Bible Society made, at its recent meeting of volumes to the value of hundred dollars for distribution in Austria. W. Clark, of Prague, reports that last year bution in Bohemia has had excellent results six hundred complete copies of the Bible; nine thousand portions were put in circulation.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, recommends a bronze column thirty feet high erected in the grave of Livingstone. He estimates the cost at twenty-five thousand dollars. The column, which will suffice as a memorial until it comes when the white population of British Central Africa will raise something more substantial and more worthy of the great missionary.

Judson Memorial Church, New York, by an excellent arrangement with Mrs. Anne Hall, of Saratoga, N. Y., the well-known philanthropist. Mrs. Hall gives the church thousand dollars on condition of the trusting interest on the amount during her life. Mrs. Hall's object is to prevent a contest, will be waged after her death.

The American Sunday School Union celebrate its seventy-third anniversary at New York, on April 25th. A special meeting held in the Brick Presbyterian Church, a Morris K. Jessup, Esq., President of the Union, and Dr. J. M. Crowell, Missionary Secretary, Dr. Wm. R. Taylor, Dr. O. P. Gilchrist, other friends of the Union are expected to take part in the exercises.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is assisting this week the State Sunday School Convention of California, which is being held in San Francisco. He is a cordial welcome to the city, and expects meetings in various churches during his stay. Thence he will go to Portland, Ore., to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., holding meetings at each place. Immense audiences gather where he is known that he will sing.

Reports from Madagascar state that the missionaries and converts are suffering under the Roman Catholic opposition to French government than they ever did in the days of heathenism. The London Missionary Society especially has been informed by its agents on the island that persecution is carried on with "bitterness, audacity, persistency and unflinching equal to anything that has marked persecutions in days gone by."

The International Convention of the Men's Christian Association will be held at Atlanta, April 21-25. Among the leading speakers are Bishop Davis Sessums, of Louisiana; and Rev. J. L. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University. Rev. C. I. Schofield, of East Northfield, Me., will conduct the Bible studies. John R. M. Luther D. Wishard, international secretary, presents reports upon the extension of work among students and young men in the foreign countries they have visited.

The school for Christian workers at Springfield, Mass., is in future to be known as the Normal College. The change of name was made at a meeting of the trustees of the school, of the fact that the extent and aims of the institution justify the more comprehensive title. It also decided to abandon the Physical Department and add a department of Psychology, Pedagogy, and Sociology. Dr. George E. Dawson, of Logan University will have charge of the new department.

Nine churches of different denominations on the north side of Chicago have joined in reclaiming Beulah Home, 474 Fullerton avenue, a reclamation of fallen girls. It is under the direction of the Central Ministerial Association, and is being supervised by O. H. Richards. The institution is accomplishing a great work in the inmates to Christ and saving them from idleness. Of the seventy girls received the last six months, all but five have been converted and are leading consistent Christian lives.

An effort to unite the two branches of the Presbyterian Church is to be made this summer. The Northern Assembly will meet on May 2d at the grounds of the Winona Assembly and School Association, Indiana, and Dr. J. A. Row, of Chicago, the retiring moderator, will preach the sermon. The Southern Assembly will meet at Charlotte, N. C., the same date. Dr. R. L. A. being the preacher. At both Assemblies the question of the organic union of the two bodies will come up in the form of a proposition to meet next year at Louisville, Ky.



Sweden's Exhibition.

NEXT month is to witness the opening of an International Exhibition which will interest the whole of Scandinavia and will attract a host of admiring visitors from other lands. It will be held in Stockholm, the first Scandinavian Exhibition held in 1866. Already the site swarms with workmen putting the finishing touches to the buildings in which the exhibits are gathered. They will represent the Kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland, in the industrial departments, while all Europe has been laid out for its art treasures. Emperor Prince Eugene, the youngest son of King Oscar, made a tour through the Kingdoms of Europe, and personally inspected the leading artists to send pictures to the exhibition. The buildings comprise a Grand Gallery, an Industrial Hall, a Fishery Hall, and a Fishery Hall. They have been erected at the edge of the Djurgården, a great pleasure resort of the Swedes, among the giant trees, picturesque rocks and sunny meadows, which form a great park one of the most delightful holiday scenes of the world. It is a narrow arm of land stretching out into the sea, the land rising in terraces from the center, sloping to the water on both sides. The Fishery Hall is so situated as to command half its length, and to give a view of the city and the harbor. The exhibits are seen in the immediate surroundings. Near the edge of the garden, are numerous zoological gardens, with the most interesting and interesting

and museum which are permanent attractions well-known to visitors to the city. The Swedes are very enthusiastic for the achievement to which they have long been looking forward. Since the first exhibition in 1866, there have been two Scandinavian exhibitions,—one in 1874, and the other in 1888—but both of them were held at Copenhagen. The Swedish people cordially contributed to the success, but national pride stirs them to make this the finest and best of the world. During the thirty-one years that have elapsed since Sweden was the hostess of the exhibition, there has been a wonderful change in all the departments of science and industry. Scandinavia has kept well abreast of other nations in the march of progress and improvement, and this fact is proved by the exhibits. It is gratifying to know that in the moral qualities which constitute the real strength of a nation, Sweden is also well to the front. The Swedes are apt to set small value on this, but a nation's progress, but a higher quality than they have declared that it is the glory of a nation. (Prov. 14: 34.)

Plate Tombstones.

A suggestion is made by a journal devoted to the glass trade that glass is superior to any other material for the inscription on the memorials we raise in cemeteries over the last resting places of our beloved dead. The journal contends that ordinary plate glass is better adapted for an enduring monumental structure than the hardest marble or granite known to stone masons, glass being, in fact, practically indestructible: it is not subject to heat, and cold have their well-known effect upon even the hardest rock. It is a granite eventually crumbling away, and the obliteration uncommon of an

inscription on a stone gravestone only fifty years old. On the other hand, a glass structure for such purposes will present as fresh an appearance a couple of centuries after its manufacture, it is asserted, as on the day it was erected, and the inscription ineffaceable. A better way still of leaving an imperishable record in the world after we have left it than a glass tombstone, though it may have all the enduring qualities claimed for it, would be to live a life so beneficent and helpful that the gratitude and love of people we have made happy would follow us beyond the grave.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord... their works do follow them. (Rev. 14: 13.)

A Living Express Package.

An ingenious drunkard was brought into a New York police court a few days ago on the complaint of the driver of an express wagon. According to the story told there, the man had imbibed so much liquor in the northern districts of the city that the elevated roads and the surface-car employees refused to accept him as a passenger. Finally, he made his way to an express office and induced one of the men to carry him as freight to the Brooklyn Bridge. He was lifted into the wagon and he promptly lay down and went contentedly to sleep. On his arrival at the bridge, he was awakened and was re-

and walked to the altar. Taking up the child she announced in loud voice that she had been commanded to offer it in sacrifice. The people in the church were startled but did not seem to realize the woman's meaning until they saw her take the child by the throat and proceed to strangle it. Then a man rushed to her and snatched the infant from her grasp. She fought fiercely with him but was overpowered and detained until a physician came and administered a quieting potion. Her husband was found and took charge of her and the babe. Doubtless the poor creature's mind was unbalanced and was probably oppressed by remorse for some past sin. It is sad that since Christ made atonement for sin she should have suffered so much as she must have done before she could have overcome a mother's natural love for her offspring and have yielded to the suggestion which the ancient prophet put away as an offense to God:

Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (Hosea 6: 7.)

A Disabled Steamer.

An anxious week was passed by the passengers and crew of the steamer *Niagara* during her recent voyage from Nassau in the Bahamas to New York. Two days after leaving Nassau the Captain noticed from the erratic movements of the vessel that she was not answering to her rudder. An investigation was made at once and it was found that the helm was bent and broken. A temporary makeshift was constructed and with this the *Niagara* attempted to continue her voyage. For nearly two days the vessel was in the utmost danger and rolled so heavily that the passengers feared she would turn turtle and go to the bottom.

actually sees the effect of his voice. One ball responds to one note and others to different notes. As a ball vibrates, the air within it causes the drum-head to vibrate, too, and instantly the flame of the gas-jet jumps. Thus a deaf person who knew the system could see, by watching the gas-jets what note had been sounded, and as each jumped in turn, could construct a perfect record of the music without hearing a note. Photography constructs such a record. By the usual process a series of rapid photographs are taken registering the notes as the gas-jets shoot upward in response to the vibration of the drum-head in the spheres, of which they are respectively the key-notes. Thus, as in the phonograph, a permanent record may be kept of a singer's performance. When we read of this wonderful achievement of science, it does not seem hard to believe the assurance that Christ gave, that all our words are registered against the great day of account:

I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. (Matt. 12: 36.)

Discovery of Fossil Bones.

A remarkable discovery has been made by the great geologist, Dr. Dubois, in the island of Java. There is a small stream in the island which in the course of ages has cut for itself a passage between steep banks forty feet high. The lowest layer of these banks belongs to the era known to geologists as the tertiary formation, which from a human standpoint is extremely remote, but in the vast reach of geological research is comparatively recent. In this stratum are found the petrified remains of animals utterly unknown to us in this age, although some of them have characteristics which are thought by scientists to prove they were the ancestors of the buffalo, antelope, hyena, and crocodile. Several perfect specimens were dug out by Dr. Dubois' laborers, affording the scientist the means of forming a mental picture of what the world looked like at the period when these tertiary strata were the surface of the earth, and the great creatures roamed through

the forests and plains. One day the spade of a laborer turned up something that to the keen eye of the scientist differed essentially from all previous finds. It consisted of a skull, with a number of teeth and a thigh bone. His knowledge of comparative anatomy convinced Dr. Dubois that these remains belonged to none of the animals whose fossils he had previously found. The thigh bone must have belonged to a creature who walked erect, and not on all-fours, and one who had feet much like the human foot in its muscular arrangement. The teeth were not those of an animal which relied on them for its defence or for tearing its prey, but had become smaller, and like the human teeth. The skull, too, might have been the skull of an ape, or of an undeveloped savage. It had a brain capacity larger than that of any ape we now have, but smaller than that of ordinary men. The brows are heavy, the forehead sharply receding, and the ears much nearer the crown of the head than in the human head. Whether the creature was man or ape it is impossible to decide from the remains that have been found. The astonishing fact is that such a creature should have existed at the time when this stratum was uppermost on the earth. Previous to this discovery, no remains at all resembling the human body had been found among the fossils of the period. The discovery has given rise to many speculations about the order to which the remains belong. The difference of opinion even among scientific men shows that what elevates man above the brute is not so much in his physical conformation as in the soul, as to the eternal interests of which the majority of mankind are indifferent.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? (Eccles. 3: 21.)



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

quired to pay the express charges; but he insisted that his contract called for a journey across the bridge. As he stubbornly refused to pay, the express-man took him to the nearest police station, where he was locked up for the night. The morning brought a clearer view of the situation, and he was glad to pay the express charges and escape with a reproof from the judge. The curious feature of this case is that a man so much under the influence of liquor as to be rejected by the ticket agents of the Elevated Road and the conductors of surface-cars, should yet have retained sense enough to devise the plan of expressing himself to the bridge. He was able to realize that he had, by his indulgence, abnegated his dignity as a man, and had become a mere chattel, to be treated as common freight.

They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not. (Prov. 23: 35.)

A Sacrifice Prevented.

In the course of a series of reminiscences recently given to the press is a strange incident which occurred in a town in the northern part of New York state. One Friday morning there were several persons in a large Roman Catholic Church where Lenten services were being held. The service had not commenced, and all was quiet in the church when a well-dressed woman entered with a child in her arms. There was a look of tension in her face as one in acute distress of mind. But there was no hesitation in her manner as she walked with firm step up the aisle and laid the sleeping babe on the steps of the altar. Leaving it there she crossed the church to an alcove in which was an image of the Virgin. She knelt before it in prayer for some moments and then rose

Happily a British steamer was sighted and in response to the *Niagara's* appeal undertook to tow her to New York. The two vessels had proceeded only a few miles when the hawser broke and the disabled vessel was again rolling helplessly between the waves. A new hawser was passed to the *Niagara* the next day and the voyage was resumed. It was thought best to put in at Charleston, S. C., where the passengers were landed and sent home. Neither captain nor crew has any idea how the vessel's steering apparatus was injured. They only know that when the helm was not under control, small as that part of the vessel is, the whole ship and her cargo and human lives on board were liable to perish. Happily help came in time to avert the catastrophe. There are many souls in similar predicament to whom help is offered, but who are not saved. They do not realize, as these sailors did, that without the power of guidance they are in peril and can be saved only by being taken in hand by one who is able to save.

The way of man is not in himself; it is not in the man that walketh to direct his steps. (Jer. 10: 23.)

Photographing Sounds.

An ingenious arrangement for making a photographic record of speaking or singing, which has been devised by professor Hallock of Columbia College, is described by the *New York Herald*. It is based on the well-known fact that every vibrating body has a key-note or pitch to which it responds. The Professor's apparatus consists of a series of hollow metallic balls, each of which has a different key-note. There is a hole in each ball covered with a membranous drum-head, and on the other side of it there is a lighted gas-jet. The balls are suspended so as to hang free, and a person singing among them



THE RESURRECTION.

Sunday School Lesson for April 18.
1. Cor. 15: 12-36. Golden Text 1.
Cor. 15: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



RESURRECTION and judgment are necessarily connected. If it were proved beyond a doubt that life in this world is the beginning and the end of man's existence, the godless would be justified in their infidel argument. "If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die" (1. Cor. 15: 32, R.V.). But if indeed this life is but the preparation for another; if indeed we are on our probation, if we Christians "must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ: that each may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad" the resurrection is of the utmost import to the children of God. And if the great white throne, and him that sits upon it, with his unerring "books" in which the records of every sinner's life are written, awaits the ungodly; if they, "small and great," must "stand before God," and, as Daniel tells us (12: 1), these "awake out of the dust of the earth" to "shame and everlasting contempt," then the resurrection must be of terrible moment to those who reject their God. We are

On Our Probation,

saved and unsaved alike. All we are, and say, and do, has a bearing upon another life, to which we are hastening. If we really believe this, we look upon everything present in its relation to the future, and every day, every hour, we are sowing for a harvest which is to come (Gal. 6: 7, 8). Some are sowing to the flesh to "reap corruption," to have all their life work turned into ashes, as hay, straw, stubble (1. Cor. 3: 12-15), some are sowing to the Spirit, to "reap life everlasting;" gold, silver, precious stones, which pass through the fire, and are only purified thereby. Some look forward to the resurrection as their emancipation: citizens of heaven, they look for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion anew their body of humiliation, "that it may be conformed to the body of Christ" (Phil. 3: 20, 21); others, if they believe in the resurrection at all, are filled with terror for the time when they will be exposed and found out in all the shame of their nakedness (Rom. 3: 18).

The sect of the Sadducees said that there was "no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit" (Acts 13: 8); it was gross materialism; but there is another side of error—spiritualism which is equally gross: gross because self-centered. The adherents of both of these systems ignore or evade their responsibility to God. Paul controverts the Sadducean error by showing that faith in Christ is without foundation if there be no resurrection. In such a case, Christ is not risen, and what then becomes of his atonement and his intercession?

"If Christ Be Not Raised,

ye are yet in your sins," there is no proof that his death has been accepted, there is no power acting in heaven for you to enable you to live a holy life. It is the living Christ at God's right hand who can meet both the accusations of the enemy against us, and also work deliverance for us. His presence there is the only guarantee we have that we are accepted only "in the Beloved" (1. John 1: 6).

And his resurrection, as the head of his body, the church, is the guarantee of the resurrection of the whole body, when he shall have made it one as he and the Father are One (John 17: 23). But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept," or R. V., "are asleep." He is the first man who

has risen from the dead to die no more, "death hath no more dominion over him" (Rom. 6: 9). When God gave Daniel the prophet to see the resurrection, the prophet had not yet light enough to see that between the resurrection to everlasting life and the resurrection to shame and everlasting contempt the thousand years must elapse, during which Satan shall be bound with a great chain and the saints of the first resurrection "blessed and holy" shall reign with Christ (Rev. 21: 6). Christ is the first-fruits of the resurrection to everlasting life, the corn of wheat which fell into the ground and died that it might bring forth much fruit. (John 12: 24.)

It was by man that death came, it must be by man that death must be conquered; the only proof that sin is really conquered is the conquest of sin's penalty, death. As in Adam all died, so in the Christ, and in no other way shall all men be made alive,

by the Spirit of the Lord." (11. Cor. 3: 18). Like Christ they, too, are a people who die to themselves, who are buried with Christ in baptism unto death, and whose life is a life out of death, "newness of life," "not I live, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2: 20).

"Then cometh the end." All is waiting for "they that are Christ's." "The earnest expectation of the creation waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. 8: 19), the "people for his name" for whom he has visited the Gentiles. (Acts 15: 14). Until this people is made up the end cannot come, all is in suspense until the sun-clothed woman (the Church) of Rev. 12, can bring forth a man child, composed of fully developed sons of God, whom Christ in the first act of his coming will be justified in catching away "to God and his throne." This accomplished, then cometh the end, the great time of tribulation ending with the harvest.

CONVERSIONS AT ANTIOCH.

Alternative S. S. Lesson for April 18. Acts 11: 19-30. Golden Text, Acts 11: 18.

AN alternative lesson has been provided by the Committee for the use of teachers who prefer continuing the study of the history of the early Church, to taking up the subject of the Resurrection. The subject chosen is the Conversions at Antioch. It is interesting to us because of its description of the further extension of the Church from its Jewish boundaries into the non-Jewish world. The mother Church at Jerusalem

into matters at Antioch. This city was one of the most important in the world at that time. It had about half a million inhabitants, and was an enterprising and wealthy city.

Situated near the sea-coast, about a hundred miles north of Jerusalem, was the meeting place of caravans traveling east and west, where merchants exchanged their commodities. It was a city notorious for its vice and, at Damascus, which were proverbial for their excesses. It was natural that a church gathered from among its people should be regarded with suspicion. The choice of Barnabas as an investigator was remarkable, as he was not one of the Judaizing brethren and would be likely to deal leniently with irregularities if they existed. He evinced the doubts of the others, but he arrived at Antioch and found the genuine, he was glad and rejoiced to come the Gentile converts. Having testified himself of the sincerity of the believers, he went to Tarsus to summon Paul to his assistance. That he had sought his aid rather than the aid of Peter, James, or John, showed his Paul had been specially designated as a missionary to the Gentiles (Acts 13: 1-3). Barnabas doubtless felt sure that the work would be favorable to the movement. The two men worked together there a year. It is worthy of notice that the Antioch church should have taken collection for the distressed Jewish Christians in Jerusalem. Whatever doubt the mother Church had entertained about converts would be removed when men whom it sent to investigate, returned with these practical proofs that the Gentiles had the spirit of Christ. Antioch church soon afterward sent missionaries, thus giving further proof of its genuine Christian spirit. One fact is put on record. The people of Antioch were noted for their dexterity in giving nicknames to their visitors and to one another. A person had the name given him there stick to it. Now, a name was needed for the followers of the new faith, and the people of Antioch dubbed them Christians. The story shows that Paul and Barnabas had preached themselves but Christ.

The disciples were called Christians, Christ's people, who are like him, and not lost their claim on the great comprehensive family name though they taken on themselves the name of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc. The story is told that a man named Klein to this country from Germany. He translated his name and called himself "S. S." Later, a brother came over, and he translated his name, calling himself "S. S. S." A third brother afterward and he retained his name without translation. Thus, there were three brothers here bearing different names, but all identical in meaning. They did not record each other's identity under the different names, but when a letter came from many addressed to Mr. Klein, all claimed it. So the promises of Christ for all his people whatsoever name they are known by, if they are of his faith and are like him.

For he was a good man. There was when he saw people rejoicing in Christ, believing in him and turning from their sins, he was glad and would not exult any because of their Gentile birth. Father Taylor was preaching a full Gospel in Boston, he was on friendly terms with other clergymen, some of whom differed with him radically in doctrine. There was one Unitarian clergyman especially with whom Taylor was friendly. With his very decided views seemed strange that Taylor could call a Unitarian a brother, but the good, earnest man did, and evidently felt brotherly toward him. One day a clergyman of the conservative type went to Father Taylor and him rather patronizingly that he advised the work Taylor was doing, and proposed to help him. "Thanks to the Lord," Taylor, "for anyone who is going to us. The clergyman said there was one condition, which was that Taylor should cease to have fellowship with Unitarians. Taylor was disgusted with the exhibition of intolerance. "Doctor said, 'the Unitarians attached no credit to their help, and they do help though we differ. I think, on the whole, I cannot do without them, but I cannot do without you."



THE CITY OF ANTIOCH.

But every man in his own order, "Christ the first-fruits," the root of resurrection; afterwards they are Christ's at his coming, and no mention is made here of the resurrection and shame and everlasting contempt. But the terrible picture of the great white throne and of "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death," explains this half of Daniel's prophecy. Christ is not the first-fruits of the resurrection to everlasting death, the devil, the beast or antichrist, and the false prophet are the first-fruits of that resurrection. They who depart into everlasting fire inherit the doom prepared for another race, "the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25: 41.)

But Christ is the first-fruits of the resurrection to eternal life, and next in order,

They that are Christ's

at his coming." Who are they? "Inasmuch as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this cometh judgment, so Christ also, having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time apart from sin to them that wait for him unto salvation." (Heb. 9: 27, 28). Who are they that wait for him? How may they be known? The Apostle John thus describes them: "Everyone that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." (1. John 3: 3). They are his, and that wait for him are a people purified like Jesus himself, conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. 8: 29), "changed into his image from glory to glory, even as

appears to have been troubled by this extension. The members of it would evidently have kept Christianity exclusively for Jews, if they could. When the persecution scattered the Christians, they carried the Gospel message with them, but they took it to Jews only. Happily, however, the Jewish Christians who lived outside Palestine, had not the same prejudices, and they preached the Gospel to all who would listen. News soon reached Jerusalem that at Antioch a Church had been organized many of the members of which were not Jews. They were not descendants of Abraham, but Gentiles, heathen, and probably idolaters. The Jewish Christians at Jerusalem were scandalized. They had not been used to associate with Gentiles, and it seemed to them that if these outsiders were to be received into brotherhood, they ought first to become Jews by submission to the Abrahamic rite. Like many people in our own day, they attached great importance to physical rites and ceremonies, having failed to realize how little such things have to do with spiritual regeneration. Some one must be sent to investigate. The choice fell on Barnabas, the large-minded, warm-hearted Jew of Cyprus, who had sold his property and turned it into the common treasury, and who had taken the converted Saul by the hand when the other Christians had treated him coldly and with suspicion. Barnabas was sent to visit the churches where the irregularities had occurred, and especially to look



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

In a Sailors' Home.

How Many Sea-Wanderers Spend their Shore Leave—A Noble Christian Work.

AMONG the many benevolent organizations of New York, there are few, if any, that have a more far-reaching spiritual and philanthropic influence than those that have undertaken the task of

finding for the thousands of wandering sailors who find their way to this seaport. Within a comparatively recent time the seaman, when ashore, was left to his own resources, and often became the prey of a class of "harpies," plundering and vicious persons of both sexes, who preyed upon him between voyages usually at a poor Jack a season of wild dissipation at the expense of money, health and character, and he was fortunate, indeed, if he reached his ship in a condition to fulfill his duties, before she cleared. For a captain has been compelled to turn away from the members of his crew in the port of the city, or in the police station. A few days after the voyage his men, having lost all discipline, and easily led to temptation, would fall into dissipation ashore and squander their hard-earned wages; but he was powerless, having no control over their actions. It was therefore a boon to captains and crews alike when Christian organizations such as the New York Seaman's Society, and the Seaman's Christian Association were established, for these agencies exercised a moral and social influence over the men which has produced the most gratifying results. By furnishing meeting halls, libraries and places for innocent social relaxation, they drew the roving sailors away from the influence of the saloon and the dance-house, while the simple and attractive Gospel services that were held nightly, and the cordial manner in which the wanderers were welcomed and cheered, awoke in their hearts the desire for better and purer pleasures.

Our illustrations on this page afford an idea of the way very many sailors who have come to these happy influences, spend their "shore leave." Instead of going to the rum-shop or the "dive," as formerly, and finding his mates now go straight to the Mission. There they know they will find a warm welcome and pleasant companions, good music and capital reading, recreation for all, and while the ship lies at her dock—a enjoyable Gospel gatherings in the evening. They feel that it is real home life for the wave-worn sailor, and that as they stand by the Mission they are in safe hands. Many have been saved at these sailor missions, and the message of salvation spoken to their hearts has been carried by them to the farthest end of the earth.

The Seaman's Christian Association—whose quarters are shown in the illustration—is incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, and is now about to complete the tenth year of work among seafaring men and boatmen generally along the river front on the West Side. It is a chapel and reading-room at No. 665 Washington street, on the corner of the Tenth street, where purely evangelical services are held, and Christian fellowship is extended to the sailors. Reading matter and writing materials are furnished without charge. The Mission is used daily by large numbers of the men in the afternoons, and by still larger numbers in the evenings. They love to go there

and many of them regard the Mission as their "shore home" where all their wants are cared for. The Mission is non-sectarian, depending entirely upon voluntary contributions and subscriptions. It has no debts, and no compensation whatever is paid to any officer or manager. Every dollar contributed by friends of the Mission and by those having the spiritual and material welfare of the sailors at heart, is expended upon the work itself. It is proposed, if means permit, to enlarge the Mission premises, which are now frequently taxed to their utmost capacity. Visitors are welcome at the Mission daily, afternoons and evenings. Any readers of this journal who are interested in the deserving work, and who wish to know more of this typical Mission home for the wandering sailors, may address the Secretary, Miss E. M. Bangs, No. 665 Washington street, New York, who will gladly supply all information desired.

The Value of Compliments.

There are times when a deserved and well-turned compliment has a value far beyond any other ordinary form of expression. There are people, too, who have the gift of saying the right thing at the

"If each had gone around the world in search of a mate, I think they would have made the choice that heaven made for them. They had lived together more than forty years when I first knew them. I thought then, as I think now, that it was the most perfect wedded life to be found upon earth. They were both of most beautiful presence. He large, fair, with kindly blue eyes and handsome features; she slight, with dark eyes and hair. Both of the sunniest spirit; both free to take their own way, as such fine souls always are, yet their lives were so perfectly one that neither led or followed the other. Mrs. Clemmer, in her reminiscences, tells us that the wonderful union of spirit and action which made the married life of James and Lucretia Mott one long harmony, complete in every part, was not only the mere accident of congenial temperaments coming together in one house, or of two happy tempers acting under one name, but, beyond everything, it was the result of their oneness of moral purpose; their oneness of devotion to what they believed to be right; their oneness of sympathy with the oppressed and wronged everywhere. What a splendid example

or unrefined, in the direction of better or more undesirable pursuits, he ought not to be permitted to follow always his own



SERVICE IN THE SEAMAN'S MISSION CHAPEL.

fancies, or to do only that which he really likes to do. The parent or the teacher must decide what pursuit of activity, or what branch of study, is best for each several child, and must train him to it accordingly.

A Good Rule for the Home.

It is related that a wise mother was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One of the children spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother, only one of my school-mates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her good." "Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother: "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."



RECREATION HOUR IN THE SAILORS' HOME—SEAMAN'S MISSION, NEW YORK.

right time. Others, with the best of intentions, never seem able to do so. They blunder into awkward speeches, and give offense where they mean to give pleasure. Those who know them best understand and gratefully accept their intention; but people less acquainted draw off in annoyance. A very choice instinct is needed in dealing with complimentary speeches. The true compliment is born, not made. It perfectly fits the person to whom it is addressed. We all know people who make us feel in a good humor with ourselves. How they do it we cannot quite tell, but they charm us out of gloom and despondency, without saying that we can specially lay hold of or remember. At certain times such company is most useful to us. We fly to it for cheering and comfort; it soothes and solaces us, pouring oil and balm into our wounds. But some soothing is more due to personal charm than to anything complimentary that may be addressed to us.

A Happy Married Life.

Speaking of the happy married life of James and Lucretia Mott, an Eastern writer has this to say of the famous pair,

the story of their home life afforded for young married couples to emulate.

Child Occupations.

There are few, if any children who do not need to be trained to apply themselves earnestly to occupations which they dislike, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull. The tastes of some children are very good, and of others very poor; but nearly all children have positive inclinations in one direction or in another. They like playing better than working or reading; or they prefer reading or working to playing. Some prefer to remain indoors; others prefer to be outside. Some want to occupy themselves always in mechanical pursuits; others would always be at games of one sort or another. Some enjoy being with companions; others prefer to be by themselves; yet others would attach themselves to one or two persons only, having little care for the society of anybody else. In their studies, children show, perhaps very early, a decided fancy for geography, or history, or mathematics, or the languages, and a pronounced distaste for other branches of learning. Now, whether a child's tastes are elevated

A year ago some time this month, writes Mrs. W. B. T., of Milesburg, Pa., the superintendent of the Junior Endeavors of our little village gave to each of the larger children a penny to invest in something and see how much they could increase it to help raise money to finish our church. My little boy, just a little over six, could not go that day on account of not being well, and was very much hurt that Miss R. did not send him a penny with the other children. So I told him to see how much he could make without a penny. I had taught him to make paper lamp tapers, and suggested that he should make some of them and see if he could sell them. I cut him some strips out of newspapers, and he made them in pack and sold them for three cents; and a friend of his gave him some very pretty colored paper which he sold for five cents a pack, and until the 4th of June he had made \$1.10, when the money was taken in for the church. His friends often gave him a few extra pennies and since that has made \$1.26, all of which he has given for missions, except the twenty-six cents which he has now sent for the poor starving people of India. He still has a good supply on hand that he is going to sell to give to benevolent purposes.

What a Little Child Did.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII—Cont'd.

"I Must Go and See Jessie."

Alice rose as she said these words. Her face was pale but resolute, and John was confounded and distressed by the attitude she had taken. He was totally unprepared for it. He hardly knew what he had expected, certainly nothing like this tone of accusation, and for a moment he was shaken to the very citadel of his being by the truth as Alice saw it. It is, however, the business of Reason and Experience, to fence off Truth and to defy impressions, and John almost instantly began the process.

Alice, however, was not inclined to prolong the interview, and if John had understood women better he would have seen that she was at that extreme tension, that soon makes the strongest impatient and hysterical. It required all her efforts to preserve the quiet dignity of manner she had assumed. She was impatient to be alone and free to give herself relief from a restraint so painful and exhausting. What he said of excuse and penitence, was hardly comprehended, she only knew that neither of them had dared to touch the real cause of offence—it seemed so shamefully small and unjust—his sensitive knowledge of her dislike to Steve's marriage, and her unreasonable aversion to Steve's wife. They were making a shipwreck of their love, and it was their own fault. There was no storm, it was the little leak in the boat itself that invited destruction, a leak they could easily have stopped, if they would only have recognized its presence.

As it was, John could not prolong so unsatisfactory an interview. He offered her his hand, and she took it, and there were tears in her eyes as she did so. For a moment it lay in his hand, then he bowed his head and kissed it, "Farewell Alice," he said, and with a great sigh he turned and went quickly down the path leading to the gateway. It was all over. Alice as yet hardly realized her suffering, the pang of conflict with it was to come, but as she sat very quiet under the trees, the delicate antennae of the soul began to tell her it was near. John had more hope, for though he felt that a great silence and coldness had fallen over his life, he was an unconscious believer in sequences. He said to himself—"I will not despair. Very few events break off in an absolute way, and threads that are dropped, may be lifted again. She loves me yet. I love her. That we are to be parted forever, is an incredible thing: Destiny is reserving her best gifts, that is all—and I seem to have made mistakes—I have not understood a woman so proud and sensitive—I must think this thing fairly out—doubtless it is my fault. He was silent after this admission for a long time, but finally reached what he believed to be the first right step—

"I must go and see Jessie." Suddenly he remembered Steve, and he asked himself anxiously "what was the matter with Steve?—I must go and see Jessie."

CHAPTER IX.

Ambition and Nicholas Lloyd's Failure.

John was not in the fairest of tempers when he arrived at Jessie's home, and her appearance further irritated him. She had grown physically much handsomer since her marriage, and she dressed herself with consummate taste and effect, but she did not please her brother. There was the same air of insurgent dissatisfaction on her face that there is on the surface of the sea after a passing storm. Her mood explained Steve's mood, and both of them emphatically declared a wrong of some kind; so much so, that John's first remark was—

"What is the matter now, Jessie?"

"Oh, life is such a disappointment, John! Nothing turns out as it promises!"

"Sometimes it turns out better, as it did between you and Steve. Who would have thought he could have furnished you such

a lovely home? And what a becoming gown you have on. A remarkably lucky woman I call you."

"I don't know about that. When we are sure things are beyond our means, we do not long for them, any more than we do for Queen Victoria's jewels; but when we see the desire of our heart within our reach, and are prevented from taking it by an unreasonable man, then we are naturally indignant."

"Do you mean Steve? And in what does he prevent your happiness?"

"I want to go into the society Mrs. Stephen Lloyd ought to go into. I want Steve to do what his father wishes him to do. It is all well enough for a man to follow his own vagaries when he is unmarried, but after he has a wife, she ought to be consulted. Steve won't do a single thing I ask him to do."

"Then I am sure you ask very unreasonable things."

"I don't! I don't! I only ask the place he gave me. Fancy Nicholas Lloyd's only son living in a miserable little sixty-dollars-a-month flat! We ought to have a house on the avenue, and a cottage at Newport,

don't be a foolish woman, and throw away love for gold. It won't pay you. You will be very wretched."

"If Alice married you, she would be expected to share your poverty. Why then should not I expect to share Steve's riches?"

"Steve is poor. He resigned all right to his father's money, when he refused to assist his father in making and taking care of it. Nicholas Lloyd will leave him nothing; Steve does not expect a cent from him; more, he does not want a cent; more, he has no right to a cent."

"He has. He is Nicholas Lloyd's son."

"There is a right, far greater than birth—the right of obedience and duty. Nicholas Lloyd had the right to expect this duty and obedience in the precise way that seemed good to him. Steve, having come to man's estate and knowledge, had the right to render that duty, and expect the recompense for it; or he had the right to refuse the duty and resign its reward. Steve could not conscientiously do the duty his father asked; he declined to perform it, and he is much too honorable to expect results which he has refused to earn. That is the whole case. Jessie. Steve will never be a rich man through his father. Mrs. Lloyd may leave him a competence. I do not think she will do more. She has already discovered that he does not know the value of money."



"A LUCKY THING FOR HER," SAID JESSIE, SCORNFULLY.

and what is more, I mean to have them."

"Then you will have to have them without Steve. I can tell you that, you ungrateful, unreasonable woman! Do you prefer a fine house to your husband?"

"Nonsense! There is no use talking heroics to me, John. I want my husband in a proper house, that is all. What is the good of money, if you do not do yourself good with it?"

"Money! money! money! I wish I could get out of the sound of the word!"

"You cannot. Life runs to it. If love used to make the world go round, it is money that does it now. Steve ought to have hundreds of thousands of dollars; he might have them if he had a bit of sense, and then he could let me travel and dress and do as I want to do."

"You want hundreds of thousands of dollars to travel and dress and amuse yourself?"

"Yes, I do. I could spend millions comfortably. I want a town-house, a cottage at Newport, a pretty steam-yacht, fast horses, fine stables and carriages and a Parisian modiste."

"Did you tell Steve your ambitions before you married him?"

"My ambitions have grown. They were but scrubby little intentions when I married. Why should we not live as handsomely as Alice Lloyd does?"

"Alice has money of her own. Her mother is very rich. Her father is very rich. You know how poor we are, and how poor we have always been. Jessie,

"Indeed! Do you really acknowledge the value of money? I thought you were among the scorners?"

"I know that money is the grandest of powers. I know its value thoroughly. It is the mammon of righteousness, as well as of unrighteousness."

"For goodness sake, John, don't preach." Then she suddenly stopped, for she heard her husband's step, and her face clouded, and she threw herself backward in her chair with an air of indifference to every earthly thing.

It pained John deeply to mark the change that had come over both husband and wife. There was no hurrying to meet each other, no kiss, no fond inquiries, no haste to bring refreshment and comfort. Jessie preserved her indolent attitude, and kept her eyes on the fine handkerchief, whose lace she plaited and unplaited in her fingers. Steve said only, "Well, Jessie, still in the blues?" and giving John his hand, he sat down by the open window. He looked like a man thoroughly out of temper with life and with all life's duties and belongings.

"John," he said, after a minute's silence, "I am thinking of the mountains—the mountains a long way off—the Rockies. What would I not give to hide myself in their cool solitudes to-day."

"Then why do you not go there, Steve?" asked Jessie, with a provoking and yet alluring nonchalance.

"You may ask that question once too often, Jessie," he answered.

She only laughed mirthfully, as if the covert threat amused her, and in an anxious to turn the wretched conversation, said:

"Your sister will marry Lord Meav I think, Steve. He has renewed his suit and all is now favorable."

"I am very sorry, John."

"A lucky thing for her," said Jessie. "Steve, I intend to go to the wedding. You must manage that for me, at least."

"I shall have nothing to do with the affair, Jessie. It is much against my wish. As to the people who will be present, mother and Alice will decide that matter. I shall not be there."

"I never saw such a family! You sister would not come to your wedding now you are going to pay her back her own coin. That is your Christian I suppose."

"Christianity has nothing to do with it. Alice could not come to our wedding, told you that before. I don't know Medway, and I don't want to know Alice and I understand one another."

"A good thing if you do. I defy one else to make rhyme or reason of either of your actions."

"Can we have dinner, Jessie?"

"I suppose so. Ring for it. Sit down, John."

"I will stay no longer, Jessie. sorry I came here." He arose angrily, clasping Steve's hand, went away with a word to his foolish sister, though heard her crying hysterically before he reached the outer door.

It seemed, then, as if Love was a whether it was successful or unsuccessful, and if so, was it not better to get his appointment before marriage? He felt his own trouble in Steve's, which seemed so much more unnatural; and he himself, at the close of every train of thought, mentally ejaculating, "Poor Steve!"

He did not know what good cause there was for his pity. In the few months that had elapsed since Steve's marriage, Jessie's desires had grown with the digressing celerity that attends the increase of whatever is bad. Indeed, the knowledge of Steve's parentage had the dropping of the evil seed. It lay seen during the first joy of their nuptials but it was full of vitality, and steadily pushing its way to a more active position. Before the honeymoon was over she was contemptuous of all her present surroundings, because her imagination had already furnished far more splendid habitations. She was well aware that these dreams depended for realization on Steve's submission to his father's wild plans, and she was determined that she should submit. She introduced the subject continually. All their confidences and conversations ended in it. There was never a meal eaten that it did not suggest in some form it was present, either in discussion or for silent dissatisfaction. Steve complained of weariness, he was told to take his proper place and work. He spoke of the sorrows of the poor, he visited, he only introduced another phase of the daily quarrel; indeed, the was scarcely a circumstance of life that was not a text from which to preach the same sermon.

Had Steve been an ordinary man, the persistence of attack might have succeeded, but he was not an ordinary man. Had he been cast in the common mold, he would never have closed his ledger and given up his fine financial prospect in order to live the life of simple freedom desired to live. Jessie might have understood from his antecedents, that her husband had a will equal to her own, and that in any contest about a point so vital, she would not find him an easy conqueror. But she had that womanly habit of mind that sees only one side of a question, and the still more womanly habit, of converting all her forces into one form of attack. Jessie saw clearly the social position she desired to occupy; she understood that it must come through Steve's compliance, and all her powers were used to force compliance. He had been complacent on all subjects but this one; here she found all the sweet stratagems that love employs to compass its desires useless. She finally abandoned them and began a course of nagging sarcasms, sullen dissing, or miserable complaining, that would have brought any man of vague character to what she considered a reasonable mission. (To be Continued.)

DEATH CONQUERED.

The Promise of an Endless Life,
Surviving Death, and Affording New
Plans of Development.

In considering the subject appointed by the Christian Endeavor Committee for the day: "Different kinds of Death and the Conquest of Them," we approach a subject in which every one being has an interest. The path of mortal treads, whether he be rich or poor, cultivated or ignorant, happy or miserable, leads to this one end. Standing before him, near or distant, but unavoidable, is the enemy which remorselessly sweeps every tie which unites him to this world. The blow must fall upon him as he falls on all who have gone before, and whether he is ready to die or whether his work be finished or unfinished, he must quit when the summons comes. But can life go on afterwards?

Is the question which has perplexed philosophers from the beginning. We look upon the remains of our ancestors as they lie insensible in the earth, we are sure that the life with which we have been in contact will never be renewed. Whatever association may have with them in future life, we are under new conditions. No argument is needed to prove that if man is mortal, his immortality does not rest on the body. Death is the end of it. But cannot life continue after death is dead? Is the body essential to the continuance of life? If life is renewed, it must be a life without a body, or a life in a new body. It is the hope that Paul holds out to us in the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians, the last nine verses of which are associated with the Topic. It bids us hope that God will give us a new body, and to every seed its own body. We infer from this, that the resurrection will be specially adapted to the uses of its inmates and will be appropriate to the stage of development which each has attained. It is a mystery. The Apostle admits, but it is conceivable that God may give such a body to the disembodied spirit. The idea is a suggestion and it gives new meaning to much of our present life.

The whole realm beyond the grave is completely hidden from us, and so there are the intimations that the Bible tells about it, that conjecture is necessary based on the analogies our present life affords. Many of them are encouraging. We can conceive of a continuance of life even here. We can imagine an artist delighting in the beauty of nature, and rejoicing in painting on canvas the mountains, forests, and sea sky as they present themselves in varying conditions of light and color. If blindness fell upon such a man he would be dead to all scenes existing about him, but the artistic soul would not be dead. The picture that was in his mind before it was on his canvas, would be in his mind still, and the pictures would come there which his hand had no power to portray. The man who cannot read is dead to the world of literature, but teach him to read and he lives in it. The man who knows nothing about music is dead to the realm of sweet sounds, but when he is instructed, he appreciates the harmony. The man who lives for sensual delight, like the animal, has no pleasures but those of sense, is dead to the beauty of the world and the joys of the Christ-life. Let the Holy Spirit renew his heart, and the man lives in a spiritual sense. Death is conquered. May it not be that at the death of the body the soul will miraculously have new facilities and new organs and instruments of expression? Then, we may be now arranging and preparing for a life of indefinite duration in conditions peculiarly favorable for our development. The very mischief of death does in laying the body in the dust may be emancipation. It may open the gate to a wider, fuller life. The soul that has received life from Christ may stray on expanding in the direction it has taken here, and may continue its path onward unimpeded by the weight of physical proclivities which cripple its progress in this life. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but faith bids us trust.



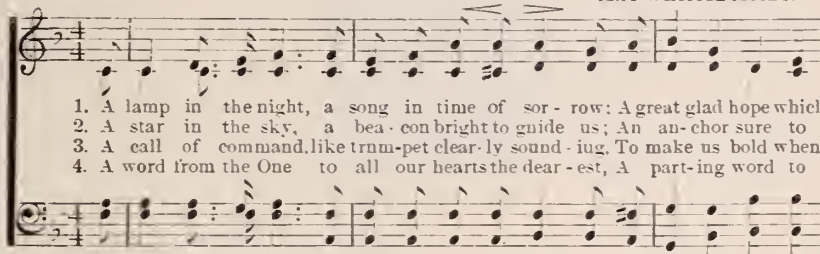
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

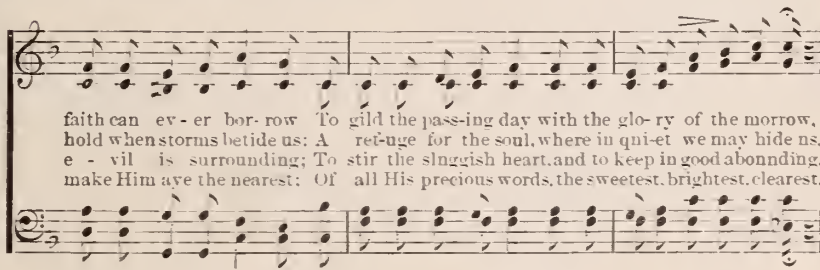
"Looking for that blessed hope."—TITUS 2: 13.

D. W. WHITTLE.

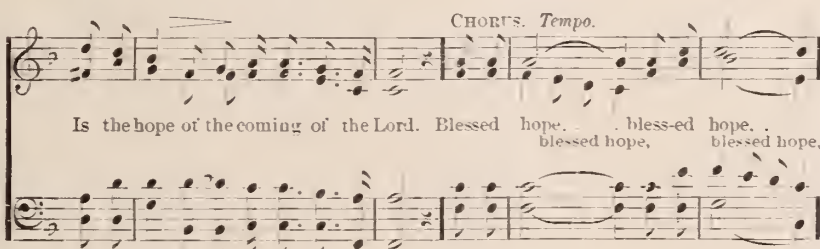
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



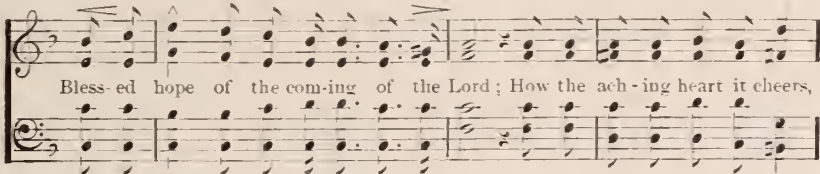
1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row: A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us; An anchor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sound-ing: To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to



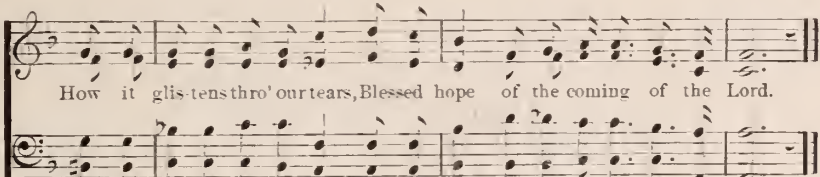
faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the pass-ing day with the glo-ry of the morrow,
hold when storms betide us: A refuge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,
e-vil is surrounding; To stir the sluggish heart, and to keep in good abounding,
make Him aye the nearest: Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest.



Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . .
blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . .



Bless-ed hope of the com-ing of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers,



How it glis-tens thro' our tears, Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1" By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

EVERY YEAR.

YOU are growing old, they tell us
Every year;
You are more alone, they tell us
Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows
Every year;
Darker days and darker sorrows
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its Morning Star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter
Every year.

—GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

SAVE THAT SOUL.

SOME father's boy, who left the peaceful
harbor of his childhood's home,
To brave the perils of the sea, and sport with
waves and flying foam,
Had made sad shipwreck of his life, and now
is stranded on a shoal,
O, save that boy for God and heaven; save
that never-dying soul.

Some mother's darling, in the springtime of
her life's bright fragrant bloom,
Put out to sea in waters under which there
lurked the rocks of doom;
And now her wretched soul is breaking on the
reefs of sin and shame,
O, save that girl for God and heaven; save
that soul in Jesus' name.

Away from father's home and watchcare; far
from mother's counsel true,
A host of precious youths are drifting into
perils hid from view,
O, warn them what they hazard with no com-
pass, pilot safe, or chart,
O, save those souls for God and heaven; save
by every sacred art.

—Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

ARMAGEDDON.

The Future Conflict of the Nations
Identified in Prophecy and its Is-
sue Described.

BY REV. CAPEL MOLYNEUX.



THE battle of Armageddon is closely connected with Israel's future history; so much so as to institute the climax of the period emphatically described as the time of Jacob's trouble.

The battle is plainly predicted in several passages of Scripture, notably Ezekiel 38; 39; 40; 41; Jer. 4: 6, 7; Joel 3; and Zech. 14. A difficulty, however, is felt by some in distinguishing between this battle and others made mention of in Scripture. For instance, a battle or siege is predicted in Luke 21: 20. Again, another battle is predicted in Rev. 20: 8, 9, to occur at the close of the Millennium. And there is the battle in Rev. 16. Now, the battle predicted in Luke, is certainly the siege of Jerusalem under Titus, and cannot be confounded with that to occur at the close of the Millennium, foretold in Rev. 20: the distinction between these is perfectly evident. But the question is, whether the battle foretold in Rev. 16, is not identical with one or other of these, or whether it is distinct from and unconnected with both.

At the siege under Titus he was completely victorious, and Israel completely vanquished and dispersed, even to the present day: while at Armageddon, on the contrary, while the enemy of Israel may conquer for the moment (as appears from Zech. 14: 2), yet shall it be only for a moment, the Lord quickly appears to fight for Israel, and the enemy then is utterly destroyed. Nothing can be more decisive or absolute than the distinction. In one case the interposition of the Lord, in a providential form, is wholly against Israel; in the other the interposition of the Lord, in a personal form, is wholly in Israel's favor—to confound these is manifestly impossible. This, surely, is enough to distinguish between these sieges. Clearly, then, this battle of Armageddon is quite distinct from that in Rev. 20, as much so as it is in Luke 21.

The particular moment of time, too, when Armageddon is pre-ordained to occur, is very remarkable, as contrasted with both these other battles. Unlike the siege under Titus, it occurs, not at the beginning but at the end of Israel's tribulation; while unlike the siege in Rev. 20, it occurs, not at the end but at the beginning of the Millennial age. It occurs, in short, just between the other two, and at that particular point of time when Israel's troubles close, and the time of blessedness is about to begin.

In regard to this battle it must be further noticed, that it is, when fully viewed, divisible into two parts, or acts. The first relates to the assault of Antichrist and the nations, on Israel at Jerusalem: the second to the assault of Christ, and the host of heaven conquering Antichrist and the nations. These parts or acts, essentially distinct as they are, are often confounded, and great perplexity and error in the interpretation of prophecy is the result though, indeed, such confusion is not greatly to be wondered at, in view of the prophetic figures.

Again, God has another object in the battle, even in reference to the nations who shall be gathered together and engaged therein. It is designed for their final destruction, as well as primarily for the chastisement and judgment of Israel.

The immediate results of the battle will, of course, precisely accord with God's purposes in permitting the battle, the results will show the fulfilment of those purposes, and will therefore be:

First: A terrible destruction of many of Israel in the city and in the land, even two-thirds of the whole. "And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die, but the third part shall be left therein." (Zech. 13: 8.)

Secondly: The deep humiliation, repentance, and purification of the remnant of the "one-third" who are spared and brought through the fire; and who receive the Lord at his coming with joy and gladness, and are subsequently commissioned to go forth and proclaim his name and glory to the isles and nations afar off. (Isaiah 66.)

CHAMPION SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

The Records Still Coming In—One Aged Pupil Who Claims Sixty-five Years of Attendance—How the Contest Progresses.

EVERY week brings new and interesting developments in the Sunday School Championship Contest. Some of the records that are produced are indeed astonishing, and must be as much of a surprise to pastors and superintendents as to anybody. The friendly competition continues to arouse interest in every part of the United States, and some of the letters received tell us of records of many years of faithful attendance, which are the more wonderful when we bring to mind the obstacles that must have been overcome and the storms battled against to keep them perfect.

Mr. George H. Glasgow, of Rochester, N. Y., (whose photograph was published in these columns several weeks ago), has an interesting history. He is a leading contestant for the championship honors. He commenced his regular attendance in the infant department of the Central Presbyterian Sunday School of Rochester, N. Y., January 1, 1867, and up to February 1, 1897, has the magnificent record of thirty years—1560 consecutive attendances—without a break. In 1872, Mr. Glasgow visited England, being gone ten weeks, and knowing the importance of keeping his record intact, he attended a Bible class on the steamer, both going and

once in fifteen years. Everett Schaefe, Newark, N. J., has attended the First Reformed S. S. for seven years and eleven weeks without a miss. Sophie McEwen, Hubersburg, Pa., has attended the Hubersburg U. S. S. for fifty-four years, missing only a few Sabbaths. Miss Laura Davie, New Dorp, S. I., has attended the New Dorp Moravian S. S. for five years and fourteen weeks, up to March 21, 1897.

Mr. George Taylor, Washington, Ky., writes: "I wish to tell you of a little girl who went to Sunday School when she was five years old, for the whole year; sometimes she was so sick that she had to be carried, and leaned on her teacher while there. She would under no consideration miss attending. Her name is Hattie L. Taylor."

A very remarkable family record comes from Fall River, Mass. Miss Mary E. Slinn began her Sunday School attendance when she was three years of age, and has not been absent a single Sabbath for seventeen years and twenty-three weeks. Her sister, Miss Lavinia Slinn, has a record of twelve years without a miss, and a brother, Joseph K. Slinn, has eleven years perfect attendance to his credit. Photographs of these pupils were recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As a testimonial of appreciation of their faithful attendance, a Bible was presented to the sisters in 1890, with the

indeed, could be more tragic than the petrified bodies found in the positions in which they were overwhelmed; or more realistic than the ruts made in the paving-stones by hurrying chariot-wheels; and the hollows worn at the fountain by the hands of many, while leaning there to quench their thirst; or more pathetic than the marble bust of a councillor standing intact in his own well-appointed vestibule? With sorrowful wonder we turned up this street and that, visited the baths, the theatre, the Street of the Tombs, and last of all, the museum. The latest excavation, completed eight months ago, revealed the finest of all houses as yet laid bare. In the garden-court, around which the house is built, are beautiful fountains and statuettes of marble (than which no finer are to be found in Europe), the whole having been in some measure restored, and the garden planted, to reproduce, as far as possible, its original appearance. At every turn one met evidence of high civilization, which suggested how little, in the last 2,000 years, the world has advanced in either its arts or ingenuities.

Evangelism on the Border.

Any reader of this journal who is willing to be instrumental in assisting the evangelistic work on our southern border (fully described in our issue of March 10, page 186), can do so by addressing E. P. Bancroft, Secretary A. S. S. U., New York. It is proposed to put in the field a Mexican convert as assistant to the present missionary, Mr. W. H. Gill.

MALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.				
Scholars.	Sunday School.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years.	Total Attendance, Weeks.
Jas. Leonard,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	15	30
Chas. Kempf,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	6	17
Walter Shertz,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	5	5
Allen Brinkman,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	5	3
FEMALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.				
Mrs. Sarah Spicer,	Granite Pres. S. S., Granite, Md.,	A. M. Kirkpatrick, Sup.,	65	3120
Jennie G. Moseley,	1st Parish Unit, S. S., Dorchester, Ms.,	G. W. Fox, Ass't Supt.,	12	28
Florence Bitzer,	St. Matt. Luth. S. S., Schuylkill H'n. Pa.,	Miss Diebert, Teacher,	8	7
Margaret Grosz,	Throop Ave. Mission, Brooklyn,	D. R. James, Supt.,	7	6
Sadie Glazier,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	7	4
Mrs. C. C. Mullin,	Trinity Luth. S. S., Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	J. J. Brehm, Supt.,	6	38
Nellie Hill,	Mt. Vernon Bapt. S. S., Mt. Vernon, Tex.,	H. H. Weaver, Supt.,	6	26
Katie Grosz,	Throop Ave. Mission, Brooklyn,	D. R. James, Supt.,	5	30
Maggie Gonsamer,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	5	27
Laurie Davie,	New Dorp Mor. S. S., New Dorp, S. I.,	M. Frech, Teacher,	5	8
Lottie Hege,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	5	8
Esther Elliott,	Pres. Memorial S. S., Lancaster, Pa.,	E. R. Garvin, Supt.,	5	5

returning, and went to Sabbath School while in England. The faithfulness of this scholar has been fully appreciated by his Sunday School companions, who have at different times presented him with handsome testimonials.

A very interesting record is that of Miss Sallie Benton, of the First M. E. Sunday School, Peoria, Ill., who has attended Sunday School for thirty-three years from 1863 to February 1, 1897, with only two

following verse inscribed upon the fly-leaf:

"E'en as thou hast long been faithful,
Strive to ever faithful prove;
Love thy God and love thy neighbor,
In the path of duty move.
Never absent from thy place,
Ne'er found wanting in God's grace."

This letter tells of a remarkable Sunday School record:

Granite, Md. Mrs. Sarah Spicer has been a continuous member of the Granite Presbyterian S. S. for 65 years, making a total of 3120 Sundays. She has also been an active member of said church, and is now 76 years of age. Unto better informed we claim the Championship. ANDREW M. KIRKPATRICK, Sup't.

We have written to inquire further as to this record, which, if fully authenticated, would seem to eclipse all others. There should be a very interesting story connected with Mrs. Spicer's Sunday School experience.

Miss Florence Bitzer has a record of uninterrupted attendance for a period of eight years at St. Matthew's Lutheran S. S., of Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

Miss Theresa L. Scott has been an attendant of the First Presbyterian Church S. S. for nine years with only one absence.

On this page we give the new entries for the week. The entries in the present contest will close on June 1st.

Pompeii's Silent Palaces.

A writer in the London *Christian* gives this description of a recent visit to the Pompeian ruins: "The solemn silence of miles of streets, erst so full of life, the roofless houses now so desolate, with grass o'ergrown, the partly obliterated frescoes and mosaics of exquisite design of workmanship, remnants of a departed glory, forming a link between the old world and the new—all these inspired the beholder with unspeakable awe. What,



J. SEYMOUR NEEKER.
RECORD: 2 YEARS 11 WEEKS.

absences. Her record is the more remarkable because of constant illness, it being necessary on many Sabbaths to carry her to and from the church.

K. D. Beebe, Spring Mills, N. Y., has been absent from Sunday School but



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Mrs. Armenian Massacres.

As was foreshadowed in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Cretan troubles have been the cause of stirring up dangerous agitation in Asia, and the Turks have seized upon the helpless Armenians. At the town of Tokat, in the Sivas district, a great massacre took place, in which hundreds of Armenians were killed. They were attacked by the Turks while at prayer, and cruelly slaughtered. For five days the attack continued, and many Armenian houses and shops were looted. The excitement. In consequence of the ever remembrance by the British Ambassador at Constantinople, the Sultan ordered the dismissal and arrest of the officials and the appointment of a British Commission to try them. The latest outrage has naturally caused great consternation among the Armenians, and it is feared that other massacres will follow. Contributions for the Armenian Aid and Orphan Rescue work during the week are acknowledged below:

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the expression universally applied to the condition in which spring commonly finds us, — when we are without energy, without appetite, and without strength. The figure of speech implies that we need something to set us going again. The uncoiled mainspring will not coil itself; the watch must be wound. To the watch there must be a key; a key made to fit the watch. The human stem is like the watch, it won't wind itself. The mainspring of this system is the blood — "for the blood is the life," and to re-coil that mainspring, to put it to it anew the power that moves and works, there must be an equivalent to a watch-key. What the "run-down" stem needs in the spring is that there shall be put back into the blood the vital elements that have been taken out of it. You can do that, or you can take a long rest; do nothing but loaf, diet yourself, and take proper exercise. You can do

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NUMBER 15.

EASTER NUMBER



THE TOMB WHENCE LAZARUS AROSE



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. A. W., Mt. Hamill, Ia. 1. What is the Bowerly? 2. Is it wrong for Christians to attend county agricultural fairs, where there is horse-racing? 3. Is it wrong for a minister to spend days in the game of foot-ball when he has to go a distance to engage in them?

1. It is a leading East-side thoroughfare in New York City, full of cheap stores and tenements, and long celebrated as the resort of the vicious and the criminal classes. 2. No real Christian will patronize horse-racing. 3. A minister may enjoy exercise in moderation, but it is well to remember, even though there may be nothing wrong in certain kinds of recreation in themselves, that such an one cannot afford to forget that there is a dignity and respect connected with his calling which may easily be sacrificed by such a course as you describe. It would certainly impair a pastor's usefulness, if it did not destroy his spiritual influence altogether.

F. E. P., Holly, N. Y. Which is doing the more good to help India, America or England?

Both countries are doing all they can. The relief movement began earlier in England, as was to have been expected, but our own people are now doing magnificently, as usual.

Olympic, Tenn. 1. If a Christian has given up dancing, card-playing and like amusements, is it wrong to indulge, once in awhile among select and intimate friends? 2. When men are obliged to work all the Sabbath-day to accommodate Christians, and non-Christians, and have themselves no opportunity of getting to church—if they are not connected, is not the Christian who helps to employ them partly responsible? I refer to the cars.

1. We do not think he is justified, at any time, in disregarding the voice of conscience. The amusements you enumerate are a distinct hindrance to spiritual growth. They have been a step to ruin for thousands, and never helped one. 2. Of course they are partly responsible. The best thing to do is to seek other employment where the objection does not exist.

Chas. G. R., Bullock, N. C. Was Paul a Jew or a Gentile?

He was of Jewish descent, of the tribe of Benjamin (see Phil. 3: 5), and inherited from his father the rights of Roman citizenship.

A reader, Mr. E. J. Roberts, Augusta, Me., sends us the following Biblical arraignment of spiritualism, which will interest many who have written us on the subject:

Lev. 23: 27; 19: 31 clearly show that the Lord forbids his people to follow after familiar spirits. At the end of forty years Moses again warns the people against spiritualism in all its forms, Deut. 18: 10, 11. One of the Kings of Israel did practice it and it provoked the Lord. 11. Chron. 33: 6. Micah, the prophet, bore a message against this evil. Micah 5: 12. Also the prophet Isaiah, Isa. 47: 12, 13. Acts 8: 9, 10 mentions a sorcerer who was thought to be the power of God, but in fact proved to be a power of Satan. A similar case is reported in Acts 13: 9, 10.

E. G. H., Ironton, O. What other gift was with the township of land in Florida, given to Marquis de Lafayette by the Congress of 1824 on his visit to the United States?

Congress voted him \$200,000 and the Florida township.

Susie E. Quick, Lake City, Mich., writes:

Last year the fleets of Europe lay in the Bosphorus and yet the butchering went on. Is Europe afraid of offending the Turks? Or does she value her opium trade more than the lives of Christians? God himself has said, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." And what right have the nations of the earth to disregard the Divine command? What right have they to enter into a treaty that will shield the Turks, while they allow the murderous work to go on unchecked? Will not God avenge himself on those nations who are so derelict in duty? We women of America only wish the Monroe Doctrine did not restrain our government from sending an army to aid in the full overthrow of Turkish rule.

Subscriber, Midletown, Conn. Will you answer through the columns of the MAIL-BAG, where I live and He is not rich who lays up much, but he who lays out much. And verily to lay out lavishly for God in this life is to lay up abundant treasure in the life to come?

Some of our readers may possibly be able to furnish the information needed.

Here is a letter which carries with it an inspiration to all who have a spark of sympathy in their breasts for suffering India. It is from Rev. Thos. Marshall, D.D., Field Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, a man whose whole life has been described as "a romance of Christian modesty and moral heroism."

"Chicago, Ill., March 25, 1897. I wish to contribute to the Famine Fund for the India suf-

ferers. Herewith I send you my check for five dollars. I wish I could send more, for I have been in that country and can easily judge of the distress of men, women and helpless little children, who are dying for the lack of bread, of which we have such an abundance, and too often eat and waste without a thought or a care for those who are dying for the lack of that which we could give, and be the richer for the giving. May God have mercy upon the suffering and cause that these afflictions and sorrows may redound to the glory of his name by opening still wider the door of the Gospel of his Son, our Saviour."

W. P. D., Blue Springs, Miss. 1. What was the Copernican system? 2. Is it right for a Christian boy to play baseball? 3. Where can I get a good Bible Dictionary? Who was Queen Victoria's husband?

1. The system of astronomy taught by Nicolaus Copernicus of Prussia in the sixteenth century, the essential feature being expounded in his book called "The Revelation of the Celestial Orbs," upon which he labored 21 years. 2. Yes. 3. Write to any good publisher. 4. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

J. R. Bowerman, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., writes:

Would there be any way of forwarding food to



THE CATTLE MARKET AT QUIMPER, BRITANNY.

Formerly a French town of importance, Quimper has been left somewhat behind in the march of progress. It has a fine cathedral, dedicated to St. Corentin, and several other buildings of note. The cattle market is one of the periodical occasions of interest in the community.

the perishing people of India such as different kinds of grain and vegetables if they were donated for that purpose? It would seem that quite an amount might be collected in grains, salt meat, etc. Could it be conveyed to them free of charge?

The only available contribution of food for India could be in the form of old corn. Meat and perishable vegetables are out of the question. No Hindoo eats meat. See whether a car of corn, in sacks, cannot be gathered in your neighborhood, each person giving what he can.

Subscriber, Toronto, Can. When a husband does not seem to have any inclination to join in family worship, is it proper for the wife who is anxious that her young children should be led to Christ, to lead while the husband and father is engaged in reading the newspaper and smoking? What is the best means to induce him to be interested?

Yours is a very common experience. By prayer and perseverance you may finally overcome his indifference and get him to unite with you in worship. Perhaps your pastor might be able to aid you in bringing this about. Kindness rather than reproaches may prove effective. Let the older children ask him to join, and the barrier once broken, he would have no hesitation afterward. It is only a beginning that is needed.

The following plea from an army chaplain should meet a warm response at the hands of many readers.

Fort Sherman, Idaho. I have recently been transferred to this post and find myself with very little of any kind of literature suitable for use in barracks, hospital and guard house. I write to ask for good clean book numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If one will send one or more numbers to our reading room for a year, he will render a good service. If individuals send book numbers, they should be in excellent condition, free from soiled spots, etc. I am practically empty-handed in beginning my

work, and as I never in the past applied to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in vain, I feel sure help will come. C. C. Bateman, Chaplain, U. S. Army.

L. M. N., Bellefontaine, Pa. What is your opinion of the good old hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," sung to an operatic air in such a tragic way you can scarcely distinguish a word, and sung by those who frequent public dancing-halls and euchre parties at night, and stand up before a congregation as Christians in a Christian Church?

There is a trace of bitterness in your question, but we quite agree with you that such singing, no matter how "artistic" the performance, is unsuited to Church services and not likely to be appreciated by a majority of the worshippers. An occasional solo, however, is admissible and may be rendered in freer style than the congregational music.

This letter from a well-known pastor, who has the cause of suffering India very warmly at heart will be read with interest:

"DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD. I cannot restrain myself from saying how much I admire the splendid courage and Christ-like spirit of your heroic work for the starving millions of India. I am inviting my western friends to seize this opportunity of lending their corn to the Lord. God bless you in this great work, and bring to your aid great souls in pulpit and pew all over the land! Ever yours, LOUIS ALBERT BANKS."

We commend the practical course of Rev. Dr. Banks to other pastors. Let them arouse sympathy everywhere in India's behalf now, and they will soon discover how enthusiastically their people will be to forward so glorious a work. The cry of India for help should be sounded from every pulpit in the land.

Mrs. Thos. S., Cobden, Ill. Are all the illustrations representing the poor in India taken from life? Emaciated forms are so ghastly, I think they should not be printed, unless taken from actual life.

They are taken from life. In the early stages of the present famine, our correspondent in Calcutta, Mr. Aitken (a journalist and evangelist) went inland to the famine districts at

would grow out of his work as he initiates Matt. 16: 18 and other passages. A number of Christians multiplied and views of divine truth manifested the Christians of the same view naturally associated themselves together. Each contention that it was the organ most in accord with Christ's concept the members did not honestly and believe that they would have no reasonable corporate existence. But they have to contend for exclusive possession truth. That would be an arrogant assumption. Christ does not deal with the mass the individual. No man is saved by ing to a church, but by being born Christianity is life not form, or rite, money. Life takes varied forms and, thian is justified in entering the church suits his spiritual life and tends to its ment. All that is required of him is Christ. Christ did not prescribe the any book except the Bible.

E. B., Plankinton, S. D. 1. If, as I believe, thing in the life of God's children is arranged of God how could Paul tribute a hindrance to Satan as in 2: 18? 2. Is it the duty of a Christian to accede to the request of a pastor to testify in public?

1. Paul in common with the people time had a firm belief in the inter Satanic influence in human life. Not the passage you quote, but in II. C. he refers to it. The "thorn in the flesh" ever that affliction was, he regarded a senger from Satan. The writer of took another view. He said the evil that troubled Saul was from the Lord. Samuel 16: 14; 18: 10 and other p. The writer of the book of Job thought the evil fortune might be the work of under express permission of God. "If of evil has always been a mystery and solved yet. Though we cannot under we may be sure that vexations a drances and temptations, do not con without the divine permission, and intended to strengthen the character himself said that all things work together good to them that love God. (Rom. 2. The pastor should have the support of his members, but there are times a member may be justified in declining word of explanation to the pastor in before the meeting might save both from embarrassment.

M. J. K., Hanover, Pa. How do you just answer as to the religious teaching schools, in view of the opinion of many men who hold that there ought to be teaching in the public schools?

We do not justify it. Every man is to his own opinion. Our correspondent for our opinion and we gave it. must be taken for what it is worth. The BAG could not answer its purpose if it fended our opinions in it against those not agree with them. In spite of the nence of the authority you quote, we that the State is unfit to be a religious and, if we had children of our own in the schools, we should most strenuously to having them taught religion there; as we believe if the State were policed side what character of religious it should be given, the decision would form, which in our opinion is a most pe error. Let the State keep its hands occupation for which it has no capacity.

Teacher, Dover, N. H. We cannot space.—F. J. B., Sanborn, N. Dak. C if it can be done at any other time.—Chelsea, Mass. We don't care to disbelieving the story to be largely a huggaboo. B., Hillis Corners, N. Y. By all means yourself, if possible, as to the sincerity of arious profession before taking any conclusion. It may mean the misery or happiness of a for you.—Reader, Bonners Ferry, Idaho to Editor, Engineering, New York.—S. cied, Ont. The cases are not at all similar boral's" letter recited a state of affairs which sufficiently warrant her in adopting the covised. It is to be assumed that she had convinced of the hollow and unsatisfactory condition of her surroundings, and desired better. (See Matt. 10: 35 to 37.) Scenery Hill, Pa. Question as to dancing answered repeatedly in recent issues. C. Wilkesbarre, Pa. No more tossed by entire Premium edition being exhausted. M. Clinton, Ill. 1. Read the full account plus "Antiquities of the Jews." 2. We can the photograph desired.—Subscriber, M Tenn. Not specifically.—C. S. G., Wilk Pa. 1. We think not. Such studies, with tical experience and actual contact with tances used would be almost valueless. 2. The Electrical World, New York City.—V., Norwood, N. Y. Dr. Watts, we believe B. H., Mantoville, Minn. On its face it is consistent; yet there may have been reason must not judge rashly, or without knowing facts.—Inquirer, Woodhaven, L. I. It is electrical star.—T. E. S., Graniteville. These statements by explorers and anti are simply given for what they are worth, such leaning and distinction are entitled to ing.—A. J. Griffin, M. D., Carlisle, N. understand he was a member and comm not a mere attendant.—C. G. A., Cto. Certainly not.—J. S., McMinnville, O. visited Palestine in 1880-81, but did not get his recent round-the-world tour.—Mrs. Schmid. Write to Commissioner of Washington, D. C.—Reader, Silver Spring Pray for strength to overcome the habit some harmless substitute. The habit is oi to spiritual progress and usefulness.—A. Olean, N. Y. She is the founder of C science. Her biography can be had in any public library.

Damoh, Jabalpur, etc., and had the photographs taken specially by a photographer who traveled a long way for that purpose. Some of these pictures have already been widely reproduced in other journals. Some of the photographs were so ghastly, we did not dare to publish them lest readers should be shocked.

Reader, Stockton, Kan. If I sent a ring (which I cannot sell here) could it be sold in New York and the amount sent to the starving in India? It is all I can give, and I do not want to wear something just for adornment when people are starving.

We cannot dispose of jewelry except at a great sacrifice; hence we discourage the sending of gifts of that nature, while appreciating the cordial good-will of those who would give them.

Reader. Why was the peacock a symbol of the resurrection?

It was regarded as sacred to the goddess Juno. A writer says: "It was the universal belief of the Old World that the peacock annually lost and renewed its plumage; shedding its feathers in Winter, only to attire itself in plumage of a more brilliant hue in the Spring-time; and again, that its flesh after death was incorruptible. These beliefs naturally led to its use as a symbol of resurrection and immortality."

Josephine, Richmond, Ind. The members of a certain church claim that theirs is the church founded and established by Christ and that no other is justified in making the claim. Have they any Scriptural authority for the claim or for the books they use?

Christ did not organize or establish any church during his ministry. His requirements were of the simplest and most personal character. He, nevertheless, foresaw that a church



A MONTENEGRIN CHIEF.



A GREEK WOMAN OF THE BORDER.



A COSSACK OF THE DON.



A GYPSY OF THE BALKANS.



A GREEK OFFICER.

ON THE BALKAN WAR LINE.

Europe Watching the Hostile Armies of Turkey and Greece — The Balkan Peoples—Russia's Influence in the Crisis.



BALKAN SOLDIER.

PEACE seems to have fled from Europe, for a time, at least, and the eyes of the Old World are now directed toward the Balkans, where the armies of Turkey and Greece confront each other in hostile attitude. With 90,000 Greek troops under Prince Constantine in Thessaly, with headquarters at Larissa, and a force of nearly 150,000 Turks stationed advantageously at different points on the opposite frontier, with headquarters at Ellassona, the prospect of peace is certainly not reassuring. Moreover, the preparations of the two nations con-

spires look to Russia as the real arbiter of the situation, and whose wishes must govern the action of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania in the final event. All correspondents unite in declaring that war seems to be imminent. In the Greek army there is a martial spirit not to be mistaken, and the people are so clamorous for war, that should a compromise now be reached, the throne would be in serious danger. Larissa, the headquarters on the frontier, has, besides its own population, nearly sixty thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery. Great preparations have evidently been made for the expected campaign and the war supplies and commissariat are all that could be wished. Even the frontier roads have been put in good condition to facilitate the movements of troops. Pontoon bridges have been thrown across the streams, and a complete telegraph and electric searchlight system for field uses has been constructed. Across the frontier on the mountain slopes, can be seen the tents of the Turk-

sacks, Albanians, Circassians, Russians, Bulgarians, Turks and Greeks, with a good sprinkling of Western Europeans as well.

Some of the types involved are shown in the photographs on this page. Ordinarily, representatives of all these different races, who are now facing each other in deadly hostility, may be seen in Constantinople in amicable relations, but the approach of war has effected a sudden transformation.

A well-known writer and traveler, Emma Paddock Telford, who has a very wide acquaintance among the people of Eastern Europe, has written this interesting description of some of these races for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Among the 150,000 people under whose footsteps Constantinople Bridge sways from morning until night, and whose varied costumes produce a kaleidoscopic effect of brilliant color and constantly shifting form, may be found representatives of all nations; the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japheth, starting from one parent stock. With the first glimmer of coming dawn, the stir of life that so soon broadens into a veritable maelstrom of humanity, makes itself manifest. Upon the boats, the Turkish boatmen rub their eyes, give themselves a shake and are wide-awake and on the alert, getting the steamers ready to go to the different villages for the first contingent of early passengers. The *cafis* of the boats prepare their steaming coffee over the charcoal braziers in the little cabins near the wheel. Engineers and captains snatch a cup of the fragrant beverage; the 'look-out' takes his place at the bow ready to raise his voice in the sonorous cry of 'Varda!' 'Varda!' (look out), that marks the passage; the whistle sounds shrilly, and the business of the day is well begun. Among the pedestrians on the bridge

man with her black-eyed baby peering from a bag on her back, an Albanian 'Mohalibedji' with his tempting tray of 'Mohalibi' covered with a clean wet cloth and surrounded with ranks of gaily-colored saucers and bright, arrow-shaped spoons, a begging Dervish, bare-footed, ragged, a white deer-skin on his shoulders, beads hanging from his neck and surrounded by a pack of hungry, wolfish dogs. Perhaps the most striking figures in the crowd are a band of low-browed, wild-eyed Circassians in bear-skin caps, with daggers at their belts and silver cartridges on their breasts. These have just disembarked, having with them a group of beautiful, dark-eyed Circassian girls, to be sold as slaves at the palace. Here in contrast comes an Armenian wedding, the singing boys ahead in white gowns and with candles in their hands. Just behind them the priest chanting 'Hallelujah,' with incense burning in his hand as he beats time with it to the stately march. Behind the priest are the parties most interested, two cheerful, smiling faces, the bride and groom. Next a procession of schoolboys, chanting merrily, on their way from school, from their open Arabic prayer-books, while all devout Mohammedans as they pass cry 'Amen amen.'"

But just at the present moment not only Constantinople Bridge, but all Turkey is in turmoil. While the rival armies are facing each other on the border and apparently eager for the signal for war, Europe's rulers and cabinets are playing at cross purposes. England has over sixty warships in the Levant, but she gives only a half-hearted co-operation to the other powers, the impotency of whose concert does been strikingly illustrated by the failure to effect any adjustment of the troubles in Crete. Still, if we may judge by the action of the powers in Crete as a whole, it seems probable that Greece will find itself embarrassed by them on every side in a Balkan war. A real blockade of the Aegean Sea—a thing well-nigh impossible without the energetic co-operation of England—might result in depriving brave little Greece of its strongest weapon, its navy, and making the issue of the conflict

between the armies extremely doubtful. Greek valor and enthusiasm may count for much, however, and the civilized peoples of all lands are in strong sympathy with the heroic nation which, in the face of all opposition, has espoused the cause of the persecuted Christians of Crete, and flung down the gauntlet to the "Assassin of Europe," Abdul Hamid, and his murderous Moslem hordes.

Filling the Corn Ships.

All over the land, Christian men and women are working energetically to fill the corn ships. Congress has just granted to carry our gifts to starving India. You, too, should have a share in the work, which is rich with blessing for all concerned. Send your gift in corn, or the money to buy it, to the India Famine Relief Fund, 92 Bible House, New York.



A GROUP OF CIRCASSIAN SOLDIERS.



A TROOP OF TURKISH CAVALRY.

one sees a Maltese dealer in straw hats and sponges, a French monsieur with clothes in the latest Parisian fashion, a Herzegovinian in dark red fez, sash and sandals — a wild-looking gypsy wo-

man, who have thrown up earth works and stone-works. In the neighborhood of the two armies, the natives are all armed and watchful of events. Already the Albanians have begun their lawless raiding into Turkish territory, but their depredations have been checked by the troops after some sharp encounters. On the Turkish line may be seen squadrons of the splendid cavalry which in past years was the pride of the Sultan's army. Strange-looking, bearded Circassians, heavy-coated, high-hatted, and with their belts full of knives, pistols and cartridges, are among the troops. When hostilities begin—if they ever do—it will be a war both of races and religions and will involve Serbs, Montenegrins, Cos-

ish troops, who have thrown up earth works and stone-works. In the neighborhood of the two armies, the natives are all armed and watchful of events. Already the Albanians have begun their lawless raiding into Turkish territory, but their depredations have been checked by the troops after some sharp encounters. On the Turkish line may be seen squadrons of the splendid cavalry which in past years was the pride of the Sultan's army. Strange-looking, bearded Circassians, heavy-coated, high-hatted, and with their belts full of knives, pistols and cartridges, are among the troops. When hostilities begin—if they ever do—it will be a war both of races and religions and will involve Serbs, Montenegrins, Cos-



A NATION AT PRAYER.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: 1. Timothy 2:1: -

I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men: for kings, and for all that are in authority.



HAT which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States Republic. The people who live here see more of the chief men of the nation than any who live anywhere else between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a Senator, or Member of the House of Representatives, or Supreme Court Justice, or Secretary of the Cabinet, or representative of foreign nation enters a public assembly in any other city, his coming and going are remarked upon and unusual deference is paid to him. In this capital there are so many political chieftains in our churches, our streets, our halls, that their coming and going make no excitement. The Swiss seldom look up to the Matterhorn, or Jungfrau, or Mt. Blanc, because those people are used to the Alps. So we at this capital are so accustomed to walk among mountains of official and political eminence that they are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon, and night we meet the giants. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injunction to prayer for those in eminent place ought to be better appreciated. At this time, when our public men have before them the rescue of our National Treasury from appalling deficits, and the Cuban question, and the Arbitration question, and in many Departments men are taking important positions which are to them new and untried, I would like to quote my text with a whole tonnage of emphasis—words written by the scarred missionary to the young theologian Timothy: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority."

If I have the time, and do not forget some of them, before I get through I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for those in eminent place.

First, because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that demands us to assail those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows itself in boyhood, when the lads, all running to get their ride on the back of a carriage, and one gets on, those failing to get on shout to the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those who in any department are successful. The cry is, "He is a political accident," or "He bought his way up," or "It just happened so," and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more rapidly than he went up. The best cure for such envy is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be wishing for official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him benediction rather than malédiction. If he makes a mistake we will call it a mistake instead of malfeasance in office. And, oh! how much happier we will be; for wishing one evil is diabolic, but wishing one good is saintly, is angelic, is God-like. When the Lord drops a man into depths

beyond which there is no lower depth, he allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the one hope of finding something wrong. In general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, in conferences of the Methodist Church, in conventions of the Episcopal Church, in House of Representatives, and in Senate of United States there are men always glad to be appointed on the Committee of Malodors, while there are those who are glad to be put on the Committee of Eulogiums. After you have prayed, in the words of my text, for all that are in authority, you will say, "Brethren, Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, excuse me from serving on the Committee of Malodors, for last night, just before I prayed for those in eminent position, I read that chapter in Corinthians about charity which 'hoped all things' and 'thinketh no evil.'" The Committee of Malodors is an important committee, but I here now declare that those are incompetent for its work who have, not in spirit of conventionality, but in spirit of earnest importunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a bloodhound, and I would rather be a humming-bird among honeysuckles than a crow swooping upon field carcasses."

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have such multiplied perplexities. This city at this time holds hundreds of men who are expectant of preferment, and United States mail-bags, as never before, are full of applications. Let me say I have no sympathy with either the uttered or printed sneer at what are called "office-seekers." If I had not already received appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary from the High Court of Heaven—as every minister of the Gospel has—and I had at my back a family for whom I wished to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city, State or United States government. Those governments are the promptest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times, and during summer vacation as during winter work. Beside that, many of us have been paying taxes to City, and State, and Nation, for years, and while we are indebted for the protection of government, the government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. So I wish success to all earnest and competent men who appeal to City or State or Nation for a place to work. But how many men in high place in City, and State, and Nation, are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some places there are ten applicants and for others a hundred! Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the places applied for. You sign the application because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear people sing "I want to be an angel," when they offer the poorest material possible for angelhood. Bores waiting to be sent to foreign palaces as ambassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and

illiterates, capable in one letter of wrecking all the laws of orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. If divine help is needed in any place in the world it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by awful mistakes have been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could, out of the crowded pigeon-holes of public men, develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

Then there are the vaster perplexities of our relations with foreign governments. For directions in such affairs the God of Nations should be implored. The demand of the people is sometimes so heated, so unwise, that it must not be heeded. Hark to the boom of that gun which sends from the American steamer San Jacinto a shot across the bow of the British merchant steamer Trent, November 8, 1861. Two distinguished Southerners, with their secretaries and families, are on the way to England and France to officially enlist them for the Southern Confederacy. After much protest the Commissioners, who had embarked for England and France, surrendered, and were taken to Fort Warren, near Boston. The capture was a plain invasion of the laws of nations, and antagonistic to a principle for the establishment of which the United States Government had fought in other days. However, so great was the excitement that the Secretary of the United States Navy wrote an applauditory letter to Captain Wilkes, Commander of the San Jacinto, for his "prompt and decisive action," and the House of Representatives passed a resolution of thanks for "brave, adroit and patriotic conduct," and the millions of the North went wild with enthusiasm, and all the newspapers and churches joined in the huzza. England and France protested, the former demanding that unless the distinguished prisoners should be surrendered and apology made for insult to the British flag within ten days, Lord Lyons must return to London, taking all the archives of the British Legation. War with England and France seemed inevitable, and war with England and France at that time would have made a restored American nation impossible for a long while, if not forever. Then God came to the rescue and helped the President and his Secretary of State. Against the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of the North the distinguished Confederates were surrendered, the law of nations was kept inviolate, the Lion's paw was not lifted to strike the Eagle's beak, and perhaps the worst disaster of centuries was avoided.

There came another crisis within the last two years, when millions of people demanded that American war vessels sail into Turkish waters and stop the atrocities against the Armenians. The people at large have no idea of the pressure brought upon our Government to do this rash thing. Missionaries and other prominent Americans in and around Constantinople assembled at the office of the American Legation and demanded that our Minister Plenipotentiary cable to Washington for United States ships of war, and they suggested the words of the cablegram. Had our ships gone into those waters the guns of foreign nations, everlastingly jealous of us, would have been turned against our shipping, and our navy, within a few years become respectable in power, would have crawled backward in disgrace. The proposition to do what could not be done was mercifully withdrawn.

There will not be a year between now and the next twenty years when those who are in authority will not need the guidance of the God of Nations. God only can tell the right time for nations to do the right thing. To do the right thing at the wrong time is as bad as to do the wrong thing at any time. Cuba will one day be free, but it will be after she has

shown herself capable of free government. To acknowledge Cuban independence now would be to acknowledge what does not exist. The time will come when the Hawaiian Islands will be a part of our Government, but it will be when they have expressed the desire for annexation. In national affairs there is a clock. The hands of that clock are not always seen by human eyes. But God sees them only the hour hand, but the minute hand and when the hands announce that right hour has come the clock will stop and we ought to be in listening attitude. You see there are always in place authority unbalanced men who war because they do not realize what war they are designing men, who want war for the same reason that wreckers like canoes, and foundering ships, because what may float ashore from the ruins. See that men who start wars never get hurt. They make the spoils and others make the self-sacrifice. Those who advocated measures that would have brought on war between our country and Spain or England, if they had been successful in bringing about wholesale murder, they themselves now have been above ground, as they will be, to celebrate the birth of the twentieth century. If God had not interfered we would have had three wars within the last two years,—war with England, war with Spain, and war with Turkey. To preserve the peaceful poise which such men are disturbing we need a divine balancing, for which good men on both sides the sea ought to be every day praying.

Again, prayer to God for those in authority is our only way of being of practical service to them. Our pen advice would be to them, for the part, an impertinence. They have facts as we cannot have them, and the subject in all its bearings, and we be of no help to them except through supplication that our text advises that way we may be infinite reinforcement. The mightiest thing you can do for him is to pray for him. If the old Bible is true, and if it is not true it has been the only imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and tyrannies into republics.—If the old Bible be true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter, and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a genuine letter he does not make reply. Every good prayer is a child's letter to his Heavenly Father, and he will answer it; and you may get many letters from your friends before you respond, some day you will say, "There! I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them now and at once, and though not in the way that she hopes for, I will do it the best way, and though she asked more sheet of music, I will not give it to her for I do not like the music spoken of. I will send her a deed to a house a lot to be hers forever." So God does in all cases answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but he does what gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the North and the South at the time of our civil war, and they were all answered at Gettysburg. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the Northern prayers, for there were just as many prayers answered south of Mason-Dixon's Line as north of it, and God answered what was asked for, or something as much more valuable, as a house and lot worth more than a sheet of music, or a good and intelligent man better than the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence River, who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when he stood nation down in 1865 a glorious unity, to be rent until the waters of the Ohio, the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are licked up by the long tongues of a world on fire.

Another reason why we should obey the divine injunction of the text and pray for all that are in authority is, that so much of our own prosperity and happiness are involved in their doings. A selfish reason, you say. Yes, but a right selfishness like that which leads you to the care of your own health, and preserves your own life. Prosperous government means a prosperous people. Damaged government means a damaged people. Let us go up together or we all go down together. We are touched by all events in our national history, by the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, by the small ship, the Half-Moon sailing up the Hudson, by the treaty of William Penn. by the hand that made the "liberty bell" sound its first stroke, by the plowman plowing the high seas. And by all the events of past American history, certainly by all the events of the present day. Every prayer you make for our country, if the prayer be of the right kind and worth anything, has a rebound and benediction for your own body, mind and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my country is that the prosperity of this country depends on it, and we want a hand in helping it coming; at any rate I do. It is a matter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, when some great battle has been fought, and some great victory won, to be able to say "Yes! I was there. I was in the ranks that stormed those heights. I was in the ranks that bayonet charge that put the enemy into flight!" Well, the day will come when all the financial, political and other foes of this Republic will be driven back and driven down by the priorities that are now on their way, which come with slow tread and in "blue dress" when we want them to take a "double-quick."

In the year 1672, Holland was assailed. Her people prayed mightily. The ships of her enemies waited for the slides on which to come in. In answer to the prayers offered the tide, as ever before, was detained twelve hours. And before that twelve hours had passed a hurricane swooped upon the enemies' ships and destroyed them, and Holland was saved. If God detained the high tide in answer to prayer, will he not do it in answer to prayer? Surely it has been low tide long enough. May the Lord hasten the high tide of National Prayer. American citizens! our best hope is on God. We have all seen families in prayer, and churches in prayer. Well, we want yet to see is this whole nation on its knees.

The most of them are dead: those who in 1850 moved in that procession that marched down the City Hall of Washington, down Louisiana Avenue to Seventh Street, and through Pennsylvania Avenue to the North gate of yonder Capitol, to lay the corner-stone of the extension of that Capitol. The President who that day presided and solemnly struck the stone three times in dedication, long ago quit earthly scenes, and the lips of the great orator of that hour are dust, and the Grand Master of that occasion long ago put down the square and the level and the plumb with which, for the last time, he pronounced a corner-stone well laid. But what most interests me now is that inside that corner-stone, in a glass-jar, hermetically sealed, is a document of national import, though in penmanship. It is the penmanship of Daniel Webster, which almost ruined the penmanship of this country for many years. Because many thought if they had Daniel Webster's poor penmanship, it might indicate they had Webster's genius. The document reads as follows:

If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit be brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day, the nation of the United States of America stands as it is; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original use-

fulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world; and all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and the happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it may endure forever. God save the United States of America. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States."

That was beautiful and appropriate at the laying of the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, fifty-eight years after the corner-stone of the old Capitol had been laid. Yet the corner-stone of our Republic was first laid in 1776, and at the re-establishment of our national Government was laid again in 1865. But are we not ready for the laying of the corner-stone of a broader and higher national life? We have as a nation received so much from God. Do we not owe new consecration? Are we not ready to become a better Sabbath-keeping, peace-loving, virtue-honoring, God-worshipping nation? Are we not ready for such a corner-stone laying? Why not now let it take place? With long procession of prayers, moving from the north and the south, the east and the west, let the scene be made august beyond comparison. The God of Nations, who hath dealt with us as with no other people, will preside at the solemnization. By the square and the level and the plumb of the Everlasting Right let the corner-stone be adjusted. Let that corner-stone be the masonry together of the two granite tables on which the law was written when Sinai shook with the earthquake, and inside that corner-stone put the Sermon on



THE FLOOD AT MOUND CITY, ARK.

THE WATER EXTENDS WEST OF HERE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE ST. FRANCIS 40 MILES AWAY.

the Mount and a scroll containing the names of all the men and women who have fought and prayed and toiled for the good of this nation, from the first martyr of the American Revolution down to the last woman who bound up a soldier's wounds in the field hospital. Then let the building rise until its capstone be laid amid the shouting of all nations, by that time as free as our own divinely founded, divinely constructed, and divinely protected Republic, the last throne of oppression having fallen flat into the dust, and the last shackle of tyranny been hung up in museum as a relic of barbaric ages.

The prayer that the great expounder wrote to be put in the corner-stone at the extension of the Capitol, I ejaculate as our own supplication: "God save the United States of America!" only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the court at Christ Church Chapel, or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Charles the II., or on the death of Oliver Cromwell amid the worst tempest that ever swept over England: "To God be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

TO CHEER FLOOD SUFFERERS.

A Christian Herald Relief Boat to Go Down the Mississippi—The Western Inundation Without a Modern Parallel—Many States Suffering.



A MISSISSIPPI "CHUTE"—THE RIVER OVERFLOWS ITS FORMER BED.

THERE is no record in our history of any overflow of the great Western rivers of such vast extent and productive of so much disaster and suffering, as that which is now in progress in the Mississippi Valley. As already stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Weather Bureau at Washington had issued timely warning of the flood many days in advance of the actual event, and this tocsin of danger has unquestionably been the means of inducing some part of the population in the threatened sections of Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee to take timely precautions; but there are many thousands to whom the official warning bore no significance, or who, at all events, let it pass unheeded. They had been accustomed to the annual spring rise of the great rivers, and, like the ancients who gave a deaf ear to the warnings uttered by Noah, they confidently concluded that the rise this year would be no more formidable or destructive than in previous seasons. The result shows how terribly they were mistaken. In the States mentioned, entire counties are now under water, and farms, orchards and growing crops have been obliterated by the deluge. Rain has fallen incessantly, and all the Mississippi's tributaries are swollen, while

is up to the eaves of the houses. Some islands, never before known to be inundated, are now submerged. At many places above Vicksburg, the boats are floating even with the roofs of the houses. Tree-tops seem like a growth of willows through the waters. At some points high mounds of earth have been hurriedly thrown up, and to these all valuables and live stock have been taken for safety. Hundreds of refugees, now homeless and ruined, have been rescued by the steamers, and there are many thousands of others who have contrived to escape with their lives, but have lost all they possessed. Fine plantations along the river, as well as the quarters of the rich and the poor in towns and villages, are involved alike in the general disaster. At several points, the refugees are sheltered in school-houses and barns, and are being cared for temporarily by the local authorities. It is estimated that there are many thousands of families whose entire wants will have to be supplied for many weeks to come, and who will have to be helped even after the flood abates.

At the village of Flower Lake, Tenn., there is a break in the levee of 1000 feet, through which the waters are pouring with terrific force. Hundreds of cabins have been swept away, and thousands of head of cattle drowned. At Arcoia, Miss., which stands on high ground, the population of 500 has been swelled to 3000 by the flood refugees and as there is a great scarcity of provisions, much suffering is taking place. All the State of Arkansas south of Helena is a vast sea of water and the flood is unprecedented in the South generally. There are many small towns whose only way of communication is by skiffs. Appeals are being made to Congress from various quarters, urging speedy help.

In view of the distressing situation, President McKinley has decided to ask Congress to take the necessary steps for the speedy relief of the flood-sufferers. Meanwhile, as the need is extremely urgent, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided to make an immediate effort to reach and relieve the destitute in some of the flooded localities south of St. Louis. With this view it is now arranging for sending a relief steamboat down the river below St. Louis, carrying liberal supplies of plain, wholesome food, to be distributed where most needed. Telegrams received at this office from Hon. C. P. Walbridge, Mayor of St. Louis, and Hon. W. L. Clapp, Mayor of Memphis, assure us that such a plan is both practicable and desirable and that help is greatly needed at many points.

The telegrams are as follows:

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 5, 1897. Entirely practicable, relief steamers with food for man and beast doing great good. Have plenty skiffs to rescue from submerged territory where steamer cannot go. Help most needed below Memphis to Greenville.

W. L. CLAPP, Mayor.

ST. LOUIS, April 5. It is practicable and desirable to send a relief steamer down the Mississippi from this point. The places where help is most needed can readily be ascertained en-route.

C. P. WALBRIDGE, Mayor.

It is hoped by sending out a relief boat that considerable distress may be temporarily alleviated, and many of the unfortunate helped to bear their trials, until the national Government is ready to extend aid on a wider scale to all who are really in need.

Our Sunday School Contest.

Owing to the great pressure on our columns this week, we have been compelled to defer the publication of the new entries, etc., in the Sunday School Contest until next week, when the complete list will appear.

On either side of the river, along the Arkansas and Mississippi shores, the scene presented is an appalling one. Whole towns lie under water, which is from two to six feet deep in the streets, and the view beyond is that of a vast lake as far as the eye can reach. At some places, the water

CORN FOR STARVING INDIA.

Congress gives the Ships to Carry it and all are Asked to Help Fill Them
—A Glorious Opportunity for Christian Service.



It is with sincere thankful-
ness that we announce that
Congress has granted the
petition of THE CHRISTIAN
HERALD and the Missionary
Boards, and has placed
another vessel at the disposal of the India
Famine Relief Fund to carry corn to the
starving people. News just received from
India not only fully confirms and empha-
sizes the statements made in this journal
as to the situation, but proves the wisdom
of the course we have pursued in the dis-
tribution of relief. The secular journals
of India which are not, as a rule, favor-
ably disposed toward missionary work,
refer to the valuable services being ren-
dered by the missionaries in this crisis
and to the help they are able to afford in
the relief of distress beyond the survey of
the government officials. The *Pioneer*
Mail of Allahabad, says: "The mission-
aries in many districts have done splendid
work in alleviating distress." The *Times*
of India, published in Bombay, is dis-
posed to be critical, but its criticism is
based on an estimate of Christian spirit
and duty which is plainly a tribute from
the enemy. It asks: "What are the mis-
sionaries doing? It is clearly the duty
of religious orders to seek out cases of dis-
tress and want in localities far removed
from the scenes of Government opera-
tions." The very phrase, "religious orders,"
shows the attitude of the writer and the
extent of his knowledge of missionary
work. If he knew how meagre are the in-
comes of the missionaries, he would be
aware how futile it would be for them "to
seek out cases of distress," when they have
no funds with which to relieve them. It
is very gratifying to THE CHRISTIAN
HERALD to know that through the generosity of its read-
ers, it has removed to some ex-
tent the reproach from these de-
voted servants of our Lord, who
are only too glad to relieve the
suffering around them, when they
have the means of doing it. Even
the Europeans in India, and
much more the natives, evidently
expect such service from the mis-
sionaries, knowing—what in hap-
pier times they are not ready to
acknowledge—that Christianity is
a religion of love and helpfulness.
The fact of this service being
expected of them, renders it in-
cumbent on us to see to it that
for the honor of Christ and our
holy faith, the missionary among
hostile critics has in his hands the
funds he requires for the Christ-
like work. If the missionary is
blamed for allowing men and
women and children to starve to
death at his door, it will be on us
that the blame will fall, if we with-
hold from him the means of giv-
ing relief. Thanks to the noble
liberality of our readers, fifty re-
mittances of five hundred dollars
each have been put in the hands
of these willing almoners, and it
will be known through the length
and breadth of India, for generations
to come, that in this hour of India's bitter
need, American missionaries at any rate,
were enabled by loving Christian hearts
in their own land, to fulfil their Master's
injunction to feed the hungry in his name.
To every one who has helped in this noble
work, we are authorized by Christ's own
words, to say: "They cannot recom-
pense you, but ye shall be recompensed
at the resurrection of the just."

Unhappily there are no indications in
the latest advices by cable and the mail,
or an indication of the need. It is truly
heart-rending to read the incidents wit-
nessed by travelers in the famine belt. A
Catholic traveler sent out by the *Times*
of India visited Bangalore. Then the pres-
sure of the famine is so very real and the
need is increased by the influx of people
from the adjacent districts who have
a native ruler, who cares nothing for the suf-
ferings of his people. The Commission-
ers describe the poorhouse, and

full-grown men there who could not have weighed
more than four or five stone. Outside I found a man
who had just died. On asking his neighbors I was
told: Oh, he had come up to the poor-house that
morning, but was too late for any food, as he had
come after the morning distribution, and he had
died. Two yards off him lay a man who was dying
of dysentery, and there were several other cases
round nearly as bad.

Another writer who visited Cawnpore
and inspected the relief work, says:

I met poor, emaciated, dying creatures crawling
along public thoroughfares, in the last stages of
famine. One young man, who not long since must
have been a stalwart husbandman, was a decrepit
wreck, yet he struggled along a main street of Cawnpore,
carrying on his back his aged and sightless
mother who yet could not have been a great burden
of weight for she was too lean and wasted. Was
the street the place for such a pair? There
was no one to step forward and convey them to a
place of refuge where charity and money would
keep them. Not far away from this scene were
three or four wasted and almost ragged little waifs
indicating by feeble gestures that they needed food.
Bowed down ghastly forms of men and women and
children are to be met huddled in groups or alone,
by the wayside waiting for deliverance from their
hard lot, along the station drives, in the streets and
on the high roads, all over the North West Prov-
inces and Oudh. I heard an agonized sobbing on the
roadside. This emanated from a pitiful object who
could not wander further in search of food and
shelter, as he had a large abscess on his ankle. I
gave the man some coppers and, though he looked
his gratitude, he shook his head as much as to
signify that food was not his only want. I found a
policeman, and pointed out the necessity of remov-
ing the poor creature to hospital. The policeman
made a pretence of at once attending to the case;
but an hour after I heard the man still crying out
in the same spot, the ditch by the roadside.

In an article in the current number of
the *North American Review*, by the Mar-
quis of Dufferin, who knows India thor-
oughly, he describes in touching language
the extent and urgency of the need and
adds: "I cannot conclude without appeal-
ing to those who may read these lines on
behalf of the suffering multitudes, who at

are bright for her departure almost as
early as originally contemplated.

Congress has appropriated not to exceed
\$50,000, to supply transportation for Amer-
ica's gifts of corn to suffering India. At
the present freight-rate of \$8.25 per ton to
India, this means facilities for transport-
ing over **six thousand tons additional**,
which, with the four thousand tons at San
Francisco, will bring America's full con-
tribution to the cause up to the enormous
total of **ten thousand tons of corn**. Be-
sides this, the English government has
intimated that further shipping facilities
may be expected at their hands, and there-
fore corn contributors need have no ap-
prehension as to the ability of THE CHRISTIAN
HERALD to make good its promise to see
that every bushel of corn contributed with-
in the United States reaches its destination
in time to relieve great suffering and want.

Private advices which have come to
hand, are to the effect that the famine
may last even longer than was originally
feared. The dependants on Government
help at latest writing were as follows:

In Madras, 59,726; Bombay, 412,081;
Bengal, 411,530; Northwest Provinces,
1,621,442; Punjab, 118,617; Central Prov-
inces, 324,576; Burmah, 27,363; Central In-
dian Agency, 133,890; Rajputana, 19,553;
or only 3,778,000 out of a total of 20,000,000,
who are threatened with the horrors of
death by starvation. Nearly **17,000,000**
are totally unhelped, and unless the Chris-
tian world comes to their rescue, they will
perish miserably. That the need of help
is exceedingly urgent is made still more
evident by a cablegram received by Dr.
Klopsch from Sir Francis Maclean, Chief
Justice of India and Chairman of the
Government Relief Committee at Calcutta
which says:

"Cargoes of corn will be very acceptable
in this awful emergency." The message
extends the warmest thanks of the Indian

reavement from thousands of pea-
sants in India, and to win gratitude
blessing. We ask all to unite with
this humane warfare against hunger
suffering; to aid in saving the coun-
thousands who are dying for lack of



while we have abundance. The time
action is now—not later. Already
glad news has been flashed across the
that America—Christian America,
hope of the nations of the whole earth
preparing to send a Famine Fleet to
cor stricken India. Congress has gi-
us the ships; now let us get the corn re-
to fill them. Let every farmer who

contribute corn for the re-
of the people of India, when
in quantity large or small, send
postal card announcing the
and stating the amount of
gift, addressed to THE CHRISTIAN
HERALD, Bible House, N
York. Our corn harvest last y
was 2,283 millions, 875 thous.
bushels. Is it asking too mu
when we say, "Let us give to st-
ing India enough to fill the sh-
with our blessing and our love
Dr. Klopsch has telegraphed
Governors of the corn States a-
ing them to co-operate, and
nearly every instance has receiv-
the most encouraging replies,
dicating thorough sympathy w
the work on the part of the cl
executives of those States. G
ernor Drake, of Iowa, wires:

Answers to our appeals indicate
fifty car-loads, I think several times
carloads would be sent, if freight bills
not prevent.

Dr. Talmage, the editor of
journal, is intensely interested
the progress of this great rel-
work, which he regards as a
supreme Christian effort of
century. In his church in Wa-
ington he made an eloquent
peal in India's behalf on Sun-
morning last, on which occasion
the edifice was filled to over-
ing and thousands were turned away un-
to gain admittance. Too much pra-
cannot be awarded to Miss Mary Lett
the well-known American missionary
India and Ceylon, who devoted much ti-
to the loving task of explaining the gre-
need of India to our Senators and Rep-
sentatives and to whose indefatigable
forts is due much of the success att-
ing the movement thus far.

We will send to pastors of church-
superintendents or teachers of Sun-
Schools, secretaries of societies, heads
families, and to all who will undertake
use them in this beneficent work, "Fam-
Fund Mite Boxes" like that shown in t
illustration, but slightly larger. They a-
printed in gold, and every box bears f
instructions how it shall be used. The
boxes can be utilized very effectively b
young people, and they will be found
most efficient aid in helping India. Send
postal card to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
if you wish to have a Mite Box.

We are compelled to omit our acknowl-
edgments of contributions this week, but our ne-
issue will be increased at great expense—
thirty-two pages, which we expect will enab-
us to acknowledge all contributions to date.



Photo in Bombay Guardian.

INDIA FAMINE SUFFERERS AT NARSINGHPUR WAITING FOR FOOD.

this very moment are in the throes of as
dire a calamity as ever visited the human
race. . . . It breaks one's heart to think of
what the women and children especially
are suffering and are destined to suffer.
On the other hand, it is surprising what
an amount of individual good the smallest
dole will effect."

To all this it is unnecessary to add any
words of our own. Our readers are giv-
ing generously and nobly, but in the name
of Christ and for his sake, this good work
should be continued. Let us for his sake
give up some luxury, and practice some
self-denial, that some poor hungry crea-
ture may be fed. Every dollar sent now
to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund will
save the life of a man, a woman or a child.

Since our last issue, a telegram has been
received, informing us that owing to
storms and washouts, resulting in bad
roads there has been unavoidable delay
in sending the corn contributed in differ-
ent sections of the country to the railroads
for forwarding to San Francisco, and that
in consequence, the loading of the steamer
now lying there has also been somewhat
delayed. Now, however, the prospects

government to the people of America for
relief rendered and promised.

At the present time it seems that THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD will be instrumental
in forwarding at least **10,000 tons** repre-
senting about **400,000 bushels** of corn,
provided sufficient money can be raised to
pay the freight charges from corn centres
to seaboard. We are confident that all
that is needed is to make mention of this
fact to our readers in order to secure the
money required, and let the grand work of
humanity and helpfulness go on without
hindrance.

There is in our land a great army of
God's people who, when in the Master's
service, do nothing by halves. Their ex-
amples of splendid, self-sacrificing gener-
osity have already thrilled the civilized
world and stirred other nations to emula-
tion. They have taken up the cause of
poor, stricken India and, as far as lies
within the range of human effort, divinely
aided, they will carry it through to a
glorious issue, as they did to Russia and
to Armenia and to our own famine-stricken
farmers in the West several years ago. It
is in their power to lift the shadow of be-

THE LAD EASTER-TIDE

AROUND the whole civilized world, wherever Christianity rules, the joyous Easter Festival is observed. It is a season of gladness both in a material and spiritual sense; for it ushers in the rebirth of nature, the upspringing of the flowers and the grasses, the budding of the fruits, while it also commemorates the resurrection of our Saviour and the spiritual rebirth of the human race.

It is variously observed in different lands, but everywhere the observance is a religious one. According to the ancient English Bede, the festival was originally a pagan celebration, dedicated to the Saxon goddess *Eastre* or *Ostara*, the goddess of spring, after whom the month corresponding to our April was called *Eostur-monath*. Among the Latins it was known as *pascha*, a word derived from the Chaldee or Aramaean form *pesach*, ("he passed over") in memory of the Hebrew Passover festival. The early Christians, however, derived from or connected with the Jewish Church, naturally continued to observe the Jewish festivals, though with a new spirit and significance and the Hebrew Passover became the Christian Easter, commemorating the true Paschal Lamb, Jesus, as the first-fruits from the dead. In the second century A. D., the observance had spread throughout the Christian world, although there was a difference as to the date of the festival which was afterward satisfactorily adjusted. It is now the chief festival of the Christian year as commemorating the central fact of the Christian religion.

Among the many customs peculiar to Easter is the gift of eggs. This is a custom of very ancient origin. Among the Greeks the "serpent's egg" was symbolic of the creation of the world which was deemed to have been produced from an egg; moreover, the "mundane egg" is found in the beliefs of the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Hindoos and Japanese. In some Christian lands, the rolling and cracking of Easter or "Pasch" eggs is a very event, typifying the re-creation of nature and the birth of spring. It was a Persian or Magian custom to present elaborately decorated eggs to friends, the custom again being to the "mundane egg" for which two spirits, *Ormuzd*, the good, and *Ahriman* the evil, were to contend till the consummation of all things. The same practice of gift-making was also known among the Jews, Egyptians and Hindoos. With Christian peoples, the egg symbolizes the resurrection, and the vivacious coloring of the shell is an allusion to the blood of redemption. In Russia special importance is attached to the ceremony of "breaking the eggs" at Easter. Gay dresses are worn, and friends and acquaintances salute each other on the street and exchange decorated eggs. Lilies and orchids are the flowers peculiarly appropriate to the festival. So great was the demand for lilies last year in the United States that it is said there was hardly a marketable bulb left in Bermuda. Lilies, roses, violets, hydrangeas, and tulips are also favorites at Easter, and florists strive to bring these to their highest perfection at that time. In our own land there is no gift more acceptable than a cluster of fragrant flowers. These are put up in a thousand artistic shapes, in baskets, pots, and vases. Decorated eggs, bonbons in dainty boxes, and many other loving souvenirs of like character are among the gifts exchanged between friends at the glad Easter-tide.

There are many legends, traditions and myths connected with Easter, most of them of very ancient origin. One of the priests of these among this is that on Easter morning the sun dances in the sky, whirling around and scattering a dashing shower of radiant beams over earth and sky, to express its joy at the re-

birth of nature and the resurrection of the year.

Next to our Lord's resurrection itself as the central fact of the Christian Easter festival, the three resurrection miracles performed by the Saviour during his earthly ministry may appropriately be remembered at this time.

The photograph on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is one that will interest every believer. It is an accurate representation of a very ancient, rock cavern-tomb at Bethany, and is affirmed on undisputed local authority, to be the identical scene of the greatest of our Saviour's miracles—the resurrection of Lazarus. Through all the changes of the centuries, it has been wonderfully preserved, having been faithfully guarded and repaired from time to time, and it still remains as a mute memorial of that day when the "Master of Life" stretched forth his hand, and the obedient grave gave up its prey.

Such was the fame of this great miracle that in later days the name of Bethany has been changed to that of *el-Azariyeh*, or simply *Lazarieh*. The village is now a comparative ruin—a mere hamlet, occupied by a score of families. Its inhabitants point out not only the traditional tomb shown only in the photograph, but also the house of Lazarus. Of the latter only a square tower now remains. The tomb is a deep vault in the rocks and the bottom is reached by twenty-six steps. This was the standard style of sepulchre among the Jews, and varied but little from the usage in patriarchal times.

Of all the miracles performed by the

dumb with their great sorrow, sat apart, enveloped in heavy veils.

It was a strange gathering that assembled in the garden on that afternoon, before the tomb in which, four days ago, the beloved dead had been laid. St. John's narrative tells, with a beautiful simplicity of detail, all that occurred: the alternate doubts and fears of the relatives, the explanation by the practical Martha, which showed how little hope she had, after all, of any real help from the Master. But Divine Omnipotence had chosen the hour when all human hopes were utterly blasted, in which to assert itself! The stone was rolled away, and at the command of Jesus, "he that was dead came forth," yet bound in the cerements of the tomb. Who can picture the wonder, the joy, the ecstasy of that moment when the brother, but lately lost, was restored to the sisters? Their faith in Jesus, strong before, was now rendered impregnable, and gratitude overflowed their hearts. Never in the history of the world had so stupendous a miracle been wrought, and it necessarily made multitudes of converts to the faith. Lazarus lived thirty years after being restored from the grave, and tradition states that after the death of Jesus, he went to Provence with his sisters, and preached the Gospel in Marseilles, finally dying in Cyprus at a ripe old age.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS A. BANKS, D.D.

The Mother of "Ben Hur."

ONE of the most quietly and heroic personalities among living women to-day, is Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace of Indiana, the widow of Ex-Governor David Wallace of that State, and the noble woman whose fidelity as a step-mother, giving more than a mother's usual devotion and tenderness, reared Lew Wallace to be a distinguished General in the War of the Rebellion, afterwards Minister to Turkey and, greater than all, to

in it men and women of grand ideas and heroic purpose. Her husband was a man of fine literary culture, and together they enjoyed every new book, every speech, or



MRS. ZERELDA G. WALLACE.

sermon, and every newspaper that came in their way. In this way their evenings at home were almost ideal in their domestic beauty. When the babies were put to bed, and she sat with her feet on the rocker of the cradle, Governor Wallace would read to her the latest political speech, or newest book, which they would discuss with the zest of professional critics. Everything Governor Wallace wrote, speech, essay, or argument, was submitted to her for criticism or approval. Though she knew nothing of equity, as taught in the books, he complimented her by saying that her unerring sense of justice at once lighted upon any defect or discrepancy in jurisprudence, while her fine literary taste was invaluable in regard to rhetorical symmetry. As her step-sons grew older, she read law with them. In that way she not only kept in splendid fellowship with their young hearts, but became one of the best educated women in the science of jurisprudence in the country.

Such a home picture realizes Tennyson's poetic vision:

Two heads in council; two besides the hearth;
Two in the tangled business of the world;
Two in the liberal offices of life;
Two plummet dropped for one to sound the abyss.
Of science and the secrets of the mind.
In the long years liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman, she of man.
He gain in moral height, nor lose
The wrestling thews that throw the world.
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Till at the last she set herself to him
Like perfect music unto noblest words;
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
Then reigns the world's great bridal chaste and calm.
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

Mrs. Wallace is, as we would expect, a woman of the largest charity and forbearance. Frances Willard relates that when in 1874, the crusade clans gathered in Cleveland for the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Wallace was nominated by somebody as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Miss Willard, not yet knowing Mrs. Wallace, moved that the name of Mother Stewart, who had been so closely identified with the crusade, should be substituted in her place. Immediately after, Miss Willard went to Mrs. Wallace, to whom she had never spoken as yet, to explain her action. That great-hearted woman grasped her hand warmly, and said: "When you know me better, my friend, you will discover that in this sacred cause I have lost sight of all personal considerations." What a magnanimous and chivalrous heart was disclosed in that utterance!

One of the most splendid tributes ever given to any woman was paid to Mrs. Wallace by her step-son, General Lew Wallace, on the occasion of their first meeting, after his immortal book "Ben Hur" had been published. He asked her for her opinion on the book. She replied:

"O, my son, it is a non-such of a story; but how did you ever invent that magnificent character, the Mother?"
"Why, you dear simple heart," he answered, with a kiss: "How could you fail to know that the original of that picture is your own blessed self?"



THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY, WHERE LAZARUS WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

Saviour, none have excited such universal wonder and controversy as "the three raisings from the dead." The raising of Lazarus was the last and greatest of the resurrection miracles. The tomb of Lazarus was like thousands of others in Palestine, a rocky chamber or recess which closed with a heavy stone that swung into a groove, excluding all air and light and affording ample protection against desecration by prowling animals. There the body was laid, having first been anointed with spices and made fragrant with myrtle, aloes and rose-water, then robed in the garments worn in life and finally swathed in linen wrappings. After the interment, the days of mourning continued. Hired mourners beat their breasts, their heads and their feet and wailed, wept and sang, while they extolled the virtues of the departed. The death-flutes sounded gloomily throughout the home. The sisters,

have the qualities of mind and heart that could produce "Ben Hur."

This noble woman not only reared to honorable fame her three step-sons, but also six children of her own and grandchildren have kept her heart young in later years. She has exhibited in herself the kind of "New Woman" which is yet to bless the world. A woman who shall be large-minded and broad-hearted enough to keep a constant interest in public affairs, without in any way losing the gentleness and refinement of her womanhood.

It is said of Mrs. Wallace that when her husband became Governor of his State, Mrs. Wallace, by virtue of her social position and rare mental qualities, might have been what is known as a "leader" in social circles; but her soul was too great to be satisfied with the little round of social ceremonies and vanities. She cared for society only as she found



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE EASTER JOY.

SOMETIMES it seems as if joy had forever vanished out of this shadowy world. I suppose that was the way it looked to the disciples and the loving women, when that poor broken figure was taken down from the cross, and laid away in Joseph's tomb. "We trusted that it had been he who would redeem Israel." It had been he who could give the blind their sight, the deaf their hearing, the dead their life. Nevertheless, Jew and Roman had done their wicked will upon the Christ and though heaven and earth had alike protested, the one with its lightnings and its darkened sun, the other with its earthquakes and rent rocks, he had cried, "It is finished," and given up the ghost, and was gone!

So, with the blackness of despairing woe, those bereaved ones entered. They had loved and followed the Master, not believing or comprehending the truth in that word he had spoken that after three days he would rise again. The night that followed Calvary must have been unspeakably sorrowful to them in their desolate upper room.

The strangest thing, however, is not that those loving hearts doubted our Lord's resurrection, for, remember, that he had as yet appeared to them only as a man like themselves and their eyes were holden; but that we, Christians, with the New Testament in our hands, often behave as if we doubted it, too. If we believe with all our hearts that Jesus died and rose again, and that he is the resurrection and the life, then our lives should be serene, we should not be comfortless in sorrow, we should be hopeful even beside the grave. As our beloved Faber puts it:

If our hearts were but more simple,
We would take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Even the familiar fact of death, could not dim that exquisite sunshine.

I look back over the last twelve months, since I gathered a bunch of Easter lilies to lay on the grave of a dear one, and I think how often the silent angel has slipped over the door-sills of my friends. One summer day it was to carry home a noble young man, full of vitality, full of promise, beloved and cherished as few men are; the next it was to summon an old man, a man whose hand held many threads, and whose will was obeyed by a host of employees who looked up to and almost worshipped him; again a beautiful young matron went home, then a child in its sweet bloom, then a woman with white hair, but royally lovely in age and youth. The list is long of those who have vanished from my sight in this last year. Your experience has probably been similar. But, since God took the dear ones, and they went home, not to mere rest after a trite but to fuller life to larger service, to diviner gladness, why shall this Easter-tide be lamentable? Nay, for every one who crosses the river and enters the presence of the great King, there should be rejoicing for they have conquered in the fight, and henceforward they bear the palms of victory.

Friends who cannot sing the Easter songs, because a sore clutches at the voice and the tears choke the words, let me

bid you to believe in the life everlasting! Believe that the disappearance from our short sight of those who have been in our earthly homes, does not mean that they are gone forever, only means that they have gone on. A few steps more, a bend in the road, a turn, and we, too, may join the majority, the vast numbers of those who have gained the safe haven, and are singing now with the choir invisible. We can let our beloved ones go across the globe, and can spare them for awhile. Why hold them back from heaven?

Easter sounds the highest note in our triumphant religion. Our Lord pledges us life, and, while every day shows us death, busy in our midst, every dawn, every Sabbath day, renews to us what Easter gives us in most lavish measure the assurance that

There is no death, what seems so is transition.

Feeling this in our inmost hearts, though grief must have its way, there comes no grief which we cannot endure. The poor broken-hearted mother can do without her boy. She misses him all the time, but she can wait until Christ brings her to him, safe in the promised land. The companions of a life can be separated for a little while; death will restore each to the other. Friend can be content to give up friend, till the day comes when they are reunited.

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
That I am nearer home to-day
Than I have been before!

Nearer home! This is the core of the Easter joy! Home would not be home if it meant that we were to meet there only strangers, a lot of people whom we did not know, whom we had never seen. Easter would be a mockery if it did not hold the promise of home, with the dear ones gone before, of life among the living whom we know, of Christ's own blessed self to crown the feast, not one lost whom we ever loved and cared for, and whom the dear Christ gathered to the many mansions with his ransomed saints.

This is Easter at its highest! Then there is the other obvious joy of Easter, which comes to us with the spring, the return of flowers, the dance of the young leaves, the nesting of the birds, the rush of the rivulet. The woods are sweet with anemones; under the dry pine needles we shall soon find the trailing arbutus. The dog-wood will shine white through the forest windings; the laurel and honeysuckle, the violets and the daisies are coming, a great, sweet, brilliant, bewitching throng, marching in a blithe procession through the spring and the summer.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dashing spray and shadow play
And lovely springing flowers,
Of birds come home again to build
Beside the cottage eaves,
Of waking buds and rushing floods,
And dance of rustling leaves.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer
Of want and love to One above
Who keeps his world in care.
A song for all on this green earth,
For dear ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter Day.

One duty is yours and mine, friend of the burdened, friend of the sorrow-stricken heart. We must, by all that is brave, unselfish, and Christlike, put our anxieties and griefs in the background, and go about the world with cheerful looks and words. Sorrow should not have dominion over the Christian. Because I am worried I need not worry my neighbors. Because I am lonely I may not, without incurring

reproach, inflict my sense of loneliness on those within my home. The bravest woman, I ever knew, wrote to me once after a peculiarly distressing bereavement: "I do cry in the night, and my pillow is often wet, but I am cheerful by daylight." We must arise and gird ourselves and go on, and not cloud the home sunshine and hush the world's melody, because for us the sunlight has been blotted and the melody grown mute.

How fast the Easter crowd on one another. When we were children the years were longer. It used to be a far cry from Easter to Easter. But now the days go rushing past, faster than speed of a flying express. To fill each day with blessedness for those about us, to live as in the sight of God, to expect heaven and have its thought ever before us, to make life beautiful for the children and the old, this is to keep an Easter feast the whole year through.

Nothing is more common than the feeling and the expression in plain words of the feeling, that we cannot do much good in the world because we haven't many opportunities. We are poor, so how can we dispense charity? We are not gifted, how can we make a stir as those who have special talents? We are humble, therefore we can never amount to that which those can who have positions of eminence? The false reasoning is pitifully familiar. Now, once for all, we can, poor, rich, plain, eloquent, proud, or obscure, go about with smiling faces and uplifted heads and steady steps, and add to the joy of the world. Let us try to do this, from Easter onward.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Our Famine Heroes.

SUCH are the faithful missionaries, who are laboring so nobly in the interior of India, surrounded by plague and famine. They are striving with might and main in His Name, to stem the tide of distress, heedless of their own danger, if only the Master's work be well done.

Shall we not help them and hold up their hands in this conflict? It should be a joyful duty on the part of everyone professing Christianity to aid in this life-saving, soul-winning work in India. The most direct way to do this is to help the Famine Fund.

Now Fill the Corn Ships!

CONGRESS, appreciating the dreadful plight of India, has granted, by unanimous consent in both Houses, the petition of the Memorialists for the Relief Ships. The Secretary of the Navy is authorized to transport in American vessels, the gifts of corn to be sent by Christian America to suffering India.

This is a magnificent act. All honor to our American Congress for its broad, far-reaching humanity. Once more our land will be the first to send substantial succor across the seas, to those in direst need.

Now, let us fill the corn ships. Let every one, young or old, rich or poor, give one bushel of corn or its equivalent in coin. Give a sack if you can, or as much more as your heart prompts and your purse will allow. Don't be afraid of giving too much; you cannot begin to give half enough. Remember the millions in that tropical land who are sinking down to the grave for lack of food, multitudes already dead and others dying. Determine to save *one life at least*. A dollar's worth of corn will do it, and if you live to the utmost patriarchal age, you will never again be able to expend a dollar to such tremendous advantage.

Fill the corn-ships! Let the farmers of the West, the East and the Middle States make up their ear-loads of corn in sacks and send us word when a car is full. Let the churches and the Sunday Schools, the church societies and leagues, the townships and the little village communities, each make up their car load. This great privilege of life-saving and soul-winning service is laid upon the hearts of each of us, and it should be taken up gladly and performed with a joyous zeal.

Time is precious. Thousands are perishing. India is appealing. Heaven itself has opened the way for us to help. Let us fill the ships with corn!

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. T. C. Paterson, of the Baptist Mission, Shantung, China, says that four hundred new women have been received into the fellowship of the Church during the year.

Rev. R. G. Pearson has been conducting revival meetings at Pensacola, Fla., with success. Thence he went to Pine Bluff, Ark., where union meetings have been held under his leadership.

Dr. A. C. Dixon held special services evening last week in the Adams Memorial Lutheran Church, East Thirtieth street, New York. Mr. J. H. Burke and an effective chorus had of the musical exercises.

A letter to a contemporary states that E. S. Canacho, for many years past Roman Catholic Bishop of Tamaulipas, Mexico, has received Christian principle, protested against the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, and has renounced Romanism.

Evangelist Arthur Crane writes us owing to a clerical error the recent evangelistic services under his charge were announced as being held at Cortland, N.Y., instead of Sister, Va. It was at the latter place that the Opera was used and overflow meetings in the church.

The Tenth Legion is the title of a new development in Christian Endeavor work. The legion consists of members who have pledged themselves to give at least one-tenth of their income to the Lord's work. The idea was a local one in New York, but has now been adopted by the Christian Endeavor Society.

Pundita Ramabai, with her colleague, drabai Powar and ten of the widows in her recently received baptism by immersion. It was administered by Rev. W. J. Hoskins, of the The Pundita's change of views on the sub-baptism is quite recent and is the more significant because of her previous associations.

Evangelist Leonard Weaver has just completed a successful series of revival meetings at Vin N. J. All the churches united in the movement and have received additions to their membership. A notable feature of the meetings was the earnestness of Christians and the general quaking of religious life within the churches.

The Church of the Disciples has entered vigorously into social settlement work. House is the new settlement. It was founded by students of Hiram College, and is the first of the kind among the Disciples. The House is located in the Sixteenth Ward of Cleveland, O., where congregated Russians, Jews, Bohemians, Italians, and negroes.

Preparations to celebrate appropriate the Fortieth Anniversary of the Fulton Street Mission are being made. It will be celebrated September next. It is proposed that a portrait of the founder of the mission, the venerable Mr. Laphier, should be painted and hung in the room. Several subscriptions toward a fund for the purpose have already been sent in.

The Evangelical Alliance is preparing a memorial to the Czar on behalf of the Christians in Russia. The Alliance has learned that great barbarities in some instances been shown towards those who have been sent into exile. The hopes that have been entertained some time ago that the young Emperor and his wife would speedily put an end to the state of things have not as yet been realized.

Mr. Moody has given a few days to a series of services in Chicago. Commencing March 10, he held services morning and afternoon in the Auditorium. The Cincinnati meetings were very successful. Music Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to furnish sitting and standing room for the crowds which attended the meetings day by day, and thousands rose to express their desire for a better life, many of them taking this step for the first time.

Many testimonies have reached us of the blessed results of the four weeks campaign in the Brooklyn conducted by Evangelist Grant Caldwell. Although the meetings have closed in the churches of different denominations, the people are being sought by young people who were present at the meetings and have not been able to find peace without Christ. The work of the church in the district has received an impetus which promises to be permanent and far-reaching.

Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, summarizing the present situation in China, says: "The progress of the Gospel in China has been more remarkable than has been realized. Within the last seven years the number of Protestant communicants has doubled, and in spite of the hindrances caused by war, and massacre, not to speak of sickness, need, and deaths. The adherents connected with Protestant Churches probably number not less than 200,000; the communicants are over 70,000."

The Roentgen Rays have been turned to the benefit of religion and philanthropy. Dr. J. Caldwell, of Brooklyn, gave an exhibition of the rays a few days ago for the benefit of the fund for the erection of the missionary hospital at Ping Corea. The work there commenced by the late Dr. W. J. Hall is being carried on by Dr. Folwell. His dispensary so crowded that a hospital is urgently needed. It is proposed to make the hospital a memorial to Dr. Hall, who gave his life in service in Corea.

Northfield Training Schools, of which Dr. L. Moody is founder and president, closed its seventh year of work on April 1, with appropriate exercises. Among the speakers were Miss Ivanova, of Sofia, Bulgaria; Miss Schoell, of Brooklyn; Miss Bartlett, of Warehous, Conn.; and Miss Vette, of Boston, Mass. There was an exhibition of blackboard work, of sewing and of cooking by the students. Rev. M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, Mass., gave the final address to the young people.

The Press Committee of the International Christian Endeavor Convention announces that the meetings will be held in Mechanics Park and Woodward's Pavilion, the former being the largest building in San Francisco. The headquarters will find ample accommodation for the delegates, while leaving sufficient space for a room to accommodate 10,000 persons. A large number of churches will be used for early morning prayer-meetings and flow meetings. Arrangements are being made with the railroad companies for excursions to points of interest on the return journey east.



BUDHIST CAVE-TEMPLES.

SATTERED through India, Burma and Ceylon are the extraordinary places of worship, one of the most famous of which is pictured on this page. Some of them are devoted to the Brahmanical and Jaina faiths, but the most ancient are the Buddhist. It is said that the Buddhist king, Asoka, flourished about three hundred years before Christ, was the first to excavate a temple and to adorn it with statues of the great Gautama. They are found in Western India, where the strata of hills, alternately soft and hard, lent themselves easily to the work of the excavator. In some instances there appears to have been a natural cave which was hewn and adorned, but in others the cave was apparently wholly artificial. There are of five kinds: the Vihara or monastery caves, containing cells for the monks as well as the large hall supported by pillars; the Chaitya caves, which are almost uniform in plan, having a nave and galleries; the stupa caves, of which the Ajanta is one of the most famous specimens, and which differ from the other two kinds in their walls being sculptured instead of painted; a fourth kind are the rock-cut models of Brahmanical temples, the best-known being the Kailas of Ellora; the fifth are the Jaina caves, which are the most modern as well as the most insignificant. The cave of which a picture is given, belongs to the Chaitya group, which are all of Buddhist origin. It has on the outer wall a gigantic recumbent figure of the Gautama, forty-five feet in length. Nearly all the Buddhist caves are circular at their extreme end, and are divided by groups of graceful columns cut out of the solid rock. In the most ancient caves they are plain, unadorned shafts, but in the newer ones they have bases and capitals elaborately carved. The cells for the monks are cut in the walls around the main chamber. An American traveler who visited the caves recently says that the coloring is of the Pompeian kind, and is as fresh after all the centuries which have passed as if laid only yesterday. The statues in bas-reliefs, on the other hand, have suffered much in the lapse of time, and in some instances been so worn as to be barely recognizable. As we read of these wonderful temples with their carvings and paintings and sacred relics, we may look forward to the time when Buddhism, superseded by Christianity, shall cease to delude the people of the East, and the prophecy of God's ancient word be fulfilled:

"I shall go into the caves of the rocks and into the holes of the earth . . . and in that day a man shall cast away his idols of silver and his idols of gold which they made for him to worship, to the moles and to the bats." (Isa. 2: 19, 20.)

Accendary's Confession.

A strange explanation is given by a man now in prison in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the charge of setting fire to a tenement-house. It is a peculiarly fiendish crime inasmuch as the lives of many persons were endangered by the fire which was clearly of incendiary origin. It was at first supposed that the fire must have been set by some one who wanted to revenge himself on some enemy living in the house and was reckless about putting in peril other inmates who had done him no wrong. When the prisoner was arrested, however, it was found that there was no one in the house who even knew him. The evidence was so guilt being conclusive, the prisoner confessed that he would gain nothing by standing trial. He therefore made a confession.

He admits that he not only set the fire which destroyed this particular house, but he had set other fires in various parts of the city during the past three years. He says that at times he is beset by an irresistible desire to destroy property, and when it comes upon him he is like a maniac. He acknowledges that he had no enmity against the inmates of any of the houses that he set on fire; but claims that he is irresponsible owing to weakness of mind. He says: "When this feeling of a week, unbalanced, and uncontrollable mind presents itself, I am totally helpless. I believe that the excessive smoking of cigarettes was the starting point in my mental downfall. I use three or four packages of cigarettes each day. I want to be placed where the temptation to injure my mind with tobacco will be taken away. My thoughts as to what ought to be done are clear, but I cannot carry them out." Many people who would not be guilty of setting a house on fire might make the admission the pyromaniac makes in his last sentence. It is a com-

widow. Ultimately the fraud was discovered and she was arrested. She protested that she did not know that she was doing wrong and that she supposed her friend had the right to leave her the papers if she chose. In consideration of her feebleness, the judge gave her the light sentence of two and a-half years in the penitentiary. She will realize now that there are some kinds of property that are not transferable. The pensioner's relations with the Government, in this, resemble every human being's relations with God: he has to account for himself and cannot transfer to another his sins or his merits. It may be hoped, however, that she may learn during her imprisonment that in the infinite mercy of God one way of transfer has been provided, by which she can make her peace with him. Though she has no merits of her own and can receive none from any other human being, Christ's merits avail and she can be accepted in him:

None of them can by any means redeem his brother nor give to God a ransom for him. (Ps. 49: 7.)

A Fatal Cyclone.

Distressing news of the destruction of the town of Chandler, O. T., is in the Western journals. It appears that about six o'clock in the evening of March 30, a bank of dark clouds gathered suddenly in the southwest and was whirled rapidly to the north. In its progress it assumed the dreaded funnel shape and uttered a mighty roar as it traversed the country, tearing

that a large proportion of the injured will die. Some of the people were so overwhelmed by the calamity which had deprived them thus suddenly of home and friends that they lost their reason. Man probably never feels his utter helplessness so completely as he does in the presence of a calamity like this, against which there seems to be no defense. As we read the appalling details, we can form some conception of the figure employed by the prophet to describe the safety which is found in Christ against all the calamities of life:

A man shall be as a hiving place from the wind and a covert from the tempest. (Isa. 32: 2.)

The Cost of Mob Violence.

In compliance with a resolution of the United States Senate, the President has sent to Congress a list of all payments made to foreign governments for compensation for injuries inflicted on their citizens in this country, during the last ten years. From this list it appears that the total sum thus paid is \$464,497. The largest part has gone to the Chinese. For two riots in which Chinamen lost life and property—one of them the famous Rock Springs, Wyoming outbreak—the Washington Government paid \$147,748 and \$276,619 to China as indemnity. The Italian Government collected \$24,330 for the slaughter of the prisoners by the New Orleans mob in 1891; and for the killing of three Italians in Colorado, \$10,000. The remainder of the sum was divided between Germany and Great Britain, both of whom had claims on our Government for injuries inflicted on their citizens here. The various sums have all been paid by the Federal Government, which hitherto has not been reimbursed by the States in which the lawless acts occurred. As we should insist on a foreign government making reparation if our own citizens suffered abroad, we do right to recognize and discharge these claims. Howsoever humble a man may be, he is entitled to have the championship of the government to which he pays allegiance. It is often forgotten that the Christian is thus protected. A distinct warning is given that the child of God, weak and powerless as he may appear, cannot be wronged with impunity:

Their Redeemer is mighty: he shall plead their cause with thee. (Prov. 23: 11.)

Lost in the City.

An incident reported by a journal of Toledo, O., shows how much a man's success in any line of work depends on his training. It says: On the last trip of the *City of Mackinac* with a cargo of horses for a local lumber firm came a backwoodsman. He had a great reputation as a "land-looker." Without a compass, by the bark and moss on the trees, he had been known to traverse a quarter section without diverging twenty feet from the straight line from stake to stake. He had heard much of the city, and thought he should like to see some of the wonderful things that he had been told about. He found work at once, his duties being to deliver lumber to the retail trade about the city. The first day a man was sent with him to show him the way about the town. The next day he was sent out alone, and did not return, and in the evening was found on the outskirts of the town with his load of lumber, so completely lost and unhappy that he had decided to stay there all night. Three times he was sent to deliver lumber, and three times he was found in another part of the city. Finally he asked his employer for transportation home. He declared that he found it absolutely impossible to find his way in a place where there were no signs to guide him. Yet the same man could find his way in places where the city carters would be hopelessly lost. To each the way is difficult when the signs are unfamiliar. It is so in the ways of life when, as so often happens, we find ourselves in strange and perplexing circumstances. Happy then is the man who follows the wise king's advice:

In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths. (Prov. 3: 6.)



THE GREAT VIHARA BUDDHIST CAVE-TEMPLE WITH COLOSSAL IMAGE OF GAUTAMA.

mon experience; even the great Apostle acknowledges that until he had the help of Christ he could not carry out his good intentions:

To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. (Rom. 7: 15.)

Drew Two Pensions.

An astonishing fraud has been practised on the Government for twenty-nine years by an apparently simple-minded person. She is the widow of a naval officer who was drowned in one of the early naval engagements of the war. She was awarded a pension in 1862, which she has drawn regularly since that time. She also made a small income as the janitress of a large apartment house in New York. Among the tenants was a widow of a cavalryman, who was killed in battle. This widow, who also was in receipt of a pension, died in 1868. During her last illness, the janitress was kind to her and waited on her most attentively. The sick woman wished she had some way of rewarding her friend for her attention and at the last, she gave her the only valuable thing she possessed—the paper entitling her to the pension. Whether the janitress realized the nature of the fraud she was committing is doubtful, as she is somewhat obtuse; but she drew her dead friend's pension. Ever since 1868, when the cavalryman's widow died, to the present time, the janitress has had twelve dollars a month pension, in addition to the pension she received as a sailor's

up everything in its way. The town of Chandler is partly on a hill-side and lay directly in the path the aerial monster was taking. Of the fifteen hundred inhabitants only a few witnessed its approach, and these had barely time to run to shelter. The cyclone struck the business part of the town first, tearing off roofs and twisting the great buildings into grotesque shapes. It went on to the residence quarter, dragging trees up by the roots and levelling houses with the ground. Thence it passed on to the open prairie, where its force was spent harmlessly. The scene in the town when the cyclone had passed was appalling. From the heaps of ruins where houses had stood only an hour before, tongues of flame were leaping, and the cries of the inmates pinioned under fallen beams were heartrending. So many of the people had been injured by the storm that it was impossible to organize any systematic attempt at rescue. Happily a drenching rainstorm fell and extinguished many of the fires. Messages were dispatched to Guthrie for help and a train loaded of physicians, firemen, and laborers was sent to the wrecked town. It was a night of terror to all there. Gropping in the fitful light of lanterns the dead and injured were taken out of the ruins and carried into the Presbyterian Church, which had been left standing and was turned into a hospital. Only fourteen dead bodies were found, but it is feared that many others must have perished and



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

PETER DELIVERED.

Sunday School Lesson for April 25.
Acts 12: 5-17. Golden Text, Ps.
34: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



FELLOWSHIP with Christ's sufferings was regarded by the apostles as a privilege eagerly desired; it would have been a language which they understood not. (Ps. 31: 5). Had anyone attempted to console with them. Paul suffered the loss of all things that he might know Christ, and... "the fellowship of his sufferings." (Phil. 3: 10). Peter exhorted, "Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye also may be glad with exceeding joy (1. Pet. 4: 13), and James tells us to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations or trials. (Jas. 1: 2). "If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him;" if we pity ourselves, and avoid the suffering, what then? We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ if so be that we suffer with him; what if we do not suffer with him? What then of this joint kinship? How prove ourselves to be of royal blood?

Peter had been wonderfully used of God; once before he and John had been miraculously released from prison, and now, wherever he went, mighty words and deeds were spoken and done through him. But wherever God has a faithful witness there the enemy has an instrument ready to oppose him. Moses has his Pharaoh; Elijah has his Ahab; John the Baptist has Herod. Now Herod Agrippa, the successor of the Herod who murdered John the Baptist, was on the throne of Judea. He had inherited his predecessor's enmity against God, and he "put forth his hand to vex certain of the Church." James the brother of John fell a victim. This he found pleased the Jews, and that the policy of persecuting the Christians answered in bringing him into favor with the most influential of the people, over whom he reigned, therefore "he proceeded to take Peter also." He had heard, no doubt, of Peter's former most mysterious deliverance from prison, and took the greatest precautions to insure his safe keeping. He delivered him to the care of sixteen men, all of whom were responsible for their prisoner on pain of death. Chained to two of these men, there was little chance it would seem of escape. But, unseen by his keepers, there was another who was keeping guard. "The angel of the Lord encircled them about that fear him, and delivereth them." (Ps. 33: 7). And a power mightier than the chains which bound him, or the armed men who guarded him, was being exercised on his behalf.

Peter was kept in prison and his guards were empowered by the government of Judea. "But prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Prayer, what can that do? Says the scoffing world of our day, Prayer is nearer the throne of God than are the multitudes of angels which surround it. In the vials of the "living creatures" and the "elders," in the midst of and round about the throne of God are "the prayers of saints" (Rev. 5: 8), and "the prayers of all saints" are offered up with much incense on the golden altar which is before the throne of God (Rev. 8: 3). Herod's power stood no chance against the prayers which found acceptance with him who removeth kings and setteth up kings. (Dan. 2: 21). A coroner went forth from the throne, and all Herod's precautions were found to be availing.

God let things come to an extreme. How can we then act that he may test

his children's faith to the utmost, and manifest to others what it is to trust God and what it is to receive succor from the Most High. It was the eve of the day on which Herod had fixed to bring forth his notable prisoner to the people, probably intending to have a public execution of Christ's apostle. Peter, who was one with God in all his dealings with him, was characteristically sleeping. A man who really trusts God is not kept awake by fear and apprehensions of what may come upon him from man; a great calm has settled down upon him, he is in the hands of God. "Peter was sleeping between two soldiers," to both of whom he was chained; and two of the others kept the door; how could Peter escape? "The angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison," but none of the keepers saw it. When God sends sleep upon men no one and nothing can wake them till he wills. The angel smote Peter on the side, saying, "Arise up quickly," and at the same moment he was a free man; his chains had fallen to the earth. Did their clanking awake the keepers? No; either they fell noiselessly or God kept the keepers' ears. The angel commanded Peter to gird himself and bind on his sandals, so as to be ready for a journey; and then he said: "Follow me." And Peter obeyed, yet like one in a dream. On the former occasion when he was delivered from prison, the battle with "the powers that be," had only just begun, he and John had been only one night in prison, and they were fresh and full of the impetus of Pentecost. Now persecution had become more systematic. Peter had been some time in prison, and had in a way become accustomed to it. God never wants us to get into a groove, even in fellowship with Christ's sufferings, but to be as ready to accept deliverance as to suffer, to suffer as to accept deliverance.

The angel led on; keepers, bolts, bars, were as though they had no existence. No force was used; by the will of their Creator, everything yielded before the angel and the man whom he had sent out of that prison. Once the length of a street from the prison gate, the angel departed, and Peter was left alone. Now he awoke to full consciousness of the situation; God had sent his angel to deliver him, and he hastened to tell the glad news to the praying company which had gathered in the house of Mary the mother of Mark to pray for him. It was an unusual hour for a visitor; could mischief be in the wind? They sent a damsel, not to open the door, but "to hearken." The well known tones of Peter's voice, the very man they were praying for, so overjoyed her that instead of opening the gate, she ran back to the praying ones to tell them that Peter was there. "Thou art mad," was their answer. Probably they looked for the answer in quite another way. Let us be prepared for God's answer to our prayers as he wills, in his way, not in ours. When Rhoda constantly affirmed that it was certainly Peter, they decided that it was his spirit. At last they opened the door and their belief was rebuked, for Peter indeed stood there and told them the wonderful story of his deliverance. Is it wonderful, that God should answer prayer and deliver his own child? May we not often remain in some prison from which God would willingly release us if our eyes were fully upon him? Are not our prayers for others, like those of this company, often hindered, because we cannot receive an answer which comes in an unexpected way?

And Herod? He had found that God's permission must be obtained for the destruction of one of his own children. It was an easy thing for such a man to put the keepers to death; the lives of sixteen men were of no value to him in comparison with the maintenance of his sinful pride. But God had set before him a lesson of his power, and the wicked king, if he neglected it, did so at his peril. There was enough in the life and in the past history of Peter to make Herod aware that God had delivered his servant. For Herod to ignore it was for him to wilfully despise God. He had got rid of James, and Peter was no longer to be found in Jerusalem, but the God of these his servants lived still; and the king's attitude challenged him to prove himself the Almighty.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ALTHOUGH Peter had been delivered from prison by an angel once before, as related in the fifth chapter of Acts, his deliverance on this occasion was evidently unexpected both by him and by the Church. If Peter had forgotten it, the authorities had not. The detailing of sixteen soldiers to keep one prisoner, indicates that they apprehended the possibility of losing him. The guard probably was arranged according to the

death. Herodias, who was really sible for that murder, was the sister Herod. They were the two children Aristobulus, one of the numerous of Herod the Great. The Herod lesson was named Agrippa, and father of that other Herod Agrippa whom Paul pleaded (Acts 25: 13). His first experiment in winning favor to seize James and put him to death. There was no divine interposition case of James. We are not told it was implored, but we know from our own experience to be that God does not permit us to covariably upon being saved from danger whenever we may call upon his reasons not disclosed. James of Peter is delivered, though ultimately too, had to seal his testimony with blood. This James was one of the of Zebedee, for whom their mother the honor of sitting next to Christ. He is a different James from the of the Epistle called by his name was a brother or cousin of our Lord who lived sixteen years longer. mentions him in the seventeenth. Having put James to death, and that the act increased his popularity Herod goes further. This is the course. There is a momentum which is always pushing the sin from one crime to another. That it is so important to watch against the beginning of sin. It is sure to

more and worse sins. But case, Herod was not permitted to carry his plan into execution allowed the imprisonment to continue until the very eve of execution. Peter does not appear to have been much distressed by the prospect of death. He was sleeping so soundly he had to be smitten before awakened. Conducted into the streets, he did not at first know that his deliverance was at hand but like the praying man thought that it was a vision. It was singular that the praying man in Mark's house should have been so slow to believe. That is what whom, by the way, mentions with his characteristic precision, by name, recognized him and believed, but he doubted. It is worthy of note that this humble girl should have attained historical immortality. Doubtless the great ladies of Herod's court and of Jewish society scorned her, but after centuries their names have been forgotten, while every school child knows the name of the servant who answered the door on that memorable occasion. It is always the great ones of the world whose names will live in history. Though with feminine modesty Rhoda did not admit the Apostle, she rejoiced over his deliverance and was the only one who believed it real. The



THE TOWER OF ANTONIA, THE TRADITIONAL PRISON OF PETER.

Roman custom of watches, one quaternion (four soldiers) having charge for a watch of three hours, two soldiers manacled to the prisoner and two on guard outside the door. At the end of the watch, another quaternion would relieve the guard. It would be curious to find out the motive of placing this extra guard. If it was to prevent a rescue by Peter's friends, the number seems to have been unnecessarily large; but if it was to prevent a supernatural rescue, even Herod must have deemed it inadequate. The scene of imprisonment was probably the Tower of Antonia, a photograph of which appears on this page. The historian does not specify the charge on which Peter was imprisoned, but the story appears to indicate that it was one punishable with death. The motive is recorded. It was done to please the Jews. Herod craved popularity and was shrewd enough to perceive that there was no better way to gain it, than to take hostile measures against the leaders of the new sect. He had been only a year on the throne and his position was precarious. A change in the imperial favor might displace him at any time, and this might be brought about by evil reports of him sent to Rome by the Jews. He was anxious to stand well with them. This Herod was a grandson of the Herod who slew the children at the time of Christ's birth, and a nephew of the Herod who put John the Baptist to

found it easier to believe in a ghost in the answer to their prayers. It still. We read of "remarkable" answers to prayer, and people tell of them; they were exceptional. Possibly we expected them with more confidence than should have more to rejoice over.

When he had considered the matter, "People do not always do that after they have been delivered. A Christian may be distressed by payments coming due for philanthropic work that he was not to meet. Before leaving home in the morning he prayed to God for help. He went out he glanced at the Scripture calendar on the wall of his office and that the text for the day was "Thy mighty shall be thy defence and thou shalt have plenty of silver." (Job 22: 5). Late in the day he was still seeking but had found none. As a last resort he called on a friend who was interested in his work and had helped him before. He described his position, and his friend volunteered to help him. "If you can with silver dollars," he said, "I can give you now; but I cannot get bills. The bank opens to-morrow morning. I took the money and went on his way with a mind relieved. As he paid, his friend remarked: "You seem to have plenty of silver." Then the text of the morning occurred to him, and he realized that the promise had been literally fulfilled.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

A EASTER LILY FIELD.

the Many Beautiful Sight to be Witnessed in Picturesque Bermuda—Walking in a Sea of Lily Blossoms.

O the lover of flowers, there can be no grander or lovelier sight than a field of waving Easter lilies, such as that which is shown in our photograph. Although this splendid lily is found in various parts of the globe, nowhere does it attain a more regal magnificence than the Bermuda Islands. Our photo was taken in "Great Bermuda," which is just outside the town of Hamilton, the capital. There the lilies are in great stretches of meadow land. They are usually cut a few days before the flowers are in bud. The lilies are wrapped in moist tissue paper, and the precious blossoms are then packed and shipped. They remain fresh and unwithered for a considerable time. In the harbor of Hamilton, the shore is beautiful, especially during the season of flowers, when the fields of lilies are among the deep green of the cedars and the white of snow. The vegetation in the Bermudas is very different from the earth is clad in a mantle of perpetual green. Along the shores of the islands is a fringe of mangrove; the pear grows profusely, sage-brush everywhere, and the citron, lime, lemon and orange grow wild, while various sorts of trees abound. Esculent plants and flowers are exceedingly prolific, and within comparatively recent date, a considerable export trade has grown up in arrow-roots, potatoes and tomatoes, and such medicinal plants as castor, and jalap, while coffee, indigo and sugarcane grow spontaneously. Reptiles are numerous, but there is a grand variety of birds, bright in plumage if not in song. Fishes, great and small, are swarming in the creeks and ponds, tempting the hook of the angler, and the ditches glitter with pretty goldfish. There are some drawbacks, however, one of which is the scarcity of fresh water, and the liability of strangers to clime. One of the annoyances is the presence of myriads of ants, which are everywhere, committing great damage in the heated season.

Result of Handshaking.

A great deal is said and written about the issue of Presidential handshaking. The subject has lately been interestingly discussed by ex-President Harrison in his temporary's columns. He writes: "The first two weeks of an administration the President shakes hands with thirty to sixty thousand persons. The drain of this is very great, and if the President is not an instructed hand, it is a lame arm and a swollen hand. This may be largely, or entirely avoided, by using President Hayes' motto—take the hand extended to you before your hand is gripped. It is a passive hand that gets hurt. It is suggested that a nod or bow should be substituted for the handshake, which would be quite as admissible to the Declaration of Independence."

Useless and Crossness.

Disobedience comes easy to the child brought up in an atmosphere of fret, writes a thoughtful parent, while it is the sunny disposition of those who have lovely children that make the world not thus blest covet their possessions. Sweetness like crossness is a curse. A sunny wife is a joy forever, while the woman with a continual drip of discontent is a thorn in the flesh that will wear out the patience and love of the

ordinary man no matter how much he may fuss and fume also. Women should show men a better way to take life's discipline. And as for the children who are so unfortunate to have both parents of this take-to-life-hard disposition, they are likely to have a poor time of it.

Love in the Home.

Love is the wind, the tide, the waves, the sunshine, wrote Thoreau. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move with the globe without a resting-place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without. But, though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less, made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the motive power of all successful social machinery; but, as

fewer of these he uses up each day the more days they will last—that is, the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live one hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

Grumblers and their Ways.

Take the people who are always grumbling, writes Rev. H. P. Snyder, and finding fault, and they throw away the precious pearls of life—the gems that are most beautiful and valuable. They trample the sweet-blooming flowers about them under foot, and shade the present with dark clouds of the past. They are never satisfied—all the time finding fault about something. The weather is not as it should be—either too wet or too dry. The wind is always in the wrong direction. The sun is too hot. The wheat crop is a failure. The next-door neighbor does not mow his lawn. The hired man does not do as he should. Jane is the most careless girl that ever lived. The children have done some little thing over which they make a terrible noise. The wife has not done as she should, and so there is a continuous clatter. Their horses are not as good as other people's. They work harder and do less than their neighbors. They have seen more trouble than all the people



EASTER LILIES IN FULL BLOOM NEAR HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

EASTER LILIES.

FOR Easter day, O lilies white,
Your shined splendors keep!
But while the sweet, sad waning light
Of Easter even fades,
Amid the sacred shades
Where sorrow comes to weep—
Nor weeps in vain,
Since hope is born of every pain,
(And pain its pangs in joy forgets),—
There breathe your balm, sweet violets!
Dear twilight flowers, whose lovely hue,
More tender than the tenderest blue,
Yet not as purple sad, appears
Most like transformed tears.

Sweet odors—sweeter than the sweet
Of violets and lilies blent,
The sweet of holy slumber spent,
Stealing from vesture folded fair,
And fragrant with the Lord's own care,
Wherein his blessed body lay
Till break of day—
Shall make most sweet the graves of those
Who, entering into Paradise,
Do sleep in him who died and rose,—
In whom they too shall rise.

—HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

in physics, we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generously and largely applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied as yet.

Sleep as a Life Prolonger.

It is a great mistake to rob oneself of sleep, under the impression that a few hours less of repose makes no difference to a healthy frame. Nicola Tesla, the celebrated scientist says: "A man has just so many hours to be awake, and the

from the days of Adam to the present time. The real trouble is with the grumbler. If there is a class of people to be pitied, it is this class! It seems to have become chronic with so many, and is so sure to prove fatal when a person is attacked by this terrible disease, that the situation is really becoming alarming.

Save One Life in India.

You can do this. You can have a share in the blessed Famine Relief work now under way. Congress has given the ships free to carry corn to India, where millions are dying of sheer starvation. You should be represented by one sack at least, or by as many as you can afford. Send the corn or the money to buy it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief Fund, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BEAUTIFUL morn—with thy life so new
To heaven seems but a step or two!
And youth glides merrily down the way
Singing songs to the beautiful day,
While his simple prayer—a faith untold—
Swings wide the eternal gates of gold.
But, turning to pluck the way-side flowers,
His joy is chilled by the falling showers.

Beautiful noon—with thy tranquil ease,
And carol and croon of birds and bees!
And man looks back from the hill-top there
On many a grass-grown mound of care,
Then down he treads in the path of right,
Across the vale to the edge of night,
Where unseen forms in purple array
Gently are closing the gates of day.

Beautiful eve—with thy promise low,
Drowsily hummed by the river's flow!
And while age sleeps on the twilight side
A snow-white sail goes out with the tide;
And from every tower and dome sublime,
The cathedral bells of heaven chime;
Glad angels sing, and the harpers play—
Beautiful dawn of eternal day!

—JAMES ALBERT LUTZ.

New Name Game for Children.

SOME time ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD described an interesting "name game" for the little folks, which doubtless afforded many of them entertainment during the evening hours. Below we give an outline of another game of names, which may be played by any number. Suppose that ten children decide to play. Each is provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better; if not a clock must be used. One commences by calling out: "Girls' names commencing with A; two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say, Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, etc. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six count one mark; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all girls' and boys' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names, the total of marks is read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued till all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted. Anyone introducing pet names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

Those California Roses.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a letter from a California reader was published which contained a most attractive description of "California Roses." Mr. I. Longman, of Whittier, Cal., the reader in question, writes us again, as follows:

I have received numerous letters of inquiry concerning this locality. Whittier is located at the foot of the Puente Hills, 15 miles south-east of Los Angeles, 18 miles from the sea-coast, and 500 feet above sea level. From it can be seen nineteen towns and cities, and the entire San Gabriel valley. There is not a month in the year in which there is not fruit to gather, and there are thousands of roses in bloom here every month the year round.

Mr. Gladstone's Dietary.

England's aged premier owes his vigorous health largely to the observance of certain simple rules, one of which relates to the mastication of his food. He always paid great attention to this requirement of nature; but in recent years he laid down a rule for his children that "thirty-two bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, etc." While this rule might not suit each individual case, it calls attention to an important fact. A little attention will ensure the duty being conscientiously performed through life, with the most beneficial results. "Truly," says a writer, "history turns upon small causes!" Had ex-Premier Gladstone been less careful in his dietary, his influence upon European politics might have been totally different.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER IX—Cont'd.
Jessie's Ambition and Nicholas Lloyd's Failure.

BY

AMELIA L. BARR.

JESSIE'S conduct had a contrary effect on Steve. Above all things, Steve loved justice. No one could coax him beyond his conscience, and he was not to be worried into doing wrong for the sake of peace. Of course he suffered. Every one of his wife's tantrums was like a storm that stretched and strained his heart strings nearly asunder. He felt that some day the point of breaking might arrive, and he trembled in the fear, for he still loved the foolishly ambitious woman. This day he had come home very needful of comfort. The hot weather had given him an overpowering longing for the peace of mountain solitudes and the freedom of a life without dinner-time and dressing for it. If Jessie had met him with a kiss and a loving word, if she had pitied his longing a little, if she had sung to him some lulling melody as he sat by the open window, then he could have mastered the spirit craving within him, and bent his will to hers in everything necessary for their happiness.

But the first sight of her rebellious beauty, and of John's troubled face, roused in him a resistance she little understood. When John shut the door behind her crying, Steve shut his heart against the same irritating sound. He would not soothe it, he would not listen to it, he sat gloomy and silent until there was a cessation of the storm. Then he said: "I am hungry, Jessie."

"Dinner is ready, go and get it," she answered. "I don't want to eat. I am ill. I have no appetite."

He went, he ate his dinner alone, and Jessie, who did want to eat, was incensed by his obedience. She expected him to coax her to the dining-room. It was the first time he had ever taken her at her word. If she had been wise she would have pondered the meaning of that step. On his return to her presence, he said:

"Now Jessie, go and eat. I will not disturb you."

"I have told you I have no appetite. I want a change of air. I want to go to the sea side. The doctor says so."

"You never left New York in the summer before."

"I was never married before."

"That is true. Well, then, you must make inquiries about some place that we can afford. We are lots in debt, but I don't suppose your going away will make much difference."

"Indeed it will. I want to go to Newport. Alice is going, your mother is going, and I want to go also."

"I cannot afford Newport, Jessie."

"Then I shall go anyway. Your name will get me credit. Alice and Mrs. Lloyd will be compelled to notice me; indeed, they may as well entertain me as not."

"Jessie, neither I nor you have a right to intrude on my family. Mother has already paid a great deal for us."

"She ought to give you far more than she does."

"She gives me sufficient. I will ask her for no more."

"Then I shall."

"If you beg or borrow money in my name, I will never forgive you."

"We shall see."

At these words Steve rose, and taking his hat from a table, threw over in his reckless haste a trifle of glassware with a rose in it. The glass was shattered to pieces, the rose lay on the table, and the water ran down upon the pretty carpet. Jessie rose in a passion. "Oh, my lovely vase," she cried. "Oh, my lovely vase! It is broken to pieces! Look what you have done, sir!" But Steve did not turn his head, he pressed his hat down on his brows, and left the house with that unmistakable clash at the door, which is a declaration of domestic war. And Jessie picked up the bits of her broken vase and wet them with her angry tears, but she did not remember the shattered love in the great, affectionate heart of the man

her evil temper had just driven from his home.

These events introduced a summer full of change to the Lloyd family. The first of importance was the recognized engagement of Miss Lloyd to Lord Medway, and immediately after it Mrs. Lloyd accompanied her daughter to Newport. Both circumstances took place without any participation on the part of Steve. He had already refused to meet the foreign nobleman who was to marry his sister, and receive so large a slice of the Lloyd estate, and Jessie's rebellious indignation, both at his refusal and at his family's acceptance of it, probably induced a certain amount of stubbornness in Steve's actions. Jessie blamed Alice entirely. She was sure that Alice had great influence over her brother, and she thought she understood that as Steve's presence must have included hers, Alice preferred to do without her brother's support rather than permit her to have any share in the bridal ceremonies. In reality there was some truth in this surmise, but it arose from a feeling that was as yet carefully hidden in Alice's own heart. For assure herself as she would a certain irrefragable presentiment of unfulfillment pressed upon her, and she did feel that any trouble coming would be more intolerable by Jessie's intermeddling in it.

For herself she knew not whether this presentiment gave her the most pain or pleasure. That she was not in love with Lord Medway she frankly acknowledged; indeed, she had made one last effort to free herself from the entanglement which had somehow grown with the day and night around her. But this final appeal to her father had been met with such disastrous consequences to his already shattered health as to lead the physician in attendance to remonstrate almost angrily with her. For he could not believe the girl was in earnest, and so he characterized her attempt to deliberate as a cruel bit of affectation.

"It is pretty enough, Miss Lloyd," he said, "to hesitate and to stand with reluctant feet on the brink of matrimony, and no doubt it is stimulating to the bridegroom, but I can assure you it is death to your father," and wounded and offended by the frank remark, what could Alice do but avoid a repetition of a rebuke so unjust, and yet so beyond her power to answer?

So as the weeks went by she rode and walked and danced with her betrothed, and tried to forget that John McAslin had ever loved her. "Every one has something to sacrifice," she thought, "and how could I hope to be happy if I pleased myself and killed my father? And after all what is a love match? Steve's was a love match if there ever was one, and yet he is not happy! I know it. I feel it in his words and manner. Perhaps then a marriage for duty may turn out as well as a marriage for love." And then she would rebel a little and protest, "I know not how I came into this snare."

Alas, she had not reflected in time that the slightest concession is the first ripple of circumstance, and that after it the tide rises, and the wave behind impels the wave before.

But even this slight revolt against destiny was one morning brought to truce, for while such thoughts were making her walk up and down the long parlor to their restless tenor, she saw a book that some visitor had been reading and left open, leaves downward. Her sense of order made her stop to shut the volume, and her eyes met the far-seeing eyes of the great Dryden, and these were the words he said to her:

Receive my counsel and securely move,
In trust thy fortune to the powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.

Lines noble in themselves, and serving as a finger post to the still more beautiful and familiar ones—"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy path."

When a certain destiny has been accepted it is natural and wise to make the best of whatever advantages it has. Alice was young and hopeful, and she was not insensible to the promises her lover made her.

For a few weeks she was happy, she put down resolutely all thoughts disloyal to her engagement; she suffered no regrets from the past to darken the horizon of a future, which she was honorably bound to make joyful for others as well as herself. In the meantime she had what



SHE STOPPED TO SHUT THE VOLUME.

ever of passing eclat and pleasure were incidental to her betrothal, and she liked it. That she should do so was natural and honest. It would have been the merest affectation to pretend a sentimental regret, or to affect a sacrificial resignation to a fate which at least was not distasteful to her.

Still there was at the bottom of all her expectations a doubt that chilled her hopes and prevented her from relinquishing her affections. About the beginning of August this doubt became a fear. Nicholas Lloyd's condition was no longer subject to long or short intermissions of lucidity and comparative health. He had become quite inattentive to business, and his egotism and extravagance—moral perversions in direct opposition to his natural character caused general remark. Physical changes just as striking were also in evidence, and his physician wrote in unmistakable terms to Mrs. Lloyd, "It is the beginning of the end with him," he said. "I think you should be here as soon as possible, and if Mr. Lloyd has not yet arranged his business affairs and made his will, you must tell him I say he has no time to lose."

This letter was of the gravest impor-

tance as regards Alice's affairs, and while Mrs. Lloyd hardly knew what to act. A delay in her marriage would be most unfortunate, and yet it was sible for her to urge its immediate summation. Nor could she keep her row in her own heart; it was necessary to take Alice at once into its sad in. She found her in her room sewing ing to her hopes. "Alice," she said, "sad news this morning, my dear father is seriously ill, and Dr. thinks I ought to return immediately to New York."

"Cannot father come here? I go to New York I must also go. I leave Newport in the height of son, mother, is so remarkable. Arthur think of it?"

"Your father cannot come here. It requires the constant medical care only get in New York; also there business to settle—and number things. I, at least, must go home."

For a few minutes Alice could not think of the thing that she feared had happened to her. Her heart turned faint thought of all the humiliations and pointments that were sure to come wanted to weep and she could not turn her mind this way and the see if perhaps some means could not be found for her. It was less, she could only imagine one an immediate informal marriage there was something to her appearance unspeakably selfish even in the wish for such an escape—she did name it. Yet she was not sorry her mother say:

"Arthur must now be told the truth. We can no longer attribute eccentricity of character what mortal disease. When he understands your father must necessarily grow worse, and that the only hope is in death, and when he considers death means at least a year's delay to family and social feeling, sure he will urge an immediate marriage. I should agree to it, Alice. Of must be of the simplest character. I think your father would be glad that his greatest hope was fulfilled. I am going to make preparations for our return, and you had better once for Arthur?"

"He will be here in an hour. I have a little time to consider, mother. I am sorrowful." Then she laid her head on her mother's breast, and was comforted as far as mother-love could comfort.

But her heart was heavy with the thought of trouble. For the past she had been conscious of some difference in her lover, a difference that scarcely be called a change, but might easily grow to change. I am going with the advent of Miss Leavenworth into Newport society. Adelaide Leavenworth had always been unfortunate to her. As girls in school, they had been constant rivals in every distinction, and Adelaide had won. She had an irrepressible rivalry, she was beautiful in a mode that is, she had style and charm, a preponderance of the nervous. Her dresses were marvellous, and she had a fortune in her own right that was more than equal to the grudging generosity of Nicholas Lloyd.

For two years the girls had been together, and then unexpectedly one night was promenading with Lord Medway. They came together face to face. "Alice!" cried Adelaide, with a light. "Is it really you?" And she received the introduction to Lord Medway, which was her object in spending the evening with Alice, and by one upward and downward glance, captured his curiosity and affection. After that meeting their intimacy grew rapidly, for either chance or arrangement had constantly thrown them together, and Alice had suffered of a sense of wrong she found it difficult to characterize. Now, if she had Newport she resigned the field to the enemy—for such she really felt to be—and she suffered in anticipation the little slings her clever sarcasm was sure to indulge itself in.

The only possible escape from the dilemma was her mother's suggestion, surely if Lord Medway was in England, would only be too glad to anticipate marriage day. But she did not find

(To be Continued.)

THE LIBERTY.

Based on Law and Liberty Without Law.

C An illustration of false ideas of liberty is often met with when the moderate drinker is urged to sign a pledge. He objects because he wants to be free. He does not like to bind himself to a promise. Yet cases are known of the very same man who holds so precious a promise, and who is in an intolerable bondage to the habit of taking in, who is insidious and who has suddenly discovered when he tried to give up, supposing it would be very simple and easy that he was a slave, and his matter could not be changed. Like a child who insisted on being with fire, or with a lion, he finds that this liberty, which he would not give up, may work infinite mischief to him. We boast, and we live in a free country, yet how far we are from being able to do all we choose. When a man is told to steal, or to murder, or to libel his neighbor, he finds that there are restrictions to his liberty. He is free of countries, but he cannot do as he likes with his own. He attempts to build a factory on his own land, or let him build a house with windows overlooking his neighbor's premises. He discovers that he cannot do as he likes even with his own property. We are free to manage our own affairs, but for the general welfare we have restrictions on our action. The law we have made, interfering with its "Thou shalt not," and it is armed with power to enforce its prohibition. Thus law is compatible with liberty; indeed, liberty is based on law. No man is an enemy of society who wishes to live in a country where there is no law. Liberty, then, does not consist in the absence of restrictions. The men who prize liberty most, are the men who would resist to the death legislation tending to restrict. A most undesirable condition would be a land in which each did that which was right in his own eyes. But it is possible to conceive a condition in which liberty is liberty where there is no law. If we could suppose that there was no man on earth who would voluntarily wrong or injure his neighbor, or encroach on public or private property, we might be able to do without law. Our knowledge of human nature leads us now to rely on law as a necessary restriction on its propensities, but if we had a community where human nature is elevated of those propensities, there would be no occasion for law. It is with a child. In his youth restrictions and compulsion were applied at every moment when the child grows to maturity, having been well trained, the law of the household becomes unnecessary. The mother knows that his son will do without the things the law would prescribe. It is what Christ taught in his argument with the Jews. (John 8: 30-40.) Thus we attain true liberty. When our nature is so transformed that we do not feel the restrictions of God's law; when our nature has become so much like the nature that we spontaneously do the things required by the divine law, then we have the perfect law of liberty and are free indeed.



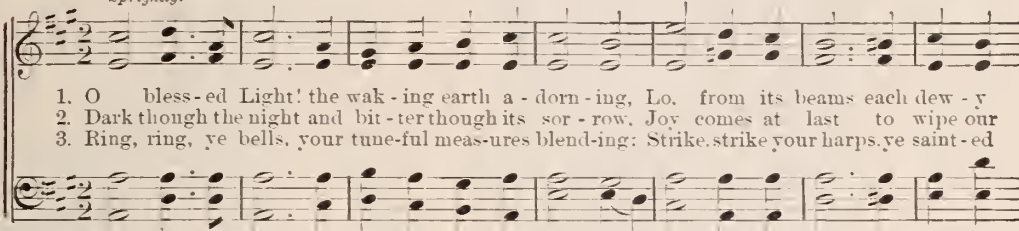
O Blessed Light!

Fanny J. Crosby.

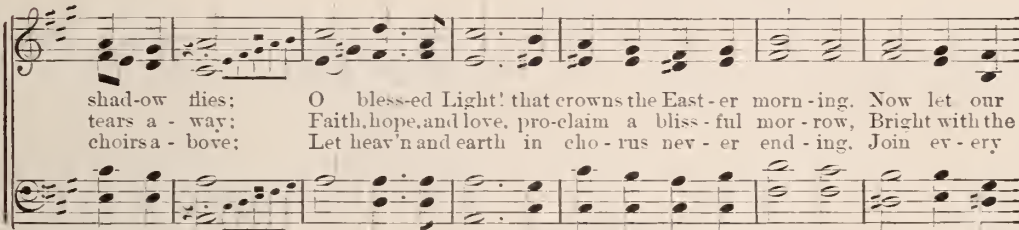
AN EASTER CAROL.

Hubert P. Main.

Sprightly.

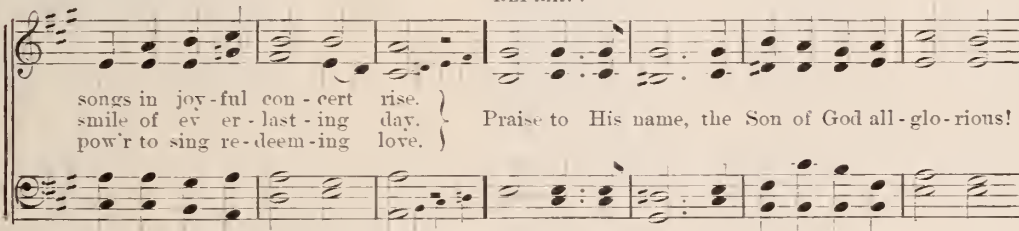


1. O bless-ed Light! the wak-ing earth a - dorn-ing, Lo, from its beams each dew - y
2. Dark though the night and bit-ter though its sor - row, Joy comes at last to wipe our
3. Ring, ring, ye bells, your tune-ful meas-ures blend-ing: Strike, strike your harps, ye saint-ed

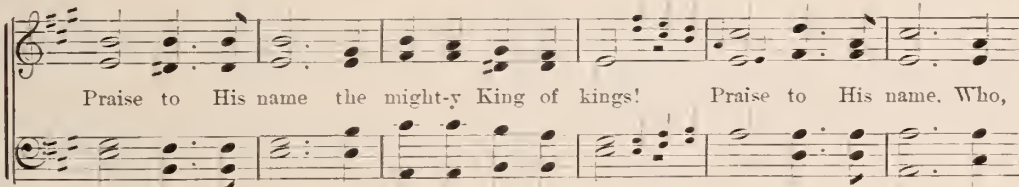


shad-ow flies; O bless-ed Light! that crowns the East-er morn-ing. Now let our
tears a - way; Faith, hope, and love, pro-claim a bliss-ful mor-row, Bright with the
choirs a - bove; Let heav'n and earth in cho-rus nev-er end-ing. Join ev-ery

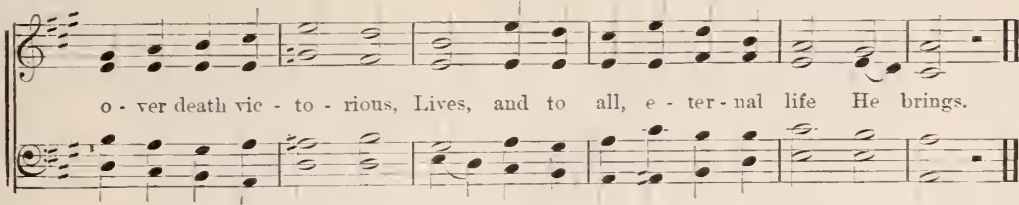
REFRAIN.



songs in joy-ful con-cert rise. } Praise to His name, the Son of God all-glo-rious!
smile of ev-er-last-ing day. }
pow'r to sing re-deem-ing love. }



Praise to His name the might-y King of kings! Praise to His name, Who,



o-ver death vic-to-rious, Lives, and to all, e-ter-nal life He brings.

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REST WITH JESUS.

FOLD me, precious Jesus,
To thy gentle breast;
Let me on thy bosom
Find my perfect rest.
O, how worn and weary
Grow my bruised feet
On life's road; but Jesus,
Thou art my retreat.

Let me sit, dear Saviour,
Tranquil at thy feet;
Finding in thy shadow,
Refuge safe and sweet.
Broken is my spirit,
Fallen is my pride;
I would find my solace,
Jesus, at thy side.

"Come," thou saidst, dear Jesus,
"Unto me and rest."
I have come, my Saviour,
Fold me to thy breast.
Torments surging, sweeping,
Give me no alarm,
When I feel about me,
Thy protecting arm.

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

A RICH MAN'S PRAYER.

LORD, thou art good and doest good.
Of countless gifts the Giver;
And none have greater cause than I
To praise thy name forever.
But, Lord, thou claim'st deeds, not words.
Thou bid'st us love our brother,
And show our grateful love to thee
By loving one another.

Then, Lord, if any love of mine
Can make a life the brighter;
If any little help of mine
Can make a heart the lighter;
If any gift of mine may ease
The burden of another.
God, give me love, and care, and heart
To help a toiling brother.

If any hoarded gold of mine
Can help a fellow creature;
Can to the body send relief,
Or to the soul a teacher;
Lord, help me make the sacrifice,
And I shall be the better;
And, while my brother reaps the good,
Thou mak'st thyself my debtor.

TWO WITNESSES.

Testimony Bravely Given for God by Martyr Preachers.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.*



AND I will give unto my two witnesses. The Speaker is the same who gave the command to the Apostle.

"Rise and measure the temple of God." He speaks as though these two mysterious beings were the only witnesses on whom he could depend. They prophesy during the time of Antichrist's authority. (Rev. 13: 5.) They prophesy in sackcloth. Unflinching they will be; men of righteousness and judgment, on Old Testament lines. They do not show love to their enemies; the fire which proceeds out of their mouth devours any man who desires to hurt them. Invincible in themselves during their days of prophecy, unflinching in their testimony, these men who, it would seem, prepare the way for the national conversion of Israel, witness as prophets during the whole three and a-half years of the Antichrist's reign. They have "the power to shut the heaven that it rain not during the days of their prophecy, and they have power over waters to turn them to blood and to smite the earth with every plague as often as they desire."

These men are called "the two olive-trees and the two candlesticks, standing before the Lord of the earth;" they are also called "prophets." At the end of their time of testimony they seem invincible, the Antichrist overcomes and kills them: they are found to be mortal; and yet, after three and a-half days they rise again. "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people" in those days of awful terror. But God will have two men who will stand by him—two anointed ones, "two candlesticks," shining with an independent light when no outward Church will be able to exist, all through the reign of fearful darkness. When the Antichrist shall compel all who dwell on the earth to worship him; (Rev. 13: 15-17.) God in his mercy will still keep him a witness alive on earth; and probably those who shall be beheaded who will not worship the beast or his image, nor receive his mark on their foreheads or on their hands (Rev. 20: 4), will be the fruit of the prophesying of these two men.

Can we identify them? The question arises whether they are Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory on the mount of transfiguration, or Enoch and Elijah.

The ministry of Elijah the prophet, as foretold by Malachi, has yet to be fulfilled. It is a striking fact that the Jews, up to the present day, in their observance of the Passover feast, place a cup of wine for the coming Elijah, and leave the door open; it is also a striking fact that a number of the early fathers of the Christian Church believed that Elijah and Enoch should come again and seal their testimony with their blood during the days of Antichrist. Enoch and Elijah are the only two men who have never died; they stand as those shall "stand before the Son of Man" who shall "prevail to escape those things which shall come to pass" in the time of trouble (Luke 21: 36). "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9: 27); but these two witnesses stand before the Lord of the earth—not resurrection men, but mortals who have escaped death.

*From her new work on "Prophecy," entitled "The Last Word." A volume of 301 pages, bound in cloth. Price fifty cents. For sale by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

A Bowery Transformation.

Once a Notorious Resort, Gombossy's is now a Gospel Mission Restaurant.



EVERYBODY in New York, and many elsewhere, have heard or read of "Gombossy's place," on the Bowery. It was a place where the low life of the metropolis could be seen, and it was noted all over the east side. It had repeatedly been a subject of police consideration. All this is now changed, and at No. 55 Bowery, a new order of things has come to pass. It was formerly known as The Columbia Music Hall and was for years a source of large income to its conductors. There were few places, even on the Bowery, that could compare with it in notoriety. It had a bar-room, and a concert stage with rooms behind the scenes, and it was a "Raines law" hotel. But like every other concern of the kind, it reached the end of its rope at last and the place, after having been officially closed by the sheriff, is now undergoing a thorough moral and material cleansing. There is no longer a gin palace, flaunting its allurements in the faces of pedestrians, and the characteristic crowd of loungers has disappeared. The place has been leased by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and is now being remodelled with a view to opening it as an adjunct of the Bowery Mission, which has stood these eighteen years as a Gospel light-house for the moral shipwrecks of the Bowery. It will be opened as a cheap restaurant, at which the very poor and the homeless will be fed at nominal cost. The transformation is now taking place under the supervision of Superintendent Wyburn of the Bowery Mission, who says:

"One of the necessary things for the class of men found on the Bowery, is to get good, honest food cheap. This want is now supplied by the Bowery Mission Restaurant. Nowhere is there a place where such wholesome, yet cheap food is to be had. In a few weeks we shall open our new restaurant with accommodations to feed five thousand men a day. The quality of the food as well as the quantity, will be quite satisfactory, and a man with only a nickel will be able to get a good substantial meal. For five cents we shall serve a bowl of coffee, three slices of bread, oatmeal and milk, or pork and beans, beef stew, or cornbeef hash. Coffee and bread go with each order. For ten cents we shall serve a regular dinner: soup, roast or steak, two kinds of vegetables, bread with coffee or milk, and dessert. We often hear the exclamation, 'God bless you!' The best food I ever had anywhere for the money. Don't see how you do it.' It is a part of the Master's work worthy of encouragement, and calling for gratitude as well as for prayers that God may bless the further efforts of the Bowery Mission."

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Poor Blood

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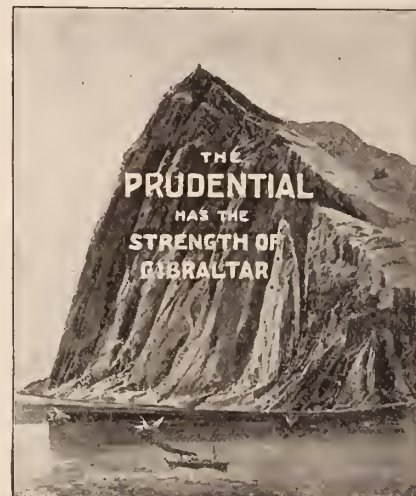
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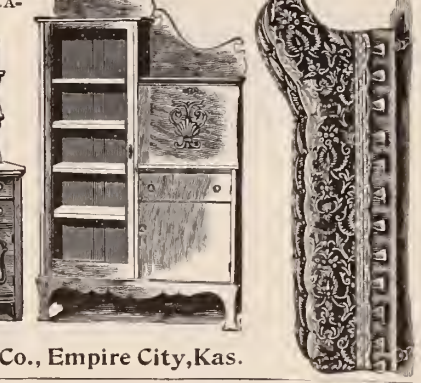
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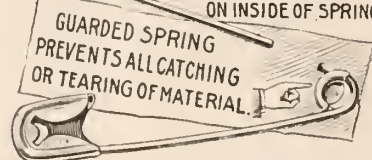
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LITTLE DORRITT. Carmine-tinted pink; standard of finest form, large white wings, slightly tinted, the colors beautifully harmonized; a superbly lovely variety.

METEOR. Truly an exquisite variety. Standards bright orange-salmon, with wings of delicate pink.

MRS. JOS. CHAMBERLAIN. The flowers are truly enormous, and produced generally three to four on a stem. The color is very effective,—a white ground striped and flaked bright rose.

RAMONA. Grand flowers of very large size, borne three or four to the stem; color creamy-white, daintily splashed with pink. See illustration.

"1897" Special Superfine Mixed. This mixture is composed of Twenty-three of the finest New Large-Flowered Sweet Peas. It is a choice blending (each grown separately and mixed by ourselves), which can be easily recognized when in flower.

25 Cts. Buys all the above,—Seven Superb Sweet Peas, each in full-size packet, true to name as described, and mailed, postpaid, to any address.

With every collection we enclose a copy of "How to Grow High-Grade Sweet Peas by the Hamilton Method." In one thousand words it tells plainly just how to succeed in growing to full perfection the finest High-Grade Sweet Peas.



Burpee's 1897 GEM Collection.

ASTERS,—Fordhook Favorites. An unrivaled mixture of the best Asters, as described on page 100 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897.

BEGONIA,—Vernon. This is famous throughout the world as the best Begonia for bedding and open-ground culture.

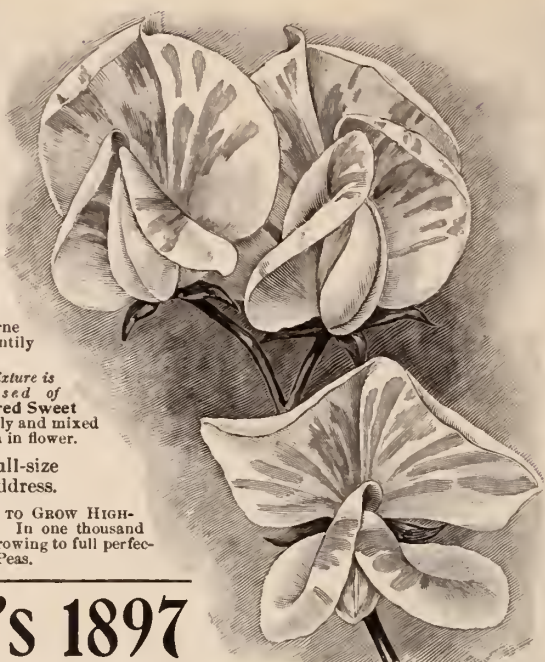
CENTAUREA,—New Marguerite. The illustration and description on page 105 of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1897 can give but a faint idea of the delicate beauty.

DIANTHUS,—Fordhook Favorites. This mixture is the best ever offered, embracing the large-flowered single and double.

HOLLYHOCKS,—Fordhook Superb. The flowers measure three to four inches across, always perfectly double, and embrace a great variety of colors.

For \$1.00

we will send Five Gem Collections OR Five Sweet Pea Collections (or two of one and three of the other) AND give as a premium one full-size packet each of AURORA and CUPID,—provided, you mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



For 25 Cts. we will mail to any address one full-size packet each of—

MIGNONETTES,—Fordhook Finest. Besides other varieties, this mixture contains seed of the beautiful New Golden Machet.

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PETUNIA,—Striped and Blotched. A fine strain of *Petunia hybrida* that gives a constant display of bright flowers all summer.

POPPIES,—Fordhook Finest. This special mixture of the Finest Double Poppies includes Burpee's Fairy Blush, New Pink Pet, Cardinal, Mikado, and Vesuvius.

VERBENA,—Fordhook Famous. See illustration. The finest strain in the world. Mammoth flowers of every color.

EIGHT Ever-blooming ROSES for 50 Cts.

An UNEQUALED COLLECTION of the very BEST ROSES.

We send one good, strong plant of each for 50 cts., by mail, postpaid. Even at our Reduced Prices for 1897, these Eight Elegant Roses, purchased separately, would cost \$1.50.

MOSELLA, or NEW YELLOW SOUPERT. The New Yellow Soupert Rose, MOSELLA, just introduced from Germany, is fully as hardy and equally as constant in bloom as the well-known CLOTILDE SOUPERT, so deservedly popular. The full flowers are of the same size, but the color is white, shading in the center to apricot-yellow. It is even more prolific than the original Soupert in its wondrous freedom of bloom, while the buds are more beautiful. MOSELLA is such a grand new Rose that we want every plant buyer to have at least one plant this season. Hence we purchased a large stock in Germany, and have propagated fully forty thousand plants, which we offer at 15 cts. each; 4 for 50 cts.; 9 for \$1.00, postpaid. See illustration.

PINK SOUPERT. "The flowers take their form from Clotilde Soupert, and in color are a deep Hermosa pink. It is a continuous bloomer; each branch terminates with a cluster of flowers." Blooms splendidly in the open ground. 20 cts. each; 3 for 50 cts.; 7 for \$1.00.

AUGUSTA VICTORIA. It has long, magnificent buds, and its large, perfectly double, pure white flowers are unequalled in form. 20 cts. each.

BELLE SIEBRECHT. The flowers and buds are of fine size and form, very double, sweet, and lasting; color a rare, rich shade of true, solid pink. Good, strong plants 25 cts. each; 5 for \$1.00, postpaid.

BRIDESMAID. This is the most valuable of all the Tea Roses for cutting, keeping quite fresh for days. The buds are a bright, deep pink. 15 cts. each.

MADAME ABEL CHATENAY. A constant bloomer, of vigorous growth. Bud very fine, opening spirally; flowers full, of medium size; color carmine-rose, shaded with salmon. 25 cts. each; 5 for \$1.00.

METEOR. The most brilliant of Hybrid Teas, producing its vivid crimson flowers all summer. 15 cts. each.

MAMAN COCHET. This most beautiful of all pink Tea Roses is also the very best for garden culture. 15 cts. each.

For 50 Cts. we will send, postpaid, all of the above eight elegant Roses. Each year we grow some of the best Roses for a similar offer, but never before have we been able to give such A GRAND COLLECTION FOR FIFTY CENTS.



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Admired by everybody; it grows in favor daily. It has all the good qualities, being a remarkably strong, quick grower, extremely healthy, and a constant bloomer. It produces long, stiff stems, with handsome foliage; the color is an exquisite sea-shell pink, with the edge of the petals ivory-white. The blooms are of large and perfect shape; it is THE ROSE of the year. It has taken more Medals and Certificates of Merit than any other variety ever introduced in this country. A perfectly hardy garden Rose. Good, strong plants, price 35 cts. each; 4 for \$1.00, postpaid.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

32 PAGES.

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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TENNESSEE'S GREAT CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, TO OPEN AT NASHVILLE, MAY 1. (See Page 311.)

1. The Commerce Building. 2. Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, President of the Woman's Department. 3. Major J. W. Thomas, President of the Tennessee Centennial Association.
4. Main Staircase of the Woman's Building. 5. The Agricultural Building. 6. The Woman's Building.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Frank O. S., Deshler, O. What reasons have you for your belief that the Holy Spirit is a Person?

There are many reasons, but the chief one is the terms Christ applied to him. One of the most emphatic expressions is that in John 16:7-15, in which Christ speaks of the Holy Spirit in a manner inconsistent with the idea of his not being a person.

Reader, Dayton, O. Is it true, as I have heard asserted, that President McKinley was personally opposed to the costly inaugural ball and reception, but was overruled?

Quite true. In justice to President McKinley who has been criticised for allowing his inauguration to be celebrated by a grand ball, it should be known that as early as January 23d, he protested against the wasteful expenditure, and even went so far as to suggest the causes to which the money that had been raised might be given. Christian people all over the land will regret that the committee in charge of the inauguration ceremonies did not accede to the President's request. In his letter which the President sent to the Inaugural Committee, he said:

It is unbearable for me to think of such a vast amount of money (\$50,000) being devoted to no more substantial purpose than display and pleasure, when there are millions of our brethren throughout the world actually suffering, starving, dying from lack of food, clothing, and shelter.

He then suggests that they abandon the plans for the ball, devote \$25,000 to the alleviation of wretchedness in the great cities of the United States, \$10,000 to provide food and shelter for persecuted Armenians, and \$15,000 to relieve the horrors of plague and famine in India.

M. S., Pittsfield, Ill. How may selfishness best be eradicated?

By seeking every opportunity to do good to others, even at the cost of self-sacrifice. This is the simplest service and with prayer, will do more to overcome the habit of selfishness than any other means that may be employed.

"Reader," Galt, Ont. I professed conversion some years ago, but am now living without prayer, and with no interest in any Christian work. Ought I to absent myself from communion?

We would rather counsel you to resume prayer and seek to get right with God. See your pastor tell him frankly your condition. He may be able to help you. It would be a mockery for you to join with Christ's followers in the solemn commemoration if you do not love the Lord. If your child asked you whether he ought to stay away from school because his hands and face were dirty, would you not tell him to wash them and go to school?

A. M., Greensboro. My wife and myself are Christians, and I love her. Sometimes when ill, she insists on attending church if I do, which frequently causes me to remain home. Should I go as a matter of duty, she says I am inconsistent to drag her out, that "I ought to know she will go if I go." She discourages activity on my part visiting the poor, etc. She is frequently unpleasant without assigning a reason beyond despondency. At such times I endeavor to be with her, but it is irritating in the extreme to be a cause of irritation or cruelty. If I glance over a paper or book or even leave her room for a stroll over the lawn with my little boy, she cries, "why, if I speak kindly of her duty as a Christian she construes it that my admiration and affection have ceased and I am becoming hard-hearted. I am liked by her family, but it is very distressing to lead a life which seems to get worse year by year. Must I give up Christian activities, or what should I do?"

Doubtless what seems peevishness or irritability is due to some weakness or disordered nervous condition. Change of scene, combined with kindness and a strengthening regimen, might be an efficient aid in such a case. What is needed first of all is sound medical advice. Then try to interest her in your own Christian work, and once interested, she will take as much pleasure in it as you do yourself. By no means think of giving up your Christian work, rather try to induce her to share it. You have been drifting away from each other, and you must now show, by a renewed interest that you desire her to share all your activities. Should you conquer her indifference both your lives will be brightened. Strive to do this and pray for it. It is well worth trying.

Reader, Newport, N. Y. What really is apparent in that the wife of Luther brought an inheritance to Saul in 1 Samuel 18:16?

After reading this chronicle's account in the Bible, you will know all that can be known on the subject. You must remember that Saul did not see it, but recognized Saul in the woman's somewhat vague description. If the

Jewish tradition is true that the woman was the mother of Abner, she would know enough of the situation and circumstances to deceive the king if she were so disposed.

Mrs. M. A. McK., Seven Mile, O. Who is the author of the saying, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul?"

On the 17th of December, 1540, the abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral by letters patent; but ten years later it was joined to the diocese of London again, and many of its estates were appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's cathedral. Hence the saying in question.

S. B. Z., Mennu, Pa. 1. What prophecies remain to be fulfilled before the millennium? 2. What is to be understood by the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? Rev. 22:2, 3. What do you think is the greatest impediment to progress in the divine life?

The prophecies of Christ's second coming, the rise of Antichrist and the great Tribulation all of which will precede the millennium. 2. Several meanings have been suggested, and there is a wide difference of opinion. The

that the Mohammedan empire should not be dismembered. In the event of a war, they anticipate a general break-up of Turkey and such a re-adjustment of territorial lines as would involve widespread disturbance among themselves. It is hardly necessary to add that their defense of Turkey is wholly selfish, and condemned by all righteous men. 2. Andromache was the legendary wife of Hector, whose feats are recorded in the *Iliad*. Her father and seven brothers fell by the sword of Achilles. She is usually delineated by poets as a most affectionate wife, and the farewell scene between herself and Hector is the subject of a famous painting.

Mrs. S. A. T., Bedias, Texas. Who was Torquemada, and where can his story be found?

Tomas de Torquemada was the noted Inquisitor General for Castile and Leon, Spain, in the 15th century. His connection with the Inquisition won him an unenviable fame. His biography can be found in almost any encyclopedia.

Blanche Ewing, New York City. 1. What authority is there for your statement in the Lesson Points that Queen Candace was converted under the preaching of the Eunuch? (Acts 8:26-40). 2. What authority is there for the statement I have seen in *The Sunday School Times* that Acts 8:37 should not be included in the text? 3. Why is it contended, in spite of the very detailed account that the Eunuch may have been baptized by sprinkling or pouring?

1. We did not say that the queen was converted, but that there was a tradition to that effect. It is mentioned by Ludolf in his "History of Ethiopia." 2. No authority is necessary. The verse is not in the most ancient manuscripts of the Bible. It was added at a later date by some one who thought Philip would not baptize the Eunuch without such an avowal. The verse does not appear in the revised version. 3. The mode of baptism is not

they labor, have found in every instance among the rudest tribes, evidences of a feeling and a tendency to worship a or inanimate things. The apprehension of a superior order of beings seems to be a trait in the human race everywhere.

George J. O., Otto, N. C. Who was it who dipped in a river so that he became invulnerable, and where did it happen?

The story to which you refer is that of Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis. According to the legend, his mother, in order to make him invulnerable and proof against wounds, dipped him in the river Styx, holding him by the heel. Although his entire was thus covered, the heel remained vulnerable, and he was afterwards killed by an arrow from the bow of Paris, which struck that vulnerable spot.

Sister, Goffs, Kansas. When did Saul first take the name of Paul?

When or why he received the Roman name, which he bears in the Acts of the Apostles, and which he uses in the Epistles, which Peter addresses him, is unknown. It is probable that his father gave him both names, knowing that he was a Roman citizen, as a Jew. While the apostle lived in Jerusalem and mixed in Jewish society, he naturally used the Hebrew name of Saul when, after his call at Antioch, he set his foreign tour, he would use the Latin of Paul, which would be more in harmony with his claims to Roman citizenship.

Carry S., Iowa, La. Where is the corn which is to be sent to India in the vessels of the Government?

It is now being forwarded by voluntary contributors, farmers and other good people over the country. They gather the sacks, place it on the cars, and when full of old corn, they notify the Fund Committee, 92 Bible House, New York, which arranges for transportation.

Mrs. J. R. G., Henry, Tenn. The Legislature now in session, has incorporated the Centennial Grounds and legalized the intoxicants. As this has been done, is it wrong for Christian people to visit the Centennial?

While it is greatly to be regretted if the Legislature should have granted this session, we do not consider it sufficient ground for advising any one to stay away from the Centennial. If a strong protest were made, it might result in the Legislature reconsidering its action. In any event, Christians should find some way of recording their approval.

H., Dry Creek, W. Va. Can a person who is a victim of the morphine habit and make a tempt to give it up, live a Christian life?

We must give up our besetting sins, indulgences, and present the body a fit temple for Christ, if we mean to live the Christian life in earnest. One who strives in vain, strives half-heartedly to give up his sin, may be a Christian, but can only be of a very poor sort. Still, we are not to condemn. Let such a one cease rely on his own strength, and earnestly believe, ask the Lord to take away the sinful habit, and strength will be given him to overcome it.

R. B., South Amherst, Mass. By no means is an honorable and artistic calling, just as the painter, sculptor, and architect. 1. Manlius, N. Y. Every letter is pronounced with ten, in both names, the "g" being soft. 1. St. Louis, Mo. It is a mixture of Buddhism and Spiritualism. Mrs. J. W. B., Wilbur, N. Y. ready answered quite lately. Subscriber for S. C. No; it is a proper provision for the family. E. C. S., Branford, Conn. The is the better form. Reader, Jamesville, Va. do on some other day than Sunday by all even if you have to do it in mid-week.

Subscriber, Crestline, Kans. The method is not should not be applied to Church work at all. T. White. Because it is the home building American Bible Society. Mrs. D. F., Mass. 1. She is still living. 2. Don't know the name of the writer in question. Mrs. L. S., Darien, Conn. No such passage in the Bible. Puzzled, Terre Haute, Ind. You have unwisely. Your father is undoubtedly right, should heed his advice. A. S., Winchest. No. You must repent and pray for strength to resist the temptation. Yielding is weakness. N., McClellandtown, Pa. You can procure Cheyne's Memoirs from J. E. Jewett, Bible House, N. Y. J. R. H., Pawnee, Write to Mrs. Terhune, 487 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sydney, A. F., Port Arthur, Ont. The questions may be upon any subject that properly within the scope of a religious funeral. Everyone recognizes his own question matter how briefly put. Subscriber, N. J. We believe there is an age limit. We them about it. Nellie S., Brooklyn, Wis. dict such as you describe is inconsistent with profession of a Christian teacher. B. W. awaka. We do not. Mrs. Daniel C., Town, Ct. We do not recognize it. Will Tenants Harbor, Me. 1. Guelph. 2. Yes, novel. M. L. T., Water Valley, Ky. 1. drug and has medical virtues, but was certainly designed for man's daily consumption. C. New Campbellton. Archbishop Newman was author, and the circumstances were as you them. Subscriber, Lonest, O. We should judge without knowing all the circumstances case. Anna E. C., Tecumseh, Neb. It is the Bible. It is a quotation from Sterne. B., Wrightville, Ill. They are Christians Oriental or Eastern Church—not Catholics in sense, however. Mathe G., Oswego, Kan. in the Bible. Subscriber, Medina, Presb. Subscriber, Bryant, Ind. Dr. Talmage, Julia East Olean, Mass. Very few Armenians are going to this country at present, and practically no women or children.



A NAVAL ORANGE TREE, IN CALIFORNIA, IN FULL BEARING.

This tree, which is one of a grand group in an orchard in the Redlands district, is about twelve or fifteen years old. It yields a crop of eight or ten boxes of splendid fruit, selling for \$1 to \$1.50 per box. This class of fruit is of all sizes, and in assorting it, it is graded into different sizes by machinery.

most probable, in our opinion, is that it has a reference to the tree in the Garden of Eden, and intimates that man will have free access to the renewing and invigorating power which is represented (Gen. 3:22-24) as being withheld from him at the fall. The seer seems to have believed that the tree of life would be an antidote to the ravages of sin, and that a man converted, say, at the close of a long life of dissipation would have this means of restoring spiritual vitality. The people of his time had a belief that there was, somewhere in nature, some medicine which they called the elixir of life, which would cure any disease, by increasing the natural power of life. 3. Selfishness, as seen in the many forms of competition and ambition. Next to this physical indulgence in drunkenness, gluttony and sensuality.

Olive, R. S., Ohl, Pa., in behalf of the "Shut-ins," sends us this note for Margaret E. Sangster:

Please accept thanks for your cheery talk with "Shut-ins." I have been a "Shut-in" for sixteen years, and your sweet, sympathetic words went right home to my heart of hearts, and inspired me to live on bravely, and to do, or rather to suffer my part with Christian fortitude.

J. L. M., Attrick, Va. 1. Why is it that the five powers of Europe have combined to aid the Mohammedans against the Greeks and Christians, while pretending to be Christians themselves? 2. Who was Andromache? We have her portrait in our parlor.

1. The powers have put themselves in the incongruous attitude of defending Moslems against Greeks and Christians on the pretext that it is necessary for the peace of Europe

stated, and it is, therefore, open to people with decided opinions to contend for them if they deem the matter important. The Greek phrase stating that Philip and the Eunuch went "down into the water," may be translated "down to the water," although the rendering "into the water," is preferred by the revisers, and is considered by scholars more accurate.

M. R., Hamerton, Ia. If a Baptist minister is requested to hold a funeral service by a Christian science family, the service to consist of the reading of a specified chapter of the Bible, and the reciting of the Lord's Prayer, would it be his duty to accede to the request?

The clergyman would be a better judge than we can be of his duty. There might be circumstances in connection with the case, which we do not know, that ought to be taken into account in reaching a decision. We believe, however, that a minister receiving such a request, would comply with it if he could do so, and would not allow any trivial objections to prevent his doing something that would be a comfort to an afflicted family.

Joel C., Sierra City, Cal. Is there a people in Africa without a God, living no religion, or any conception of a Supreme Being, and if so, what people is it, and where located?

Some travelers tell of tribes in Africa that seem to have no religion or idea of a Supreme Being, but their stories are not well authenticated, and have probably been told without due investigation. On the other hand, missionaries who have leisure to examine into the spiritual condition of the people among whom

Tennessee Preparing to Celebrate Her 100th Anniversary as a State, and the
Whole Nation Helping Her—Splendid Buildings Erected at Nashville.



THE NEGRO BUILDING AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Agriculture Building is, by many considered the gem of an extensive group of buildings in which every structure is a work of art. It is 525 feet long

Near the Parthenon will be the Erechtheon, or History Building, which will have 4,200 square feet of space, divided into five compartments, the largest for history and antiquities, one for the Confederate Veterans, one for the Grand Army of the Republic, one for the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution, and one for miscellaneous purposes. The Hygiene and Education Building is 144 feet square, and thirty feet high, and is in the Renaissance style of architecture. The Educational exhibit will be of a very comprehensive character. The Auditorium is a most unique structure, colonial in design and Ionic in treatment, with seating capacity for over 6,000 people. In this large hall will be placed the



SCENE ON LAKE KATHERINE.



THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

grand organ, one of the largest in the south, with 53 stops and 1,847 pipes. When the Exposition closes, the organ will be placed in the chapel of Fisk (colored) University at Nashville. What was at the World's Fair called the Manufacturers, and Liberal Arts Building, has been designated in the Tennessee Centennial group the Commerce Building and it is 591 feet long and 356 feet wide. The central pavilion is two stories in height, the second story forming a gallery on either side, 141 x 160 feet, over-looking the nave. Over the central pavilion a dome rises to the height of 175 feet, into which elevators will be run in order that visitors may get a fine view of the surrounding country.

The Negro Building, is one of the most

gestion of the Egyptian Memphis of old. It is an enormous pyramid with porticos at the base, formed of pillars of purely Egyptian style both in size, shape and color of decorations. It is a very striking building and will, undoubtedly, attract great attention. And then there are several other buildings, all works of art and all extremely interesting, and each with a marked individuality of its own. In the grounds an endless number of attractive features have been introduced. First, there are the two beautiful lakes. Watauga and Katherine, two sheets of clear sparkling water. Across a narrow strait is thrown an exact representation of the Rialto at Venice and gondolas carrying gaily dressed passengers, singing to the



THE AUDITORIUM.

Expositions of the present day must have amusement features as well as educational features, and they have not been omitted. There will be palaces of illusions, magic castles, haunted spring, a farm of ostriches from California, Moorish palace, Chinese village, Venetian canal, wild animal show, fireworks displays and many others. The music is to be a special attraction, and the world's greatest organists will officiate at the grand organ. The doors will be thrown open May 1, and the Exposition will close October 31.

D. G. CHARLES, C. E.

An Armenian Woman's Mission

Rebecca H Kurkjian is a bright, educated young Armenian who has come to America to labor in behalf of her persecuted brothers and sisters at home. She is a graduate of the American College for Girls at Scutari, and was compelled by the Armenian troubles to leave all and seek a foreign land, where, fortunately, she has made many friends. She has already delivered addresses in a number of churches and before different societies, and has made a remarkably good impression everywhere. Rev. Dr. Farnsworth, American missionary in Turkey, now in the United States, Rev. Mr. Blackburn, of the Church of the Strangers, New York City, and many other pastors unite in recommending her to churches for addresses. The proceeds of her work are devoted to aiding the orphans of Armenia.



A RESURRECTION MISTAKE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., } She supposing him to be the
on the Text: John 20: 15: - - - } gardener.



HERE are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace.

He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

There are three or four things which the world and the Church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to reclaiming the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations of clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle, blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen, "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work in everyday apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ, than we are in our everyday work dress, managing our merchandise, sniting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our everyday toil. Put it to the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the cluster of roughest new ground in Western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the needle for every stitch in the garment some of their cruel employers paying no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from

the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along this gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood.

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and by night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footstone.

Oh, the world wants a Christ for the steps of the Creator in the old red sand office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly aunt Phebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism. Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance. What does that mean?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace; it means those lowest down shall come, perhaps, highest up; it means that the clock that strikes twelve at midnight may strike twelve at noon; it means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalen even after her conversion, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have not enough mercy for Mary Magdalen. Christ put all pathos, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said, not to Mary the mother of

Jesus, not to Mary the mother of James, not to Mary the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven-deviled Mary.

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel, had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all the ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made his first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half past five o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn; Mark says it was at the sunrising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave. She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

Charles Fifth of Spain with his servants and torches went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, further on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had that casket opened, and there by embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as eighteen years before when it was entombed. But under the exploration his body and mind perished. Oh, my friends, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulchre. What are we to do? Wait. It is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight that gets brighter and brighter into the perfect day. I preach it to-day. Sunrise over Pere le Chaise, sunrise over Greyfriars Churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, over Congressional Burying Ground, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi where the ships lie buried. Half past five o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for a gardener.

Another thing the world and the Church

have not observed; that is, Christ's thetic credentials. How do you know he was a gardener? His garments were a gardener. The flakes of turned earth scattered upon his girdle said he was a gardener. How do you know he was not a gardener? Ah! Easter had gone by he gave to some of his disciples his three credentials showed them his hands and his feet. Three paragraphs written in right-angled pressed letters. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar at the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way you know him. That is the way you will know him.

Ay, am I saying this morning to you when I say that will be one of the things in which you and I will know each other by the scars of earth; scars of aches, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle of old age. When I see Christ's re-erected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodelled and resuscitated bodies will have scars. Why beget out of this world some of us covered with scars all over. Heaven not be a bay into which float yachts after a pleasuring, with the rigging and with the embroidered sails as when they were first unfurled. It will be more like a navy yard men-of-war come in from Trafalgar, Lepanto, men-of-war with masts by a cyclone, men-of-war struck sides by seventy-four pounders, war with decks scorched of the Old Constitution, old Constellation floating in discharged from service forever. In the resurrection Christ denuded by scars. You and I are credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now figurement? Do you think them badge of endurance? I tell you a serious thought this morning, they are to be the means of heavenly recognition.

There is one more thing that the world and the Church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ, and that is, Christ from Friday to Sabbath was less in a hot climate where sanitation demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet three days he comes up so healthy, robust, and so rubicund. Mary Magdalen takes him for a gardener. Not supposing him to be an invalid from a hospital, supposing him to be a corpse from a tomb, but supposing him to be the denuded, healthy by the breath of the turned sod, and by a perpetual life in sunshine.

Oh, the glorious thought, the consolation of this subject when Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember he was lacerated and wounded fearfully by crucifixion—coming up without wounds. What does that make me think? The grave will get nothing of us except wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloated. All the currents of his life had poured from his wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and he died a lingering death. His body hung on four spikes. No inventory of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and laid down as Christ, and yet here he comes so rubicund and robust she supposes him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the back-aches, and the heart-aches, and the ear will up without its heaviness, the eye will up without its dimness, the lung will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we come immortal athletes! Oh, what feats we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial qualities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the entered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I tell you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumult, without catafalque, and without a tear. At the cathedrals of the blessed no longer Dead March in Saul, but whole libretto Hallelujah Chorus. Oh, put thumb and finger to key, and loving for against the bosom of a risen Christ, Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen!

THE MODERN JEW

IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. LL.D.

TURKISH JUSTICE.

Quality wholly Wanting—Examples of Oppression—How Crime is Concealed—Courts Controlled by Bribery.

Who go from Christian America to the empire of the Sultan we shall find that a number of words which we thought we understood fully, have quite a different meaning from what they have with us. We are not surprised that customs, dress, habits of life, and religious practices should differ from ours, but



AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, JAFFA GATE.

When we come to the relations of man to man, our ideas of morality to matters pertaining to character and conduct, we are prepared for the wide difference which exists.

For example, our ideas of truth differ from those prevailing in Turkey. In the phrase "family life" conveys a meaning to us, while in Turkey the words are unknown and they convey no meaning whatever. Again, government implies a fostering care of the governed, in Turkey it means oppressing the governed. To govern means to rob, to be despotic and to oppose education and progress, to crush out of the minds of the governed all tendencies to think independently. No contrast is greater than that between the meaning of the word government as practically expounded in Turkey and as expounded in the United States.

Our idea of justice enters into all our public, social, religious, governmental, and into every relation between ourselves and our fellow-men. We have a standard of justice. The word is defined in our law. We know what the absence of principle means. Society is built upon this corner-stone. In Turkey this idea is wanting. I do not see how to qualify this statement by saying that it is wanting to a certain degree; it appears to be wholly wanting.

Our law that all male Moslems of the Sultan must do military service. Christian subjects are exempt from this duty, not as a favor because Christians are despised as "filthy dogs" not worthy to fight for the Faith and the Prophet, and in lieu of service they are obliged to pay an annual military tax. The Turks are glad to get a Christian's money although they despise him. This tax beginning at birth and continuing through life, is levied upon rich and poor alike and even the poor are not exempt. Let us admit that it is fair according to our view of justice, but the statement of the case is incomplete. Here is the strange part. A Christian or a Jew whose name is on the list as subject to this military tax, dies, and the government continues to collect the tax year after year. I have had many cases brought before me officially where a Christian or a Jew had gone to America, and resided in our country a number of years with no intention of returning to

Turkey, whose friends in Jerusalem were compelled to pay for such persons the annual military assessment. The strangest cases are of such persons who have died in the United States and proof of death with all the legal documents confirmed by the Department of State, has been sent back and presented to the Turkish authorities but they would not accept it. The friends must continue to pay for the dead man who did not own even a grave in Turkey.

Possibly I ought to explain that both Jews and Christians are divided into small communities, the heads of which must pay such taxes for all that are enrolled, so that the individual himself never pays his tax in person. Were this the law, the Government would have a fine time hunting up its tax-payers, especially if they were dead.

The second fact to which I will refer is that of a man who was murdered about five miles from Jerusalem on the direct road to Nablous (Shechem). Hundreds of people pass along the road every day, chiefly peasants or country people on their way to market. This murder was committed in the night and the murdered man lay all the next day and till the afternoon of the day following before notice was given to the officials and the body removed. Everyone who passed saw the body, and the first question my readers ask is why they did not hurry to the city and tell about it? On the contrary not a word was spoken. Not a hand was extended to place a cloak or a bit of cloth-

tion. A mound of stones in the road now marks the spot where the murder was committed, and where the poor man lay.

We thought that these peasants were guilty of inhumanity, but we find the trouble to be in the character of the Turkish government, it pretends to be just, but its ideas of justice are abominable.

Many instances have come under my own observation where persons who were perfectly innocent of any crime have been seized under some made-up charge and thrown into prison. Once in prison there is no thought or hope of vindication, nor is there any prospect of release without the payment of a large bribe to the officials. There are no other people on the globe who profess to have such an abhorrence of bribes as do the Turks; yet bribery is just as much a part of their life as is the air they breathe. There is not an official in that great empire who has not bought his position from those who had the power to confer it.

For a third illustration of the Turks' idea of justice I will speak of the system of impressment which prevails everywhere. I saw this in practice scores of times during the years when the carriage road between Jericho and Jerusalem was being constructed. The officials would go to a certain village and demand the services of so many persons, men, boys, and girls, for so many days or weeks as the case might be. These people must give this service entirely without pay, and without food furnished except bread and water. When

camels in the region about Jerusalem would disappear in a night. The owners had run them off to prevent their being



TURKISH SOLDIERS IMPRESSING CAMELS.

seized, and the soldiers had to go twenty or forty miles, perhaps, to secure the number they required. Boys and women scream and cry and men fight with the soldiers who are seizing the camels, but the soldiers take the animals by force, often beating the owners before they will give them up. In Turkey this is justice.

If a soldier wants a load of wood or a basket of vegetables he seizes them from some peasant who is coming to market, and there is no redress.

Again, telegraphic messages are, in our country, considered sacred. But in Jerusalem a copy of any message that is sent from the office can be obtained for a bribe of a shilling. That is Turkish justice.

Again, if I put a letter in the post office at Boston, directed to some one in San Francisco, the whole of the government is pledged to carry and deliver it safely to the person to whom it is addressed. No one except a properly authorized person dare touch it. In Turkey despatches are opened, private letters are read or destroyed, money is abstracted; the insecurity of the post is proverbial. This is Turkish justice. What a comment upon Turkish methods, what a severe rebuke to that government is the existence of foreign post offices in many of the large cities of the empire, established there by foreign governments because Turkey cannot be trusted to handle foreign mails.

Again, the custom house might be conducted, one would think, according to reasonable rules. On the contrary, laws are defied, arbitrary methods prevail, and bribery is universal. The property of foreigners is closely scrutinized, some of it is committed to the flames, some of it is confiscated, much of it, if not destroyed, is injured so as to be of little value to the owner. It seems, where the United States maintains friendly relations with a country and has treaty rights with the same, as if something might be done to prevent the outrages which are now common in the Turkish custom house.

The most prolific source of illustration for our subject is of course the Turkish courts, which I have not drawn upon for the reason that the specific instances that have come to my knowledge are so numerous. If a person carries a case to law he must be prepared to bribe its way from beginning to end and, if his opponent is able to pay larger bribes than himself, his case is sure to be lost. Without the payment of a great deal of money in bribes no case can be carried successfully through a Turkish court. I have known a decision reversed as many as four different times according as one party paid more money than the other.

In the case of land there are no records, no deeds, no boundaries, no titles that one can consider as certain. Money is powerful to change any or all of these things.

Turkey is a very unsafe country for money or investments of any kind; neither property nor life are secure, and human rights are not thought of.

SELAH MERRILL.

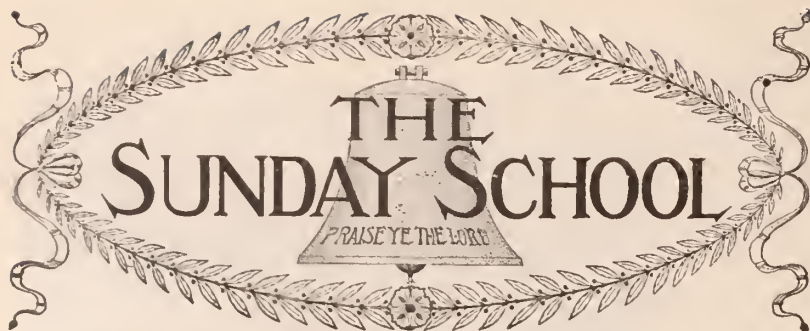


"THE PULPIT OF OMAR," JERUSALEM.

ing over the lifeless body. "How inhuman" is the exclamation I hear from every quarter. But before judging let us wait till we learn all the facts. The natives who passed by knew the Turkish government too well. They knew what its custom was and what had happened in similar cases. They knew that if they should report this murder to the officers in Jerusalem they would be seized and thrown into prison where they would linger and suffer for months and perhaps years, for they would be suspected at once of some complicity with the crime. The only safety was in silence or in feigned ignorance. It happened that an English missionary passed this spot near the close of the second day and reported the case to the authorities at Jerusalem and the body was removed. In this case there was no fear of arrest, for he was under English protec-

tion. Their time expired a similar demand was made upon another village.

This practice is universal among the soldiers. The government sanctions it. The peasants dread the soldiers because they are legalized robbers. Camels are needed or other beasts of burden, and soldiers are sent out to seize them. A small boy is leading home his father's camel, or a poor woman is coming to market with her camel loaded with bushes or sticks for fuel which she hopes to sell for a few cents.—no matter where camels are found or how necessary they are for the daily support of their owners, they are seized, over-laden, over-driven, poorly fed, and for this inconvenience and serious loss there is no compensation, and no redress. Several times I have known it to happen when it leaked out that the soldiers were going on some expedition, that all the



PAUL'S FIRST JOURNEY.

Sunday School Lesson for May 2.
Acts 13: 1-13. Golden Text, Mark
16: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16: 15), was one of our Lord's last commands before his ascension into heaven. And this command was given in different words, on more than one occasion. "Go and teach all nations" (Matt. 28: 19). A certain order however was to be observed "beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke 24: 47), which is more explicitly stated (Acts 1: 8). "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. But the Apostles had no indication as to when their ministry in Jerusalem should yield to the claims of "all Judea," and then "Samaria," and then the uttermost parts of the earth. The persecution following the martyrdom of Stephen was the means of scattering abroad the Christians who went everywhere preaching the Gospel (Acts 8: 4). The work of God through the ministry of Philip drew Peter and John to Samaria, but Peter needed a special revelation from God to persuade him that the Gospel was really for the Gentiles.

God does all things

In His Own Time :

To forestall him is to spoil the work; for we cannot force God's hand, but we may also injure his work by our failure to recognize when the right time is come. Blessed is he who has understanding of the times, and who knows how to be regulated by God's time in all things. "Prepare thy work without, and make it ready for thee in the field; and afterwards build thine house" (Prov. 24: 27), says the wise man. This is God's principle of action, he makes all ready and lets everything ripen before he goes forward. While he worked with Peter to create within him a oneness of heart with himself regarding the salvation of the Gentiles, he was working also in the same direction through other disciples. The persecuted converts whom Jerusalem had cast out, went as far as Antioch (in Syria) "preaching the word to Jews only;" but some of their converts "spoke to the Greeks also preaching the Lord Jesus" (Acts 11: 19-20) and a great number turned to the Lord.

This was reported to the church at Jerusalem, who sent forth Barnabas to Antioch that he might investigate and pronounce upon the movement. Led, no doubt, by the Spirit of God, he went to Tarsus to seek Paul and bring him into this atmosphere of spiritual awakening; the new disciples needed him and he needed the impetus which such a work of God would give him before his great missionary call which was to follow. God brought about that he should be in touch with the brethren at Jerusalem in causing that he and Barnabas should be the bearers of relief from the disciples at Antioch in view of a time of dearth which, through Agabus, had been foretold and came to pass soon after.

Returned again to Antioch from their ministry to the Church at Jerusalem, Barnabas and Saul with other prophets and teachers who were there "ministered to the Lord and fasted." The elders had a kind of intimation that God wanted some move forward. What should they do? They may have been full of work, but the conviction that God had something to say to them must take precedence of all else. So they came together to fast and place themselves at his disposal, willing to be broken off from any work, interrupted in any plans, called to, or taken off

from, any service which the Lord might direct. Such a coming together to listen to the Lord marks an epoch in the history of the church. Before Christ chose his twelve disciples he remained all night in prayer to God (Luke 6: 12-13). And here we see that before the Holy Ghost sent out any missionaries to the heathen he also led the elders of the church at Antioch to seek in this solemn way to know the mind of God.

"My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me" (John 10: 27). Those who are ready to follow are

Quick to Hear.

The Holy Ghost, whose voice was familiar to these men who were filled with him, said to them: "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." There was no question, no

deputy or proconsul from the faith. But he knew not the odds which were against him, he had never before met with a man who was filled with the Holy Ghost. Paul fastened his eyes on him and said, "O, full of all guile and all villainy, thou son of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." And immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking for some to lead him by the hand. The proconsul who had been attracted by the teaching of Paul, when he saw the Word confirmed by signs following as the Lord had promised (Matt. 16: 17, 8) believed, and a first-fruits among the Gentiles was thus given.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



EEPPLY interesting is the new departure described in the lesson. It gives a promise to the Church at Antioch, which is honored to this day. The Church was evidently an active, vigorous body of believers. The leaders, whose names are mentioned, are strangers to us, with the exception of Barnabas, whose name heads the list, and Saul, whose name closes it. We are not told what was the nature of the ministration mentioned in the second



From Raphael's Painting.

ELYMAS THE SORCERER SMITTEN WITH BLINDNESS.

discussion as to their fitness, no calculation as to the finances; God had spoken, and it was enough. What a power for a missionary, "I am sent forth by the Holy Ghost! Not by my missionary society, nor by my church or denomination, but by God the Holy Ghost, whose call is my guarantee in every way." "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, go ye therefore" were our Lord's words, and the Holy Ghost in a missionary brings to remembrance and vitalizes these words. What and who can stand against a man thus equipped? Greater is he that is in us than he that is in the world (1 John 4: 4). Sailing to Cyprus they began their ministry at Salamis, going on their old lines of preaching the Gospel to Jews only. But when they had gone through the whole island to Paphos they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, whose name was Barjesus; which was with the proconsul, Sergius Paulus, a man of understanding. This man sought to hear the Word of God, and this was to them a distinct intimation that the time was come when they were to preach to the Gentiles also. But the sorcerer, who was in the service of the enemy, the prince of this world, withstood them. Satan would make all the opposition in his power to this new departure. Let not those think who go forth, led by the Holy Ghost, that therefore they will have no difficulties, and that all will be plain sailing. The God of this world has all his powers arrayed against those who truly follow Jesus. This man sought to turn away the

verse, but, as fasting was connected with it, we presume it was an effort to obtain special guidance on some subject, probably this very question of a missionary expedition. It ended in a direct command to undertake the work. How it was communicated, whether by an audible voice, or by a vivid impression on the minds of the members, does not appear. It was, however, communicated in such a way as to leave no doubt of its being a divine command, and as such it was obeyed. Saul and Barnabas are to go among the Gentiles preaching Christ. Verse three says the Church sent them, but verse four says they were sent by the Holy Spirit. People who are fond of seeking contradictions in God's word have an opportunity for discussion here, but to practical people the significant fact about it is that the Holy Spirit and the Church were in accord. From this point on, to the close of his book, Luke has very little to say about the Church at Jerusalem, whose foundation and development have previously occupied his attention. It is the aggressive work which changed Christianity from a Jewish sect to a world wide religion that absorbs all his interest. It has been so in modern times. The Church occupied with its own affairs, discussing doctrinal questions and concerned about its own finances, is eclipsed by the Church intent on carrying the Gospel into the city, the outlying country, and into heathen lands. Aggressive force and missionary activity are still an excellent test of spiritual vitality. There was a farewell meeting to bid

godspeed to the departing mission and Barnabas and Saul set out, with them as an assistant and John Mark, who was the cousin of Paul and the author of the second Gospel.

If Saul was born in the year two, generally believed, he would be at the about forty-six years old. Hence Luke calls him Paul, and seems to think that the name had been given him at birth. It may have been that his gave him both names with a definite. Saul is a Hebrew name and a Latin name. Possibly the father had had in mind that his son would be a Roman citizen as well as a Pharisee may have given him a name appropriate to each character. Although no reason is given for the change, it is reasonable to conclude that while the Hebrew name was preferred while he was in Jewish society, Paul may have foreseen that outside the borders of Judea he might have occasion to claim the privileges of a Roman citizen and a name in harmony with such a would be more useful. The name "little," and it may, as some expect, have been adopted by Paul as an expression of his humility; but as it was never a prominent trait of character, the other theory is the probable one.

The first halting place of the missionaries was at Cyprus, the Mediterranean island about eighty miles from Antioch and at that time an important center of trade, with many Jewish inhabitants about a hundred and fifty miles, and about sixty miles wide. As the place of Barnabas, it would probably have a special attraction for him, a starting-place of his missionary journey. Skirting the southern shore of the island from east to west, they reached Paphos, the seat of government. There the Roman governor was impressed. Incidents worthy of notice that as to this rank, Luke has only recently been created. The critics noted that when Luke calls him a deputy, the Roman name was used. The Roman name was said that the island was ruled by a governor appointed by the Emperor. Recent investigations however, show that at this time the Emperor had his right and the island was governed by a deputy, or proconsul, as Luke calls him. This man, however, was hindered by Elymas, one of those magicians who give information, which in those superstitious times was deemed valuable. Omens and auguries and prophecies. Such men were frequently found in the suite of Roman officials; but as Elymas doubtless realized, Sergius Paulus had little use for him if he became a Christian. Paul's withering denunciation of this man is significant in so far as it shows that Paul condemned him as a Christian. It was not as an opponent of Christianity that Paul condemned him, but as an enemy of all righteousness, which was a more disgraceful characteristic. Elymas was stricken blind at Paul's word. Luke with the precision of a physician gives the symptoms of the mist followed by darkness, which indicate the nature of the affliction. It was probably only temporary, and was doubtless regarded by Paul as a fitting punishment for a man who had tried to produce spiritual blindness in another. From Paphos the missionaries proceeded to Asia Minor—his native land. Mark, however for reason not stated, left them and home, thereby incurring Paul's long continued dislike.

They sent them away. It would not be a welcome duty for the church at Antioch to deprive itself of two such men as Paul and Barnabas. But there appeared to have been ready submission to the will of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Doherty remarks that when Andover Seminary was giving a theologian to fill one of its chairs, a delegation was sent to New Haven to make inquiries about one of the ministers there, who had been suggested for the place. The reply of one of the men viewed was: "He would be a good man for the place, but we cannot spare him. One of the delegates there upon remark that they did not desire a man who could be spared."

They preached the Word of God. It accounts for the marvelous success of their work. Missionaries, as well as preachers have found that when the Word of God is preached, souls are saved, that there is no other preaching that that effect.



Fighting on the Frontier.

RECENT news from the Turco-Greek frontier changes the centre of interest in the Eastern Question from the island of Crete to the base of Mount Olympus. As all Europe has for several weeks past, a conflict is likely to result from the close proximity of the forces of Greece and Turkey on the frontier of those two countries. The Greeks were excited, and were impatient with their king because he knew the impossibility of contending in a single-handed, with Turkey, shrank from declaring war against that power. He urged that a neutral zone should be drawn on each side of the frontier line, so that the soldiers might not be killed by the constant spectacle of each presence, but her advice was not followed. No Christian power could see engaged in war with Turkey without growing. As one of the press correspondents, who has seen both armies,

the result of a conflict is not to be battle, but massacre. The Turks are proverbial for their ferocity, and they besides, the advantage of their overwhelming superiority in numbers. Their suppressed hatred of the Greek would be out with uncontrollable force, and a very slight provocation would result in a chance shot, or an impulsive movement on the part of the impulsive Greek might give the provocation, and the Turkish hordes would pour into Greece, carrying with them the sword and bloodshed to the country. Europe is in breathless suspense to see that provocation has been given. On Friday, April 10, there was fighting on the frontier, the significance of which is variously appreciated. A thousand Greeks crossed the frontier before the Turkish and attacked the Turkish guard. They are described in the dispatches as "brigands," and in the Turkish dispatches as "brigands." They are the Greek National Society, and were organized by two former officers of the Greek army. They succeeded in burning the Turkish outposts, and then they took refuge in a wood, and were surrounded by the Turkish forces, and maintained their position against all attacks. The Greek forces at Larissa could hear a firing all day, but were not allowed to the support of their countrymen. The Sultan nor the King of Greece has any desire for war. The king knows he has nothing to gain by a war, and he is shrewd enough to know that war should break out, public opinion in Europe would be against him. George, on his part, knows that his power is stronger than he, and he has warned that he must not expect help from any other power. Both monarchs, however, while preparing for eventualities, are restraining their regular troops. It is uncertain whether they will be able to do so, if this irregular conflict continues. The other European powers are also anxious to avert war. They cannot foresee whom it may involve, but once breaks out, but they know by painful experience that the wise king was right when he said:

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water. (Prov. 1:17.)

A Vender's Fortune.

A press dispatch from Los Angeles, California, reports the sudden accession of a peasant vender of Santa Monica to an

enormous fortune. It appears that the man is an Italian, who, for several years has made a small and precarious income from a street stand. Among his customers was a Frenchman who was fond of chatting with him, and, having found out his name, would greet him politely every morning and evening as he passed his stand on his way to business. One day nearly two years ago, the Frenchman showed him a Paris newspaper he had just received, in which there was an advertisement for some one of the name the Italian bore. It stated that he was the heir to a merchant who had just died in Paris. The Italian ridiculed the idea of his being the missing heir, but at last took the Frenchman's advice and wrote to the Parisian lawyers who had charge of the case. He stated his paternity and gave all the particulars he knew about his family. In a short time he received a reply stating that if he could give documentary proof of his identity, there would be little doubt of his securing the fortune. It took the poor peanut-vender a long time to find any one who would advance the money required to get

ture, no alarm was felt for its safety. The owner did not associate the settling with the disturbance in the sink. But a few nights ago, during a heavy rainstorm, the house swayed violently to the rear. The family rose hastily from their beds and hurrying on a few clothes made their escape. They were barely outside the door, when the house toppled over, with a loud crash, and rolled down the ridge, with a section of earth two hundred feet square still adhering to its foundations. The family took refuge in the house of a neighbor for the night, and the next morning went to look at the ruin. It was lying at the bottom of the sink, from which all the water had escaped. A great hole in the bed of the sink showed how it had gone, and a roaring beneath, as of rushing waters, indicated the presence of a subterranean river. It was this which had drained the sink and undermined the house. The family owed their lives to their promptitude in quitting the house as soon as they found it was doomed. Many souls would escape eternal destruction, if there were similar promptitude in seeking safety as soon as the transient character of this world is perceived:

The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. (1. John 2:17.)

In Collision with an Iceberg.

The steamship *Brooklyn City*, which reached New York from Swansea April 8, had an adventure on the voyage which came near being a catastrophe. During the early part of the voyage there had

partments and the steamer completed her voyage in safety. That she did not founder was due to the vigilance which kept the bulkheads in working order and closed them in time to prevent the water flooding the whole vessel. Similar vigilance would save many a soul from being wrecked in the voyage of life. God is always ready to help those who fall, if at the first they call upon him to save them:

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. (Isa. 59:19.)

To Secure a Lightship.

The Lighthouse Board is about to make another attempt to maintain the lightship on the South Shoal off the coast of Rhode Island. Twice since the lightship was anchored on its exposed position forty miles out in the ocean, it has broken from its moorings and drifted out until picked up and brought into port. It is not an easy matter to keep this ship in place, with the high seas and the easterly gales that wresle around the spot where she is anchored. A hundred fathoms of chain are needed, and this weight drags the vessels bow under the waves and causes it to lift the anchor from the bed of the sea. It has been suggested to the Board that a simple device might relieve the vessel of this strain. It is proposed to fix a huge buoy near the lightship in such a way as to allow the cable to play through it. It will work over powerful springs, which will effectually prevent any sudden jerks on the vessel. The weight of the cable and the dragging of the sea

will thus be expended on the buoy, which will thus have to be forced under water before any strain can reach the lightship. Even then the pull will be comparatively slight, and will not affect either the cable or the ship. By this means it is believed the lightship will be kept where its warning beams will guide the vessels that navigate these waters. The world would more frequently have the benefit of the Christian's light if he would act on the same principle. As the strain of the storm will fall upon the buoy instead of the ship, so the Christian might be relieved of his cares and worries which prevent his light shining, if he would accept his Lord's help:

Casting all your care upon him: for he careth for you. (1. Peter 5:7.)

A Snake Charmer Bitten.

A New York physician was summoned on April 8 to a case that was unique in his experience. The patient was a Hindu visitor to the city. After waiting a few days he received a consignment from India of a box containing a young cobra, one of the most deadly of all snakes. He was very proud of this ac-

quisition and prepared to try upon it the usual methods of the snake charmer, intending when it was reduced to tractability to give a public exhibition of his powers. The new snake was only three feet long and was the smallest of his collection, but it was by far the most active and vicious. The snake charmer, however, had full confidence in his powers. He took the cover off the box and began to play his weird music on the delicate pipe that the Hindoo juggler uses. At first the cobra paid no heed. It was in continual motion, and its wicked fangs were shot in and out with lightning rapidity. After a few minutes of shrill playing it appeared to yield to the charm of the music, and lay motionless with its fangs at rest. Then the snake charmer took it up as he takes up the other snakes; but instantly there was a hiss, a writhing movement of the cobra's whole length, and the fangs were imbedded in the man's arm. He shook the venomous creature off into the box, and covering it over, he shouted for help. The nearest physician was summoned and found the man employing such remedies as the snake-charmers use; but the limb was swelling rapidly, his temperature was high and his pulse irregular. The physician treated him, but speaks doubtfully of his prospects of recovery. He had too much confidence in his own powers, which is a fatal error to many souls in their dealings with the tempter:

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight. (Isa. 5:21.)



LARISSA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREEK ARMY ON THE THESSALY FRONTIER.

the various documents from Italy to substantiate his claim. Eventually he succeeded and the proofs were secured and deposited in the French courts. There was a long interval of legal investigation, but it has now terminated in the Italian's favor and he has been notified that an estate valued at a million and a half of dollars has been awarded to him. Ministers and Christian workers find the same difficulty that the Frenchman experienced in getting people to seek the inheritance that is offered to them through Christ. The admonition is still needed:

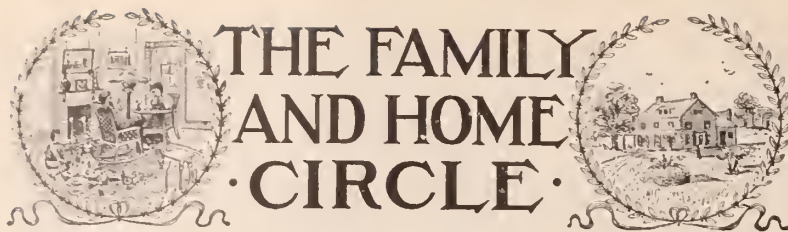
Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest any of you should seem to come short of it. (Heb. 4:1.)

A House in a Sink.

A dispatch from Bartow Junction, Florida, reports a mysterious demolition of a house. It stood on a high ridge near Lake Iola. At the back of the house was one of those curious depressions common in Florida, which are called "sinks." It was about a hundred yards from the house and considerably below it. It measured a hundred and fifty yards across, and was full of water which in the middle was fully fifty feet deep. Usually the water was quite tranquil, but about three weeks ago a strange agitation was noticed on its surface, and in the silence of the night a dull, roaring noise was heard from its bed. Occasionally a vibration was felt in the house accompanied by a slight settling at the rear. As it was a substantial struc-

ture, no alarm was felt for its safety. The owner did not associate the settling with the disturbance in the sink. But a few nights ago, during a heavy rainstorm, the house swayed violently to the rear. The family rose hastily from their beds and hurrying on a few clothes made their escape. They were barely outside the door, when the house toppled over, with a loud crash, and rolled down the ridge, with a section of earth two hundred feet square still adhering to its foundations. The family took refuge in the house of a neighbor for the night, and the next morning went to look at the ruin. It was lying at the bottom of the sink, from which all the water had escaped. A great hole in the bed of the sink showed how it had gone, and a roaring beneath, as of rushing waters, indicated the presence of a subterranean river. It was this which had drained the sink and undermined the house. The family owed their lives to their promptitude in quitting the house as soon as they found it was doomed. Many souls would escape eternal destruction, if there were similar promptitude in seeking safety as soon as the transient character of this world is perceived:

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THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Social Life in the Country.

Some of the Enjoyments on the Farm The Season of Outings.

IT is a mistaken impression held by many who have no experience in rural life, that the lot of one who lives in the country is necessarily a dull and monotonous one.

While it is true that there are not so many excitements in a country life as in that of the town, it is far from being without its peculiar pleasures, and these are usually of a far more wholesome and exhilarating sort than those of the city. Each recurring season brings to the farmer's household its special incident, which serves to divert the young folks and the old. The summer has its agricultural fairs and its picnics—events which agitate a whole section for weeks in advance and furnish food for gossip long afterward. To the same season belongs many other outdoor recreations—the nutting parties, the berrying, fishing, and hunting, the long rides across valley and mountain, the “barn raisings” and, later in the fall, the corn-husking with all its accompaniment of innocent merriment and hilarity. Winter brings still another round of enjoyments, both indoors and out. The skating and the merry sleigh-rides through the snow, the social gatherings indoors at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the fireside games and the thousand and one occasions at which the young folks contrive to make the long evenings pass pleasantly and happily, are all too well known to require remuneration here.

Our illustration on this page is from a photograph taken from the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, and is a typical representation of such picnics as they are found everywhere in little agricultural communities. The farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters are out for “a day of it.” Each picnicker is dressed in his or her best, and the smart wagons are loaded with hamper and baskets of good things for consumption, when sharp appetites make a halt advisable. This particular picnic took place at the Agricultural Experiment Station and was evidently well attended by progressive agriculturists, who believe in availing themselves of the discoveries of modern science as applied to the oldest calling in the world. Such reunions are an excellent means of making neighbors acquainted, as well as sowing the seed of friendship and brotherly feeling. As a class, the farmers are in cordial sympathy with the work of their experiment station, to the success of which their co-operation is essential.

More About Helping Mother.

“While reading a back number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,” writes a subscriber, “I came across an article which, among other things, mentioned the idea of boys helping mother.” He adds:

This is a duty which I thought of in boyhood. In fact, there were no boys who lived beyond the first F. H. road and managed a farm, and I was the only one. I had no friends. My rides were long and tiresome. The work of the farm was not done by hired help. Of course we boys had to work when not in school, and father

when not busy professionally, often tried his hand. This was a real pleasure to him—was indeed his recreation. Many times do I look back to those days with both pleasure and sadness. One thing is certain, there is no sorrow in the thought that I did help her, or that I learned to do such work. Sadness does come, however, at the thought of my occasional unwillingness to do for that dear saint, long since gone to rest. Oh, how gladly would I recall some of those days! Boys are so apt to think that helping mother is girls' work and beneath them. I wish it were in my power to say to all such boys, if you wish a happy old age, never shirk or avoid doing your full duty in this of all places. The memory of days when you were willing to work and tried to do everything well and to save mother all unnecessary steps—these are the days that you will remember with pleasure. They are your “jewels of memory,” much more precious than diamonds and gold.

Precious jewels, oh, how fair!
How like songs they fill the air;
Precious thoughts of home so blest,
Precious mother now at rest.

False Notions and Unhappiness.

One of the strongest and noblest instincts of the woman nature is love for the home. A well-ordered, happy home is her ideal of an earthly paradise. False educa-

about a cat and it excited my curiosity so I took the piece of paper out and I enclose it just as I took it from the nest. Am sorry to say the young birds did not prosper. It may be because I took away the paper (which I never saw before). Some fell out of the nest and our turkeys killed them. We saved them several times but they were dissatisfied and would creep out again, long before they were feathered.

The verses Mrs. E. encloses, relate how a pussy cat flattered a robin until the latter foolishly left its safe nest. Then came the climax:

Then pussy cat smiled,
And robin, beguiled
By her gay and treacherous laughter,
Alighted at once
On the ground like a dunce,
And never was heard of after.

A Church Built by Dimes.

Little folks are frequently pushed aside by their elders, with the discouraging remark that they are too young to be of service in Christian work. How much better it would be if they were shown a way to do some little thing, however small, for the Master. Here is an incident from California, which may show the seniors how little hands and hearts can be utilized:

Decoto, about thirty miles by rail from San Francisco, has a neat church, built on dime contributions from youthful members of the Christian Endeavor Societies of California. The church-going people of the place are not very numerous, and they were having a hard time trying to get a church until Rev. Loyal Wirt, of

Bulgarian Village Home



N a letter from Mrs. Locke, an American now resident in Bulgaria, this interesting description is given of the domestic life of the

of that country, which is now stirred up by the prospect of war in the Balkans. The villages are small collections of houses with red-colored roofs. We stop at one (of the houses). A woman comes to welcome us, and she invites us to sit with her on the porch. She has two cushions and lays them on the floor for us. Our hostess, a pleasant woman, is very talkative, and while she speaks with various questions, we notice that she is well dressed in coarse homespun. Her fabrics are well made, they are resplendent in all the primary colors of the rainbow. She brings a dress lately made for her daughter, which is of dark, native flannel, lined with bright-colored strips of cloth down on the skirt, and is truly quite new. All such dresses in this village are in the same fashion, and you may know from what village a woman comes, by the styles of the different villages. “How do you manage to do so much work?” I ask. “We need to,” she says. “In winter we prepare our clothing in summer we go into the fields and women make most of all of the clothing in our families. We make the carpets (rugs) which we use on the floor, and the blankets which we use, and the cushions. We dig in the yards, plant corn, and the grain in the vest time, help is the corn and the grain. We chop the firewood, make *petmeg* (peppermint syrup), and scold the children.” “But how does your husband do?” I ask, not very much worse for him. “He is in the fields, plows, sows, sets out the grain, goes to the wood or provokes other fuel, and the care of the animals. On one side of the chimney, in the place of which the cooking is done, the bread is generally baked in public ovens or in clay ovens in the yard. Here each family has its own built outside, the floor of the room is beaten earth, which is washed with a mud-wash, and



A FARMERS' PICNIC AT THE NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

tion such as is insidiously imposed upon the minds of girls and young women by the club-house, the boarding-house, and the chit-chat indulged by victims of “high life,” may, and often do, create in the heart of women the false notion that a home is not desirable, and that the care of house and children is feminine drudgery. But such women are never truly happy. The true education and social culture of to-day develop exactly the opposite views; for, as said before, it brings out the true womanly nature in all its nobility, purity and loveliness.

Found in a Bird's Nest.

A reader of this journal, Mrs. M. M. E., of Annetta, Tex., sends this delightful little bit of bird lore:

Some time ago I noticed that a lady sent a scrap of paper taken from a bird's nest to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it reminded me of a similar incident that occurred to me last summer. We keep pins of feeding hanging in the trees all the time for the red birds and any others that may care to partake of our hospitality; consequently they are quite gentle with us. Last summer a pair of red birds began house-keeping in a low, live oak tree. I was quite interested in their progress, and watched them constantly. One day, when the nest-building had advanced considerably, I saw a scrap of soiled paper hanging from the bottom of the nest. I got a chair, stood on it to read the paper and could read the last verse easily. It was an admonition to young birds

San Francisco, and Rev. Frederick H. Maar, pastor of the Niles Congregational church, went to their assistance. They later united in asking the Endeavorers of the State to aid in starting a dime contribution movement throughout the organization. There was a ready response, and practically enough to build the church was raised by the young folks, the children doing the great part of the work.

Example in the Home.

The dullest have noticed the inquisitive nature of the child, asking questions beyond its years and beyond the research of the present thinkers showing that a thirst for sacred knowledge is a leading trait of the tender mind. The intellectual dawn is early, and your example is molding the moral character of your child, whether you will it or not. Your five-year-old knows you better than any of your neighbors. If you sneer at sacred things, talk everything before him but something good, read everything but the Bible, break the Sabbath, and mock the Gospel by staying away from church, or if you are dishonest in trade, a high-tempered scold, a hollow-hearted, lying hypocrite, the child knows it all, and your example is the soul-poison of your own heaven offspring. Faithfully school the heart of your child in the dawn of life's morning, and your labors will be remembered by him as the years go by.

makes it smooth. It is easily swept the dirt goes into the chimney. There is not a chair or divan. At the rear of the room is a pile of folded-up rugs, blankets, pillows and clothing. You see the chest, and the bread tray in which the bread is mixed, and the copper bucket for bringing water from the village. It is astonishing with what ease the women will swing to their shoulders the long stick with a bucket of water hung on each of its notched ends.

In the ceiling above you see two hooks. From them ropes can be suspended, and a hammock speedily made case there is a crying baby that wants sleep.

Here comes in a neighbor of our hostess with her baby boy, and we exclaim once, “What beautiful eyes he has!” we do not feel like kissing him. His mother needs the application of soap and water. He wears a woolen cap ornamented with a bit of lace, a little gilt cross, a gold chain, or its imitation, charms to keep off evil spirits or sickness. The neighbor with the child gently touches my arm and says, “Will you spit at my boy? You add his eyes just now, and lest some evil come upon him, I want you to spit at him. I hesitate how to comply but it must be done, and she is satisfied. We hunt our carnage, drive off, and are soon on our way home.

The Christian Herald India Famine Supplement.

Containing the Story of India's Great Calamity and the Relief Movement in America, from its Beginning to the Present Time, and also a List of Contributions to the Famine Fund, as far as Space will permit.



HON. EUGENE HALE (Me).
THE MOVER IN THE U. S. SENATE.



HON. W. W. GROAT (Va).
THE MOVER IN THE HOUSE.



A HINDOO PEASANT MAID.



EX-U. S. SEN. H. W. BLAIR.
A WARM FRIEND OF INDIA.



LORD ELGIN.
VICEROY OF INDIA.

officially stated that an area containing 36,000,000 persons was in the grip of famine, and that extreme scarcity existed in an area containing 44,000,000. In all, therefore, there are 80,000,000 persons — a population larger than that of the whole United States — who need help and need it in the most urgent way.

People in this country are liable to think the horrors of the famine described in this and other journals are

exaggerated. It is inconceivable to citizens of this land of plenty that eighty millions of persons can be slowly starving to death. Early this year an inquiry was addressed by Mr. S. A. Kean, of Chicago, to a friend in India, Rev. C. B. Ward, of the South India M. E. Conference, whom he had known for twenty years and respected as a man of probity and truthfulness. Mr. Kean enclosed some of the statements he had read and asked if such appalling facts as were narrated could be true. Mr. Ward replied: "You ask if the facts are as bad as the descriptions. I cannot say less than that they are worse. At least one-third of India is in the grip of the famine. Not less than **one hundred millions of people** are in a state of helplessness that you good folks in America cannot appreciate. . . . It is an awful tale to tell. Seeing it alone is sufficient to give an idea of its horrors. . . . Parents give their children away and others sell them for trifles to get something to eat with. One of the saddest sights of the famine is the hordes of these starving children on the roads, in bazaars and elsewhere."

Another missionary writing from the central provinces says: "This famine is without parallel in the history of British rule in India. It is literally true that in this and the neighboring districts, thousands of the village laboring-class population have been dropping down dead in their homes and by the roadsides, in the jungles and in the poor-houses, because they had absolutely nothing to eat, or because the forest-roots and leaves and stalks on which they had tried to maintain life, instead of nourishing them, brought on disease and death. I think it would be difficult to exaggerate, whether by writing or painting, the simply awful condition into which some of these poor creatures, especially the children, have fallen. To say they are skeletons is only to use a term in common use in other lands for a delicate child. It one said they exactly resembled the regular glass-case skeleton with a little brown skin stretched tightly over; two eyes sunk in the sockets, and a little matted hair pasted on the top, it would be nearer the mark. The mortality is terrible, and the saddest part is that they are often in such a depressed condition when they are found that even the most careful diet does not enable them to rally and the feeble life flickers out."

Recognizing its responsibility for the

INDIA at the present moment is overshadowed by calamity so great that it has aroused the sympathy of the civilized world. Our people, as yet, know little of this tragedy, which probably efface the memory of human suffering. That they may be fully and accurately informed concerning the condition of that unfortunate country and its suffering people, THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD has presented in its pages a succinct history of the great famine, reviewing its origin, and the work that have produced such a painful condition of affairs; describing the sufferings of the natives as related by missionaries and other eye-witnesses; the relief begun by the Indian Government, the splendid, self-sacrificing efforts of the American missionaries, who, in the heart of the Famine, are doing a great saving work with the Fund contributed through this journal by the generous American people. The story also includes a review of the relief movement at home, showing how wondrously God has moved the hearts of this nation in sympathy for India, and how Congress has honored the work by granting ships to carry our gifts of American corn to the millions. We commend this recital to the careful perusal of every Christian's people every-

THE FAMINE'S ORIGIN.

Several causes have been named to produce the appalling situation existing in India. One of these is the proportion of the population depending solely on the tillage of the soil. In countries where there is extensive manufacture or stores of mineral wealth, or commercial enterprises, a failure of the crops would affect only certain classes and these would be able to find temporary occupation, or at least receive assistance from the classes not affected by the dearth. In India according to the estimate of Mr. Dufferin, an experienced traveler, there is an average of four natives to every five dependent on soil or belonging to the agricultural classes supported by the agricultural population, such as weavers, potters and artisans, who can find no market for their products when the demand for them ceases and his labor is in straits for another cause is the rapid increase of population amounting to ten per cent. every ten years, and with the opportunities of the agricultural classes being absorbed in industrial pursuits, there has been a subdivision of holdings, especially in certain districts, notably in Benares and upper India, there are millions of persons whose support is derived from an area averaging less than six acres. It is obvious that such persons must be perpetually on the borderland of destitution. Nor have they the resource of migration. Enormous as the area of India is, equalling nearly one-half the area of the United States, there remains but little

the months of November and December. Without these rains the soil is as barren as the sand of the desert. When all is well, the land is soaked by the Summer rain and the farmer sows his millets, which he calls his kharif crop, to be reaped in the autumn. After the winter rains he sows wheat and barley, which he calls his rabi crop, to be reaped in the spring. The anxiety with which he watches for the rains is intense. If they are late or sparse, or if there is a break in them, the rainfall ceasing after a short time, the crops are ruined and the farmer sees starvation literally staring him in the face. As a matter of fact and record, there is on the aver-

they failed fully one month before the usual time. By September of last year scarcity began to be felt through the vast area of 381,000 square miles, having a population of eighty millions. There was a hope then that the winter rains might partially remove the pressure, but the rain was irregular, copious in a few districts, insignificant in the great majority and absolutely dry in the others. It was learned, too, that even in the districts where there had been an abundant rainfall full advantage had not been taken of it, many of the people having eaten, in their need, the corn which should have been reserved for seed. By the close of the year it was

grasp of the dreaded monster. Not since 1770 has there been such a famine until now, and in that famine not less than 10,000,000 persons starved to death. The next great famine was that of 1877 when the deaths numbered nearly 6,000,000.

Failure of the Rains.

The present famine is the most extensive in a hundred years. Last year the autumn rains failed altogether over a broad belt running through the whole length of Central India, while in the adjacent districts on each side of the belt



A FAMINE-STRIKEN NATIVE DYING BY THE ROADSIDE.

The Special Correspondent in India of the London Graphic drew the picture reproduced here from a scene of which he was an eye-witness. The dying man who, as the correspondent saw, was beyond help, could see the vultures and jackals waiting to devour his body the moment life was extinct.

welfare of the people the Government of India has made an effort to relieve the dire suffering by commencing public works on which famine sufferers could be employed. These consist in some districts of digging of canals, the construction of railroads, or simply the breaking of stone for the repairs of the roads. A picture of one of these relief works is given in this issue. It is reproduced from a photograph taken specially for this journal by direction of Mr. B. Aitken, our own correspondent in India. It is a significant fact that although the Government pays only wages so low as to be barely adequate to sustain life, no less than three million persons are eager applicants for the work.

As our readers



MISS MARY LEITCH.

are aware, from letters already published missionaries in remote villages are agonized by appeals from sufferers, who are unable to reach these relief works. Especially distressing is it to listen to the plaints of converts who have been taught that Christianity is a religion of helpfulness. Yet the meagre resources of the missionaries are insufficient to feed those who come. For missionaries so situated, whose hearts are wrung by the scenes of suffering they daily witness but cannot relieve, we plead, especially for those who are denying themselves to feed the orphan children whom they have sheltered.

STARVING MILLIONS.

The following is an extract from a letter just received from one of the missionaries of the American Board, who has, since writing it, been gladdened by the receipt of \$500 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund to help him in his need:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

"I have read with much satisfaction the very full accounts you are publishing from week to week of the Indian famine. I hope that you will continue to stimulate the liberality of American Christians, for the beginning has hardly come yet.

"I returned to India on January 18th, when the famine had been in progress for months, still there were only about 750,000 persons on Famine Relief. Now there are 3,000,000 receiving aid, and the numbers are increasing by a quarter of a million weekly. The cause of this sudden collapse of the people was their unwillingness to resort to poor houses or famine works until every other resource was exhausted.

"A compact statement has been published showing the percentage of the total population that is receiving assistance. The figures show that there is **Famine in every District in India.** The failure of crops is very general and the railways and roads have almost everywhere raised prices all over the country. From two to three per cent of the population are engaged on relief works in Burmah, and eleven per cent in one district of the Northwest Provinces. In the district of Ahmednagar the percentage on relief works is one-tenth of the whole population, or 85,000 out of 800,000 in the district, so that the distress is as keen and widespread as anywhere in the Empire.

"When people were being assured in America that 'there never was any fear of famine in Ahmednagar,' a farmer was offering his son, a year old, for sale. The price paid for him was two rupees or sixty-four cents. Only those who know the passionate fondness of Hindoos for their sons can realize what that father suffered before he could part with his child. That child was offered to Dr. Hume of our mission among others, before a purchaser was found.

Selling A Child.

Another child, some five or six years old, was brought for sale to Mrs. Bissell. Several times the father found a purchaser and a price was agreed upon, but when the money was paid over and the buyer was about to take away his 'property' the father's affection proved stronger than his necessities. When he took his farewell embrace, he relaxed his hold on the money till it rolled on the ground. Then father and son turned away weeping. But hunger is persistent, and again a purchaser was found and again affection proved the stronger. At last the father could endure the pangs of hunger no longer. The child was sold, and the money was paid; the father's grief was smothered. The final separation seemed to have been made. But now the heart-rending cries of the child at being torn from its parent moved the heart of the purchaser to return the child to its father and demand back his money. As a last resource the wretched man took the child to the 'Pinzapole,' a large enclosure where pious Hindoos feed superannuated cattle for 'merit,' and there left him to be found and cared for by whoever should find him. Other parents have locked their children up in their houses and deserted them, but in the night, lest their cries should overcome their resolution. Here they were soon found by the police, who found the houses utterly stripped of everything but those starving children. I could multiply instances, but time does not permit. I must, however, repeat that it was real need that led to such deeds. Parents love their children, especially their sons, with a passionate tenderness that will find very few parallels in America. I have no hesitation in saying that the same destitution in



FAMINE-STRICKEN NATIVES BEING FED AT A ZENANA MISSION.

erosity, took active measures for sending help to the stricken multitudes. After the publication in these columns of the terribly realistic story of the famine—as related by missionaries and other eye-witnesses—contributions began to pour in in such liberal volume, that it soon became evident that our people had resolved to do all they could to save life and avert suffering in India. Our readers are already familiar with the history of the opening of relief operations in the field, with the fund they have supplied for that purpose. Up to the present time, over \$60,000 have been raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which more than half has already been expended in actual relief through missionary workers at interior stations. Letters and cablegrams mentioned certain localities as among the centres of most acute suffering, and to these our first efforts were therefore directed, and, as told elsewhere in this issue, over forty missionary relief stations were soon in operation.

At this juncture what might have proved

Our corn harvest last year was 2,283 million bushels, and let us get starving India the odd 875 thousand bushels? That would fill six ships save a million lives in India. No this vast surplus now kept by us at in crib and bin, is needed for home consumption. It is as though the Father had placed at our disposal a great opportunity, in order that we reach out, with hands full of food blessing, to those less favored than ourselves. It is an opportunity that with it the gravest responsibility—den of duty laid upon the hearts of Christian men and women of America save a helpless and prostrate people their time of greatest need.

What a Sack of Corn Can Do.

If every one who can, should give a sack of corn, and no more, giving Christ's name and for his sake, we believe that the gift in the aggregate would be very far toward resting this famine, the greatest and most destructive in the present age has known.

A sack of corn. It is a very humble gift, seemingly it may mean little to the whole family in a distant village in India, where emaciated men and women and gaunt, hollow-cheeked children have counted on millet seeds as by grains for many a past, and often have not had a real meal in weeks. Men driven to desperation are selling their children for less than a sack of corn. A far will buy sacks of life-giving food. A carload of a hundred sacks will bring joy and life to a whole village.

Some have been asking us concerning this corn movement and expressing doubt as to the value of natives in India and those who are now home on furlough, assure us that it will be exceedingly acceptable. The Hindoos eat meat and live upon the products of the soil. In the villages, the natives eat grain like millet, and corn, millet, boiled leaves, mangoes, plantain and are the staple diet. Now all these failed them with the successive crop failures, and the parched soil, except in districts this year, yields no green corn from America—the land of plenty will come to these suffering ones as heavenly manna. Besides, if any proof were needed of the fact that corn is desirable, it is found in the cablegrams of Chief Justice McLean of India to the



Photographed especially for "The Christian Herald."

DESTITUTE NATIVES EMPLOYED ON THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS NEAR LUCKNOW, INDIA.

America would produce far more numerous examples of heartless desertion."

Caring for the Famine Orphans.

"I know of at least five missionaries who have taken in 100 orphan children each. I have taken in none because I cannot. I have sixty-five Christian boys now in the high school whose parents can do nothing for them until the famine is over. These tax my resources to the utmost.

Yours faithfully, JAMES SMITH, Ahmednagar, India, March 12, 97.

AMERICA'S AID READY.

As soon as the vast extent and appalling character of the Indian famine became known in the United States, the Christian people of our land, with their usual gen-

a serious obstacle to the relief work was encountered. With cereals of all kinds exceedingly scarce in India—even in those districts where a crop was raised last year—it soon became evident that to accomplish substantial and lasting results, **food must be conveyed to India.** Already the scant supply of corn there was held at famine prices, each yellow grain almost as precious as a grain of gold. It was clear, therefore, that the wisest policy would be to look elsewhere for a larger and cheaper supply. The moment this conclusion was reached, it was not difficult to decide which way to turn.

There is no country in the world whose crops have been so richly blessed and so abundant in the last few years as our own.

prior of this journal, in which that distinguished official declares that America's crossed gift of corn would be most welcome.

Lent Letters.

Any of the letters received in our mail at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices urged a portion of our superabundant crop of corn be sent to the starving Indians. Here are a few that show how deeply practical the sympathy of the writers, who help to the most direct way of extending help to the sufferers:

Christian Herald, New York City: "There be something done for the starving millions of India? The granaries and corn of the great Northwest are full to overflowing, with no market for the contents. I am sure there are tens of thousands of farmers who would be glad to contribute a load of corn to help feed the starving ones. We in Russia in her dire distress; why not in America neglect this duty, it seems as though we should say to us, 'Inasmuch as ye did not do to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' In the love of Him, A. F."

This is from Iowa, one of the great producing States, and shows the enthusiasm that prevails among the farming communities there:

Iowa Falls, Ia.
Dr. Sir:—I am pleased to learn of what is being done for the starving in India. I am glad to hear of the corn. I live in the "corn belt." There are many thousands of bushels of corn in this section of country held at a very low price. The railroads would carry free. I shall send several car loads. Money is scarce, but corn is plentiful. May God touch the hearts of those that have it. R. C. McCLEAN.

CONGRESS GRANTS THE SHIPS.

When the proposition to send a corn-laden American relief ship to India was announced, it awoke enthusiasm in many States. First to respond was the ever-generous West. Illinois' great "corn belt" raised hundreds of tons, and her farmers were not slow to redeem the pledge. Nebraska, Colorado, Nebraska and California gave liberal pledges. Congress, after appeal, supplied a vessel which, loaded with the first famine cargo of corn, will sail from San Francisco for Calcutta.

It soon became evident that a single steamer would not suffice to carry all the corn that our generous people stood ready to send to India in her hour of need. So many urgent demands were made from all parts upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to take up this life-saving crusade that Dr. Louis Klopsch was finally persuaded to take steps looking to the sending of one or more corn-laden ships from Eastern ports. Accordingly, a petition was prepared and signed by him, and by all the leading representatives of the various Missionary Societies in this country, for presentation to Congress. The Memorial, which must now stand as a part of the historical record of this great relief movement, was as follows:

The Memorial to Congress.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1897.
 To the Honorable the United States House of Representatives:

WHEREAS, A large section of India with a population of nearly fifty millions has been so seriously afflicted by repeated failure of crops as to bring thousands of these inhabitants down to the verge of starvation;

WHEREAS, Millions are now in imminent danger of death while thousands are dying daily from lack of food;

WHEREAS, The famine now prevailing in India is infinitely worse than that which prevailed there in 1877, when nearly six million people starved to death;

WHEREAS, kind, sympathetic, Christian people in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Indiana, Minnesota and other parts of the United States have offered to contribute corn and other bread-stuffs in large quantities toward the relief of these unfortunate people in distant India;

AND WHEREAS, The undersigned earnestly realize your honorable body to pass a bill to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to provide transportation from New York for two cargoes of grain for the famine-stricken people of India, at a cost of not to exceed \$50,000, to be paid out of unappropriated funds in the hands of said Secretary, the forwarding of the grain being guaranteed by your petitioners. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Proprietor.

M. J. LEITCH.

M. J. LEITCH.

Undersigned officers of Missionary Boards operating in India earnestly join in the above petition.

C. C. CREEGAN, Amer. B. Com. F. Missions.

E. CHIVERS, Amer. Baptist Miss. Union.

B. LEONARD, Miss. Soc. of the M. E. Church.

J. N. GILLESPIE, Pres. B. of Foreign Missions.

MRS. HENRY JOHNSON, Woman's Union Miss. Society in America.
 E. W. GILMAN, Amer. Bible Society.
 A. MCLEAN, F'n Chn. Miss. Soc., Cincinnati, O.



J. S. MATHESON, ESQ.
CHAIRMAN BERKELEY COM.



THOS. BROWN, ESQ.
CH'MAN SAN FRANCISCO COM.



HUGH CRAIG, ESQ.
PRIEST, CHAMBER COMMERCE.



Geo. W. MCNEAR, ESQ.
GREAT WESTERN GRAIN OPERATOR, SEC. SAN FRANCISCO RELIEF COM.



R. D. PERRY, ESQ.
MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.



HON. J. D. PHELAN.
MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE INDIA FAMINE RELIEF COMMITTEE OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Before the presentation of the Memorial, Dr. Klopsch had opened correspondence with Secretary Long of the United States Navy Department, and from that gentleman had received the warmest encouragement in the proposed plan of sending relief ships to India. It was necessary, however, that the matter should be settled through the formal channels of legislation. The Memorial found many friends in Washington in both houses of Congress. It was strongly championed by some of the foremost leaders in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, irrespective of party lines, and on the broad basis of Christian sympathy for a great people in distress. In the Senate the Memorial was presented by Honorable Eugene Hale of Maine, and, after a brief discussion in which several members expressed their warmest approval of the proposition to furnish free transportation for America's gifts of corn for suffering India, a joint resolution to that effect was adopted unanimously. The resolution was as follows:

The Official Resolution.
 WHEREAS, A famine exists in India which is daily causing thousands of deaths among the poor, which famine can readily be relieved from the products of other parts of the world, and
 WHEREAS, Generous people of the United States in different States are freely giving

of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

In the House of Representatives, Hon. W. W. Grout, of Vermont, introduced the joint resolution which was received with the same generous and cordial approval as in the Senate, and passed unanimously. The money appropriated will be taken out of the unexpended balances in the Treasury,

which are understood to be more than ample for such a purpose, even though half-a-dozen corn-laden vessels were sent out to India at Government expense.

A SYMPATHETIC DEBATE.

It is interesting to record the fact that these national legislators were able, in their high, responsible positions, to properly interpret the sentiment of the country toward India, and to act accordingly. Mr. Grout in explaining the joint resolution, stated that the cost of chartering a merchant vessel, should such be chosen, would be from \$25,000 to \$30,000, or more, and that the Secretary of the Navy had at his disposal balances of \$100,000, from which the charter of the San Francisco corn ship, and of any vessel to be sent from New York could be defrayed. Representative Cannon, in speaking of the resolution, said that in his judgment the House should pass such a measure without hesitation, whether it cost \$50,000 or



HON. J. D. LONG,
SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

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FAMINE-STRICKEN NATIVES AWAITING RELIEF AT THE MISSION AT DEORI PANAGAR.

wheat, flour and corn for relief of the famishing inhabitants in India, therefore

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, etc., That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to employ and place at the disposal of the Collector of the Port of New York one ship or vessel belonging to the Navy of the United States, best adapted for such service, for the purpose of transporting to the famishing poor of India such contributions as may be made for their relief, or to charter and employ under the authority of the United States a suitable American steamship or vessel with a cargo capacity of 2,000 to 4,000 tons

\$70,000 to charter a vessel. He added that if the "people of a whole country, 100,000,000 or more, were starving, without anything in the country for them to eat, if this relief is to go at all, the more quickly it goes the better." Mr. Cannon then added that there were precedents for such action as it was now proposed should be taken by our Government. He referred to the relief which America sent to the starving poor in Ireland, and later the relief sent to Russia. "Now, our people

throughout the United States from their abundance—it is true it is cheap—have taken large quantities of their corn, more abundant in this country, perhaps, than at any other time, and their hearts have been moved to make this contribution to go to a people suffering over a very wide area."

Mr. Grout, in further explanation, stated that the severity and extent of the famine is only poorly understood. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, says it covers an area of 160,000 square miles, including 36,000,000 people, and that in addition to this was a region of 121,000 square miles where scarcity prevails, with a population of 44,000,000. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Grout added, says that the deaths in consequence of famine (before next Fall) will be likely to be counted by the hundred thousands, and perhaps by the millions. The result of the last famine in India was that over 6,000,000 died of starvation. The area now afflicted is much larger, the population much greater, and the situation in every way much worse. It is in fact truly appalling, and such as to arouse the sympathy and aid of the entire civilized world. Not only is Great Britain through its Government, and its people through private charity, helping the sufferers, but the American people are also moving in the matter.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he added, which sent a relief ship to Russia in 1892, has already cabled \$30,000 for India's relief. Aided by the charitable people of the country, they are now loading a ship in San Francisco with grain contributed for that purpose, and they say they can load two ships more. It is a question of pure charity. "The transportation charges (for the California grain) were paid the other day by Dr. Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who is receiving funds from charitable people for this purpose. Corn costs now only eight or ten cents a bushel in the West."

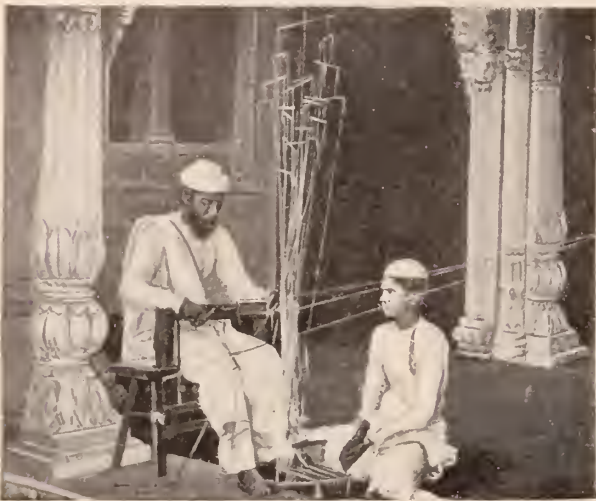
Mr. Barrows also spoke on the resolution, calling attention to the fact that the Indian Government and the missionaries had cabled that cargoes of corn would be exceedingly welcome. The people of our own West are eager to extend the necessary aid. Other gentlemen also spoke in the same vein, and the result, as already stated, was the passage of the resolution without a dissenting voice.

PLAN OF DISTRIBUTION.

For some time past arrangements have been in progress with a view of expediting the transportation of the gifts of corn to the seaboard. Already a number of the railroad companies have extended liberal facilities for this purpose. As soon as the cargoes are in sight, the steamships, so the Navy Department assures us, will be in readiness, and loading will begin without delay. It is hoped, if the Christian people of America respond liberally and freely, that very few weeks must elapse before the gifts of corn will be speeding across the Continent in food-laden trains, for loading on the Atlantic sea-board. Dr. Klopsch will personally proceed to India for the purpose of superintending the distribution, and will stay in that country until the last sack of corn has been forwarded to its destination in the famine districts of the interior. He goes there solely at his own expense, and all charges incidental to the journey are also voluntarily borne by him, so that the Relief Fund may not be depleted to the extent of one dollar.

As already stated, the San Francisco cargo, which is now in hand, will go to Calcutta, where the railway facilities for inland transportation are excellent. Care will be taken that none but sound, old, kiln-dried corn shall be sent, and every bushel will be inspected at the port of sailing. Our American missionaries in India of all Protestant denominations will be once more summoned to duty to aid in this distribution, and it will be welcome news, indeed, for them, when each in his respective district is made the almoner of this grand life-bringing gift from the

American cornfields. Should another cargo be sent to Bombay, Dr. Klopsch will also make its distribution his personal care. It is understood that there is comparatively little danger from plague, and



HINDOO WORKMEN WEAVING GOLD LACE.

that with ordinary precautions, a European or American in India is safe, for a time at least. He regards the present mission as a matter of high Christian duty which cannot be delegated to another, and will perform it, at whatever risk or personal inconvenience.

OUR LOVING HELPERS.

Their names are legion. They are found in every State of the Union, in every city, in every little farming community in the land. They embrace all classes and conditions of life. Among them are pastors, teachers, business men, mechanics, tradesmen, farmers, and men and women of every calling known to industry. There are, too, among them many children. For their kind and generous response to appeals thus far made in behalf of India—a response which has made this great relief work a possibility—they are entitled to the gratitude of Christendom. But there is an even better reward—the approval of their own hearts and consciences, and the knowledge that they have done this "In His Name," for the sake of those poor afflicted ones, who would have died had it not been for their succor. But the work of helping India is only beginning.

It has had a good beginning, and thus far we are absolutely assured it has been the direct means of saving multitudes of lives and averting suffering from thousands upon thousands, who were helpless in the grasp of the famine. It now remains for us to help those sufferers for at least two months more, until the possibilities of a harvest are definitely decided. If relief can be extended from now until the end of June, the crisis may then be passed.

Missionaries Who Helped.

Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill., who was one of the most active workers in connection with the gathering of corn for India, among the farmers of the Illinois corn belt, will accompany the California ship to India, where he will co-operate with Dr. Klopsch in the distribution of her cargo. Assurances have already come from all the Missionary Boards in the Indian field that their workers will be ready to co-operate in all plans for distribution. Miss Mary Leitch, the well known American missionary in India, who, with her sister, Miss Margaret Leitch, has rendered invaluable aid in the present relief movement, will also visit India, where she is well known to many officials, and also to the Governors of the various provinces. She will undoubtedly be able to facilitate the work through her acquaintance with those influential persons, and thus help in bringing the distribution to a successful and satisfactory issue. All who contribute either corn or money to the India Relief Fund may therefore rest assured that every dollar and every bushel of corn will reach their final destination undiminished, and will accomplish the greatest amount of good, being placed in the hands of loving servants of the Master, who give them present labor wholly without expectation of receiving earthly reward.

Grateful acknowledgment for able and willing service rendered in behalf of the India relief movement is due to all who aided in presenting the memorial before Congress. Especially we desire to tender our acknowledgments to Hon. Henry W. Blair, Ex-United States Senator, for his very cordial co-operation; to United States Senator Eugene Hale, for his able championship in the Senate, and to Hon. W. W. Grout for his eloquent advocacy in the House of Representatives of India's claims upon our sympathy as a nation.

Nor should our friends in California, who were the first to form a relief organization, be forgotten. The India Famine Relief Committee of San Francisco consists of a number of very prominent and influential citizens, whose portraits appear in this issue. Briefly stated, the history of the movement is as follows: Members of Trinity M. E. Church in Berkeley, near San Francisco, had raised a sum of money for India; but some among them were so moved by the stories of misery and starvation coming from that unfortunate country, that it was decided to engage in a more general relief effort.

The California Committee's Work.

Accordingly, Hon. James B. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco; Hugh Craig, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Commerce; Claus Spreckels, the sugar magnate; George McNear, one of the leading grain merchants on the Pacific coast; B. N. Lillenthal, cashier of the Anglo-California Bank; Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California; Irving M. Scott, a leading builder of battle ships and cruisers; and Joseph D. Grant, a member of a prominent business firm, were personally interested in the movement. A Committee was organized with Mr. Brown as chairman and Mr. R. D. Perry, as secretary, and voluntary contributions of grain were invited, with the result that a very large quantity was soon pledged to the Committee. Congress then granted the vessel, as has already been stated, Senator Perkins, Representative McGuire, Mr. H. De Young, Esq., and others aiding in calling the attention of the national legislature to the work. The Committee also had the active co-operation of many very worthy citizens, and a number of eminent clergymen of different denominations. Bishop Newman gave his aid and counsel. In view of the fact that the movement under THE CHRISTIAN HERALD auspices had, by this time, become general throughout the country, the California Committee thought best to act in conjunction with this journal, consenting to merge their work in the larger enterprise.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

If you, dear reader, feel it laid upon your heart that you should have a share in this Christian work, in which so many thousands of the Lord's people are now engaged, the time to act upon that resolution is now. Help India to-day; a day's delay means the sacrifice of helpless human lives.

Put yourselves in the place of those brothers and sisters who are perishing for the lack of food, while we have a superabundance of every good thing. Picture to yourselves the anguish, the long weary days and weeks of hunger and weakness, the dumb pain that clutches the heart as we see those dear to us droop

and die; the suffering of mothers who watch their children fade away day by day, till the little life flickers out; of fathers who, to save some, are even selling their own children. Shall we shut up the bowels of our compassion and tell them that we cannot spare them even the crumbs from our loaded tables; that American money and American grain are for Americans only; that religion is one thing and charity another? Or shall we open up our hearts, our purses and our granaries to them, and bid them in the name of our blessed Master, share with us the bounties of our Heavenly Father's goodness?

IS YOUR NAME ON THE LIFE-ROLL?

Everyone who has the slightest claim to the title of Christian should seize this opportunity to place his name upon the roll of life-savers. Every pastor can aid the work by putting it before his flock; every Sunday School superintendent can tell his scholars of the glorious opportunity of which they may avail themselves; for it is certainly a great thing to save even a single life. Every Sunday School teacher has here a chance to make propaganda for the Gospel of Christ and humanity among the members of his class; so also have the King's Daughters, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor Societies, Ladies' Aids, Young People's Unions, and the various other church societies.

If you cannot send corn, send what will buy corn—its equivalent in money. Remember, a dollar will put three bushels of corn on board ship, furnish food for one person at least for three months, and save one precious life. Every village and every farm community, North, South, East and West, should be represented in this blessed corn gathering. Local committees should be organized. Let the farmers, store-keepers, millers, all who can, each give their quota according to their

A Woman Pleads for Inc.

Amelia Barr Asks Christian America to Send Help Quickly.



HEN Christ saw the tude weary and hung called the little lad wi barley loaves, and and blessing them, he to the waiting thous and there was enough and to Which of us, reading that gracious does not envy the child so honored? then, our opportunity for a similar e ence is not coming, it is present w From the splendor and havoc of the and famine-stricken cities of the comes the old, old cry of sufferin manity. "Help! Help! or we perish.

A Terrible Outlook.

A great army is perishing; su army as the world never saw. Mar lions of men, women and children, ing, in greater or lesser degrees, the of hunger; and frequently of both l and thirst. Think of cities like York ready to die for lack of food.

No natural or local relief for this ble calamity can be hoped for until September, and until that date, at the Christian world must care for eighty millions. Will America sh share of this divine work? She wi THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will b the surety for her help. Even if sacrifice was demanded she woul the occasion and make it; but great multitude of helpers, and so every on but to give a little, according as G prospered him. One dollar will k soul alive until next June. If a woman can spare a dollar, and re from giving it, how will they clear skirts from blood-guiltiness? If th fill all other duties, and neglect th what excuse will they make whe Saviour complains: "I was an hun and you gave me no bread inasmuch as ye gave not to starving little ones, ye shu heart and your hands to

SAVE ONE LIFE TO-DAY

Think of human creature cannot weep in their agon cause wanting all nouri they have no longer tears. of hunger that makes ag youth look alike in one sorrow. Think of tather mothers suffering a slow themselves, and watching, the cruel hunger is pinch out of their children. Tr imagine what it would be t of us to waken every mor if indeed hunger let us s to a smaller and smaller r ful of bread; to watch each grow weaker and weaker, th and thinner, sicker and sicl hear our children's frett for food, become a whisp then die out altogether; yet in their hunger-haunted ey the bitter cry, their tongues co longer utter. Oh! if you l loaf to spare, a dollar to s bushel of corn to spare, I h sake, send it to India! S at once: Don't think yo do it to-morrow. To-morro be too late. Save some poo to-day from death.

God has given you a opportunity, don't shut the in it's face. Send your co and be assured it will take good that it goes straight to those reat perish. Be able to say when you nex the door of your closet, and pray to Father that seeth in secret "Father, I done what I could." You need hav fear that God will forget your kin The word of the Lord is your se He says that those who give to the and the needy, lend unto him, and he will repay whatever they have e If you can trust the Lord God Almi it you can take his Word as re security, if you can believe that he and willing to repay you, then there time to lose. Make haste for the India and her starving millions. At sure to give with a prayer, with a heart and an open hand, for the loveth a cheerful giver.

Amelia E. Barr



FUEL DRYERS IN A VILLAGE OF INDIA.

means, and either by themselves or co-operating with others in the same section, endeavor to fill a car with sacks of corn or wheat for India. One car-load for each town or village community will not be a large undertaking. When the car is filled wire THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, and arrangements will be made for connecting it with other cars, and forwarding it to the seaboard. Let us not refuse to share our blessings with those who are "ready to perish."

Although we devote the following twelve pages to acknowledgments of contributions, there are still a large number, aggregating many thousands of dollars, which must be held over until next week. Following are the totals of the pages:

Prev ack'd	\$20,666.62	Page 327.....	2,092.71
Page 321	2,010.72	" 328.....	2,280.75
" 322	2,631.58	" 329.....	1,647.07
" 323	2,014.98	" 330.....	2,254.28
" 324	2,368.98	" 331.....	2,246.07
" 325	2,393.04	" 332.....	2,528.72
" 326	1,715.31	Grand Total	46,881.43

Total of page 204372

\$2,014.90

Alden, Ebenezer	100	Paulner, T.	100	McWilliams, Bessie	25	Rahland, J. L.	50	Tillson, Mrs. M. B.	200	Morton	400	Mc, C. J., Hedges, Ky.	100	For Jesus Sake, Bu
Alden, Viden, Eljah	75	Faulner, Sarah M.	100	Mack, Harrison	25	Mack, Harrison	25	Runsey, Mrs. O. S.	50	M. J. R. Grove	100	A Brother in Chr	100	Mendocino
Alden, Hattie	100	Fennings, Sarah M.	100	Maker, Mrs. W. T.	100	Reynolds, Robt.	25	Tinney, Mrs. Ida	50	G. W. C. Norton	200	Mite Soc, Betha	100	Pres. Ch. Phila
Alden, I. A.	100	Ferrill, J. Wilson	100	Man, Mrs. Jas	25	Rhoades, Emma	100	Titts, Mrs. E.	50	F. E. H. Bacon Hill	100	Widow's Mite, Tayl	100	Falls, W. S.
Aldrich, Milton	25	Franklin, Anna	100	Marshall, E. A.	50	Richardson, Mrs. C.	50	Tombler, Rev. & Mrs.	400	N. S.	100	Amite	100	One who fears G
Alexander, Mrs. E. A.	50	Flemmer, Mrs. L.	100	Marshall, Lloyd	50	Ridge, W. N.	100	Today, Mrs. I. Ber	200	W. A. Jonesville	100	A Christian, Mont	100	A Christian, Mont
Allen, J. Milton	200	Foster, Mr. & Mrs. C. H.	25	Marshall, Ruth D.	200	Robbins, M. A.	100	Torrence, B. S.	50	F. C. S. Willow Hill	100	A. C. H. Hartford	100	Steamboat man, M
Allen, Mrs. Margaret	100	Frank, John	25	Martin, A. V.	100	Robertson, Mrs. M. E.	100	Treat, C.	100	W. H. Neche	100	M. E. C. Beverly	100	Disciple of Christ
Allen, Russell	5	Franklin, Amy	100	Martin, B. C.	100	Robinson, E. C.	200	Tripic, Roy	240	Broken Straw, N. Y.	50	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Allen, Wendell	5	Franklin, Webb	100	Mathes, M. Louise	200	Rockefeller, Chas. W.	150	Troger, H. B.	100	Downington, Pa.	200	M. E. C. Beverly	100	Disciple of Christ
Amber, S. J.	50	Frederick, Albert	100	Mathews, Mrs. E. R.	500	Rockwell, F. S.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Dunkerton	4850	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Ambley, W. D.	100	Fritz, Emma A.	100	Mathews, Mrs. Isaac	150	Rockwell, F. S.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Freemont, Ind.	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Anderson, Jas. G.	100	Fuller, A. S.	250	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Hamshung, O.	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Anderson, Myra B.	100	Fuller, F. E.	100	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Lodgepole	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Anderson, W. W.	100	Fuller, Gene	250	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Monmouth	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Amund, Lucia S.	100	Fuller, W. C.	250	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Peekskill	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Amis, Mrs. Lewis	75	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Portland, Oreg.	200	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Armstrong, Mrs. H.	250	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Arnold, Mrs. H.	250	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Arnot, Ira	100	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Arthur, S. S.	100	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Arthur, Mrs. Sam'l	100	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Aslman, R. A.	100	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Ashmore, Mrs. T. J.	100	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch
Atwood, Mrs. Mary C.	500	G. S. F. K.	50	Mathews, Mrs. L. B.	100	Rockwell, H. C.	100	Troy, Chas. H.	100	Rochester	100	M. O. G. Holland Patent	100	Lover of Jesus, Ch

INDIA'S PLEA.

THERE'S a cry from distant India;
'Tis a bitter cry for bread.

Hearken to it, brothers, sisters;
They are starving, dying, dead!

Now this cry of anguish reacheth
To the nations far and near;

And to every heart appealeth,
As it rings out sad and clear.

Hasten quickly to their rescue;
Hear their bitter cry for bread.

Ye, who in your homes have plenty;
Ye, whom God hath always fed.

He hath made you but the stewards,
Of the wealth you now possess;

Share it with your needy brothers,
It will help them in distress.

Hasten now, and make an effort;
Even though the gift is small.

God will see your self-denial;
He will recompense for all.

May that wail from distant India,
Bitter, agonizing cry,

In your hearts find swift an answer.
"We will help them, ere they die!"

Stayer, Ont.

—MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

Perrin, Mrs. E. M.	100	Smith, L.	100	Wiseman, O. H.	25	In memory of a dear	100
Pew, F.	100	Smith, Mary J.	25	Wiseman, Ralph	25	sister, Phila	100
Pierce, Wm. A.	100	Smith, O. D.	100	Wiseman, Rose	25	In memory of Walter,	100
Pisapia, Antonio	100	Smith, Mrs. M. E.	200	Wiseman, Ruth	25	W. H. Hartland	278
Pisapia, Sarah L.	200	Smith, Sarah L.	200	Wiseman, Ruth	25	In the name of Jesus,	100
Powers, Miss Jessie	100	Smith, Fannie	125	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Lonacon	100
Prentice, John T.	200	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	In the name of the	100
Prentice, Mrs. M. M.	250	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Master, Ft. Wayne	100
Preston, Mrs. E. T.	225	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	I H. N. Boonton	100
Preston, O. F. & wife	200	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	E. V. S. N. J.	200
Puckett, Ed.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Purnell, Lewis J.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Phelps, Mrs. Geo.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Pierce, R. B.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Piper, Mrs. Thos.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Placeway, J. N. & wife	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Pool, Rose	25	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Porter, R.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Porter, Mrs. L. B.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Powell, J.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Preisch, H. A.	100	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Priest, M. N. and H.	200	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Phillips, Hugh	25	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100
Prior, E. S.	50	Stallard, Mrs. R. S.	300	Wiseman, Ruth	25	Phila	100

Fairbank, Mr & Mrs W. W. Fairbank 2.00 Field, Danie & Bethel 1.50 Finkford, Mrs M A 1.00 Finney, W A 5.00 Fisher, Mr & Mrs M O 10.00 Finkbenker, Chas B 2.25 Folsom, Mrs M R 1.00 Folsom, Mrs S 1.00 Foot, Mr & Mrs GW 2.00 Forster, Mary E 1.00 Forster, Mrs S W 1.00 Fox, M T 2.00 Francis, Mrs C C 1.00 Francisco, Stella 1.00 Frazier, Mrs C 2.00 Frier, Mrs Amelia 1.50 Fritz, Miss A M 2.00 Fuller, E H 2.00 Fuller, F H & Laura 1.00 Fuller, Mrs Serena 1.00 Funkhouser, Lillian 2.00 Gage, E E 1.00 Gardner, M 1.25 Garhart, Max 1.00 Garrels, Mr & Mrs H F 1.00 Gavitt, Mrs A P 1.00 Gibson, Adelia M 5.00 Gibson, Mrs M C 1.00 Giles, E T 1.00 Gilkinson, G L 3.00 Gilmore, Mrs W G 1.00 Glame, G S 5.00 Glenn, Mrs Thea 2.00 Glenn, Mrs Margaret 2.00 Godfrey, Mrs A 2.00 Goodsmith, Miss Mary 1.00 Goldsmith, Mrs J T 1.00 Goodale, G Z 1.00 Goodson, Mrs 1.50 Gray, Robert T 1.00 M D 1.00 Gray, Walter 1.00 Greene, Ellen M 5.00 Gress, B 1.25 Griffin, Herbert & Griffin, Herbert & Griffith, A W 2.00 Groselock, Geo W & wife 6.00 Groselock, Ger trude 1.00 Groselock, Laura 1.00 Gubler, Elizabeth 1.00 Gubler, Andrew 3.00 Gullett, Audubon 1.00 Hagaman, C A 3.00 Hamilton, Alex 1.00 Hanson, N C 3.00 Harding, Mr and Mrs O 1.00 Harger, Mrs M J 1.00 Harris, F R 10.00 Harris, T W 1.00 Hart, Mrs H 1.00 Hartle, Rev A G & family 3.00 Hartson, Mr & Mrs E B 2.00 Hartwick, H B 2.00 Harvey, Rev Moses 5.00 Harwood, S G 1.00 Hawkins, Nellie M 5.00 Hayward, Mrs S S & daughter 2.00 Heckman, E M 4.00 Hedgus, Wm 1.00 Hedgus, Gerrit 2.00 Hell, W M 2.00 Heim, Mrs A M 2.50 Helm, Melville 1.00 Hendricks, Clarence 2.00 Henslin, Maria 1.10 Henley, Frederic 1.00 Herman, Mrs F G 1.00 Hertel, N M 1.00 Hersh, James N 5.00 Hershey, Simon A 3.00 Herton, J A 1.00 Hodges, Geo E 2.00 Hoffman, N H 5.00 Holaday, Mrs Anna 1.00 Holmes, Tom 1.00 Horton, E V 5.00 Hotz, J H 2.00 Humphrey, Stella 1.00 Bert 3.00 Humphreys, Mrs D 1.00 Hyde, Margaret 1.00 Hyde, Roscoe W 2.50 Hyde, T E M 5.00 Hyde, Ursula A 1.00 Inel, Peter 5.00 Isard, Ross T 1.00 Jackson, Jane 5.00 Jaffers, Phoebe 1.00 James, S M Mrs John R 1.00 Janison, F M 1.00 Jayne, E 2.00 Jeannet, Mrs A 2.50 Jeannet, Paul 1.00 Jecks, Mrs Isaac 1.00 Jennings, A M 1.00 Jessup, C I 6.50 Johnson, Mrs C F 4.50 Johnson, Mrs B 1.00 Jones, Miss Alice F 2.50 Jones, Annabel A 1.00 Jones, Mrs Frank H 1.00 Jones, Mrs J E 2.00 Jones, Mrs John 2.00 Jones, Mrs O O 1.00 Jumod, Mrs 2.50 Kelsay, Kate 1.00 Kellaway, S J 2.00 Kelly, John 1.00 Kelley, O F 1.00 Kendall, Mrs 2.50 Kent, L M & L D 1.00 Keok, Mrs John 1.00 Kling, Mary 5.00 Klusi, Mrs 5.00 Knutson, Mrs E B 5.00 Krist, Master Wm 1.00 Kost, Mrs Wm 1.00 Kukendall, Mrs M J 1.00 Lamb, Mr and Mrs Lamb, Mrs 2.00 Lanville, A M 1.00 Lansing, Frank J 2.50 Lansing, Sherman T 2.50 Lathrop, Mrs Lucy 2.50 Lathrop, Louise M 2.00 Lathrop, Rev A P 1.50 Layton, Rev A P 1.50 Lee, Frank 2.00 Lee, Ruth 1.00 Lillie, Annie B 1.00 Lind, Erick A 1.00 Little, A G 10.00 Little, Prof B 5.00 Little, Mrs E R 5.00 Long, Mrs H W 5.00 Loop, Fred 5.00 Loop, Ina 2.50 Loop, Lizzie 2.50 Loop, Mrs B 5.00 Loper, Mrs B 2.00 Loper, Robert E 2.00 Loxey, Louisa 1.00 Love, Joseph 1.00 Love, Mary A 1.00 Lutz, Mrs H C 1.00 McClendall, Hollie 1.00 McClennahan, S 2.00 McClintock, J & wife 1.00 McClintock, John 3.00 McClure, Mrs Jacob 1.00 McCourt, Miss Mary 2.00 McCourt, Mrs Sarah 1.00 McDaniel, J E 2.50 McDonald, Maggie 1.00 McElvaine, Mrs Nel son 3.00 McGe, Miss 1.50 McIntyre, Lettie 1.00 McKay, Mrs Rev 1.00 McKee, Mrs M A 1.00 McKee, S E 5.00 McKie, Mrs H L 1.00 McPherson, Margt 1.00 Madden, John 5.00 Madden, Mrs 2.00 Madson, Paul 2.00 Makley, Mrs Geo 1.00 Manson, W T 1.00 Martin, Horace 5.00 Martin, Jas S 1.00 Matheny, J C 1.10 Mattison, Sadie L 1.00 Means, M H 1.00 Mendall, Clara S 5.00 Merriam, Thos D 1.00 Meyer, Mrs L T 1.00 Miller, Mrs E F 1.00 Miller, Hannah M 1.00 Miller, Jennie D 5.00 Miller, Philip 2.00 Milliken, Wm H 10.00 Mills, Fred T 4.00 Mitchell, Dr S 3.00 Montgomery, J 2.00 More, Mr & Mrs H 2.00 Morris, Katie 2.50 Morton, John 1.50 Mullenburg, John W 10.00 Murphy, D B 3.00 Murphy, J W 2.00 Murphy, Townsend 1.00 Myer, E A 2.50 Myer, Mrs S A 2.50 Napier, Mrs W S 2.00 Nelson, Mary 1.00 Nichol, Mrs Jane 5.00 Nobles, Herbert 1.00 Nogley, Mr & Mrs S 5.00 Norman, John R C 2.50 Norman, Samuel 3.00 North, Thos 1.00 Noyes, Mrs J E & family 2.50 Ohmstead, C S & fam 5.00 Osborn, Rev A 2.00 Padgham, D & Mrs L & family 2
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Total of page \$115.31

Wood, Ida	25	Garrett, J	200
Wood, Mrs J	300	Garry, Mrs J	10
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Garry, James	15
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gebhart, Martin	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gibby, James	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gibson, Eva E	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gilbertson, P. H	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gilbraith, James	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Godfrey, Mrs E A	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Goodrich, H T	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gordon, Mr & Mrs A C	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gordon, Edwin R	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Goudy, Mrs M	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gram, Nels P	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Granger, Mrs M	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Grant, Mrs Anna E	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	SS class	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gray, Mrs Chas & fam	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Green, Bessie	13
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Greene, T P	20
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Grove, Grace	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Gundersen, Pete	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hadsell, Hattie	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hall, Rev J G	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Halterstad, Martha	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hampton, C E	300
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hamre, Sina	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hannan, M A	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hanson, Armand	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hanson, Severina	20
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hardesty, Miss A I	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hearn, W H	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hastings, S G	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hautz, John H	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hawkins, Sarah	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hawley, Elieue	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hays, John	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hazard, Mrs S M	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hearn, W H	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hedlund, F O	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Henrikson, Anna	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Henry, Mrs Eliz	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Henry, W S	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hicks, J M	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hines, Frank	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Holland, Mrs Amelia	25
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Holl, Mrs L W	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Honeyman, J B	50
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hoover, A A & S A	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hopkins, D G	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hopkins, Walter S	200
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Horton, W A & wife	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hough, Mrs H G	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Houghtaling, Mrs M A	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hovey, Mrs M A	600
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Howell, Emmett J	300
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hughes, Mr & Mrs E B	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hunjiker, Geo	15
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hutchinson, John	500
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Hutton, F E	100
Wright, M. Mamie	100	Iverson, Oscar	50

Moore, Mrs Wilson	50	Sorenson, Hans	100
Morekel, Mary	25	Springman, Fannie	100
Moreman, A	200	and Jas Doyle	300
Morris, A Louise	50	Stannach, Mrs E A	100
Morris, B F	100	Stankare, P T	50
Moss, Mrs W G	100	Stearling, Mrs E R	500
Naylor, John D	100	Stevens, H C	100
Nelson, Geo B	100	Stevens, Mrs Paris	50
Nelson, S H	100	Strand, John	25
Nelson, Sohe	100	Strasheim, Julius	50
Nesbit, J	100	Strass, Wm	50
Nichols, M	100	Stroud, Mrs C E	25
Nichols, Webb	200	Suberland, Mrs C L	100
Nienwieger, Cuba	50	Taggert, Mary J	200
Norseth, Martin	50	Talladay, B	10
Noss, Mrs M	25	Tanis, Jas, contribu-	100
Noss, Martin	50	tions from Sabbath	100
Norstad, John	15	Tappan, Paulina	100
Noyes, H C	100	Tate, J M and wife	93
Nyland, Halvor	50	Taylor, Mrs, et al	700
Nymen, Anna	05	Taylor, Geo	500
Oftedahl, E L	25	Teaman, Emma	50
Olson, Ambrose	100	Thatcher, Arthur	150
Olson, O J	100	Thatch, Jennie	11
Olson, Mrs O J	25	Thatcher, Myrtle	115
Orr, Mrs C D	25	Thatcher, Mrs N H	100
Osler, Joseph	400	Thickett, Rev S J & wife	200
Owen, Mrs E M	100	Thompson, Mrs H	25
Parker, G E & M G	500	Thompson, Mrs L M	180
Parker, Mrs M	200	Thompson, Mary	200
Parry, P	100	Thompson, Olive E	100
Pos, Anna	100	Thompson, Mrs S A	250
Paton, Mr & Mrs A B	500	and children	250
Pattie, Thos E	200	Thurmond, Mrs	100
Patts, Frank	10	Tobiason, D H	25
Pearson, Joseph	100	Tranman, Wm G	50
Pearson, Rev Fred	100	Troenke, Josie	4
Pederson, Handah	25	Turner, Jessie	25
Pederson, Ole	25	Turner, John	25
Pederson, Peter	25	Trimmer, W W	100
Pelly, Ephraim	10	Turner, S	100
Peterson, Christ	100	Ulrich, W Earl	50
Peterson, Fred	100	Ulrich, W Ray	25
Peterson, Chris	100	Ulrich, Wm A	50
Phelps, H J	300	Ulrich, Mrs Wm H	50
Phillips, Mr & Mrs G	300	Van der Meide, A	500
H & Son	300	Van der Meide, H	200
Phillips, Mrs Taylor	35	Van der Meide, Jennie	300
Pierce, H K & F P	500	Van Wormer, Mrs C	100
Pitman, W A & wife	100	Veltman, S J	200
Poppen, Kate	500	Vest Lee	15
Prairie, Harrison	45	Voorhis, Mrs C J	65
Prnell, David	100		
Pruitt, Chas	50		

Anonymous	200	Mrs J B H, W Pittson	100
Alice, Great Bend	200	Mrs A H L, New Jews	200
Annett, Tiptonville	25	M H E, Oregon	200
Ann, M. Phila	200	H. Danvers	100
Bethwell, Leecompton	25	M M Whiting	100
Douglass, Tiptonville	25	M D & wife, Barton	200
Etha, Paterson	200	L A S & Son, W Pitt-	200
Emma, Tiptonville	25	con	125
Ethel, Tiptonville	25	J A, Capae	50
Hal, Tiptonville	25	J H H, Orangeburg	150
Jean	50	O M, Brookgrove	119
Mabel, Lebrant and	50	L O M, Tiptonville	50
Maria, Phila	100	M E W, Hall's Cor's	20
Mary, St Paul	100	Z E G, Marango	300
Nellie & Charley	100	M S M, Phenix	100
Bridgeville	100	L T, Dartmouth	100
"Pine", Centerville	100	M L	100
Zella	50	Mrs B F S, Sams Vy	50
Anna B, N Y	100	F L, Unadilla	300
Dunth & Wilson	100	K K, Ashton	100
Landsdowne	100	M S B, Banghampton	200
Ida A, N Y	200	E A, W. Pampa	200
Libb, Ozanna	100	S L K, Kelly	100
Little Annie, Louise	10	H W, Milton	100
Scottdale, Pa	300	Mrs A C, P, Norfolk	100
Annie Portage	100	M I & M L, Friend-	200
Marie, Whit & Fay	35	ship, Tenn	200
Freudent, Alua, Grace	25	E W, Mattawan, N Y	100
& Montie	25	Mrs B, Hoosie Fall	200
Little Gladys, Ran-	100	M M, Kinderkook, N Y	200
dolph	100	S W M	500
Hattie Whittier	15	A B H, Rockdale, Pa	500
L A H T, Lockbourne	100	H M L, Atlantic High	100
Isabelle, Elburne	500	F B, Lansdowne, Md	500
Jennie M, Glawgo	100	S R, Bechtelsville, Pa	100
Lena, Jackson	100	C C, Norristown, Pa	100
Levy, Fine Flats	50	E M F, Brighton, N Y	200
Gytail, Middle Gran-	100	S F, Providence	100
ville	100	A L M, Morris, N Y	200
Lowry, Vatsontown	100	S A H, Bovina Centre	200
S F C, Worchester	100	W J F, Epping, N H	25
H B, Plymouth	100	Mrs H E C, Pittsfield	50
L A W, Pierpont	100	Mrs J H S, Le Moore	200
L L G, Albany	500	A M E, Salt Lake City	100
G S D, Albany	100	L Y, Kenes	100
A J L, Morganza	100	P V, Paterson	100
P N, Elura	100	N E B	100
M A G, Plainfield	200	Miss S, Uniontown	10
A B C, N Y C	200	R C B, Uniontown	25
M T W & daughter,	175	B E T, Cohoes	100
Feesburg	100	M M S, Phila	100
M G W, New Brighton	100	M E B, Baltimore	200
S C F, Aurora	100	A S S, Lexington	100
W B S S, Naxare	200	E P D, B, Worchester	100
T C, Tallabum	150	L B S, Mechaniesville	100
M A H, Rock Creek	100	N G M, Nassau	100
C L W, Galesburg	400		

Int'Depth Hamilton sch	135	Friend, Williamsburg	500
Juvenile Ct, Iphram	100	" Greenville	50
Intermediate room	100	" Leslie	100
New Wilmington	520	" Burdett	500
2d Primary room,	200	" Dover	200
New Wilmington	500	" Greeley	100
1st Primary room,	200	" Lansdale	100
New Wilmington	500	" Longstown	100
Sch dist 4, Lambertville	150	" Montross	100
Endeavor, Portland	100	" Echo Valley	25
Rush Lake C E Soc,	500	" "	500
Hartford	220	" Wolfborough	100
St Oliver C E Soc,	20	" Byron	100
Fairfield	120	" Dongola	100
Friends Y P S C E,	100	" Caron	100
Scott's Mills	275	" Fort Knap	100
Hay Lake Y P S C E,	500	Friends in Christ	50
Much	500	" Sweet Home	50
United Y P S C E,	300	" Corwin	300
Arapahoe	800	" Bismarck	300
C E Soc, Mansfield	775	" Medina	100
J C E Soc, Wmsburg	400	" Reedville	400
Jr C E, Salisbury	300	" Middletown	400
Oleander Y P S C E,	425	" Ravenna	120
Jr C E S, Bartow	580	" Perry's Mills	750
Jr C E S, DeSmet	737	" Chester	610
Wesley Chapel, Epw	1211	" Lake Preston	75
Leagues, Shelby	1211	" Mountain Lake	1656
Epworth League, New	300	" Broadland	200
Wilmington	300	" Coal Hill	275
Rehoboth Epworth	300	" Doland	300
League, Valley Ctr	1366	Friends, Lg Isd Home	800
Y P C A, 2 Christians	300	" Wood Glen	175
J C E, Gd Haven	2500	" Bedford Sta	850
Chisholm Creek Prayer	100	" Cooperstown	850
Meeting, Edmond	342	" 11 N, Alexandria	200
Students & Profs of	100	" Bonner's Ferry	500
Miss'n Soc, Franklin 14	500	" Manchester	500
Ladies Aid Soc, Pres	500	" Johnstown	100
Ch, Monticello	500	Unknown friend,	300
Ladies Parsonage and	250	" Claremont	300
Home Miss Society	500	" H N, Tracy	250
Coagate	500	" H N, Tracy	250
People of Mt Holly M	500	" H N, Cayote	50
E C Soc	900	" "	50
Aid Soc 2d Cong ch,	500	" McClellandtown	200
Leslie	500	" H N, mother & dau, Vt	200
Woman's Club of Sa-	600	" 31 H, N, Kalamazoo	600
lem	600	" For Jesus Soc,	200
Golden Rule Club	22	" Bakersville	24
Young People's Box	59	" In Jesus Name,	100
Social, Morsland	59	" Chmurst	100
Central Bapt ch,	200	" In the name of Jesus,	100
Los Angeles, Cal	200	" Santa Rosa	100
Christian Ref ch,	100	" Inasmuch, Hack-	765
Ramsey	1050	" sack, N J	765
Schwenkfelder Cong,	8500	" In Christ's Name,	250
Worcester	8500	" Monroe Co	250
1st Bapt ch, Clifton	1100	" In Christ's Name,	100
May's Chapel	575	" Hamilton	100
Necklenburg Co	575	" In Jesus Name, Leslie	100
Bapt ch, Clifton	600	" In Jesus Name,	100
Neshannock ch Sch	510	" Hollis	200
Scottdale Union	100	" In Jesus Name, Hope	25
Bible class, Pa	525	" Reader, Harvey	100
Bapt S School	100	" Manito	100
Epping, N H	24	" Waterford	200
M E S S, Fenfield	350	" Readers, Echo	100
Ger Bapt S S	800	" Canadian Readers	1420
Allentown	800	" Reader & wife, Lund n	100
Hanover S S, Ct	748	" Reader, Strathroy	100
Intermediate Girls	100	" Target	100
Dep't Moravian Par	1500	" Highland Park	200
Sch, Bethlehem	1500	" Reader, E Spring'd	100
Teachers & pupils of	300	" Subr, Brunswick	300
intermediate dept,	100	" Tenby	300
W Stewartstown	146	" Allen	300
Lakeside Dist Sch	150	" Palestine	100
Children, Merced	150	" Nortok	500
East Point School,	450	" Old Subscriber, Buff	100
Antelope	450	" Subr, Dodgeville	32
Westwood Public Sch	450	" Littleburg	100
Y P S C E of Pres ch	1130	" Clifton	50
Clifton	1130	" Hopkins	50
Y P Endeavor of	100	" Synizer, Mebane	100
1st Bapt ch,	1270	" Sympathy, Toronto	200
Plattsburgh	1270	" Sympthz, Pawnee Cy	100
Y P S C E	180	" A few Sympathizers,	225
Harrisville	180	" Richmond	225
Y P C E Christ Luth	576	" Little Workers, Edna	1100
ch, Methure	576	" One who loves Jesus,	50
Y P T Soc	2000	" Morgantown	50
Yellow Springs	2000	" Willing Workers,	500
German P L, Bethle-	2000	" Ephraim	500
hem, M E ch, Owen	250	" Earnest Workers,	1060
Epworth League, Sinu	130	" Tenille	100
Epworth League	130	" Husband and wife,	100
Austin	130	" Spring City	100
Jr League of M E ch	200	" Mother and dau,	200
Hamden	200	" Wolfborough	200
Y P A Zion ch	800	" 2 Sisters & Grandson,	300
Alburt	800	" Blissfield	300
Y P P U, Mt Holly	350	" Alabam	210
Y P Soc United Pres	225	" Family, Nunda	210
ch, York	225	" A Man, Hannah	05
W M Soc of Presch,	100	" Little Child, Pekin	25
White-burn	200	" Anonymous,	116
Evangel League	700	" Santa Barbara	116
Charity	500	" Let not by left hand	100
Hackensack	500	" knoweth what thy	100
F B Mission Band,	170	" right hand doeth	100
Salubrit Rest	170	" Short	140
True Heart Miss Soc	435	" 2 Dours, Henderson	100
M E ch, Natchez	435	" Presby Family,	360
Band of Little	500	" Del Rio	360
Workers, Brandy Sta	500	" Equus, Providence	500
Willing Workers of	125	" Christian Sailor,	500
Pres S S, Pittsford	125	" San Francisco	500
McClure Ave Inter	200	" Bro C J, Lake Preston	10
C Soc, Allegheny	200	" Cash, Cal	1000
East Side Cottage	50	" Cash, Providence	50
Prayer Meeting	445	" Cash, Clifton Sta	05
Pasadena	445	" Cash, Clifton Sta	15
King's Daughter,	100	" Cash, Clifton Sta	10
Quakertown, Pa	100	" Cash, Clifton Sta	25
King's Daughters,	225	" Cash, Clifton Sta	10
Pleasant Grove	225	" Cash, Clifton Sta	25
McKenstead	100	" Cash, Clifton Sta	25
Port Jefferson	340	" Cash, Clifton Sta	15
Hookerton	100	" Cash, Clifton Sta	50
Independence	200	" Uniontown	10
Lansburg	100	" Uniontown	10
Poughkeepsie	100	" From a young man of	100
Salisbury, Mass	867	" Salisbury, Mass	100
Los Metos	100	" " Little Child	200
Galveston	1000	" " Oakland, Cal	100
N Y City	500	" In Father's memory,	200
Reno	100	" Ridgely	200
Milwaukee	100	" Family, E Northfield	310
Newport Sta	100	" Mother, son & dau,	500
Canby	100	" Goshen	500
Valley City	50	" A collection friend,	500
Fortuna	50	" Worcester, Mass	500

A black and white photograph of a large, ornate temple complex, likely the Pashupatinath Temple in Varanasi. The temple features multiple domes and a wide staircase leading down to a body of water. Many people are gathered on the steps and in the water, suggesting a religious ceremony or festival. The architecture is traditional Indian, with intricate carvings and a prominent central dome. The scene is set in a lush, green environment with trees in the background.

For Jesus Sake.
Total of page \$ 54 9-

Total of pure **\$2,246 07**

Abrams, J. D.	150	Harman, Fred T.	200	Rosenberger, Belle	300	Brady Island	1000	A Reader, Pa.	25	A A F. Ozone Pk.	100	Widow's mite, Bklyn.	200
Adams, Wm	200	Harrington, Mrs S S	430	Royer, D B	100	Candia, Victoria	500	Readers of the Herald	300	A K. N. Y. City	75	Two lovers of Jesus.	100
Anderson, F. J.	100	Harris, C. S.	100	Russell, Miss Kate	100	Columbia Bldg.	500	La Fayette	300	A L. L. Millville	200	Orange Co.	100
Anderson, A. M.	100	Hart, Hattie (col by)	250	Rykenboer, F. Jr	100	Topeka	500	3 R. Mass.	100	C. L. M. N. Y. City	100	One who is interested.	500
Anderson, Carl	50	Harwell, Mrs Mrs W E	100	Rykenboer, F. Sr	100	Coram	100	Reader, Trainer	100	D—193	200	Fayetteville	500
Anderson, Carl	100	Hayward, Mrs Mrs T T	100	Sanford, Yara	200	Denver	500	Balto	200	Dr B. Chicago	100	One who desires to re-	100
Anderson, Chas	100	Hazelton, M. E. F.	100	Saunders, Eunice	150	Elkton	500	Leeds	150	E. A. Woodbourne	500	heve suffering, Me	100
Ahlender, L. P.	100	Heaton, Mrs Mrs J	500	Saunders, John	250	Kansu City	500	Delphos	100	E. B. N. Y. City	100	One who loves Jesus.	100
Armstrong, Mrs J	200	Hempel, Albert	100	Schlicher, C	500	Marvin	700	2 Lady readers, Roch-	200	E. C. L. Lorimer	50	One who loves Jesus	100
Atkinson, H. K.	50	Henrickson, Mrs	50	Schlicher, Hannah	500	Marshall Co.	100	ester	200	E. M. Warren	100	Tacoma	100
Bailey, Clara E.	100	Herron, J. C.	300	Schneider, Wm	500	Pleasant View	600	Subr, Indianapolis	500	E. P. Port Chester	500	One who is trusting in	100
Baker, M. & wife	100	Hewitt, Grace C.	60	Schoeller, Mr	25	Palsades	100	Bridgeport	500	F. E. P. Holley	100	Jesus, Astoria	100
Barnes, Mrs Jane L.	100	Hibbs, Mrs	100	Schroeder, W. W.	50	Riverton	300	Friends, Albany	500	I. L. B. Emira	50	One who wishes to	100
Bartholomew, Archie	100	Hodges, Mrs A. P.	100	Seider, Mrs	100	St. Louis	200	Bridgeport	500	J. E. B. Bethlehem	500	serve him, Elk View	100
Bartholomew, F. & wife	200	Hoffman, Mrs J.	25	Semple, Bertha E.	100	St. Louis	200	Bridgeport	500	K. T. B. B. C.	500	Thank offering, Monson	300
Bates, Mrs B. W.	100	Holmes, Mrs Bella	70	Shaffer, Mrs & Mrs L. H.	100	Weston	500	St. Louis	200	F. O. S. Athol	500	Self Denial, Chicago	500
Bean, Wm F.	100	Holmes, Mrs Edward	500	Shank, J. W.	700	Whittier	100	St. Louis	200	F. W. R. Aspetuck	2500	Lawn	500
Beard, Frank	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Shepherd, Mrs C. C.	100	Friend, Windham	500	St. Louis	200	H. Ithaca	100	Cheerful giver, Phila	500
Beard, Geo.	100	Holmes, Mrs Rosa	50	Shimer, F. R.	500	Topeka	100	St. Louis	200	H. E. R. F. Freeport	100	In memory of little	100
Beck, Ida	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Shimer, Mrs E. M.	500	Moutgomery	100	St. Louis	200	H. H. N. Y. City	200	Donnie Delphos	200
Beck, Jennie	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Shoemaker, F. B.	500	Nukwana	100	St. Louis	200	H. H. N. Y. City	200	For Henry's sake	100
Beeman, Carrie E.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Shurtliff, A. & L.	100	Peterson	100	St. Louis	200	H. H. N. Y. City	200	Lebanon	100
Benedict Bros.	126	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Sidalls, Mrs Mary	25	Cupid	25	St. Louis	200	J. C. S. Pattenburg	200	Christian Endeavorer	100
Benedict, Harry	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Sigmund, Comfort	50	Hallowell	500	St. Louis	200	J. D. Newark	50	Howland	100
Benedict, Mrs M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Simclair, Estelle	5	Hallowell	100	St. Louis	200	J. K. Kismumee	100	Dis No 6, Venedocia	200
Bentz, J. W.	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Sitter, J.	50	Knappa	25	St. Louis	200	J. O. L. Reegsville	100	Water Bearers	100
Berg, L.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Knappa	50	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Amelia C. H.	250
Berger Bros.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Raised by a little girl	100
Berkey, Mrs Ella and	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	From Home for the	100
Berkey, Mrs	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Friendless, Chicago	100
Bernard, Mrs J. T.	5	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Lawn	500
Bernard, Mrs J. T.	5	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A little boy and his	100
Blackhead, I. H.	500	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	granoma Skippack	200
Blakely, M. H.	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Laborers for Christ	100
Blackwood, J. W.	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Kenansville	2600
Bloodgood, Mrs L. W.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Christians Family	100
Bloodgood, Mrs L. W.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Circle	850
Bolt, A. C.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Swedish Ladies	100
Bolling, Frank G.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Treasure in Heaven	100
Bowen, Mary	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Phila	100
Breckenridge, D. F.	50	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A gathered out one	100
Britt, Dr M. E.	25	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Five Creek	250
Britton, Mrs S. S. Sch.	500	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A few beloved in	100
Brown, A. Wm	50	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Christ, Plane No 4	100
Brown, C. R.	50	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Widow's Mite, Luray	100
Brown, Eddy	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Brookfield	100
Brown, Geo. W.	500	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Florida	100
Brown, Mabel	10	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A Mite, Westfield	100
Brown, Melvin	50	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Tiny Colony, Santa	100
Brown, Robert	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Citizens of Viola and	100
Buchanan, Annie	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	vicinity, Or	452
Buckner, Mrs & Mrs S.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	American, J. a mission	100
Bullock, Mrs E.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	City	100
Bundy, W. L.	500	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Thank Offering, Bris-	100
Burdett, A. C.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	tol Ferry	200
Burgess, Edgar	3	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Two Sisters, Phila	200
Burgess, Grace	3	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Two little brothers	100
Burgess, Harry	3	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Norwich	20
Burgess, Nellie	3	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	One who loves Jesus.	100
Burnham, Mrs Edwin	300	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Shelburne Falls	100
Burrows, Mrs P. L.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	My wife & I, Rockland	100
Burt, Mr & Mrs J. S.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	One who loves Jesus.	100
Byrd, Wm P.	25	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Westgrove	100
Cannon, B. B.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	One who loves to help	100
Cannon, W. G.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	the needy, Capev	100
Cameron, E. J.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Candy money of 3 lit-	100
Candlers, Mr & Mrs J.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	tle girls, Park River	100
Carle, E. H.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A praying sister, Free-	100
Carter, Mrs Harriet	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	port	25
Case, Mr & Mrs S. O.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	A gift, Prosperity	100
Casswell, Mrs A. S.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	For Jesus' sake, Al-	100
Carter, Sadie	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	lertown	300
Chadwick, Mrs Mrs E.	400	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	For Jesus' sake, Pal-	100
Charles, Mrs I. A.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	myra	500
Cheeseboro, Mrs C. H.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	For Christ's sake,	100
Christian, Geo.	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	E Palestine	100
Clark, Mrs Mary C.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Little Girl, Chicago	100
Clark, Tessa C.	200	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Lawn	70
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Mother & dau, Basin	500
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	School Teacher, West-	100
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	wood	100
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	Children of Berwick S	84
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
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Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary	50	Smith, E. L. M.	50	Birmingham	100	St. Louis	200	J. S. L. Reegsville	100	1st Primary Room	215
Clayton, S. M.	100	Holmes, Mrs Mary											

CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

Jonah's Success as a Missionary to Nineveh a Stirling Lesson for Timid and Unaggressive Christians.

It is not difficult to understand the feeling of the obscure Jewish prophet when he first realized that it was his duty to go to Nineveh and reprove the people of that magnificent but dissolute city in their way of life. He had even the slightest hope that such a mission would have the result described in the passage (Jonah 3) associated with the story. We can see from the thrilling story how he argued with himself, tried to silence his conscience. He would go and denounce their wickedness, but what his conscience told him was that the risk of it! How would a known foreigner fare in a city where he would be against him? Would he turn savagely upon him and kill him? Still the inward voice told him to go. Then he tried another way of escaping the disagreeable duty, was it necessary? God was so slow to be kind and merciful that perhaps he would come right anyway, and the people would be forgiven. But that did not satisfy his conscience. Everything seemed to urge him to go. It was uncomfortable as men are wont to evade duty. He would try another scene; he would take a journey to a place where he would not be hindered of the duty. But again he is hindered. He is held to his task and there is no escape. At last, to get peace of mind, he goes to Nineveh. But it is as a messenger of mercy that he will put his message in a coarse, unattractive form. Without any authority as we can learn, he declares that Nineveh shall be destroyed within forty days. Then he goes to a place of quietude and calmly waits to see his prediction fulfilled. To his amazement the people heed his message and turn themselves before God and sue for pardon, which is granted. Then he is angry. God has not sustained his denunciation and he feels himself rebuffed. So little of the Godlike in him that he would rather have the great city destroyed, than have his reputation as a prophet suffer. He is loath to argue with him as with a child, before he can be brought to a proper state of mind. The moral purpose of the narrative is often lost sight of by most readers. Speculations about the incident of the "great fish." As it was with the people who witnessed Christ's miracles, the wonder of the miracle fills the mind to the exclusion of the lesson, to teach that the miracle was worked. Yet the story is one worth the learning. How many Christians shrink as Jonah did in proving iniquity! All around us are sin and crime, yet who is there that goes and utters a warning? When matters break up an unholy traffic, as Dr. Parkhurst tried to do in New York, and Anthony Comstock is struggling to do, how half-hearted is the support he receives from the churches! Even with his friends and neighbors, how does the Christian speak a word for Christ! True, Jonah did his work, but in a wrong spirit; but even so, it proved effective. So might an effort made on our own day. City missionaries find how seldom their appeals are rebuffed. Many sinners within our reach have discovered that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and they need only the encouragement to bring them to repentance. We cannot tell how many of them might be won by an earnest, kindly appeal. But we do know our duty, and if we do it honestly and faithfully, the result will be left in God's hands. We are responsible for success, but we are responsible for the effort to attain it. And if we represent two business acquaintances standing together awaiting the last judgment. One who tremblingly awaits the judgment, asks the other why he is so calm, and replies with astonishment that he hopes to see Christ to escape punishment. Oh, why," he asks, in terms of bitter reproach, "did you not warn me and tell me my sin was cruel? It was cruel. I, too, might have been saved if you had spoken."



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Share thy Crust.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. E - ven tho' thy purse be emp-ty, Share thy crust with one in need;
2. He that giv - eth grow-eth rich - er; Char - i - ty with liv - ing grain,

God is good and His own bless-ing Shall re - ward thee for the deed;
Scatters o'er the land its promise,—"Harvest time shall come a - gain."

Tho' thy grain be but a hand - ful, Share it no - bly with thy friend;
Those who fall a - long life's way - side Are your brothers in dis-tress;

To the feast, for one so scan - ty, God's own grace will plenty lend,—
Not for gifts, but for the giv - ing, Heav-en smiles and God will bless,

To the feast, for one so scan - ty, God's own grace will plen-ty lend.
Not for gifts, but for the giv - ing, Heav - en smiles and God will bless.

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"READY TO PERISH!"

HEATHEN darkness reigns around,
Famine and death on every hand;
Thousands in wretchedness are found,
And pleading thousands before us stand.
Listen, O mortal, to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

Starving must be a horrid death,
Dying by inches, hour by hour;
Parents taken and children left,
O, think of the perishing, starving poor!
Listen, O listen to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

The wail of sorrow rises high—
Poor skeletons shake their fleshless bones,
Chattering and muttering till they die,
Calling for help in wailing tones.
Listen, O listen, to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

O, think of what you now might spare,
To help the perishing in their need;
Your very dinner with them share,
And to their dying cry give heed.
Listen, O listen, to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

Christ calls on you in this dark hour,
Your bread with starving ones to share;

Deny not, when 'tis in your power,
To give at least a scanty fare.
Listen, O listen, to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

How answer in the judgment day
For lost ones you might help and save?
To strong appeals for saying nay,
And closing not the opening grave?
Listen, O listen, to their cry,
Help the suffering ere they die.

Prairie du Chien, Wis. REV. IRA LE BARON.

EASTER HYMN.

WHEN hate and ignorance combined
To hide my Saviour in the tomb,
No bonds that holy one confined:
He mocked the grave, forsook its gloom.

Thou, too, oh world, by sin enthralled,
No more a lifeless body lie!
God hath to farther freedom called—
Go forth to find his kingdom nigh.

And thou, my soul, entombed in night,
Too long in swathing bands hast lain.
From doubt and darkness taking flight
New heights and greater glory gain!
Syracuse, N. Y. H. N. KINNEY.

THE LAST TREATY.

Palestine to be given to the Jews by a Seven Years' Treaty with Antichrist near the end of the age.

BY WILLIAM MAUDE.

PEECULIAR significance attaches to the approaching dissolution of the Turkish empire, because out of it will probably come the restoration of Palestine to the Jews. In the partition of territory which must ultimately take place their claims to their own land cannot be ignored. Besides this, the treaty which will give them possession will be an epoch-making document.

It marks, in the first place, the point at which the chronology of prophecy is resumed. Since the termination of the sixty-ninth week with the "cutting off of Messiah" (Daniel 9:26) there has been no such thing, strictly speaking, as prophetic chronology, though the seventieth week may have cast back its dark shadow over the intervening centuries, and rendered a rough approximate calculation of times and seasons possible. But with the commencement of the seventieth week—the week of Antichrist's covenant—the more exact and literal chronology of prophecy will recommence, and consequently, those who witness the confirmation of a seven years' covenant between some "prince" of the revived Roman empire and the Jewish people will be in a position to estimate with the utmost nicety the precise point in the world's history which has been reached, and almost the exact order in which succeeding events are to occur.

Secondly, the making of this covenant will mark the commencement of the literal day-day fulfilment of all the visions of the book of Revelation, from the sixth to the nineteenth chapter inclusive. The first half of this last week is occupied, apparently, by the establishment of the lawless one's power over the ten confederated kingdoms and the restored Jewish people, the great work of evangelisation, symbolized by the going forth of the rider on the white horse, under the first seal, and the wars, famines and pestilences, symbolized under the second, third, and fourth seals respectively, while the latter half of the week forms the "1,260 days," or "42 months," or "time, times, and half a time," so often spoken of in Daniel and the Revelation (Daniel 7:25; 12:7; Revelation 11:2-3; 12:6-14; 13:5); in other words, the period of the "great tribulation."

Thirdly, the making of this covenant will bear witness to the solemn fact that Antichrist will be revealed. It is, of course, fully admitted that Antichrist will only drop the mask and fully declare himself, when in the midst of the week, he breaks his covenant, "causing the sacrifice and the oblation to cease," and planting his idol on the pinnacle of the Jewish temple; but nevertheless the initial stage of his revelation will be his entering into covenant with the Jews, for in that act he will be once for all identified.

When once the ten kingdoms have been manifestly established, whoever—be he prince, prelate, or potentate—shall form a covenant with the Jewish people, he and he alone is the Antichrist. Other corroborative signs—such as the mystic number 666 being found in his name—there will doubtless be, but the covenant will in itself be sufficient. Whatever uncertainty may previously have existed as to his identity will thus be at once removed. Then, if not till then, the "man" will stand forth revealed beyond the possibility of doubt.

Where do we now stand? Of the four signs of the approach or arrival of Antichrist's "own time" the first, or moral sign, viz., an all-pervading spirit of "lawlessness," already shows manifest indications that it is soon to reach its consummation in the person of the lawless one. The second and third, i. e., the revival of Cæsar's Roman empire, and its division into ten parts or kingdoms, have not indeed as yet come to pass, but it has even now reached so advanced a stage that the next great European convulsion will probably result in its complete realisation. The fourth and final sign will be the negotiation of the seven-year treaty.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER IX—Cont'd.
Jessie's Ambition and Nicholas Lloyd's Failure.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



ALICE fancied that there was a sense of pleasure or relief in the inevitable delay which her father's condition involved. If the idea of an immediate marriage occurred to him, he did not entertain it. He simply professed the greatest sympathy and disappointment, but he made no effort to take the advantage it offered, and Alice was dumbly injured by his attitude. And yet how could she complain? The man had said everything that was conventionally kind and respectful. But, oh, how little that was! For how poor are the words when deeds are possible! And how ineffectual the love that falls short of love's expectations! There was not a word uttered which could indicate the loosening of the tie between them, and yet Alice said "farewell" with a conviction that the tie was broken for ever.

So she returned to New York with her mother, and the closed house was reopened, and Dr. Anson notified of their arrival. He called on them at once, and in accord with Mrs. Lloyd's pathetic entreaties, promised to see her husband and urge upon him the absolute necessity of relinquishing affairs which he could only bring to confusion and ruin. He had frequently had a similar duty to perform, but custom had not robbed it of its sad and awful circumstance, and it was always a pitifully conscientious act. He made several little delays on the way to Mr. Lloyd's office, but the inevitable arrives, and at last he was admitted to the rich man's presence. He had a letter from Lord Medway's lawyer in his hand, and his passion over its contents was extreme. "The man professes to be doubtful about the securities I offer him," he said, and the tremor of his tongue and lips hardly permitted him to articulate.

"Mr. Lloyd," said the physician, laying his hand firmly on the millionaire's shaking form. "Mr. Lloyd, you must stop business altogether. I have come here specially to tell you to do so. Listen to me, for I am in earnest, and I am going to tell you a great truth. You are a dying man. If you had a weak, cowardly soul I would not tell you the truth, but you are no poltroon, so I say plainly to you, settle your affairs with this world. Make your will if it is yet to make, and then prepare to meet your God."

These words were spoken with the utmost solemnity, and the miserable man to whom they were addressed, listened perforce to them. Hitherto he had refused all attempts at warning, but this morning his condition made him passively silent, as the fateful words smote and smote upon his brain and entered and pierced his ears like a dart. He tried to protest—to entreat—but his tongue failed, and he buried his head in his hands and wept like a child.

When he was able to draw his scattered forces together, and to uncover his face, he found himself alone. The physician had delivered his message and left him to digest it in solitude. He went to a little closet and took out of it a mirror and looked at himself. Then he rang a bell sharply and sent the clerk who answered it for his lawyer. And whatever of misery a money-maker and a money-lover can feel in the prospect of resigning his occupation for ever, Nicholas Lloyd then felt. He looked round his familiar office as men look farewell on a scene beloved. Its solid splendor, its air of riches, its big chair, from which he had issued financial edicts, were these things no longer his? He opened his private safe and took out a canvas bag, and let the gold slip and slide through his fingers, and laughed aloud as he did so. He gathered in one swoop securities of the first value, and ungirded them backward and forward, and assured himself that he was yet then lawful owner.

He was comforting himself in this manner when the summoned lawyer arrived. "Phillips," he said with an excitement

which shivered his words to pieces as they fell from his lips. "Phillips, have I not made my will? If not I am to make it this morning. Dr. Anson has just given me the order. Sit down, sir. What are you gazing at? Confound you."

"Mr. Lloyd, in heaven's name what is the matter with you?"

"I have received my—death warrant—that is all. Get to work, sir. Give me a minute or two and I will be calm and clear enough—hard lines though—hard lines." He sat perfectly still, grasping the arms of his chair, and Mr. Phillips, though very sceptical about the validity of any will made under such evident aberration of normal conditions, prepared to obey whatever the sick man desired.

"Go on, Phillips."

After a short pause the lawyer said, as he followed the transcribing pen: "I give and bequeath," then he looked into the face of his client for instructions. A very powerful expression of dissent was on it, and he raised his hand and brought it down with a frantic force as he said passionately:

"I—I can't! I won't give and bequeath what is my own—my very own—I won't give it! I won't bequeath it! It is mine. Mine only. I must keep it; yes, even in the grave, I must keep it. How can I keep it? If you are a lawyer worth your salt, Phillips, tell me that."

"Lend it, Mr. Lloyd, lend it to whoever you like. Lend it for good interest, and devise the interest for any purpose you choose. You are used to lending money; you can bear that."

"That will do! that will do! Yes, I can bear to lend it. But who to?"

"That is the question. Your daughter is provided for?"

"Yes. She has taken more than enough to that greedy foreigner—millions and millions, and a silver mine, and a southern plantation, and a Western ranch, and a vineyard in California, and other trifles—"

"What are you talking about, Mr. Lloyd? I wouldn't have such fancies, if I was you. You know better. Don't give me any Aladdin's lamp nonsense. I am here for business, you know."

"To be sure. Miss Lloyd is—is—is all right. Lend the rest of my estate to my son, Stephen. The boy is a fool, but he might as well have the spending of the dollars as the lawyers. I am sensible enough now, Phillips. I want a will made, that a lawyer cannot pick. They pick wills as other scamps pick pockets—that is about the truth of it."

"I think we had better delay the subject, sir. I doubt whether you are in a legal condition."

"Hang the condition! Lend Steve the money, eight per cent, the interest to be invested in lighting or water companies; principle to be loaned to Steve's children and grandchildren. Great Scott! What an idea! I shall own the gold, if I am dust. The land and the houses will be in my name for generations. The gold will grow beyond counting; the land will become gold. It is a great scheme! A tremendous scheme! And I can think it all out, though Anson does talk, as if my brain was—degenerate. That is the word, isn't it? Thanks to that doctor who taught us such a convenient term—it is a little more respectful than saying a man is mad, but it means the same thing, I fear."

"Mr. Lloyd, let me call a carriage, and take you home. Then I will make the will as you wish it made."

"All secure—a loan mind—nothing but a loan—and eight per cent.—Lend it to Steve—he is a fool—but a good boy—stood up for his father, and spoke out like a man at that beggarly meeting. He didn't howl with the wolves, not he! Lend the gold to my son, Stephen Lloyd and his heirs. Make all tight and secure."

"Lloyd, you know me; tight as a trivet. Come, I want to go to your house; you may as well go with me."

And thus the rich man went that morn-

ing out of his money-making den forever. The place that had known him so potent, and so worldly-wise, was to know him no more. But at the last moment, he did not think of this possibility. He called a clerk, gave him some orders, locked his desk, and with his mind full of this new idea of loaning his wealth to his descendants, shut the door of his office against himself, and went away without turning one glance backward. He never more entered the room where he had ruled so absolutely; for, as he left its threshold, he put his feet into those waste dominions of the blasted intellect, where men sit brooding on their unprofitable gold, in the hell of their own making. For greed of gold, as surely ruins the mental powers, as sensuality ruins the moral nature.

As they rode homeward, the sick man began to realize his condition. He felt as if he had suddenly been cut off from the busy, happy world around him. The physician's words returned, as if newly spoken, and his heart was sick with terror. A dismal, sullen stillness succeeded to his noisy excitement, and he entered his home, with a sultry thunderstorm in all his veins. His wife met him at the door. She opened her arms and folded him in them, and her cool, sweet presence was like a breath of heaven. For a moment he would not answer her love and pity; then the thought of his desolate condition terrified him, and he said, "Marian! Marian! I am come back to you. I am going to die. Do not send me away from you and from my home."

"I will never leave you Nicholas. I will stay at your side until the very end."

"Whatever the end may be?"

"Whatever it may be. Steve will help me. Alice will help me. You shall never be left to strangers; never!" and she put his arm through her arm and comforted him with her tender eyes and words as they went apart together.

For the worst was now known and acknowledged, and she could stay by his side, and do whatever love might do for him. He had treated her for years with that brutality which is always polite, but which makes a woman shudder, but at this hour she put all such memories away, and only remembered that she had once loved him and believed in his love, and that she had vowed to stand by him in sickness and health until death should part them.

CHAPTER X. A Great Victory.

These events were made known to Jessie through the newspapers, and they added greatly to the importance she assumed at the fashionable New Jersey watering place where she was "leading" society to her heart's ambition. So much she had obtained from Steve's love and generosity, but on the subject of Newport he had been immovable as a rock. In some way, the particulars of which she did not inquire into, he had found the necessary funds for her elaborate dressing and entertainment; he had seen her established in pretty rooms facing the noble beach, and he had then frankly told her "not to expect any visits from him." He said "he was going on a long solitary tramp, far from every one he knew, and

(Continued on next page.)

Extremely Nervous

Barely Able to Crawl Around—Now Perfectly Cured and Doing Her Own Housework.

"I was extremely nervous, barely able to crawl around, with no strength of ambition. I could not sleep, would have very bad spells with my heart, and my stomach was in a terrible condition, had dreadful neuralgia pains in my side, would be dizzy. In the midst of this I had malarial fever. I was miserable months after; could not sit up over an hour without being all exhausted. Last one of my neighbors wanted to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was persuaded to do so and in a little while could sleep better. This encouraged me to continue. I have now taken five bottles and am perfectly cured. I am doing housework alone." MRS. FRED T. BARRE, Vt. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, and effective. All druggists.

FULL of HEALTH

Every ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage.

HIRES Rootbeer

Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

Peter Moller,

who in 1853 revolutionized the whole of Cod Liver Oil manufacture by the production of the "steam process," has introduced a new method which is as superior to the steam process as that was to the crude methods. By the new process is kept free from impurities, and does not come into contact with the atmosphere during the manufacture. Moller

Cod Liver Oil

is not sold in bulk, but is bottled when factured. The Oil is free from disagreeable taste or odor and causes no eructation. In flat oval bottles only, dated. See that our name is on bottle as agents. Explanatory pamphlets mailed on request.

Schleffelin & Co., New York.

DON'T BOIL Whittman's INSTANT Chocolate—doesn't melt in boiling water or milk. Sold everywhere.

BEFORE BUYING A NEW HARNESS Send your address with 25 cent stamp for Catalog, giving full description of the best and Double Custom Hand Made Leather Harness. Sold direct to you at wholesale prices. King & Co., No. 42 Church St., Oswego, N.Y.

LADY AGENT writes "I am making \$10 a day selling Buckles, Skirts, New style Hosiery and other goods. Send for proof and catalog best sellers FREE." Ladies Supply Co., 3114 Forest Ave., Chicago.

I CAN DO YOUR SHOPPING cheaper and than you can. Write for terms or buying at Circular, Miss G. H. MANSON, 1328 Arch St., Phila.

EUROPE, HOLY LAND. \$46. All expenses, including Aug. 25, 1897. Write of EDWIN JONES, 462 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn.

That Pleasing Paralyzing Pie!

How good it looks! How good it is!..... And how it hurts. Why not look into the question of **Pill after Pie?** Eat your pie and take Ayer's Pills after, and pie will please and not paralyze.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills
CURE DYSPEPSIA.

The King's Highway.

(continued from preceding page.)

or in September they might be as meet as they were then to part." "I vowed such words were cruel and stand she did her best in the last days they were together to draw tighter ties that Steve seemed so glad to break way from. And the man still there. It was easy yet for her to seem forget all but her beauty and dress, for the strange strong mystery hands man and wife together is not spoken. He left her finally with an aching heart, and tears in his eyes: gazed his tall figure and long swinging arms until he had passed out of her sight. She turned to the new delights of living her. She was resolved to be in all the fulness which had been dream during those years, when she had been tormented with large desires that did not go half their length. Her days were in themselves commandments which she had "the air" which was good toilet beyond itself. In her days she became the undisputed queen of the small but fashionable colony of men, filling the closet-like rooms of the hotel, and making its broad staircase flame with moving color and brilliant light. She will scold, and then find the reason to pay for them," she reflected, "I can afford to buy the summer's dress with a morning's ill temper at the end of it." So foolishly did this selfish love—a few weeks glitter and then a flattery to be paid for by the end of it, and wronging of the good heart that had been in her. The sudden departure of the Lloyds for support had to be accounted for. Soon as Mr. Lloyd's collapse was known every reporter understood the reasons to Miss Lloyd and Lord Medway. Each and all commented on their own way, and where leading were unknown, did not scruple to tell them. Jessie was equally unprincipled. "Poor Alice" with sighs and sobs, and intimated that this result was what she had always expected. She met Lord Medway at the beginning of the affair, and—well, it was better to say nothing about it. But the soft smile on her face and the irresistible suggestion any amount of friendship between Medway and herself, that she chose to imagine. And of course there were imaginations vivid enough to weave numberless pretty romances out of the unspoken materials. So the general impression was that Jessie ought to have been Lady Medway, and not have been but for her sister-in-law's financial attractions. It is personal and relative gossip, and additional influence, and she increased it by a run up to New York City to see poor Alice." This visit happened on a morning when it was particularly welcome. Mr. Lloyd had just suffered an attack of paralysis, and the house was a scene of gloomy despair that Jessie's bright and fluttering ribbons appeared mock in its atmosphere. Alice knew her, however, with the most perfect courtesy. She excused her mother as when Jessie had last heard from her. "We are very anxious for his recovery," she said sadly. "He is much better now, and we fully expected he would have been at his father's side ere this." "I don't suppose Steve has an idea of his father's serious illness. He is off the pendants, but I have not the slightest notion what mountains. After bidding good-bye, he said he did not intend to read a newspaper or write a letter, or accept a letter until he came back in September. Of course it is very disagreeable for me."

"I should think so. Are you not very anxious?"

"No. Steve can take care of himself, but it is annoying when you are in a large hotel, to know that people are wondering if you have a husband, and if so where on the earth he is?"

"Yes," answered Alice, and then there was silence, and Alice's eyes looked afar off, as if seeking her brother; and after a pause she sighed and said softly, "Poor Steve!"

"I came to ask if there is anything I can do," said Jessie. "If you would like me to look after the house affairs, or write letters, or see inquirers, you know there are a score of unusual obligations in a time of this kind."

"No, thank you. You are very thoughtful, but all such obligations are provided for."

"I am so sorry about the interruption to your marriage. It was fixed for October. Was it not?"

"There is no time fixed now. How could I think of marriage with my father dying up-stairs?"

"I did not suppose it possible. Still you must feel the disappointment."

"I am not different to other women."

"Will Lord Medway remain in America?"

"He will doubtless be governed by circumstances. We all are. Will you take lunch? I see it is ready."

"Thanks. I am hungry. Have you seen my brother John lately?"

"No. His engagement with Mr. Lloyd terminated some weeks ago."

"I am sure I don't know what is the matter with John. He hardly ever comes to see me now. He goes to see Flora. Flora has a baby girl, and"—

"Flora?"

"My sister Flora."

"Oh!"

Then there was a cool silence and a very dull lunch. Alice was naturally depressed, and Jessie was tempted to make remarks about her position which were more foolish than really unkind. "I shall have to hurry back," she said with a consequential air. "There is an entertainment to-night, and every one looks to me in some way or other. But I am sure I shall not feel equal to much dressing to-night. And yet dressing is expected of one. Still, when I think of Mr. Lloyd and you—"

"Pray do not permit our sorrows to interfere. If there are entertainments there must be toilets of course. I do wish you knew anything about my brother Steve."

"Steve is having what he calls a good time." He is awfully selfish about it, I must say. He can't bear any one to know where he is. It is peculiarly embarrassing to me."

"And to us at present. Father has asked for him several times lately. He ought to be here."

Beyond this point neither woman seemed able to get. Attempts to eat and attempts to talk all fell flat and hopeless, and Jessie finally rose, shook out her fluttering skirts impatiently and said she must go as she had a train to catch. She was not asked to repeat her visit, and she thought of that omission as she rode back to the hotel and mentally vowed that if Steve went home at this time she would go also.

"That is certain," she said decidedly. "I don't mean to be put down by Alice's cool ways. Any other girl would have talked about her marriage. She is as peculiar as Steve; a queer lot altogether." Then she remembered her own family, and felt sorry for a moment that she had not visited them. "Mother would have been so glad to see me," she thought. "I wish she lived higher up-town." St. Mark's Place is out of the world now."

(To Be Continued.)

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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cal knowledge, these questions with practical knowledge.

Dumb-bells and bicycles may be equally useful in physical development, yet a thousand persons ride their wheels for one that uses dumb-bells. The reason is perfectly evident. Bicycle riding combines pleasure with exercise; the use of dumb-bells is drudgery. So with these questions: they combine pleasure with mental exercise. You cannot start work on the first one without continuing on to the last, and when you finish them you are repaid a hundred fold.

An analysis of the questions shows that they deal with a very large number of different points. That is, in answering fifty questions you investigate fifty subjects and touch upon hundreds of others. History and literature, the Bible and Homer, travel, machinery and law, operas and music, Shakspeare and Scott, Paris and Boston, art and architecture, earthquakes, and the heavens, cards and the stage, Napoleon and the North American Indians, the Amazon and the Mississippi, questions of home and of business—all these and a multitude of others are included. Thus, in addition to the pleasure and the mental training, comes the new knowledge that will broaden you as Greeley said it broadened Lincoln. On request, we will forward you sample questions and full particulars of the competition.

If you do not possess a set of The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, address us and we will send your name to one of the few clubs that are now being formed, each member of which secures a set at a reduction of over 40 per cent, and has the privilege of paying for it in small monthly payments.

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Many New Aspirants in Our Sunday School Attendance Contest—More Wonderful Records.

OUR mail this week is still full of correspondence relative to the Sunday School championship contest, showing that the interest it has aroused is nowise abated. The contest is as to the largest number of consecutive



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THREE CONTESTANTS WITH A RECORD OF 520 ATTENDANCES EACH.

attendances up to February 1st, 1897. All of the newly received records are interesting, and many are indeed remarkable. Mr. John H. Mountjoy, of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Gardner, Ill., writes that he has been a faithful Sunday School attendant for fifty years, with an average of forty-three attendances to the

Gorley, Superintendent of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Sunday School, Troy, N. Y., sends a group of good records: Mrs. M. A. Harrington, present every Sunday for seven years; Theodore A. Pickering, present every Sunday for six years, and Mr. George A. Pickering, present every Sabbath for nine years.

Mrs. Frances E. Kingsley writes of her two little girls, Emma, who began attending Sunday School when two and a-half years old and has missed but a few times in six years, and Gertrude, who joined when twenty-eight months old and has not been absent over four times since. Mr. G. M. Craig, Secretary First Congregational

Sunday School, Jersey City, N. J., writes: "Miss Alice L. Taylor has been a member of our Sunday School for six years, and has attended regularly 312 Sundays. Miss Aline Gerow of the same Sunday School has attended for four years without missing one of the 208 Sundays." Mr. Henry D. Gross, Superinten-

MALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Schools.	Teacher or Superintendent.	Period of Attendance, Years.	Total Attendances.
Thos. L. Jenkins, 4th Reformed Ch. S. S., Phila., Pa.,	A. W. Givin, Supt.,	16	836
Philip P. Rogers, Swedish Evang. Mission S. S., Chicago,	A. I. Julin, Supt.,	15	785
Harry Lockwood, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	14	728
Clarence Walker, 1st Bapt. Ch., Norfolk, Va.,	H. J. Williamson, Supt.,	12	624
Carl Johnson, Swedish Evang. Mission S. S., Chicago,	A. I. Julin, Supt.,	10	525
Chas. Mackerell, Frankford Ave. Bapt. S. S., Phila.,	H. I. MacMurtrie, Supt.,	9	518
Geo. A. Pickering, 5th Ave. Bapt. S. S., Troy, N. Y.,	L. E. Gorley, Supt.,	9	468
Dan Bowker, Pres. Ch. S. S., Collinsville, Ill.,	H. M. Sanders, Teacher, S.	8	416
Everett Schaefele, 1st Reformed S. S., Newark, N. J.,	L. W. Dawson, Supt.,	7	375
Henry Frank, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	7	372
Edward Malsberger, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	7	368
Henry Schlegel, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	7	364
Ernest Brandauer, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	7	364
James Mackerell, Frankford Ave. Bapt. S. S., Phila.,	H. I. MacMurtrie, Supt.,	6	362
Theodore Pickering, 5th Ave. Bapt. S. S., Troy, N. Y.,	L. E. Gorley, Supt.,	6	312
Jacob Schlegel, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	5	268
Howard J. Sachs, Ref. Luth. S. S., Schnecksville, Pa.,	H. D. Gross, Supt.,	5	265
David Kolberg, Swedish Evang. Mission S. S., Chicago,	A. I. Julin, Supt.,	5	265

FEMALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.

Grace Cannon, 1st Bapt. Ch., Norfolk, Va.,	H. J. Williamson, Supt.,	13	676
Martha Poe, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	12	650
Mamie Kennedy, Frankford Ave. Bapt. S. S., Phila.,	H. I. MacMurtrie, Supt.,	9	518
Gertrude Beisel, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	9	476
Kate Hardin, Fulton Bapt. S. S., Richmond, Va.,	R. L. Harrison, Supt.,	9	476
Miss Bitzer, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	7	368
Mrs. M. A. Harrington, 5th Ave. Bapt. S. S., Troy, N. Y.,	L. E. Gorley, Supt.,	7	364
Alice Taylor, 1st Cong. S. S., Jersey City, N. J.,	G. W. Craig, Sec.,	6	312
Minnie Benson, 1st Pres. S. S., Leavenworth, Kan.,	Wm. N. Page, Pastor,	6	312
Annie Poe, 1st Ward Lu. Miss. S. S., Allentown, Pa.,	Francis Miller, Supt.,	6	312
Florence Higgins, 1st Pres. S. S., Atlantic City, N. J.,	M. D. Walker, Teacher, S.	5	291
Clara Deaver, Henshaw Mem. P. E. S. S., Balto.,	G. H. Coffroth, Supt.,	5	260

year. Mr. Thomas L. Jenkins, Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa., has attended the Fourth Reformed Church Sunday School every Sabbath for sixteen years and four weeks. Miss Kate Harden, of the Fulton Baptist Sunday School, Richmond, Va., has not been absent from Sunday School for over nine years. Daniel Bowker, of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Collinsville, Ill., began to attend Sunday School when four years old, and has missed only two Sundays in nine years. He has a record of eight years up to February 1, 1897, without a break.

A good family record comes from Philadelphia, Pa. James Mackerell has not missed a Sunday from Sabbath School for seven years and five weeks; his brother Charles has a record of ten full years without a break; another brother, Albert Mackerell, was not absent from February 17, 1887, to 1893, when he was away from home and missed four Sundays. Since that time his record has been perfect. These young men are members of the Frankford Avenue Baptist Sunday School. Miss Mamie Kennedy, a member of the same Sunday School, has attended for 518 consecutive Sundays without missing a Sabbath.

Miss Florence Higgins, of the First Presbyterian S. S., Atlantic City, N. J., has an unbroken record of 206 consecutive Sabbaths. Miss Sarah Macdonald has been a member of the Felicity M. E. C. Sunday School, New Orleans, La., for thirteen years, and has only missed one Sunday during that time. Mr. L. E.

dent Reformed Lutheran Sunday School, Schnecksville, Pa., writes: "Howard J. Sachs has been in regular attendance in the Sabbath School for five years and five weeks not missing one Sunday in that time. Miss Clara Deaver, Baltimore, Md., has been a member of the Henshaw Mem. P. E. Sunday School for twelve years and has not missed a Sabbath for five years."

On this page we give the new candidates whose names and records were sent in during the week. The entries in the present contest will close June 1st.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.—Free to all Readers.

All readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. Rev. W. B. Moore, D.D., of Washington, testifies in the *New York Christian Witness* that Alkavis completely cured him of kidney and bladder disease of many years' standing. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepared by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

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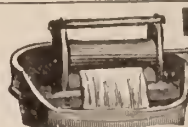
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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SEALED ORDERS.

A VESSEL is sometimes sent in time of war, to a distant port, bearing sealed orders. The flag flies at its peak, it sails straight on through storm and calm, not knowing on what errand it is. All the day appointed shall bring revelation. As to the officers and the crew, from the brave ship carries, they are concerned only with one duty, ob-

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die.

As they fare along the high seas, when the moment comes to put into the orders which have sent them to the desired haven. To make life, it seems to my thought, the sealed orders. For, often in our life, we are led by a way we do not see, and our own judgment is overruled. Our plans are defeated, our hopes of attainment, and our gains turn to disappointment. Bright and happy as our world is, yet a pilgrimage, and a pilgrimage at that, with fightings and fears within, so that we can rejoice that come weal, come woe, we might pitch our moving tent. A day's march nearer home. The whole of life would be a mystery, a past solving, if we were not sure of the hap-hazard, but of design, our journey, and our battle-fields are

friend, whom I met the other morning. "What can you tell me of—?" I asked, comforted for the loss of her. The answer was this: "All the have tremendously strong wills. —is the strongest of them all. She understands how God dared to say the one who was as her very dear she has not forgiven him for it. So she remains desolate and poor thing." I understood. If one cannot pillow her head on her poor aching heart on the knowledge that God knows her, and God cares for her tears, God appears griefs, that her crosses and her sorrows and her bereavements are from God and benignant hand, there will

INDIA "MITE BOXES." We will send to pastors of churches, dependents or teachers of Sunday schools, secretaries of societies, heads of

be for her nothing but an unspeakable weight of sorrow, and a constant sense of impotent strife.

In the line of our work, too, let us not be set upon always making our own choice, since a wisdom far beyond that which is ours, is at the helm, and guides our course. Sometimes we are prevented from doing this or the other thing, which appears inviting; we afterward regret that we made a certain decision, wishing it had been reversed, or that we did not go here or there. But if we believe that we are under orders, and if we act according to our best judgment of the case, at any given moment we must not grieve or indulge in useless regrets or vain speculations as to what might have been.

We do need this caution, most of us. For, look over the last few years, and you will discover points enough. You had a chance to buy a piece of property, almost for a song, and you let the opportunity pass; another stepped in, bought the land and at once the property appreciated in value, or unsuspected wealth was developed in it, or a new railroad came that way, and the fortunate buyer was suddenly rich, while you are still plodding on.

Never mind friend, the sealed orders for you were that you were still to be poor, and there are worse things than poverty to be borne in this sphere of our earthly existence. Depend upon it, if our Lord had chosen riches for your ultimate good, the orders would have read differently. Under orders, one has not to do with consequences; only to obey commands.

We are unduly troubled and distressed at times, because of blunders we have made in determining our children's education, or in directing them to this or that end. Again the rule holds good, that if one has acted for the best, with what light he has, he must leave all with God. Nothing can go wrong for the Christian, if he lived by the law of absolute trust, for all things must work together for good, according to the Lord's promise.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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In order to facilitate your choice of patterns, I will be glad to send samples of goods and pictures of paper patterns for your inspection and selection for 10 cents in stamps. If you purchase from these samples, the 10 cents paid will be credited on the purchase, and you need send but \$1.00 in ordering.

The fact that our advertisement is received by this publication is a guarantee that I will do as I agree to do herein, but references will be sent with samples; so act promptly and send for samples at once.

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BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. D. L. Moody hopes to preach in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, next Sunday, April 25.

The Southern Baptist Convention meets in Wilmington, N. C., May 7; the Northern Baptist anniversary will be held in Pittsburg, beginning May 17.

Rev. Charles Herald had the pleasure of receiving thirty-five new members to the fellowship of Bethesda Mission, Brooklyn, at his recent communion service.

As the result of Y. M. C. A. conferences at Chefoo, Peking, Shanghai and Foochow, in China, a very general revival in Bible study has begun, and no less than seventy-six Chinese have offered to devote their lives to Christian work.

The tabulated statement of the receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for the first half of the present fiscal year shows a total of \$343,517.95—a decrease of \$34,283.48 as compared with the receipts of the corresponding six months of last year.

Evangelist Henry Ostrom has been holding services at Oshkosh, Wis. We learn by a letter from Rev. E. W. F. Requa of that city that there has been a remarkable movement in connection with the services. Six churches united in the work and a large number of persons made profession of faith.

At the Hanson place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon took up a collection for the Missionary Union on a recent Sunday morning amounting to \$300, being about four times as much as last year. The church has adopted a young Japanese, now a senior at Rochester, as its missionary to Japan and the balance needed for his support is being raised in addition.



IDOLS, AXES AND KNIVES OF THE "STONE AGE" UNEARTHED IN OREGON.

Mr. D. L. Anderson, the Merchant Evangelist of Philadelphia, has been holding services at Lancaster Pa. and Newark, N. J. The services were largely attended and many souls are reported to have decided for Christ. Mr. Anderson is Mr. John Wanamaker's assistant in the great Bethany Sunday School of Philadelphia.

Rev. W. E. Needham has been holding meetings at Calvary Baptist Church, Sumner Avenue and Decatur Street, Brooklyn. A special feature of the meetings was Mr. Needham's talks illustrating the Gospel message. The meetings, continued two weeks, and led to the conversion of a large number of persons. Mr. Needham is now working at Coatsville, Pa.

Dr. Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin, is dead. This loss to the church will be sincerely regretted by Evangelical Christians of all denominations the world over. His courage in consecrating Bishop Canevara in Spain won for him the respect of Evangelical Christendom and the undying antipathy of ritualists and the Romanizing clergy. He was a stalwart champion of Protestantism and a most useful Christian worker.

The new Baptist Year Book just issued shows that there are now 42,658 churches. There was an increase of 172,433 by baptism, 9,975 by letter, 12,567 by experience, and 24,885 by restoration. Against this is a decrease of 92,567 by letter, 47,726 by exclusion, 18,835 by erasure, and 31,608 by death the total increase being 269,813 and the total decrease 170,841, showing a net gain of 108,972. The total membership is 3,824,038.

The American Bible Society is sending out large consignments of volumes to Ecuador for distribution. The managers of their recent meeting in that country are very grateful for the work in Ecuador, and the Society is very glad to learn from the annual statement just issued that during the year ending March 31 the income of the Society from all sources did not equal the expenditure by nearly fifty thousand dollars. It may be hoped that the appeal which has been sent to the churches for this most valuable society will result in a large increase of funds to its treasury.

It is news from the missionaries in lands under the control of Turkey is extremely disquieting. It is feared that there will be a renewal of the persecution. In view of these reports, strong appeals have been made to President McKinley to appoint a special United States Commissioner to the Porte to urge the settlement of American claims for compensation and to insist on proper measures being taken for the protection of Americans in the Turkish dominions. Especially of American missionaries. The name of Mr. John W. Foster has been suggested to the President as that of a diplomatist especially qualified for this difficult commission. The missionary cause warmly favors his appointment, which they believe would tend to the greater security of the devoted men and women who are toiling for Christ in Turkey and its provinces. They ask ministers, churches and societies who approve the mission to write the President endorsing such action.

Relics of the "Stone Age," Unearthed in Oregon.

THE singular collection of carvings and fossil remains shown in the photograph is part of a very large number of similar articles found in excavations, caves, and elsewhere along the John Day River, the Columbian River, and the Blue Mountains, by Mr. Norman Draper of Biglow, Sherman county, Ore., by whom they were photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The collection includes stone axes and knives, stone idols or gods, and many other objects the uses of some of which are unknown. The collectors had the assistance of the John Day Indians in gathering the relics.

Despite all the researches of science, comparatively little is known of the history of primitive man in America. The Stone Age is the name given to the period when stone, amber, bone, horn, and wood were used for making tools, weapons, and other implements. During that time the people knew only of the materials which were easily wrought and shaped. The mysterious cliff and cave-dwellings, the mounds, and other evidences of early occupation have shed some light on the

subject, but much is left to deduction and speculation. Excavations have disclosed some hints of the mode of life of those strange peoples, and both here and in Europe the domestic implements and the weapons of the men of the Stone Age have shown the early races to be a type of barbarian unlike any we have knowledge of to-day. There was the age of the mammoth, the auroch or wild ox, the cave bear, and probably other huge animals, and human life was largely sustained by the products of the chase. Any new discovery throwing light on this remote period of man's history is of the greatest interest at the present time.

Progress in China.

At a recent meeting in the great city of Hankow, China, Dr. Griffith John the famous missionary of that city, said that the advance of Christianity in China during the year had been phenomenal. In the neighbourhood of Ku-cheng, where the murders took place, in Fu-kien, 20,000 had applied for baptism, and 5,000 of them had been, after enquiry, accepted. In the Hupeh Province, hundreds had been added to the Church, and he had never been more satisfied with any candidates than with those recently received. The work was extending into Hunan; at Heng-Chow, in that province, from twenty to thirty men had been formed into a church.

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NUMBER 17.

By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1897.

Price Five Cents.



THE GRANT MONUMENT AT RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK, DEDICATED APRIL 27. (See page 345.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Chicago. 1. What amusement or recreation would you advise for a Christian laboring man? He is one of that class who is "too poor to stop, and too tired to go on." 2. Would you advise people, who are comparatively ignorant of the Bible to attempt to study it alone?

1. For week days, a membership in a Reading or Debating Club, a gymnasium or some similar institution, where mind and body will be recreated and the expense be trifling. 2. Better progress would be made and all the difficulties more easily overcome by the aid of *The Helps to the Study of the Bible*, which you will find bound in with all International Teachers' Bibles. The book is invaluable to students, being a whole library of theological lore in itself.

Distressed Wife. If a girl marries a minister believing him to be a sincere earnest Christian, and afterwards finds that he is an unbeliever, who is a minister only for the sake of the income and congenial occupation, ought she to leave him or to stay with him at the risk of her soul?

Why should she not devote her life to his conversion? If she loves him, as we presume she does, otherwise she would not have married him, she can have no nobler mission in life than to bring him into the fold of Christ. It will be extremely difficult, for none is so hard to win as the man who professes Christianity without having experienced its power. But the case is not hopeless. Several eminent ministers could be named who, at the beginning of their ministerial career, were not true Christians. She need not risk her soul. The earnestness of her continual prayers for her husband's conversion, the constant effort to live a life of such thorough loyalty to Christ as to be a light in the home, the attempt to make up in the Church for her husband's deficiencies by visiting the sick and encouraging young believers—all this will tend to her own growth in grace. She would have been wrong to marry such a man, had she known his real character, but being married to him, we would urge her to take up her cross, and win her husband by love and devotion as a trophy for Christ. No one else has the power that she will have with him.

Reader, Denver, Colo. Shall I be held accountable for the loss of a soul, because at the bedside of a dying friend I did not plead and pray as much as I might have done?

Remorse is useless in such a case, and you should not indulge it. You should avail yourself of opportunities that may come to you for such work in other similar cases in the future. You will not be held accountable for the loss of a soul. The person who died will have to bear his own burden whatever that may be. It is probable that your natural sympathy with the suffering, and your desire to give relief to physical pain, may have absorbed your mind as it often does with friends who wait on the sick. It is not a good time for religious teaching, though it has some advantages in the proximity of death. If you feel that you neglected your duty, you should ask God's forgiveness, and it will assuredly be given. Also show the sincerity of your sorrow by trying to win souls for Christ while your friends are well, and before they are distracted by the pain of a fatal sickness.

Mr. B. and W., Glastonbury, Conn. H. M. Stanley is erecting a bronze column over the grave of "Livingstone." Do you think a Chapel or a Home for missionaries would be a more fitting memorial for that good man?

Mr. Stanley's proposition looks to a public memorial. We believe, however, that such a memorial as you suggest would be more in accord with the simple, practical nature of the grand Christian explorer and missionary, who held true Christianity and Christ as everything.

M. H., Duluth, Minn. Do you think this competition for the Sunday School championship is a wise thing? If a scholar has never had a day's sickness, to keep him from school so many weeks, not to mention the loss of a family, whose children were not to be excused to attend Sunday School.

Our correspondent seems to misapprehend the spirit and object of the competition. There is certainly something meritorious in the conduct of a young person whose attendance at Sunday School is regular and unflinching, through all ailments, and who even makes a personal sacrifice to go there. There is no desire to

depreciate the efforts of those who, through sickness or other causes, have been kept away, but there should be a standard of excellence in everything, and we submit that a scholar who loves his Bible, his Sunday School teacher, and the associations of the Lord's house, is deserving of every encouragement and recognition. Therefore, we regard the friendly contest as likely to produce an excellent effect.

E. A., Orange City, N. J. Why do you make such an earnest appeal for the starving people of India? Is it not the duty of the English Government to feed them?

The English Government recognizes its duty in the matter, and has organized a system of relief which is supporting over three million persons. Besides this, the private charity of the English people is supporting many more. But the famine extends through the whole country and now affects over a hundred million persons. Vast as is the relief given, it cannot reach even a tenth of those in need. Other help is necessary and it should be freely given in the emergency. There is special need in the case of American missionaries in India.



A CHALET AT INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

This little Swiss village has less than five thousand population and lies in a most picturesque country, among mountains, lakes and rivers. Its houses are mostly of timber and very artistic. It is a convenient centre for tourists. There are many dwellings there like that in the photograph.

Their hearts are wrung by the sight of people starving to death at their doors. The people to whom they have been preaching the Gospel, beg them to give them a little grain to keep them from perishing. Orphan children come to them begging them to care for them. But the missionaries are too poor to comply. We appeal for help specially that these devoted men and women may prove to the natives that Christianity is really the religion of love and helpfulness it professes to be. No such opportunity of advancing the kingdom of Christ has occurred in this generation as is now afforded in India, and untold good may be done if the missionaries are supplied with funds for this urgent beneficence.

Old Subscriber, Plainfield, N. J. Is it true, as some allege, that a person of illegitimate birth is excluded from the kingdom of God?

No. The passage in Deuteronomy on which such a contention is based is of very doubtful rendering. The obscurity of the word used forces us to take the spirit of the passage as our guide and even if it stands as translated it appears to relate to the public services of the Tabernacle. You may be quite sure that the offer of salvation through Christ is open to such a person and that God does not exclude any from his mercy for the sins of his parents.

A. H. W., Luton, Eng. Was it necessary for Jesus Christ to have credentials? Was not the holiness of his life sufficient proof of his divinity?

A peculiarity of Christ's teaching, which was early noticed by the Jews, was the difference between himself and other teachers, in the fact that he spoke with authority. Many of

his utterances commenced, "Verily I say unto you," as of one who had the right to speak authoritatively. It was quite natural that the question should be raised, "Who gave him the right to speak so?" especially as in some instances he abrogated the commands that had been given by Moses, and had been honored from the beginning of the nation. (See Matt. 5: 27, 31, 33, 38.) The miracles were intended to serve the purpose of credentials in the same way as the miracles Moses performed in the Court of Pharaoh, in order to prove his divine commission. However good and holy a man's life might be, we should not attach great importance to what he said about matters beyond human ken. He might be right, but we would naturally ask how he should know more than other men. That is why the miracles were required to convince the people of Christ's supernatural origin.

Anxious, Brokenstraw, N. Y. 1. If a person who, under strong temptation, commits a certain sin, knowing at the time that he is doing wrong, does not afterwards feel sorrow for committing it, although he asks God to make him sorry, is not that a sign that he has sinned beyond hope of pardon? 2. If he feels himself powerless to resist the temptation and yields to it repeatedly, what would you advise him to do?

1. We do not believe it is a sign of any such thing. God will forgive the penitent sinner when he asks pardon for Christ's sake. But he must not expect God to do for him what he ought to do for himself. Sorrow will surely come to him and it may come in such a way as to break his heart. 2. He should take prompt measures to avoid the temptation. He should remove to another town, or in some way make it impossible for him to commit the sin. Even if it involve the loss of property and friends, he should bear the loss rather than encounter temptation that he finds himself unable to resist. Our Lord said it was better to lose a right hand, or a right eye, than to fall into sin. (See Matt. 5: 29.) The sacrifice

How do you think Peter felt about sin of denying his Lord? We are told it was a lifelong sorrow, that "when he thereon, he wept."

H. P. D., Ellenorah, Mo. 1. Does Christ sent, in John 10: 12, the wolf as a sheep or the hireling? 2. Was Christ Christian before he sent for Peter?

1. The plural pronoun shows that sheep. Christ was contrasting his life with that of false shepherds. If that his death would be not a pro failure, but of his faithfulness to his 2. No, he was probably what the Jews proselyte; that is one who, not being Jewish birth, still worshipped with the accepted the doctrines of Judaism.

D. W. S., Wagoner, Ill. 1. If it is not the President to attend balls, etc., wrong for me as a member of the 2. Was Paul guilty of wrong-doing acted according to his conscience as 23: 1; 26: 9? 3. Is the word inn where used in the Bible?

1. You will not have to answer for ident's conduct, but for your own man will be judged according to his Attendance at balls in your case may be a worldly, irreligious spirit, which President's case it might be merely ceremony demanded by his position distasteful to him. 2. Paul certainly himself as guilty, though he was not persecution, believing that he was doing 3. We know of no passage in the translation in which the word is used.

W. G., Harrisburg, Pa. Do you not your remarks on the injunctions of Paul, women taking part in public service Christ's command to wash each other impair the authority of the Bible: that every word of the Bible is the God and even the punctuation changed without incurring his displeasure?

Such a belief would involve you in the charge that the translators as well as writers were inspired and There was no punctuation in manuscripts. We believe that extreme literalism does more to harm the infidels can do to impair the authority of the Bible. It makes it ridiculous. Christ himself protested against slavish bondage to the letter, ignoring of the spirit. (See Matt. 23: 2-8 and other passages.) You are intelligent must tell you that in the of foot-washing it was the spiritual and mutual helpfulness kindly service that Christ intended and not the actual washing of feet. It was an illustration of service pertinent at the time, because common service rendered by to guests, but in our time it is not, being no longer a common thing. But the need of the spirit prompted a man to wash another is permanent. The same principle applies to Paul's injunction. It is at the time, because of the request would have brought on the among people who despised him, but in our day the man who object to a woman leading a Church Endeavor meeting, or addressing Sunday School, and would give reason that Eve fell before he would be despised by sensible as he deserved to be.

Benj. C., Clarkston, Mich. You lower her the right of withdrawing engagement, if she believes she is. On the other hand, if she esteems conscientious remonstrance so she reveals a shallowness of character.

H. F. C. S., P. S., Paul, Minn. We have lately stated that dancing is an unchristian amusement anyone claiming to be a Christian.

Brooklyn, N. Y. "When you and I correct form."—A friend sends us a Bible for young Indian women in the School at White River, Navajo Co., Ariz. reader who may wish to respond should Superintendent of the school.—W. B. Qu. Better consult an encyclopedia. We can the space for the subject.—Reader, M. Iowa. 1. Doubtless a mere youth; age not 2. A mature man probably of middle age, a responsible position. 3. The best of

—Reader, Kansas. 1. The quotation of the Bible, but the passage on which it is probably Job 20: 12. 2. We believe it is a tropical plant, but its origin is uncertain. 3. E. P., Helix, Or. Certainly not, although traditional scene of the occurrence is attributed to travelers at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea.—F. A. M. Merchantville, N. J. It cannot be published until it is in the CHRISTIAN HERALD.—A. S. L., N. Y. 1. Anywhere. 2. Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem and the cities around Lake G. It was regarded as uninspired. 4. To extent.—Reader, Coventry, Pa. We can give you in the matter.—A. M. H., Kossuth Write the Smithsonian Institution, Wash. D. C.—M. A. S., Newburg, Ore. Send hospital, almshouse, jail or mission. I appreciate it.—R. Bow Mills, N. H. I way we know of, is to advertise.—A. J. kintown, Pa. We must ask you to make question more explicit.—E. W. F., Mass. Send to the Greek Consulate in Italy.—Inquirer, Pa. No, certainly not. 1. Condesport, Pa. We cannot undertake to give in the matter.—Reader, Shenandoa Write to Biglow & Main, music dealers, at for the tune.—Subscriber, Mitchell, S. objection seems so unreasonable that we if you will only talk to them frankly about state that your own happiness is involved will come to regard it differently.—L. Canova, S. D. 1. Scottish. 2. American. 3.

may be very bitter but if he does not make it, he may lose his soul—the greatest of all calamities.

T. R. C., Fort Morgan, Colo. In what way could the third temptation described Matt. 4: 8-9, have been temptation to Christ?

We suppose that the suggestion was of some short and easy way of winning the world to himself, which seemed to Christ equivalent to an act of homage to Satan. He resolved to take the longer way of individual and willing allegiance to himself which he has pursued. It cost him suffering and death but the triumph will be more glorious.

P. S., Millard, Wis. 1. Does Revelation 21: 8 in describing the characters who will be excluded from heaven, mean that whosoever has committed one of the sins mentioned, thereby forever loses his hope of heaven? 2. If a person sins and asks God's forgiveness, is not that just as effectual as if he asked it a thousand times?

1. No, it means the persistent, habitual wrongdoers. If a person who commits one of those sins, sincerely repents and forsakes his sin and asks God's forgiveness, through Christ he will not be excluded, or forever lose his hope of heaven. 2. How would you expect a child to act after doing something very wrong and thereby grieving a loving father? He would not be perpetually asking forgiveness after it had been granted to him; but he would probably take special pains to let his father see that he was sorry and appreciated very highly the pardon he had received. He would not treat the matter lightly, incidentally ask forgiveness and pass it by as a matter of course.

AMONG THE OORFA ORPHANS.

Shattuck Tells of the Armenian Children Whom "Christian Herald" Leaders Have Helped to Rescue and Support—A Christ-like Work.



Orphan boys of Oorfa at shoemaking.

ORPHAN BOYS OF OORFA AT SHOEMAKING.

IN the interior of Asiatic Turkey lies the ancient City of Oorfa, which was the scene of the bloodiest of all the Armenian massacres. It was estimated that in the terrible days of nearly two years ago, between 8,000 Armenian Christians perished under the swords and guns of the Moslems. After the massacre the question of providing for the very many of whom were seized and taken into their own homes as slaves and proselytes, compels the faith for which many gave up their lives and to every man who had committed the crime. From time to time, the readers of this journal, who came so generously to the aid of the destitute famine sufferers, contributed sums for the furtherance of this orphan rescue work, and were forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Miss Corinna Shattuck, American Board's missionary in the work at Oorfa. These requests were made by cable through P. L., the agent of the American Board, Constantinople, a man of great promptness and ability, and to the English Board, who had entrusted the relief funds to Great Britain. That country has in the past two years also shown the same capacity for friendship to the German, and Holland. The pleasure in the work before our eyes, most interesting from Miss Shattuck's reports regarding the progress of the work, from which it will be seen that the gifts of the CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have been the means of enlarging and establishing the work well worthy of the widest sympathy and support. Her letter is as follows:

OORFA, TURKEY, March 2, 1897.

Christian Herald.

DEAR SIR: Your valuable letter of January 20th, and our Mission Secretary, Dr. Proctor, your appeal in behalf of the work for Oorfa and vicinity, has been a long way off. I and my associates, on her arrival in October, have been working by varied forms of work, and have reported properly to any one. English friends have, for some time, been helping the orphans in our stricken city. The offerings made before the middle of May,

1895, for the support of twenty children, and later for thirteen more, for five years, by funds through Prof. and Mrs. J. Rendel Harris (of England), who came here and saw the needs. Before the last of May, Rev. J. Lepsius, D. D. (of Germany), had offered to support fifty, and signified his intention of working up a permanent institution here. Mr. Wistor of the Red Cross undertook the support of twenty. In late December, Dr. Lepsius gave us permission to take an indefinite number, and wrote of two men and two ladies, Germans, appointed and soon to start for work here in care of the children. Meanwhile we have gathered 164 children into three homes, the sixty-seven boys being in our own house. All who are old enough are in school. Six are learning the shoemaker trade, working in turn two hours per day. Other trades should be opened for our boys. Our hearts are bound up in these dear children. I see no way by which we can give them up entirely to others. We have taken twelve children from Severeck, eleven from Adiaman and are waiting five or six from Birkik. More would gladly be sent us from all these places. Those we have are all such as have lost father or supporting



ANOTHER GROUP OF THE OORFA ORPHANS.—MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK.

brother or uncle in the massacres. Others appeal to us and we have refused them admittance, though often quite as needy as those received. There are very many widows here yet desiring our help by taking one or more of their children. After describing arrangements made for renting rooms for the strangers and such as have no houses, and continuing the carpet weaving, vari-colored stocking work, and embroidery, branches of the industrial department worked up during the past year, though yet not on a self-supporting basis, she adds: We have just taken account of stock in hand, and find £350 worth. We are getting returns in all departments, but dare not extend

so as to employ all who apply, and take only the most needy. I shall be most grateful if this department can be assured of maintenance. Mrs. M. Bowen, Bible House, Constantinople, is acting as our agent for sale of embroideries. The employment, for some years to come, will be required as support for our widows. It is a great blessing, occupying the mind and thus diverting it from the overwhelming grief. Accept the thanks of a most grateful people for your generous gifts and your special interest at present in our dear people.

CORINNA SHATTUCK.

Miss Shattuck has also forwarded photographs which afford some idea of the character of the work now in progress at Oorfa. It is most wisely arranged with a view to bringing in returns, and thus making every dollar do the work of two. Besides housing, feeding and teaching the orphans, all except the very young are taught some useful manual employment, and the widows are also similarly occupied. Thus the industrial and spiritual work go hand in hand, as it did at Van under the direction of Dr. Grace N. Kimball, where the gifts of our friends were the means of furnishing employment to thousands of poor families who otherwise must have perished.

Mrs. James P. Johnson, a warm friend of Miss Shattuck, in a recent letter in a missionary paper, has furnished these biographical facts: Corinna Shattuck was early left an orphan, and was brought up by her grandmother in good

1895. She was alone with native helpers, a tower of strength to her terrified associates, pupils and neighbors; sheltering refugees, dressing wounds and, when too ill to be on her feet, overseeing and directing from her bed. Now, at the close of another year, we see her still at her post, for though greatly in need of rest, she has said: "I could not leave our orphaned people." She has organized relief work and arranged educational work for the increased demands upon it. The mission schools unite with the Gregorians, having over 1,000 children and twenty teachers. Some of the widows are trained into Bible women, some visit the sick. The Sunday School numbers over one thousand, and there are large classes. One hundred and twenty-five orphans are cared for, and there is an industrial department. When a cruel Mussulman mob sought to outrage and slay the native Christians,



REV. M. H. KUNJAN, PRESENT PASTOR OF OORFA.



ARMENIAN WIDOWS' AND GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

old New England ways. She was trained in impractical housewifery, and then a school-teacher. She is and has always been an exemplary Christian. Miss Shattuck offered herself as a missionary of the American Board, and was sent to Aintab, Turkey, in 1873.

A few months after her arrival Miss Proctor, principal of the girls' school at Aintab, was forced to come home for her health, and her responsibility fell upon Miss Shattuck. Besides this care, there was the study of the language and of the new surroundings, and of the customs of the people. The next year Miss Shattuck toured about that region, riding over a thousand miles on horseback. In the fall of 1876 she went with a native helper to Oorfa, to start an advanced school for girls. She must have been a successful pioneer worker, for the next fall she went to Kessab for the same purpose. She taught her 170 girls in the Kessab school, and visited the villages of that region. Next fall she went to Adana with Miss Proctor, and another school was begun there. Meantime her health failed and she went home, called there by the death of her sister and by her own imperative need of rest. The physician found that her lungs were diseased, and ordered her to Colorado Springs. After four years, her health having improved, a physician gave her a certificate to do half work, and she went back to Turkey. She was put in charge of Marsh College, a position she held for several years.

About three years ago she again went to Oorfa, and was there when the massacres took place in the fall and winter of

they took refuge with her. Her little enclosure was packed with the innocent victims of Turkish outrage and rapacity. She faced the howling mob. To every demand that she would yield, and allow them to pass, she interposed the dignity and authority of her womanhood and the sacredness of our treaty rights. Corinna Shattuck, at the door of her house in Oorfa, standing as a protection and shield for hundreds of innocent Christians, would more than repay all the toil and expenditure of the past. We can imagine her now, as she leads the prayer meeting of four hundred Gregorian women, or watches over the school, or mothers the orphans, or plans industries or needed supplies for dependent ones, rejoicing over the crowded church and Sunday School, making much of the affection of her people.

Our photographs, which have been specially procured by Miss Shattuck for this journal, present various phases of the orphan work at Oorfa at the present time. A number of the lads are learning the shoemaker's trade, and others are learning the rudiments of different occupations, while the girls are being taught sewing,

cooking, embroidery, and such industrial callings as will aid them in self-support after-ward. All are being kindly cared for and educated, and their little hearts are overflowing with gratitude to "the kind Christian people over the sea" who, by their gifts have enabled the missionaries to do so much for the helpless children of Armenia. These little ones have been not only saved from lives of misery, but from becoming proselytes to the Mohammedan faith.



REV. HAGOP ABOUKHANIAN, PROTESTANT PASTOR IN OORFA, KILLED BY THE TURKS, DEC. 28, 1895.



FRIENDSHIP UNFAILING.

A SERMON BY

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Ruth 2: 3: - -

And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.



THE time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest-time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest-field, for the reapers to refuse to gather it up: that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest-fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest-field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman glean— a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner — an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and traveled through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest-field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after-time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty, and exile that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Doctor Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopadist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious ques-

tion; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers.

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and tyrannies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the Church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of unfaltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to tudge off with her toward Judah, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sung in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sun-flowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break

down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under one push, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity? David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the Cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest-field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest-field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go;" and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come.

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea-monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, crowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns,

and all the celestial worship is up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waves, like the thundering of the seas, like the heaven, rising on their thrones, like the world with their sceptres: "Hallelujah! Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far
Ere long shall swell from star to star
That light, the breaking day which
The golden-spired Apocalypse.

Again, I learn from my subject events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant coming of a poor woman from Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth happened to alight—as they say—opened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have interest in the fact that she was to an ancestress of the Lord Jesus, and all nations and kingdoms must at that one little incident with a unspeakable and eternal satisfaction it is in your history and in mine, that you thought of no importance have been of very great moment. Casual conversation, that accidental— you did not think of it again long while; but how it changed the phases of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments, calling them harp and organ; were the introduction of all the minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even the fingers have been taken away, so all music now of lute and dulcimer is only the long-continued vibration of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ seemed to be a matter of very importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but the foundry of ancient days has its hoarse rattle of Birmingham machinery, the roar and bang of factories in Merrimack.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a tattered cover; but as he opened that Bible, the brass-bound lids fell back, throwing everything, and the rustling of the leaves was the sound of the winged angel of the Reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a man, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a young man by the name of Richard Baxter, picked up the tract, and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In a tract that man wrote a book called "The Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God; others Philip Doddridge, Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude of Christ, among others Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "Dairyman's Daughter," which was the means of the salvation of uncounted multitudes. And that tide of history started from the fact that one woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter, the tide of grace rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever, the insignificant events of this world after all, to be most momentous.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest under the hot sun, or at noon taking bread with the reapers, or eating parched corn which Boaz handed out. The customs of society, of course, changed, and without the hardships of exposure to which Ruth was subjected every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and there are so many woes all around them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or going into tears at midnight over the loss of some lover who shot himself. They would not deign to look at Ruth.

THE GRANT MAUSOLEUM DEDICATED.

A Memorable Spectacle—Thousands from other States Swell the Multitudes from New York—The Tomb Described.



ACUSTOMED as New York is to great gatherings, it is many years since it witnessed a pageant at once so grand and impressive as that which took place at the dedication of the Mausoleum of General Grant at Riverside Park on April 27. The occasion was the formal transference of the tomb to the city of New York by the Grant Monument Association. Many States were represented, and the ceremony was in every sense a national event. In view of the general interest in the dedication, the New York State Legislature had designated April 27 as a legal holiday in the State, and the result was an attendance so vast and so remarkable in its character, that it must take a place in the pages

dedication ceremony with prayer, and was followed by General Horace Porter in an oration, confiding the monument to the care of the city. Mayor Strong and President McKinley were also among the speakers, and after the benediction, a choir of 1,000 voices sang the national air, "The Star Spangled Banner." Seats had been erected for over 20,000 invited guests, one stand alone having a capacity of 10,000, and another of four thousand. All along the line of the parade were count-

used in the memorial structure is of light colored, flawless, and durable granite, from quarries in Maine, the sarcophagus being of fine porphyry of a brilliant red color. Grecian doric is the style of the lower part of the main building. In a recent contribution to *The Century Magazine*, Gen. Horace Porter gives this interesting description of the structure: The interior is cruciform in plan, seventy-six feet at the greatest dimension, the four corners being piers of masonry connected at the top by coffered arches, the crowns of which are fifty feet from the floor-level. On these arches rests an open circular gallery of forty feet inner diameter, culminating in a paneled dome 105 feet above the level of the floor. The surfaces between the planes of the faces of the arches

and the dome form pendentives which are decorated in high-relief sculpture, the work of J. Massey Rhind, and emblematic of the birth, military and civic life, and death of General Grant. The sarcophagi has been placed in a crypt directly beneath the centre of the dome. The approach to the crypt is by stairways which give access to the passage encircling the space dedicated to the sarcophagi, which space is surrounded by square columns supporting paneled marble ceilings and entablature. A circular opening in the main floor gives an unobstructed view of the sarcophagi from that floor and from

the gallery. To get out the large blocks of stone, new beds had to be opened at great depths in the quarry, and the dressing, carving, and transporting of the enormous amount of granite required for the construction was a tedious process. The time from the laying of the corner-stone to the completion of the tomb has been five years, a shorter period than has been consumed in the building of any conspicuous memorial in history. The Bunker Hill Monument, which cost \$150,000, was not completed until seventeen years after the corner was laid. In the case of the Washington Monument, the time consumed was thirty-seven years.

What One Sunday School Did.

Great interest in the India famine sufferers is being awakened among Sunday Schools throughout the country. As an illustration of the good that may be accomplished in this way, the Presbyterian Sunday School of Hempstead, L. I., through Miss A. M. Chapman, has sent \$24 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Relief Fund, the gift of the following persons:

Annie Volmer, Mary De Wint, Hannah Hank, Miss Werner, C. W. Ludlum, Mrs. G. W. Paynter, Edith Paynter, Mable Corwith, Florence Epworth, Mrs. Apollon Smith, Alice Ludlum, Eleanor Smith, Bessie H. Thompson, Louise Wenner, F. M. Sealey H. Kindsgar, Miss A. B. Ryder, Helen Place, Mary Bray, Miss Gussie Clowes, Ethel Cooper, Jessie Duryea, Ethel Collins, Lotty Wenner, Florence Wenner, Madeline Case, Ida M. Dykes, Alletta R. Willis, Miss S. Werner, Carrie Watts, Mary Nebbe, Jennie McCab, Thos. F. Gilbert, Clinton Place, Lewis Collins, Augusta Reckenbell, Rosie Craddock, Anna C. Brand, Mrs. Wm. Schilling, Mima Schilling, Katie Schlegel, Miss Armstrong, H. A. Ludlum, Geo. Pfug, John Albert Post, James C. Ansell, John Peacock, Manford Gouraux, J. E. Patterson, Eddie Bromfield, Elwood Corning, Royal Smith, Ralph Rhodes, Walter Rhodes, Alfred Noon, Barbara Peacock, Eddie Schilling, Julia Eldridge, Wm. Schilling, Herbert Cooper, Elsa Brothers, Herbert Cooper, May Rhodes, Mand Burdett, May Clemmons, Louis Roberts, Charlie Bedell, Georgie Bedell, Annie Bedell, Hattie, Place, Ralph Rhodes, Frankie Miller, Anna Miller, Cornelia Rhodes, James Epworth, Arthur Wood.

We would again call the attention of our readers to the neat little "Famine Mite Boxes," which will be found an invaluable aid to all who are interested in aiding the movement for India relief. We will send a Mite Box to any address on receiving a request by postal card. They can be used by churches, Sunday Schools, societies or individuals with equal facility. Each box contains full instructions, and besides its utility, is interesting as a souvenir of the relief movement.



THE ROADWAY LEADING TO THE MONUMENT.

less thousands of spectators, and the windows, stoops, balconies, and roofs of houses were densely crowded, every available post of observation being occupied.

It is doubtful, whether on any previous occasion, so many visitors from other cities have been assembled in the uptown streets of New York. For days in advance the railroads have been carrying very large numbers of strangers to the metropolis, being drawn hither by a desire to join in the national tribute to the great military hero, and also to witness the splendid pageants by land and water.

In order that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have not yet seen the Grant monument may form an idea of the massive and imposing structure which now marks his last resting-place, we publish on the first page of this issue, and also on this page, illustrations of the monument. It was General Grant's own desire, expressed shortly before his death, that he should be buried in New York, and the selection of a site for a monumental tomb on the banks of the Hudson was made with the assent and approval

of history. Invitations had been sent by the Memorial Committee to all the leading national officials and to those of the various States, to the President and ex-President, the present Cabinet and its predecessor, the members of the Grant family, the Supreme Court Justices, Diplomatic Corps, State Governors, and the distinguished military and naval chiefs of the nation, as well as to those eminent in science, art, and the professions; and the attendance showed the acceptance to have been universal.

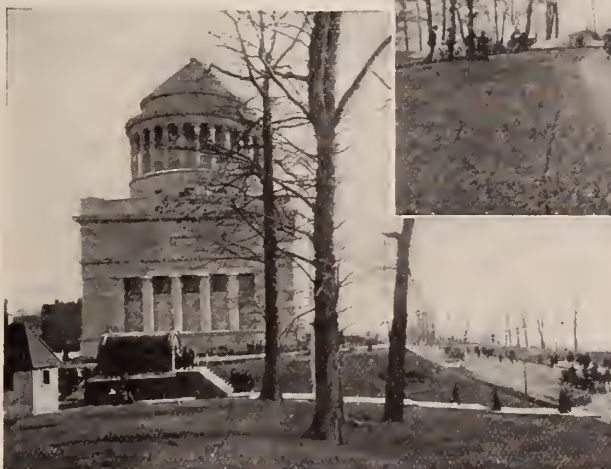
The features of the celebration were the splendid display of national and State troops, the parade of civic bodies and societies, and a brilliant river pageant, in which a fleet of United States naval vessels, with foreign warships and a great variety of merchant vessels, took part. Among the United States troops were soldiers of all arms of the service from Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, the whole over 5,000 strong. State troops to the number of 20,000 came from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, some States sending a full brigade. The G. A. R. made a splendid showing. Major-General Grenville M. Dodge was in command of the military pageant. It had been arranged that the exercises should begin at 11 A. M., but the multitude who crowded all the streets and approaches were so vast that there was some delay in starting. The right of the line embracing the State and National troops moved from Madison avenue and Twenty-fourth street, the other organizations following in the order of formation, and the whole passing in review before the President and distinguished guests at the grand stand just as the civic ceremony ended.

Bishop Newman, who was General Grant's pastor in Washington, opened the



WORKMEN WHO AIDED IN BUILDING THE MAUSOLEUM.

of the Grant family. The mausoleum was designed by Architect John H. Duncan, of New York, the cost being estimated between \$500,000 and \$600,000. Nearly 90,000 subscribers to the fund voluntarily contributed this sum. On April 27th, 1892, the corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies, President Harrison and Cabinet attending. The stone



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MAUSOLEUM.

barley on her way home to her other-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while under the shelter of their father's use, but when the sharp winter of misadventure comes, what of these butterflies? Under indulgent parentage may themselves habits of indolence; they come out into practical life and will recoil with disgust and agony. They will feel in their hearts that poet so severely satirized when

as so awkward, things so impolite, ever regrettably pained from morning until night. Through that gate of indolence how even and women have marched, person earth, to a destroyed eternity! He said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of thee your brother die?" "Of having me to do," was the answer. "Ah!" "Nola," "that's enough to kill any of us." Oh! can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering alleviated, so much darkness lightened, and so many burdens relieved, that there is any person who would anything to do?

ne de Stael did a world of work for me, and one day, he was seated amid trunks of music, all of which he had mastered. I had manuscript books which she had written, and he said to her: "How much time to attend to these things?" "Oh," he said, "these are not things I am proud of. I can boast is in the fact that I have seventeen years of any one of which I could make a livelihood necessary." And if in the spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! Why dying all around me without one word of comfort! We want more light, more Hannahs, more Rebecca, more Marys, more Deborahs, more of body, mind, soul, the Lord who bought me. Once more I learn from my subtle value of gleaning. Ruth going to the harvest-field might have said: "Behold a straw, and there is a straw, what is a straw? I can't get any for myself or my mother-in-law of these separate straws." Not so beautiful Ruth. She gathered sheaves, and she put them together, sheaves, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and then she brought them together, and she threshed them. She had an ephah of barley, nine bushels. Oh, that we might all be like her!

William Burritt learned many things while working in a blacksmith's shop. Abernethy, the world-renowned philosopher, a philosopher in Scotland, and he got philosophy, or the chief part of it, from a physician, he was waiting for a doctor of the sick-room to open. Yet why there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for spiritual improvement: the great things of life cross the field like strong reapers and carry off all the hours, and are only here and there a fragment of that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friend, you could go into the busiest day of the busiest week of your life and find idle opportunities, which, gathered, might make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken all about together and beaten out, will fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth gleaning. Now, Ruth to the field! Which one have a measure full and empty over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in the field, then let Ruth take home to feed the stray sheaf of gleaning: "He that loveth his neighbor as himself, shall doubtless come again with reward, bringing his sheaves with him." Praise the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi for a portion forever!

OUR RELIEF WORK IN INDIA.

Grateful Letters from Missionary Distributors of the Funds Contributed by Christian Herald Readers—The Corn Movement Progressing.



It is with much thankfulness we report the continuance of receipts for the relief of the famine-stricken people of India. Offers of corn also, in large numbers are coming in and are extremely welcome. We are convinced that if the Christian farmers of the West were fully acquainted with the urgent need of the people of India, these offers would be even larger than they are. Dr. Talmage, Dr. Klopsch, and Miss Margaret Leitch are now visiting important grain centres in the West to lay the facts before the people and we believe their visit will lead to such gifts of corn as will fill several ships with the life-giving grain for the starving people. The cable message from Sir Francis McLean, the chairman of the Viceroy's Famine Relief Committee, mentioned in a previous issue of this journal, proves beyond all doubt that every cargo of grain will be most heartily welcome and will save thousands of lives.

The need is very bitter. Thousands are dying daily. All through the country grain is stored which would keep them alive. Facilities are at our disposal by which it can be carried to the hungry people. Let it be given freely, so that God, who has blessed our land with abundance, may see that we do not selfishly keep the gifts of his hand for ourselves, but are ready to distribute them to those who are in need. Every one who gives will be literally "casting bread upon the waters," which will come back after many days. We rejoice to learn that all through this country the cry of the hungry is being heard, and that in the East as well as in the West, car loads of grain are being collected which will shortly be speeding to New York to fill the first steamer assigned to the fund by the Navy Department, for transport to India.

Unhappily, the most recent reports of the calamity give no encouragement to the hope that the earlier accounts were exaggerated. In fact, the later reports show that the area and the number of people affected are greater than was at first known.

Mr. Benjamin Aitken, our own correspondent in India, who is now going through the famine districts to find out the parts most urgently in need of relief, sends the following appalling report of the extent of the famine:

I may draw attention to a discrepancy which may appear in the American papers, in the total number of the population affected by the famine. Irresponsible accounts give the figure as not much less than 150 millions, whereas the official estimate is ninety millions. The former estimate is the correct one; for the government estimate does not take account of the Native States, although it recognizes the actual persons under relief; nor does it take account of Assam, in parts of which the distress from high prices is very severe.

With this statement Mr. Aitken sends us the photograph reproduced on this page, of the distribution of relief in the neighborhood of Jhansi, a large city of the Central Provinces where the famine is very severe. The poorhouse there was the largest of eighteen that Mr. Aitken visited during his tour. It was also the one in which the management was the best. The difficulty of keeping order during the distribution of food is in all cases one hard to deal with, as the poor, hungry creatures are numerous, while the natives, who are necessarily employed to distribute the grain, are extremely slow and deliberate in their movements. At Jhansi, the most intelligent of the officers here themselves employed in the distribution, and having learned by painful experience the pains of hunger, were more sympathetic in quickly giving out the food. Women were employed to give the grain to the female sufferers and were careful to see that the people under their charge received all that they were entitled to. The picture shows the men receiving one of their daily allowances of food under the supervision of the

doctor. Two servants have on their heads baskets containing the flat cakes of unleavened bread, which is the common food of the natives. The cakes are the "Chuppatees" which travelers in India so frequently speak of as the ordinary diet of the people. One servant carries a pair of scales for weighing the cakes, so that there shall be no doubt of each sufferer getting his full allowance. In the background are the sheds of straw thatch in which the people are sheltered.

"In these camps," says a dispatch from Jhansi to the New York *Sun*, "wretched creatures clothed in rags and pitifully emaciated congregate. Many, alas! have waited too long before applying for relief and death soon claims them. Not only do the common poor suffer in this time of famine, but also those from the more respectable classes who very unwillingly make known their destitution. For many months to come we can hope for little relief. The grain soon to be harvested will yield a small return, for not only is the yield below the average, but owing to the drought only one half the average was sown."

Dr. J. E. Scott, writing to the *Christian Advocate* from Muttra, India, pleads for the native Christians. "Their needs are greater than those of the non-Christians. They are neglected in the daily ministrations. Belonging to the depressed classes, at such a time they are more depressed—because they are low castes, and as they are Christians, many think the missionaries should care for them. We are in a crisis. Our workers are poorly paid at any time, but now the small pay they get is not adequate. We are able to do less for ourselves. We have had to dismiss workers into starvation and death and leave many a flock without a shepherd. But our people are the most patient people in the world. They suffer, and, as a rule, make no sign. What is the duty of those who have enough and to spare? They should help—with money—to keep God's work going, to feed and clothe the starving, to alleviate the awful suffering of those poor people in this their hour of need."

first remittances of \$500 was sent, writes:

It touches our hearts that American Christians are giving for famine relief and we are thankful that they send money through missionaries. The government is doing good work, but the native officials who are under the English alternate the grain with earth and in other ways abuse their trust.

Rev. James Smith, American missionary of Ahmednagar, after describing the

irrigation well that had caved in fifty-one hundred years ago, and thus became a well, says: "It will irrigate about four acres of land, increase its productiveness at least fourfold."

While I was writing the above I was asked by two more persons for work, and they said they were "dying of starvation," and I quoted them. Such work as I am giving is meagre with the ignorant than the Government which takes people away from their homes and puts them in huge camps under conditions



TWO FAMINE CHILDREN AND NURSES RESCUED BY REV. JAMES SMITH OF AHMEDNAGAR.

arrangements made by the Government for the relief of famine sufferers, writes:

There are many thousands who cannot avail themselves of Government relief, such as the old and feeble, the very young, delicate women and young girls. In Ahmednagar we have always had a very flourishing industry in the manufacture of cloth and copper pots. Now this trade is at a stand-still. These workers have all their lives carried on their work under cover. Now they must either starve or go to the Government works and break stone, or carry earth on their heads for embankments in the open when the sun is at its hottest, and this year it is hotter than usual. As I write, at 9 p. m., when it feels "delightfully cool," the thermometer registers 80 deg. F. For such persons to work out-of-doors in the sun is certain death. It is most distressing to have to tell people every day that you can give them nothing to do. They go away often without a murmur, though they may not have a morsel of food in their house or a cent wherewith to buy. A spirit of resignation has crept over the whole land. They quietly whisper, "It is God's will," and walk away. Escape seems impossible. Others are dying. Why should not they? It is a well-attested fact that hundreds of

regulations that are utterly foreign to the of course breeds suspicion in their superstitious minds. So far, I have employed Christian men and women. There are of these in want that I can possibly am sending you to-day photographs of children found by the roadside, deserting their parents. The women who are holding the nurses employed by their funder to care

Rev. R. Winsor of Sirur Poonam writes that when he received notification of the remittance of \$500 sent to him, his heart went out in thankful gratitude.

As I held it in my hand to read, it hardly at my command as through to perused it. My heart responds yes, to request "in the name of Christian America do my utmost to use this money sent to this stricken people to the best advantage. How can I portray the condition of ones who flock to us—words cannot do justice to the relief camp on the western side of our Sirur field. What a scene! Once can never be forgotten. I camp there are 5,000. The villages in this, our district, poor creatures coming most earnestly asking us saying, "What shall we do? We are grateful for it, a knees we thank God for it, full six months will this continue."

To this Mrs. Winsor on her own account:

As Mr. Winsor is writing, felt gratitude for the noble received through your ministry for this poor afflicted beg to add a word. The instrumentality of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we are all so ready hearts are indeed filled with for what we have thus received those interested for India, hour of greatest need. We are able to answer the competition. "We told our hearts that you will keep us from we're nothing, nothing, you," with "Yes, we can be." The plague is increasing. We have now some cases of Sirur. But while away from the plague, one from the famine. These times for poor India. What is in store for this weeping land. The cry of the stricken, famine-stricken people up to our heavenly Father our dear fellow Christians, waters will but listen, it a mighty petition: "Send to O save, or we perish!"

Mrs. J. N. Forman, Garh, writing in the whole her husband, to whom \$500, says:

May God richly bless those who have their means to alleviate the sufferings, millions, and may he give wisdom that may be used so as to save the most poor and hunger. Side by side with ministering to the body, we shall have important and even more difficult work their souls with the Bread of Life. May us to be faithful in this.

A woman here in the city was seen eat "I must have something—anything to awful gnawing," she said.

With the funds at our disposal we shall take in all who are needy, and as the strength, work can be provided for them, already here a boys' orphanage in its infancy it was a great source of sorrow that we open our doors wider and take in more waifs. Now, thank God, we can be aggressive, we shall not gather them in fearing we be able to care for them.



The photographed specially for The Christian Herald.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD AT THE MEN'S FAMINE RELIEF CAMP AT JHANSI.

That the plan adopted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of sending the contributions of its readers to the missionaries for distribution was a wise one, there is abundant proof. Already letters have come from some of the ten missionaries to whom the first remittance of five thousand dollars was sent. They are profoundly grateful for the help thus rendered to them, and write joyfully of the good it will enable them to do in saving the lives of the people around them. Some have used the money in one form some in another, but all in feeding the hungry.

Rev. Robert P. Wilder, American missionary of Kolapur, to whom one of our

thousands in the last famine, and many thousands in the present famine, even, have died of starvation almost within sight of the Government poorhouses. This was partly due to their belief in Fate and partly to their fear of contamination by association with people of other castes in the relief camps. Better throw away the present life than imperil their chances in the next. Government have taken special pains in this famine to assure the people that their caste scruples will be respected. Different castes have been provided for in separate camps, and the arrangements for providing food are carried out as far as practicable by their own caste fellows.

Your very kind letter was received by last mail. Your donation of \$500 came to hand some two weeks ago. Please accept my very best thanks for your timely assistance. It has enabled me to employ fourteen persons already, and provide food for twice as many more. The work that I have employed them on is the clearing out of an ancient

OUR RELIEF BOAT ON THE FLOOD.

It is Now on its Way Down the Mississippi Laden with Food for the Destitute—Over 2,000 Sufferers Already Assisted.



It was lately foreshadowed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the general government has decided to undertake a relief work along the Mississippi upon a large scale, and has generously appropriated \$200,000 for that purpose. This sum will be expended largely in food, and in restoring, as far as possible, the damaged property, that sufferers may have shelter as soon as the flood subsides.

For some time past THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has had a relief boat actively engaged in the work of rescue and aid, and through this means much good has been accomplished. As soon as the serious nature of the floods became apparent, and knowing that very great suffering must result, the proprietor of this journal despatched a representative, Mr. George A. Seaman, to Memphis, where the steam tug *Welcome* was chartered and loaded with six tons of provisions, and the relief trip begun. Mr. Seaman was assisted in his Good Samaritan work by Mr. W. W. Rife, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, who had been specially detailed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD expedition, and had left his post and travelled several hundred miles across a flooded and dangerous section to join the *Welcome*. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Strowbridge, of the Rescue Mission in Memphis, volunteered to aid during a part of the trip, and were added to the *Welcome's* staff. Mr. Seaman writes as follows:

ON BOARD THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RELIEF BOAT "WELCOME."

I left Memphis with a good cargo of

supply of provisions and they took it back. Seventy people on Cow's Island have not eaten anything but meal, and very little of that in over two days.

In response to our whistle at this point, a man came out to meet us in a rude boat dug out of a solid log of cypress. He came from Scanlan's Landing, Ark., modestly asking for potatoes which, of course, he got and more, too. At Scanlan's Landing the people are huddled together on a narrow strip of land which can only be reached in small boats.

From the man in the "dug-out" we learned of a family of ten women and children, negroes, living on a raft about a half a mile up in the woods. This place is called Fritz's Landing, Ark. We tried to reach them in the *Welcome*, but abandoned it and put out in a small boat. After a hard pull through the trees and around floating debris, we reached them. They had nothing to eat except a little meal. We asked them if there was no men in the family. They told us the men were out in a boat looking for something to eat. Lett them a good supply and pulled away with their "God bless you's" following us. Mr. Rife left them a Bible. At Blue's Point, Ark., is a large raft used as a dock for distribution of local re-

boat for food for fifteen sick men, women and children, who are imprisoned in New Hope Church, waiting for the water to recede. We gave him a supply for his patients. Between Memphis and White River over 2,000 flood sufferers were given sufficient food to last until government relief arrives.

G. A. SEAMAN.

Regarding the expedition, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* says:



NEGROES IN TEMPORARY SHELTER WAITING FOR RELIEF, HELENA.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, sends a relief boat down the river from Memphis. George A. Seaman, a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has come to this city from New York in order to accompany this expedition. Yesterday Mr. Seaman chartered the tug *Welcome*. Mr. Seaman will distribute the supplies to the overflooded people in need of them. This relief expedition is entirely independent of the local relief committee. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD expects to give aid to many people before they are reached by the government agents.

There are many colored sufferers along the river. An appeal has been made in their behalf by Bishop Derrick of the African M. E. Church, and already a considerable quantity of clothing and supplies have been forwarded to them by the American Missionary Society, but much more will be needed. Any one of our readers desiring to aid these sufferers by gifts of clothing or supplies can address the following reliable persons who are authorized to receive and distribute aid at the towns mentioned:

Greenville, Miss., Rev. E. W. Lampton, John Ester, Jackson, Miss., 702 Pearl Street, J. R. Risher, Rev. M. B. Meves; Vicksburg, Miss., Rev. R. Dangerfield, R. J. Russell; Pine Bluff, Ark., Rev. I. J. Low, H. H. King; Helena, Ark., Rev. I. J. Spearman; Natchez, Miss., Dr. O. P. Ross.

Home and Foreign Charities.

From "The Fruitman's Guide."

The Governor of Kansas when appealed to for his influence in securing some of the surplus grain of that section of the United States for the starving sufferers in India, loftily voiced himself as in favor of relieving home charities first. When Kansas was suffering by failure of its crops, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD distributed thousands of dollars amongst the sufferers. Now that the West is in need of assistance, through floods along the Mississippi, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has commenced distributing money, food, clothing, and the necessities of life among the victims of disaster. Before the floods became as serious as they are now, the same paper had inaugurated a movement for the relief of the famine sufferers in India, and remembering when Kansas had been in need and had received assistance, it made an appeal, believing Kansas would be glad to reciprocate from its present wealth of grain.

No money was asked for, but simply some of the surplus grain, the government having voted the vessels to transport it. England is doing its best, and thousands of pounds are being sent, but when eighty millions are suffering from famine, it is a vast army to supply, and we have the grain resources to make the famine relief work possible. Most of the States have responded cheerfully, actively and generously to this appeal, and the work is going forward rapidly. The middle of next month will see life for thousands of souls going forward to India, and those who are charitably inclined cannot act too quickly in this monster movement, which not only means humanity, but means as well the counting of a friendly feeling between the United States and the mother country, and the furthering of that arbitration which shall put an end to bloodshed between man and man.



OVERFLOWED LEVEE, HELENA, ARK.



PECAN STREET, HELENA, UNDER WATER.



RESCUING SUFFERERS IN THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER, ARK.

provisions, including corn meal, bacon, sugar, hominy, potatoes, flour, canned meats, coffee, tea, lard, milk, crackers, cheese, etc. It is impossible to make landings, as all docks are under water. There are no telegraph or mail connections between any of the submerged towns along the Mississippi between Memphis and Helena.

Our Relief Boat blows her whistle and calls out the needy in small boats. At some places we get in boats and take the provisions to them. This is done where *The Welcome* cannot get to them, as she has no landing-place, and could not reach it if she had on account of floating material near shore.

My crew consists of six people—pilot, engineer, fireman, cook, mate, and deck-hand. Then there are Mr. Rife, a photographer, and myself—making nine in all.

I bought a lot of chip-baskets that hold about a peck. These we fill up with miscellaneous provisions and give to the suffering families, with a bag of meal, a good big piece of bacon, and a bag of potatoes; flour also if they want it—wheat flour and bread are not wanted as much as meal—"corn pone."

As we neared Cow's Island, Tenn., we blew our whistle and a small boat came out to meet us. We gave them a good

relief supplies and will also be used for government distribution as well. Here we found about a hundred men who had heard from Memphis of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Boat *Welcome*, and had come in small boats from every direction. Mr. Rife, the American Sunday School Union Missionary, spoke to them earnestly and they were evidently touched. After a brief prayer, Mr. Rife gave Bibles to a number who wanted them. I left here nearly half a ton of provisions for the most needy cases. Mr. Frank Carter gave able assistance in this work. The few homes here that are not deserted are occupied only in the second stories as the water is about five feet deep.

Dr. W. M. Guest came down here (Blue's Point Raft) rowing two miles in a small

readers who have contributed to find will be glad to see from the letters that their gifts are not being administered by consecrated of Christ, who make it known to usurers whom they relieve, that the provided by money given for sake and in his name. This will gratifying to the contributors to find many of whom had to deny themselves in order to make the offering. Letters show that their gifts were by their love for the Master obedience to his injunction which us to show our love for him by relieving the hungry and the sick. Some of have also done valuable service in the need known to other Christians. Conspicuous among these James Tanis of Paterson, N. J., already collected and remitted CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund no less than \$500. Mr. Tanis is the publisher of a day School lesson paper in the language, containing the Inter-Lessons. He has kept his head on the dreadful situation in appeared to him, he writes, "a opportunity to show my young reader-blessed condition in a Christian abundance of food for body and compared to heathen India, with a supply of Gospel and little or The response surprised me." For as all Holland people in difficulties of the United States, noted industry and religious devotion inness to help those in distress, sections were largely taken up in and Sunday Schools, Young Men's and Ladies' Christian Associations, Aid Societies, Holland Churches individuals.

C., Litchfield, Ohio, sends this note: "Enclosed dollar for the India fund, given in the dear Florence, who the missionary work left from an unknown Waukegan, Fla., rely to hand. Price, Fairfield, Ia., the true spirit of a letter enclosing a the fund. He says: little boy five years old. cents of my very own. way to give it all for those children in India who have to eat. I have always more than I can eat."

Lower Boise, Ia., es letter enclosing os, with this simple t:

ney is given for the poor children in India by Corron and his sisters, Ent and Earl Talbot, who eed it, and having read aunt of the people being to give it to buy food m.

subscriber at Creighton, O., writes: is though I cannot well afford it, but I like to be among those to whom the say, I was hungry and ye gave me no

Albany, N. Y., comes a letter con-gold dollar, with this story:

aven to little Florence three years ago by aunt who is now in heaven. The child her aunt would be glad to have it used to saving.

S. Bunneil, Milford, Ill., suggests: this is God's way of testing his people, trying whether their hearts are open to y the destitute.

V Jamesburg, N. J.: ne enclosed to feed India's starving people name of him who did so much for us.

Subscriber at Otay, Cal., writes: closed contribution to the relief of the people of India is money that was given me something that I might need. I feel that there is so much need as to send help to these

are only specimens of a multitude lett which show the consecrated moe of christian people whose hearts God to red. Their gifts have been accomecy prayers for God's blessing, and I gone to missionaries who are him for the help thus given in r of need, when the cry of the rive people is ringing in their ears. red is still very pressing, and we ge a who are willing to contribute to shout delay. Every contribution user or relief and no part of it for exases. All gifts will be acknowledged specially as possible in these columns.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL.

THE centenary of the birth of Emperor William I of Germany was not allowed to pass without appropriate celebration. On this page is a picture of the magnificent memorial raised in his honor in Berlin, which was unveiled by his son, the present Emperor, on the Emperor's birthday. The monument cost nearly a million dollars, and is a semi-circular double colonnade with a radius of forty-four yards, resting on the water. Each extremity of the colonnade is surmounted by a bronze equestrian statue with figures representing Prussia and South Germany. Within the colonnade rises an equestrian statue of the Emperor. It is of bronze standing on a pedestal of granite. The Emperor is represented in full uniform with his great coat thrown back over his shoulders. In one hand he holds a marshal's baton. The horse is represented as walking, led by a beautiful figure representing peace. One of her hands is on the bridle and the other holds a sword. The sides of the pedestal are ornamented with figures which are life-size. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription: "With the sword and the plow, the German Emperor, King of Prussia, 1861-1888. On the right side of the pedestal are the words: 'With the sword and the plow, the German Emperor, King of Prussia, 1861-1888. On the left side of the pedestal are the words: 'With the sword and the plow, the German Emperor, King of Prussia, 1861-1888.'"

was left an orphan in straitened circumstances. She had begun the study of vocal music as a profession, but her father's death left her without the means of completing her education. She tried various ways of earning the necessary amount, but did not succeed. Just as her hopes were failing, she heard that a widow of great wealth in Texas was seeking some woman who would be willing to sacrifice a finger to replace one that she had lost in an accident. The information reached her through the cautiously worded advertisement of a practitioner in New York, and to him she applied. He examined her hand, made careful measurements of the third finger and found that it was exactly the size of the one that had been amputated from the hand of the Texas widow. The girl's courage failed when she learned that she would have to lose the finger up to the first joint, but her desire to obtain the funds for her education finally overcame her timidity and on the amount required being promised her, she consented to submit to the operation. It has since been found that there is a law on the statute books of the State forbidding such a mutilation, but as the girl is eager to get the money and the widow is anxious to secure the finger,

severe beatings as the best remedy, and whenever the fits came on the stepfather had applied a lithe switch until she was subdued. The hospital doctors had no doubt about the severity of the whippings as the girl's body gave mute testimony to the fact. They say that, in the hospital, the girl has proved tractable, and is apparently grateful for any act of kindness shown to her. It is singular that a doctor who could believe in demoniacal possession, could believe also in the efficacy of corporal punishment. He, of all men, ought logically to have urged an appeal to the power of Christ. His error, however, is a common one. Perverse children and habitual criminals are often made worse by corporal punishment, who might be saved if they were led to Christ for redemption.

For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. (1. John 3: 8.)

A Rescuer's Penalty.

A remarkable decision has been given by the Appellate Court of New York in a suit arising out of the death of a workman. It appears that the workman was adjusting the belting in the machinery of a manufacturing company. While he was at work he saw another employee caught by the belt and carried toward the shaft, where, as he very well knew, the man would be crushed to death. There was just the possibility, in the position in which he stood, of reaching the imperilled man and disentangling him from the belt. He took it promptly, and saved him; but as he drew him out, his own clothing was caught by the belt and he was carried toward the shaft. There was no one who

and there were rumors of one or more children, the offspring of an early marriage in Germany being entitled to share in the deceased citizen's riches. Several suits were brought by various claimants and in the face of conflicting evidence there was a prospect of the litigation being continued interminably. But a short time ago an order was obtained from the courts to open the grave in which the dead man was buried and take from his coffin the family Bible, which, at his request, had been buried with him. It was believed that the genealogical record entered in it would settle a dispute as to the exact date of birth of his children which was one of the questions involved in the lawsuits. When the Bible was taken out of the grave, the litigants found in it, not only the genealogical record, but the missing will, which had been so long sought. As the will settled the share each of the claimants was to receive, the lawsuits were discontinued and the property will be divided according to its directions. A great deal of money would have been saved and much ill-feeling would have been avoided, if the Bible had been examined earlier. It will be well if the family continue their search of the sacred book. They have already found in it more than they expected to find; if they will turn to the text they may learn how to obtain an inheritance infinitely more desirable than the one they obtain by the document inserted between its leaves.

Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life. (John 5: 39.)

Longest Tunnel in the World.

Two gangs of workmen are now at work in Colorado constructing a longer tunnel than at present exists in any country in the world. It is to run under Pike's Peak and the mountain near it. One gigantic bore is started near the old town of Colorado City and will run in a south-westerly direction to Four Mile Creek, near Sunol, on the other side of the mountain. This will be twenty miles long. It will pass directly under the cone of Pike's Peak, which towers nearly seven thousand feet above it. Lateral tunnels, aggregating thirty miles in length,



THE MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY, UNVEILED IN BERLIN ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

ther Franco-German war. The grand procession which the Emperor reviewed was a picturesque combination of costumes, the great day alternating with the representatives of the army corps of the present with citizens in ordinary attire. The procession as it passed the monument laid a wreath of laurels on the pedestal. The Emperor's speech proclaimed for his grandfather's memory still living influence "in the cause of peace, progress, and brotherhood in the world." Whether history will indorse the title of "Great," which is officially bestowed on his monument, remains to be seen. His own modesty, which was a conspicuous feature of his character, contradicted the triumphs of his reign to the mind and loyalty of the men who supported him. He had, besides, an unfaltering faith in the over-ruling providence of God, which doubtless contributed to his highest estimate of his own achievement. He firmly held, too, the exalted belief of the divine rights of his house, and his grandson insists upon, and which to the citizens of a republic seem absurd. It is always that kings who hold the scepter also realize the responsibility to God which it logically entails. They are not to rely on the strength of their armies and forget the wise king's maxim:

The throne is established by righteousness. (Prov. 15: 12.)

To Slain a Finger.

A singular errand has brought a young lady New York from Binghamton, N. Y. She states that some time ago, she

some way will probably be found to overcome the obstacle. The young lady must want a musical education very badly, to be willing to purchase it at the cost of mutilation. Men are not so much in earnest in seeking spiritual attainment, otherwise they would be ready to make the sacrifices by which alone in some cases it may be achieved.

Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble cut it off and cast it from thee: it is good for thee to enter into life maimed or halt rather than having two hands or two feet be cast into the eternal fire. (Matt 18: 8 K. V.)

Pronounced a Demoniac.

A press dispatch from Indianapolis reports the reception in a hospital of that city of a nineteen-year-old girl afflicted with a mysterious malady. She was almost insane, but the hospital doctors were in doubt whether her aberration was due to her disease, or to the treatment to which she had been subjected. Her body was covered with bruises and she seemed to be in abject terror when any stranger approached her. When her mother was questioned about the state of her daughter's body, she was reticent, but finally admitted that the bruises had been caused by severe beatings, administered by the girl's stepfather. She said that the girl was subject to fits of uncontrollable rage in which she broke windows and furniture, and committed extraordinary offenses. A country physician had been consulted who had declared that the girl was possessed by a devil. Another doctor had confirmed the diagnosis, but thought it was twenty-one devils who had acquired possession of her. He had prescribed

could interpose for his rescue, and he met the fate from which he had rescued his fellow-workman. His widow brought suit for compensation against the company, and it passed through the lower courts to the Appellate Court, which has now rendered its decision. It dismisses the claim on the ground that the workman did not meet his death in his work, but in an act of heroic humanity, which, however creditable it was to him, was no part of his duty as an employee of the company. If he had met his death in adjusting the belt, the company might have been liable, but it was not liable for injuries incurred in rendering service to the cause of humanity. It is so with the majority of those who give their lives to the work of saving their fellow-men from going down to eternal death. They might get compensation if they gave their lives to worldly business, but for the services they render it is seldom that there is any adequate reward. The time is coming, however, when He whom they serve will reward them:

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. (Daniel 12: 3.)

A Will Found in a Grave.

A number of lawsuits which have been before the courts for a dozen years past came to an unexpected end a few days ago. They arose out of conflicting claims on the estate of a wealthy citizen of Leavenworth, Kans., who was believed to have died without making a will. The condition of the estate was somewhat involved

are also to be cut, which will connect the main tunnel with Cripple Creek, Victor, Gillette, and other towns, and with various mines. This means a total length of tunnelling of fully fifty miles, an undertaking greater than has ever yet been attempted by man. Work has been commenced, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, at both ends of the main tunnel, and it is expected that the whole system will be completed in seven years. It is estimated that the work will cost over twenty million dollars, but the constructors believe that this large sum will be completely balanced by the value of the ores that will be taken out during the progress of the excavations. Independent of the benefit the tunnel is expected to be to mining operations, will be the advantage of bringing the towns around the base of the mountains into closer communication. At present, for example, the shortest way from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek is fifty-four miles, but the tunnel will reduce it to sixteen miles. Science in these days is making wonderful progress in overcoming natural obstacles and in improving the facilities of communication; we are promised, too, that there will be similar progress in religious work and in that also the result will be to remove obstacles—the obstacles of sin and ignorance—to bring men into a closer brotherhood, and it will be blessed in its progress. But this work will not be done by newly-discovered processes, but by a power hitherto often neglected.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain. (Zech. 4: 7.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul Preaching to the Jews.

S. S. Lesson for May 9. Acts 13: 26-39. Golden Text, Acts 13: 38. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE ministry of Paul in Cyprus was at an end; a testimony for God and for the risen Christ had been left throughout the whole island (vers. 5, 6), and the consul, or deputy governor, had become converted. God regulated the movements of his messenger, and Paul was not afraid to leave his converts in such hands. His next sphere of labor, still in company with Barnabas, was Perga in Pamphylia, of which mission nothing is recorded. Paul makes no excuse for this; there are labors of God's messengers of which the record is only on high; it does not therefore follow that the time is wasted or the work a failure. Thence their way led to Antioch in Pisidia. The company of Jewish colonists which met together for the reading of the Scriptures, for prayer and exhortation

In the Synagogue

at this place noticed on the following Sabbath, two striking looking Israelites enter and sit down. Paul was a gentleman and, all the more so, because he was a Christian. He believed that if God wanted him to deliver some message in this synagogue for him, he knew how to make the way for it and, therefore, he did not take things into his own hands. After the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, "Men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on." God had opened the door and, when he openeth, no man shutteth. Sure in his God, Paul had a free hand, and with boldness gave forth the message of salvation with which he was sent of God to these Jewish brethren. "Men of Israel and ye that fear God." As such he appealed to them; Israelites, but Israelites in relation with God. Then he speaks of God as in relation with them, "The God of this people Israel," and so established the great responsibility toward God of his hearers. Referring to their past history, he said: "God . . . chose our fathers, and exalted the people, when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with a high arm brought them out of it." All grace, no word of reproach.

In a few words, chosen by the Holy Ghost, Paul brought home to this little company of Jews their national responsibility and sin, and introduced to them God's Messiah. And now he brings forward his

Witnesses to the Messiahship of Christ Jesus. The first is John the Baptist. The history of the wonderful awakening which took place under this prophet of the desert had penetrated far and wide. The wonderful scenes of contrition, confession and consolation, the changed lives of the multitudes which emptied Jerusalem and all the towns and villages of Judea for the time to go out into the desert, and flock to the preaching of this stern man with his unflinching message, "Repent ye"—had been described by many eye witnesses to Jewish colonists in other lands. Paul, knowing this, related how John had said, "I am not he," or more correctly, "I am not, but behold there cometh one after me whose shoes of his feet I am not worthy to loose." Such was the first witness which Paul called up.

The next witness was that of "the prophets which are read every Sabbath day." Paul alleged that the inhabitants of Jerusalem and their rulers fulfilled the prophets in condemning Christ. They found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. But they would only go to a certain length, when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they could do no more; they took him down from the

tree, and laid him in a sepulchre." And then the God of Israel whom his people had rejected from being their king, comes mightily upon the scene again, and himself becomes the third witness of the Messiahship of Jesus: "God raised him from the dead."

And now Paul, from this latter passage, takes up the argument which Peter used on the day of Pentecost. (Acts 2: 24-36). Peter showed how it was not possible that Christ should be holden of death, and by the fact of David's death proves that this quotation from Ps. 16, could not apply to David, but was spoken of Christ. Here Paul declares: "David, after he had in his own generation served the counsel of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption. But he whom God raised again saw no corruption." To a mind opened to receive the Spirit of God, such evidence was unanswerable; and Paul called this wondrous communication "the word of salvation" (ver. 26) "glad tidings" and "the fulfilment of the promise which was made unto the fathers." All this was now before them in the Messiah whom Paul announced to them. And he pressed it home in blessed, but solemn words: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Paul knew the issues which hung upon that hour. No doubt a great impression was made: it was the first favorable announcement of Jesus of Nazareth. Hitherto these Antiochan Jews had heard of him, of his miraculous healings and miracles, of his teachings also. But at the same time, the fact that he had been executed as a criminal would blot out from their remembrance all the good which had been spoken of him, and no doubt they regarded his followers as either wicked or deceived persons. But John the Baptist? "all men held John to be a prophet indeed: did he believe in Christ, and count himself unworthy so much as to loose his sandals? The prophets? they must search if these things were so. The resurrection: O how much depended upon this! But forgiveness, justification? What did this stranger mean? Of what did he accuse them? For what did they need pardon?

The offer of forgiveness presupposes that there is sin to be forgiven. God had wonderfully linked himself with his people of old, and they had drawn away from him. What about this generation, what about these Jews of Antioch? Did they also desire to be "like other nations?" Or did they sigh and cry for the abomination that the people of the Lord no more desired acquaintance with him, and were glad to keep him at a distance? Had they part in the rejection of God the Father? Then they would reject God the Son also, and quench God the Holy Ghost, who in the person of Paul was bringing their sin home to them. Paul felt deeply the solemnity of the situation, and said, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." An unyielded heart cannot believe, we can only believe as we obey.

But a work was done; some there were who were cut to the heart, many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas. Gladly they spoke with them, and recognizing that the grace of God was in them they persuaded them to continue in it. All were not Jews; Gentiles also were present, and besought the two missionaries to speak to them on the next Sabbath. Here there was more hun-

ger, they had not so much religious reputation to maintain, and "the next Sabbath almost the whole city came together to hear the Word of God." This fact proved what was the state of the heart of most of the Jews. Jealous of Paul's popularity, seeking themselves and not God, they "spoke against those things which were spoken of Paul, contradicting and blaspheming;" yes blaspheming or at least resisting the Holy Ghost! It was a moment of crisis, not only for the Jews of Antioch but for the life of Paul himself. Hitherto he had always preached "to the Jew first" and to the Jew almost exclusively; now he began to perceive that God was calling him to another ministry. Barnabas was one with him and they said boldly, "It was necessary that the Word of God should have been first spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE two missionaries appear to have made no stay at Perga where they landed after their voyage from Cyprus. It was a large town with a thriving trade, but the climate was injurious to strangers, the air being laden with moisture and very malarial. For that or some other reason not given, they left Perga and went across the Taurus Mountains to Antioch in Pisidia, which is in southern Galatia. This town was on higher ground and much more healthy. This Antioch was not so important a place as the town

custom observed in the synagogue distinguished strangers were not the congregation, especially such as appeared from their dress to be from Jerusalem, an invitation to present to the two missionaries. I accepted, and we have here the first sermons that was reported. He recognized the two classes and hearers—the Jews whom he addressed as "Men of Israel," and the Gentile proselytes, whom he addresses as "Ye that fear God." His address was singular that of the martyr Stephen (Acts 13: 46) which he had listened about ten years before. It also resembled Peter's on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2). Beginning with a brief recapitulation of history, to which the Jews were tired of listening, and with a reference to their warrior king, to show that he was in sympathy with his audience, he had not parted with his Jewish faith accepting Christianity, he proceeds to show that Christianity is a development, not an opposition to it. The God who had delivered the people from Egypt, and established them in the land, and given the law and the Judges, had now sent his Son, Jesus Christ. He foresees the objection might be raised, that Christ had been rejected by the priests and doctors of the law, and explains it by saying that he had failed to recognize him, and shows how Christ fulfilled the prophecies which had not been fulfilled by the law. The sermon was singularly well adapted with the view of disarming Jewish prejudices. Paul became an adept in the use of parables and epistles. Though he was the Apostle of the Gentiles, he failed to insist that Judaism was the stumbling stone to Christianity and the

The forgiveness of sins. In the time before the war, a merchant of Philadelphia was robbed by a young man in his employ. The young man had been uniformly kind and honest, and the merchant had trusted him with his securities which he had been entrusted to the merchant for safe-keeping. The merchant was exasperated, and declared he would never forgive the thief. One day near the close of the war the young man came into the merchant's office. He was recognized at once by the merchant, who sent a messenger to the police, and locked the door to prevent the young man's escape. But he had no intention of punishing him. He laid on the merchant's desk a letter. The merchant started. It was from his son who had fallen in battle, and the handwriting was like a voice from the grave. It was very brief. Written on torn leaf were the words: "Forgive me for my sake." It was enough. The merchant was penitent, and the plea of the son availed.

To you is the word of this salvation. The Gospel needs this personal application. Many think it does not concern them. A Christian lady was told of a woman who had sunk to the lowest of degradation. Drink and continued association with evil persons had made her almost like a demon in temper. It was dangerous to approach her and even the police dreaded the task of arresting her. When the Christian lady said she was going to visit her in the cell to which she had been taken after one of her outbreaks, her friends tried to dissuade her. "She may kill you," they said. The woman was crouching on the floor in a corner. The visitor went up and laying her hand on her shoulder said, "I want to be a friend to you. This wretched creature did not understand starting to her feet demanded to know who the visitor was and why she came to trouble upon her. "I love you," was the reply, "and Jesus loves you and has sent me to you," and she bent forward and kissed her. "Go away!" shrieked the abandoned woman, "Go away! You break my heart. You put me in my mother's arms. A kind arm went round the woman's shoulders, a few gentle words were spoken and in a short time she was weeping and as docile as a child. After visit was paid and the woman



RUINS AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

of the same name in Syria, which had been the starting-place of the missionaries, but it was a thriving centre of trade with a considerable population. It stood near the site of the modern village of Yalobatch. Several ruins, among them a temple, a theatre and an aqueduct are still standing and show that it was a highly civilized town. The people, however, were chiefly idolaters, and only in the Jewish synagogues was there any approach to purity of religion. To the synagogue the two missionaries went on the Sabbath and took part in the worship. As subsequent events proved, there was a mixture of Jews and Gentiles among the worshippers. Although Judaism was never an aggressive religion, it attracted intelligent Gentiles, who came in contact with it and they were received as proselytes, on condition of their promising to observe certain of the dietary laws and to refrain from worshipping idols. The early part of the service in the synagogue consisted of the reading of passages from the law and the prophets, on a system similar to that followed now in the lessons of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The order of the Jewish lessons is said to have been arranged by Ezra so as to cover the whole of the Scriptures within a specified time. We infer from some of the expressions Paul used in his speech, that the passages read that morning were the first chapter of Deuteronomy and the first of Isaiah. These are the passages appointed to be read on the forty-fourth Sabbath of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, which is in July. That fact helps to fix the date of Paul's visit. According to the

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Street Scenes in Cairo.
A Panorama of Variety and Delight for the Tourist who Visits the Old-world City.

FIFTY years have in some respects made a marked change in Cairo, the ancient Egyptian royal city. Hotels are a combination of Europe and the Orient, a population which reveals a sprinkling of all nationality and a "tendering panoramic procession" of character as is to be found nowhere else in the world, save perhaps Constantinople. All combine to make it a plan of our attractions to those fond of the excitement of travel. As to dress, the various colors shown in the garments of the Greeks, Copts, Abyssinians, Nubians, Algerians, and the richly attired sailor runners in advance of the carriage is enough to gratify the eye of any artist.

One of the features of life in Cairo is the street merchant. Stalls of all sorts and "relics" of sacred places are offered for sale on the sidewalk. In the bazaars the noise that fills the ears of the stranger is new, unaccustomed to the quiet of Oriental trading, like the short of a bedlam. There are many tiny booths, and behind each a merchant, perched on the top of his lungs, vying in excellence of his wares, and plagues the passer-by to purchase. Cakes, rice, olives, and other articles of diet are found at one end of a bazaar, and jewelry, silks, bric-a-brac, and rugs at the other. Servants with ostrich plumes, "scarabs" and armor, and tag-side. Down the winding streets, little wider than they come a steady stream of traffic, that includes donkeys and mules, with riders or with loads of merchandise; funeral processions in blue robes, sauntering priests, turbaned Moslems, veiled Turkish women and boys, and a half-hundred of various races and shades of complexion.

The photographs on this page present some of the familiar scenes in Cairo thoroughfares. The coffee stall, its grimy and uninviting interior, and the date-seller's stand, where the dainties, are among the common sights. In some more quiet corners or squares—one may hear the tinkle of music, and come upon such a group as the photograph shows. To European or American ears the Arab music is little better than a hideous discord, yet it seems to afford no little satisfaction to native audiences.

Wing of life in Cairo, Mary Thorn writes, in her recent book, says: "Half after seven all Cairo dines, and the hungry tourist turns gratefully to the booths of Egypt, when they are served at a well-appointed table d'hôte, quite in keeping with semi-Europeanized Cairo. The interior is very beautiful, brightened by the evening dresses of Continental belles seated at two long tables, dining gayly with the English officers, some in Citadel, or striving to put at ease the naive Egyptian wearing an orthodox caftan, who is apparently listening with deep attention to his fair companion. He mentally decides whether to use his fingers or his fork to the "champignons à la crème" handed him by the waiter. The oddest part of the scene is the sprinkling of red head-gear up and down the dining-room, which belongs to the very shade of Eastern complexion—

Copts, Turks, and even Jews, the latter having returned in large numbers to the land of Goshen, this time for the "season" only, when they dwell in beautiful villas and possess hotels and valuable corner lots in their ancient House of Bondage."

Be Kind to the Dumb Animals.

"Kindness to the brute creation" is a maxim that is steadily gaining in strength and significance. Lately THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a number of letters on the subject. Mrs. L. K. L. Ozeand, Va., writes:

"I wish to take up the subject 'Cruelty to Animals,' of 'S. C. C., Manchester, N. H.," in your March 24th issue. Oh, if others would speak out against the cruel treatment by man of the poor dumb creatures! I think this a subject for all to turn their help and attention to and try to protect these speechless creatures which

thinking, and improper diet of any sort belongs to this category. If what we wrongly eat disturbs the body, and vitiates the blood, its influence may and doubtless does, extend further, and in extreme cases acts as an irritant to the whole body.

Alaskan Roses.

Mrs. Chapman, an American missionary in Alaska, in a recent letter gives this pretty little glimpse of the Arctic summer season:

"It is now June 30th. My window garden is small. I have a little rose that does its best, and has put out about eleven buds this spring. Usually one would blossom just in time for Sunday. To-day Miss Sabine's girls brought in bunches of wild roses, and our room is filled with the fragrance. This is a backward spring with us. The Anvik ice did not go out until the 24th of May, and four days after the ice in the Yukon broke. The water rose forty feet. Miss Sabine came to church in a boat, and the water came into the carpenter shop and saw-mill and onto the floor of the store-house, as it did in the spring of the year in which we came to Anvik. But Miss Sabine's schoolhouse and our house, with the church are high and dry."

This is a picture of Alaska that will be new to those who have hitherto imagined it to be a land of snow

YOU CANNOT SMILE IN VAIN.

THE cost is but a trifle
For a smile when all is well,
But when the heart is heavy
Its cost no one can tell.
'Tis well to practice sometimes
A smile amidst the pain;
Though great the cost 'tis never lost—
You cannot smile in vain.
When summer's sun is shining
And nature's all aglow,
You carry through the sunshine
A smile where'er you go.
But why not smile in winter,
With naught but sleet and rain?
Whate'er the cost, 'twill not be lost—
You cannot smile in vain.
When all around is gladness
And hearts are light and gay,
You'll find a friend to join you
And help you smile that day;
But when the world most needs them
Do not from smiles refrain—
'Twill lift some cross—add gain to loss,
And never be in vain.
It costs you but a little
And brings a rich increase,
So through the clouds and sunshine
Let smiling never cease.
Don't let your smiling all be o'er
When days are slashed with rain;
Crown every day with smile's bright ray—
You cannot smile in vain.
Chicago, Ill. —GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

A Word to Mothers.

A LADY in Perris, California, sends us this timely and thoughtful letter:

Dear Editor: I have been forced to notice the careless way in which a certain class of parents are bringing up their young daughters in this sunny State of ours. The results are so pitifully apparent, I pen these few words in their behalf. Do you not remember, dear mother, the first passionate thrill you experienced when holding to your heart for the first time, your baby-girl? Did you not accept the small new-comer as a divine gift; as a God-given trust? And have you not given her the tenderest, truest love of your life, through all the years of childhood's ills? Why should you now, when the plant you have so watched and guarded is blooming into a new life, withdraw the guiding hand and let it be tossed by every breeze of self-will and youthful passion?

How can you throw off the leash of parental authority so lightly and place the guidance of an immortal soul into hands so frail and inexperienced as her own? What wonder that shipwrecks abound, when parents allow their young daughters to do as they please? Dear mothers and fathers, too, you are proud of your girl, no doubt; of her quick answers and native independence, and proud of the number of her admirers. She is innocent, of course, and guileless; but I ask you, how long ago was it that your neighbor's girl was innocent also? Is yours any stronger to resist temptation? And so long as your daughter is allowed to go out evenings on long rides with any young man who chances to invite her, she is in temptation's way.

Give the girl a higher aim in life. Let her take up something new to fill the empty spaces of her time; let her learn the intricacies of house-keeping or cooking as an art, or give her music, or painting, or gardening; anything she will find educative or instructive to tide her over the formative period of her existence. Keep her from doing things she will blush to remember in years to come. The tempter is abroad. Fortify the young life against his arrows. And who is so well fitted for the task as those designed by nature to be her protectors. Keep her where she will not be exposed to temptations which will bring disgrace to herself and to you. Let her father's house be to her always a haven of rest and safety. Above all teach her to look for help from the one unerring guide. MRS. J. A. S.

Home Singing.

The songs sung by a family circle, may some day for aught we know be the voice that will recall a dear one from ruin, for the same sweet words will come back, be heard and loved in after years. In a cottage or mansion this pleasure can attend us with perpetual sunshine. Wealth may surround us with its blandishments, and beauty may gain admirers, but a home, void of music, is like a garden without flowers. It sends an ever-swelling stream of love through a household. It takes away the sting of disappointment and sorrow, and in the heart that has been touched by the finger of pain, it finds a place where it murmurs its sweetest chords.



A CAFE KEEPER. A SELLER OF DATES. PUBLIC MUSICIANS. STREET SCENES IN THE CITY OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

God has placed under our care. Being dumb should really be a cause of their being treated better. Surely God will punish any one, and justly, for bad treatment to animals. May THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in all its grand work, aid in the prevention of cruelty to animals. How many of its readers will help?"

Diet and Morals.

It is unquestionable that the subject of the relation between diet and morals is coming to the front as a problem for some generation in the near future to grapple with. It is certainly a proper subject for parents to study carefully. Mr. M. V. Shaler in a recent article on the matter, wrote: "We are told by the best authority that we must come to the realization that 'not merely our health, our strength, and our incomes, but our higher intellectual life, and even to some extent our morals, depend upon the care which we take of our bodies, and among the things essential to health and wealth, to right thinking and right living, one, and that not the least important, is our diet.' It is our great fortune to have learned this—to be told that the science of food reaches to every point on the line of battle for existence." Intelligently directed, diet may be made a moral as well as a physical agent, and parents would do well to consider this. Gross eating tends to gross habits and

and ice, where flowers and vegetation are almost unknown.

A Tea-Table Legend.

To those who have noticed that the leaves of the tea-plant are shaped like eye-lids, it may be interesting to know that there is an ancient Chinese legend concerning the plant which professes to explain its peculiar shape. According to the story, there once lived a pious hermit who prayed almost incessantly. He was, however, unable to keep awake as long as he wished, and he cut off the offending eye-lids and cast them upon the ground. But this action was observed by a good spirit, who immediately caused a tea shrub to spring up from the spot where the eye-lids had fallen. It is in reference to this, according to the legend, that the leaves of the tea plant are shaped like eye-lids, fringed with lashes, and possesses the power of warding off sleep.

A Child's Fear of the Dark.

"There's a little verse in the Bible, my darling," said a mother to her child, "that's meant for you when you awake in the dark. It is a verse out of one of David's psalms: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.' Whenever you are afraid, you can say it over as a loving prayer, and the Good Shepherd will keep you from all harm."

EUROPE'S GREAT WAR BEGUN.

Turkey and Greece in Deadly Conflict—Battles Fought on the Northern Frontier—Fighting by Land and Sea.



MOUNT OLYMPUS, FROM THE PLAINS OF THESSALY.

GREECE and Turkey have at last proceeded to hostilities, and the long impending war in Eastern Europe has begun in terrible earnest. After several raids across the border by Greek irregulars in which the invaders appeared to have a decided advantage, the situation became so strained that war could no longer be averted. A declaration of war by Turkey was precipitated by a hot encounter between Turkish and Greek regular troops at Nezeros, on the Greek frontier line in Thessaly, and south of Mount Olympus. The Turks were driven back at all points. On hearing the news of this fight, the Sultan's Ministerial Council at Constantinople declared war, and ordered Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turkish forces, to assume the offensive. At the same time the Greek Minister at Constantinople received his passports, and all Greeks were ordered to leave Turkish territory. Hot encounters occurred between Turkish and Greek troops at Preveza, Karya, and along the whole frontier line from Reveni to Nezeros, the Greeks succeeding at nearly all except Menexao, where the Turks occupied an impregnable position. At Milouna Pass, an important strategic point, the fighting was desperate, and over 20,000 men were engaged, the Turks having the advantage. Both sides sustained severe losses. The capture of Milouna by the Turks will open to them the Plains of Thessaly, and they may now be able to push the campaign to advantage with their heavy artillery. Both armies are full of enthusiasm and determination.

Thus far the principal fighting has been carried on in wholly classic ground. There is hardly a foot of Greece's ancient soil that is not hallowed by the memory of some one of the multitude of heroic events that have contributed to make Grecian history the admiration of the world. Probably the most famous of all is that region which is now the scene of military operations and which threatens to shortly become the theatre of a great war between the Hellenic race and its Moslem oppressors. Mount Olympus, from whose peaks can be seen the camps of both Greeks and Turks, has been immortalized in the Homeric poems as the battle-ground of mortals and demigods and in ancient Greek mythology it was the seat of Jove himself.

At the extreme north-west corner of the great plain of Thessaly there suddenly rises above the river Peneus to the height of about 1500 feet the great rocks of Meteora, a spur of the Pindus range. At the vine-clad foot of the precipice lies the little town of Kalibaki, now the scene of much activity as the mustering point of the Greek battalions. Perched upon the summits of these rocks are the famous monasteries of Meteora. The monasteries of Metamorphosis and St. Barlaam are reached by a series of hanging ladders, or by means of a net at the end of a rope, which is wound up by a capstan. In the event of hostilities their position may prove a protection to many. The Vale of Tempe, so famous for its scenic beauties that its name be-

came a synonym in classical literature for any valley of especial loveliness, is associated with classical poetry, and more particularly with the heathen worship of Apollo, rather than with military excursions such as are now rousing the Thessalian frontier of Greece. This picturesque valley, now more generally known as Lykostomo, is a ravine cleft through rocks of massive marble between the mountain slopes of Olympus and Ossa, and forms a channel for the river Peneus on its way to the Aegean Sea. It is about five miles in length, and varies considerably in breadth at different points affording throughout, however, the least difficult passage through the mountains of north-eastern Thessaly. The valley runs close to the Greek frontier line, for its northern bank is formed by the outlying spurs of Mount Olympus, and Mount Olympus itself belongs by the ruling of the Convention to Turkey. This latter fact alone has caused much bitterness among the Greeks, who, remembering their old military fame as a nation, and the close association the mountain bears to many of the leading events of Grecian history, have declared that their country can never be free until the Greek flag once more flies upon its historic peaks. Recently, during a raid on the Turkish side of the frontier by several large bands of irregulars, fitted out by a Greek patriotic society at Athens, a party succeeded in raising the Greek flag on one of the slopes of Olympus and this feat was hailed with wild acclamations by



GREEK IRREGULAR.

probably 150,000 troops at the frontier as against Greece's 80,000. But the Sultan has enemies on every side who have been emboldened by the recent Greek successes. Especially will he have to watch the frontier of Montenegro. Edhem Pasha's plan of campaign is to advance and take Larissa, then endeavor to seize the pass of Thermopylae. But Greece has a strong force posted there, and the most determined resistance would be encountered. Greece expects to seize Chios and Samos

(both renowned in ancient classic times), to capture Epirus, and then advance into Macedonia. They depend upon receiving assistance from Montenegro, Bulgaria, Albania and Macedonia.

The general impression in Europe at the present time seems to be that the war will be a short one, and that unless Greece receives the aid of allies she will be unable to repel by her land forces any Turkish invasion, although she can readily hold her own by sea.

THE WISE SON.



Nothing in our Western civilization surprises the visitor from Oriental lands more than the lack of respect rendered by youth to age. In China, Japan, India, Persia and other countries in the far East the behavior of some children to their parents would be accounted a crime. It certainly is not from our religion that the spirit of undutifulness springs. The Bible, throughout, enjoins on the young respect for the aged and particularly for parents. The wisdom inculcated in the passages selected for the topic, (Prov. 10: 1: 30: 17), is not the wisdom of self-confidence, but of obedience and reverence. The wise son is not he who regulates his own life and follows his own devices, but he who takes his father's advice and submits to his father's direction. But our boys generally regard their fathers' ideas as antiquated and exploded and are disposed to regard their fathers as merely providers, whose functions are limited to supplying funds. Yet reason, apart from religious principle, is opposed to this conception of



TURKISH ZOUAVES AND CAVALRY.

King George's subjects who regarded it as an omen of good success in the impending war.

All the European nations are watching the issue with eager interest. Turkey has

the relation. If the elder man has less knowledge than his son, he has the benefit of experience which is a most efficient teacher and imparts lessons that are not readily forgotten. How many fathers mourn as they see their sons taking the path which must lead to disaster! Experience and observation enable them to foresee the end of the course. They know how the young man is being befooled. They know the power of the temptations which are operating upon him and the folly of the youthful idea that it is possible to quaff the cup of pleasure and avoid the dregs at the bottom. It grieves them that their sons should "sow their wild oats," as they realize what the inevitable harvest must be. Thus the lives of the fathers and the bitter fruits of experience are wasted. The father's warning is accounted the croaking of "the old fogey," and is disregarded. Only at last when they mourn over a wasted life do they realize that the wise son was he who heeded the disinterested counsel of his parents.

ASCENSION.



What other end could be consistent with life as that of Christ? The Evangelist passed out of this world, not knowing. It may

near to us, or far removed, but this went and there his people will go mansion he prepares for them. And again during those wonderful days, he had disappeared from the of his bewildered followers, but last, they realized that his departure final. As we are told in the past: the day, (Acts 1: 5-12.) He passed the cloud and they saw him no more they had no doubt of his continuance. He was with God and that that he still lived to witness their and their trials and to bless them, better so. He spoke truly when it is expedient for you that I go. Had he continued his beneficent the earth, there would have been rialism and a localization which have marred our conception of vinity. The world would have him, not for the spiritual blessings



A GREEK OFFICER.

holiness and spiritual development he is able to impart. Had he died a time we must have lost confidence in divinity; had he lived on perpetually must have lost our conception of finity and his experience; but as he into heaven with his human body made heaven a home to all belief has given us a connecting link with mysterious abode which draws us and makes it real to us.

Silent Preachers in Mexico.

In acknowledging the receipt of a contribution from readers of this journal W. C. Evans, writes: The district which I am Presiding Elder has of about 15,000 square miles and a population of about 1,000,000, but as this I am publishing agent for our Mexico and of this I would speak the importance of this particular part of missionary work can scarcely be appreciated without a knowledge of all the conditions affecting our work, and the opportunities the printed page gives in preaching the Gospel of the blessed. It is not an uncommon sight here native reading to his assembled congregation and so willingly will they read while another reads, that anything is printed is read with avidity. The literature which is to be had in cheap form is such as will only destroy virtue, foster vice and ruin soul, and in no wise uplift or bless. The American Bible Society is doing work here in the distribution of Bibles, great and lasting good may also be accomplished by the distribution of those silent messengers going everywhere many times where the missionary is not. This we are doing as far as we can. Mr. Evans is now visiting this district and will be glad to describe his work in Mexico to churches or individuals interested. His address during stay will be Steubenville, Ohio.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

Why the Character of Our Lord Inspires the Love of Men of All Races and is the Ideal of All Ages.

There is need that at times we ask ourselves the question of the topic: "Why do we love Jesus?" The passages of Scripture associated with it (1. John 4: 19 and John 3: 14-17), answer the question in part. It is true that we love him because he first loved us, and that we love him because through him we have everlasting life, but there is much more than this. We know in our ordinary experience that love does not always elicit love and that one may feel attracted to a person whom it is impossible to love. The explanation includes qualities in him which inspire love. It is strange, when we think of it, how we ignore the people who have realized these things. Among ourselves how different are the ideals of different men! We see in marriage, in friendship, in literature, in religious association, and in every political contest. Men do not conform to their ideals. One is attracted by one quality, and another by another. Yet from all classes, from all professions, from among women and men, as well as men, there come some who bend in adoration before this Jesus and find in him that which satisfies their natures. The untutored savage knows it, as does the man of culture and refinement, the man of action as the man of contemplation, the poor and the rich, the humble and the ambitious. It is remarkable that the fanatics and scoffers who assail Christianity and the Bible, seldom have the courage to say against Christ himself. It was by no means of that colorless, negative type of character, which has been the criticism by general concession. He spoke positively on many subjects, and on occasion his indignation blazed out in full expression in words that were cooled and withered. Nor were his arguments small. Those who would deny him, must give him the first place as a boy, wife and child, father and mother, and they must give up the most dearly cherished sins for his sake.

Centuries have passed, but the number of those who love him increases in every generation. Great men arise and win the world's gaze, winning our respect and admiration and affection, but Jesus holds his place still, so far removed above them that there is no hint of rivalry. Explain the fact as we may, we cannot deny it. He has today the supreme affection, the wholehearted devotion of more of the world's population than are rendered to any man who ever lived. Neither Buddha nor Mohammed, numerous as their followers are, inspired the personal loyalty that we render to Christ. The portraits of the evangelists draw of him are not mixed pictures, but they are sufficient. As we see him feeding the crowd, healing the sick, mingling with the people in their festivities, speaking kindly to the penitent, taking the children in his arms, teaching forbearance and magnanimity, showing gentleness to the erring, meekly enduring unjust accusation, submitting to chastisement and death and laying even for his murderers—we draw near to him and feel that in him we have a lovable friend, one who deserves all our love. The incarnation is a mystery we cannot fully comprehend, but it, and alone explains Christ. We see God in him. His life and character are the consummation of revelation. The world needed him to understand God. It had dimly seen God in creation; it had caught another glimpse of his character on Sinai; it had seen something of him in providence, but it did not know him till Jesus came. All that he told us of the Father shone out in his life. What God is in his infinite tenderness, in his love and compassion, he taught by parable and multitude, but better than all by his own life. He never uttered a more pregnant word than when he said: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." As we gaze in his life the divine attributes in human environment, we involuntarily share our feeling toward God from awe to long reverence.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Tell it Again.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—MARK 5: 19.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell the glad sto - ry of Je - sus who came, Full of com - pas - sion, the
2. Tell the glad sto - ry where, sad and op - press'd, Ma - ny in bound - age are
3. Tell the glad sto - ry with pa - tience and love, Urg - ing the lost ones His
4. Tell the glad sto - ry, when Jor - dan's dark wave Call - eth our loved ones its

lost to re - claim; Tell of re - demp - tion thro' faith in His name;
sigh - ing for rest; Tell them in Je - sus they all may be blest;
mer - cy to prove; Tell them of man - sions pre - par - ing a - bove;
bil - lows to brave; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save;

REFRAIN.

Tell the glad sto - ry a - gain. Tell it a -
Tell the glad sto - ry a - gain. Tell the glad sto - ry a - gain. Tell it a - gain,
Tell the glad sto - ry a - gain.

gain, Tell it a - gain,
Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain,

Tell the glad story to suf - fer - ing man; Tell it O tell it a - gain.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

INDIA'S NEED.

WE sit at our tables lavishly spread
And eat of our dainty fare,
While our brothers afar are crying for bread,
O can we not something spare?

With rosy faces and sparkling eyes
Our children around us stand;
Shall we not give heed to the wailing cries
Of the children of that far land?

So pinched with hunger, and poor and weak,
They totter, and faint, and fall,
While fathers and mothers in anguish hear
Their dying children call

For bread, for bread; O merciful Lord,
Open the hearts of men,
Help us to give from our bountiful store
Till the harvest comes again.

Brothers are we, for of one blood
Are all nations under the sun;
Thou hast blest us: O help us to bless
And aid these sorrowing ones.

Then in that great day He will not say,
"I was hungry, ye gave me no meat,"
But "Come ye blessed, abide with me,
And sit at your Saviour's feet."

Kent, Wash. MAY A. HARDY.

THREE PILLOWS.

My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows:
infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.

THREE pillows underneath my head,
And thus I sweetly rest,
While not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast;
Infinite power my father has,
All things he can bestow,
No needed good will he withhold,
Trusting, I rest me so.

Infinite love. O, joy most rare,
With this dear name is given,
Bringing to earth a foretaste sweet,
The joy, the air of heaven.
Infinite wisdom—so he gives
From out his bounteous store
Just what is best for me, his child,
And can I ask for more?

So on these pillows, still I rest,
Thy wisdom, power and love,
While all the teachings of my life,
Thy loving-kindness prove.
I want that for my guide in life,
That still will cheer in death.
Pillow my heart on Jesus' breast,
Trusting till latest breath.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

THE COMING TRIBULATION.

To Involve the World and Nominal Christians in Calamity After the Rapture of Waiting Believers.

BY REV. F. L. CHAPPELL.*

THE Scriptures abound in statements showing that the Church is in tribulation, or persecution, of some sort as long as she is in the world. But we are also taught that as the age draws to a close, and the world grows strong and God-defying, that the tribulation of the church will increase, so that it will end in sharp persecution, as did the days of Christ on earth, who was the Head of the Church; for as he was, so are we in the world. Therefore the closing days of the age are emphatically to be the days of tribulation for the Church.

But, over and above all these representations, there is a certain tribulation mentioned in Scripture which is called "the great tribulation," a time of trouble such as never was before, and such as shall never be again. It is mentioned with great particularity in connection with the career of the Antichrist, the resurrection of some of the dead, and other notable events of the very last days. Christ refers to it in very much the same language, and it seems to be pointed out in Rev. 7: 14, by the emphatic and distinctive expression, as seen in the original, "the tribulation the great one."

Now, the great question arises, is this great tribulation that of the Church or that of the world? It cannot properly be both since they are not contemporaneous. The world prospers up to the taking away of the Church, and therefore cannot be in tribulation of this superlative character. Remember always that the Church we are now talking of is not the nominal, mixed, worldly company that so largely prevails, but the distinctively pure Church that holds itself ready for rapture. Is the great tribulation the tribulation of this Church or the tribulation of the world, which may indeed include worldly professing Christians? Just a few references will show that it is the tribulation of the world and not of the Church. For the subject of it evidently has an anti-Christian aspect. It is a tribulation of judgment rather than one of discipline. It has distinctively Jewish aspects, being called "the time of Jacob's trouble." It includes war, famine, pestilence, burning, and almost every horror as set forth in so large a part of the book of Revelation, making a tribulation under which men grow blasphemous and God-defying instead of patient and humble. Moreover, in the very nature of the case we see that judgment, tribulation on the world, is much more worthy of being called "the great," than disciplinary tribulation on the saints. Not that but some saints may come out of it, being brought out of the slumber in which they had hitherto indulged. When, therefore, it is asked will the Church pass through the tribulation? it is well to ask what Church and what tribulation?

If you mean the pure Church and the disciplinary tribulation, it must be answered yes, "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God." But if you mean the pure Church and "the great tribulation," it must be answered no; for such are exhorted "to live that they may escape all these things," and of such it is written that they shall not come into judgment," which is the nature of the great tribulation. But if it is meant the nominal, worldly, slumbering Church, and the disciplinary tribulation of the Church, we answer yes. The common so-called Church will come into tribulation, and many of her members, we trust, will be awakened and be led to become ready for rapture, while perhaps others will be so deluded in their worldliness that only the following great tribulation will awaken them. We may hope that when the worldly Christian sees the true Church withdrawn, he will repent and turn to God for grace. Then, although he must pass through the tribulation, he may finally be saved.

*From his article in this month's *Prophetic News*. For sale, price six cents, by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

SERVING THE SICK POOR.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Writes of Her Work Among the Cancer Patients of the New York Slums.

HERE are many Christian men and women, of the modest and unpretentious sort, who are doing heroic service for humanity and religion almost unknown to the rest of mankind. That the few, whose deeds do come to the light of publicity, do not receive from their fellows that generous sympathy and encouragement which such work deserves, is to be greatly regretted. Few there are who give more than a passing thought to the privations of the brave medical missionaries laboring in foreign lands, while those noble souls who have consecrated their lives to the task of aiding the leprous, the cancerous, and others afflicted with incurable diseases, at which humanity recoils, are all too seldom remembered, even by professing Christians.

It is now nearly a year since Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of the distinguished American author Nathaniel Hawthorne, voluntarily left society to devote her life to the care of the cancerous poor in the tenements of lower New York. She has written her experience in that loving Christian work for the benefit of the readers of this journal, and we bespeak for her and her efforts their cordial sympathy and support.

MRS. LATHROP'S OWN STORY.

I am trying to serve the poor as a servant. I wish to serve the cancerous poor because they are avoided more than any other class of sufferers; and I wish to go to them as a poor creature myself, though powerful to help through the open-handed gifts of public kindness, because it is by humility and sacrifice alone that we become worthy to feel the holy spirit of pity, and to carry into the disorders of destitute sickness the cheerful love we have gathered from the Heavenly Kingdom for distribution.

In tending the sick poor, we must band ourselves not by twos and threes but by twenties and fifties; and every group of women thus working should be made up of souls who are in love with self-denial. In order to accomplish anything that will be lasting, women must be called who are capable of renouncing ease and pastime, for the sake of that true love of God which shares the sufferings of Christ in a mode of life which he recommended and lived. Without just such labors the work I advocate cannot flourish. Anyone who reads the historical records of charity (deserving the name) can discover what such labors accomplish in evolving. An activity that may be felt everywhere; and I hope for the sake of so great a benefit to the larger number, women will realize that self-consecration is even now both fitting and possible on the very lines made clear by sturdy and spiritual workers of the past.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

Who does not know the effect of persons of our acquaintance who are ready to step forward when serious sickness attacks us? Quiet and determined and free from personal passions, the helper makes light of her sacrifices and fatigues, and when we thank her, smiled with a happiness that shows her Redeemer thanked her already. Imagine a dozen or so of these women in a hospital for a class of the poor who is usually abandoned and left to suffer in solitary neglect, and then admit that we need such a charity in New York, and believe that we can have it. It is a hope to plead for with a will; a source of the common weal to legions of generous impulses to create by concerted action, which among women is a force that has already done so much in other directions. It is my desire to bring nurses together under this ensign, by spreading a knowledge of our need for such an army, who will be moved by the strength of true love against the evil of cowardly indifference.

My first step was to experiment upon the ground myself in order to know something of what should be expected in the way of endurance and capacity. I have proceeded altogether upon a business method of learning a trade, leaving it, as is usually the case, to my native ability to determine whether I should remain in the work as office worker, or rise in it to partnership. My opinion is that I now have an intimate view of poverty and destitute sickness, which I could not have obtained otherwise than by throwing in my lot with those I wish to aid.

Among the points which I have settled to my own satisfaction are these: I find that good

health is not a requisite, because determination refreshed by faith will probably pull one through a vast amount of fatigue and exposure. A thorough training as a nurse is not a requisite, because a woman with the right instincts will do very clever things for the comfort and welfare of the sick, though she does not know the names of the bones and muscles she handles, and leaves it to the physician to decide all scientific questions. Knowledge is a blessed provision of course, and never comes amiss, but it is fortunately true that the poor sick who have no care whatever can be relieved by care that is not based upon anything but a quick intelligence, even a loving earnestness. A very young and inexperienced mother is sometimes able to tend her child more completely than any one else. It is with such quickness that we can nurse the sick poor if we do so religiously. A trained nurse who has studied the matter as a profession by which she can earn more money than by any other, is liable to temptations which are not conducive to inspiration and beneficence, and make her less acceptable than an untrained friend. Ask the sick what they think on this point.

DANGERS USUALLY EXAGGERATED.

It is not necessary to fear contagion of any description. I could hardly have more saucily risked disaster than I have done on this score, being sure that there was exaggerated panic in regard to it; and I am now convinced that the average of dangers is extremely small.



Photograph for The Christian Herald.

MRS. LATHROP AMONG HER CANCER PATIENTS IN HER TENEMENT HOME.

The stagnation which exists in personal charity from this fear of contagion is unwarranted and base. It is not necessary to fear lawless characters in the slums. The drunken men are so polite and considerate that it is pathetic, and the rough ones I have not consciously encountered in five months, and I know even they, must have their gentle side.

I have found that a woman intent upon doing something obedient to God's expressed wishes can indeed do something, however little, that is of vital use to a few invalids. Is not a little enough to do? One can leave it wholly to God to make the effort larger in its scale of usefulness, provided we are on the alert not to make the number of our beneficiaries small through our laziness or stupor. The quality of our kindness is all that it is our duty to determine with restless anxiety, after we have calmly moved every mountain we can stir, lying in the way of the aggrandizement of the charity we have chosen.

WELCOMED BY THE SICK POOR.

When I first visited the sick I fancied that a trial of my skill and ability would lead to my prompt dismissal from the field by my poor friends. Now I see that I can be of such profound help, that I do not know what form of dismissal would get rid of me. But the sick do not by any means discourage me from coming. Every day is made beautiful by gratitude and welcome so genuine and strong with true life that I seem to be brushed aside by one who says: "I am here!" It is a privilege, is it not, to be near such vivid hope and love?

I am sure that there is a great advantage in sharing the conditions of the poor if we endeavor to assist them. I could never be penetrating enough to know what I wanted to do to relieve the sufferings of poverty if I were

not on the spot to investigate squalor, hunger, houselessness, and all the rest of it. We must be of the poor if we would constitute ourselves the organs by which they are nourished. I shrink instinctively from little luxuries and furbelows that are not common with the poorest people I deal with and for. I had expected to secure neatness, though I was eager not to grant myself very different arrangements from those endured by the poor. I have discovered how difficult it is to be neat in a crowded tenement, meagre in water supplies and every facility; and I would not have missed this revelation for anything. Many a fact has cropped up at odd moments that tells me what to do, and what to hope for those I tend; and why they are benighted and violent and intemperate and slovenly; and how good and brave and patient and industrious they are through every overflow of misery. By being of the poor as a member one detects the averages of different indications, hopeful or dark, and learns what deadly drawbacks are to be stoutly defied and frayed out of existence. I could testify to the hideousness of noise and dirt and odors and outcries, of occasional arrests and stormy wrangles and woe, once in awhile making the heart fail and memories of pleasantness and ease come like doves to induce us to leave the mad confusion.

THE VOICE OF THE CHILDREN.

On the first night of my life in a new and at that time alarming scene, the cheerful voices of children upon the street close to my windows gave me a sense of safety. Ever since the children have made me very happy by being so happy and so kind. The joy of little children who feel with wonderful intuition the sincerity of a person who would do anything for their benefit, when your steps approach

THE APOCRYPHA.



BETWEEN the prophet and the birth of Jesus Baptist there is a period of four hundred years, which not a line of Scripture was given, obscure but very important. It is however covered by the books Apocrypha; Greek writings, containing, ethical treatises, poems, visions, legendary stories. The religious tone of the book is less spiritual than the Scriptures; its angelology inclines to superstition taken altogether, it is a marvellous book useful to all Christians, and indispensable to Bible students.

In the first place, the Apocrypha gives testimony to the Holy Scriptures. So it would not be possible for us to understand the last days of Judaism without it. Thirdly, the student of the New Testament finds in this book, side-lights of immense value; the doctrines in Ecclesiastes and the Book of Wisdom shed much upon the first chapter of St. John's Gospel on the Messianic hope, and the resurrection. Again, even the language of some books is so similar and striking, that Plumptre thought Apollonius to be the author of the Book of Wisdom, and the Epistle to the Hebrews; the first before his conversion after it—for instance that phrase in Hebrews 1:3, "The brightness of his glory," recalls at once the similar phrase in Wisdom, "the effulgence of the eternal light."

Many of its phrases we use constantly, not being mindful of the source from which they came. John Bunyan says in "Abounding" that he got great comfort from words which he vainly "within the four corners of the Bible." "Look at the generations of old, I see did any ever trust in the Lord, he was confounded." A year after he found them to his great joy, Ecclesiastes 2:10, and he found the whole of this chapter to be a wonderful one. The Book of Tobit have been well studied by Milton; it explains why he calls Raphael an "affable angel." The mention of "ignorances" in the Litany, a part of the Collect for Good Friday, which declares God "hatesth which thou hast made" come from Apocrypha; so also does the lesson in the service for All Souls. "But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there no torment toucheth them."

"In the sight of the unwise they die; and their departure is taken in misery."

"And their going from us is destruction; but they are in peace."

"For though they be punished in sight of men, yet is their hope of immortality."

"And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded; and they shall be found to have proved them, and found them for themselves." In like manner, the Fourth of Wisdom reads on the anniversary of a saint, and not unfrequently at the service.

And for this purpose what is more suitable than such as these: "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time; soul pleased the Lord; therefore he, to take him away from the wicked." The grand words of Handel's anthem, "His body is but peace, but his soul liveth forevermore from thee Apocrypha, and few of the words of Wesley, singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," think they are singing the words of the twenty-sixth verse of the Wisdom of Solomon. Indeed, a long article could be written of quotations from this Book, familiar to students of Christians, ignorant of their source.

It must also be noted that Christ is familiar with the Book of Esdras, for he quotes from the first chapter of the second of the 10th, 20th, 30th, 33d verses; and he is prophesied by name and date, in the fourth chapter of the second of Esdras, 28th and 29th verses; also in the second of the same Book, and the 34th verse.

In the fourth chapter of Tobit we find, "If thou hast abundance, give alms; if thou hast but little, be not at give according to that little." In the 12th of Tobit there are directions for the kindred of the father and mother-in-law, a strong definition of a covetous man from Ecclesiastes 10:9: "There is not a more foolish thing than a covetous man; for such setteth his own soul to strife." In the book (14:14) is an advice we all need to "Defraud not thyself of a good day; could there be a more perfect marriage than that found in Tobit 8:7? "We ordain that we may grow old together. From such wealth it is hard to choose conclusion, no one can miss the strength of comfort of this verse, from second of the 16th chapter and 75th verse: "Be not in doubt, for God is your guide."

Amelia E. Per

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, DD

TUNNELING FOR A SOUL.

It has been my privilege to ride in a railway train through the four greatest tunnels in the world: the Mullin tunnel on the Northern Pacific Railroad in Montana; the Hoosack tunnel in Massachusetts through Mt. Cenis in Italy; and, of all, through that marvel of engineering which hurls a train sheer up the St. Gothard Alps, with six hundred feet of snow and ice above it. I know of an infinitely more interesting and significant tunnel than either of these. It is the tunnel from Helen Keller's finger-tips along the line of her back into the brain and heart that a few years ago were imprisoned in Egyptian-like darkness. A few weeks since I was riding on the ship in the central part of New York



Photograph by A. Merritt H. Berto. HELEN KELLER.

and on opening the morning paper, received from the newsboy, I saw a list of headlines that caused the tears to run down my cheeks, so profoundly they emotions stirred. The headlines told that Helen Keller had the day before virtually passed the preliminary examination for entrance to Radcliffe College, in Cambridge, Mass. Perhaps I was more deeply on the subject because of the fact that I was living in South Boston when Helen Keller first came there in Alabama for training under the protection of the Perkins Institution for the blind and had been from the first deeply interested in the brave and self-denying effort put forth to rescue her from her bondage. Young people who have all their senses, do not have found their preparation for the life fraught with difficulties sufficient to give them their best energy and endurance. I was appalled before one who only a few years ago was wrapped about by a prison wall. Think of it. Eyes closed, both closed. Two of the ordinary windows of life shut up and closely shut. Only the one possible means of communication, and that the nerve in the finger-tip. Back along that nerve went the patient, persevering effort of the fingers, knocking at the cell door of an imprisoned soul. There was a soul there, north tunneling for. With enthusiasm and gladness it awoke to the new light and liberty that was offered it. And now, a few years later, so heroically has this liberated soul set herself to work to conquer all obstacles, that we have a young girl whose acquirements would be northern brilliant if no window of the

soul had ever been closed against her. If she is close enough to anyone to put her delicate finger on the lips, she receives from them with accuracy everything they speak to her, and replies in elegant English and in softly modulated tones the sounds of which she herself never hears. She reaches forth after all knowledge possible for mortals to know. She is tireless in her explorations, and gives promise of an intellectual triumph that shall be the marvel of our time.

Surely, all things considered, to Helen Keller must be given the palm for heroism among all the young women of the present generation.

Edmund Clarence Stedman sings a beautiful ode to Helen Keller:

"Mute, sightless visitant,
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into life's wide sea
With guidance scant?
As if some bark mysteriously
Should lither glide with spars aslant
And sails all turled."

But Helen Keller has not been willing to leave the sails furled, but has aroused herself to meet every breeze that offered, until, in spite of all obstacles, she is entering her young womanhood with all sails spread to the winds of life.

The Christian religion, with its love and trust and hope, has come to Helen Keller's mind and heart as naturally as the love of mother or friends. To great-souled Phillips Brooks was granted the rare privilege, a few years since, of answering the questions of her inquiring mind in regard to spiritual things. The correspondence, which was published at the time, was one of great interest.

If it is a matter of so much importance to carry the light of intelligence and love into one human mind and heart that has been shut about by imprisoning walls, how splendid is the opportunity of the Christian church to carry the Bible, and the civilization that follows in its wake, to the millions in heathen lands, who are shut in by the dark walls of their ignorance and superstition, until they are as dead to all that is beautiful in the world as was Helen Keller before she had any means of communication with her fellow beings.

Veteran Sunday Scholars.

One With an Attendance of Sixty-five Years and Another of Sixty—More Remarkable Records.

THE friendly rivalry stirred up by our Sunday School championship competition, is still filling our mail with letters from pastors, superintendents, teachers, and parents in all parts of the Union, giving us the names of new candidates, many of whom have attended Sunday School faithfully for a very long period. Some, however, are ineligible because of one or more absences during the past five years, the requirements being that the attendances must be continuous. Several weeks ago we published a letter from Quarries' Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Granite, Md., giving the record of Mrs. Sarah Ann Spicer as sixty-five years of constant Sunday School attendance. We have since received a letter from the superintendent of the Sunday School, and find that Mrs. Spicer has been absent since July, 1896. Her wonderful record of 65 years of faithfulness is full of interest. Mrs. Spicer, who is now in her seventy-ninth year, has been in constant attendance at the Quarries Presbyterian



SAMUEL WINTERTON, KEYPORT, N. J.
RECORD: 1732 ATTENDANCES.

Church Sunday School from its inception beginning when ten years of age, attending during the perilous times of the war, never deterred by inclement weather and often going through snow several feet deep to light the fires, serving faithfully for sixty-five years. Mrs. Spicer is now confined to her home, but is always intensely interested in anything which concerns the church of her girlhood.

Miss Phoebe C. Edgar, Rahway, N. J., is now a teacher in the Bible Class of the Second Presbyterian Church Sunday School, and has been such for the past sixty years without an absence of six consecutive Sundays from her class. She is now seventy-eight years old.

Mrs. Amy C. Mansfield has been a member of the Congregational Sunday School, Dummerston, Vt., as pupil and teacher for sixty-eight years. She began to attend Sunday School when five years old, and since that time has been absent only a few times through illness.

Mr. Geo. Bridges, Superintendent Bible Mission Sunday School, Carlisle, Pa., writes us that Mrs. Emma Corbet has a record of twenty-four years consecutive Sunday School attendance without one absence. Mr. W. A. Walker, of the First Baptist Sunday School, Norfolk, Va., has been present every Sunday during the past nine years and four months, or 485 consecutive Sundays. Jasper Cope, Prospect, O., has attended Sunday School for twelve years, and has been absent only five times. Myrtle Hyers, of Presbyterian Sunday School, Mechanicsburgh, Pa., has a record of six years and fifteen weeks, or 327 consecutive Sunday School attendances. Samuel Winterton entered the First Baptist Sunday School, Keyport, N. J., in September, 1863, and to date has not missed a Sunday. Mr. Chas. R. Hopson, Superintendent of Grace M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., writes: "Miss Lillian Moriat has attended our Sabbath School every Sunday for the past ten years without missing a session, also Mr. Peter H. Stagg, of the same Sunday School, has been present for 250 consecutive Sundays." The entries in the present contest will close June 1.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Flower that Grew in the Sand, and other stories, by Ella Higginson. A collection of beautifully written, interesting little stories, finely illustrated. Pp. 256. Cloth covers. Published by The Calvert Co., Seattle, Wash.

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and Urn-Burial, Edited by Israel Gollan, M. A. A unique little book, antique in type and illustrations, flexible covers, gilt top, with silk book-mark. Pp. 100. Published by D. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, London, Eng.

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This contest will close June 15th next so the names of successful spellers may be published in August issue of MODES, mailed July 15th, but SEND IN YOUR LIST AT ONCE. For our responsibility we refer you to any Mercantile Agency Address: MODES FASHION MAGAZINE, Dept. 737, 130 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.

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WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER X—Cont'd.
A Great Victory.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

THAT night Jessie considered it decorous to dress with a dark splendor that was very becoming to her. She declined to dance, and her face wore the expression of one who has seen a great sorrow, and is full of the sympathetic remembrance of it. All these circumstances gave a certain Mr. Belton a good excuse for lingering at her side, in order to give her what comfort he could by talking over the sad family events. He had known Nicholas Lloyd well, and he was not averse to speaking his mind plainly about the financier.

"I see that his affairs are in the hands of Phillips & Co., for settlement, and that they have advertised for your husband, madame. Upon my word a strange thing! An incomprehensible thing!"

"But why? I think it very natural."

"First, that he should ever be able to leave your side. Second, that you at least should not know where he has gone to."

She was a little offended at this doubt of her influence over Steve, and she answered sharply, "If I had insisted on knowing my husband would have told me. But I am quite aware that his chief desire is to get free of every human claim. My husband is not like other men, his nature is too large to respond all the time to mere humanity. He wants the companionship of the sea and the woods. I see you do not understand."

"Do you?"

"Not always. I only feel that Stephen Lloyd is somehow far better than I am."

"There is no one better, or cleverer, or lovelier than yourself in the wide world, and the man is a fool that cannot see that."

He said these words with the force and intent of a man with an object before him, and Jessie knew well what it was. She did not say a word in answer, but with eyes downcast sat still as death for a moment or two. Then she rose and with an air of offence went to a party of ladies at the other end of the room.

But she had listened. The words, veiled as they were, had sunk into her heart, and Belton smiled as he watched her departure. "I shall get the word 'divorce' out some day soon," he thought. "And by my soul, that woman ought to have a husband that knows how to value her—myself for example—a scamp like Steve Lloyd ought to be easily got rid of—I wonder if she loves him. Some one told me she was a poor girl—married him for money likely—if so will unmarried for more money." And he strolled into the moonlit grounds, lit a cigar and thought it all over and out.

Jessie, in her way, acted very much like him. She chatted a few minutes with her acquaintances, complained of feeling sad and weary, and declared the whole day had been so trying she could not endure the noise and light of company any longer. She thought she had fully covered her retreat by these words, and could go to her room without exciting any feeling but one of admiration for her sympathetic heart. And yet these were the remarks that at a discreet distance followed her exit.

"Mr. Belton was at her side all evening."

"I saw him there."

"He has just gone into the grounds."

"She has gone to her room."

"Has there been a quarrel? Or—"

"She is much too prudent."

"Who knows? She is so vain."

"And so undeniably beautiful. I never saw her look so handsome."

For a moment or two Jessie had the same thought. She turned the lights fully on and looked steadily at herself ere she removed a single ornament. As she did so she recalled the almost angry admiration of Mr. Belton, and a crimson blush rushed over her fair neck and reddened the alluring pallor of her white cheeks and brow. "Why did I listen?" she asked herself. "I have given him no right to

speak to me in such terms—I will certainly have no more to say to him—yet his admiration gives me eclat and I mean no wrong; I wouldn't wrong Steve by a single thought; Steve ought to be notified of his father's condition; I dare say Mr. Belton will understand the best way to trace him, and I may as well use the man. If I drop him altogether, women are so ill-natured they will be sure to suppose this and that and the other; and it is a fact that a man has come too near a good woman when he dares to say what she ought not to listen to. I cannot give a crowd of gossipers such an opportunity; no I can't do it for Steve's sake as well as my own. As for Paul Belton I rather think I can keep him in his proper place."

If a moth reasons about a candle flame it is probably in much the same manner; and if an original basis of clamorous selfishness be allowed, almost any disguise, even that of extreme virtue, will be assumed to compass its ends. Yet Jessie had been too well brought up not to know that she was on dangerous ground. Two things had happened that day which she could not misunderstand—Alice's refusal to accept her offer of assistance, and Mr. Belton's avowal of undisguised admiration. In her heart she felt the one to be as condemnatory as the other. She knew as well as Alice knew, that she was incapable of leaving the gay attractions of her hotel life for the gloomy surroundings of a house in which Death sat watching a dying man. And she knew, as well as Alice knew, that there must be something wrong in the conditions between Steve and herself, or he could not have so completely severed the tie between them, though it was only for a few weeks.

But the conviction of her faults brought no regret with it. If her conscience troubled her, she virtually said to it, "let my sins alone. I am not disposed to repent of them at present." She had no desire to change the gay piazza for the death room, no special wish even for Steve's presence at that time; since his return would mean her own return to the narrow bounds of the despised flat, which had once been so beautiful in her eyes. Alas! the very sweetest and truest of mortal love is insufficient to lift the earthly woman above earth. It needs the fire of Almighty God to warm the cold, selfish instincts of a worldly nature, into the glow of sacrifice and the ideal of love.

In the meantime, nothing could be more lonely and sorrowful than the Lloyd mansion on the avenue. The outside of a house has often as much expression as a human face, and there was a positive air of trouble about it. For humanity does impress itself on mere wood and stone, does impregnate the rooms of a house with its own spiritual emanations, and there are undoubtedly dwellings so tainted by the sins and sorrows which they have witnessed, that they are virtually haunted by presences created in them. Yea, there are rooms in houses which we should tremble to enter, if we knew the tragedies that still cling to their walls and frequent their void places.

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was being lived out as could not be confined within its walls. Its mournful effluences drifted down the great stairways and filled the beautiful parlors and looked out of the half-closed windows, compelling the passer-by to a wondering, half-frightened glance, which he could not understand and so put quickly away. For here the rich Nicholas Lloyd had come to die. Here he sat waiting for the hour of fate. In his brain—that wondrous world with one inhabitant—he lived in profound and awful depths where things vague and fearful were half revealed and half hidden by mist of dreams. Led by old desires and ancient hates, tormented by the sins of vanished years, and pushed by hands that were dust long ago, into recesses dim and dark through treacherous sands and storms of flame, he suffered even in this life the awful penalty of the "outer darkness."

It was now that the long neglected wife came grandly up to the far back promise of her love. All that gives life its meaning and earnestness, and death its solemn and mysterious significance, moved her to super-human cares and faith. Her soul stretched itself out to a transcendent credence in the love of God. She dared to believe that all things, even the salvation of one so unconscious of his own danger, were possible to Omnipotence. And since he could not pray she prayed for him. Night and day ministering to his bodily necessities, she cried out incessantly "God be merciful to him." Faith crushed down every creed, but that grandly surpassing assurance that "He was not willing that any should perish." Then why should she limit this glorious zone of the divine

(Continued on next page.)

Holes in Your Health.

What does that mean? Suppose you are taking in money all day, and drop it into a pocket with holes; you will find yourself a loser instead of a gainer by the day's business. Same with your health. You eat and drink and sleep, yet lose instead of gain strength. There's a hole in your health. Some blood disease, probably, sapping your vitality. You can't begin, too soon, to take the great blood purifier,

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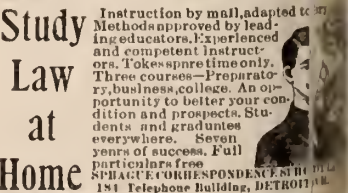
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The King's Highway.

(Continued from preceding page.)

So whenever her husband would listen, the ineffable name was a help.

Heard it silently or tremblingly, looking at her with eyes so wide and pitiful that their gaze nearly broke her heart. It was possible that the thought of God could enter the brain, demented and hurried by the lust of gold? She knew that she believed that prayer was omnipotent.

There might be one sane, clean, honest, and granted in the which he could not be merciful to me a sinner."

And so surely he could not have been more faithful than Christ was holy. When he was fighting death and hell then, if his loving wife must pray for him, his apparent uselessness made her pray for him. She knew her husband must die. Medical science has felt that only too surely. When it says there is no hope, there is none. But the soul's salvation will not so pass. It spurns impossibilities; it returns to the unseen and the unknowable. In his valley of the shadow of death, his life also passed, and its gloom, suffering, and despair, were all the noticeable, because she left for it the sunshine of life's gayest verities, its sweetest hopes. No one willingly gives up its narrowest and darkest of roads; and Alice wept secretly as she inclined her head and whispered obedience to the circumstances, she could avoid nor control. She hoped her husband at least frequently step aside to comfort her loneliness, and bring her promise to her disappointment. But, first, it seemed, as if her hopes were realized. Within two days after her return to New York, Lord Medway visited the afflicted house. Alice was highly surprised; and Medway must have been the transfiguration of love and peace on her face when he entered her room unexpectedly. Adorably shy and self-conscious, she retreated behind her book as behind a barrier, but the young man was so specially tender and sympathetic, that she was easily led to go to the comfort he offered.

Next day he appeared to him more kindly desirable, yet he did not understand what delighted him that day in the invisible beauty, was the invisible—the evolution of accepted sorrow, the physical evolution, for the first time always the very portrait of the half-reluctantly at first, afterward that apparent desire and sincerity, and their immediate marriage. He did not to the business part of their union, as yet unfinished, he could trust to her; he could trust to him; and he decided to be altogether so unselfish and affectionate, that Alice gladly believed in him. At that hour she almost loved him. He won from her, by his faithful sorrow, far more than he had ever won in the sunny hours of so-called ease. Then, she had been coy and playful and please and chary of her lightest word at this dark hour, his fidelity spoken in her heart that overplus of womanly gratitude, which is so near akin to love. Medway was charmed by its delicious sweetness, and he went through the added hall and down the steps of the troubled house a very happy man.

"How sweet and good she is!" he whispered to himself as he drove through the city. "All her affections are like the roses, fair as the flowers themselves, sweet and gentle!" And then he smiled pleasantly at his own remembrance of the apt classical quotation. And that moment his heart was true to his promise; he had no intention of asking his renewed vow, he was fully determined to make Alice his wife with the least possible delay. And Alice had decided to consult her mother at once, the next morning name the day for their marriage.

"I will be here to-morrow at the noon hour," he said with a loving caress, and he held her hand for a moment and looked into her eyes, and felt sure that she had said "farewell" forever. For so pitifully kind is that prescience which accompanies the pure in heart, that even in his engagement in her ears, Alice could not but feel the gloom of its certain failure. Not that Lord Medway intended to fail—indeed, even Alice, with a severe justice, generated him so far—but weak

men are easily cruel, through their selfishness, though they may not, as a rule, plan cruelty.

Medway, however, went directly from Alice to his lawyer's office, and he was frightened by the doubts and cautions he received there. This man had never favored his client's marriage with Nicholas Lloyd's daughter. He detested Lloyd, who had done him some wrong in the far back years of his early struggle for business, and throughout the whole negotiation he had quietly striven to delay and embarrass affairs. Indeed, his provoking contradictions and suspicions had been a large factor in developing the disease which had driven his old enemy to the chamber of death. He felt that this was the final struggle, and he put forth all his powers to such excellent purpose that he induced the young man to leave early the next morning for England. To the last moment he remained with him, and Medway, uncertain and perplexed, and completely under the influence of a man of tremendous resource and mental activity, went aboard the steamer unresolved, and miserably conscious that he was a consummate scoundrel.

"I will see the young lady," were the man's last words, as he held Medway's hand, "and make it all right. She is Nicholas Lloyd's daughter, and bound to be a sensible girl."

"I don't know, Mr. Rives; it seems to me all shamefully wrong, I declare it does. I think I will go on shore again."

"You must not. I will tell her you had a cablegram about important business. Take my advice and drop the whole affair. Have I any motive but your advantage? As far as I am concerned, it would be better for me that you should marry the girl."

"Then why do you fight against your advantage?"

"I have been young. I made a mistake myself. I won't see any fine young man get into a hole if I can help it. Lawyers are not altogether Sancho Panzas; there is something of Don Quixote in most of us. It is the last moment. Good-bye."

"But Mr. Rives—"

"Good-bye! I will see Miss Lloyd before noon. Write to her at your leisure." He said these words on the loosened gangway, and as the great ship began to move he called out, "Don't write at all. Let the matter drop entirely." Then as a parting shot: "I am ready to take up the Leavenworth affair as soon as you are."

Answer to this remark was impossible, but he noticed Medway laugh and lift his hat, and he said with a sigh of relief, "He is safe now." Then he put his hands in his pockets and walked thoughtfully to his coupe. It was too soon to call on Miss Lloyd, so he drove to the Hoffman House, ate a good breakfast, smoked a couple of cigars, and then resolved to get the business off his hands—as far as the young lady was concerned. He was fully conscious of the revengeful part he had played, and it was with a sense of well-deserved triumph he entered the house which he told himself he had "helped considerably to pull down."

(To be Continued.)



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SAPOLIO



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Case of Charity Folsom.

CHARITY FOLSOM was a person who had few friends. Nobody could quite explain why, for Charity was young, handsome and well educated: she belonged to a good family, and was accustomed to polite society. All the same she was unpopular, and the people who did not say anything against her, were almost as pronounced in their dislike as those who did, for their silence was, in itself, significant.

I had not been long in the town where Charity lived, before I discovered the young woman's peculiar position, and one day I made it my business to ask my hostess, a motherly Quaker lady, what was the secret of universal indifference to the charms of a girl who ought to have been attractive.

"Thee must ascertain for thyself, dear," said Aunt Jean, and not another word would she utter.

But Miss Sharp-eyes, the tailoress, was less reticent.

"Charity Folsom is concentrated lemonade without any sugar," she declared. "She's as sour and hateful and horrid as possible, and is the most selfish young person in town. Of course nobody can endure such a character."

Concentrated lemonade without any sugar! It did not sound winning, but I made one more effort.

"Has any one tried to improve Miss Folsom? Or, has everybody taken her badness for granted?"

Miss Sharp-eyes hesitated. Quiet, Aunt Jeanie spoke.

"There is the trouble. Thee will soon observe it if thee goes about this place. Charity is let alone, and now she expects nothing better, and she lives up to her unhappy reputation."

To make a long story short, the plan was tried of looking for honey and sunshine from Charity Folsom instead of being satisfied to receive only vinegar and gloom. Pleasant speeches were made to her, she was asked to take agreeable duties on herself. When the church gave a sociable, Charity was invited to be a member of the reception committee, instead of as usual, being assigned to the supper room and the dish washing. A party was made up for an excursion, and Charity was included in the list who were considered desirable. Bit by bit, little by little, the social attitude toward her was changed, and her attitude changed in return. Being treated with amiability, she grew amiable. Being admired she became worthy of admiration. At the end of six months she was no longer disagreeable Charity Folsom, disliked and shunned, but the interesting Miss Charity, whose wit had a spice of pleasantry, and whose willing and efficient aid helped every movement on.

I have sometimes thought that in the household, we mothers are very apt to make a Charity Folsom of a trying child, taking for granted his moods and his temper, and discouraging him by lack of appreciation when he really tries to do better.

"Walter is so stupid!" I heard a mother remark one day. "Not in the least like Richard, who learns with ease and does us so much credit. I tell his father, we must be contented if Walter can graduate at the foot of the class."

Poor Walter heard this! Was it any wonder that his next report was marked by repeated failures and demerits?

"Susan is shy and self-conscious, so I keep her in the back round, and let Sophy represent the family," another lady complacently said, her criticism tending to add to Susan's awkwardness and to inflame the pretty Sophy.

I hold that few things are worse in character-building than dwelling on the defects of a person, and that no mistakes are worse in far-reaching effects for ill, than those made by parents who expect little from their young people, and let the latter find it out. To discuss children at

all in the presence of others, is to say the least, injurious, but it is doubly so when their faults and errors are made the theme of talk. A boy has been irretrievably injured before now in the estimation of the community, by the thoughtlessness of his mother in relating his juvenile misdeeds, and a girl can grow up with a reputation for ill-temper and ingratitude, simply through the unfortunate comments of her home people on certain phases of her youthful life.

Charity Folsoms are to be found everywhere. They are to be pitied rather than blamed. Whenever we find them, let us instead of casting another slur, set ourselves to the task of brightening their lives so that they may brighten the lives of others.

Always in our home management, let us hold our children to the best by looking only for what is good. Many a child has been made untruthful, by the fact that his mother did not believe his word. The child to whom truth is invariably spoken, who hears only truth, and whose statements are accepted as trustworthy will seldom turn out to be a liar. Even the selfish and unforgiving child will thaw and become tender and generous, if love be uniformly brought to bear upon him, as the days are going by.

Little words of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

And,

Little things on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LOVE'S MINISTRY.

THIS beautiful world has much of care
And sorrow and pain and strife,
And burdens indeed would be hard to bear
If love did not sweeten life.
The tenderest joy we shall ever know
On earth or in heaven above
Is the fairest light that will ever glow,
And its beautiful name is love.

O what should we do in the time of joy?
And what in the time of tears,
If tenderest hearts did not beat with ours,
Nor sympathy bless our years?
And what should we do in our failing powers
If love were not true and fond
To brighten the wearisome days and hours
Till we come to the gates beyond?

O love is the beautiful light of home,
Whatever of grief betides
And heaven is there with its shining dome
In the heart where love abides.
Oh! love is the meaning of God himself
And love is the magic key
To open the door of the hardest heart,
The glory of God to see.

God pity the lives that are dark and lone,
Where the love-light does not fall,
And send to them some who shall make Him known,
That his love may bless them all.
The tenderest joy we shall ever know
On earth or in heaven above,
Is the fairest light that will ever glow—
And its beautiful name is love.

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As stated in the last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the kidneys and urinary organs. The *New York Herald* publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only reporters, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepared by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, gravel, Pain in Back, Female complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.



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1.00	Morris Smith..... 1.00
1.00	Emma Ford..... 2.00
10.00	Olive E Shove..... 1.00
2.00	Mrs R A Shove..... 1.00
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1.00	Mrs John Morrison..... 5.00
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5.00	Mrs C P Montgomer..... 4.50
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2.50	Draper Smith..... 2.00
2.50	E T Jenks & sister..... 2.50
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2.00	Wm A Pierce..... 1.00
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The Bible in Mexico.

In a description just received from Guadalajara, Mexico, of the efforts being made to get the Bible into the hands of the people of that land, are the following notes of a tour taken by Mr. B. B. Blackly and Don C. Orocio, two colporteurs in the employ of the American Bible Society:

"The first day we traveled seven leagues, then stopped at a ranch called La Venta, where we sold two Bibles and a Testament. At another ranch sold a Testament and two Gospels of John. Farther on, we reached a small town named Tala. We followed the new railroad for some distance. This new railroad extends to Ameca, and will probably be built to the coast.

The first day from Ameca, we crossed a high river on horses, with the water up to our knees. We had the books carried over on the heads of Indians. We stopped two nights in Guachinango, an old mining town, three hundred years old. Here we sold only one Testament. A priest took a Testament from Orocio and would not pay for it nor return it until the Mayor talked with him; then the priest told Orocio to leave town at once.

We began work at the next town. About the first person who looked at a Bible was a priest, who told the people not to buy it as it was a bad book. This excited the people; Bible and Protestants is the town talk; several men came to our room to inquire, and Orocio talked to them freely and plainly about the Bible.

In Mascota we slept one night in the soldiers' quarters for protection, also had a policeman go around with us, and stand by our door when we were in our room. When we left two soldiers escorted us for some distance out. Our next stopping place was San Sebastian, a mining camp in the heart of high mountains. It is very rough, living is high, and the people poor, but not so fanatical as in Mascota. We traveled in a circuitous route to get to the town, the road is so very crooked, rocky and steep, and in many places the water has washed out the road. We passed through a ravine just wide enough for a horse to pass, and the mountains on either side rose way above our heads. If two travelers met here they could not pass. We passed through a beautiful piece of country with trees covered with moss and others with curious leaves and fruit. We sold six Bibles in this camp.

At Los Reyes, Orocio sold a Bible to an old sick woman who said she had never seen such a good book, and if she lived she would read it.

On the road I met a Mexican and showed him a Bible which he liked, but he had no money, so I offered him the Bible for his sabre, and immediately the trade was made. This has been the hardest trip I have taken in all my work. To tell of all the trials and hardships, the pleasures and enjoyments, would be impossible."

Fell to the Floor.

HIS LEGS SUDDENLY CAME OUT.

Thomas P. Bigg, of Cleveland, Stricken as He was Preparing for a Visit to Friends.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

Of the list of the many so-called incurable disorders none has proved to be more of an enigma to the most learned and accomplished physicians than locomotor ataxia, or as it is more commonly known, creeping paralysis. This dread disease has baffled their skill, and they have been forced to admit that they cannot successfully cope with it. All they have been able to do is to mitigate the accompanying pain and suffering; beyond this the science of medicine has been of little or no avail to the many unfortunates who have contracted the dreadful malady, which, many people, especially those who are thus afflicted, believe is a forerunner of the grim messenger of death.

Thomas P. Bigg, who lives at No. 1073 St. Clair Street, corner of Lawrence St., Cleveland, O., has been suffering from locomotor ataxia for nearly five years, and nothing but his wonderful vitality has prevented his dissolution long before this.

The malady is directly attributable to his exposure during army life. He enlisted in the Third Regiment Ohio Cavalry in Toledo, and served nineteen months in the volunteer service, and after the close of the rebellion eighteen months in the regular army. "At first," he said in narrating his experience, "my stomach went back on me, and for six weeks I was laid up in a hospital in Texas. Ever since that time that organ has caused me trouble, and about seven years ago the doctor told me I was suffering from acute indigestion. That was bad enough, but four years ago last July paralysis came on, and I have been using these crutches ever since. The paralysis was in my legs, and it came rather suddenly. I noticed at first that my knees were a little stiff, a sort of rheumatic pain, you know. This quickly developed into paralysis."

I tried all kinds of remedies, and I tried physicians, but I did not improve. All this time, though, I was holding my own—wasn't

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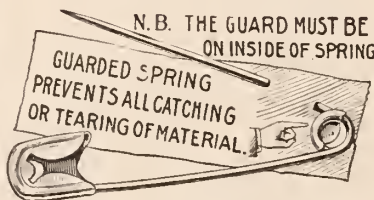
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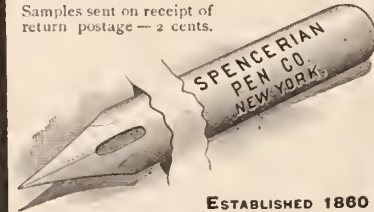
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

JUNE 20.

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THE "WELCOME" ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Christian Herald's Relief Boat and its Work Among the Flood Sufferers—Perils of a Journey on the Swollen River—A Mission of Mercy.

LETTERS received from Mr. George A. Seaman, in charge of the relief work conducted by this journal on the Mississippi River, contain some very interesting accounts of the operations of the *Welcome*. In his first letter, which was briefly written on board the boat, he mentions many cares incident to the work, and gives some account of the flooded sections that had been visited. This week we are enabled to present several photographs illustrative of the work. The *Welcome*, which is the fastest tug on the Mississippi River, is of a sturdy-built, and with a power—just the sort of craft to force its

undertaking, the weather has been favorable and there has been no loss or damage to the food cargo. The tug's skiff is often in requisition to carry food to places where the steamer itself cannot penetrate. In such cases, one of the crew would row Mr. Seaman and Rev. Mr. Rife, the American Sunday School Union Missionary, to the place where the sufferers were congregated, sometimes on the upper floor of a half-submerged dwelling, sometimes on a raft and again on a knoll or piece of rising ground that stood like an island amid the waste of waters. Whenever it was practicable to do so, and where a few persons were gathered, Mr. Rife spoke to them briefly before the food was distributed, telling them of the goodness of Him who had put it into the hearts of his children

sugar, hominy, crackers, cheese and canned meats, and wherever there were women and children, condensed milk and some trifling delicacies which would be particularly grateful to people in their weak and famishing condition. In this way many places were visited and hundreds of families supplied with enough food to last for several days. In most cases the need of the sufferers was extremely urgent. Many had no food for days except a little meal—hardly enough to sustain life.

At many places skiffs would come out



SUFFERERS ON A BARGE AT BLUE'S POINT, AWAITING THE RELIEF TUG.

would come to the windows or the roofs of half-submerged houses or gather on rafts or on hillocks that had not been covered by the waters, and strain anxious eyes in the direction of the tug. Skiffs came out from Cow's Island, Tenn., for



"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" RELIEF TUG "WELCOME," ON THE MISSISSIPPI—SUPPLYING PROVISIONS TO FLOOD SUFFERERS.

way during the present trip among debris and other obstacles, as it has often been necessary to do. In some places the *Welcome* with its deck-load of provisions has ploughed its way among tree tops, which stood above the surface of the waters like clumps of willows. Fortunately for the

to seek out and help those in peril and suffering. He also distributed Bibles among them wherever they were needed. Then when the wants of the sufferers had been ascertained, they were supplied with a liberal hand from the *Welcome's* varied cargo. Meal, bacon, potatoes, flour, coffee,

in response to the *Welcome's* whistle. All along the Mississippi River one long blast is known as a "begging whistle," and is a signal to call out a small boat from shore. The *Welcome's* "begging whistle" was at once recognized everywhere it was blown as a signal that help was near. People

provisions, and when the *Welcome* reached Scanlan's Landing her whistle brought out a queer-looking boat which proved to be a "dug-out." Its occupant rowed back happily with food enough for his family. A number of others were also supplied here

(Continued on page 305.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mrs. E. A. Wadsworth, Nev. Is it consistent with the teaching of God's Holy Word to ask a blessing at the table, when every article has been purchased with the profit of whiskey?

No, it is not. The liquor traffic is an unholy and destructive one from top to bottom, and is moreover the cause of a great part of the world's misery and wickedness. To ask the Almighty to smile upon and bless the fruit of such a traffic, is either rank hypocrisy, or the act of one who misunderstands the whole purpose of man's existence.

As a result of the recent suggestion published in THE MAIL-BAG, readers of this journal have supplied thirty poor ministers of the West and South (Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, Tennessee, Louisiana and Florida) with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, having subscribed in their behalf. We have still some fifteen names of poor ministers on our list of applications, none of whom is able to subscribe. We will be glad to hear from any friends who desire to help these worthy laborers for Christ, all of whom would be pleased to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD weekly.

Reader, Vettesville, O. Would a boarding-house keeper who had pledged herself to give a tenth of her income to the Lord be expected to give a tenth of the gross sum paid by her boarders, or a tenth of the balance left after the grocery and other bills had been paid?

A tenth of the balance. That is her income. It is the difference between the cost and the selling price which is her own. We can imagine cases in localities where competition is severe, in which, if she paid a tenth of the gross receipts, she would not have enough left to pay her bills and provide for her own necessary clothing, etc.

J. C. S., Arkalon, Kans. 1. Is there any place on the globe where the day is said to begin so that a ship's crew traveling Westward has to go back a day when it reaches that line? 2. How does such a fact affect the Sabbath, which according to God's command was to be kept on the seventh day?

1. We published on March 3 a letter from the U. S. Department of Agriculture explaining that the change takes place on the 180th parallel of longitude. It runs from Pole to Pole through Polynesia, a little east of New Zealand. You can easily see that it must be so, as our time in New York is about five hours different from Greenwich time, and the difference increases the farther West you go.

2. The sanctity of the day is not a question of numbers. The Talmudical writers perceived this. They ordained that if in traveling, or in solitary separation from Jewish ordinances, a man lost count of the days of the week, he must work six days and rest the following day, observing that as the Sabbath, though it might not happen to be the Saturday. If he did that, he would not be breaking the Sabbath, though he might be working on that day. This shows that even in those days when the laws of Sabbath observance were very stringent, the law was satisfied with the consecration of a seventh portion of time, if there were reasons for the seventh day not being observed as the Sabbath. Our reason for observing the first day is to celebrate the resurrection of Christ.

Reader, Pittston, Pa. Does Matt. 24: 14 mean that before Christ comes every man will have the Gospel preached to him?

No, the Gospel is to be preached to every nation as a witness. That is all that is predicted. Even in Christian lands there are many people who do not go to hear it preached. But it is predicted and it will be a witness against them, because they have the opportunity of hearing it and neglect it.

J. S., Silver Lake, Kans. Is it right, from the Christian's point of view, for one who is justly divorced to marry again? If so, how do you explain Mark 10: 12 and 1 Cor. 7: 11?

Your phrase, "justly divorced," is rather ambiguous. We do not know whether you mean a person who has righteously secured a divorce from a guilty partner, or the person who has committed the crime, and has been justly divorced for doing so. The difference is important. We apprehend that the guilty partner would not trouble very much about

the Christian standpoint in considering any new marriage. The innocent party is certainly entitled to marry again. The passage you quote from Mark, like the corresponding one in Luke, is incomplete. If you refer to Matthew's fuller report of our Lord's words, you will see that there is one cause which in his opinion justified divorce. Paul's remarks in 1 Cor. 7: 11, do not apply to this cause, but to separations on other grounds.

Harry, H. H., Green Island, N. Y. What was "The Children's Crusade"?

There were several "Children's Crusades," the principal being that which was begun in 1212. According to the tales—which are not authentic, however, in all particulars—the idea of a Children's Crusade originated with Bernard, who was the apostle of the second crusade, as Peter the Hermit had been of the first. He held that the failure of the Crusades was in consequence of the sinfulness of the pilgrims and that none but innocent hands could win back the Holy Sepulchre and Palestine from the heathen. Accordingly in 1212 the experiment was tried with 30,000 children

parent time—the one being the true time as indicated by the sun, and the other, chronometer time, or time indicated by any other method than solar observation. Thus: a person setting out from one point on chronometer time, ought arrive at some other point, where the mean or true time would show that he had actually occupied "no time" in transit, or even less than no time."

Troy, O. I have just received a letter from the Misses Mason, at Huchow, China. They are constantly aided in their work by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They have three daughters, all full of the Christ-spirit, and the youngest, now about twelve years of age, takes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as she goes with her father through the city and surrounding towns, and shows the pictures to the heathen, explains them to the girls, and sings the beautiful hymns that are printed therein. The other girls (older) are also great workers, and are full of the missionary spirit. T. P. CHILDS.

Mrs. E. T., Kalamazoo, Mich. Do you consider the whole of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday reading, or should some parts of it be read only on week-days?

We aim to make the whole paper worthy of being read in the family at any time. Naturally, those who read it on Sundays, will select the portions that are most helpful, spiritually.

C. B. S., Glennsone, N. C. What is meant by "the seed remaining in him" in 1 John 3: 9?

The apostle is speaking of the divine nature in Christian men. When it is imparted, it remains and grows and develops and permeates the whole nature. It is no party to sin but opposes it and if the man will yield to it, will keep him from committing sin as the apostle says.

L. S., Lime Springs, Ia. I have been distressed by the remarks made by Christ in Luke 21: 23, and 23: 29 as to the woes to women who are nursing infants. Do they imply that they are liable to punishment?

Many Christian mothers have been dis-

warns them that it cannot be done. It must be constant vigilance against when it is indulged the sinner is apt to cold and hardened so that repentance is impossible. Experience proves that also proves that none find it so difficult and turn from sin as those who once solemnly renounced it, so that above all others should be careful. may be sure that if you are really and seek pardon you will obtain it.

Conscience, Cheyenne, Wyo. Is a person who believes the Bible to be inspired from top to bottom and justified in supporting a man who preaches the doctrines of Higher Criticism?

If he preaches Christ as the Savior, and if you are justified in helping to him. Probably he does not devote attention to the Higher Criticism. If he is sadly wasting his time. The beliefs of the Higher Criticism will keep him from preaching Christ and his business as a preacher. If he believes the Old Testament in one way and you in another, you may still get good in preaching if you both love the Lord. intent on doing his work on earth must remember that persons who are counted orthodox and are looked upon as fashioned in their orthodoxy, general beliefs which our grandfathers would account heterodox. Fresh light on Word is continually being given and understood now better than it ever was.

E. W., Hazleton, Pa. Was Paul converted by Damascus or after Ananias had seen him?

Probably the full assurance of his acceptance did not come until after Ananias had seen him, but the change of heart and effected by the appearance of Christ to the way. He learned then the wrong doing and repented. He appears to have spent the interval between time and the coming of Christ in prayer and thought and had given himself to Christ's service before Ananias.

G. R., Fairfield, Ia. 1. Was Sunday substituted for as a day of worship? 2. Does Paul say the right way to put on immortality at the resurrection if men are immortal?

1. We have no means of knowing the exact date. The title converts probably have observed Saturday as a observance of Sunday as of worship can be traced very early times. Tertullian flourished about 185 A. D. to the observance as if a regular thing, and speaks of having received it from the west before. The reference to the Acts to the meetings of the Apostles at Jerusalem they celebrated resurrection on the first day of the week. 2. I cannot see man is that is, will die. Those alive at Christ's coming, explains (1 Cor. 15: 51) have to undergo a change they become immortal and the new life.

Mrs. W. T. McMillan, Can. It is not published in book form. Mrs. Suse V. Lind. 1. David's, see Ps. 2. Should read "the third." Reader, Frolich, Ia. 1. live in or near Washington.

hundreds in the various good departments. 2. Probably under that of I. W. H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to the publisher, Bible House, N. Y. E. Pollstown, Pa. Any season except the—Subscriber, Cadiz, O. See the advertisement and write direct to any of the S. S. companies. A. T., Sterling, Kan. Write to American of Philately, 18 East 23rd street, New York. Mrs. Christina H., Portland, Ore. are supposed to be the wandering Bedouins of to-day. 2. If so, modern travel has no mention of them.—Subscriber, Portland. The best place is to advertise in the new—Subscriber, St. Louis, Mich. All that known have been already stated.—Work Hemphill, Tex. There is a law on the books providing for such cases.—M. V. wood, N. J. We know of none.—Constable, Brooklyn. Better make your application and ascertain the qualifications.—Manchester, N. H. The universal judgment of the Church and of Christians generally is against dancing.—Enquirer, Vilas, Colo. 1. The act has not yet gone into effect. 2. Con- standard History of the United States.—Subscriber, Paterson, N. J. He should wear light kid gloves.—Mrs. W. L. Larryville, Pa. questionably it would be better to save the or devote it to a higher purpose. 2. Vices of great public emergency.—R. M. Lane, N. Y. 1. No data to answer. 2. Russia was suspected of sympathy with the Brevier type. 4. The Druses are still un-—subscriber, Halleck, W. Va. 1. Unknown. About 150 feet wide, possibly more, as it varies. 3. Certainly unless the festival is improper kind.—E. M., Stanford University and G. M. R., Seward. It should have been differently. Modern scientists hold no such. It is an ancient theory however, the source of we cannot now indicate. The same idea is suggested in Josephus' Antiquities, book 12, sections 8 and 9.—Mrs. C. A. H., Florida. would be quite right.—Mrs. L. E. K., O. Wis. Almost identical, differing only in the belief.



ONE OF KING THEEBAW'S PALACES AT MANDALAY, BURMAH.

This remarkable building—an example of a most delicate and beautiful style of Oriental architecture, peculiar to Burmah, was once used as a Buddhist school by King Theebaw, whose notorious reign came to a sudden end several years ago. It is now an Episcopal church, and the Gospel of Christ is taught where heathen doctrines were formerly disseminated.

under the boy Stephen and 20,000 German boys and girls, under the lad Nicholas. They resulted disastrously, in the death by sea and land of multitudes of the little pilgrims while others were sold as slaves.

Anni, M. S., Cobden, Ills. How old is the Peacock throne, in Teheran, Persia? Is there any other throne equal to it in magnificence?

The "Peacock Throne" was originally brought from Delhi by Nadir Shah and was once valued at \$30,000,000. It was the throne of the Mogul emperors of India, and in the days of Shah Jehan, occupied the *Durani-Khas*, or "Hall of Private Audiences." It was the work of a French artificer, Austin, of Bordeaux, who was a refugee in the Mogul court. When the Persians sacked Delhi in 1739, the throne was plundered of its jewels and taken to Teheran. It is still believed to be now worth \$12,000,000.

A. B. P., Springfield, Mo. Is the quotation "Cleanliness is next to godliness," from the Bible? If not from what is it taken and who is the author?

It is from the *Berachta* (a Hindoo religious book) in the last Mishna of Sola. It is not in the Bible.

Reader, Springfield, I. I. What is the origin of the phrase "in less than no time"? Is there any sense or reason in such an expression as when one says he can go to a considerable distance "in less than no time"?

The saying has its origin in a demonstration of the difference between mean time and ap-

turbed by these passages; but there is no ground for apprehension. In both instances Christ was speaking of the trouble that was to come on the nation in a few years. There was to be a hasty flight to the mountains and such persons would suffer much; but those who stayed behind to go through the horrors of the siege suffered still more. The description Josephus gives of the misery is appalling.

Subscriber. 1. Is it wrong for a Christian to play any game in which dice are thrown? 2. Is it wrong for a Christian to dance? 3. How do you explain Eccl. 3: 4, "There is a time to dance"?

1. Dice are now universally used as implements of gambling and should therefore be avoided. 2. It is a hindrance to spiritual growth and has ruined thousands. 3. Dancing or leaping for joy was referred to, and not the studied dissipation of the modern dance as it is now practiced.

M. A. S., Tennessee. A friend of mine and myself are much discouraged by the statements in Hebrews (6: 19). We fear from what is said there about persons who have been enlightened and have fallen away that there is no hope for us.

Do not entertain such fears. There is always hope for those who repent and seek pardon, pleading the merits of Christ. The warning in Hebrews was necessary because so many people at that time, as they do now, want to live in sin, and yet to go to heaven when they die. The writer of the epistle

GREECE'S HEROIC STRUGGLE.

numbered and Repulsed by the Turks in Thessaly, the Little Kingdom still has Hopes—Powers may Intervene.

AFTER a week of heavy fighting on the frontier, the war between Turkey and Greece is no nearer a settlement than when it opened. King George's armies, after a most heroic defence, compelled, by the sheer force of the war, to fall back before the Turkish army. Edhem Pasha ranged his armies in a new shape, and it was only by a narrow margin that the Greek army, under Crown Prince Constantine, escaped annihilation on all sides. Mati, Rentina, Turnova, Damasi and all mountain passes were yielded to the enemy in the most desperate fighting, in which both sides sustained heavy losses. As Larissa was also threatened, the exhausted Greeks were greatly harassed at every point, that town was evacuated, and an orderly retreat to Pharsales, twenty miles to the west, was effected.

It is stated, the events of the week. The Greek armies in the West, and especially in Epirus, at were successful in every engagement. Even now threatening Janina, the headquarters. In Thessaly they successfully withstood the Turks at Viglia and Damasi, but they lost

armies making rapid conquest in the west and with the tunnels and bridges of the Salonica railroad cut and destroyed, interfering with the forwarding of reinforcements; and also with the havoc the Greek fleet has committed in the Gulf of Salonica, destroying army stores and ammunition in vast quantities at Platamona and Katarina. Edhem Pasha was believed to be acting prudently in delaying further progress in the direction of Larissa, which he had declared he would capture in three days. Such promises often fall short in the performance, and as Larissa was said to be one of the most strongly fortified places in Greece, its earthworks and guns being so disposed as to make it possible for a force of resolute men to defend it, it was generally believed to be safe from capture.

With the capitulation of Larissa without a blow, the confidence of the Greeks in the ultimate success of their arms has been greatly shaken. Athens dispatches represent the retreat from Larissa to Pharsales as a precautionary step, since the former was situated on an open plain and incapable of being successfully defended against the Turkish cavalry and artillery, while Pharsales affords natural advantages that will enable the Greeks to make a stand there against a vastly superior force.

It is evident that the crisis of the war is rapidly approaching. Should either Greece or Turkey express a desire for intervention, the Powers are understood to be ready to interpose in the interest of peace, and to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. A turn of the kaleidoscope, however, might change the aspect of affairs in a single day. Should the Greeks make further headway in the West, and should their fleet venture to force the Dardanelles, the whole situation might assume such a shape that Athens would again be encouraged to hope; but at the present time the outlook is the reverse of hopeful for the brave but outnumbered and out-generalled armies of the Hellenic Kingdom.

Turkey may have other foes to contend against before the war closes. Bulgaria and the Balkan States are uneasy, and threaten to rise, but this is not now probable, unless the Greeks score some signal

victory. Osman Pasha, "the hero of Plevna" in the last Turco-Russian war, goes to the front to take supreme command of the Turkish armies, and it is said that the Sultan, roused to action by the stirring events in the field, has declared that if King George of Greece carries out his purpose of taking the field in person,



GREEKS ATTACKING A TURKISH BLOCK-HOUSE.



THE GREEK WAR MINISTER STUDIES THE POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES.

zees. Their fleet had laid Prevesa in the Gulf of Arta and forced the Turks far inland. King George's ships in the Gulf of Salonica, in the East, had destroyed quantities of Turkish ammunition and supplies, and the fleet is still operating in the Gulf of Salonica.

In the official Turkish dispatches, Gritza and Turnovo were reported as having been captured by Edhem Pasha, but recent information revealed the fact that the Greeks rallied after their first repulse and drove back the enemy with slaughter at both places. Later advices from Greek sources represented the Turks having been forced back upon Mouna Pass which they won a week after a desperate fight, and the loss of which was then thought to be an irretrievable blow to the Greek cause. Although the Ottoman battalions still held the Miliana Pass, they were apparently unable to advance farther into Thessaly until they were strongly reinforced. It was difficult to get the actual situation of affairs in Thessaly, since the dispatches from the two sides were in conflict; but the impression is general that the Turks had sustained serious reverses, details of which cannot be learned. Edhem Pasha's retreat to Constantinople—in which he declared that the destruction of the bridges over the river Peneios prevented his advance—has needed 40,000 more troops—has led between the lines to mean that he had temporarily abandoned the aggressive and decided to take steps to keep open lines of communication with Ellassona, his base of supplies. With the Greek

armies making rapid conquest in the west and with the tunnels and bridges of the Salonica railroad cut and destroyed, interfering with the forwarding of reinforcements; and also with the havoc the Greek fleet has committed in the Gulf of Salonica, destroying army stores and ammunition in vast quantities at Platamona and Katarina. Edhem Pasha was believed to be acting prudently in delaying further progress in the direction of Larissa, which he had declared he would capture in three days. Such promises often fall short in the performance, and as Larissa was said to be one of the most strongly fortified places in Greece, its earthworks and guns being so disposed as to make it possible for a force of resolute men to defend it, it was generally believed to be safe from capture.

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he will leave Constantinople and place himself at the head of the Ottoman armies.

One of the remarkable features of the present war is the unopposed activity of the Greek fleet, while the warships of Abdul Hamid lie idle in the Bosphorus. It is true, the Sultan ordered his ships to sea, but their commanding officers one and all declared that they were unfit for service, and the chief of the Navy threatened to resign if they were placed in commission; consequently the order was rescinded, and the Turkish warships steamed slowly back to their moorings, one by one, so as not to attract attention in Constantinople.

Independent Mission in Ceylon.

FOR several years past, Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, an educated native Hindoo, and a member of a famous missionary family in India, has been in this country finishing his studies, with a view to entering the missionary field in his own land. He has spoken with great acceptance before many American and Canadian audiences. He is a high-caste Christian Hindoo, and while still a mere lad began his education in Madras, India, and entered the University in that city, from which he was graduated with high honors. For several years he was engaged by the London Missionary Society as head-master of the mission high school of Belgaum, India, where he was also engaged as honorary secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work, then in its infancy in that country. Three years ago he was called to England to lecture in the interests of the



A PASS AT KASTRAKI, THESSALY, THE SCENE OF A GREEK REVERSE.

Anti-Opium League, and since coming to the United States he has pursued a theological course in Princeton Seminary, and has received the degree of A. M. from that university. He will shortly return to his native land, where he purposes establishing a mission in north central Ceylon, in the district of Anuradapura. This district has a population of about 300,000,

and offers a special field for missionary work, as there is not at the present time a single Christian missionary there. Mr. Rutnam will establish a mission high school, and make Anuradapura a centre of Christian activity. He estimates that \$12,000 will be required to purchase the ground, erect the necessary buildings, and equip them for a period of five years, after which the school will be self-sustaining. He will conduct his work on strictly undenominational lines, and it will be maintained by voluntary subscription. A number of prominent American pastors and laymen have consented to act as a general committee for this deserving work, and they cordially commend the project and the founder to the support of Christian people everywhere. The committee is as follows:

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., Pennsylvania; Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., New York; Hon. John Wanamaker, Miss Francis E. Willard; Rev. H. L. Hastings, D. D.; Hon. James A. Mount, Governor of Indiana; Rev. Wm. Patterson, D. D., Toronto, Canada; Rev. Wm. Brenton Greene, D. D., Princeton Theological Seminary; Rev. John Neil, Toronto, Canada; Rev. George I. Purves, Princeton Theological Seminary; Rev. George Osmon Ferguson, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Gerhardus Voss, D. D., Princeton Theological Seminary.

Mr. Rutnam may be addressed at Princeton, N. J., by any reader desirous of learning more of the work he is about to undertake in his native land.

A Good Name.

It is important to remember that there is a vast difference between character and reputation. The way to have a good name is to deserve it. There is no man so contemptible as the man who is striving to have the public esteem him for that which he is not. We have more scorn for the libertine who has enjoyed a reputation for piety, than for the man who has been openly immoral. When, therefore, we accept the wise king's estimate of the value of a good name, we must do it with the qualification, which he approved, that we deserve the good name. It is worthy of recollection, too, that good names come by service. Highly as riches are esteemed a good name never comes by them. Who would not rather be descended from Washington, or Jefferson, or Lincoln, or Peabody, or John Knox, or Luther, and bear their name than from some millionaire who hugged his gold to the last? The world honors those who render service to it not those who are selfish and greedy.

Giving to the Lord.

When Paul in his epistle to Philemon undertook to pay his correspondent anything that might be due to him from Onesimus, he reminded Philemon that he owed Paul even his own self. We do not know the result of this reminder, but we hope it led Philemon to cancel any claim he might have on Paul. We expect a man to show decent gratitude for services rendered to him. When, therefore, the subject of giving to the Lord is considered, the question is pertinent: "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" Truly if we take into account our obligations to Christ and let them be the measure of our giving, there would be no limit to our benefactions, but our resources. Christ expects us to hold our possessions lightly, not to set our hearts upon them. He wanted us to set our desires on better things, to be so intent on being God-like, that it should be of small concern to us whether we were rich or poor. The mere fact that a man had wealth, was not to him a matter of importance; but if he loved his wealth, that was a very serious and fatal matter. Such a man, in his opinion, ought to give it all away, as it was a snare to him. Thus it is that there is no New Testament law as to giving. It is expected that if there is a need of money either to relieve the need of others, or to propagate the Gospel, and we have money, that we shall give it. Much is said in these days of the consecration of the tenth, but there is no authority for the limiting the offering to the tenth. We ought to regard that as the minimum, because the Jews gave that proportion and they had not the obligations on them, which are upon us.



HUNGER IN INDIA.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., This is Ahasuerus which reigned on the Text, Esther 1:1. from India even unto Ethiopia.

AMONG the 773,693 words which make up the Bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the Rabbis call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with two million men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when, after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India,—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary Island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that "City of Palaces," the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead. I had never expected to be there because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out; but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination. Its configuration is such as no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had no religion, going there, would be obliged to acknowledge a God as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God; but coming amidst some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms, and depths dug under depths, and mountains piled on mountains, the cowboy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God now, I guess from the looks of things around here there must have been a God some time." No one but the Omniscient could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas, a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows," those mountains pointing out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Ganges, to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of two hundred and forty million souls. Whatever he tastes, going there, his taste is satisfied. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mountain, feline: Bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, lion, tiger,—that is to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans, because he comes from the terrible swamps where no human foot descends, the deer and antelope as a common food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood, he wants nothing else and is called "the man-eater." You cannot see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to fear his growl as he paces his lion paw against the cage in Calcutta. Three or four have been abandoned in confinement because of the work of this cruel

invader. In India in the year 1877, eight hundred and nineteen people were slain by the tiger and ten thousand cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees fifteen hundred tigers went down and eighteen thousand dollars of government reward were paid the sportsmen. I advise all those who in America and other lands find amusement in shooting singing birds, coming home at night with empty powder-flask and a whole choir of heaven slung over their shoulder, to absent themselves for a while and attack the justifiable game of India. Or if you go as botanists, oh, what opulence of flora! With no distinct flora of its own, it is the chorus of all the flora of Persia, and Siberia, and China, and Arabia, and Egypt.

The Baptist missionary, Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first, a passion for souls, and next, a passion for flowers, and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends, and museums on either side the sea, with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers, he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the magnolia and abelmosk and palm tree. The ethnologist, going there, will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are a commingling. The historian, going there, will find his theory of Warren Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address ever made in a courtroom, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and one-sidedness of statement. The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now-living city. All success to the hunters and the botanists and the ethnologists and the historians and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand! But we to-day visit India as Christian women and men to hear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has traveled fourteen thousand miles, yet gets louder and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their memory and their ambition unlike anything that we recall or hope for? With more emphasis than you put into the interrogatory "Why," I answer, First: Because our Christ was an Asiatic. Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he rested and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences he whelmed with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals, and great rain-falls, and howling tempests, and hypocrites long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during his earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When he had sixteen or eighteen years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe, I think he goes farther toward the heart of Asia, namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from twelve years of age until thirty, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent, and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year, but however that may

be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, and ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Beside that, I remember that some of the most splendid achievements for the cause of that Asiatic Christ have been made in India. How the heart of every intelligent Christian beats with admiration at the mere mention of the name of Henry Martyn. Having read the life of our American David Brainerd, who gave his life to evangelizing our American savages, Henry Martyn goes forward to give his life for the salvation of India, dying from exhaustion of service at thirty-one years of age. Lord Macaulay, writing of him, says:

Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom, The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb! Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son, Points to the glorious trophies which he won. Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red, Nor stained with tears by friendless orphans shed; But trophies of the Cross. In that dear name, Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame, Onward he journeyed to that happy shore, Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more.

Is there in all history, secular or religious, a more wondrous character than William Carey, the converted shoemaker of England, daring all things for God in India, translating the Bible into many dialects, building chapels, and opening mission houses, and laying foundations for the redemption of the country, and although Sidney Smith, who sometimes laughed at things he ought not to have satirized, had in the learned Edinburgh Review scoffed at the idea of what he called "low-born, low-bred mechanics" like Carey attempting to convert the Brahmins, Carey stopped not until he had started influences that eternity, no more than time, shall have power to arrest, two hundred and thirteen thousand Bibles going forth from his printing presses at Serampore. His sublime humility showing itself in the epitaph he ordered for the old Gospel Hymn:

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.

Need I tell you of Alphonse Lacroix, the Swiss missionary in India; or of William Butler, the glorious American Methodist missionary in India; or of the royal family of the Scudders, of the Reformed Church of America, my dear mother church to whom I give a kiss of love in passing; or of Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary, whose visit to this country some of us will remember forever? When he stood in the old Broadway Tabernacle, New York, and pleaded for India until there was no other depth of religious emotion for him to stir and no loftier height of Christian eloquence for him to scale, and closed in a whirlwind of hallelujahs, I could easily believe that which was said of him, that while pleading the cause of India in one of the churches of Scotland he got so overwrought that he fell in the pulpit in a swoon and was carried into the vestry to be resuscitated, and when restored to his senses and preparation was being made to carry him out to some dwelling where he could be put to bed, he compelled his friends to take him back to the pulpit to complete his plea for the salvation of India, no sooner getting on his feet than he began where he left off, but with more gigantic power than before he faints. But just as noble as any I have mentioned are the men and women who are there now for Christ's sake and the redemption of that people. Far away from their native land, famine on one side and black plague on the other side, swamps breathing on them malaria, and jungles howling on them with wild beasts or hissing with cobras; the names of those missionaries of all denominations to be written so high on the roll of martyrs that no names of the last eighteen hundred years shall be written above them. You need to see them at their work in schools and churches and lazarettos to appreciate them. All honor upon them and their households, while I smite the lying lips of their slanderers!

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta, I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well:

"Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?"

He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

"When people die, where do they go to?"

"That depends upon what they have been doing; if they have been doing good, to heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the migration of souls, and that after we go into birds or animals of some kind?"

"Yes; the last creature a man is in of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird; if he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death a soul goes to heaven or hell?"

"He goes there by a gradual process, may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo?"

"I become a Hindoo?"

"Yes, you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?"

"By doing as the Hindoos do."

From the walls of one of their mud at Jeypore I had translated for me beautiful sentiments:

The wise make failure equal to success. Like threads of silver seen through beads, let love through good deeds show.

Do not to others that which if done would cause these pain. And this is the duty.

A man obtains a proper rule of action looking on his neighbors as himself.

From that continent of interesting, from that continent that gave the world from that continent which has been deared by so many missionaries, there comes a groan of eighty millions in hunger. More people are in of starving to death in India to-day the entire population of the United States.

In the famine in India in the year about six million people starved to death. That is more than all the people of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that was not a tenth part as awful as the there now raging. Twenty thousand dying there of famine every day.

villages and towns have died—every woman and child; none left to be dead. The vultures and the jackals, the only pall-bearers. Though some has been sent, before full relief can them I suppose there will be at least million dead. Starvation, even for person, is an awful process. No food

vitals gnaw upon themselves, and mess and languor and pangs from hunger, and horror and despair and it take full possession. One hand wheat or corn or rice per day would life going, but they cannot get a bit.

The crops failed and the millions dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry world where there is enough grain, fruit, and meat, to fill all the mouths on the planet; but alas! the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India, looking at her! Her face dusky from hot suns of many centuries; and her turban such aching of brow as a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the death upon her forehead and in her such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand toward us with hoarse whisper she says: dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick!

it to me now—bread! bread! America has heard the cry. Many millions of dollars have already been collected. One ship laden with bread has sailed from San Francisco for our Senate and House of Representatives in a bill signed by our sympathetic president, have authorized the Secretary of the Navy to charter a vessel to carry to the famine sufferers, and you may see that ship. We want to send at least hundred thousand bushels of corn, will save the lives of at least six hundred thousand people. Many will contribute of money, and the barn-corn-cribs of the entire United States pour forth their treasures of food. That ship is laden till it can carry no more we will ask Him who holds the world in his fist and plants his triumphant flag in stormy waves to let nothing but happen to the ship till it anchors in the Gal or Arabian waters. They who by contributions of money or bread toward filling that relief ship will give their own food for their lifetime with tizing qualities and insure their own fare through the promise of him who "Blessed is he that considereth the Lord and the Lord will deliver him in trouble."

what a relief ship that will be! It turn a screw nor hoist a sail until we had something to do with its Just seventeen years ago from a ship on similar errand from New York harbor—the old "Constellation." It had once guns of death; but there was famine, and the Constellation was with five hundred tons of food, once covered with smoke of gunpowder, then covered with Easter hosiery, that ship, constructed to battle the going forth over the waters to some of her starving subjects, a sword into ploughshare, better ear into pruning-hook was that frigate, turned into a white-winged resurrection, to roll away the mouth of Ireland's sepulchre like errand five years ago the ship put out with many tons of food struck Russia. One Saturday on the deck of that steamer as at Brooklyn wharf, a wondrous place. A committee of the daughters had decorated the ship with bunting, American flags intertwining. Having joy of seeing that ship thus consecrated had the additional joy of standing in the docks of St. Petersburg. The planks of the relief ship were put out and the representatives of the nobility and of royalty went aboard the long freight train at the same time down to take the food to the starving on alternate cars of that train and Russian flags floating. But hunger in India is mightier than Ireland or Russia ever suffered, ought to be the response, and on a scale that the one ship would be a whole flotilla—New York sending Boston another, Philadelphia another, New Orleans another, then all meet in some harbor of the world. What a peroration of mercy for the nineteenth century! I would like to see the wharf at Calcutta or Bombay when such a fleet come in. With what would be welcomed! The emaciated lift their head on the shriveled elbow, and with thin lips ask: "Something—something to eat?" And the villages and towns, too weak to crawl out on hands and knees for the first grain of corn they could find put it to their famished lips. Try out for you and for others to the sufferers. "Wait a little longer, bear a little more. O dying men of India! O emaciated women! O emaciated babes! O on the way, and more relief will be coming. We send it in the name of the Asiatic Christ, who said, 'I was hungry and ye fed me: inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Indian people of America! I call attention to the fact that we may never before, by one magnificent open the widest door for the evangelization of Asia. A stupendous obstacle, the way of Christianizing Asia, on the difference of language, but people understand the Gospel of Christ. Another obstacle has been the caste, but in what better way can we teach them the brotherhood of man? A huge difficulty in the way of Christianizing Asia has been that those who thought the religion we would take was no better than their own or Mohammedanism, but they see by this crusade for the relief of fourteen thousand miles away that Christian religion is of a higher, grander type than any other for when did the followers of Christ or Vishnu or Buddha or Confucius or Mahomet ever demonstrate like this in people on opposite side of the globe? Having taken the bread of this world from our hands, they will be more apt to receive the bread of Eternal Life. Missionaries of different denominations, India at forty-six stations are distributing relief sent through the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Is it not at those missionaries, after feeding the hunger of the body will be at advantage to feed the hunger of the soul? When Christ, before preaching to the thousands in the wilderness, broke through the miraculous loaves, he indicated the best way to prepare the mind for spiritual and eternal considerations, first to look after their temporal needs. O. Church of God in America! Trope! This is your opportunity.

We have on occasions of Christian patriotism cried: "America for God!" Now let us add the battle shout: "Asia for God!" In this movement to give food to starving India I hear the rustling of the wing of the Apocalyptic Angel, ready to fly through the midst of heaven proclaiming to all the kingdoms and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the circle is God's favorite figure, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the Gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this Gospel moved on to Europe; witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." For you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into those Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. The Gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Mt. Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's Ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mt. Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth!

May the 10th, 1869, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie that con-



THE "WELCOME" GOING DOWN STREAM, NEAR MEMPHIS.

nected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Central Pacific Railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific Railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled, mid-continent, to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the Eastern and Western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike, presented by Arizona. When all heads uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into its place, the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done. My friends, if the laying of the last tie that bound the East and the West of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of Gospel influences, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations? The spikes will be the golden and silver spikes fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer-stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the raptured and piled-up galleries of the universe, and the mountains of earth will shout to the thrones of heaven. "Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! For the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The "Welcome" on the Mississippi

(Continued from First Page.)

Above Fritz's Landing a house was discerned back among the trees, but there were no men there to take out a boat and the whistle sounded in vain. The tug's boat had to be loaded to take the food to the women and children who were imprisoned on a raft with two mules they had saved. Blue's Point.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF BLUE'S POINT.

Ark., had a large group of people, black and white, awaiting the tug.

The local relief committees in Memphis and Helena, which are composed of their foremost business men, have done nobly in their relief work, but the distress is so great and the flooded territory so vast that it is impossible for them to relieve but a proportion of the destitute.

The *Welcome*, with its skiff, is able to leave its provisions at many out-of-the-way

in this flood stricken district. Nearly all the inhabitants who had means of escape have deserted the camps and fled to Memphis, Helena and other points, where they are waiting for the flood to subside. Only



TAKING PROVISIONS ASHORE.

the very poor remain. They have not the means to purchase food, and must rely on relief until it is possible for them to go to work again. This is the class THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Expedition is reaching.

At Austin's Landing, Ark., an invalid laboriously made his way to the *Welcome's* side in a "dug-out." He is living in a tent on the levee, with a family of three children and a sick wife. He was supplied with enough food and delicacies to last them ten days.

At Ferguson's Landing, Ark., Mr. Seaman took on board the *Welcome* a lame man who was painfully attempting to walk the levee to Laconia to reach medical aid for his sick wife, who was in a very precarious condition. At Laconia, the *Welcome's* skiff took him to the doctor's submerged office, from which he was dispatched home with medicines, provisions, and delicacies. This prompt action probably saved a life.

Every point at which the *Welcome* called the sufferers were the better for its brief visit of relief and consolation.

Not alone were the much-needed provisions acceptable to the body, but the spiritual sustenance and aid which was administered by the missionary of the Giver of all things was indeed gratefully received by the weary refugees who were thereby comforted and reminded of the greatness and goodness of God.

Mr. Rife spoke words of cheer and hope to the people, calling to their attention the beneficent care of Providence that had put into willing hands the means to give from their store to relieve those in distress and need. Many a heart was lighter for the arrival of these messengers of mercy, and many a one who had felt a doubt of the blessed truths of Christianity, was by the timely visit of the *Welcome* brought back to thoughts of him who with loving care watches over his children, even though they may stray far from his paths.

Two National Government relief boats which were stocked with provisions at



THE FLOOD AT HELENA—A PONTON SIDEWALK.

About eighty inhabitants of the deserted villages of Westover, Ark., have made temporary camps on the levee about half a mile up the river. In response to the *Welcome's* whistle, four boats with sturdy rowers at the oars appeared. They were given both food and literature to carry back to their people.

Westover is a fair sample of the towns

Memphis have started from that city, and will reach the sufferers by the time the week's supply of provisions left by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Boat *Welcome* will be exhausted. This temporary relief which this journal's mission will keep the needy from want until the Government aid reaches them.

A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

How the Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons has Cheered and Brightened Lowly Lives on the Crowded East Side of New York City.

AMONG the crowded tenements of the East side of lower New York a quiet, unostentatious work of Christian ministration is being done, which is

the greater part, self-respecting people who earn their money and pay their way. Occasionally a little help is lent or given to pay the rent in an emergency, or to pay

sometimes terminated fatally, through the lack of timely attention. Too poor to pay for a hired nurse, a sick woman would struggle to wait on herself, or to resume her place in the household, and retard her recovery in the effort. The summer corps of doctors employed by the Board of Health knew of numberless cases of the kind and saw patients go down to the grave, or become chronic invalids, through the lack of the cheap delicacies and slight attentions which the wealthy receive in sickness. Mr. Riis suggested to the Central Council of King's Daughters, that of all the services the Order was rendering in the name of Christ, none was so urgently needed, or would be so fruitful of results, as to follow the summer corps of doctors in their visits and take under their charge such cases as the doctors might advise, giving nursing, sick-diet, and friendly assistance as might be needed in the sick-room. His suggestion was accepted, and a Chapter of the Order was organized for this special sphere of work. A room was hired at 91 Madison street, in the heart of the tenement district, as an office and headquarters, and a trained nurse was engaged to take charge of the cases. Her services were made to cover as large a field as possible, by her paying regular visits like the physician, rather than giving all her attention to some one case. That was the humble beginning of the extensive and many-sided beneficence now carried on by the Tenement House Chapter, which has outgrown its single-room quarters and has now found the whole basement of the house, to which it subsequently moved, too small for its work. It is this week moving to com-

might not understand, but they knew it was a better place and they cordially accepted the invitation to use it. The influence of the work and the workers felt more than was known at the time. One incident revealed it and at the time gave a name to the poor back which indicated the children's idea of illustrious associations. One of the children, who had recently been introduced to the privileges of the yard, in the moment of the play, used an expression common enough in the streets but which was unfit for ears polite. Immediately a reproof from the children furnished the place: "You must not use such words here: this is the King's garden." The words were overheard and they showed the workers of the Chapter how the influence of the place had impressed on the juvenile mind and had made very surroundings sacred. "The Garden" became the recognized name of the yard and day by day it has been with those of whom the King said such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Chapter has had to meet



AFTERNOON TEA AT THE MOTHER'S CLUB.

very little known, but is singularly beautiful and Christlike. There are abundant opportunities for such labor in that locality, for life is very dreary in those dull homes, the burdens are heavy, and there is often a struggle for bare existence, which seems to preclude any enjoyment or diversion. The lot of the toiler who must be early at his work and must give it his best thought, as well as the labor of his hands, through the weary hours of the day, and must pass the hours of rest in a home which shelters a larger number of families than ought to be cooped up under a single roof, is at best a dismal one and is apt to become sordid. When sickness or trouble in any of its thousand shapes comes upon the family, it presses heavily and the misery is intensified. At such times the need of some kindly, helping hand is very sore, but it is seldom extended. There is no lack of neighborly sympathy, but when each back is bearing a burden almost too heavy for its strength, the aid that one neighbor can give to another is very small. How beautiful then is it when some kindly, gentle friend with the love of God in her heart, comes into the afflicted home and with helpful word and deed, sheds sunshine in the gloom. There is no fame or glory to be won by such service; there is seldom public recognition of it; but it is seen with approval by the King, who will one day greet those who render it, with the words: "I was a-hungred and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

This is the business in which the Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons is engaged among the tenements of New York. It is to visit the sick and suffering, to give advice to the perplexed, to teach the ignorant concerning the work, to meet and cheer all kinds of human difficulties, the devoted ladies and the Christian men who are working with them in ministering to their poor neighbors. "In His Name." Their work is not a glory in the ordinary meaning of the term. The people around them are for

funeral expenses, or to provide necessities when the bread-winner of a family is sick; but this is exceptional. The real service which the neighborhood has learned to appreciate, is the personal kindness and friendliness which is far more precious and far more rare than gifts of money. It is well that there are in all our great cities men who have only to be told that their brother is in need, and they will give freely to relieve his wants. In no previous generation has such liberal charity been manifested; and we thank God for the spirit that prompts their munificence; but more than this is needed, if we are to fulfill our whole duty. There are multitudes who shrink from begging or borrowing and to whom the very name of charity seems almost an insult; but they are nevertheless in need of help. They want some one to think for them, some one to take an interest in their trials and difficulties and to show them the way to a better life. These things the Tenement House Chapter is trying to do, and it is doing them without the condescension and patronage which sometimes offends the beneficiaries and occasionally widens the gulf between men of different classes. But there is no humiliation in receiving personal service and no one is pauperized by it.

The work originated in a suggestion to



"THE KING'S GARDEN."

no lous premises in Henry street, where the whole of a large old-fashioned house will be occupied by the various departments of the Chapter's labor of love.

This beginning, made in the summer of 1890 demonstrated, not only the need there was for such work, but the many other opportunities there were of rendering valuable service to the people among whom the Chapter had come to work. Gifts of money and clothing were solicited from the circles of the Order, and workers were invited to give their services in extending the work. No sooner had the larger quarters at 77 Madison street been occupied, than a proposal came from another organization, at work in the district, to join forces, and immediately a whole circle of busy activities was added to the nucleus of the nursing and sick-room service of the Chapter. The back yard of the house became a playground for the children of the neighborhood, who were quick to appreciate the advantages it offered over the pavement and the gutter. The physical and moral dangers of the street, the only playground that had previously been at their disposal, they



BOYS' CLUB

difficulties in seven years existence, to pay its salary, to pay the salary of a trained nurse, other necessities, expenses, has been a great deal; more work has been done than could be maintained, but the Chapter has held on its way every year of its bene-

widened. An effort to help the need of the district revealed the fact that a large proportion of them were ignorant of the simplest duties of cutting, making, and repairing their children's garments, the little graces about their poor which would go so far to make homelike. Mothers' clubs were organized and informal meetings held, at which was sewing and friendly conversation, suggesting improvements in the household which could be made without cost, and the session closing with a meal of tea and cake. A Lending Library was gradually collected, which has been very popular, and now comprises over thousand volumes. A Kindergarten was opened, which is now the pride of the Chapter and the joy of the little Mr. David Willard devoted his time and energy to the organizing of Boys' A Penny Provident Fund was started which was popular from the beginning. Several clubs for the younger girls, on the same pattern as the Mothers' Club, also been established, and in a variety of other ways the Chapter has set of plans which have received a hearty support from the people. Meanwhile the original design of the Chapter has been neglected. That, too, has been remedied by arrangements for sending convalescent mothers and children to the country for the beaches for fresh air. The Chapter has been singularly fortunate in the services it has secured. Miss Alice C. the Superintendent, has been loyal and given the work her unremitting aid. Her unflinching faith and undeviating cheerfulness have been an inspiration to the workers in all departments.

CORN FOR INDIA POURING IN.

The whole Country Bending its Energies to Fill the Ships—Local Committees in the Corn States Doing Splendid Work—Drs. Talmage and Klopsch in the West.

MAGNIFICENT progress has been made during the past week in the work of preparing the corn cargoes for famine-stricken India. Local Committees are now actively engaged in the corn states, and every mail brings to the CHRISTIAN HERALD letters announcing that loads of corn have already been loaded or are well under way.

The present moment, over one hundred car-loads of corn are loaded and on the track or in the process of loading, and twice as many more are in preparation. The corn being gathered in different localities throughout the country. A tremendous impetus has been given to the movement by the Western tour of Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch, through the great corn-growing States. They were accompanied on this tour by Miss Mary Leitch, the famous American missionary to India, and several others prominent in the India relief work, and everywhere received with the heartiest enthusiasm by vast and sympathetic audiences.

Within a few days after they set out secured pledges of upwards of **sixty thousand bushels** of corn. This included gifts of contributors from Des Moines, Lincoln, Topeka, and several other Western cities, but is altogether independent of Chicago. The tour, as a whole, will result in the addition of a full **hundred thousand bushels** of corn to the largest store that will shortly be speeding relief to suffering India. Four Relief Committees are now assured, and the famine may even be larger. What a glorious outcome to America's benevolence!

Many of the auditors at those enthusiastic Western meetings came from long distances. Dr. Talmage's eloquent pleading for the hungry millions of India. The great preacher had left his Washington pulpit and cancelled all other engagements for three weeks, and gave his services gratuitously to the cause of India. He was greeted by immense audiences everywhere. At Springfield, Ill., two great meetings were held, one in the Senate Chamber, and the other in the Hall of Representatives. At Decatur, there was a magnificent outpouring of over 2,000 people crowding the Disciples' Tabernacle. Contributions at both places were liberal and many cars of corn were pledged. At Bloomington, Ill., a great gathering was held in the First M. E. Church at which ex-Vice President Stevenson presided. Owing to the unprecedented demand for seats, it was found necessary to issue tickets of admission to prevent overcrowding. The result of the meeting, which was most enthusiastic, was the addition of a handsome sum to the Famine Fund and pledges of a number of cars of corn. At Peoria, Ill., 200 persons were assembled in the Tabernacle to hear Dr. Talmage and the other speakers, and at Davenport, Ia., the Opera House was crowded with an enthusiastic audience and one equally large filled the Skating Rink in the evening. Many pledges were received at both places. At Rock Island, 3,500 gathered, and one of the grandest meetings ever known there was held. The contributions to the Fund for a single day from these meetings was over \$1,500.

At Omaha the Opera House was crowded almost to suffocation, and the Dubuque, Ia., Opera House was also the scene of a most magnificent gathering. It is estimated that over **30,000** persons in the West have listened to Dr. Talmage's eloquent pleading for India, exclusive of the great audience at the Chicago Auditorium. Altogether, the trip has been a phenomenally successful one, although it has kept the workers busy so constantly as to allow them hardly even sufficient time for rest. There were many incidents of the trip worthy of recording did space permit.

Churches and communities vied with each other in the cordiality of their welcome and at nearly all points the audiences were overflowing with sympathy. Thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have been pleasantly identified as co-workers in its world-wide charities during recent years, greeted Drs. Talmage and Klopsch most heartily, and overwhelmed them, as well as Miss Leitch, with offers of hospitality, which, however, it was impossible to accept.

All the churches were found to be in thorough sympathy with the movement for India and eager to co-operate. The members of the Church of the Disciples (called Christians) were exceptionally prompt and liberal contributors. The Western tour concludes appropriately with the great Indian Famine demonstration at the Chicago Auditorium, May 3d, when Dr. Talmage addressed one of the largest audiences ever known in the West. His heroic labors for India have nowise exhausted him physically, although many men would have succumbed under such a strain.

Meanwhile rapid progress is being made in getting the contributed grain forward from all points to the seaboard. Not only will the ships generously furnished by Congress be loaded with corn, but if our people unite heartily in a general effort for the saving of India's dying millions, the ships tendered by England will likewise be freighted with cargoes of life-giving food, bringing joy and blessing to all concerned. Everyone who hears the cry of India should hasten to help and to have a share in this great life-saving work—which promises to be the climactic, international charity of the nineteenth century.

In the meantime, the gifts of money already cabled to India from the Fund contributed by our readers, are being used for the preservation of life. Grateful letters from the missionaries who have been enabled to feed the people around them by the liberality of the Christian people of America are still coming in. Rev. E. S. Hume, of Byculla, writes in a letter received just as we go to press:

I shall be glad to use the one thousand dollars in rescuing famine children, and when this sum has been exhausted, shall make bold to ask you for more. *The sooner the help comes the better.* We are in the midst of opportunities which must be seized without delay, or they will be forever lost. Please accept my hearty thanks for this very generous and timely help at a time of great need. We are suffering from two sore trials—famine and plague, either of which should call out the lively sympathy of the whole Christian world. The two coming together, as they have, are making the lot of the people almost unbearable.

Rev. R. Winsor, of Sirur in the Poona district, to whom one of our remittances was sent, expresses "the deepest gratitude" for the timely aid. He at once dispatched a native mission preacher to make a tour of the remote villages of the district where the suffering is most acute and relieve the people who through weakness, or sickness, were unable to reach the relief camps. Rev. C. B. Newton, of Julundur City, North India, another of our devoted volunteer missionaries, writes:

I was greatly rejoiced to learn of your generous aid, for there are many converts of the out-caste class in this station and the villages connected with it; and their condition is truly pitiable. I made an effort in December to help them having raised nearly \$45 for the purpose, but the money soon ran out and the work stopped. Under these circum-

stances, I had reason to be both glad and thankful when your help came.

money in the name of Christ to feed her starving millions. It is an opportunity that it would have been criminal to neglect. It seemed as if God were saying to Christendom, "Behold I set before you an open door." Our readers are enabling the missionaries to enter it. In the spirit of Christ the words which he addressed to his disciples in the presence of the hungry multitude have been flashed to the mis-



DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN TO THE STARVING.

sionaries across the seas: "Give ye them to eat," and the means to do it are being placed in their hands. After this experience, the message of the Bread of Life will command a more ready hearing than ever before, from the people who have received at the same hands "the bread that perishes."

The necessity for continued help increases day by day. The stories of the men who go into the famine districts show that the sufferers now include not only the

people directly affected by the failure of the crops, but the next class of producers, the weavers and potters, whose products remain unsold on their hands because their usual customers need all their money for food. With grain at famine prices these small manufacturers are now unable to buy enough to keep themselves alive. Thus the area of distress has widened and has taken in people who seldom feel the pinch of extreme poverty. These people are swelling the numbers on the relief camps and their wives and children are in many cases perishing of want in their villages. In some instances where it has been possible to reach a camp, they too have been taken. A photograph of one of these camps taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appears on this page. A reporter of a Calcutta journal who visited it, writes: "It was a curious sight, and one



Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald."

FAMINE RELIEF CAMP FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT JHANSI.

All local Famine Fund Committees, or those connected with such Committees, or those who are willing to act on Committees or wishing to organize Committees, are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that full instructions, circulars and other printed material may be promptly forwarded.

Local Committees are now actively at work preparing shipments of corn at over one hundred different localities in Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Virginia, Vermont, New York, New Hampshire, South Dakota, Nebraska, and other states, and there are scores of letters in every mail containing inquiries, as to the method of organizing a local Committee for the purpose of gathering corn.

During the services at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on April 25, Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, made a stirring appeal for India. He said:

One dollar will keep a person in India in food for three months. They are dying by the millions. I have come from the West, and I have seen enormous cribs of corn which have been standing there for years. It has been so cheap that they could not afford to sell it. We live in a land flowing with milk and honey. India is having a hard time; we are not. I think it is much easier for us to give than for them to starve. Bow all your heads and pray for the suffering millions in India.

stances, I had reason to be both glad and thankful when your help came.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who has superintendence of all the Methodist Missions in India, writes:

Our most experienced missionaries now anticipate that there will be no abatement of the suffering before the first of July and possibly not then. Everything will depend upon the regular rains. If these do not come at the usual season, the calamity which will be upon the country will be frightful indeed. Allow me to thank you very sincerely for your interest in the suffering millions of India.

It is evident from these and other letters that have come to hand, that the gifts of our readers will not only relieve the starving and save a multitude of lives, but will help the cause of Christ in India. The alacrity with which the missionaries distributed the money, proves how urgent was the need and how glad they are to have the means of supplying it. The Hindoo cannot fail to understand this. He might have had his doubts about the superiority of Christianity to his own religion, but he cannot doubt the goodness of the man who feeds him and saves his wife and children from the agonies of starvation. The religion that prompted the relief will henceforth have a different aspect for him. It will never be forgotten that in the hour of India's need, Christian people on the other side the globe sent

the spectator was not likely to forget. A thousand people always make a stir, but you cannot describe the impression which a thousand living skeletons make upon you the first time that you see it. But the most heartrending sight of all was the children for it is by no fault of theirs that they are there. I defy any man not to be moved at the sight of sunken, listless eyes, which should be bright and laughing, drawn skins which should be round and smooth, and long limbs aching for sustenance—just caricatures of what the growing human frame should be: little mites who have been born into the world never to know the pleasures of sunny childhood.

"Sick and listless, too reduced and rickety even to smile, they sit by their mothers' sides and whine for food. One wonders that the human structure can stand the strain and last—but it is a heart-rending sight." In spite of all that is being done for the salvation of life, 2,442 persons died from starvation in the Jabalpur district alone during the five weeks covered by the latest returns. This, too, is the Government record, which is confessedly below the actual figures, as it does not include deaths from diseases produced by hunger. Such a record is its own plea. No one with a heart can turn a deaf ear to it.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Cosmopolitan Resort.

US places in these days of war and rumors of war are the restaurants which in the Oriental quarters of New



A RESTAURANT INTERIOR.

York. In Greenwich street, West of the thoroughfares abutting on the streets, groups of olive-complexioned men from South-eastern Europe, from Asia and Northern Africa may be seen all day and evening congregating around these resorts, discussing the latest news of the continent of Greece and Crete. The listless expression of the Oriental is disappeared and in its stead is a keen, intent look of people deeply concerned in the events of the time. Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Egyptians and men of other races whose nationality may be traced to lands controlled or ruled by the Turk, anxiously await the news from the seat of war. The restaurant is the place where men are to be found who have private letters from the front and where newspapers in native languages may be found and some of the more enterprising of these men there is some one, generally a boy, in a rear room who can read from our newspapers the cable dispatches and translate them into the language of his choice. Gratefully appreciating, as these men from the Orient do, the refuge afforded them, and the wide liberty that they enjoy in this land of freedom, the memories of home and native land are often on their hearts, and it is a relief to them in the midst of their strange surroundings, to meet their fellow-countrymen, to sit like themselves, and hear the familiar accents of their own languages. By and by, as he sees them at the doorway of their resorts and notices the peculiarities of their attire, and hears their strange speech, wonders for the moment whether he is not in some Oriental land. But it is only for a moment, for he as they try to raise his eyes, to see the standard banner waving from some building of mast, which reminds him of the flag for the presence of these strange people, and he rejoices that his country is home a refuge for the oppressed and the downtrodden of every clime, that all are welcome, and all may abide in peace and safety. We can but wish that men who come, and those who leave them might look still farther, through Christ obtain a right to enter a better land which is open to all who seek it, and where every race will be permitted.

For we shall come from the east and the west and shall dwell in the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. 23:13.)

Restored.
A dramatic incident which has recently given joy to two aged parents, is related by a Iowa correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. He says that a well-to-do couple living near Akron, Ia., have reared

and educated a boy whom they adopted some ten years ago, he being at that time about nine years old. They formerly lived in Montreal, where they had one child, a pretty little boy, who as their only child and heir, was cherished and loved with all the fond parents' affection. But one day in 1878, a careless servant who had been trusted to take the infant for an airing in a perambulator, left her charge for a few minutes while she went to speak to her soldier lover. She stayed longer than she intended and when she returned, the child had disappeared. As it now appears, the infant had been stolen by a man who hoped to make money by its possession. Judging from its dress that it was the child of wealthy parents, he thought he would have no difficulty in securing a ransom for it. But he was a weak man and was scared by the storm of indignation that was aroused by the crime. He was afraid to make any movement toward getting the reward and eventually decided to keep the child for a time until he could make a bargain with greater safety. His wife grew fond of the boy and under her care he thrived and, as they removed to another town she passed him off as her own. Soon afterward her husband died and then her conscience pricking her she resolved to restore the child. But she did not know how to do it without running a risk of punishment for her share in the crime. Finally, she secured a position as servant in the employ of the child's parents whom she had traced to Akron. She ingratiated herself with them and, as they had no child of their own, entreated them to adopt her son whom she showed them. He was a bright lad of nine years by that time and the couple accepted her offer. She remained in their service for several years watching the boy grow up, but clinging to her guilty secret. About a year ago she announced that she was going to see relatives in England and left them. A few weeks ago they received a letter from her confessing the whole story and begging to be forgiven. The couple could scarcely believe that their adopted son was their own child, but their joy when they realized the fact can be imagined. The boy, too, must be glad to learn that those who for the past ten years have treated him as their son are really his parents, and that he is bound to them not only as their heir but by bonds of blood. This is joy like that the Christian feels when he realizes that he is a son of God.

That we might receive the adoption of sons and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father. (Gal. 4:5.)

Saved by Bible Reading.

In a sketch of the life of Col. P. Donan, the western orator, which appears in a Pittsburg journal, it is stated that the Colonel's life was once saved by his giving a Sunday morning to Bible reading instead of a game at cards. Some years ago during a journey from New Orleans to St. Louis, he was invited by some friends on board the steamer to join them in a game of poker in the cabin. It was Sunday morning and although the Colonel made no profession of religion, his early training made the suggestion seem shocking to him. He refused, but his friends persisted, and to prevent further pressure he retired to his state room. While there he analyzed his feelings and it seemed to him that he had objected to the game

somewhat inconsistently. He was not a Christian, yet he was denying himself on Christian scruples. He remembered that he had a Bible in one of his valises, given him by a Christian friend. He found it and became interested. The poker game was forgotten and he read more than an hour. He was aroused at last by a terrific explosion which shook the steamer from stem to stern. He ran to the deck and as he passed the cabin he saw that the explosion had been just under it and every one of the friends who had made up the poker party was dead. The steamer was sinking, but Colonel Donan managed to get a place on one of the boats with the other passengers and was picked up three miles down stream. Probably few persons owe their lives as he did to a Bible reading, but there must be an immense number who owe to it the salvation of their souls which is infinitely more important.

Thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. (1 Tim. 3:15.)

A Lover's Quarrel.

In the recently published reminiscences of a clergyman in Missouri, he mentions a mysterious failure to keep a marriage appointment which he had never been able to fathom. One evening he was called to see a young couple who wanted him to marry them. Witnesses, however, were necessary; and the clergyman left the

attention to the fact that the better the portrait was, the more strongly marked was the curious dissimilarity in expression between the left and right halves of the face. "It is not," says the *Times*, "quite easy to see, when the portrait is looked at as a whole, but if a sheet of paper is placed first on one side of the median line of the face and then on the other, the change from benignant to severity is almost startling. It is as though the picture disclosed, not one man, but two. Indeed, that is exactly what it does, for on the left is the man who said 'Let us have peace,' and on the other he who determined to fight it out on a chosen line though to do so took all Summer. This same characteristic has been noticed in the portraits of other men, and perhaps all display it in some degree, but rarely has the change been at once so marked and so easily explicable by a knowledge of the mind that lay behind the features. In most of such cases, too, the unlike expressions are a revelation of traits hitherto unknown or only suspected; here they are confirmation of a belief founded on other and better evidence. That a man's face should disclose now this and now that trait of his character is inevitable, but that it can show several of them at the same time is a fact by no means so familiar or so well appreciated." We recognize readily how this may be when human character is analyzed, but we are apt to ignore it when we study the divine character. Too many forget that God is just, as well as loving though we are assured that there are both sides to his character.

Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God. (Rom. 11:23.)

A Farmer's Loss.

The story of the recent loss by a Rhode Island farmer of a valuable flock of geese is reported in the *Providence Journal*. It states that the farmer, who lives in the Pawtuxet Valley, has been carefully tending for about a year a flock of wild geese by which he set great store. They started from about thirty birds which last spring were part of a flock that flew over his farm. The farmer, with his son and friends, were out shooting when they saw the wild geese coming. They brought down about forty of them, and of these thirty were so slightly wounded that in a few days they seemed to be none the worse for their hurts. They were kept in a large enclosure covered with wire netting, and having plenty to eat, appeared to be quite contented in their new surroundings. The flock increased to seventy birds, and the young goslings were healthy and vigorous. They appeared to have no desire to use their wings, and the farmer believed them to be quite domesticated. A few days ago he allowed them to go into the adjoining field to feast on the young grass that was sprouting there. The flock appeared to enjoy the fresh provender, and wandered contentedly about the field. They seemed to have no thought of escaping, and the experiment was deemed a success. But later in the day there was a change. The farmer heard the familiar sound of "Honk! honk!" which told him of the approach of another flock of wild geese, and looking upward, he saw the black, snaky line of the birds coming over the Coventry hills. His own birds, that he had been tenderly rearing with the prospect of profit to come, heard the sound, too, and recognized it. Instantly there was a flutter in the flock; wings unused for a year and wings that had never been used, were spread, and in a minute the whole flock had risen to join the line winding far up in the air. All the farmer's visions of profit that was to recompense his trouble and care vanished with them, much to his chagrin. He realized then the truth of the wise king's warning, which with him had been literally fulfilled, as it has been figuratively fulfilled in numberless instances:

Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven. (Prov. 23:5.)



A COSMOPOLITAN GROUP IN NEW YORK'S ORIENTAL QUARTER.

couple together while he summoned two members of his household to act in that capacity. When he returned, the prospective bridegroom informed him that he and the bride had been talking the matter over and had concluded to postpone the marriage to the next day. The clergyman acquiesced and a time was fixed for the ceremony. The couple went away, leaving the license with the clergyman. They did not appear at the time appointed and they never presented themselves afterwards. He never obtained the slightest clue to the nature of the difficulty which arose at that late hour, but it was evidently a serious one. Doubtless, he like other ministers, has witnessed similar failures in spiritual experience. Many who have seemed on the point of accepting Christ and becoming united by faith to him have postponed doing so until a future time and have never kept their promise. The decision postponed is apt never to be made.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. (Isa. 55:6.)

Contrasts in Gen. Grant's Portrait.

During the recent ceremonies in New York in connection with the dedication of General Grant's tomb, portraits of the national hero were to be seen everywhere. An article in the *New York Times* called

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Preaching to the Gentiles.

Sunday School Lesson for May 16th. Acts

14: 11-22. Golden Text: Acts 13: 47.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.



PAUL and Barnabas driven by persecution out of Antioch in Pisidia came to Iconium in Galatia. The revelation of God to him that henceforth he should go unto the Gentiles, did not cause Paul to love the Jews less, or to fail in observing the order "to the Jews first." Therefore in Iconium as elsewhere, he and Barnabas resorted to the synagogue. But his new light upon the vocation which had been given him at the time of his conversion (Acts 9: 15), and to which he had yielded himself only little by little, influenced his preaching, he "so spake that a great multitude of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed." Of course

Persecution Arose.

"The god of this world" could not see his kingdom thus invaded without stirring up the strongest opposition. Through the unbelieving Jews, the Gentiles also were stirred up against these two witnesses of Christ. Paul and Barnabas had no command from God to depart: "Long time therefore abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the Word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands," just as he had promised. (Mark 16: 17-18.)

But the rebellious natural heart which will not retain God in its knowledge (Rom. 1: 28), is not open to conviction. Ignoring God, unbelievers will take for granted that all the power which they see in the children of God is of evil origin, and they deal with them accordingly. The whole city was divided, some holding with the Jews, some with the Apostles: and, when at last, the adverse party showed signs of using violence, Paul and Barnabas understood that their time was come to move farther. "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another." (Matt. 10: 23.) Did they pity themselves as though some strange thing happened unto them? No; they would rejoice inasmuch as they were partakers of Christ's sufferings. The enduring of persecution, the being thwarted in the work just when all seemed to be so flourishing, was as much a part of their vocation as the preaching of the Gospel. It was an absolute necessity that it should be manifest what manner of spirit they were of. Is it less necessary in our day? And yet, is it indeed a recognized part of the spiritual outfit of an evangelist or a missionary that he should be able readily, even joyously to accept at the hand of God the hindrances which evil disposed persons may put in the way of his ministry? Are there not many Christian workers who are more ready to contend with men than to yield to God?

Arrived at Lystra, in the whole neighborhood of which city "they preached the Gospel," there was among their auditors a helpless cripple, who had never walked. This was one of their most eager listeners; he heard wondrous tidings for soul and body, and he felt, this good news is for me. Paul soon discovered the receptive spirit of the cripple. Steadfastly beholding him, and looking far below the surface, he perceived that he had

Faith to be Healed,

and said with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet and he leaped and walked." There was a response of the man's soul to God, which accepted for himself instant deliverance; he gave credit to the God whom Paul preached for the power and will to deliver him. He did not lean on Paul, he did not try an experiment, he trusted the living God. His fellow countrymen, full of idolatrous ideas, cried out "The Gods are come down to us in the like

ness of men," and they sought to identify Barnabas with Jupiter, whom they imagined to be the God of heaven, and Paul with Mercury, supposed to Jupiter's special messenger; because he was the chief speaker. And so set were they on their ideas that they made preparation to offer sacrifices to them. As soon as Paul understood the situation, he and Barnabas ran in among the people declaring they were men like themselves, but sent to preach that they should turn them from their vanities or vain things, to serve, not an ideal, or poetical God, but the living God, "who made heaven and earth and the sea and all things that are therein." This was the point, would they give up this religion of unreal gods, and accept their responsibilities to the one true and living God? This is the one question in the mission field now. All the world over, there is a belief in one Supreme Being, a sense of accountability to him, a certain idea of judgment to come. But the natural heart in an unenlightened, so-called Christian land, as well as in a dark and superstitious heathen land, shrinks from coming face to face with the living God. Any amount of priests, any demand in the way

stoned him should learn that a man of God cannot be slain without his permission. Policy had no voice in the movements of this man of God. Like his Master before him, his steps were guided and prepared from on high. He had left behind him a testimony to the one true God; he had shown how little he feared man; he had shown how in his eyes, neither ease, nor life itself, was anything worth in comparison to the importance of his mission to preach Christ and to win men to him. "The next day he departed with Barnabas to Derbe." "And when they had preached the Gospel to that city, and had taught many, they returned again to Lystra and to Iconium and to Antioch."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IT is strange how different are the results of teaching on different persons. Here in Antioch, Paul's sermon stirs up some to hatred and opposition and others to faith and joy. It is the same house, the same speaker, and the same message, yet different effects. Our version says that "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed," but the real meaning of the words is that as many as put themselves in order believed, that is as many as were in harmony, or yielded themselves. That is still the rule. The hearers who accept the teaching and who put it in practice, are they who discover its value and its helpfulness. But the opposition prevailed, as it too often does to this day, and the two missionaries were driven out. We reverence majorities, but the majority is nearly always wrong; it is the



From Raphael's Creation.

THE PEOPLE OF LYSTRA PREPARING TO OFFER SACRIFICES TO THE MISSIONARIES.

of sacrifices, but nothing to do with the living God. There is an instinct in every human heart that the true God is not to be trifled with, and to know him is to submit to him, and this so large a number are quite unwilling to do.

But there are those in every land whose hunger after a real living God is intense; they want, at any cost, to know that they may serve him. Such was the crippled man, but such were not his fellow countrymen. It needed but the visit of a few Jews from Antioch and Iconium who, not content with driving out the servants of God from their own cities, came to Lystra to hunt them out, and the multitude were as ready to execute lynch law upon Paul and Barnabas as they had been to offer them worship so short a time before. Thus it seemed as though Paul were to end his life by a martyrdom like Stephen's. But how then would the word of God be fulfilled which said of him: "He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel" (Acts 9: 15)? As yet Paul had preached before no kings, he could not die until his ministry should be accomplished.

Paul was stoned, and his assailants "drew his body out of the city." But the believing ones stood around him and, whether dead or alive we are not told, only that he arose "and came into the city." Did he not fear? Was it not presumption to thus defy his enemies? Paul knew the leadings of the Spirit, it may have been necessary that those who

remnant, the few men of sense and character, who are right. The truth and the right are usually beaten when the test is a counting of hands. Still, the truth was not to be forced on any one. The teachers had done their duty when they had delivered their message. If the people would not receive it, or, as Paul said, judged themselves unworthy, that was their affair. Henceforth he would speak to those who would listen. The two missionaries then went to Iconium, a town about sixty miles away to the southeast. It is now called Koniye, and has a population of about twenty thousand souls. The preachers seem to have remained there during the winter and spring. There was a similar division there to that at Antioch, and as there is wherever the Gospel is preached, and when it took the form of violence, they left Iconium and went to Lystra, a town about twenty-five miles to the south-west. The sermon there was probably in the open air. The presence of the cripple seems to imply a place where such a man might sit and beg. This man had faith. It was not every man on whom a miracle could be worked. The yielding spirit to which reference has already been made was essential. Paul, looking earnestly at him, recognized it in his face, and bade him stand up. He obeyed, doubtless as much to his own astonishment, as to that of the people. It is a significant fact that the record does not mention Paul's use of the customary formula of giving his command in the name of Christ. Whether he did use it and Luke omitted to mention

it, we do not know. Perhaps the command in the very words and that may account for the homage that followed. If Paul Christ's name as the source of possibly the people would not have of treating him as a divine being. ever the cause may have been, did not occur to them and they to offer sacrifice. They had a that Jupiter and Mercury had on the city and had not been recognized. were inhospitably treated. Th not make the mistake a second they proposed to offer sacrifice two missionaries and were with prevented. Perhaps a more preacher would have let them way, in the hope of turning to count the reverence excited. their Master they thrust the tion away from them. There w etition of the offer. It was no fore the people ceased to rever and tried to kill them, so lightly popular feeling swing from one to the other. Paul they actual and he never forgot it. Many ward he recalls the dreadful e (11 Cor. 11: 25). They thought dead, as the enemies of the times since then, have thought silenced it forever, but it is not resist the power of God. Paul and traveled to Derbe, the twenty-five miles away and the on his tour. After preaching there they retraced their steps turned to Antioch in Syria from they had started. One of the portant results of the tour was th sion at Lystra of Timothy, who Paul's companion and helper.

Having stoned Paul. An ancient now believed to be apocryphal origin of a prejudice against says that Thecla, a princess of most noble families of Iconit sitting at an open window of her house, heard Paul preach, deeply moved and became a n. She refused to marry the heat Thamyris to whom she had been in marriage. He was exasper used all his influence against Pa ing that he was a magician; arrested and put in prison, b visited him there and one day there by her mother and her lover. She was sitting at Paul's ceceiving instruction from him, by her away and had her conden, burned in the theatre. The leg that the fire was extinguished b rainstorm and when determined t thwarted they threw her to the wi a lioness crouched at her feet fended her against a lion and a would have killed her. The st that she escaped from her fav finally settled in Seleucia where ited her and confirmed her in. She is said to have lived to be 90 and have cherished the Christa ing them an asylum from persec

The gods are come down to us who wrote about fifty years be time, tells the tradition which led the people of Lystra to ente idea. He says that Jupiter and went down to that region and ap the guise of tired travelers. They at a thousand doors seeking a rest, but not one was opened. The celestial beings supposed to way worn men were ridiculed treated until they came to a hume inhabited by two peasants, Bas Philemon. The peasants gave t welcome as was in their power. of the hut and its ceiling were s the strangers had to stoop, but t cordially entertained. Subsequ proud, inhospitable people were for their churlishness by a gro which Jupiter sent upon them, ants were amazed to see their l into a stately palace, paved with and adorned by towers of gold at tured gates.

Ye should turn from these van common word denoting what is and foolish. A famous writer c the bitter disappointment of an o who had toiled and saved that might have a college education come a great lawyer or preach came home with a medal won in le race, but without a degree failed in his examination.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

MAY-DAY FROLICS.

How the Festival Was Celebrated in Olden Times and How it is Kept To-day.

BACK in the early beginnings of time, when "all the world was young," the Mayday festival was kept, in various forms, by the people laying claim to a degree of civilization, as the festival to which ushered in the "growing" when all nature gave evidence of it and the earth put on her robes of green and yellow and gold. The name of the festival is of doubtful origin, and is derived from *Maia* the mother of the gods, but from a much older source, according to some authorities, from the *Magis* or *Magus*, which came in from the Sanskrit *Mah*, ("to signify" the "rooting" or "growing"). It was a custom in heathen times to sacrifice on the first day of May.

By the morning, the Roman gods and maidens went into the fields, singing songs in honor of *Maia* and of *Flora*, goddess of fruits and flowers. Nearly English times, the festival was dedicated to merry-making, and the young of both sexes gambled about on the green, around the May-pole. People of all ranks rose up and went "a-Maying," to come the advent of the festival and gathered branches of hawthorn and flowers to deck the ground and weave into garlands. Some parts of England the festival is the occasion of a very elaborate observance. The spiritual leaders attended early, marched to the festival and returned bearing a banner on which they hung flowers, garlands and other tokens of the festival. On one of these gatherings when archery was in vogue, the English king assembled his court at the May-green and directed the games.

In later times, in our own country, the old-style May celebration has been almost lost sight of. May-day itself has passed into the domain of legend, but the festival is still a special sea of joy and out-door merriment among the juveniles. Our history shows a May celebration in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, with the children and not a few adults, marching gleefully over the yielding grass. In the foreground a group of young girls are carrying a diminutive May-pole decorated with bays. Such celebrations, as well as those that are held in connection with the anniversary gatherings, are a revival of the festival of ancient times.

Only Boy!

More than a half century ago, a faithful minister coming early to church met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very pale but distressed expression. "I am nearly to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something seriously wrong in your preaching and in the church there has been only one person who has been in the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"He?" said the old man: "but I have heard of that boy." The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a heavy and heavy heart. He closed his eyes with dim and tearful eyes. He remained. No one? "Only a boy." He watched the trembling old man. His soul is filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black coat. "Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever

become a preacher?" he asked. "A preacher?" "Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "I see the divine hand now. God bless you my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Years afterward, there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes. He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, and the universal missionary cause.

The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors,

"One little boy in a heathen family attended a mission school and, with his secular lessons, learned the stories of the Bible and many of its beautiful verses. As he grew older he felt that the idols worshiped by his parents and all his people were not gods and could not save his soul. Several other young men felt just as he did, his younger brother among them, and finally they decided to become Christians. Immediately their friends began to persecute them so much that all went back except this young man and his brother. These two were faithful to Jesus, and refused to go back to their heathen ways. So they were turned out of their home and went to a training school to become teachers. There they were baptized and admitted to the Christian Church. Since then they have both become teachers, and the older one is now a highly valued and useful instructor in the theological school."

A Boy's Ambition.

A healthy desire to rise in the world is to be commended. An observant pastor, writing on this point, makes the distinction between the ambitious lad and the boy who does not possess the rising quality. He writes: "The boy goes to business, and at his business begins by simply doing the things he is told to do, and doing them in a common and ordinary way. If he stops here, he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance, that his

THE KINGDOM NEAR.

GOD'S Kingdom is not far away For those who for its coming pray; Nor need they search beyond the skies, For lo, within their hearts it lies, And fountains of eternal grace Stream forth from its abiding place.

From God's own bosom springs the tide Of love that floweth far and wide; Sweet Charity, with mantle fair, And Faith and Hope abideth there; And through its pearly portals shine The radiance of His face divine.

And not in distant realms afar His ministering angels are; But faithful feet that walk the way The Master trod from day to day, And lips that tell with loving thought The message that the Master brought, Have sweet companionship, for lo, They walk with angels—here below.

LIZZIE C. HARDY.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

THERE were just three persons in the room: father, mother, and little girl. It was a very solemn moment indeed, and the darkness and gloom of the chamber added more to the solemnity. The little daughter, who had been a member of one of our Sunday Schools, and had found a knowledge of the truth as it was in Jesus Christ, was lying upon her death-bed. The mother and father were bending over the weak and helpless form, gazing upon the pallid countenance, although the Sun of Righteousness was shedding his golden sunbeams in the heart of the child.

She seemed happy as she quoted text after text of Scripture. Such passages as, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee," and, "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you," all seemed to rise before her as if they were written by the hand of Almighty God upon the foot of the bedstead; as the strange handwriting appeared upon the wall at the feast of Belshazzar. Her father and mother could not see the words, but as the little one went over them again and again, her face became illuminated with the light of the everlasting Gospel, and her mind carried her back to the days when she was able to attend Sunday School. She seemed to rest easily; she was conscious that the hour of her departure was close at hand. She feared no evil, because Christ was with her. She was not afraid of death because she was going from the arms of her mother into the everlasting arms of Jesus. She did not dread passing through the waters, for she had learned that when she passed through the waters, God would be near her.

She was nearing the end. The mother was tenderly leaning over her. "Oh, mother!" said she, "I see the pearly gates opening before me, the music of the angels charms me. The angels are waiting and watching for me. I see brother and sister waiting to welcome me to the home that has been prepared for me."

At this, the tears trickled down the parents' cheeks. They realized their own littleness. Her words seemed to strike the uttermost depths of their hearts. "Don't cry," said the little angel. "I am going to a land where God shall wipe all tears away from the eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." And she added: "And when you come, mamma, I will meet you there, too."

If you speak to that goodly mother to-day about the departed child, she will tell you that her little one was the joy of her life, and that she had more faith in God than any person she ever knew. Her heart still languishes for the little girl, but she has one consolation, and that is that the child has gone to rest with her Heavenly Father, and that she was carried by the angels to that land of rest. How true are those words which were spoken by Isaiah, "A little child shall lead them." F. V. C. C.



CARRYING THE MAY-POLE IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy and what that one boy was to the world. The boy was Robert Moffat, the famous missionary.

Children in India.

In a recent letter, Rev. John S. Chandler of Madura, describes most interestingly some phases of peasant child-life in India:

"Children in India sometimes eat off plates made of banyan leaves pinned together by straws. Their food is rice with a little curry made pungent by red peppers. They use their hands to eat with, and then throw away the leafy plates where dogs will come and lick up the remains of food. The clothing they wear is a single cloth apiece and necklaces and bracelets for the girls. As children grow older the girls are occupied more and more in the houses, and the boys in the fields.

"Boys have to do more outdoor work, following usually the occupations of their fathers. Many are poor, and get a living by watching the grazing cattle. The cattle and buffaloes of a village are committed to them in the morning, and they drive them about over fields wherever there is pasture until the evening, when they are brought back in herds to their owners. These children learn much evil from their superstitious and ignorant parents, but they are capable of learning that which is good and true.

life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods; if he begins to see the higher life involved in business, if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence than what we call beneficence; that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten; that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity and serving humanity—as he gets this large view and enters into it, life is enriched and becomes the school wherein he is educated into that which is immortal."

"Tying the Knot."

Just where this familiar phrase, connected with the marriage ceremony, originated, is not generally understood. It has been discovered, however, by an eminent investigator, that a certain part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride, and another from the garment of the bridegroom, and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about "tying the knot" in regard to marriage, which is so generally used.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Bondage of Housework.

THE bondage of housework is less grinding and oppressive than it once was, because our modern conveniences have lightened labor, and introduced labor-saving contrivances into our kitchens, yet it is still sufficiently hard to eat like corroding rust into many a woman's life.

Men work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done,

is as true an adage as was ever spoken. Think of it, from Monday's steaming tubs to Saturday's shining floors, what a stretch of care-taking, and stepping around, and pulling down, and cleaning, and baking, and setting tables, and washing dishes, and mending trousers, and darning stockings, and making beds, and going to market, and smiling in the faces of husband and children no matter how tired you are, what a wonderful stretch it is. Years ago I sat down in the middle of my house-keeping one morning, and wrote

God help us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust!

Truly we women need help from above just to keep sweet and calm and tender and loving through our years of housewifely work!

Now, that I have said this, I hasten to add that I believe in good house-keeping! If you undertake anything in this world of God's, from sweeping out corners to carving statues, see to it that you bring to the task the best that is in you, that you work thoroughly, promptly and efficiently. Don't leave loose ends to ravel out. Don't half do.

Whatsoever thou doest do with thy might. And if thy might be, as sometimes happens, utter weakness, still let the endeavor be made to perform the task of the day with skill and diligence.

Still some of us take our house-keeping duties in too strenuous a spirit. We wage so unremitting a war upon dust that we return to dust sooner than we need to. There are graves hollowed in New England church yards and on the edges of Western prairies, over which might be inscribed:

Here lies a poor woman who never could stop,
She toiled and she slaved, and one day saw her drop,
Now she sleeps with the just, and the world spins away.

And she did not live out even half of her day.

Depend upon it, there are worse foes than mere surface dust. Once having made the house decently clean for the day, there is no sense in flourishing around with whisk brooms, and feathers, and damp cloths, all the afternoon. Wait to renew the contest until to-morrow.

Teach the children to help you. Teach the boys to help you. I shall never forget the superb disdain of a small five-year-old comrade of mine, whom I once invited to help me make a bed. The mite drew himself up, and threw back his sheaf of sunny curls with a toss of his head and a flash of his blue eyes.

"I can't help you! Its woman's work!" "Why no," I explained, "it is man's work, dear. Soldiers and sailors make their own beds, and so does cousin Tom up at West Point. It takes strong and clever people to make beds properly!"

Immediately my cause was won. And I taught my little friend to do much more than that to fetch and carry and save the steps, and the strength of his sisters, to make coffee and tea, to take hold of my work and do it well. Boys can do a lot of the work that women wear another shoulder, and if only taught to do so, they will do it willingly.

Children can lighten the load by early learning to put their own playthings and their clothes in proper places when either happens not to be in use. I am doubly sorry when I see a mother picking up after her flock. She is teaching them to be helpless, and to need waiting on, and she is losing part of the strength she should keep in reserve for herself. "Its queen," said a sensible old lady once, "but the

best mothers sometimes have the worst daughters." She meant in the contrast between capability and inefficiency which one sometimes sees, the strong resolute mother, having daughters in every particular her opposites.

There is a golden word which needs to be spoken over and over in the ear of American women, and it is this: "Rest when you are tired."

Slip away from the children and the work, and sit down with folded hands and shut eyes in the sunshine of the morning or the quiet of the afternoon. Lie down for a half hour in your own room in the dark. Go and take a walk, even if you leave your work unfinished. Let things wait. Do not allow life to make you a drudge. You are in command of life.

Take to your weary heart, dear tired sisters, this bit of comfort:

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.
Take no thought for the morrow. The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.
Your father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

Oh! the sweet blessedness of that assu-



THE KING AND PART OF HIS COURT ARE COMING TO AMERICA NEXT FALL.

rance before ye ask him! Do you remember the story of the dear old Bishop who, after a very hard day, just folded his hands and said: "Thou knowest Lord we are on the same old terms!"

Don't clutter the house up with too many pretty things. They are charming, these scarfs, and vases, and curios, and pieces of china which the taste of the day has brought into our homes, but rather than have to care for them, with my own hands and eyes, I would have a room, bare and old-fashioned, with a marble-topped table, a photograph album, six chairs and a sofa with its back against the wall. Every added ornament is an added care, and the woman who does her own work, and I have her in mind while writing this talk, must avoid superfluities. There is another reason, too, for eliminating useless bric-a-brac. The little ones can't be scolded for spoiling it, if it isn't there to spoil.

Last of all, take the noble and dignified attitude toward housework, that robs even bondage of alarms. This everyday care is making a home nest for husband and children. It is done for my dear ones, let the wife and the mother say, and work for their comfort can never be considered petty or a waste of time. Only as one toils in a mean and unworthy spirit, is told a degradation of one's powers. The woman who looks at her housekeeping from the right point of view, carries it forward with amiability and practical

good sense, and makes its tributary to her home-making, is not merely a little lower than the angels. She is already an angel herself, with the Lord of the angels giving her his benediction.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Siam's King Coming Here.

Chulalongkorn and a Train of Oriental Dignitaries to Visit Us in September—A Progressive Young Ruler.

UNCLE SAM'S sons and daughters will have the pleasure, sometime next fall, of welcoming to these free and enlightened shores, the reigning monarch of ancient Siam, King Chulalongkorn I., and a portion of his imperial Court. Readers of this journal are already somewhat familiar with the character and career of this progressive young Eastern monarch, whose enlightened rule has been the means of pushing his kingdom well to the front among Asiatic nations. His portrait with that of his Queen is given on this page.

Chulalongkorn was born in 1852, and was chosen King by the Senabodee or Supreme Council of State in 1868, and crowned the same year, the chief of the Senabodee being appointed Regent during the King's minority. Like all his predecessors Siam's ruler has a most wonderful and elongated name which is used in all official documents. It is as follows.

lished postal facilities, connected by telegraph with China and the world, caused the erection of lig and buoys along the coast, surveyed the navigable streams, enacted a new code of laws and an judicial system, inaugurated a system of public instruction, protected religious liberty throughout his domain, forbade official interference with converts on Sunday, built hospitals, suffering, opened an art museum, the number of Europeans and in his service, reorganized the army and the municipal police, and encouraged his people to an exemplary life to be temperate, upright, industrious and humane.

Chulalongkorn is temperate, serious, and a very hard worker in his service. In his government has established a system of rev promotions for merit which is superior in its operation to the old method of promoting favorites office, irrespective of capacity, strictly a business ruler, and set a good example in all that public and national affairs. His liberal attitude towards Christians and converts has won warm friends among the strange kingdom. He is one of the best enlightened Buddhist rulers that has produced.

Twenty-One Year's Progress.

The West Side Noon-Day Prayer Meeting Celebrates its Twenty-First Anniversary.

THE West Side Noon-Day Prayer Meeting recently celebrated its twenty-first anniversary at its room, 100 Greenwich Street, New York. The occasion was one of great interest.

Dr. A. C. Dixon delivered the address, which was full of helpful suggestions. A report covering the twenty-one years of the meeting was read by the chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Joseph B. Dixon, showing that the meeting was organized in 1876, during the religious revival following the preaching of Dwight L. Moody. The constituent members were first business men of the West side. The organization has continued without intermission, a noon-hour of every business day is given to the organization. Except at special occasions this has not been what would be called a large meeting, but it has had many features of blessing and spiritual growth. The organization has been able to devote more time to special cases, more carefully and patiently dealt with. Many incidents show how God has blessed the meeting.

A young man living on a farm in Vermont came to New York on business and being anxious about his soul, was directed by a policeman to the West Side Noon-Day Meeting. He attended but had not the courage to make his desire to be a Christian. He wrote home, and sent a written request for prayer to the meeting, giving his address. His case was remembered by one of the brethren, feeling interested, followed up the prayers by writing a letter. This opened a correspondence, and in the course of a few months a letter came bearing the news of his conversion, which took place in July, 1878. He afterwards visited the meeting and gave a precious testimony of God's saving power. Since then his life and work have been carefully watched by members of the meeting, testifying to his unflagging zeal, his faithfulness, his whole-hearted consecration. Many have also been won to Christ through his labors, with a desire to preach the Gospel to the heathen, he entered college at Middlebury, in October, 1881, was ordained, and he and his wife went to India, where he is now laboring under appointment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Many other remarkable conversions might be mentioned.

The prayers of the readers of this paper are requested for the blessing of God upon the efforts of the West Side Noon-Day Prayer Meeting, and that its circulation may be a means of the conversion of sinners.

THE BEST IN LIFE.

Things in Life are Worth Living to and How to Attain Them.

What the best thing in life really is, is a problem that has perplexed many a man beside Ecclesiastes. Some never honestly ask themselves the question, but drift through life, thoughtlessly following the bits of their older friends, and which gives them most pleasure. Others, the opportunity of it not within their reach. The part of their time and the best of mind and body have to be given to the earning of a livelihood. The rest in toil and the night in rest, for the toil of the next day. The conditions of our lives have become so severe, and the competition so severe, that the struggle for existence absorbs all our mental and physical powers to such an extent that there is no possibility for anything else. Whatsoever may be the aspirations of the man, he must set them aside that he may keep in the ranks and not fall, to be under foot. For such beings there is only pity, and year by year the number increases, as labor-saving devices dispense with the need of strength and competitors struggle together for the privilege of resting in toil. Perhaps when we are in a more intelligent social condition we may attain the security of a life that is always sure that shelter will be his. But until we reach that point many must be that of the man who is driven to his labor and must not do many things worth living for. But even when a man has decided to start with and the possibility of choice is within reach, it does not happen that he seeks or desires things that are worth living for. The class which has in possession of things which are esteemed the things of life, there are more of them than bored people than in any other class. They who blunder and are disappointed and who complain that the world is a mere Dead Sea fruit, and that of giving permanent satisfaction to people to be envied, by any means.

The passage associated with the words of John 2: 12-17, we are introduced to a different class of objects in the world esteems. The people interested in the people to whom John is writing because they have these objects. He sees everything passing away, the world itself disappearing and everything pertaining to it. The people remain—they abide. They have attained the dream of the alchemists who vainly sought the elixir of life, which was to be the immortality. "He that doeth will abide forever." Here is the thing worth living for. Not the endless existence, which might be wearisome, but the coming into the divine will which assures development. John sees the things beginning with the forgiveness of sins; then overcoming the world, and yielding to its maxims and precepts, or to accept its ideals; and the fathers who know Christ who are the beginning. They have so much with him, and have learned to overcome what his love for them is imparting strength, and what he can effect as a motive, to know him and have his nature. They are they who do the will of God and live forever. To live so as to be one with Christ and therefore one with the world. To be in the world, but not of it. To be surrounded by evil, to be assailed by emotion and to overcome all. To be pure, but an aggressive force in evil. Such attainments dwarf the influence the acquisition of for power, or fame. And these attainments are possible to all. They are in such of the humblest, the poorest, the most despised. To be like Christ, to have patience and forbearance and love and tenderness—that is the thing of a noble ambition that is worth living. The child in the home, the young man in college, the artisan in the workshop, the business man in his office—all engage in this struggle.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

At That Day Ye Shall Know.

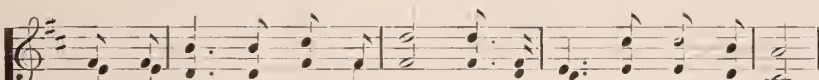
"That I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—JOHN 14: 20.

EL NATHAN.

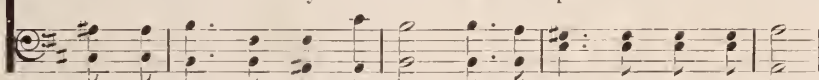
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. "Ye shall know;" O word of blessing! When the Christ we are possessing,
2. See-ing Je - sus in the Fa - ther, Then we know that we to-ge-th-er,
3. Knowing thus our place in Heav - en, All by grace in Je - sus giv - en,
4. Now while He, the Ho - ly Spir - it, Comes to teach what we in-her - it,



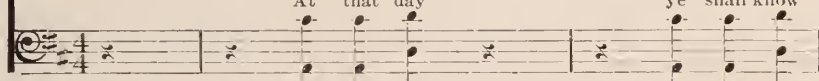
Then the Spir - it makes it known. "In the Fa - ther" Christ is shown.
By the Spir - it, are made one With the Fa - ther and the Son.
Then the Spir - it is this im-parts: Je - sus dwells with - in our hearts.
Let us seek this day to know What the Spir - it came to show.



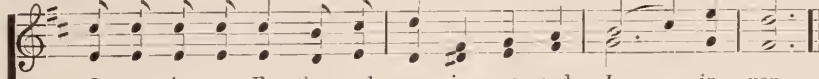
CHORUS.



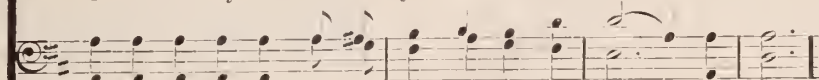
At that day ye shall know At that day ye shall know



That I am in my Fa - ther, and ye in me, That



I am in my Fa - ther, and ye in me, and I . . . in you.



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co

THE CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

OH, such a commotion under the ground
When March called "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whisperings to and fro;
And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked;
"Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low.
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I heard the bluebirds sing;"
And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here."
And sweet the air of spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low.
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest day
Imprisoned in walls of brown, [loud,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown; [world,
And now they are coming to brighten the
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground,
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

SWEET to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!

HIATUS IN PROPHECY.

The Interval Separating Daniel's Sixty-ninth from his Seventieth Week.

BY T. B. BAINES



DANIEL'S prophecy of seventy weeks says: "From the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks . . . and after the threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, and shall have nothing. (Dan. 9: 25, 26, see margin.) Sixty-nine weeks had elapsed, therefore, before Christ's death. But if sixty-nine weeks had closed then, and the seventieth week has not closed yet, what conclusion can we draw? Simply this, that as these weeks relate only to the Jews, the time during which God's dealings with the Jews are suspended is not counted. Now, owing to their rejection of Christ, the Jews are at present set entirely aside, and God is engaged in bringing in "the fulness of the Gentiles." The clock of prophetic time has, therefore, stopped with the cutting off of Messiah, and will not beat out its last week until the fulness of the Gentiles having come in, God resumes his dealings with Israel.

The interval is a prophetic blank, the "many days," during which the children of Israel abide "without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim." (Hos. 3: 4.) But, while entering into no details, it may be well to glance at God's dealings with the Jews from their rejection to their restoration.

Messiah is cut off, and does not receive the kingdom. Then the Roman people destroy the city, and desolation reigns until the end of this great national controversy. This is the only reference made to the interval between the destruction of Jerusalem and the last week.

After foretelling the cutting off of Messiah, Daniel adds: "And the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined. And he shall confirm a covenant with the many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolator. (Dan. 9: 26, 27.)

Our Lord makes a like omission. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled. And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars." (Luke 21: 24, 25.) The whole space between the siege of Jerusalem by Titus and the troubles preceding the coming of the Son of Man is passed over in silence.

But to return to Daniel. For the last seven years before Israel's restoration, there is a person who confirms a covenant with "the many," or mass of the Jewish people, for a week. This person must be "the prince that shall come," named in the previous verse. But that prince is the prince of the people that destroyed Jerusalem; he is, therefore, the head of the Roman Empire, which thus appears once more upon the scene in these which we have very good reason to believe are the closing days of the times of the Gentiles.

A covenant for seven years is concluded between him and the mass of the Jews, who have then returned to Jerusalem and revived their old sacrifices. In the middle of that time he makes the sacrifice to cease, and an abomination or idol is set up, causing desolation to the end of the epoch, when some predetermined fate overtakes the desolator. This last half-week, when wickedness and misery culminate, is three and a-half years, or "a time, times, and half a time," or forty and two months or one thousand two hundred and sixty days, expressions which we find frequently recurring in the description of these fearful events preceding the restoration of Israel, and the establishment of Messianic reign. (Dan. 7: 25; Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14; 13: 5.)

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER X—Cont'd.
A Great Victory.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



THE parlor of the Lloyd mansion was darkened to keep out the heat. The house was very still. Mr. Rives had to wait twenty minutes before Alice was ready to see him, and in that twenty minutes thoughts that he could not prevent crowded even gratified revenge to the wall. Since Nicholas Lloyd so wantonly wronged him a great tide of events had flowed between them, and the straits of Time widened and widened; but he had never forgotten the wrong, never ceased to watch for an opportunity to repay it, with interest. The opportunity had come, and he had taken every advantage of it. In a few minutes he would taste the sweetest morsel of his revenge, for he resolved to tell Miss Lloyd the story of the far-back injury, and leave her no grounds for doubting who it was that had come between her and Lord Medway.

When Alice entered the room he saw at once that she had been weeping, but it did not move him to pity, for his anger, ingrained, had become a hatred which desired its satisfaction, even upon the innocent. And if his injustice touched him at all, he reminded himself that his own daughter's prospects had been blighted just on the verge of her womanhood by the sudden poverty which Nicholas Lloyd had brought on him. "Tis but justice, bare justice," he muttered; "my girl suffered the wreck of all her hopes; his girl shall suffer as mine did. Yes, I will spare her nothing."

As he was thus instructing himself, Alice entered. She was dressed in white, even to her shoes; and as she stood in the dim room, she made a kind of radiance. He was startled by her pallor, by her air of noble sorrow, and by her large proud eyes, which affected him like an accusation.

"You are Mr. Rives?" she asked, advancing a little, but declining, by a slight motion, the chair he offered.

"I am. I called to tell you that Lord Medway left for England this morning."

"I know it, sir."

"Ah!" he ejaculated. He could only imagine that Medway, in spite of his advice to the contrary, had written to her, and he was slightly dashed by this unconscious throwing back of his first stone. But he continued with more animus:

"I do not know when he will return."

"He will not return at all."

Irritated by this calm, positive assertion, he denied at once its truth. "He will return about Christmas, I think."

"You are mistaken, sir. He will not return."

"How do you know that?" he asked sharply. And she made no answer, for how could she tell him that he saw only with his eyes, but that she saw with her heart?

The profound silence that ensued was most embarrassing, though it lasted but a minute. Indeed, he forced with brutal directness a passage through it. "Mr. Lloyd is very ill, I suppose?"

"Very; he dies daily, by hours and minutes."

"Is he ever sufficiently sane to remember past events?"

"Sometimes he is. Do you wish me to ask him for some information?"

"Yes. I wish you to ask him to remember the twilight of October, twenty-three years ago. On that day he robbed me of all I had, and in so doing blasted my little Annette's prospects for life. By fraud and false promises he heaped damnation on himself, before God has damned him, and I hope he will go to the devil when that day comes round again."

He spoke with a rapid passion that admitted of no interruption, even if Alice had desired to interrupt him; but she stood still and white as death, looking at the accuser. Very soon, however, her stern voice broke the unnatural stillness that instantly followed the unnatural outbreak.

"God has brought his sins to his remembrance. My father does not require you or I to touch his memory. It would be well to pray that our sins be not so brought to remembrance. As to the future, Nicholas Lloyd has to do with Almighty God, and not with John Rives."

Her grave rebuke, severe in youthful beauty, had an invincible authority. He was ashamed of his profane, relentless cruelty, and he added, "If you only knew how cruelly he wronged me!"

"The reconciling grave is now between you. In a few weeks, or days, or hours, it may be too late to send the message you ought to send; for you must remember that your trespasses will be forgiven as you forgive those that have trespassed against you."

"If you only knew!" he reiterated: "if you only knew, you would not wonder that I hate."

"I am sorry for you. Hatred is such a bitter self-punishment. And very likely you judge my poor father too hardly. If he had committed any crime against his fellow-men the law—"

"He never committed a crime; he was too clever for that; but he did far worse to me."

"Well, then you have seen your desire on your enemy, as all those who suffer ultimately do. This is your opportunity. Forgive any wrong father has done you. If I ask him to remember John Rives, I must give him a merciful reason for doing so. What am I to say to him?"

"I cannot forgive him. Let him go to his own place."

"You also may need mercy some day, Mr. Rives. Is this the answer you wish to your prayer for it?"

"I cannot forgive Nicholas Lloyd; but I am sorry that I have so steadily worked against your marriage with Lord Medway. I regret that. I will try and undo that."

"You need not regret it, as far as I am concerned. All things will work together for my good, for I trust in One able to make them do so. Do not, therefore, try either to do or to undo in my affairs. I have committed my cause to God, and not to John Rives. But if you have the message of a Christian gentleman to send to my dying father, I will gladly take it."

She ceased speaking, and stood waiting, and the stillness was such as might be felt. The roll of the carriages outside the darkened windows only intensified it. Alice heard them as in a dream. John Rives heard nothing but the rapid beat, beat, beat of his heart, where anger and hatred remained as in a fort. But suddenly his sullen defiance heard a Voice, prophetic in its power, kingly in its authority, priestly in its blessing and cursing—the Voice of Conscience, of the pervading and besetting God—"Thou also art a mortal man." And he recognized the majesty of this reminder, and did reverence to that within him which is eternal.

"You may—tell—Nicholas Lloyd that—I forgive him," he said. The words were brokenly and softly spoken. Indeed, he hardly knew the tones of his own voice, and he was far down the avenue ere he understood fully that he had obeyed that wondrous Power which works neither by insinuation, flattery nor threat, but by simply holding up the naked law of God within the Soul—that Imperative which says to every man, if he will listen to it, "Thou ought," and "Thou must."

He did not look at Alice as he passed her, nor see the brightening paleness of her face, nor comprehend that he had been with one of those finer spirits, who amid the jar and jangle of daily life and the sighs and cries of suffering still keep the melodious memory of the everlasting chime. But Alice knew that she had been on a great battle field, and witnessed a great victory, and that henceforward that shrouded parlor must be a sacred place, for in it she had seen a sinful soul meet its Maker and render obedience.

"Surely," she whispered, "he has gone

to his house justified. It is good for him and it is good for father. Poor father! When a man is fighting death it would be foul play indeed to let flesh and blood in terpose against him."

CHAPTER XI.

Steve is Wanted.

Steve was as yet ignorant of these events. After leaving his wife at the watering place she had chosen, he went straight to a little cot he knew of in the heart of the Hudson Highlands. It was the home of a wood-cutter and his wife, and there were no other homes near it. The old woman had cared for him before; the old man had the virtue of extreme reticence. Neither of them troubled themselves about Steve's coming and going; he gave them money, they gave food and shelter for it, and asked him no questions. Steve was never sure whether their apparent apathy was indifference, or stupidity, or a fine sense of personal peculiarities with which they had nothing to do.

Towards the end of August he was sitting one night on the door-step of the cottage. The wood-cutter was in a chair tilted against a big maple tree, and was smoking one of Steve's cigars—an act of politeness he very seldom committed—for he much preferred his own old pipe and black tobacco. They had nodded to each other when they met at the supper table; they had nodded again when the cigar was offered and accepted, but they had not spoken. Neither of them wished to do so. They were content to wait until they had something to say. Cynthia, the woodman's wife, was scarcely more talkative. Her vocabulary consisted of a few questions and a few exclamations. She had said to Steve when he returned from a day in the woods "Be you come home to supper?" and then put an extra plate on the table. She was now moving quietly about her cottage washing the dishes and laying the table for the early breakfast.

A great peace was all around. The sun had just set, the robins were piping the birds to bed, the woodman's colliers sleeping at Steve's feet. They always attached themselves to Steve when he visited their master, for the collier is a gentleman and knows a gentleman when he meets one. Like Steve they abhorred evil and deceit, and they meant whatever they suggested. One dog rested his head on Steve's foot; Steve's hand lay across the head of the other. The stars came out one by one, "keen glancing from the immensities," the self-same stars under which Abraham worshipped and David kept his sheep, and Columbus sailed. Arcturus pale and calm as angelic stars should be; the Pleiades with their "sweet influence," and the Belt of Orion with his "binding" one. Plants and trees and rivers and stars all spoke of incalculable beneficence to Steve and made the earth on which he trod consecrated ground. Was he lonely then? No! the loneliness of a

(Continued on next page.)

Well and Strong

Was at Times Unable to Stand—
Physician Advised Taking Hood's
Sarsaparilla and it Cured.

"For fifteen years I was a constant sufferer with female weakness and kidney trouble. I took many different remedies but received no relief. I was unable to stand at times and I suffered great misery and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine. Finally I had an attack of bilious fever and was confined to my bed for 3 months. I was attended by a skillful physician who advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did and before I had finished the first bottle I began to feel better. In six weeks after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was able to be about the house and I am now perfectly well and strong, and able to do a great deal of work." MRS. DAVID LEMAY, Dresden Station, New York. Remember

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and prevents their loss. It cleans them without injury, strengthens the gums, perfects the breath and imparts a refreshing sensation.

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(Continued from preceding page.)

"Eat soul is all nonsense! It ruins relationships," Cynthia had gone to bed and was no longer the echoes of the his movements made. Steve was his companion as if he wished to. He knew what to expect in the way of conversation—half sentences like pistol shots, as if one or two of them were amiss.

"Unloach," he said, "I know that I am a queer fellow. You wonder me at nothing."

"Eat at the idle life I lead. But I think every man ought to get his happiness as possible in his own way."

"Happiness? all life means?"

"I can only live once."

"Then I don't read your Bible, Steve. It says we are only live this particular life."

"You like to live this particular life?"

"It is too full of injustice."

"I see Wilmot has lost his religion. It is a good one."

"It is bad when the client is poor."

"I think a poor man can obtain justice against a rich man?"

"The Bible says: 'with man it is not all things are possible to be done.'"

"Along pause Steve continued, "I respect of your politics? What is your?"

"I don't like that's up."

"What right?"

"It is natural to think that Providence is best."

"I am disappointed in X."

"I shouldn't have been."

"I am?"

"I am never becomes twelve."

"I am of the whole world is a politician."

"Men to him aren't fathers and mothers. They are Republicans or Democrats."

"I often wondered, Martin, if you were in these woods, and to this life?"

"It is not."

"I am calamity? And bravely, too, I am not?"

"I am a good soldier meets a shot."

"I am all a loving wife to help you?"

"I am a lad."

"I am health? Health is good fortune."

"I am salt of life."

"I am I don't fear death?"

"I am I am of death may bully the world."

"I am bully me."

"I am have a reason for that confidence."

"I know him. That was dead, and I am all living forever."

"I am Steve stretched out his hand, and I am took it, and the silence was broken. An hour passed, then I am stooped and petted the dogs, and I am with a yawn, "It is getting late, and I am you go to work so early in the morning."

"I am tomorrow. The job I was on is finished."

"I am may you will finish your last job."

"I am at it. It won't matter."

"I am think so?"

"I am not others. We are in a world of change. There's always plenty of fresh blood."

"I am true, too. Good night. I am to sleep."

"I am you it."

"I am what do you mean?"

"I am I should blood may sleep, but does it sleep?"

"I am sleep sets it free like a bird from its cage."

"I am not so."

"I am Steve did not hear this answer, for he spoke, a clear, soft, penetrating voice, into his ears and his heart. He still and his whole frame vibrated with the powerful influence. Awe, and yet meditated his duty, he bowed his head in submission to the message. It was instantly as thought, and yet it felt that a strange conviction of the necessity. He waited until the essence had departed, and then he said:

"Martin, did you hear anyone speak?"

"Not a word."

"I did. I shall not go to bed now. I am going home. My mother called me. She is needing my help in some way."

"Then go to her. Don't loiter. She may be in trouble."

"I fear she is."

"And it may be about yourself. Men shouldn't make mothers weep. God counts their tears."

In ten minutes Steve had packed the little valise he carried, and was on his way to the nearest railway station. But it was long after midnight before he was at the door of the Lloyd mansion in New York. He had debated with himself on the journey, as to whether he would call there, or go at once to Newport, but had concluded that it might be best to see if his father was not in New York. If so, Steve was sure anything unusual would have been telegraphed to him. He was a little astonished to see lights in the house; more so when he rang the bell and it was promptly answered, and the sight of the servant whom he knew had gone with the family to Newport sent a quick terror to his heart.

"You here, Kelly?" he ejaculated, and the man answered, "Mr. Lloyd is very ill, sir. The family are all in New York."

The man preceded him into the parlor, turned up the lights and then went to notify the mother and sister of Steve's arrival. He was too restless to sit, too sensitive to the atmosphere around him to doubt what presence was waiting there. But full of anxiety as he was he resented this gloomy anticipation of the change which affected the whole house.

"I wonder what we are Christians for?" he mentally exclaimed. "We never see anything but terror in the visit of death. The pagan Athenian, caressing his dog, ere he cheerfully went out and 'fared to the house of the Lord of Many Guests,' might teach us a lesson. There is no fear of the terrible in his face or attitude. He knows that all good things await the new comer to Hades, and that 'Happiness is betrothed to him in a garden of myrtles.' Then why should not a Christian American take leave of his life and his friends in the same cheerful hopeful spirit?"

He had not finished this strain of thought when Mrs. Lloyd and Alice came into the room together. He was shocked at the change in their appearance, and when he heard something of the great burden they were bearing he felt a burning shame and anger at his own careless neglect. "I ought to have known that father was not fit to leave," he said, "and I did know it, but in my selfish carelessness I hoped things would go on as usual until I had had my holiday."

"You ought at least to have left us some idea of where to find you, Steve, in case of serious trouble. I thought my heart would break to-night, with the very longing for the comfort and help you could be. If prayer could have reached your ear, as well as the ear of God, you would, you must, have heard my cry."

"I did hear it, and I answered it at once. I will not leave you again, mother."

"Your father's sickness may be tedious, or it may end suddenly—and there is Jessie."

"Jessie is very happy. I have not the slightest doubt of that."

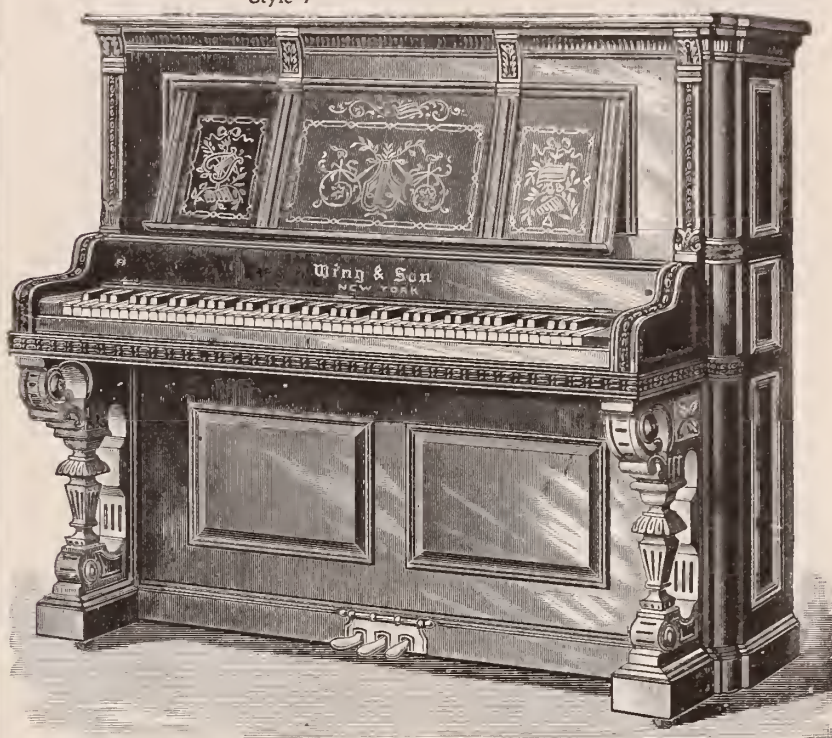
(To Be Continued.)

Naked Pills

are fit only, for naked savages. Clothes are the marks of civilization—in pills as well as people. A good coat does not make a good pill, any more than good clothes make a good man. But as sure as you'd look on a clothesless man as a mad one, you may look on a coatless pill as a bad one. After fifty years of test no pills stand higher than

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills
SUGAR COATED.

Style 7



*You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano.
In justice to yourself write for prices on the Wing Piano before you buy.*

Imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither, and Banjo, giving the effect of an entire orchestra of these instruments playing in concert with the piano.

SENT ON TRIAL We will send this piano, or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States ON TRIAL (all freights paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask no advance payment: no deposit. We pay all freights in advance.

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EASY PAYMENTS

Our beautiful, handsomely illustrated Catalogue, and a book of information about pianos sent free on request.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Peacemaker's Blessing.

ONE of the sweetest of "the blessings" in the Sermon on the Mount, is the one which declares, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." There is living over in Ohio, a minister of the Gospel of peace, whose whole life has been one long work of peacemaking. Not only

is gathered many striking incidents of his noble and useful life.

But turning away from many more striking stories in some ways, I have found this picture of the peacemaker to be very charming in my own eyes.

There was a local preacher and a class leader who had disagreed about some trivial matter. For years they did not fellowship each other. Their friends became involved in their quarrel, and the entire circuit suffered in consequence. Several efforts had been made to settle the difficulty, but in vain. Dr. Fee saw that nothing could so insure the success of their revival efforts at the annual camp-meeting on which they were entering, as the making of peace between these brethren. So getting them together on the camp-ground, he said: "Let us go to the woods."

When they reached a secluded place, he asked them to kneel with him in prayer, and he prayed earnestly that this difficulty might be settled and they again become friends. He told them of the injury which was being done by this unfortunate affair, and the fearful responsibility which was upon them. He said to the local preacher: "Brother W., will you state this case just as you understand it, as fairly as possible?"

He did so in a very candid manner. Addressing his opponent, Dr. Fee said: "Brother P., will you state your case fairly, just as you understand it, with your matters of grievance, whatever they may be?"

He, with equal fairness, presented his case.

"Now," said Dr. Fee, pleasantly, "I ask each of you one question, Brother W., do you believe Brother P. to be an honest, truthful man, and that he would not willfully tell a falsehood?"

He said, "I do."
"Brother P., do you believe that Brother W. is an honest man and that he would not tell, willfully, a known falsehood?"

Said he, "I believe he would not."
Then said Dr. Fee, "Brother W., you have stated your grievances; Brother P. has stated his. You have agreed to regard each other as honest and truthful men. If this be true, is there anything between you which ought to keep you apart, and which will justify you in involving almost an entire church in a personal difficulty?"

They both said with some hesitancy, "there is not."

"Are you mutually willing before God, to settle this difficulty here and now to the best of your ability?"

Each of them replied, "We are."
Dr. Fee said, "Let us pray."

They knelt down where they were, on the leaves which covered the earth. The Doctor prayed, and then asked Brother W. to pray. After clearing his throat a good while, he began. His prayer was not very fervent. Then he called on Brother P., and he had but little spirit of prayer. But this persistent peacemaker did not give up, but after praying again himself, called on each of them, one after the other, to pray again. They did so and were melted into tears. They arose.

"Now," said the Doctor, "Brethren, suppose you shake hands with each other and bury this difficulty forever."

Brother W., extended his hand to Brother P., who received it, but each of them looked away from the other. Said the Doctor: "That will never do! Look each other in the face, and, with a 'God bless you,' give each other a hearty shake."

They did so, and in a little while their arms were around each other and they were wonderfully blessed. When they returned to the camp-ground, there was great rejoicing among the people. This reconciliation was the beginning of a glorious revival.



DR. WILLIAM I. FEE.

between sinful souls and their God, but between man and his fellow.

It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that the most successful pastor in winning souls for the past fifty years, in the Ohio River Valley, is the Rev. Dr. William I. Fee, whose name is full of fragrance throughout large parts of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio. For considerably over half a century he has been constantly preaching the Gospel and God has given him wonderful revivals every year. He has been one of the most modest and retiring of men through it all, but has at last been persuaded to publish a volume, entitled: "Bringing the Sheaves," in which

OUR INDIA "MITE BOXES."

We will send to pastors of churches, superintendents or teachers of Sunday Schools, secretaries of societies, heads of



ladies, and to all who undertake to use them in this beneficent work, "Famine Fund Mite Boxes," like that shown in the illustration, but slightly larger. They are printed in gold, and every box bears full instructions how to use them. Send a postal card to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if you wish to have a Mite Box.

Women in Council.

The third National Convention of Working Women's Societies was held in Philadelphia on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of April. The first was held in New York in 1880, and the second in Boston in 1884. At the Philadelphia Convention, the morning sessions were held in the New Century Drawing room, 124 South Twelfth street, from 10 to 12 P. M. The two evening meetings were held at Drexel Institute and Horticultural Hall.



The spectre

of housecleaning needn't trouble you at this moment. The person that dreads cleaning knows nothing of Pearl's—its easy work, its quickness and economy.

Go over everything with Pearl—floors, doors, windows, woodwork, paint, marble, stone, glass, carpets, a-brac—and you'll get through

cleaning job in the shortest time, and with the least and fuss. You don't need any other help. Pearl is meant to wash everything that water won't hurt, and

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl" FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer offers you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, JR.

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Has so many good points, I can only find one, and that don't ever hurt me."

THE CLINTON has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the world, because of its surpassing excellence.

FREE! To convince you, we will send, for stamp, samples of the CLINTON, also our SOVRAN pin and a pretty colored booklet for the children.
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For Children's Day.

MUSIC, BIRDS AND FLOWERS, No. 2.

A new Program for 1897.

MUSIC, BIRDS AND FLOWERS, No. 1.

Issued last year was immensely popular. Prices: Sample copies, 5 cts.; 55 cts. per doz.; \$4.00 per hundred.

CHAS. H. CARPENT, 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Button, Button, Where's the But

You Can't See It, But—

Hear it Snap

You Don't See It.



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An ingenious patented device for securely fastening ladies' and children's garments, pockets, waists, and cycling suits in particular by dressmakers.

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SACRED SONGS.

200 songs, every one new and over 100 are chosen from Gospel Hymns, etc. says it is the best book ever published.

An excellent collection for Schools, Young People's Societies, Church Hymn Selections for men, women, and children.

Notes. Only 25 cts. per 100 by transportation not prepaid.

30 cents each if sent by mail.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Chicago House, Lakeside Building, 75 E. Ninth St.

Children's Day

new features not found in others. Send 15 cts. for our three latest. **JUST OUT!** Triumphant No. 2, also Gospel Hymn Selections for men, women, and children. (128 pages), same for female voices, (128 pages) FREE. **GEO. F. ROSCH & CO., 940 W. Madison St., New York, N.Y.**

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AGENTS for Door Holders. Sample Sash Lock sent stamp. Immense, better than we have. **\$10 a day. Write quick. Address: BROAD & CO., Box 22, Phila.**

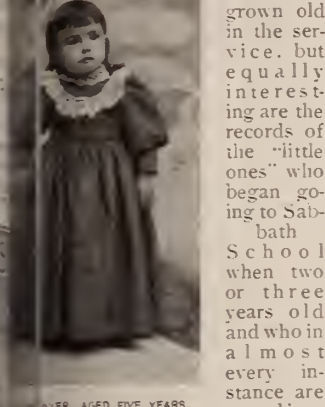
EUROPE \$260.

Sailing July 1st. All expenses paid. Agents: The Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, England, Shakespear's country & Ireland. **EDWIN JONES, 462 Putnam av., Brooklyn, N.Y.**

Sunday School Champions.

Records still Coming in—A Tiny Girl Pupil.

Of the letters received daily in regard to the Sunday School championship contest, we find many interesting and remarkable accounts of years of constant Sunday School attendance by those



grown old in the service, but equally interesting are the records of the "little ones" who began going to Sabbath school when two or three years old and who in almost every instance are attending in every Sunday afternoon.

AGED FIVE YEARS.

every Sunday afternoon.

in C. Nissley, Supt. First Baptist School, Harrisburg, Pa.

elen E. Sawyer, who is but five years has been present for two years

months without an absent Sabbath in addition has committed to

"Golden Texts." The First Sunday School meets at 2 P. M.

B. Roberg, with a record of fifteen years and five weeks. Carl Johnson, ten years and five weeks. and David Roberg, five years and five weeks. all without a break.

THE BOWERY MISSION

and Young Men's Home.

Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

ONE hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Free Kindergarten, daily from 9 to 12 A. M. Girls' Sewing Classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 3.30 P. M.; Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held 469

Men Professed Conversion 3,671

Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House 40,768

Meals Served in Restaurant 588,321

Patients Treated in Free Dispensary (Opened Aug. 20, 1895) 736

Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured 933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Prev. ack'd	\$362.30
Friend, Franklin	10 00
L P S, Newark	2 00
Mrs M Dobson	3 00
Lola L Westmoreland	5 00
Miss S A Simonds	1 00
Hulto	3 50
Friend, Wisconsin	1 00
One who believes in prayer	1 00
A Visitor	1 00
Mrs Roxa Brooks	2 00
Annie H P	1 00
Friend E. Brooklyn	10 00
Wyo	5 00
I H N, Tarrytown	1 00
Mrs Geo Faton	3 00
Total	\$411.80

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

MALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.			
Name	Address	Period of Attendance	Total
		Years, Weeks	Attendance
Keyport 1st Bapt. S. S., Keyport, N. J.	Wm. S. Gilhuly, Tcr.	33	16 1732
1st Bapt. S. S., Norfolk, Va.	H. J. Williamson, Supt.	9	16 484
M. E. S. S., Elma, N. Y.	L. A. Wright, Supt.	7	8 372
1st Pres. S. S., Warren, Ohio.	Waldo D. Webster, Supt.	7	394
Grace M. E. S. S., Paterson, N. J.	Chas. R. Hopson, Supt.	5	280
Bapt. S. S., Hinesburg, Vt.	J. H. Allen, Supt.	12	272
Glenwood Bapt. S. S., Buffalo, N. Y.	W. C. McGregor, Sec.	4	264
Walmer R'd Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.	J. N. Shenstone, Supt.	6	260
Walmer R'd Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.	J. N. Shenstone, Supt.	6	260
Birch Ave. Bapt. Ch., Toronto, Can.	W. C. Senior, Supt.	9	260
FEMALE CANDIDATES.—New Entries.			
Ena Corbet, Biddle Mem. Mission S. S., Carlisle, Pa.	GEO. BRIDGES, Supt.	24	1248
Grace M. E. S. S., Paterson, N. J.	Chas. R. Hopson, Supt.	10	520
Pres. S. S., Mechanicsburg, Pa.	F. K. Plover, Supt.	6	327
1st Pres. S. S., Warren, Ohio.	Waldo D. Webster, Supt.	6	312
1st Pres. S. S., Warren, Ohio.	Waldo D. Webster, Supt.	6	312
1st Pres. S. S., Warren, Ohio.	Waldo D. Webster, Supt.	6	312

little girl has also gone to the chapel, which meets at 9 A. M., day for the past two years and without missing once.

hope of the Friends Church, n. Ohio, commenced attending school when three years old, and attended 259 sessions during the past

Johnson, of the Fulton Ave. ysterian Sunday School, Balti-

has attended the sessions of y School' for seven years with-

ing a Sabbath. Mr. Henry S. Glenwood Ave. Baptist Church

chool, Buffalo, N. Y., began y School attendance Jan. 1, 1892.

ot missed a session up to the pres-

Herbert R. Beecher has been t the Baptist Sunday School

day since Nov. 1, 1891, making 272 consecutive Sabbaths to

2.

page we give the names of the

ates whose records were sent

the week. The entries in the

ntest will close June 1st.

ewish Evangelical Mission Sun-

is well represented by Philip

Ten Yards of Dress Goods

and Pattern to Cut It By,

Express Prepaid, for \$2.00

A large mill owner having manufactured an immense quantity of Silk Stripe Zephyrs, in preparation for this season's demand, found himself with a larger stock of goods on hand than he could sell through the regular channels of trade.

I approached him with an offer for the entire lot a few days ago, and to my surprise he accepted it. It is therefore possible for me to offer a dress pattern of this elegant material, express paid, with a pattern and full directions for making, for the astonishingly low price of \$2.

The patterns are those sold by several of the largest retail dry goods stores in the land. Your knowledge of patterns will show you that the standard patterns which are sold the country over would cost you for a suit anywhere from 50 cents to \$1. It is therefore a very easy matter to see that at the price I offer the buyer is getting what would ordinarily cost \$4 or \$4.50 for \$2.

This offer must be accepted within thirty days, as I must turn the entire lot of goods into cash before the 1st of June.

In order to facilitate your choice of patterns, I will be glad to send samples of goods and pictures of paper patterns for your inspection and selection for 10 cents in stamps. If you purchase from these samples, the 10 cents paid will be credited on the purchase, and you need send but \$1.50 in ordering.

The fact that our advertisement is received by this publication is a guarantee that I will do as I agree to do herein, but references will be sent with samples; so act promptly and send for samples at once.

A. W. LAW
160 B'way, N.Y. City

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

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"INFANT HEALTH" SENT FREE.

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have the largest mann. factory in the world from which we sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices, thus saving the profits of the dealer and the commissions of the agents. No money required! This instrument has been thoroughly tested in your own house. Shipped on 30 days' trial.

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Sold on instalments. Easy payment. Send for catalogue at once if you want to obtain the greatest bargain ever offered. Write your name and address plainly, and we will send by mail same day letter is received. Positively guaranteed every Organ and Piano twenty-five years.

ORGAN

\$25.00 and up.

\$160.00 and up.

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These wheels are sold for cash only. We will not ship them C. O. D. or prepay expressage beyond points reached by our wagons.

Complete Line of Bicycle Sundries at Lowest Prices.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,
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THE HUMAN HAIR.
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. S., London.
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"Every one should read this little book."—Athenaeum



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—little and big—should have the protection and support afforded by FERRIS' WAIST. With buttons for undergarments, attachment for hose support, and every convenience for healthful dress, in styles suited to every age.

Ferris' GOOD SENSE Corset Waist

Is not only comfortable, but graceful and elegant. Recommended by physicians. Always superior in quality and workmanship.

Made high and low bust, long and short waist to suit all figures. Children's, 25c. to 50c. Misses', 50c. to \$1.00. Ladies', \$1.00 to \$2.00.

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FREE!
We Direct Special Attention to the Following Remarkable Statements.

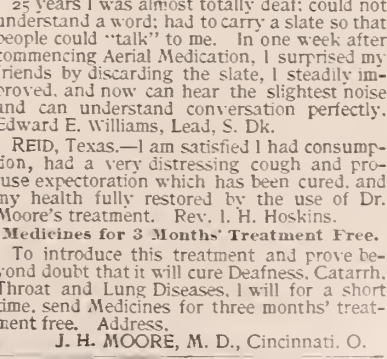
For 22 years I suffered untold agonies from Fetid Catarrh. Aerial Medication cured me in 1889, and I am still entirely free from the disease. Mrs. I. F. Sharp, Twinville, Tenn.

25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate, I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise and can understand conversation perfectly. Edward E. Williams, Lead, S. Dk.

REID, Texas.—I am satisfied I had consumption, had a very distressing cough and profuse expectoration which has been cured, and my health fully restored by the use of Dr. Moore's treatment. Rev. I. H. Hoskins.

Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP AND FACIAL CREAM
Purely antiseptic medicinal to let articles for use. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



ARMENIAN AID.

The General Condition Slowly Improving—
Progress of the Orphan Work.

In a letter from one of the missionaries of the American Board in Armenia, just received, encouraging reference is made of the progress of the rescue work among the orphans of Oorfa, which the readers of this journal have substantially aided during the past winter. The writer says:



THE SAME APPLICANT AS
HE DEPARTED.

"He found the work at Oorfa well organized and in a prosperous condition. How to provide for the very large number of widows and orphans there, has been one of the difficult elements in the problem of that city.

"As showing what the ruin wrought in this part of our field has been the following fact is very significant: At the recent election of municipal officers at Adiaman, a part of whom are required to be Christians, in making the usual nominations a list of Christians eligible to office in previous years was produced containing some fifty names, and of these only one, and he a Syrian, was found to be alive.

"At Biridjik out of a Christian population of 1,500, some 140 were killed and all Christian houses were looted. The lives of those who remained were spared only as they professed Islam. Since then, however, they have nearly all returned to their old faith; but such has been the poverty and fear to which they have been subjected, that now barely 600 Christians remain in the city."

Meanwhile relief and rescue work goes on at many points in Anatolia. At Cesarea, Sivas, Aintab and elsewhere the orphanages are full and the work is very promising. Misery and destitution are gradually disappearing and should there be no renewal of the troubles, the conditions might be expected to steadily improve. As illustrating the work of the Clothing Bureau of the Relief Department at the Mission at Cesarea, photographs are given of an applicant as he arrived and as he departed. There are hundreds in a similar condition. The following contributions to the Fund have been received during the week:

Prev ack'd	\$7,602.02	Mrs W F Stille	1.00
Mrs S Binet	25	Alma	2.00
Mrs GMS, Saratoga	50	In memory of dear	
Edward Lindstrom	50	ones, Munsville	5.00
Wendel P Ready	50	Two sisters, Knox-	
Cla Kuyken	4.00	ville	3.50
A Van Valin	1.00	H N, Ryegate	2.00
Mrs A Much and		W J H, Tidoulet	1.00
Mande Cain	2.00	Friends, Manlius	50
G W He Kman	2.00	Mary Goodwin	1.00
Alma H P Hamm	1.00	Mrs Waldron	1.00
Albert H Midman	2.00	Mrs A Wajun	1.00
Elizabeth Roberts	2.00	Mrs E S Hopkins	1.00
Jessie A Sherman	1.00	Friends, S Deerfield	2.50
Syracuse Central		Hans Braesten	50
Bright Chur h	18.75	Sven Lande	50
Mrs H Clements	1.00	Wm A Pierce	50
M A White	1.00	W O P, Worcester	1.00
Mrs M A Mc Murran	2.00	In Jesus name,	
The Alpha Zeta		Sabbath	5.00
Frederic	1.52	Anonymous, Mon-	
K N Z, Dartm	5.00	trous	5.00
John Smith Jr	2.00	Friend, Ballston	1.00
Low Friends, Cen-		One who has gone	
cor I		hungry, Kalspell	50
Jane W Bender	1.00	Harold	1.00
Helen Goss	1.00	Harsh Sloan	2.00
Mr Geo Bell	1.00	C D Paterson	1.00
S. J. Vin	50	Ben Foray	1.00
Mr J J Walker	1.00	E S H Howe	1.00
Two Syn pathizer		John Beitle	1.00
Rose	1.00	Total	\$7,708.02

Children's Day Music.

A service for Children's Day usually second Sunday in June, entitled "The Mission of the Flowers," came to us from the Biglow & Main Co., 76 East North Street. The music is by Hubert P Main, whose previous services for Children's

Day have been deservedly popular. There are a few dialogues and recitations bearing on the significance of the day and the mission which the flowers have to fulfill. The whole is a well-connected service, admirable for use on the occasion, and the music is in Mr. Main's happiest style. Price five cents. \$4 per 100, by express.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

DAILY by an upper window—
Knowing little earthly joy—
Gazing on the passing travelers,
Sat a little cripple boy.
Of his lonely heart was yearning
For the pleasures others knew,
But his pleasures were like visits
From the angels—very few.
Though in poverty and suffering,
Patiently his lot he bore,
For he knew the love of Jesus,
And a smile of gladness wore.
Earnestly he watched the passers—
Some light-hearted—some more grave—
And he often longed to tell them
Of God's wondrous power to save.
With a heart brim full of music—
How he longed by some sweet song,
There to tell his precious message
To the careless, hurried throng,
But he dared not sing a sonnet.
For he knew his song would be
One with pain, and sorrow laden,
With no hint of melody.

So he wrote his little message
On a fair and spotless scroll,
Hoping that God's blessed angels
Would convey it to some soul.
Very simple was the message,
And he dropped it to the ground—
Watched it floating—praying, wond'ring
By whom first it should be found.

Soon a traveler espied it—
By the angels surely led,
And he caught that bit of whiteness,
And unfolding it, he read:
"I must do for God, my Father,
What he sent me here to do,
And this message, from my window
Has been sent, my friend, to you.

"You have tried the world around you
But no pleasure have you seen;
Naught but bitter disappointment.
Try John's Gospel, 'three, sixteen.'
'Whosoever—Everlasting'—
Message full of grace divine.
'Tis for you, dear friend, forever,
If the Saviour shall be thine."

In that heart it found a lodgment,
Touched a chord which long had been,
Silently entombed, forgotten—
'Neath the wretchedness of sin.
New ambitions were awakened.
Sin and sorrow took their flight,
And in place of earthly darkness
There arose a heavenly light.

He was only just a cripple,
Sitting by the window pane;
Yet his life of patient sorrow
Was not given all in vain.
It was but a piece of paper
That was floated from above,
But it bore a precious message
Of a Saviour's dying love.

Chicago, Ill. GRANT COLFAX TULLER.

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Free.

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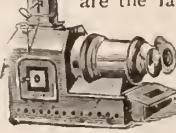
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.

By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1897.

Price Five Cents.



RECEPTION OF A NATIVE RAJAH AT ONE OF THE CITY GATES OF LUCKNOW, INDIA. (See page 386.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I. de P., Grand Rapids, P. I., Boynton, Kingfisher, and others. See article on Grant Monument on page 398 which contains explanation.

Angie F., Morristown, N. J., Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch have been in the West for some time past, receiving pledges of corn for India.

Constant Reader, Gloucester, Mass. Is it right to turn a member out of the Church for living in sin? If a man, for instance, falls into the drink habit, should he be expelled? In Matt. 13: 30, the direction to let both grow together till the harvest seems to forbid exclusion.

The passage does not apply to the Church, but to the world, and the direction is given to angels, not to men. If there is no repentance, no effort after amendment, the Church has no alternative. She must exclude the wrongdoer. Every case must be judged on its merits, especially in the matter of drink. A man may be waging a very brave struggle to overcome his propensity and may deserve all the sympathy and help the Church can give him, while to cast him out might cause him to lose heart and despair. The Church cannot afford to tolerate sin in its members. It is bound to show its condemnation and abhorrence of sin, but it should deal tenderly with the sinner and should encourage him to repent and quit sin. The severity sometimes exercised causes the sinner to persevere in his sin, while by kindness and affectionate exhortation the man might be restored. If you read the first and second epistles to the Corinthians you will see how a very flagrant case was dealt with under Paul's direction. From 11. Cor. 2: 7, we infer that the discipline was beneficial to the offender.

Earnest Inquirer, Denver, Colo. 1. Don't you think a sincere Christian can be in such a physical condition—a nervous dyspeptic for instance—that happiness is an impossibility? 2. What is your opinion of phrenology and palmistry?

1. Unquestionably many very good Christians are great sufferers physically; yet we know of instances where the spiritual nature is so highly developed and the faith so beautiful that all physical infirmities are overcome. This shows that happiness even in such cases, is not impossible. 2. They are pseudo-sciences and not acknowledged by any of the scientific schools.

Rev. J. J. Wilkinson, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union at Beebe, White County, Ark., writes:

The cries of the distressed and suffering ones in the flooded districts are daily coming to us, such as have not been heard in this country before. Relief is badly needed in Crittendon, St. Francis, Lee, Monroe, and other counties where I have labored as Sunday School missionary in eastern Arkansas. Whole counties are almost covered with water and hundreds of families are destitute of home or food. In Monroe, St. Francis, and Lee counties I planted a number of Sunday Schools three years ago; now in Monroe alone, one hundred families are reported in a starving and homeless condition, the water covers over twenty-five thousand acres of land there.

Fortunately, help has already reached a majority of the worst cases of suffering in the flooded districts. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's relief expedition (which was accompanied by a missionary of the American Sunday School Union and rendered aid to several thousand persons), notifies us that the Government's relief agents are now at work and that the suffering is steadily decreasing.

Mrs. M. B. W., E. Corinth, Me. 1. Are ostrich feathers shed naturally or plucked forcibly with the quills stained with blood, as I have read; also ostrich feathers, augettes, etc.? 2. Would it not be better for ladies to wear artificial feathers than to aid an industry furnishing employment to many people?

1. We understand that almost all the feathers used as plumes are plucked from the living bird. Using "shed" feathers is the exception. 2. It certainly would.

F. M. B., Grand Rapids, Mich. 1. Did Christ's sufferings consist in his taking on him the human form and living a life of humiliation, or was it that he took on him the nature of man? 2. How can I feel that I am a Christian if I do not feel that in him I can find a God who can be reconciled with me? 3. What is the meaning of the words in 1 Cor. 15: 20, "that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God?"

1. It depends on what you mean by sacrifice. If you refer to the Levitical types, it took place on Calvary. But if you use the word in its ordinary meaning of surrendering, or giving something for the sake of others, it comprehends the whole life. Christ must have suffered much in living among men. There must have been so much of his association with them that was shocking to his pure nature. We may imagine that he left a refined home to live among "untamed savages," by the change from Court must have been a fairly great one. Then his friend, murderer

stood him and hurt his feelings by their coarse thoughts and words. This was life-long, and must have tried him as severely as his physical sufferings. His humiliation in that sense was a sacrifice for humanity. 2. There is no need to reconcile them, as they are not in opposition. The prevalent notion was that being a son of Abraham gave a man a right of entrance to the kingdom of God, and that certain rites and ceremonies might give a title, but Paul emphasizes Christ's teaching to Nicodemus (John 3: 1-20), that an inward and spiritual change is necessary. Flesh and blood have nothing to do with it. Job, on the other hand, is proclaiming his confidence that death will not end all, and that though it may destroy his body, yet it will not keep him from seeing God. The rendering of the margin of the Revised Version makes this clear. It is, "Without my flesh shall I see God."

Marcia C. C., San Jose, Cal. In your issue of March 31st, John B., of Correctionville, Ia., says: "I would assure you that many farmers would be glad to get as much money as the preachers." True, so far as money goes, but he seems to forget, and you also, that the farmer has, or should have, his own milk, butter, eggs, meat, vegetables, etc.,



SCENE IN A TURKISH CEMETERY, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

On Friday, the Mohammedan "day of rest," there are many visitors to the cemeteries, a proportion of them being Moslem women, who are sometimes accompanied by their children. Wailings and lamentations for the dead can be heard in all parts of the cemetery on such occasions.

money only being required of him for groceries, dry goods, doctor's bills, etc., while the minister must pay cash for every article consumed or used in his family, and often—usually in the poorer communities—even for the rent of the house he lives in. Should the farmer choose to donate the minister anything, church rules require, I believe, that the full value thereof shall be credited to his salary, which puts a different light on the matter, but which farmers seldom think of.

Sarah C., Rochester, N. Y. Is it customary to offer a minister a fee—or for him to accept one—for officiating at the funeral of a member of his own church?

It is customary and proper. There is no rule on the subject, however, and pastors frequently officiate at funerals where the poverty is such that a fee is out of the question.

A correspondent writes us that Rev. A. J. Walrath, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Penn Yan, N. Y., died April 21, greatly regretted. Mr. Walrath was a life time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Isaac M. C., Rossville, Ill. I desire to give one-tenth of my income to the Lord's work. Please inform me how I can best invest it. Would it not be best invested in foreign missions?

Any branch of the Lord's work is good, although all branches are not equally necessary. Last now, the call to duty points the Christian toward India, where missionaries and relief work are sorely needed.

S. A. McK., Unity, Ore. I note the question of E. C. R., New Oxford, Pa., and your answer. I wish to refer you to several places in the Bible showing divine warrant for the use of instrumental music in the worship of God. 1. Chron. 15: 16 and 28, read the chapter and also note 22, 24, 27 verses. 1. Chron. 16: 4, to 27 note also chapter 17: 2, "God is with them." If so would not God have forbidden

the use of instruments, that is, if he objected. Note also the diversion for service as given in chapter 23: 5. Also chapter 25: 1, 3, 5, 6, 7. It seems they had regular instruction in song and instrumental music. Read David's address to the people, 1. Chron. 25: 1 to 10, and decide whether David did "right in the sight of God" during the later years of life. Read also 11. Chron. 5: 1, that instruments were also dedicated and put among the treasures. Read the beautiful description in same chapter 5: 12 to 14. Read Ezra chapter 3: 8 to end of chapter. They played on instruments and sang and shouted and praised the Lord. There is also an account of a grand concert in the book of Nehemiah, but I will let your readers find it for themselves, only referring to chapter 12: 30. Also read Isaiah 38: 20. There are other places where instruments were used in the praise services (and there are harps in heaven), and never a word of condemnation from the Lord. What God does not forbid or condemn is surely not sinful.

Samuel F., Lake Geneva, Wis. I should like to enquire is it right for me as a Christian, to give financial support to the Church, when I am convinced it would do more good to use it in reclaiming drunkards and preventing the young from becoming drunkards?

We consider that the Church, with its wide-reaching ramifications and great experience, is best able to judge which branch of Christian work is most urgent and deserving, and it is, therefore, entitled to your first consideration. This need not debar you, however, from making an effort in any other direction as your own heart may direct. Write to the American Temperance Society, Reade street, New York, for full information on the liquor traffic and how best to combat the evil.

Mrs. C. A. C., Arlington Place, Cal. Please tell the origin and why we use the word "Board" as the "Board of Trustees," &c. It seems as if modernized language might furnish a more significant word.

Like many other words, its original meaning has undergone a change. It originally referred to the wide piece of timber that was used as a table for serving food, but later it

ness or indisposition on your part prevent, and we are sure, from what that you would not wish him to neglect duties. A family professing to be should be represented regularly and as possible at all the services of the Church usually heartless or indifferent, judge otherwise. A wife should strive no obstacle in the way of a good husband to Church; there are too many glad of any pretext to stay away.

Mr. George M. Hammel, Cincinnati poem "The Great Hereafter," published in your issue of March 24, was the late Otway Curry, and was originally in *The Ladies' Repository*, December, 1874, a favorite of the late Bishop D. W. Clark E. Church.

Mrs. P., Gainesville, Ga. I have been a your paper for many years and value any paper I have ever read. It is a fort to me in many hours of loneliness an invalid always confined to the house the papers to others and often send to prisons and such places. I read with row of the continued famine in India I could do more for them. People I South do not seem to take any interest, and I think it is because it is presented to them with all its suffering. Now, I want to make the fact that you tell the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to circulate their copies so that people may see and read of necessity for helping our Indian brethren but few people, but through lending four dollars have been sent, and I am would give if they understood the matter fully.

Our correspondent's suggestion is lent one and ought to be adopted in advantage by other readers, who I be brought into sympathetic relation famine-stricken India.

C. L. F., Sunnyside, Cal. Are you going up any subscription for the farmers flooded parts of the Mississippi River?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Relief Expedition* has been working among the Mississippi from Memphis to the mouth of the White River, distributing papers and has already succeeded in reaching thousands of very destitute cases. As we had made an appropriation, we did not consider it necessary to tax our friends for work, the expenses of which have been by the proprietor of the paper. (Now is to afford relief to the worst cases the government aid arrives.

Reader, Conchohocken, Pa. How it fills with joy when I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that our President was opposed to an augural ball, to know that he is a true and will do all he can for the good of the people and for the relief of suffering humanity could "Love one another" as Christ commands us do, there would be less money spent in play and pleasure, and more devoted men with work, when they are willing.

The statement referred to by our correspondent was published in simple justice President, who had put himself on record, as being strongly of such extravagance. His protest does be recorded in the pages of a Christian.

E. W. W., Narrows, Va. 1. Is there a Bible which affirms that each shall grow weaker and wiser? 2. Give the correct definition of the word "Psyche" it was derived from.

1. There is no such passage in the Bible. 2. Psyche is one of the characters in mythology, who inspires love. In sense, she is the thought or ideal that men to love the beautiful. The word is derived from the Greek root, meaning soul.

Readers of this journal can forward to Hewitt, Wallis Ranch, Dewitt Co., N. Y., religious literature for use in missionary work. Section.—J. H., Rushsylvania, Pa. They consins and here can be no objection. Gill. 1. No harm in the music itself, 2. that all was good for food. 3. "Vain" refers to the empty and meaningless using phrases in prayer when the heart is not in service and the repetition of a formula. —M. A. McClure, Rapinville, Mo. are all right—a stimulus to mental enquirer, Richmond, Va. It is an unwholesome but so many others such as workers in iron, drugs, matches, &c. Ventilation a ness will undoubtedly help to lesson that attend such callings.—Subscriber, have no information on the subject.

Springfield, O. 1. Don't recognize the 2. It indicates a pause in music and need in a responsive service.—Reader, Clay N. Y., nothing wrong in it.—Mrs. G. G. N. Y. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookstore, House, N. Y.—Reader, Pennsylvania, tribution was acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on March 24, as from "Reader."

—Reader, Hackettstown, N. J. One is will fade, the other is soft and will keep Cotton burns clear, while wool shrivels smells disagreeably. There is no solution. —H. L. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send us a Reader, Springfield, Mo. He did not see Von have been misinformed.—Mrs. A. Von, Neb. Such imperfections are transmitted.—K. H., Hubbard, O. I transmitted.—Mrs. L. Sing, N. Y. Send to the U. S. Sub-Treasury City.—Mrs. J. F. W., Farmington, N. Y.—R. C., Philadelphia, Any seller or publisher can procure them for Geo. O. Tottenville, N. Y. The story is authenticated.—G. F. R., Butte, Mo. have sent your letter to Dr. Talmage. 2. no data on hand to answer your second.

A. J. W., Fordville, Ky. It is evange indemonstrational.—Reader, Nova Scotia. Yes, it is a suitable emblem of sorrow, time immemorial. In some countries, mourning is white; in others, of different

There is no reason apparent in your letter, why he should not attend. Any ordinary sick-

THE "WELCOME" HOMEWARD BOUND.

Relief Tug's Journey on the Wide-spreading Waters of the Flooded Mississippi—Interesting Incidents of the Work—Sufferers among the Chutes and Islands.



THE work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief expedition to the flooded districts of the Mississippi Valley, under the charge of Mr. George A. Seaman has been prosecuted with energy, and hundreds of families have good cause to bless the visit of that timely messenger of mercy, the relief tugboat, *Welcome*.

A large appropriation contributed by the United States Government is now in the hands of distribution, but many helpless destitute families have been relieved of immediate starvation and suffering by the Seaman and his co-workers, who have not yet been reached by the Government relief for many days, and perhaps during which time privation and suffering might have rendered the succor given quickly is doubly efficient. Much cannot be said of the able organization of the American Sunday Union Missionary, Mr. W. W. Seaman, who was ever present and ready to cheer the hearts of hope and comfort to cheer the sufferers. It is in times of distress and calamity that the human heart is in an especially receptive mood, and while material aid is given, the missionary improved the opportunity of directing the minds of the needy to the Great Helper, who is ready for all who put their trust

in Him. The photographs which are presented on this page were taken from the deck of

the *Welcome*, and fully comprehend the situation the character and habits of the people must be taken into consideration. The population may be divided into four classes: The thrifty whites, the intelligent negroes, the poor whites and the ignorant negroes. The first two classes are for the greater part in a position to care for themselves, and often to aid their unfortunate neighbors as well. Of the third class some are fairly well provisioned, but the majority are in need of assistance, especially those living in the regions remote from the towns and villages. The ignorant negroes are, however, in the greatest need. As a class they are improvident, taking no heed of the morrow, and the flood has found them, for the most part, without provisions, their houses destroyed or temporarily submerged, and utter destitution and starvation exists among them. It has been the aim of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD expedition to relieve all cases of want that came to its notice without regard to color or creed. No deserving applicant was refused, and a diligent search was prosecuted to discover the remote cases.

ocean of silver. In and out among the little islets, the *Welcome* went seeking those cases of distress that were least likely to be encountered by the Government relief boats soon to follow. At Avenue, Ark., one point where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief boat tied up to a tree over night, the total width of the river was estimated at not less than sixty miles—an inland sea, with nothing in sight save here and there a clump of tree tops, or a half-submerged frame dwelling.

"God is surely smiling on this work," was the pious ejaculation of the captain of the *Welcome*, when he saw the bright sunshine following many days of incessant rain and high winds. And assuredly no fairer weather could have been wished.



CONVEYING FEED TO SOME STARVING CATTLE, NEAR OLD TOWN, ARK.

found several families who had not been reached by other relief. From its stores they were bountifully supplied. Having saved but a few articles of cheap furniture and two mules when the rising flood engulfed them, they gratefully received the much-welcomed food left them by the relief boat.

Near Laconia the wealthy planters have built a private levee inside of the river levee. It encloses about twenty thousand acres of fertile farming land. Crevasses broke in both levees and the land lays under eight feet of water. Inside of this levee nearly all are well provided for, but outside of it sickness and destitution exists. Dr. S. D. Tonge, who visits his patients in a fleet little skiff, volunteered to distribute food and delicacies to the sick and aged in his locality.

At Ferguson Landing, a boat-load of provisions was left with Ed. Williams, who has charge of the local relief supplies at that point, to be distributed among eighteen or twenty families living in a temporary camp, about a mile back on the levee.

At island 62, island 63, island 66 and Montezuma Tow-head a week's provisions was left for about ten families.

There is still much destitution and suffering to be relieved. The subsiding of



RELIEVING A FLOODED FAMILY, FERGUSON'S LANDING, ARK.

The *Welcome*, and show the actual operation of this mission of mercy besides accurate representations of various scenes in the flooded districts, showing more clearly than words can do the devastation and ruin which have been wrought by the waters.

H. L. Hudson, one of the most experienced photographers of Memphis, accompanied the expedition and to his artistic skill is largely due the excellence of the photographs.

The picture at the head of this article, of the sturdy pilot of the *Welcome*, Captain W. C. Brown, whose long experience as a navigator of these waters enabled the relief boat to reach many points in the valley to which a less skillful sailor would have been unable to guide the craft. Thus the *Welcome* was brought to the most isolated and needy homes—where the coming of the *Welcome* was indeed providential and a benediction to the homeless and suffering.

It is difficult for one not familiar with the lower Mississippi Valley and the horrors therein to fully realize the extent of the distress and destitution which the flood has brought to this region. To

The *Welcome's* skiff threaded its way through forests, over fields and in and out of intricate passages, everywhere bringing joy and sunshine to the refugees. It has been an errand of love and mercy, if possible as great a pleasure to those who acted as distributors of the relief as to those that received it. It is indeed a great privilege to be permitted to bear the tokens of God's goodness and mercy to suffering humanity and to spread the Gospel among the people.

On the whole, the journey down the river was a pleasant one. A bright sun made the surface of the flood shine like an



SUPPLYING TWENTY-ONE PERSONS AT HARBITS, MISS. SCENE NEAR DISTRESS, ARK.



RELIEF WORK UP CHUTE OF "ISLAND 62."

When the staunch little steamer, with greatly diminished cargo pointed her nose homeward and began a return journey all on board felt a devout sense of thankfulness for safety amid perils and for the beautiful weather.

In response to the *Welcome's* whistle at Cheek's Landing, Louis

Narveli, the storekeeper of the town came out in a small boat, and took back provisions to be distributed among the needy of his locality. All the stock of his little store, except some cotton seed, had been washed away or destroyed by the rising waters, but he asked nothing for himself.

Up the chute of Island 62, the *Welcome*

the flood will leave many homes in ruins and many distressed families without sufficient food or clothing. The names and addresses of reliable residents of various places reached by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Boat are given below, and those who wish to contribute clothing or other supplies, may forward them to any one named on the list, with the assurance that their gifts will be faithfully distributed to the most deserving people.

J. B. Butts, Helena, Ark.; John Fritz, Fritz's Landing, Ark.; John T. Moore, Old Town, Ark.; Louis Narveli, Cheek's Landing, Ark.; Frank Carter, Modoc, Ark.; Ed. Williams, Ferguson's Landing, Ark.; Dr. S. D. Tonge, Laconia, Ark.

The following voluntary contributions have been received at this office:

Students of Mt. Vernon Normal Coll.	5 00	C. Keates	1 00
E. C. F. Riverhead	5 00	Mrs. S. L. Walker	5 00
Golden Rule, Lodi	1 00	Friend, Sioux Rapids	1 50
I. H. N. Marion	5 00	Mrs. M. J. Dunlap	10 00
Hutchinson Gilmore	5 00	Four young ladies	
Mrs. M. S. Preston	1 00	Buckfield	2 00
Mrs. E. Evans	5 00	Ebenezer Balko	2 00
Christian Helper	5 00	Mrs. Mary Ford	1 00
M. E. S. Whitlock	5 00	Carrie D. Charles	1 00
J. A. Jesus	2 00	Through Mrs. Geo. H. Kings	2 00
Staubenville	2 00	I. V. Bawell	1 00
Fred A. Riehl	5 00	D. W. Davis	1 00
Cash, Ballston Spa	20 00	Total	\$84.00



THE BREAD QUESTION.

A Sermon by Rev T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text, 1. Kings 17: 6, And the ravens brought him bread and
flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh
in the evening.



HE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time: the nine vertebrae of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Consider those of them that wear their golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the key-note to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. The length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirl around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and a supper-bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck! cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is inrolled; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and therefore ceremonially unclean; or it was carrion, and would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated

"ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs;" so it would have read: "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

While, then, we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's Spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that the great conflict to-day is on the Potomac, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Thames, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are sixteen hundred millions, and those who have fallen by the way are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slipped feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the cases, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking-houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado Hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home-circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some Church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing-machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekithian want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers. The great question with the vast majority of people to-day is not "Home Rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing, and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed-birds; but to-day I am out for ravens.

Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them. God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you.

Notice again in this story of the text, that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I that the great fret of the world is that we want

a surplus; we want the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. You have more confidence in the Washington banks or Bank of England than you have in the Royal Bank of Heaven. You say, "All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens; give me the gold eagles." We had better be content with just enough.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shellfish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after a while began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather, Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances, pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move to-day for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle-dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But, no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicious that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guggle everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enter-

prise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The Providence seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will be a chaffinch with breast and wing of white and brown and chestnut and will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of providence. A white providence comes to us, and we say, "Oh, it is mercy. Then a black providence comes to us, and we say, 'Oh, that is disaster.' The white providence comes to you, you have great business success, you have a hundred thousand dollars, you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the 'Give me this day my daily bread' is appropriate for you, for you have provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it takes everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you ruin. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be mercy, and dissonant was your estimate. It was a raven. There is a child born in your house. That little child stood with its two feet in the very arms of your affection, and with its hands it took hold of the altar of soul. But one day there came one of those scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and a bright scene vanished. The charming strange questions, the pulling dresses as you crossed the floor—ceased.

As the great Friend of children came down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in his arms, and away with it into the bower of summer, your eye began to follow, and you followed the treasure he carried, and you have been following the shadow; and instead of thinking of it only once a week, as formerly, you think of it all the time, and you more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patient waiting for the daybreak. It is a righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be, you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the shadow on the nursery; it was the shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven—it was a raven! Do not teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement; that black providences do not mean retrogression.

My friend, you have a right to go from precedent that God is going to care of you. Has he not done it three times every day? That is marvelous. I look back and wonder that God has given me food three times regular all my lifetime, never missing once, and then I was lost in the clouds; but that very morning and the night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish his people would trust him with their lives—the life you are now living at which every tick of the watch and stroke of the clock inform you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul to-day. To all the sinning, a sorrowing, and the tempted, delicacies comes this hour. Look down, and see nothing but your spiritual defeat. Look back, and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eyes forward, and you have a fearful look of judgment and fiery indignation which devour the adversary. But look up, you behold the whipped shoulders of interceding Christ, and the face of a doing God, and the irradiation opening heaven. I hear the whirl of wings. Do you not feel the rush of air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask. How many of this audience are going to trust God for the supply of their needs and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? How many of the hoofs and the wheels of the judgment-chariot will be demonstrated

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE SHAH.

Hannah G. Yoseph Writes of Her Travels in Persia—Some Interesting Phases of Oriental Social Life.



IN NOVEMBER of last year, Mrs. Hannah G. Yoseph, a talented Oriental medical missionary worker, who had just completed a course of study in this country, sailed from the port of New

York for her native land, Persia. Previous to her departure, Mrs. Yoseph entered into an arrangement with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under whose auspices she will do her medical missionary work in Persia for a time, visiting the outlying provinces of the Shah's empire, healing the sick and telling the story of Jesus and his life to the Persians in their peasant homes. Her first letter appears below:

"URMI, PERSIA, Feb. 7, 1897.
After a journey of forty days by land from America, we reached Urmia. Our friends and relatives were glad to see us arrive at such a season of the year. The last few days of our journey were exceedingly cold, the thermometer dropping from ten to fifteen degrees below zero.
In these years, a great many changes have taken place. We find that the Christians are more patriotic and stand by each other better. We find the Mohammedans more fanatical than ever. They display the same spiritless zeal that characterized the Caliphates, but they are wiser and more respectful, though no more merciful to their enemies than before.
Drinking, we found, has become an established habit with the poor as well as the rich. While in a *manzil* (stopping place) on one occasion, some Mohammedan man thought that I had too many buttons on my cloak and while I was relieving me of all of them. At 5 o'clock when our caravan was ready to start, we found my cloak buttonless. I held a Nestorian about to take me, with multitudes of hands, told the people; the owner of the cloak, an American lady; the priest must be found immediately; if not, we will march to Teheran (the capital) to the Consul, and the village will be destroyed. At first they were by all the prophets, the *Engil* (New Testament) and the *Koran*, 'we have not taken them.' We waited, and then the woman said 'Wallah big go-mish-hikh' (By Allah, we have not taken it.) She added: 'We

will look under the water jars and table; probably a cat has cut them off.' After a little while, all were brought forth, and every button showed where it had been cut with a knife. We were begged not to make any complaint, and to forgive them, because the thief was a little girl of four or five years, but she was married and had already divorced her husband.

"Travelling in Persia is expensive and arduous. One must take bed and bedding, food and utensils for cooking it, and during summer a tent is very convenient. Sometimes Mohammedans take a notion and will not sell anything to Christians. In one of the *manzils* we were refused even water. All earthen vessels that a Christian touches are immediately broken and vessels of gold, silver and brass are cleansed by repeating the *salawat* (part of the creed) when they are washed.

"In Persia, the words 'home,' 'house,' 'woman,' or 'wife,' are almost synonyms. Every girl in Persia is expected to get married and to make a home. She is the life of the home and the producer of everything. She is loved according to the number of her children, especially if they be sons. She makes her husband's clothes and cooks his food. She must obey him implicitly and have no will of her own. She must also obey his mother, whose jealous exactions often make their lives unhappy and sad. It is considered honorable to have two and three generations living together, grandparents and their children and their children's children. As a result, there are hundreds of homes where quarrel and disputation are daily occurrences. Among the Mohammedans it is a great sin, not to marry, and all their women, be they invalids, blind, or crippled, must die under *Cabin* (marriage certificate). A neighbor of ours—a woman of seventy—is married to a boy of



MOHAMMEDAN CARPET-WEAVER.

day-old baby girl before the very eyes of her mother and nurse. The same hands that performed the satanic act were folded upon his own breast in death three days later.

"A woman takes part in all the religious rites. She weaves and labors with her husband in the month of Moharrum (memorial of the assassination of Hasan and Haasen); she fasts and prays in Ramazan; she gives alms to the poor and shelter to the weary and to the stranger; she travels

their backs, and standing in the sunshine. There were young girls sitting on pieces of carpet and embroidering Persian skull-caps, and men with wooden forks were stirring rice that had been spread on the roof to dry. There were 'brides' of two or three months, wearing their beautiful red costumes, their faces covered with red silk or cloth. Red predominates in a Persian bride's trousseau.

"When the villagers saw us from the roofs they cried: '*Shalamalokhoon*' ('peace be to you.') and we responded '*hawetoon basemy*' ('we wish you well'). Just at the gate we were met by Sonna, the daughter of the house.

"*Sogooltu pshena, titawate*' ('in peace



BAKING BREAD AND GRINDING CORN IN PERSIA.

you have come, dear friends'). 'Come in and warm yourselves.'

"There was the mother sitting at her machine and spinning cotton. She rose to receive us and kissed us on both cheeks (as is the custom of the country), and said to her daughter:

"Sonna, bring some grapes for Khanna (my name). She has been in America so long and has not eaten such nice grapes.'

"They were truly delicious, as fresh as if picked an hour before. It was the middle of January.

"I send you some photographs which will interest your readers, being illustrative of life in Persia. One shows a Nestorian woman from the mountains of Kurdistan, spinning wool. On her left forearm is some wool already combed, prepared to be spun. Another, a Mohammedan woman weaving carpet, in indoor costume. Still another shows a group baking bread and grinding corn. The woman on the right is at the grinding mill. A third woman is rolling dough under the roller. A young girl standing by has just brought fuel for the *tandoor* (stove). Another photograph is that of women spinning cotton and wool.

"Yesterday we called on a friend, and their principal room (which is used for cooking and warming), was occupied by three families of Armenian refugees. Eleven persons there eat, sit and sleep in one end of the house, and a primary day school is taught by the daughter of the house. They also give them dinner every day. The Christians of Urmia are doing all they can to help them. If it had not been for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's Armenian work, most of them would have perished from want of food and shelter.

"An eye-witness told me that hundreds of women and girls of tender age, were being sold, not very far from here, for one *abasu* (two cents), to one piece of gold (\$4.50). Some Christians, in order to rescue a few of them, tried to buy them, but were told that their masters would not sell any to Christians but only to Mohammedans."

HANNAH G. YOSEPH.



A NESTORIAN WOOL-SPINNER.



PERSIAN TRAVELING MUSICIANS AND THEIR AUDIENCE.

fifteen. There is a superstition among them that as soon as a girl is born, she looks toward the window, indicating that 'this house is not mine,' and that somewhere outside she looks toward the house of her future husband. At her birth no smiles greet her. The sounds of laughter and music are hushed by the news of the calamity that a girl is born in the house. No gifts, nor good news are sent to relatives and neighbors announcing the arrival of the new guest. Festivals and receptions are put off altogether. Sometimes the unwelcome girl baby is left in the cold and unattended for hours. Sometimes for years she is not petted or spoken to even kindly. Often she is not named for years. Even infanticide is practiced upon female infants by fathers or nurses. We knew a man who strangled his three-

for and near and pays respect to the shrines. She goes with her spouse to Larballa and becomes *Larballa Khanim* (Lady Larballa). She goes to Mecca and becomes *Hadgy Khanim*. As the possessor of these titles she is feared and respected. There is no sin, she believes, that can bar her from heaven after she has paid the visits and received such titles.

"I paid a visit to a Christian village not far from the city of Urmia. After four hours of horseback riding through mud and snow, we reached the place. The narrow and crooked streets were made worse by the accumulation of snow that had fallen weeks before. But the sun was shining, and almost the whole village had emptied itself, the people being on the roofs, the men and children playing, and the women with their babies tied upon

TO FILL THE FAMINE RELIEF SHIPS.

Corn-laden Trains on the Way from Many States More Letters from Missionary Distributors Describing India's Pitiful Condition Progress of the Famine.



If anything were needed to prove to the world that the American people are, above all other nations, alive to the call of human suffering, it is found in the magnificent generosity with which they have responded to the appeal in behalf of India. The past week has been the greatest in the history of the Famine Fund. Contributions have poured in, in a steady stream, from every State of the Union. Corn bins have been flung wide open, too, and the people have vied with each other in the work of loading cars with the life-saving grain, to be forwarded to New York for transport to India in the ships supplied by Congress for that purpose. Almost every hour brought to the headquarters of the Fund in the Bible House telegrams announcing that new carloads had been gathered by earnest, sympathizing souls, and were ready to be added to the long corn-laden trains now rushing from all points toward the Atlantic seaboard. Up to the present time, these States are represented in the gifts of corn to India—many of them by numerous cars, and all with a generosity that speaks volumes for the large-heartedness of their people:

Illinois, Ohio, Mississippi, Indiana, Wisconsin, Virginia, Nebraska, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, N. Dakota, New York, Delaware, Georgia, S. Dakota, Kentucky, Minnesota.

In the West, whole States have been fired with enthusiasm for the relief movement by the visit of Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch, and those associated with them in their tour. Continuing on the line indicated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of last week, a number of other Western cities were visited and immense audiences listened, while Dr. Talmage eloquently set before them the great need of perishing India. At Lincoln, Neb., over 3,000 persons crowded the Lansing Opera House, and gave earnest and sympathetic heed to the appeals of the speakers. Speaking of the great gathering at Omaha, the *Daily Bee* of that city editorially reminded the people of Nebraska of the aid rendered through the readers of this journal to that State in its time of need, after the great drought of three years ago, and advocated generous aid to India by way of grateful return. The *Evening Call*, on the same occasion, used this language:

The mission of these Christian people has been heralded over the State, and the fact that Omaha and Lincoln are the only favored places in Nebraska where they will speak has aroused increased interest in their coming and in their mission. Dr. Klopsch came to Nebraska two years ago, not on a begging tour, but as a ministering angel, to alleviate the suffering of Nebraskans who were afflicted with the drought, and distributed \$27,000 in cash and thirty carloads of supplies.

Right nobly is Nebraska now repaying its debt of kindness, for advices from that State show that its generous-hearted people are in full sympathy with the relief work and doing all that lies in their power, by gift and prayer, to help the life-saving mission of the Famine Fund.

One of the most remarkable meetings held during the Western tour, was that at Rock Island, Ill., which was briefly referred to in last week's issue. Drs. Talmage and Klopsch and Miss Leitch delivered addresses to the great audience of 3,500, and hearts were so touched by the story of India's suffering, that a sufficient sum in money was contributed to save over a thousand lives, and corn enough pledged to feed thousands more.

Last of these gatherings was that which took place in the Auditorium, Chicago, on Monday, May 3d. Judge C. C. Bonney presided, and Dr. Talmage spoke for nearly forty minutes, producing a deep

impression as he pleaded for India's helpless millions. Miss Margaret Leitch followed in a very touching address.

Throughout the entire trip, the people, press, pastors and officials in the West expressed the warmest sympathy with the Relief Work, and gave it their most generous support, and the result has been the addition of many thousands of dollars to the Famine Fund, and liberal pledges of corn, which are now being rapidly redeemed and the grain shipped to seaboard.

A CABLE APPEAL FROM INDIA.

In the Eastern and Middle States, also, the movement has received the spontaneous support of Christian people of all denominations and every condition of life. Many gifts to the Fund represent loving sacrifices made willingly for His sake, who went about feeding the hungry and relieving the suffering. Just how widespread and acute the real need of India is at the present time is shown by the following brief, but significant cablegram, forwarded by Chief Justice MacLean, Chairman of the Viceroy's Relief Committee at Calcutta, in response to a message of inquiry:

CALCUTTA, May 1.

Dr. Klopsch, New York.

"Warmest thanks. Famine and conse-

are both on the increase and both incurable. All reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Contributions in money to any extent can be immediately utilized here. There cannot be too much—every dollar saves lives. Thirty thousand people have died of the plague to date, and 200,000 of famine. What has happened is nothing to what is likely to come."

A VISIT TO A POOR-HOUSE.

Mr. Aitken, our own correspondent in India, writes: "I send you two photographs taken at my order during my visit to Banda, a town and district of the North West Provinces, which owing to poor soil and a shiftless population, has always, for centuries past, been in a state bordering on famine, even when the season was favorable. After the last great famine the Government had a railway made through the country, from Jhansi to Kutee, which has never paid; but it has saved thousands of lives in the present famine by enabling grain to be carried to the famishing people. The district of Banda borders on the independent native states of Bundelkhand, where the famine is at its very worst, and where relief measures were delayed till they were almost too late to be of avail. Starving people from these states streamed into British India for months: so that there seemed no end to the distress. Long after the famine in Banda, for instance, seemed to be completely under control, strangers kept cross-

313 when I visited the place, are sent in three rows to receive their food, and their earthen vessels before them. The cart has come in to carry away the things of straw on which the children sleep in the rooms round the sides.

"I have visited no poor-house where inmates are taken better care of than this one. The committee men, near native gentlemen, seem faithful and anxious in the charitable duty they have taken, while Mr. Wazir Mulhoo Khan, the Honorary Secretary, is in himself. He is an old Government servant, now occupying the position of Deputy Collector, which is a magistracy. He is a man of uncommon intelligence and boundless energy, but his labors in the famine work, added to the duties of his office, are so heavy, that he said that he was sometimes tempted himself whether death would not be preferable to his life of unremitting toil.

"A patch of ground outside of the town has been made into a vegetable garden, where the children are encouraged to employ themselves instead of doing nothing all day. There are many orphaned young to be left to themselves, and they are given in charge of older people whose kindness to them is quite natural. But there is a great question looming in the future after the famine shall have passed away, and that is: what is to be done with the thousands of orphans

who have been rescued in poor-houses. To find work for them in a country where the market is always overstocked, is idle. But who is to train them in the arts of work? Are they to be allowed to grow up without education and without religion? Government may offer them schooling, but no one has authority over them, boys and girls are not to attend schools on their own accord. Missionaries of many denominations are willing to provide many of them as the means to support, and to have all appliances and arrangements for the education of youth. I shall like to see if Christian people in America, when appealed to for Indian Missions for the Indian famine, will remember this, and send generally to their own nation, for never were the resources of all the schools in India as much as they are now."

From the letters received from our missionary contributors in India in the week, we give elsewhere some very interesting extracts. Rev. R. A. W.



Photographed Specially for "The Christian Herald."

FILES OF FAMINE CHILDREN BEING FED IN THE POOR-HOUSE AT BANDA.

quent distress very severe. Every assistance therefore most welcome, and will be received with greatest gratitude.

SIR FRANCIS MACLEAN."

We would again urge all who wish to aid in this life-saving work, to organize their Committees at once. All local Famine Fund Committees, or those connected with such Committees or those who are willing to act on Committees or wishing to organize Committees, are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that they may receive full instructions, circulars and other printed material.

Cars of corn are now coming rapidly forward, and as fast as received in New York are inspected, graded and made ready for shipment. Large storage space has been given free for the use of the Fund, and the preparation of the cargoes goes on energetically. We ask Committees to aid us in every way to save time. The earlier the corn reaches us, the sooner will it reach its ultimate destination in famine-stricken India.

Emphatic confirmation of the reports which the missionaries have sent of the appalling destitution and suffering comes in a letter from Mr. Julian Hawthorne the well known American writer who is now in India. Writing to Mr. John Brisson Walker from Bombay on March 23, Mr. Hawthorne says: "The plague and famine

ing the border to crowd the poor-houses, or to die. Very early one morning I saw a poor woman sitting on a hillside too weak to walk and almost naked. She said she had come in during the night, and named a town over the border. The same morning I saw a baby boy sitting at the door of the poor-house. He said his mother had put him there and gone away. She proved to be a native of Bundelkhand.

"I had the photographer take a picture of the house maintained at Bombay by the mission there of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. This poor-house is apart from the large Government relief houses in the same place. I was personally shown this place by the Rev. J. R. Hill. The emaciated condition of several of the inmates illustrates my remarks written above. I was much interested in a blind old man who had been taught to read his own language in Moon's system, and could find his place in the Gospel of John quite easily.

"The other photograph shows the children's relief house at Banda. It is situated in another part of the town altogether from the poorhouse for adults which I visited when it had 900 inmates. Both are conducted by the Government, with the help of a committee of citizens. This relief house is the largest I have seen for children. It is in a *sarai*, and the picture shows very well what the inside of a *sarai* is like. The children, of whom there were

of Ahmednagar, writes:

I have just been informed of the \$500,000 which has been given to the Famine Relief Fund by the Christians in America for the relief of India in a Christian and wise way. I shall give it mainly as remuneration in the moderate way for some kind of work, which will be of lasting benefit. Accordingly, I have made to use this money in starting four wells in the district of Ahmednagar, where the water supply is quite inadequate. Indian pastors will have the supervision of the digging of these wells in the villages. We are getting water without much difficulty. Through your fund will furnish work and aid to a goodly number of Christians, and to some Christians under the supervision of good men.

In the Ahmednagar district of Western India, distress is now quite acute. The heat is intense, and the water supply is very low. In itself a great distress and a source of widespread disease. There are multitudes of the poor who cannot help.

Before using any of the money, I handed it over to our senior lady missionary, Mrs. M. J. Sell, who has many women for whom she is responsible.

THE SUFFERING IN OUDH.

Rev. W. A. Mansell, of Lucknow, writes: "Having just returned from a missionary tour in the famine districts of Oudh, I am able to give some information as to the extent of suffering it has caused among our poor Christians and recent converts. From the time that we began our work in Oudh till we returned to Lucknow, where we saw the same thing—scarcity and starvation. Thousands of people to be seen on all the roads and in the towns working for the pittance which enables them to hold soul and body together. Our Christian community seemed in

by one-half. Schools were closed, congregations scattered, homes left desolate because of the numbers who had left to work on the roads, or to seek employment wherever it might be offered. Many were lured by false hopes and wandered helplessly about on the verge of starvation, or begging promiscuously in the streets. I asked the pastor at one station the poorhouse, 'Is it true that the servants and under officials steal from the unfortunate inmates their share of meal?' 'Of course,' he said, 'and that is not the worst of it. They steal the meal and in its place mix dirt and sand. This adulterated meal when cooked, poisons the stomach and causes the face and hands to break out with loathsome eruptions resembling worms. These eruptions spread rapidly, and in a short time the patient dies.' At Bangar Mow at the Quarterly Conference, our preachers told of several Christians living in distant villages in the vicinity of Muradabadganj, who had literally starved to death, with no one near to care for or succor them.

We decided to stop at Muradabadganj for ourselves, and in the day we there saw enough to more than justify the distressing accounts our preachers given. As soon as it was known that we were there, the starving Christians began to gather. We could not eat till we had first fed them something. Some were seen or fifteen living skeletons collapsed at our door, and some of them had the first meal they had had for a long day. One old man was too weak from starvation to get from his cot; his young daughter came and took him the food. We feared we would be unable to do him any good. The wretched people whom we fed that day were too weak to stand or even sit long, but lay out in groups of hopeless, helpless dejection. We had tried to obtain employment on the roads from government relief officers, or gain admission to some of the poor-houses, but were turned away with the remark that they must go to their 'Missionary padri sahib' for help. 'A' thus they were left to starve, merely because they were Christians.

Although we had no money of any kind at our disposal, we gave order that they should be provided for, till they could obtain employment, or be able to provide for themselves. Thus we started our first Christian poorhouse on faith, and I am glad to say that up to the present all our expenses have been met. I am quite sure that our timely arrival has saved the lives of at least a dozen Christians in this district alone, and have kept a number more from dire diseases consequent upon the famine.

At one village we were about to visit and enquire, a woman, who we heard was ill. Her husband had been baptized, and was now absent at some other place in search of employment. We found the poor woman stretched out on a bundle of straw seemingly in the last stages of exhaustion from famine. It was with difficulty that we raised her from her stupor. One of the little boys at her side, himself literally starving, was entrusted with a small sum and left him with instructions to feed his mother such food as she could bear, promising to send again in a day or two. I am glad to say that the woman is in a fair way to recovery.

With reference to our Christians being refused Government aid, or admission to relief works, or to poor-houses, I may say that although in some places our people have enjoyed equal advantages with all other persons, yet this complaint has met with a large sections of the country which we saw.

The best course to pursue is to accept of timely aid from the Government in places where the administration is fairly carried out, and in other places to do the

best we can for our people. We hail with delight the consecrated Christian contributions that are now being made, the disposition of which will be in Christian hands. There are dark days yet ahead of us, but this at least, is an element of brightness.

'It takes money to deal with distress, and we have distress on a large scale to deal with. We have the sick now, but I am thinking after good times come again in India there will be no end of chronic sufferers to deal with. Little children will crowd our orphanages and will be a constant item of expense until they grow up. Then the whole country is panic-stricken; the oxen are sold off and butchered; the people are scattered, or so weakened by starvation, that when the rains fall again, the fields will not be planted. The country will be filled with men and women partly able to work, but who will not be where work is to be had. There is a sort of unwritten law that we help no one until his knee is the biggest part of his leg, and until there is that indescribable expression about his eyes and mouth. We may help lots of people who are suffering from their own folly or who are personally unworthy, but we help no one who is not actually starving.'

IN THE VILLAGES.

Rev. C. H. Bandy, Presbyterian, Fatehpur, another missionary distributor, writes: 'Fatehpur is declared a famine district, and while it is not the very worst, yet it is

their tracks from fatigue or starvation. HOW THE CHILDREN SUFFER.

'A very large proportion of the inmates of poor-houses and relief works are children. In our Mission compound at Fatehpur, seventy-five per cent. of the people are children. During last week we picked up more than eighty children. Owing to the fact that many of the children who are missing from the villages are not dead, it is difficult to get at the real mortality among them. I am, however, confident that it is much greater than among men and women. I think it is fair to say that in a village of 300 people not less than twenty, young and old, have died from actual starvation. Many do not hesitate in putting the death rate at ten per cent., but I think that a little high. You will notice that my figures are far above the government reports, but the government reports are not to be relied upon. One illustration is in point. In our district are twenty police circles. During last week the police reported 127 as having died through starvation in one of these circles. When the thing came to the collector's notice he demanded of the police superintendent that he alter the returns, reporting a considerable number of these deaths as due to fever and other causes. The police officer refused to make the alteration, but promised to be more careful about such details in future. It is my opinion that the number 127 does not be-

I am sure, had been in the poor-house and were not reported dead, and are supposed to be yet alive, enjoying poor-house bill of fare at government expense.

"THE PEOPLE ARE DYING!"

'I presume you have heard the report that no one need die in India from starvation. As I have already said, the people are dying and it is only fair to presume that few of them die from choice. The government poor-houses are unpopular. The relief works are not properly distributed. Then a man goes to the relief works and the first day's wages are withheld as a sort of insurance against bad conduct. The first money he will see is at the end of the second day. He says in his heart 'I am starving now, and if I am to work till to-morrow night or day after to-morrow night' as the case would be if he lives far from the camp, 'I will die,' so he keeps on trying to make it on buds and small fruits till he is so weak he cannot get to either camp or poor-house, and there is no one to help him. The statement, therefore, that no one need die of starvation except it be from his own fault, is not only false but exceedingly stupid. I am not railing against the Government. No Government has ever done so much. No Government ever had so great a task. I know two magistrates who are literally killing themselves with work, trying to keep people from starvation, and those men are the frankest to admit that they cannot begin to meet the demand. I know other magistrates (lazy fellows!) who have not lost a pound of flesh, who get off that stereotyped piece of stupidity to us people who know the conditions.'

OUR COLORED PICTURE.

The picture on the first page is a typical scene of native magnificence in the days before the famine. It represents the arrival of one of the native Rajahs at the gates of Lucknow. The British government has always received these native grandees on their visits to British India with elaborate courtesy. Many of them are men of illustrious pedigree, and some of them still possess enormous wealth. On state occasions they come with large retinue and in great splendor to pay visits of ceremony to the representatives of the British Empire, with whom they are anxious to live in amity. It is remarkable that now, as in former famines, the majority of them show less solicitude about the welfare of their subjects, though they are of their own race, than does the British government, which is stigmatized as of alien race. There have, however, been in this time

of need some instances among wealthy natives, especially in British India, of open-hearted liberal beneficence.

The example of relief from Christian sources has evidently impressed them and, although the native rulers are doing little if anything for their people, several large donations for famine relief have come from native hands. The Governor General's Famine Relief Committee, also, has on its membership representative natives of distinction who are assisting in direct relief measures.

HASTE NECESSARY.

Little time now remains in which to complete the corn cargoes, and we ask all who are interested in this particular branch of the relief work to make haste. A day lost means the prolongation of much suffering; a day gained means the saving of precious lives. If all work together with a will now, long before the month closes, the relief ships will be speeding across the ocean toward India.



Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald"

FAMINE SUFFERERS IN THE BOMBAY HOUSE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

among the more afflicted of the declared famine districts. I have taken pains to inform myself of the conditions all around us, viz: Allahabad, Banda Rai Bareilly Etawah, Jhansi, Fatehgarh and Cawnpore districts. Out of this list Jhansi and Banda are probably worse off than Fatehpur, but Fatehpur will come in as third in distress. I have visited not less than thirty villages, and find the condition of things truly dreadful. It is hard to get at the exact mortality. My plan has been to go into a village say of three hundred inhabitants and to ask about the condition of things in general; then to ask how many have died of famine. Not infrequently I am told that half the village have died. Of course I know that is not true. Then I begin to ask who has died. Well, they begin to give names only of men, and they generally have trouble to remember more than from eight to ten or twelve men. I then ask about women. Then come the poor little children. They are, after all, the real sufferers, and it is difficult to get at the real amount of suffering and death among them. A man or woman will lie down when they get hungry, but a child wanders in search of buds and small fruits. Go in any direction you will and you can pick up little boys and girls who are either on the hunt for something to eat or have fallen in

gin to tell the story of the actual mortality.

'Our compound at Fatehpur is filled with honest, hard-working people, who have kept on till now by selling their oxen and other belongings for little or nothing, and now that they have nothing more to sell, they must be helped or die. You simply cannot imagine their condition. Skin and bone! You wonder how their bones hang together. When we begin to feed them, men act like children, cry and beg for more, and one is always tempted to give too much. I have an acquaintance who is in charge of a relief camp where about 1,200 people are employed. He says there is a death-rate from diarrhoea alone of 30 per day. The police report an average of 11. My friend's word may be relied on.

'Near a poor-house in the other part of the district is a mango orchard. Mr. Forman and I blundered into it, and there we found numbers of skeletons torn limb from limb by jackals. Most of them had died within a week or so. These people,

Past Contributions to the India Famine Relief Fund
Will be Acknowledged in Next Week's Issue.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSC, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Nature's Annual Procession.

IT is coming, to the song of the blue-bird and the robin; grass and leaves and flowers and the waving fields of grain. The springs and streams have been given their holiday, and go frolicking down the hillsides and along the valleys toward the great rivers, which swell grandly to the sea. The cattle come out on the mountains, and bring down to the people their udders stretched with the fresh milk, on which the farmer's children grow to strong youth and manhood and womanhood. The year moves on to the century, which will soon confront the nations.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song,
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound.

CROCUSES AND DAFFODILS.

The first new-comers always get the warmest welcome. Like the first runner with good tidings, they seem to tell the whole story. Spring is come! The details will be told later. But, now we recognize the victory of life over death; the utter rout of winter's forces. The rest of the procession are on the way; the violets and the roses, and all their kindred. The crocuses and daffodils are the advance guard. They have made no mistake. The procession has started.

A bunch of May we've brought you,
And at the door it stands;
It is hilt a sprout,
But it's well budded out.
By the work of our Lord's hands.

THE SEED-TIME OF THE YEAR.

The farmer has to be on time for this procession of Nature. If he does not connect at the right point, where he has been assigned a place in the programme, he will be omitted, and the procession will pass on without him. The grain must be sown, the corn and potatoes put under ground. What bareheaded boy does not remember the salt touch of mellow earth, as he has gone out for the first time in the spring to work in the fields? And soon comes the hoeing of the corn and the potatoes, and the corn tassels out and the potato vines are in bloom. The corn and potatoes well started, the procession moves on to haying and harvest. Every day has its duty. Every week wins a victory over Nature.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

He is little noticed in these days, but he is very important. He is like the small coin, that is needed in all money transactions. He is the errand boy. He catches the horses and rides them to town. He takes the place of the hired man, goes with the maids to the milking;

in short is the factotum without which the farm processes would stop. This is the first year he ever earned any money of his own. It is not much. But it may be the beginning of his fortune. The way a boy uses his first money often reveals his future. John D. Rockefeller used to give one cent a week to the Sunday School, and he put that down in his ledger, from which he read to the young men in a Bible class the other day. Every farmer's boy ought to keep a ledger to read from forty years later.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

It is an old saying, "God made the country, man made the town." There is some truth in it. There is much that is artificial, man made in town life. The houses have to be built in a certain style and painted a certain color; the fences made in a certain way; a certain kind of tree set out in the front yard, and so with everything else. But go into the woods, and see what God is doing there; see how he is moving on his undisturbed affairs; listen to the purling brook, and watch the minnows as they glide; hear the birds as they talk over their plans of nest-building. Go into the fields and watch the bees gather sweets from the clover; see the nest of the ground-sparrow full of eggs. There is nothing artificial here. It is all liberty and joy. Do you love the country? Love it more.

FARMERS' PEOPLE.

Some of our happiest days have been spent among them. We have delighted to unbuckle life's harness and put on loose garments and go into the fields with them, to spread or rake hay, or load it upon the cart. We have liked their honest, simple-hearted welcome, their substantial fare, their reverence around the family altar. Strangely enough, they seem to fill a large place in our recollections. And yet we have spent only a small part of our life in the country, and country people have been only a small minority of our acquaintances. It must be a law of nature. Everybody wants a farm, everybody likes farmers' people; Daniel Webster, William M. Everts, all the great men. Well they loved horses and cattle, the soil, the crops, all farmers' things. And so do we.

Holy Sacraments.

THE sacred banquets of the churches ought to be more emphasized. The Communion Table ought to be a place of military prospect. Having sharpened our swords and burnished our armor and marshalled our battalions, we ought to come upon the ground of struggle and see something of the enemy that is to be conquered.

The Communion Table ought to be a place of great gathering. As the spies went into the promised land and brought back grapes, some of the clusters so large that it took two men to carry them on a staff, so we press the grapes into the sacramental cup, and we drink of the joys of the church of Jesus Christ. We drink to the memory of past victory. We drink to the joy of those who have already attained the prize. Seated amid such blessed circumstances and with such a glorious opportunity of salvation, does it not seem as if we had presented to us the full, large, ripe grapes of Eshcol?

The Communion Table ought also to be a Father's table. As on Christmas or Thanksgiving Day, our families gather from the East, and the West, and the North and the South, and recount the perils through which they have passed, and the enjoyments in which they have mingled, and talk over their prospects of the future; so we ought to gather at our Father's table—"one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Born of the same Heavenly Father, and on the way to the same glorious home, are we not all brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ? "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

THE INFLUENCE OF ANGELS.

THERE is no doctrine more clearly taught in the Bible than that of angelic and demoniacal agency. Does God open the eyes of our understanding? The devil is said to blind them. Are Christians filled with the spirit? "Why?" asks Peter of Ananias, "why hath Satan filled thy heart?" Does God work in us to will and to do? Satan worketh in the children of disobedience.

The good angels mentioned in the Old Testament are generally manifestations of the Deity, and not created personages. In this they differ in a very remarkable manner from the angelic messengers of the new dispensation, to none of whom worship is offered, or rather by whom it is never accepted. In this connection we may notice that Jesus, both before and after his passion, permitted himself to be worshipped. Many of those whom he healed rendered him this homage unrepented, and in Matthew 28:9, we are told that the two Marys coming from the sepulchre where they had seen an angel to whom they offered no marks of adoration, met Jesus, and held him by the feet and worshipped him. It is evident then that their eyes discerned the difference between the Master and the messenger.

The subject of demoniacal possession has caused a great deal of disputation, and yet there is no need for any explanation of the Word. It may be taken just as it is written. Many prominent theologians assert the "possession" to have been lunatics. That they were not lunatics is evident from Matthew 24:24, where the "diseased," the "possessed" and the "lunatics," are separately and distinctly named. Also we are particularly told of several kinds of devils, dumb, deaf, unclean spirits of infirmity, &c., all of which could not be classed under the head of "lunatics." Neither was "possession" confined to Judea and the Jewish nation. In Acts 16:16 we are told of a damsel of Philippi in Macedonia, a Roman colony, who had a spirit of divination, and the word "enthusiast" in the original Greek is synonymous with "one possessed."

It is evident then that we must accept the plain Scripture account, or else believe Christ to have been either an impostor or an enthusiast. And this belief would include also all who saw and acknowledged the verity of his exorcism. But the miracle which sent the legion of devils to inhabit the swine, seems in an admirable manner to refute this supposition. For if men are liable to wild and superstitious fancies certainly beasts are not, while the calm, reasonable life and temper of Jesus was as much above a wild and fanciful enthusiasm as the swine were below it.

It is remarkable that in the early part of the Bible the devil and his angels are seldom named, but that as the time draws near for Christ's revelation, the world becomes familiar with this evil agency. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that the visible overthrow and audible acknowledgment of devils was part of Christ's mission on earth. That they dreaded his voice as having authority to end their temporary enlargement is certain. Their entreaties and objections are an acknowledgment of his power to consign them at once to that

Dark country, where

The evil ones do trail unhallowed wings.

Of course it is urged that we have no such manifestations at the present day. This is by no means certain. Those who have seen and studied men "possessed" by the demons of strong drink, lust, avarice, anger, &c., have seen men whom the devil led captive at his will. Nor over such has the name of Jesus lost its power. Do we not all know what miracles that name—coupled with love and faith—can work? Nay, what Christian is there who has not with a word of prayer, barred the gates of hell and commanded "Get thee behind me Satan," and been obeyed.

The good angels seem to know no higher bliss than service. Whenever we read of them it is as helpers and comforters. They rejoice over our repentance, they minister continually to our sorrows and our necessities. Those who doubt this have not that knowledge that comes by suffering. They have not stretched into an open grave an unclasped hand, or waved it in a mute farewell to friends from whom they must walk apart forever. They have borne in silence that hardest of all griefs—a grief not sure—they have not hungered for eternity, they have not been brought low, or they would know how he helps such. How? That is the heart's secret. No one can interfere with another's spiritual joy, but the consolation is none the less tangible and personal. Ask those who have been in sore temptation and "fought their doubts, and gathered strength." The broken in heart, the eyes washed and cleared by consecrating tears, the feet that have been to the "Border Land," they know.

Therefore let us take the Biblical doctrine of angelic agency just as it is written, without apology or explanation, and this also because it includes the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead and the communion of saints, a belief to be tenderly cherished in an age when everything drifts toward materialism. For not only in ancient Jewry, but also in modern Christendom there are Sadducees who "say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit."

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist C. H. Yatman has been holding a series of union evangelistic meetings at Elkhart, Ind. Churches of different denominations in the entire city united in the movement.

The Committee of Arrangements for the International Council of Congregational Churches to be held in Boston in 1899, has provided that English friends will name the month and day it will probably begin either May 30 or July 1.

An important conference of the N. Y. W. C. T. U. was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on May 5. Among the speakers were Miss Florence Kingsley, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, Mrs. Frances J. Barnes and Miss I. Willard.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, at its jubilee year shows a most flourishing condition. The increase of membership during the year is 2,582, the largest reported since 1840. The income for congregational purposes is \$60,000, and for missionary and benevolent purposes of nearly \$12,000.

Very successful revival services have been held at Ravenswood, Chicago. The church uniting in the movement were the Baptist, Christian, the United Presbyterian and the Methodist Congregational. It is believed that four hundred persons were led during the time to begin a new life in Christ's strength.

A United Society of Christian Endeavor for India, Burma and Ceylon was formed Oct. 29, 1896. Its first president is Rev. Julian, the pastor of the Calcutta church; by Carey, and the field secretary is Mr. Sunday school secretary for India, who formed the first Christian Endeavor Society in Wales.

The Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union has issued a warning to you against some of the drinks sold at the soda fountain. The ordinary soda and the pho are perfectly harmless, but many drug-stores added to their variety drinks which contain toxicating ingredients. These often bear names.

The widow of the late Baron de Hirs decided to establish a home for working women. Hon. Oscar S. Straus and Mrs. have been in consultation with her as to the which are not yet perfected. Mme. de Hirs expects to spend two million dollars upon of which will be for buildings, and part of the cost.

Rev. John McNeill, "the Scottish Spunk" preached on May 2d, in the Marble Church, New York, in the morning, and in the Avenue Presbyterian Church in the afternoon. McNeill is here in response to an invitation by a hundred American ministers who expect to welcome him and are praying that a rich life will attend his labors.

A novel proposition for the removal of a church is reported from Hartford, Conn. The building is constructed of Portland brown with a spire 212 feet high made entirely of stone. It is proposed to take the building down, man stone, and rebuild about a mile and a-half from the present site, which it has occupied since 1824. The cost of removal is estimated at about \$100,000.

A Brooklyn pastor, on a recent Sunday, suffering from a severe cold, and when he was through his sermon his voice, which had been from the beginning, completely failed. He called his wife to come to the pulpit and finish his manuscript. This she did in a clear voice. The pastor recovered his voice sufficiently to close the service. Referring to the service he had rendered, he said: "A friend in need is indeed."

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, South, has closed its fiscal year without a debt. The receipts for the year were \$143,799, a gain on those of the previous year of \$1,009. The balance at the close of the year was \$2,223; the balance at the close of the year only \$224. This is due to the fact that the has been considerably enlarged. The number of missionaries on the roll is 150 against 141 ago, and other departments are correspondingly increased.

Dr. F. E. Clark expects to reach Liverpool on his return from his round-the-world tour to sail for America on the *Britannia*. He will spend a few days in New York and to Boston before starting for San Francisco to attend the international convention. Arrangements are being made for sending a delegate each eastern district to the convention. The cost of the trip—\$140—and the time it will take—a whole month—will diminish the attendance at the east.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown has had of blessing in Denver, Colo. The meeting commenced in Trinity M. E. Church, and closed the Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Brown in his farewell address that at no place ever enjoyed such loving fellowship with ministers. Two meetings were held except Saturdays, and on Sundays Mr. Brown preached three times. The audiences were many people coming from other sections of the State to hear the famous preacher.

The death of Dr. James H. Brookes, Louisville, Mo., will be deeply mourned by a large number of friends. Dr. Brookes had been suffering for months, but a period of rest at Stafford, Miss., seemed to have done him so much good that he returned to St. Louis and resumed his work. He preached an eloquent sermon on April 11, following day he caught cold and was forced to his bed. He continued to grow worse, and the following Sunday morning sank into a coma from which he never awakened.

It is probable that the Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will be Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the eminent Alaskan, whose forty years of service in Alaska, Minnesota, and the mountains of Canada crown of glory on his head. As the sub-foreign Missions will be a prominent one in the Assembly, it has been thought fitting that the distinguished commissioner from Alaska would be a graceful thing to seat him in the front row, but if that cannot be done without a contest, but if that cannot be done, it is a fitting indication of the Assembly's action of his life of service.

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER



CRISIS IN GREECE.

INTEREST in the conflict between Turkey and Greece has been turned by recent events from the frontier to the capital. The news of the retreat of the Greeks from Larissa and ineffective movements of the navy, as a public disturbance in Athens was distinctly hostile to the King, was a demonstration in front of the Palace, loudly uttered menaces in the public resorts and were in the press, and members of the family were insulted in the streets, yielding to the clamor so far as Premier Delvannis and his colleagues installed Mr. Ralli and the opposition in their places. Staff of the Crown Prince was also seized, in consequence of the charge of ability and experience had passed over and clever courtiers had trusted with high commands, for they had no capacity. The panic that which occurred in Paris, when France changed from a monarchy to a republic. The concessions of the King conciliated the opposition, danger to his dynasty is not yet past. The people are determined to hold George and his son responsible for the disasters, the full extent of which is not clearly understood. So far as can be gathered from the contradictory disclosures, it appears that the Greeks were in a state of being surrounded and their communications being cut off. In the midst of an enemy more numerous, better armed, and ready to fight with fanatical desperation, retreat may have been necessary for the preservation of the army. It was conducted at the time in an orderly manner, and only at a moment when some mistake occurred, as there any disorder or panic. The Greeks have shown themselves capable of fighting, and in all the engagements showed their courage and tenacity; they are hopelessly outnumbered, and are opposed by skillful generals who know how to make the best use of their advantage. There seems little hope now of the Greeks being able to retrieve their losses, though they avow their determination of continuing the struggle. It is possible that the Powers may intervene to save Greece from further disaster, but without intervention, Greece seems to be at the mercy of the Turk. The situation is a sad one, but it is illogical for the King to hold the king responsible for it. The King was averse to declaring war, and yielded to public pressure. He probably foresaw the issue of the unequal struggle into which his people were forcing him against his better judgment. His situation was one that demanded firmness; it was so evidently like that of the man whom Christ spoke:

"I am going to make war against another nation, not down first, and consulteth with me; he be able with ten thousand to meet me; cometh against him with twenty thousand." (Luke 14: 31.)

Shared with Her Body.

The story of the brave deed of a twelve-year-old girl is related by the San Francisco *Call*. The heroine, whose name was Carmen, was the daughter of a miner who resided here, only one other child, a boy, was years old. Carmen was a bright, prematurely womanly owing to the illness which came upon her through the delicate health of her mother. They lived in a poor structure of only two rooms, but it was a happy home, for a very strong affection bound together all four members of the family. One night, while another of the family was suffering from an illness, and Carmen had passed a long day attending on her sick mother, she was thinking after her young brother, because he was usually cleaning, which, to say the least, was not very thorough, the father went to the mine, it being his turn for work. The other three went to bed

and were soon sound asleep. During the night Carmen waked and saw, to her horror, that the roof of the shanty was on fire, having probably been ignited from the cracked adobe chimney. She called to her mother, and ran to the bedside of her little brother to arouse him. But he was frightened, and clung convulsively to the side of his crib. As she tried to get him away she saw a burning brand fall on the box at the foot of her mother's bed. Instantly she ran to it and brushed it off, for she knew that her father kept his giant powder in that box. In her excitement she tripped and fell, and when she tried to rise she could not, for her leg was broken. The poor girl was almost frantic in her helplessness. She crawled to the box and stretched herself upon it, shrieking to her mother to save herself and the child. The mother, barely able to move, succeeded in getting the boy out of bed, and going to the door, shouted for help. It was some minutes before any one came. The mother pointed to the room where Carmen still lay on the box. They went in and carried the poor girl out. She had lain still, keeping the sparks off the box with her body, and she was burned from head to foot. They did all they could for her, but she died the next day. Her last words were to her little brother: "Kiss me, Tommy; I've saved you, and I'm so happy!" If that boy should forget the memory of the brave sister who saved his life at the cost of her own, what an ingrate we should deem him! Yet how many there are who, though they know that Christ died for them, never love him or do anything for his sake!

Who has his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness. (1. Peter 2: 24.)

A Brave Man in Prison.

A dispatch from Cheyenne, Wyo., reports a pathetic incident in the State penitentiary there. Lectures are occasionally given to the convicts by kind-hearted people of the neighborhood. An entertainment of this kind was given recently by Captain Varnum, of the State University. In the course of his lecture he described Custer's disastrous fight on the Little Big Horn. Captain Varnum had a narrow escape from that massacre. He belonged to Custer's command and was not far away from the scene of death. His position was almost surrounded by the Indians for several days. The men were partially protected by trenches and so long as they remained in shelter they were safe. But there was a scarcity of water and the only way to obtain it was for one of the men to steal down from the trenches to the river, fill a bucket and return. During the trip to and from the man would be exposed to the Indian fire and many were wounded and some killed on the way. The Captain would not order any man to undertake the perilous duty, but left it to volunteers. In speaking the other day to the convicts, he described the readiness of the men in his command to thus risk their lives, not one shrank from the duty. It needed more courage than to go into battle because the man had absolutely no means of defence. At the close of his lecture one of the convicts spoke to the Captain, who recognized him at once as a man who had been in his command and had been conspicuous in doing the duty he had just described.

The man was serving a sentence of eight years imprisonment for larceny and has still six years to serve. Captain Varnum expressed his regret at seeing him there and has promised to intercede with the Governor for his release. It may be hoped he will be successful, for it is sad that a man capable of so brave an act should be in prison. The Governor, however, may not feel justified in releasing him, as in law a good act cannot be held to atone for crime. While people recognize this principle in social life they too often forget it in considering God's government and vainly hope that he will pardon wrongdoing in consideration of self-inflicted penances or bequests to charity.

For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God. (Jer. 2: 22.)

The Oldest History.

To the credit of American enterprise belongs the discovery of the oldest history in the world. It consists of about three thousand baked tablets and clay vases covered with inscriptions which have been found in a huge mound covering the ancient city of Nippur, in the land of the Chaldeans. The work among these Assyrian ruins has been carried on for five years past under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, but it is only recently that the historical value of the dis-



DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT ATHENS.

coveries has been fully understood. The work is very far from completion, but enough has been read to show that the events described on the vases occurred before the building of Babylon, and as Dr. Hilprecht believes, at least seven thousand years ago. The excavations in which they were found, show that four cities successively occupied the site, each of the later three built on the ruins of its predecessor. The inscribed bricks of the upper city bear the name of King Ur Bau, who is thought to have belonged to the dynasty from which the district mentioned Gen. 11: 28 derived its name. The city, the ruins of which occupy the stratum above that of Ur, was built, as the inscriptions on its bricks show, by King Sargon and his son Naram Sin who flourished 3500-3750 years before Christ. Penetrating below this level, through debris thirty-five feet thick, the explorers found the pavement of a still older city, and again below that, on the virgin soil, the remains of the original settlement, in which was a huge enclosure which had evidently been used as a temple, in which was an altar piled high with bone ashes of many sacrifices. The records show a high state of civilization and are clearly the most ancient yet discovered. If they are correctly deciphered, as there is no reason to doubt, we must conclude that they are the records

of a civilization more ancient than any yet known to us. The presence of the altar, however, shows that even at that time, there was in the human mind a sense of accountability to some divine power whom it was necessary to propitiate. As we think of the people of that remote time groping darkly after God, we realize the truth of the Apostle's argument in proof of the responsibility of those to whom he has been revealed.

The times of ignorance, therefore God overlooked, but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent. (Acts 17: 30 R.V.)

Lost Identity.

The doctors in Bellevue Hospital New York are puzzled by the condition of a patient who has been under their care for several weeks. The man entered the hospital of his own accord and asked for treatment. He gave his name as Charles Kaufman, but he was in a dazed state and expressed a doubt as to whether that was really his name. It was at first supposed that he had been drinking heavily, but after two or three days he was still bewildered and could not be sure as to his identity. It was then perceived that his condition was not the result of drink. He talks coherently about his early years, and remembers being in the German army in the Franco-Prussian war. He describes his boyhood home and minutely recalls the incidents of several battles in which he was engaged. He remembers coming to New York after the war, but after that event, he remembers nothing. He thinks he has two children but is not certain. His memory is an utter blank as to all recent events, even those of the day he came to the hospital. Prof. C. L. Dana and other learned men have questioned him, but are unable to find the cause of his loss of identity. The man himself is greatly distressed by it and begs that his case may be made known as widely as possible, in the hope that his family, if he has one, may know of the calamity which has befallen him. The doctors think he must have suffered some injury to the brain, probably a blow which has affected his memory. The man's uneasiness shows that there is some power within him, fretting because of the imperfection of the instrument with which it has to work. Other men have been conscious of this duality who have not had it forced on their attention in so strange a way. To all such the prospect of a new and better organism held out in the Bible is very encouraging.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him. (1. John 3: 2.)

Depreciated Stock.

A correspondent of a Chicago journal describes a strange spectacle he witnessed recently in a country village in Ohio. It is that of a store fully stocked and regularly opened for business from which nothing is ever sold. It appears that the proprietor was in business before the war and did a good trade. During the war, prices went up, but he sold at small profits and continued to prosper. But with the proclamation of peace came the sudden collapse of values, and it found him with a large stock on hand. He had made a small fortune and was not pressed for money, so he held on to his stock, hoping that there would be a rebound of prices. But the rise has never come. The old man would not recognize the logic of the situation, and firmly refused to sell his goods at a loss. He has opened his store every business day for more than thirty years and has kept his goods in order, but no customer ever enters. He has on his shelves goods which cost him sixty cents, which can now be bought at retail for five cents, but he will not sell them below cost. The eccentric old man has no relatives, and does not appear to relish advice from friends. He leads the life of a hermit and spends his time contentedly among his goods and not worrying over the absence of customers. He believes implicitly that prices will yet go up to the old figure, and he declares that he can afford to wait. Every business man can see the folly of such a course, but it is often difficult to get Christians to realize how the principle applies to spiritual things, and to make a new estimate of their prized things as the Apostle did.

Howbeit what things were gain to me, I have counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. (Phil. 3: 7.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Conference at Jerusalem.

Sunday School Lesson for May 23d. Acts

15: 1-29. Golden Text: Acts 15: 11.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



HE two primitive missionaries, Paul and Barnabas, when the Holy Ghost, the same faithful Leader who had sent them forth (Acts 13: 4), showed them that their term of ministry in foreign lands was ended for the present, returned to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the works which they fulfilled. The Church at Antioch could not have sent them forth so solemnly in obedience to the Holy Ghost without continuing to bear them up continually in prayer, and they felt a responsibility to tell this faithful church how God had answered their prayers for them. They held at Antioch the first missionary meeting on record, and "rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles."

New light on the Word and on the purposes of God is sure to awaken opposition among those who have not yet understood it. News of the work among the Gentiles was carried to Judea, and certain men came down from Judea to Judaize the converts from among the Gentiles. They preached, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." Paul and Barnabas had no small

Dissension

and disputation with them. But dissension and disputation do not build up the Church of God, and do not convince men: a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven (John 3: 27), and Paul and Barnabas had yet to learn that all their blessed success among the Gentiles did not make them in themselves one whit more powerful to open one closed heart of Jew or Gentile to the truth of God. Thus it came about that the Church at Antioch sent the two missionary brethren with some others up to Jerusalem, to take counsel with the apostles and elders about this question. On their journey—very unlike one of the rapid journeys of our time—they were "brought on their way by the Church," i. e., members of the church in the places where they stopped gave them hospitality, and they on their part "caused great joy unto all the brethren" by declaring among them the conversion of the Gentiles. Every simple child of God rejoices in the tidings of the salvation of souls by the way who they may. It is only such as take upon themselves to preserve the purity of their doctrine in the spirit of caste and exclusiveness who are in danger of sacrificing souls to their own narrowness: "We forbid him because he followeth not us," was a spirit rebuked by the Master (Mark 9: 38).

Arrived at Jerusalem, they were at first received with open arms by the apostles and elders, and "they declared all that God had done with them." But the same opposition which the sacerdotal party of those days had manifested in Antioch, appeared also in Jerusalem. While the precious tidings of God's grace among so many in Asia Minor was being told out, the spirit of the company was disturbed by this contrary element, and the question of circumcision and of keeping the law of Moses was brought up. A synod of the church was called to decide the matter, and again the spirit of disputation got the mastery. Surely the hand of the enemy was in this! Peter, by nature, always first, had learned by race to speak last: "Swift to hear, slow to speak" (Jas. 1: 19). Going back to the time when God had chosen him in the first instance to bear the message of salvation to the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius in Caesarea, he says: "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost even as he did unto us, cleansing their hearts by faith."

Now therefore why tempt ye God, that ye should put a yoke upon the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?" It was a word from the Lord himself, and touched the very essence of the question. If the heart were cleansed by faith, why add thereto an outward sign which in itself had no power to benefit the heart?

A word from the Lord carries power with it: "then all the multitude kept silent;" when God speaks, even through his servants, it stills the spirit of man. And then he made a way for Barnabas and Paul to declare what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them. Now the convocation ceased to be in the hands of man. God had taken the reins into his own hands and was guiding. The Judaizers must hear for themselves what work of God they, with their narrowness, were in danger of limiting. And now God had a message by another of his servants, who in a clear, God-taught way, explained the purpose of God in this dispensation. It was James, who speaking as Peter had done, in no spirit of disputation, gave an authoritative word.

In this first council at Jerusalem James declares that God offers to the Gentiles what the Jews rejected. Yet, while God called the Jews as a nation, he sought to take out from the Gentiles, not another nation, but the people gathered out of the nations for his name. Until this purpose of God is carried out, Israel cannot be restored and the world cannot be converted. But "After these things I will return and I will build again the tabernacle of David . . . that the residue of men may seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things" (Acts, 15: 16, 17). When God has the people for his name, and can take them away without dying, then things will go forward among the Jews and then among the heathen. James gave counsel that the Gentiles who were turned to God should not be troubled about circumcision, but should refrain from idolatry from things strangled and from blood.

The first pastoral letter of the church was written on this occasion and sent not only with Barnabas and Paul, but also with two of themselves, Judas and Silas to give in writing the minutes of the synod, and to state very specially the determination which had been arrived at. Anxiously the Church at Antioch waited for the return of the beloved delegates whom they had sent up to Jerusalem. As soon as they arrived, the multitude of the believers was gathered together, to whom the epistle was formally read, and they rejoiced. The cloud which had seemed to gather over the Church, the bondage which seemed to endanger them, had dispersed: no yoke had been put upon their necks but the yoke of Jesus which was easy and his burden which was light. And blessing came out of this trial: thereby God called out another missionary. Judas and Silas being prophets exhorted the brethren with many words. Judas returned to Jerusalem with the other messengers, but the work at Antioch had taken hold upon Silas, and the missionary call began to penetrate his heart, he abode there still, and with Paul, Barnabas and others spent time in teaching and preaching the Word.

The missionary vocation of Paul and Barnabas was no temporary thing; they could not forget those lands through which they had traveled as God's light-bearers. Without doubt the souls in those places lay much on the hearts of these new missionaries in prayer, but they waited for a sure indication of the mind of God before attempting to return although they had not yet learned to trust God rather than dispute. "After some days Paul said unto Barnabas, let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the Lord, and see how they do. Barnabas had no other thought; both of them knew that the time

was come, but the same spirit of disputation which they had manifested both in Antioch and Jerusalem in regard to the Judaizing teachers now showed itself between these men associated by the Holy Ghost in this holy service. The question was whether Mark should accompany them who had turned back from the work (Acts 14: 13). Barnabas determined one thing, Paul thought another, and it seems that they did not leave the decision to God, but they took things into their own hand and parted from one another: Barnabas taking Mark and Paul choosing Silas. Was it this failure which God used to humble Paul and to teach him his nothingness, and make him learn what it was to be crucified with Christ (Gal. 2: 20)?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the incident of Church history described in the lesson. It affects the life of the Christian Church of



"AND THEY WROTE LETTERS BY THEM."

to-day and of all time. There is an inveterate desire in the minds of a certain class of religious leaders to add something to the tests Christ ordained for his people. They want to stand at the door of the kingdom of heaven and exclude all who do not have some particular stamp, or ticket of admission. Sometimes one kind of ticket is demanded and sometimes another, but in every age it has been necessary to drive them away from the door, so that every man may enter who believes in Christ for the salvation of his soul. This chapter tells the story of the first attempt in this line and how it was defeated. Paul gives his version of it in the second chapter of the epistle to the Galatians, from which we can see how hard and bitter the struggle was, and how many of the sorrowful details Luke has decorously omitted from his narrative. The trouble began at Antioch, the scene of Paul's early labors. He had preached salvation by faith in Christ and, when the Gentiles believed, and proved by their lives the sincerity of their faith, Paul freely admitted them to the Church. They turned from sin and from superstition and, in the strength of Christ, sought to become better and holier men. They succeeded, and were rejoicing in their victory over sin and temptation, when certain Jewish Christians came from Jerusalem to pay them a visit. These visitors professed to be shocked at the idea of Gentiles expecting to enter the kingdom of God, without undergoing the rite which is the physical characteristic of the Jewish people. They told the new converts that they ought to become Jews by adoption, otherwise they had no ground to hope for salvation. Like the proselyte they must be circumcised in order to make them eligible for Christianity. They had a plausible argument for their contention. Circumcision had been in force from the time of Abraham—eighteen hundred years. Moses had insisted upon it and every Jew had seen to it that his son underwent the rite in his infancy. Christ had been circumcised and his Apostles were all circumcised men. The epithet of uncircumcised was equivalent to heathen. They could point to the Scripture in proof that God had commanded it and could challenge their opponents to show any word of Christ or his Apostles implying that it was no longer necessary. But Paul was indignant. He contended that the demand was childish. A man could become a son of Abraham

better by exercising the faith of Abraham than by undergoing a rite which affected his body only. Christianity was not of rites and ceremonies but a change of heart and life. So the controversy until it was resolved to find out what the Apostles had authorized them to come down from Jerusalem and all this trouble. Paul and Barnabas, Titus, a specimen Gentile convert sent to Jerusalem to submit the question to the Apostles who had been converts of Christ and had listened to his teaching. The result of the appeal is described in the lesson. At the close of the meeting, Paul was in possession of the vote to the churches forever settling the question in favor of his contention. The head of the Jerusalem church believed to have been a brother Lord and the author of the Epistle bearing his name, had spoken in favor of Paul's contention, and Peter had concurred. The Gentiles were authorized to be circumcised, but for the sake of the churches they should be free from certain dietary laws. They must lead chaste lives, a necessary injunction because unchastity was common among the Gentiles and was not deemed necessary for the Jews. These things were all that were essential. Nothing was said about the Sabbath, Passover, or baptism, or communion. So the Church was freed from the burden of the dead faith and even the Christian who has given his life to Christ and is loving him and walking in his footsteps can defy any man to put him into bondage. When ritualists people who want to substitute some outward change of regeneration, that he must do this or that because he can be saved, he can point to this written eighteen hundred years ago, and take his stand upon it as the Charter of his liberty.

No greater burden than necessary. A change of heart often involves a change of outward things, and pain, the giving up of dear associations. These are necessary, but deluded people often have others which their teachers impose upon them unnecessarily. Mr. Spurgeon says that one of the most sorrowful moments of his life was when he saw Pilate's staircase in Rome as a people crawling up it on their knees doing other foolish penances. It is a cruel thing because useless. No gain good to his soul by self-torture of body. In India devotees suspend themselves from hooks in the flesh, or stand night with one arm extended and grows stiff and immovable. The change God is by a spiritual change which by faith and there is no other way. The rites and ceremonies and flagellation and washings fail as substitutes. alone is effectual and indispensable.

A people for his name. A people should bear his name because of their likeness to him. His sublimity of character transforms them by its mighty power. A great teacher compared the influence of a statue of a beautiful Greek girl standing in a market place, dirty, untidy peasant girl sees that when she comes to the market first time. She is struck with its beauty and gazes at it in rapt admiration says nothing, but the next week comes to the market her hair is not so dirty and uncombed but in smooth plaits fully coiled. It is clumsily done, but shows purpose and effort. She shows her hand over it as she again surveys the statue. Next week the hair is more fully coiled and—wonder of wonders—her face has been washed. Next week poor clothes are mended and she appears upon her more gracefully. The admiration of the girl is completely changed. Christian beholding the character of Christ, though only dimly as in a mirror, is changed into his likeness.

Troubled you with words. In points of ceremony will often divide the church. At one time in Scotland was a fierce controversy between the Anti-lifters. The question was whether the bread on the communion table should be handed out lifted, or whether the communicants should help themselves. This trivial question was a source of much bitterness.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

THE MARKETS OF CAIRO.

the Sights to be Seen in the Seats of Egypt's Ancient City.

CAIRO is both larger and handsomer than Alexandria and next to Constantinople itself is the most important city under Mohammedan rule. Its people are a mixture of all nationalities and its markets the most varied character. Grain, hides, and ostrich feathers come from the interior, cotton and sugar cane from Egypt, with shawls and indigo from Persia and Hindustan, and there is a miscellaneous variety of articles of European manufacture. One of the most important industries in former times was the traffic in slaves, but this has been discontinued. There are many factories for spinning, weaving, and printing, a paper-mill, a sugar-refinery, manufactures of silk goods, saltpetre, leather, and leather.

For the small vendors there is a great variety of products in which a lively trade is done. Sugar-cane, sweets, cakes, figs, and such delicacies tempt the eye of the passer-by and one enters them at every turn.

Passing through the business section of the city, one cannot help remarking the difference between the Oriental and those in our own cities. Here the large buildings that will accommodate thousands, while there the little shops are hardly large enough to hold wares and their goods. These are like so many bandboxes along the crowded streets which are made still narrower by the bay windows that jut out on the sides, and are set a little lower than the height of an average-sized person, consequently make it very disagreeable for pedestrians and donkey-riders. Blockades are the rule, and collision of frequent occurrence. On the stands may be found articles of every description—fruits, flowers, and cakes, sweetmeats and numerous trifles and curios. Behind these peering little shops, the merchants in their long gowns, with legs crossed in fashion, sipping their coffee or chatting with some customer. Our photograph shows a sugar-cane booth with girls as the saleswomen. The cane is cut to short lengths and is purchased by young folks of Cairo, with whom it is a prime favorite. Nor are the elders loath to using it in this simple form, and any student in *El Ashur* (the great school of nearly 10,000 pupils) carries a piece of sugar-cane while he reads passages from the Koran or teaches his lessons.

We the Beautiful.

We should, by every means in our power, strive to develop in our children's minds the love of the good and the beautiful. Childhood must have something to love, to admire, and it rests with us to direct that love aright. Besides, an education of even the simplest pleasures is a source of secret pleasure, a mental as well as spiritual development. It makes us possessors of and aware in all that the eye and the intelligence can reach and comprehend. We have a legal right to our neighbor's farm, but our eyes have an esthetic claim on the landscape, and in the currency of the soul we may get more out of it than its value. If you are an ardent lover of beautiful things are yours. Says an authentic writer: "If you reside at Denver you own the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, now bathed in sunshine, now swathed in snow, now wearing frost-formed mantles of purest white. Every flower that grows in your garden; every bird that is athwart your field of vision is a

denizen of your aviary; every robin that reels off his rollicking song by the yard within the sound of your ear is your song-bird; every sunset is yours, and every rainbow, in short, you are immensely rich; you own stock in the Milky Way, and have a claim on every visible star that shines in the depths of space.

All things of beauty are not theirs alone
Who hold the fee; but unto him no less
Who can enjoy, than unto them who own,
Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For heaven is beautiful; and suffers none
To make monopoly of aught that's fair.

"Let me Sit Up a Little While."

This is a familiar child-plea, and is frequently heard as the time approaches for

laces, bracelets, and tinkling anklets; the kerchief may be replaced by a cap, and around the waist a rich girdle drawn. But whatever may be worn indoors, whenever the Moorish lady takes her walks abroad, she is completely enveloped in the "haik" or the "schele," the former an adaptation of the "burnous" worn by the men, and the latter a shawl and cloak all in one, something like the Spanish mantilla. Thus clad, the ladies are not objects of grace or of beauty, for they are uncertain in their gait.

Training in Self-Denial.

Children of the present day, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull,—especially children of parents in comfortable worldly circumstances—are far more likely than were their fathers and mothers to lack lessons of self-denial. The standard of living is very different now from a generation since. There were few parents in any community in this country fifty years ago who could buy whatever they wanted for their children; or, indeed, for themselves. There was no such freeness of purchases for children, for the table, for the house or the household, as is now common on



A SUGAR-CANE BOOTH IN THE CITY OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

the "sandman" to come around and sprinkle his drowsy drops on the sleepy eye-lids of the little folks. A Western poet has very prettily pictured the childish battle against sleep in these lines:

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then when they end their chatter
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops every head,
Three little maids are dozing,
Tho' they're not ready for bed.
That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming
Meely to keep out of bed.

How Arab Women Dress.

A single garment, a pair of baggy trousers, and a kerchief for the head, are the principal parts of the costume of an Arab woman, a traveler writes. There may be much elaboration and adornment; stockings may or may not be worn, a profusion of jewelry always, such as neck-

laces, bracelets, and tinkling anklets; the kerchief may be replaced by a cap, and around the waist a rich girdle drawn. But whatever may be worn indoors, whenever the Moorish lady takes her walks abroad, she is completely enveloped in the "haik" or the "schele," the former an adaptation of the "burnous" worn by the men, and the latter a shawl and cloak all in one, something like the Spanish mantilla. Thus clad, the ladies are not objects of grace or of beauty, for they are uncertain in their gait.

SUNSHINE THROUGH CLOUDS.

If the world does seem dark and dreary,
Clouds appearing on thy sky,
If the tempest round thee lowers,
And the breakers hoarsely cry—
Look not on the gloomy shadows
That obscure the sun's fair light,
On the morning 'twill be shining;
All thy Father's ways are right.
Brave the heart that looketh upward,
Heeding not the tempest wild;
Brave the faith that never falters,
Trusting like a weary child.
In the morning joy availeth,
Clouds and darkness pass away—
Lo! the beauty and the sunlight
Of a blissful, cloudless day.

Waubay, S. D.

—MINNIE MOTT.

CHILDISH LOVE OF TOYS.

MUCH has been said by kindergartners on the subject of toys writes Katherine Beebe, in her little volume on *Home Occupation for Children* and those commended and recommended which can be really used by the child, such as blocks, crayons, paints, blackboards, stoves, garden tools and the like, all of which is well worthy consideration; but there is a word to be said for toys pure and simple, the tin horses, little wagons, toy animals, miniature houses and stoves and so on. Their value lies in the stimulus or start which they give to a child's imagination. With such a starting point a whole train or sequence of events connects itself, or should do so, in the child's mind, the expression of which forms the play. There are children to whom toys suggest little or nothing, to whom a tin horse is a tin horse and nothing more, and which are by them soon forgotten and discarded. There are others, however, to whom the same toys will be a beginning of a long series of imaginative plays. I once knew three such children, to one of whom was given a tiny milk wagon. At that time a new cable road was the talk of the hour, and one constructed of string, hairpins and spools was in operation across the nursery floor. A long period of happy play was broken by sounds of disagreement and I was finally called for in a tone which told me that something had gone wrong. Several cars were on the track, the little milk wagon in front of them. The owner of the car next to it had "clanged" in vain and I was greeted with "make Mollie get off the track with her milk wagon!" I rang and rang and she won't get off! Whereupon, seven-year-old Mollie looked up with a placid smile, saying, "I'm a-playing milk wagon. They never get off the track till the car drivers get mad!"

To these children the merest trifle in the way of a toy suggests any amount of play, and in their ability to use the toys so fascinatingly displayed in the shops to round-eyed, wistful-looking children. I find a suggestion of their real purpose. It may be necessary to actually teach some children to play with toys, others may need only a little help, and the normally imaginative ones need no assistance at all, only occasional guidance.

On Borrowing Trouble.

There is an old proverb which says that we conquer troubles by meeting them boldly half-way. But the child of God knows of an even better method of triumphing over the petty cases and worries of life. He simply takes them to his Father. On this subject Amos R. Wells gives these helpful suggestions:

It is treason to thy goodness, dear Father, to be anticipating evil while thou art always planning good for me. It is treason to my own powers to weaken them by fears that may be groundless. It is treason to my work to expend its energies on worry. Let me reach out my best toward the best thou hast always ready, and what harm or sorrow can befall me? I entertain care within, while thou art knocking at the door. When vexations present themselves, I run to meet them, while my servile imagination makes ready a large place for them. How do I sin against thy law of happiness? Thou canst not magnify blessings for one who thus magnifies troubles. Thou canst not bestow peace upon one who makes no war on unrest. I shall not have from thee any burden I cannot bear; I myself lay on myself the unbearable burdens. O God who alone canst transform the nature of man, change the ingenuity which I invent into a skill at discovering joys. Make strong my memory for pleasures, and weaken it for pain. Give me a genius for gratitude. Show me how far I stray from thee when I wander into grief.

A NOTABLE BI-CENTENARY.

Old Trinity Church in New York Celebrates the Two-hundredth Anniversary of its Organization—King William's Charter and Queen Anne's Royal Gift.

WITH simple ceremonies, but with reverent hearts, the bishops, clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York celebrated last week the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the parent church of the diocese. Old Trinity Church was gay with heraldic banners and radiant with floral decorations, while crowds of distinguished visitors from all parts of the country were present day after day through the week, to participate in the celebration.

Bishops Potter, Littlejohn, Doane and Walker took part in the services and representatives of the various departments of the work of the Church described their spheres of labor. It was a marvelous showing of activity of many kinds and it was natural to look back to the humble beginning of the establishment and contrast it with its present power and influence.

New York, in those early days, was not sympathetic with the project of establishing an English Church in the city. Small in numbers and poor in pocket, the members of the Protestant Episcopal church, an insignificant body among the wealthy Dutch burghers, in 1697, undertook to build a church in which they could hold the services to which they had been accustomed in their own land and hear the liturgy that they loved. A subscription was started which resulted in the collection of "three hundred and twelve pounds, thirteen shillings and seven pence." The old record shows that it was contributed in small sums and was evidently the result of self-denial. To this amount was shortly afterwards added the sum of five pounds, twelve shillings and three pence, as a contribution from the Jews of the city. A charter having been secured from William III., King of England, steps were at once taken to erect "a church and steeple and a convenient house for the rector." Special provision was made that the steeple should contain a clock and one or more bells. The title which was given to the church by the original charter is the same which it now bears, namely, the Parish of Trinity Church. A royal grant, confirmatory of this organization, gave the corporation the ground on which the church was built, "together with a certain piece or parcel of ground adjoining thereto, being in or near to a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called and known by the name of Broadway."

A plain unpretentious edifice was built, and Dr. William Vesey was ordained in London in August, 1697, as the rector of the new parish. It was at that time a poor corporation, but afterward, in 1765, Lord Cornbury, then Governor of the Province, issued in the name of Queen Anne, a royal deed, which conveyed to it the large tract of land then known as the Queen's Farm, but there after called the Church Farm, "lying," as the deed stated "on the west side of Mamanata Island, and extending from St. Paul's Church, northwardly along the river to Skinner Road." This north boundary, known to us as Christopher Street, was at that time far out in the country, and the land south of it was largely an uncultivated tract yielding little revenue even after it became farm land. Going over the ground now, with its fine warehouses and its dense population, it seems a magnificent gift, but at that date no one foresaw to what vast value it would grow. The church did not foresee it, and yielded freely such strips as were needed for streets by the growing city and for other public purposes. Gifts were

made, too, in large numbers, for religious and educational purposes. King's College, now Columbia, received a large slice. The General Theological Seminary, also, received a gift of land. Two lots were given to the city to establish a ferry; several lots for a free school, and more for the sites of three markets in Brennon Street, Duane Street and Christopher Street. Still more remarkable, as showing the broad spirit of toleration then existing, Trinity gave three city lots for the use of the senior pastors of the Presbyterian congregations of the city. Altogether, at the end of a hundred and fifty years from the date of its organization, the gifts of Trinity Church for religious, educational

their philanthropic labors. This celebration is rather an occasion for congratulation than for criticism, but at a period when money is so urgently needed for the propagation of the Gospel at home and abroad, it is inevitable that the wealth of Trinity Church should by some be compared not always to its credit with the work that it is doing.

The present stately edifice standing on Broadway, at the head of Wall street, is the third which has occupied that site. The first church, erected in 1697 soon became too small for the worshippers. It was enlarged to nearly double its original size. It served its purpose until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, when it was destroyed in the great fire. For four years it remained in ruins, the congregation worshipping meanwhile in St. Paul's Church. The second edifice was erected in 1790, and at its dedication by Bishop Provoost George Washington was present. It stood until 1839 when it needed repairs so extensive that it was deemed advisable to pull it down and build a new church. The present church was then erected and

first fifty years of the church's history. At the time of his call he was a layman at Hempstead, L. I., a graduate of Harvard College, and a young man of piety. He accepted the salary of a hundred pounds a year, was added later seventy-five pounds house-rent. He was succeeded in his assistant, Rev. Henry Barclay Swete, who had been rector of the new church of St. George. That time stood in Beekman street, succeeded Dr. Barclay. In his place, Dr. Paul's Church, now the oldest church in New York, was erected. That church that Washington used as a ship, and his pew is still pointed out to visitors. Dr. Auchmuty had a large pastorate. As a Tory and a Loyalist he found himself unpopular in the some trouble that ensued with the officers owing to his insubordination in reading the prayers for the Royal Family, led to his paying a visit to New Brunswick. When the loyal rector returned to his beloved church in ruin, distress and the hardships he endured on his return to New York are said to have shortened his life, and he died soon after his successor also met with trouble, owing to lack of sympathy with the Government. In 1786, the Trinity was made Bishop of New York. This was Dr. Samuel Provoost, and after his death his successor became Bishop of New York. The offices of Rector of Trinity Church of New York were held for several years. The devotion of the parish and its work, were largely the result of the labors of Dr. Berrian, who became Rector in 1830 and held the office until his death in 1862, when Dr. Morgan Dix, the present Rector, was elected. Dr. Dix was at the time of the war, an active worker in his parish, is the author of a large number of theological works. Few know the labor that he has given to the church during the thirty-five years he served it as Rector. Other not so blessed as Trinity wives have been compelled to move from the district, while the needs of the district have been constantly increasing. It has devolved on Dr. Dix and his helpers to supply the needs among the large population of the parish.

A Cruel Explorer Pushed.

It is seldom indeed that there has been occasion to record a case of cruelty against any one engaged in scientific exploration. Such a case, however, has recently come to light, the accused being Dr. Peter Peters, the distinguished traveler and scientist, who was engaged by the German African Commission years ago and placed in charge of their work in the "Dark Continent." Dr. Peter has just been tried at a Berlin Court. He was tried on charges of ill-treating Africans and particularly with regard to hanging a negro boy in 1892; with hanging a girl in 1892; with unjustly making war upon the Malalia in November, 1891, and with furnishing incorrect reports. Peters protested that he was not and affirmed he believed he had not of life or death over all the black station, except those who were of the German colonial force. He had having undertaken extensive missions against his instructions; contended the situation was then, as an attack on the part of Warongos was feared, and he claimed was obliged to inflict the death penalty in order to save German prestige. The station-house was broken into by Peters admitted he had flogged negroes; but he denied that he executed one, explaining that he hanged for conspiracy with a native against the expedition. Dr. Peters was sentenced to dismissal from the service and to pay the costs of the



OLD TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, FOUNDED TWO CENTURIES AGO—RECTOR DR. MORGAN DIX.

and public purposes aggregated an enormous sum. Dr. Berrian, who was rector of the Church at that time, said that estimating the value of the lands which had formed the chief part of its gifts at their then market value, the total amount was considerably over two million dollars, a sum more than equal to two thirds of the balance then in Trinity's possession.

The value of the property still remaining to Trinity has been variously estimated. A conservative estimate, however, made for the New York Times, by a gentleman who has long been connected with the finances of the corporation, places it at within twenty million dollars. This large sum is of course due to the enormous value of the land it owns in the business section of the city, and to the termination of the leases it granted in its early years. It is not surprising that the churches in the lower section of the city which are working among the poor, should often wish that some portion of this great wealth could be obtained to aid them in

dedicated on May 21, 1846. It was at that time incomparably the finest church building in the country. Many efforts have been made to induce the corporation to dispose of its valuable site for a stock exchange or some other business purpose, but the offers were not considered. A tender sentiment of affection and reverence guards the historic graveyards where Alexander Hamilton and other revered men and women are buried. "They have been guarded," Dr. Morgan Dix, the present Rector, said recently, "for two centuries in a spirit of love, and I hope that future generations will continue to guard them."

The Rectors of Trinity Church during the two centuries of its existence have all been men of eminent piety and scholarship. The first, after the nominal rectorship of the Bishop of London, who was appointed merely to bring the new corporation within the lines of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was Dr. William Vesey, whose pastoral career covered nearly the

SEEKING PEACE.

Peace is to be Sought and the Price may be Paid for It and when it is Broken.

Few men would act in the presence of impending disagreements, as Abraham is described as acting in the passage associated with the Topic (Genesis 13: 5-18). Some men would have drifted until a quarrel ensued. Others would have insisted on the rights of the benefactor and have chosen the country that suited them best. Others were resolved upon. Others have appealed to arbitration. He even gave up the choice and left it to his nephew, which territory he would have. He acted so in the present day to merit the respect of his friends. He lost his reputation as a good business. People would think of him as a foolish, a man who did not stand up for his rights. Such a man never "push to the front," but he went to the top of the heap. The competition that we worship in our children, is directly to such a course of conduct as was pursued, and it did not degenerate in the man with whom he was dealing. Lot chose the country for himself. He chose the country that was well watered everywhere. He chose the desirable district for Abraham to settle in for himself. He looked after his own interest and had no sentimental about monopolizing the good of the land. If his uncle chose to be a foolish, Lot was not going to be an example. Lot's shrewdness was a sign of which Abraham was well observed in his character. He has been regarded as a sufficient example of Abraham's being careful of his own interest. Yet Abraham did not protect himself or attempt to save himself from injury. "Let there be peace," he said, "between me and thee," and to avoid strife he was pushed all for which his services had been contending. Truly a wise lack of self-assertion would have saved him to imposition in any time.

It is remarkable how this trait of the character fulfilled the injunctions of the Lord. If a man compelled another to go a mile with him, he was to go him twain; and if a man sued another and took away his coat, he was permitted to take his cloak. We were not to resist wrong that came to the children of God having the spirit of the Lord. Singularly unworldly was such teaching. Contrary to the maxims of the world and the maxims of social dealing. But it was worldly affairs that this command of concession were commanded. There were matters in which it would be sin. When it came to questions of right and wrong firmness was a virtue. Property might be secured, worldly advantages might be relinquished for the sake of peace. A concession which involves dereliction of duty was never to be practised. Imagine Paul permitting a persecutor to go unavenged, but we do not see him taking the stand he took against false teaching. Christ was who was led as a lamb to the slaughter and who did not resent the blows of a brutal soldiery, could blaze a path of concession and denounce woes on the Pharisees and scribes and Pharisees and the scourge of cords with which he scourged the traders out of the temple. No price is never inculcated. There are some things too precious to pay for. The mistake we make is not in being dignant and courageous but in standing on the wrong things. There is nothing as righteous indignation and the conflicts in which we do well to engage. When an unholy traffic is injuring the community we ought to prove our valor to the sides with those who stand for right. When temptation is assailing the weak and people are being led astray by sophistry, we have the right to rebuke the tempter and try to thwart the legal weapons. Peace, by all means, but not peace which involves the injury of ourselves or of others.



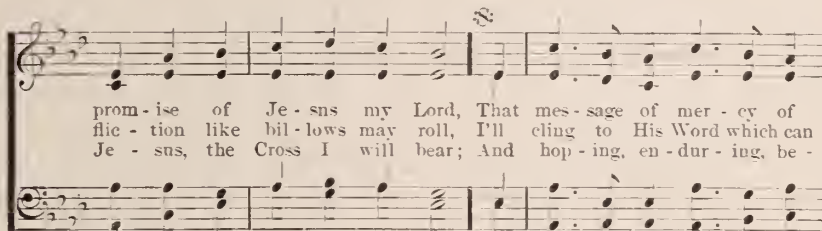
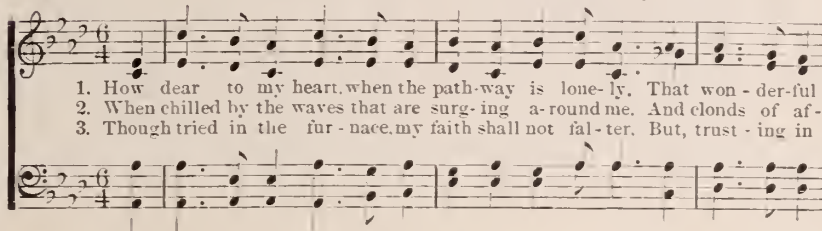
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

How Dear to my Heart.

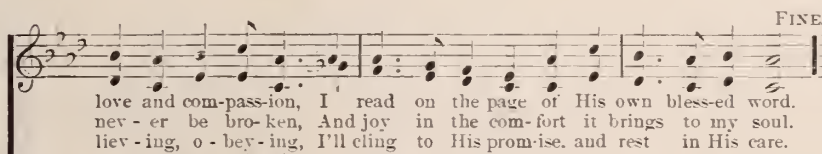
"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—Isa. 41: 10.

F. J. CROSBY.

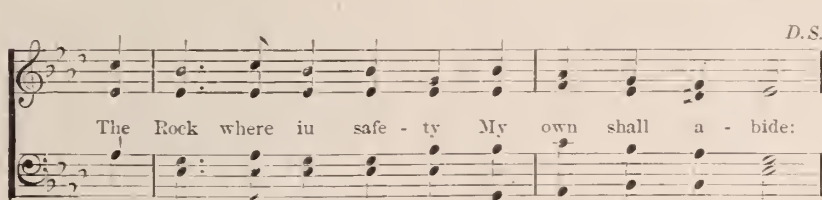
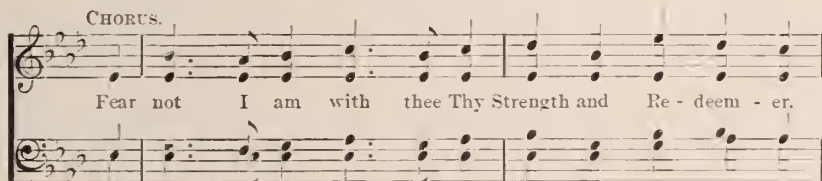
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



D. S.—I will not for-sake thee My



word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what ev-er be-tide.



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

LITTLE AND MUCH.

It matters little where I was born.
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's
scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I lived an honest man.
And held my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man.
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave.
Or on the land or on the sea.
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave.
It matters little or naught to me:
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

WHEN MOTHER DIED.

WHEN mother died,
It seemed the light of my life went out;
I seemed the goodness of God to doubt,
That day seemed only evil throughout.
When mother died.

When mother died,
I thought of all my reckless life,
That pierced her heart like a keen-edged knife.
And, O, my heart was a place of strife,
When mother died.

When mother died,
She went, I know, to the blessed God;
No more in weariness should she plod,
While I deserved of the Lord the rod,
When mother died.

When mother died,
I learned my lesson in her decease;
I looked to God for my soul's release,
And at his feet I obtained sweet peace,
When mother died.

Nevank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

THE VISION OF THE EPHAH.

The Last Years of the Dispensation to be Years of Commercial Supremacy.

BY W. MAUDE.



IN the first six chapters of the book of the Prophet Zechariah we have a very remarkable series of highly symbolic visions. These visions are seven in number; but though this circumstance would seem to indicate that they have a mutual relation, and form a connected whole, like the seven parables in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the seven seals, seven trumpets, and seven vials of the Apocalypse.

yet it is by no means easy to trace any such connection; while the meaning of some of the visions is obscure. One of those on which the most light seems to be procurable is the sixth of the series—the Ephah. This vision is recorded in words which the best authorities translate as follows:

"Then the angel that talked with me went forth, and said unto me, Lift up now thine eyes, and see what is going forth. And I said what is going forth? And he said, This is an ephah that goeth forth. He said moreover, This is their eye through all the earth. And behold, there was lifted up a talent of lead, and yonder was a woman sitting in the midst of the ephah. And he said, This is Wickedness: and he cast her down in the midst of the ephah, and he cast the weight of Lead (i. e. the talent weight) upon the mouth thereof. Then lifted I up mine eyes and looked, and, behold, there came forth two women, and the wind was in their wings; for they had wings like the wings of a stork; and they lifted up the ephah between the earth and the heaven. Then said I to the angel that talked with me, Whither do these bear the ephah? And he said unto me, To build it a house in the land of Shinar; and when it is ready it shall be set in its own place" (Zech. 5: 11.)

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Ephah was the largest dry measure in ordinary use among the Jews, probably corresponding very nearly with our bushel, though there is much uncertainty as to its exact size and capacity. Its symbolic significance in this vision—of which it forms the most conspicuous feature—will become more apparent when we observe that in close conjunction with it a "talent of lead" is spoken of in the seventh verse, and in the following verse as "the weight of lead;" most probably a circular plate of lead which weighed a talent, that is, about 135 pounds troy. Now the talent was constantly used in the sense of a fixed weight by which gold, silver and other things were weighed and measured; and it is very significantly spoken of here in connection with the ephah, as the latter was the usual measure of capacity. The talent was the standard measure of quantity, and the weight was made of lead as the most common heavy metal, and was used in all commercial transactions. Thus the ephah, in connection with the leaden talent, affords the most natural and appropriate symbol of trade or commercial transactions in general; just as the sword symbolises war, the mitre priesthood, and the crown royalty.

Now commerce or trade—and by trade I mean the principles as well as the development of trade—is the special characteristic of these last days. There have been in the past great trading communities, imperial marts of commerce, such as Tyre, Egypt, and Babylon; but never as now did commerce attain such a vast development or its pursuits so engross the energies of the nations generally. The present age may emphatically be said to be the commercial age of the world's history, and hence, the object of the vision shown to Zechariah is to instruct respecting the character of the influence which shall be dominant over Israel, and over the nations at the closing period of their history. It reveals where the master-power shall reside, which, in the latter days, shall "go forth" with pervading influence to control the energies of the earth. And what is the symbol of this power? It is not a sceptre, nor a sword, nor a mitre, but an ephah, the symbol of Commerce.

(To be Continued.)

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER XI—Cont'd.
Steve is Wanted.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

listen with a happy heart to all his wife's witty and pretty explanations and descriptions.

Her dressing amazed and delighted him. He could hardly bear to dash the beauty and spirits of the brilliant little woman he loved, by any reference to his father's condition. But as he was hesitating, Jessie herself introduced the subject.

"Your father is very ill indeed, Steve," she said. "Have you heard about his condition?"

"Yes. I have been home."

"Before coming to see me? I don't think that was right. I do not value your visit now."

"It was after midnight when I reached New York. I was very unhappy about mother, and I could not at that hour get a train out here. So I went home first, and I am glad I did so. I am much needed there. Alice told me you had offered to do anything you could. It was very good of you."

"Yes. I made the offer and got the coldest kind of refusal."

"They are very miserable."

"They are very proud. And I don't care a pin about their pride. I have been having a real good time. Have you enjoyed yourself, Steve?"

"A little. I missed you Jessie far more than you can believe. I shall be glad to have you home. When can you be ready?"

"Ready? What for?"

"To go home."

"Do you mean that stuffy little flat when you say 'home'?"

"We have no other home. I shall be a great deal with father. I think from what mother says I ought to be with him every hour except those hours necessary for sleep and rest. It will be such a great comfort to have you at home, Jessie. The very sight of you makes a new man of me."

"Steve, I have told you often that I hate that flat. I will go to an hotel and board, rather than go back to it. But if you must stay near your father, then your proper place is your father's house. I am sure it is big enough to spare us a couple of rooms."

Steve looked at her in gloomy amazement. But a few months ago that flat had answered her highest ambition. And he did not like the idea of an hotel. Who had put that alternative into her head? As for taking her to his father's house, he had no right to do so; yet rather than allow her to begin hotel life, he would ask his mother and Alice to agree to Jessie's demand. But these thoughts passed very reluctantly through his mind, and Jessie said sharply:

"You do not seem to have an opinion, Steve, of your own. Why don't you say something?"

"I was thinking," he answered. "I wish you would go to our own home, Jessie; for my sake, dear! At any rate go for a little while, at this hard time. Do me this great favor, darling."

"Go to that wretched little flat! In this broiling weather! No, thank you, Steve, I won't do such a thing. I wonder how you can ask me to leave this place until the season is over. When it is over I will come back to New York, but I shall live wherever you live. If your father is alive, I suppose it will be in his house. If he is dead, everything, of course, will be different. You will have, whether you like it or not, to take your proper place."

"Jessie, I have often told you that my father's death can make no difference in our income, or in our social position."

"That is the most perfect nonsense, Steve. If he has made an improper will, we must break it."

"I would rather beg my bread than attempt to break my father's will."

"If he has made no will, then we are all right."

"God help me, Jessie! Are you really speculating over my dying father? He has bought his money with his life, and

surely he has a right to do, as he will, with such dear gold."

"We shall see. How do I look, Steve?"

"You are marvelous, Jessie. You are dressed like a picture. Where did you get all these beautiful things?"

"You will find out pretty soon, Steve. But I really had to dress. People even think it strange, that I wear no diamonds. Stephen Lloyd's wife and no diamonds, seems so absurd to them."

"It would be far more absurd, if you did wear diamonds. Will you go home with me to-morrow? Do Jessie!"

"I won't go back to the city, Steve, until the weather is cooler. Then you can come for me. Nearly everyone is going away in two weeks, to the mountains. I should like to go somewhere if possible; but if you wish me, I will then go back home with you."

"To our own home? Thank you, Jessie."

"No sir. I will not go back to that flat. I have made some very stylish friends here, and I simply could not ask them to call on me in such a place. Your father's house, is all right. I will go there."

"Callers there, are out of the question, Jessie. I wonder you can think of such a thing."

"I don't think of it, stupid! But my address will be there, that is sufficient, the future can grow from that. Steve, dear, I want a lot of money. I have used up all you left me, and am a good deal in debt. Gracious! I wish I had a million."

"Always money, Jessie! I wish there wasn't such a thing. The very thought of it lies on the heart like a great stone, and seals up every good and kind feeling."

"That is all right. The heart ought to be sealed up these days. When are you going back to New York?"

(Continued on next page.)

Broken Chain



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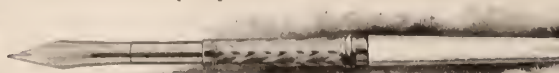
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King's Highway.

(Continued from preceding page.)

morning. First train." "I wish me to go with you and other and Alice?" "I wish—but—but!" "What?" "I thought she went to town, she told on Steve's family. She had a hope to do, and she had thought this, and concluded that the possibility would be best taken by her. If she advanced step by step, she shrewd enough to circumvent. For by constantly assuring her that she had "rights" in the Lloyd property, she had come to reason on possession as a great privilege. She rode into town the next morning, and asked his wife concerning her. "He is in Day & Darling's," she answered with an air of triumph. "He is become a worse crank than the people, and for the fact is his motto, and much good it will do him. I think he is next door to it." "I wish we were all crazy, Jessie, great heart." "At when it goes out to the whole town, he loves so many that he loves to be lectured two weeks ago at the Union, and said things that made respectable people angry at him. I severely criticised by Mr. Belton any others, and I was ashamed to judge him as my brother." "John! Pray what did he say to Mr. Belton and many others?" "That if we saw any injustice or did not oppose it, we also were elated and actively immoral. Such a man who lived up to that to be constantly in a fight." "I thought to be in a constant fight with him. What else did he say?" "He spoke badly about what he called the sort of people, and said 'they are cowards.'" "He laughed heartily, and answered: 'It is interesting, Jessie. Why did he lie towards?'" "If they saw a wrong they shut up and took their supper and forgot it. Or if they read of some great wrong, they said: 'Poor fellow, and then the comic opera, or to dance all the house of their most respectable forgetting that because of their justice, and fraud, and cruelty to the poor and the unfortunate their pleasure.'" "I cryed, and very true words. How could people listening like them?" "The papers said John spoke in a voice of anger and pity, and set the people to the more 'worthy sort of people, the ones whose help he wanted, to fight with him. John is a fool. If he had his fine talents to politics, Mr. Belton, there is no office he might get to—Governor, President, what has the rabble at his heels?" "It is the rabble that make Government Presidents who would be a disgrace to our making, Jessie?" "I would be very nice to have a brother of the United States, no matter how poor or what made him so. Here we were in third street. You may leave now or I have a great many little things to do." "He left his wife at one of the great stores, and went to watch in his room. Jessie was happier than she had been. She had discovered that after all the dominant key in her husband's life and that allowing for a certain opposition she would be very much in the long run, to get her own way. She was determined about it, and she determined never to go back on her life she had left. She had gradually throwing off the claims of her mother, brother and sister; all of which was gold. It might be the price of soul, it might be the price of domestic happiness, of honor and wealth—but she wanted gold—gold to be before the front of a crowd of men and women; gold to outdress and outdance the multitude of flatterers; gold to buy luxury and flattery; gold that was to be absolutely upon her own indulgence, and to be a single charitable gift. She knew her desire and her intention, and he trembled, because he doubted his own ability to resist the entreaties, the smiles and tears and cleverly-sustained pressure that would be brought against him. He had the faculty, however, of letting things drift, and this question of the future was not yet to decide. But he felt certain that as soon as she wished to do so, Jessie would accomplish the desire of her heart and make herself one of the Lloyd household. So the thing expected happened, and Mrs. Lloyd and Alice, with the supersensitiveness of good women, rather overdid the concession granted. They were so afraid of not being courteous enough that they resigned somewhat of their own rights, and so conscious of their own dislike to the intrusion, that they covered it with more than an ample ceremony. The best guest rooms in the house were allotted to Jessie: a carriage was placed at her disposal, and the servants were instructed to give her every attention, and obedience.

(To be Continued.)

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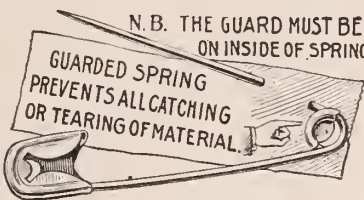
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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Children and Fear of the Dark.



N Robert Louis Stevenson's wonderful collection of poems, entitled: "A Child's Garden of Verse," he has one which is called "Shadow March." It is so picturesque that I am tempted to quote it for you, I am sure you will like it:

All round the house is the jet-black night:
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

I often wonder when I see grown people compelling little children to stay alone in the dark whether they are ever afraid of the dark themselves—not whether they were afraid of it when they were children, which is another matter. Most grown-up people have left their childhood so far behind them that it is practically the same in their lack of sympathy as though they had never been children at all. So the question I wish to ask is whether my grown up readers have the least conception of what it is to be afraid of the dark, now in their mature age.

One summer night a few years ago I was spending some weeks in the country, and ventured out to a church meeting one moonless night in company with a friend. We were both city-bred women accustomed to lighted streets, and we never gave a thought to the fact that when we should come out of the door of that little lamp-lit chapel we would step into a region mysterious, dim and utterly unknown, in which we could not easily find our way back to safety. I shall never forget that stepping from the door, the last lantern going down the road away from us, and the absolute opacity of shadow which instantly fell all around about us like a cloak. We did not dare to move. It was a night almost without stars, and we could not tell whether if we stepped ahead we should step on the safe path or from its side into a ditch; and in point of fact it took us nearly an hour to get back to the safety of the hotel through the black road, down which we went inch by inch until the welcome lights were seen.

I have never forgotten that experience of the enfolded gloom of the night, and of the uncertainty with which it invested our progress; and though neither of us felt afraid that supernatural shapes would start from it, or highwaymen attack us on our way, it was still desolate enough. I have known something of the terror which I am sure pervades the minds of little children when they are confronted with that which is to them so strange and full of queer possibilities. Sometimes I have wakened in the dead of night in my own room and felt for a moment a sense of distress, and almost terror, which it has taken all my reasoning powers to dismiss. And yet I am not naturally a timid person, nor one given to easy fright.

It would be very easy to place a shaded lamp somewhere where the light would not fall on the child's eyes, or to leave open the door into a hall which should be lighted, while the mother could cheerfully say, "You are perfectly safe, dear child, for I am near you and can come to you at a moment's call." I heard of a little girl some time ago who was told by her mother that the angels were watching over her while she was in the dark, and that she therefore need not be afraid. "But," she said, "dear mamma, you may tell the angels to stay away; I do not care to have any sky folks here." The truth is that most children would feel more comfortable and happy with the knowledge of the dear father or mother near at hand than

with any other consolation which could be offered them.

One of the crimes against childhood which we find it very hard to forgive is the frightening a child by way of punishment. True, intelligent Christian parents would hardly do this, but nurses and others who are less conscientious do not scruple to invoke terror as a penalty for a child's wrong-doing. It would be possible, I think, to omit this entirely from the childish mind, if it could always be surrounded by kind, wise, and judicious people. The mother who shuts a little child into a dark closet, or who in any way invokes the aid of darkness to bolster up her authority, is doing a very foolish and ill-judged thing. We have so much need as we go through life of strength of nerves, strength of mind, calmness and quiet, that from the very first it would be well if we could suffer no loss of our reserves in these directions. Of course, as we grow older, we summon will and resolution to our aid and overcome our timidity; but within a day or two, I have heard a lady confess that she never goes up-stairs to her room, even when halls are lighted, without a shudder at passing closed doors, and this dates back to some early period when she was too young to have learned self-control.

What is needed most for all is to cultivate a habit of going bravely forward in whatever we have to do, never inviting peril, but if we must face it, facing it quietly and without complaint. But as there is no especial advantage to be gained by suffering from a surgical operation when one can just as well have the pain quieted by an anaesthetic, so there is no honor that I can see in staying needlessly in the dark if you do not like it. A little trouble taken to remove from the mind of a child any cause for fear may save many a child from fear of the dark when the years of maturity have come; at all events, it would make childhood a happier time.

And for childhood and age alike, there is wisdom in saying reverently the evening prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

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MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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Dear Sirs:—An old friend handed me a couple of small vials of Tartaralithine some time ago and tried on myself, having suffered from Rheumatism for several years. I was so pleased with its effects that I cured a full sized bottle, and since then I have been entirely free from Rheumatism during the past year. I observed that it is not surpassed by other preparation as a PRO EFFICIENT diuretic; besides it is to administer. Please send me bottles for use among my patients with Rheumatism.

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highest class workmanship, best material, at these phenomenal prices will astonish all the ladies of the land

Our New Patent

Sanitary Bicycle Suit

of extra quality woolen cloth in brown, drab, blue or green, SURPASSES THEM ALL.

The bloomer coming to the knee only, does away with bulky cloth over the hips, as convenient as any ordinary skirt. The Skirt has a deep hem in which is sewn another piece of the same material, the bottom edge of which is shirred into bloomers and cannot blow or work up. No possible interference with wheel. Complete suit, of Skirt, Jacket, Fedora Hat and Leggings (like illustration)—our special introductory \$7.98 price, prepaid.

Another Great Bicycle of pretty grey or tan cotton covert cloth, including Skirt, Blazer, Bloomers, Leggings and Cap, prepaid, only \$5.98. Send Height, Waist and Bust Measure, when ordered.

This Elegant Silk Dress \$5.98 made of beautiful black Silk Grosgrain, with a sweep, rustling tulle and stiffened, velvet lined, often pay retailers \$10.00. Our Special Price, \$5.98.

A Very Fine Skirt (large figured black tulle rustling Taffeta lined bound, wide sweep; w. \$5.00. Our Special Price, \$4.98.

Send Waist Measure and Letter from Waist to Bottom when ordered. Write at once and we will either or all of the above.

allowing Express Freight. Our Spring Catalogue "C" of Ladies' Suits, Bicycle Suits, etc., with samples FREE.

SIMMONS, for Style and Bargain, State and Adams Streets, Chicago.

\$200.00 IN COLD CASH

Special Interest to Students and Teachers

International News and Book Company

Md., make a most liberal offer of \$200.00 for

copies of "Talks to Children about the

book is among the most popular ever

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Freight paid, credit given. A few gen

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Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well. They are the only half constructed in accordance with the shape of the human foot.

Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a Descriptive Price-List to any applicant.

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You will realize that "They live well who live cleanly," if you use

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BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, DD.

The Apostle to the Red Men.

BUYLER says that Bishop Westcott of Durham, England, once said to Miss Smiley, "the most man I ever met is your Bishop." There are a good many of us here that that Englishman is a type of an apostle. Bishop Whipple



BISHOP WHIPPLE.

been the life-long friend of the Indian. At the first missionary which he attended after his coming as a bishop, one of the older said to him: "You are to speak tonight, say anything about Indian—they are a failure. You are a bishop and cannot afford to be an enthusiast."

That conservative bishop knew the character of the man with whom he was speaking. When Bishop Whipple spoke he took the audience into confidence and frankly repeated the facts that had been given him, and taking his text he proceeded to deliver a heart-felt appeal for sending more good bishops always has the courage of his convictions, in whatever circle he is found.

Whipple never tires of telling of the Indians, among whom he has labored so long. Once, when he had distinguished visitors at one of his Indian reservations, he prepared a pantomime entertainment of the bishop's friends. The chief Wah-ah-boued him: "Does your English know the history of the Ojibwas? Do you like to hear it?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Before the white man came, the lakes and prairies were full of game, and the rivers were full of fish, and the Great Spirit's gift to man. I will show you some of the things as they were before the white man came."

For the house opened and out came an Indian, dressed in skins and ornaments with colored porcupine quills,

and by his side an Indian woman in a neat dress of skins trimmed with fur. The chief said: "My father, you see the Indians such as they were before the white man came. Shall I tell you what the white man did for us? He said 'you have no houses, no fire-horses, no fire-canoes, no books, no implements of toil, give us your land and we will make your people as the white man.' The white man had a forked tongue. I will show you what he gave us."

Then came out a man with face smeared with mud, in a ragged blanket, without leggings and by his side an Indian woman in a tattered calico dress. The Chief cried: "O God, is this an Indian? How came it?"

The Indian took out from under his blanket a black bottle and said "Iskotowabo (fire-water) the white man gave it to us."

The Chief then said: "Many moons ago a pale white man came to see us. We hated white men, and would not listen. But each year when the sun was so high we knew we should see that white man coming through the pines. We called a council. We asked: 'Why does he come? He does not trade. He asks nothing from us, perhaps the Great Spirit sent him.' We did listen and took that story to our hearts. Shall I tell you what it has done for us?"

Then came out of the house an Indian in a black frock coat, and by his side an Indian woman in a black alpaca dress. The Chief said: "My friends, there is the only religion in the world that can lift a man out of the mire and tell him to call the Great Spirit his father."

A sceptical traveler who was present grasped Bishop Whipple by the hand and exclaimed: "All the arguments I have read in defense of Christianity are not equal to what I have seen to-day."

There comes that tired, weary feeling, lack of energy, weakness, dullness and all run down sensations, etc., which seem almost unaccountable. The true cause of such troubles is due to the inactivity of the nerve centers of the brain which supply the nerve fluid or life force to every part of the body. When these small but all-important organs become deranged, the supply of nerve fluid is insufficient to meet the demand, and consequently the whole system is affected.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is a remedy for all diseases of the nerves. It acts directly upon the nerves, invigorates, strengthens, and creates new life and vigor throughout the entire body, and thus it restores health.

All druggists guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

You Asthma or Hay-Fever? African Kola plant is Nature's balm for Asthma and Hay-fever. Mr. J. S. Coombs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., testifies to a cure after thirty years' suffering. Others give similar testimony. Its cures are wonderful. If you suffer, we advise you to write to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who will send you a Large Case by mail for \$1.00. It costs you nothing, and will surely try it.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me is not reasonable to believe that it will do for you? Why not try it this year to get Hood's.

LIET COLD, IF NEGLECTED, OFTEN ATTACKS THE LUNGS. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and effectual relief.

THE LUNGS AND THE DISEASES WHICH AFFECT OUR BREATHING.

Scientific Facts of Vital Interest to Everybody.

Forty out of every hundred people who die of disease lose their lives by some form of throat or lung complaint.

This frightful sacrifice of precious human life before the middle of its average duration is reached is wholly unnecessary and results from ignorance, neglect and malpractice.

Throat and lung diseases constitute such a small part of the whole sickness that they could not possibly cause FORTY PER CENT. of the gross mortality were they rightly understood by general physicians.

It is because their usual treatment is not governed by those principles which have become axioms of medical science in the successful treatment of inflamed and ulcerated organs in other parts of the body.

It is because all their early and most curable stages are wholly wasted in vain attempts to reach the lungs through the stomach and general system, instead of attacking the disease in the lungs while it is yet mild and could be easily removed by direct medication.

MEDICAL SCIENCE REQUIRES THE DIRECT APPLICATION OF REMEDIES TO ALL INFLAMED, ULCERATED AND GERM INFECTED PARTS, and no cure can result without it.

All throat and lung complaints begin and have their seat in the lining membranes of the tubes, air passages and cells of the throat and lungs. They are purely local diseases, and can only be removed by the DIRECT APPLICATION OF HEALING REMEDIES TO THE INTERNAL SURFACES OF THOSE ORGANS.

By inhaling medicines in a volatile state we carry them through every air passage, tube and cell of the breathing organs, and produce a direct healing action on the very seat of all lung cases. If the physician knows what to inhale and has experience in its strength and proper adaptation to the various stages and forms of lung diseases his patient has a fair chance of cure—but without local treatment and the knowledge to rightly apply it, no chance whatever.

INHALATION IS THE ONLY WAY THESE DISEASES EVER HAVE BEEN OR CAN POSSIBLY BE REACHED, their seat being in the internal lining of the breathing organs, which can only be reached by medicated air, gas or the most delicate vapors. If we do not treat them by medicated inhalations, we DO NOT TREAT THE DISEASED PARTS AT ALL, and cannot possibly expect to restore them to health.

Inhalation is, therefore, the only common sense treatment for any form of Bronchitis or Pulmonary Disease and the only possible means of bringing specific germicides to act upon and expel the germs of consumption from the lungs.

In the light of our present knowledge of these diseases, to treat Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Catarrh through the stomach is to conduct them by the most direct road into consumption. Whoever misleads the people into believing they can be cured by such treatment deceives them to their own death and ought to be held criminally answerable.

It medicating the general system would cure local diseases, why do physicians all over the world insist on the necessity of local treatment for the eye, the ear, the womb, and every other organ that can be reached by local remedies? It is because they know they could not cure them in any other way. If they could, their present treatment of all female diseases would be an outrage against modesty and decency. Nothing justifies it but the necessity of applying remedies directly to all inflamed or ulcerated parts, whether it be the womb, the eye or the lungs.

I often wonder why those doctors who delude their patients having Bronchitis and other lung complaints into trusting their stomach medication and hypodermic nostrums do not try to cure the itch by putting sulphur ointment into the stomach, or wrestle with ascariasis in the bowels by hypodermic injections of verminicide? Sulphur and verminicide are certain remedies for these diseases when locally applied, but would not cure in any other way.

Colds, Grippe and Congestion of the Lungs are the starting points from which all cases of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Asthma begin, and THE FAILURE of all general treatment by the stomach TO CURE THESE IS THE REAL CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

I have before me the records of over 5,000 cases of lung disease, which have come under my care during the past six years. Ninety-seven per cent. of them date the beginning of their lung sickness to attacks of cold or grippe, which resulted in congestion of the lungs and left a soreness of the chest, or an irritation of the throat or some cough which they did not at the time think serious, but through bad treatment and neglect it went on and brought them to consumption.

Every case of Cold, Grippe, Inflammation or Congestion of the lining of the air passages endangers your life by consumption if you neglect it, but can be easily and quickly cured only by local treatment by inhalation.

Bronchial, Asthmatic or Pneumonic diseases in which such attacks result before Consumption begins, are all easily and quickly cured by this treatment. Were they all so treated and cured, or prevented, the thousands of precious lives now being sacrificed by that disease would be saved.

These are plain truths, proved by statistics and the history of the origin and development of Consumption in thousands of cases.

Ask those of your friends who are afflicted, and in almost every instance they will not only tell you of the cold, grippe, congestion or bronchial attack in which their diseases began, but how they were deceived and misled into thinking it only a slight bronchial affection, which would soon get well, until they were in the grasp of Consumption—that the failure to obtain help for the mild and curable conditions by stomach treatment brought them to their present state and left them to struggle for life against the germs of tuberculosis.

If such facts do not teach people the folly of treating lung complaints through the stomach, nothing that can be said will save them from the sufferings and death they willfully bring upon themselves.

Another delusion which people have been taught to believe is that they can run away from lung diseases by going South or North, East or West, as the case may be. In cold weather they are sent down to the humid and malarious atmosphere among the swamps and lagoons of Florida, which the hotel keepers, railway circulars and local doctors tell them is the very thing they need! The result is, they come back worse than they went, with their disease more firmly seated.

In warm weather they are told to go to high mountainous regions, where the air is so thin and poor that their feeble hearts and inflamed lungs are strained beyond their strength and generally made worse instead of better.

If it were right to send them to the seashore in the South, it cannot be right to send them two or three thousand feet above the sea level in the North.

The truth is, no known climate or elevation in the world will cure consumption. It is as common among the natives in the Adirondacks, in Colorado and in the South as in any other parts of the country.

I have at this time among my patients many who went as miners to Colorado in strong health, contracted the disease there and now appeal to me for local treatment to save them in that climate.

The same thing is true of California. I have scores of patients in all the southern counties of that State who contracted the disease there, and now look to me to save them by medicated air inhalations.

The best place for the curative treatment of weak and diseased lungs is where the air is dense, rich and pure, just far enough from the seacoast to escape its humid atmosphere, chilling winds and oppressive fogs, and dry enough to avoid all chance of malaria. A hundred feet above the sea level and twenty miles from the coast is of all others the best. Anything above a hundred feet elevation is an evil rather than a benefit, and the evil is made greater by every additional foot of elevation.

The fad of sending patients with weak and sore lungs to the Adirondacks, Catskills and Colorado shows a lack of knowledge of the physiology of the lungs and of the requirements of the disease. High altitudes increase the danger of hemorrhage, lower the nutrition of the body, prevent the proper purification of the blood, and expose them to the constant peril of death by heart failure.

THESE ARE FOUR SCIENTIFIC FACTS WHICH EVERY LUNG SPECIALIST KNOWS AND EVERY INTELLIGENT PHYSICIAN OUGHT TO KNOW. To disregard them is to send thousands every year to untimely graves.

The coast lines of New England and the damp, malarious shores of Long Island are particularly objectionable for all who are predisposed to lung complaints.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,

Specialist in Throat and Lung Diseases,

117 West 45th St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can obtain Dr. Hunter's book free by addressing him as above.

\$500.00 IN GOLD FREE. Are you a smart spell? We give \$500 away in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word SUBSCRIBERS. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can, you will get a prize. Send anyway and if your list is the largest you will get \$500 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letters in a word more times than it appears in SUBSCRIBERS. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and we allow to be counted proper nouns, pronouns, prepositions, suffixes and legitimate words. This is the way: Subscribers, subscribe, is, sir, sire, rise, rub, burr, sub, cur, crib, etc. Use these words as often as you wish.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN will give away, on June 15, the sum of \$500, divided into sixty prizes, for the largest lists of words as above: \$100 to the person making the largest list; \$50 for the second largest; \$25 each for the next three largest; \$10 each for the next three; \$5 to each of the next nine; and \$2 to each of the next forty largest lists. We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these premiums. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word building contest, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents, silver or stamps, for which we will send you our handsome illustrated 32-page magazine for six months, and the very day we receive your mailing list, we will mail you free the following ten popular novels, by well-known authors: "Princess Bala" by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Hugh Bickler's Wife" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Amy's Lover" by Florence Marryat; "Why They Parted" by May Agnew Clark; "Glad Newton's Revenge" by Mary Cecil Hay; "Our Mutual Enemy" by Jane G. Austin; "Clarissa's Choice" by "The Duchess"; "Lara Belton's Secret" by Helen Forrest Graves; "Gold and Gilt" by James Franklyn Ellis; "The Lone Wolf" by Robert S. Sower. This offer is the greatest you have ever had made to you. Send your list at once. If you win one of the prizes your name will be published in our July issue. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, 119 and 121 Nassau street, Dept. 619 New York City, N. Y.

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LINENE REVERSIBLE COLLARS and CUFFS. DANTE. ARE NOT TO BE WASHED. Made of fine cloth in all styles. When soiled, reverse, wear again, then discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents. They look and fit better than any other kind. ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM. If not found at the stores send six cents for sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size. A trial invariably results in continued use. Reversible Collar Co., 79 Franklin St., New York.

For Children's Day. MUSIC, BIRDS AND FLOWERS, No. 2. A new Program for 1897.

MUSIC, BIRDS AND FLOWERS, No. 1. Issued last year was immensely popular. Prices: Sample copies, 5 cts.; 35 cts. per doz.; \$4.00 per hundred. GRAS, H. GABRIEL, 37 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE GRANT MAUSOLEUM.

How the River Looked on Dedication Day—The Marine Display—An Explanation.

OUR photographer, in the illustration on this page, has caught something of the spirit of the great demonstration which stirred New York on April 27. The vast crowds that assembled at Riverside Park to witness the parade and the dedication ceremonies, and the spirited marching past of the troops, made a splendid display. On the Hudson River, the spectacle also was a noble one. There lay the North Atlantic Squadron and the foreign war-ships all gayly dressed and with streamers flying,



WARSHIPS AT ANCHOR IN THE HUDSON RIVER ON "GRANT DAY."

and there were also a number of revenue cutters, light-house steamers, big transatlantic liners, merchantmen, and craft of all sorts, lining the river for miles. Our photograph shows several of the naval vessels. Admiral Bunce's flagship, *New York*, led the naval parade. The Admiral sent 1,500 marines and blue-jackets to march in the land parade, so the sailor-boys took part in both demonstrations.

Our readers have already been informed of the programme of the celebration, which was published quite fully in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 28. That account was prepared in accordance with the stated official programme, as announced in advance and widely circulated. The programme was duly carried out in every detail, on the 27th. Our day of publication was one day after the dedication, but the account should have represented the dedication as a fixed event instead of as one already accomplished. This explanation is due to our readers.

THE PATH OF THE JUST.



Increase, progress and development are the watchwords of spiritual, as they are of material life. When the tree does not grow, nor put forth leaves, nor bear fruit, we know that it is dead.

Dearly as we love our children and delight in their pretty, childish ways, it would give us a bitter pang to see them remain children. We look for an increase of mental power, and growth of their physical frame. So it is with the characteristic of our topic, as it is described in the text (Prov. 4: 18): "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The divine nature in the man is a spark of the ineffable light, as the light of the candle is of the same nature as the sun. It may be small; its illumination may be weak, so that it barely lights the home, but if it is the true light it will increase and give

forth more light. But it is like the candle in a lantern, which may fail of its purpose if the glass around it be dull or dirty. If the body be pampered and indulged, it will grow so thick and obtuse that it will obstruct the rays, and the world will be defrauded of the precious light which God himself kindled. Again, it may be a lamp so fed by the oil of divine grace that it shall burn steadily and clearly, but will fail and go out if the oil be not constantly renewed. But it is more than either of these, for it is a living flame, with the properties of life, taking on more brightness from day to day, and spreading in ever widening circles the area that it illumines. The path of the

just is upward, every step a step nearer to the parent source of light which it reflects. Thus the world receives its light, getting more of it as the medium rises and receives more of heaven's illumination, until at the zenith, the perfect day bursts upon the sight.

THAT OFFER OF Ten Yards of Dress Goods and Pattern to Cut It By,



Express Prepaid,
for \$2.00

Still holds, and will remain good until June 30th.

A large mill owner had manufactured a larger quantity of Silk Stripe Zephyrs for this season's demand than he could sell through the regular channels of trade. I approached him with an offer for the entire lot, and to my surprise he accepted it. It is, therefore, possible for me to offer a dress pattern of this elegant material, express paid, with a pattern and full directions for making, for the astonishingly low price of \$2.00.

Your knowledge of patterns will show you that the standard patterns which are sold the country over would cost you, for a suit, anywhere, from 50 cents to \$1. It is, therefore, a very easy matter to see that at the price I offer, the buyer is getting what would ordinarily cost \$4, or \$4.50 for \$2.

In order to facilitate your choice of patterns I will be glad to send samples of goods and pictures of paper patterns for your inspection and selection for 10 cents in stamps. If you purchase from these samples the 10 cents paid will be credited on the purchase, and you need send but \$1.90 in ordering.

The fact that this advertisement is received time after time by this publication is a guarantee that I have done as I agreed to do with those who have already accepted this offer. References will be sent with samples; so act promptly and send for samples at once.

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160 Broadway, New York City.

\$60 Sewing Machines for \$18.



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T. H. SNYDER & CO., 32 E. Third St., Cincinnati, O.

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The "Columbian Shoe," like cut, button or lace, of genuine South American Kid, patent leather tip, soft, elegant, perfect fitting, comfortable, and ultra-slim, sent, post-paid, to any address, on \$2.50. The usual receipt of \$3 to \$4. We guarantee perfect fit, entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Sizes, 2½ to 8; widths, AAA to E. Send for illustrated catalogue, Free. Buy from the manufacturer, and save retailers' profits.

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See Him Coast.

The famous Waverley Bicycle of last year—made famous by its sterling qualities—has been greatly improved, and as new machinery was not necessary to continue its manufacture, the price has been reduced to \$60.

The
Waverley
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of a higher grade, for those who want the very best, costs \$100. It has the only perfect bearings, and is constructed on a new and expensive principle. It cannot be sold for less. Write for a catalogue. Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

LESLIE, Illinois, October 1, 1895.
The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy.

Yours truly, M. C. MESS, M. D.
STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1892.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people.

Received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The last day I got it I put it on and moved grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me.

Thank you, N. C. July 21, 1895.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly injured, I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent.

\$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by me is not genuine. Address:

G. H. ECCLESTONE & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

OPUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars FREE.

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"Marshall Process" Wicks are self-trimming, do not creep, are non-conductors of heat and are safer than ordinary wicks. Ask your dealer or write for 3 flat burner, 25¢ for 3 round or central 20¢ for an oil heater wick.

New Jersey Wick Co., Newark, N. J.

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub.—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Kava-Kava Shrub is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood or by disorders of the Kidneys and urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. C. Dunning, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the *New York Herald* of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis, after, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and bladder diseases of long standing comes from many other sufferers, and 12,000 hospital cases have been recorded in 7 days. Up to this time the Church Kidney Cure Co., No. 48 Fifth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of a testimonial they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepared by mail to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disease, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all our friends to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative power, it is sent to you entirely free.

Home years of success. Full particulars free SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW 184 Telephone Building, DETROIT, MICH.

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IT FLOATS

It costs a little more, but with chapped hands and clothes weakened by the free alkali in common soaps, the housekeeper soon finds that Ivory Soap is the cheapest in the end.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.



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On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.

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cools the blood, tones the stomach, ach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, tempering drink of the highest medicinal value.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. J. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.



LIFE-SAVERS TO THE RESCUE! A WRECK ON THE ATLANTIC COAST. (See page 405.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. W. Allentown, Pa. 1. What is the scriptural significance of purple? 2. Why was Esau called a hairy man? 3. What were the nations descending from Esau and Jacob called?

1. Royalty and majesty (see Judges, 8:26; Esther, 8:15, etc.) 2. There is some doubt on the subject, but the general impression is that his skin was covered with fine hair, denoting the preponderance of the animal in his constitution. This explanation is confirmed by the device used (Gen. 27:16, 23) to deceive Isaac. 3. Edom from Esau and Israel from Jacob.

J. O. Pomona, Cal. 1. How many kinds of baptism are mentioned in the Bible? 2. Does the expression one baptism (Eph. 4:5) refer to water baptism? 3. Into how many languages has the Bible been translated?

1. Three are prominent: The baptism of suffering (see Mark, 10:38); the baptism of water, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit (see John, 1:33). 2. Many contend that it does not. The Society of Friends especially hold that view. The context, however, appears to us to convey the idea of water baptism. 3. While portions of the Bible have been translated into nearly four hundred languages and dialects, the whole Bible has been translated into one hundred and seven.

P. M. Barrow, Ringtown, Pa. 1. Would like to know why Good Friday and Easter are changed two or three weeks every year? I cannot understand it.

They follow the Jewish ecclesiastical year, Christ having been crucified at the Feast of Passover. As the Jewish year was based on lunar time, the date of the Passover was fixed by the phases of the moon, as it still is. If you turn to the law of the institution as it is given in Exodus and Leviticus, you will see that it was to be held from the fifteenth to the twenty-second day of the first month. This brings the celebration to the first full moon after the spring equinox. It was desired to keep the celebration of Easter coincident with the Passover, and this could be done only by following the Jewish system of lunar months.

Sub'r. Deer Isle, Me. A Christian lady is much distressed by the fear that she may fail in the performance of a duty for which she feels herself unequal. Is there any way of getting peace?

Only by faith. God promises grace to those who need it and ask him for it. She may be sure that it is still true as it was in St. Paul's case: "My grace is sufficient for thee." If the duty comes upon her she must seek God's help and do her utmost to fulfil the duty. God does not require from any one more than he or she is able to do.

D. S. W. Homer, N. Y. How can Christ be God, when we are taught that there is only one God? Can you give a simple explanation of the Trinity?

A simple explanation is impossible, because it is a mystery beyond human comprehension. We accept it by faith. There are many things in life that we believe that we cannot explain; man himself is a trinity in unity. The body, mind and soul are entities which combined make the man, but we cannot define intelligently the limits of each. We believe that Christ was the Godhead in human form. That he took upon himself the shape of a man and became man in order to manifest to us the divinity we could realize in no other way. The Holy Spirit is a person emanating from the Father in the Son, influencing and converting and guiding and in purifying men. God is so far above the universe that we should not be surprised at not being able to understand his being. The Trinity is a revelation to be reverently accepted as a mystery beyond the human intellect to grasp.

Subscriber, Minneapolis, Minn. Am I not right in staying away from a church the pastor of which is a Republican in politics when as I believe, he ought to be a Prohibitionist?

If you stay away from that church you should go to some other; you should not give up church attendance altogether. Perhaps there is some Prohibitionist pastor whose min-

istry you could attend. If your present pastor preaches Christ and not politics we do not see why you should leave the church at all. Probably he is a total abstainer and therefore agrees with you in principle and differs from you only as to the best way of promoting temperance. He has a right to his own opinion on that subject and if he does not bring it into the pulpit, but contents himself with preaching the Gospel, you may profit under his ministry, though you do not agree with him in politics.

R. G., Hyde Park, Vt. 1. Is it wrong for members of one church to go to another? 2. What course should be pursued when the President of a Christian Endeavor Society is accustomed to drink to excess?

1. There is nothing wrong in occasionally attending another church. But if the attendance is frequent, it would be better to transfer the membership. The minister has a right to expect regular attendance from his members. 2. Tell him tenderly and affectionately of his failing, help him in all ways to overcome it.

calling, the locality in which the person lived, &c. In England, and very generally in Europe, surnames began to be used as family names between 1050 and 1250. They were not widely used in Bible times, although there are evidences in the Scriptures, of their occasional application; thus, the names to which Bar (meaning "son") was prefixed (during the Roman occupation) were distinct surnames. Egyptians, Phoenicians, Babylonians, and other Oriental nations also used surnames or their equivalent.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the eminent President of the W. C. T. U., and who is foremost in every great philanthropic work, has given her most cordial approval to the India Famine Relief movement and commended it to the women of America. Writing to Miss Leitch, the Indian Missionary, a few days ago, Miss Willard said: "I am proud of the record THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is making. It shows what a man of unbounded energy and resource, like Dr. Klopsch, can do to help a cause."

Puzzled Reader, Jonesboro, Tenn. As the year 1900 is divisible by four without remainder, which is the accepted test of leap year, why is it not a leap year?

The extra day once every four years is added to make our year accord with the solar year; but it is a little too much to add, so once in a century the day is not added in the fourth year, and by common consent the omission is made in the even hundredth year. So eight years elapse in this instance between one leap year and the next. So it will be in the year 2000, if the world lasts so long.

Friend, Milton Junction, Wis. If, as I believe, the Holy Spirit is an influence, is it not a violation of the Decalogue to liken him to a person?

The terms in which Christ speaks of the Holy Spirit (John 16: 7-14), show that the

a vessel of corn to India? Could not Christian Endeavorers send another, and children of the schools another, thus interesting all in common cause? What must be done to start concerted movement on the part of school organizations? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD done nobly. Let others help, and glad hearts of missionaries whose hearts are broken.

Sunday Schools, churches and churches are doing splendid Christian service in India now. We believe, from present indications, that the finished result will surprise expectations.

Reader, Aurora, Neb. 1. How, when and the best way to determine a person's life, so it will be of most use to God? 2. Would be necessary qualifications for a medical course omitted? 3. Do you think necessary for a person to have more average memory? 4. Do you think for associate members of V. P. C. U. dances and other places of worldly merriment?

1. It depends upon predilection, adaptability and opportunity. 2. General education, thorough medical training, including hospital practice, a love of the profession itself, and a hopeful, sympathetic, and a helpful, sympathetic, a poor memory would be a handicap. 3. No.

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Our Sunday School recently stated that if every Christian were to become instrumental in converting one non-Christian a year, the world would soon be won for Christ. Basis exists for such a statement?

It is a simple question of figures, believe was first suggested by Rev. S. Hall, who made the calculation thus: suppose the number of Christians to be 1,000, and suppose that each led one of the Christ every year, in eleven years there would be 1,000,000 Christians, excluding infants, and the kingdom of Christ would have come to the world.

Reader, Spencerport, N. Y. You believe that every man is born under a certain planet which influences his lives, and is it wrong to consult an astrologer?

Astrology, necromancy, phrenology, and other such sciences belong to the category of pseudo-sciences. They are nowhere recognized as true sciences. They are usually resorted to by latents, impostors, and bugs, who prey upon the credulity of simple people. Besides, all searching future by means of gists, sorcerers, wizards, diviners is denounced as sinful. See Jer. 14:14; Ezekiel 13:21, 22; Lev. 19:34. Almost all the sciences practiced as such are a scientific pursuit only.

R. J. M., Dalton, O. be. 2. For a year. Do know.—A. M. B., Sabara, Cal. It is quite rare are capable of setting an example in many things not necessary to appreciate belief, but we should give credit for whatever good they possess. —M. J. Loudonville, O. Considerable lawyer. —W. Reader, Hamlet, Ill. We them to be reliable. —M. Hoboken, Pa. All questions answered in the

—G. F. L., Port Washington, O. Writers or Scribners, publishers, New York. Baltimore. We have not the address. —Port Gibson. 1. From an ancient custom of people around on fool's errands. 2. Now Guelph. 3. Write to your district Christian man.—Mrs. M. L. A., Bradley, Ind. Tel. plains itself. Few verses in the Bible are plain.—J. L. T., Webster, N. Y. Mar between them is not prohibited but is apt to appointment for reasons affecting a case. —Subscriber, Port Meade, Fla. The need no defence at our hands. Their call are simply so in ignorance of the facts or in Mrs. J. C., Findlay, O. He was a Christian convert.—M. W., Atlanta, Ga. hood suffrage, a free press, direct representation and freedom of worship may be so-called. —S. Knightville, Me. They seem to be a necessity and therefore justifiable.—S. Mass. It altogether depends upon the boot to any good publisher and he will tell you. —Orrig, Ont. Believed to be about 120 years. —W. H. Sallada, 220 East 27th Street, Los Cal. wishes to secure the issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April and the first two of May. Any reader having them may drop him.

—David J., Ansonville, Pa. Write to the Canadian Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. poems are printed or excluded according to Miss F. M. B., Buckhorn, Ala. He is doing his biography in all Standard Encyclopedia. —P. Z. V., Clifton Forge, Va. Too close proximity. —C. H. O., Oakes, N. D. 1. N. it is a souvenir of some very dear friend. 2. Give very little for such articles. —S. I. Write to American Agriculturist, New York. —John T. S., Emigsville, Pa. Author to us. —F. H. K., Lewiston, Me. Every pronounced the "C" being soft. —Subscriber, Lidsburg. Any one doing so is an impostor. We have no such rate.—Mrs. C. Philadelphia. 1. He was kidnapped about two years ago, and never found. 2. The should be the better judge.—J. O. R. C. Cal. Write to Editor Lonsdale's Magazine for it. —W. P. T., Terment's Harbor, Me. swer to C. D. H., Port Gibson.



A NEGRO SCHOOL AT TALLAHATTA, INDIAN TERRITORY.

The education of the American Negro, like that of the Red man, is a problem seemingly in a fair way of solution. The school at Tallahatta is a type of other institutions of like character in the South and Southwest. The Creek government has appropriated \$1,000 annually for the support of the school.

and if he persists, elect a new President as speedily as possible. For method of discipline ask the United Society, 646 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

L. R., Burlington, Wis. Is it right in view of the prohibition in Acts 15:20 for Christians to eat the meat of an animal which has been strangled?

We infer that the prohibition was made in view of the fact that the new Gentile converts would be brought into contact with Jewish Christians. The council was anxious that there should be no offence given, and that the Jewish and Gentile Christians should live in harmony. As the eating of things strangled was particularly offensive to the Jews the Gentile Christians were required to abstain. The remark of James that Moses still had those who preached him, implies that the prohibition was enacted to prevent dissension arising. As there is no longer that reason for it, we believe that the prohibition does not bind Christians in the present day.

S. A. K., Plymouth, Ill. When and how did surnames originate? We do not find them in the Bible.

The surname or addition, to the baptismal name, was a necessity, to make the name more specific and to avoid confusion, and its origin goes back to a very early period. As population increased at different centres, it became necessary to adopt additional appellations to distinguish persons from each other. So surnames were added. Sometimes the surname was based on some physical or mental peculiarity, descent, the complexion, the trade or

Holy Spirit is a person. Again in the Acts (13: 2) he is spoken of as commanding and directing. How can such an expression as "He shall not speak of himself" be used intelligibly of an influence?

W. E. B., Girardville, Pa. 1. Who was the first modern missionary? 2. Who was the first American missionary?

1. The phrase "first modern missionary" is rather vague, but it may be taken to mean the period beginning with the century. In this view, Wm Carey (1793-1834) may be regarded as the leader. His field was India. 2. Adoniram Judson (1812-1850), whose field was Burmah. Prior to this, the Moravians, (as early as 1732), had already displayed wonderful activity in missions, especially in the West Indies, North and South America, Ceylon, Africa, Egypt, Persia and India, and are really entitled to be regarded as the pioneers.

E. G. E., Rome, N. Y. Where were Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob and Leah buried? Who bought their burying-place?

They were buried in Machpelah, the cave which Abraham bought of Ephron, the Hittite at Hebron for a family sepulchre. (See Gen. 23: 9.)

In His Name. Will some one willing to assist a faithful lone worker, kindly send their paper, after reading to missionary H. M. Bissow, Dabadie, Trinidad, West Indies.

"Friend of India" asks:

Why not arrange for a general movement on the part of the Sunday Schools in America to send out



THE FLOOD NEAR ALDERSON'S LANDING, ARK.

THE "WELCOME" HOME AGAIN.

Relief Expedition on the Mississippi Finishes its Labors — Thousands Assisted — Residents of the Homeward Voyage — Completion of a Timely Work of Mercy.

The *Welcome* has returned to her dock at Memphis, and the active work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief mission has been concluded, for the at least. The main object of this mission was to carry immediate aid to those who were temporarily in distress—to them with the necessities of life aid voted by Congress could be of little use to them. How thoroughly this has



REV. W. W. RIFE.

down the Mississippi and back again to Memphis, her starting-point, made between 75 and 100 stops at different places to distribute relief. Her shrill *Welcome* whistle was heard and answered by scores of skiffs and dug-outs. Where there was a regular landing, many crowds of from a dozen to nearly a hundred persons, white and black. The amount of supplies given out at each point by Mr. George A. Seaman, in charge of the expedition, was a boat-load of provisions for half a dozen families; the largest was a quantity weighing one thousand pounds, which was given to some 90 persons—children and all—until the government relief arrived. The relief given by the *Welcome* was entirely temporary in character, but as made to reach all who were in the region visited, and it is certain that deserving cases were neglected. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work was

kind word of Christian greeting to the sufferers was not neglected. All the way back, and until within 12 miles south of Memphis, the distribution continued, the relieving party being everywhere greeted by new and eager faces. When Fritz's Landing was reached (the last stopping place on the return journey before coming to Memphis), the travelers were most cordially received by Mr. Fritz, who is a staunch Christian and Superintendent of the Liberty Church Sunday School. It was about dusk, and after the steamer had tied up, the party went to the house over a pontoon bridge (the place being surrounded by water), and a most enjoyable service was held in the sitting-room. Rev. Mr. Rife officiating, and Mr. Fritz's wife and son furnishing music for the hymns. As the sound of the voices in praise and thankfulness floated out over the wide, silent river, it seemed a fitting conclusion to the work that had been accomplished.

To recount the many pathetic incidents of the trip would fill a volume. Everywhere the same tale of want and privation was encountered: everywhere the same expressions of gratitude were heard as the *Welcome* sped onward on her errand of mercy. In many localities boats and oarsmen placed themselves at Mr. Seaman's disposal to carry food to the needy in remote sections, and the proffered aid was not refused.

The central picture on this page was taken in the gray dawn of a perfect morning at

night, and before five o'clock in the morning the dug-outs began to draw up beside the *Welcome*, some coming from points not less than three or four miles distant. At seven o'clock when the tug proceeded on her voyage, over seventy people had been furnished with a week's supply of wholesome food. Over half a ton of provisions was distributed here. The illustration at the head of the next column shows the *Welcome's* skiff cutting its way through the trees above Pushmataha, Miss., in search of refugees in the interior.

The necessity for aid is not by any means past. The floods are subsiding, it is true, but slowly. There are wrecked homes which it will take time to rebuild, desolated plantations which it will require long labor to place in their former condition; live stock has been drowned, provisions swept away, and wreck and disaster are seen everywhere. There is still ample opportunity for the charitable to



WHERE SERVICES WERE HELD AT FRITZ'S LANDING, ARK.

exercise their generosity and Christian spirit by forwarding supplies and clothing to the flooded districts. The National Government relief is doubtless being well and conscientiously distributed; but in the vast territory in which the flood has done its work, it is impossible to reach all the sufferers. Many are miles from any large town, in places inaccessible except by dug-outs and rowboats, and these people will be in need for a long time to come.

Guards still watch the levees along the



DUG-OUTS AT AVENUE, ARK.

Avenue, Ark. The *Welcome* had reached this point at sunset and tied up to a tree for the night. Soon after blowing her hailing whistle, as was the custom, to proclaim that help was near, five dug-outs came

up through trees in answer to the call. Their occupants were given supplies and told to spread the news among the needy in their submerged homes, back among the trees, as well as to a large camp of refugees who had made a temporary home about two miles inland on the levee. The glad tidings spread rapidly during the

lower Mississippi, and although all the breaks recently reported have been repaired, the greatest care is taken to prevent steamers injuring the weakened banks with their wash. In several instances the guards have fired upon steamers that were running at too high speed, and too near the bank. At nearly all points the outlook is now reported to be more hopeful, and even those who have sustained heavy losses are beginning to take fresh courage.

The following voluntary contributions for the Mississippi flood sufferers have



CUTTING THROUGH THE TREES.

been received at this office:

Previously acknowledged: \$41; C. E. of Oak Street, Wichita, \$2.45; May Lambert, 25 cents; B. W. Rice, 25 cents; A. F. Romig, 30 cents; Jas. A. Longstreet, \$5; Gustav Barth, \$2; Subscriber, Bristol, Co., 25 cents; Karl and Norma, St. Joseph, \$1; F. Gilbert, \$4; —, Montclair, 50 cents; Mrs. J. J. Murphy, \$10; total, \$112.25.

A Pious Moslem Bey.

An American missionary at Harpoot, Rev. Dr. Gates, in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, relates the following interesting incident of the relief work in Armenia:

"From Palu I went to Peri and became the guest of Osman Bey, from whom I purchased the grain. He is one of the Beys who are the feudal lords of that region, and still hold the Christian villagers as their serfs. For three days I ate with the Bey seated on the floor around a tray loaded with a great variety and quantity of food. I slept under quilts faced with silk, and listened to prayers offered by a white-turbaned *hoja* (teacher). The servants of the household came into the *selamluk* and prostrated themselves in prayer with their master; and the Christian stranger kneeled in his place, praying in the name of Christ, while they called upon God to listen to the intercession of Mohammed. As the prayers were all in Arabic, I was able to follow them and later to read portions of the Koran with the Hojas and discuss their meaning.

"Osman Bey is a remarkable man. A Moslem of the Moslems, he took up his weapons in the late massacres to defend his Christian villagers. His courtyard was so crowded with their animals that one might walk across the enclosure on



THE "WELCOME" READY TO CUT LOOSE FOR HOME.

their backs. For ten days the Bey did not change his clothes, or lay aside his weapons. Several of the Koreshian assistants and one of the Bey's retainers were killed, but he protected his villages and saved the lives of some 20,000 Christians so far as I know, his services to humanity have received no acknowledgment."



LIVING ON THE LEVEE AT FERGUSON'S LANDING, ARK.

character; the body was relieved, the soul comforted amid affliction. Brief religious services were held by Rev. W. W. Rife, the American Sunday Union Missionary, wherever an opportunity offered, and even where it could not be done—as where the *Welcome* was surrounded by skiffs mid-stream—a



HEALTH OF THE BODY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Prov. 7, 23, Till a dart strike through his liver.

SOLOMON'S anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than one thousand years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered sixteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ, for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which, in our day, Doctors Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting-room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God-built castle of the body.

Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commends to the grave, and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver."

I preach to you the Gospel of Health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the door-keeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away as the result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you think of the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of the senses, the liver the fortress of the virtues. You may have the head filled with all intellectual treasures, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generousities, and yet a dart strike through the liver.

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God, because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky belighted and his hope of heaven blotted out and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said, "My heart is not

right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books and Cecil's books and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings.

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London *Times*, one of whom travelled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes, and events, is remarkable. What made all this difference? asks the author. 'One condition only: the French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated.'"

So, my dear brother, the road you are travelling is the same you have been travelling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London *Times*, from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the Mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian, and will be loved in the Christian Church as long as it sings his hymns beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet was he so overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that. Let Christian physicians unite with ministers of the Gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, even from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God, than when he said, "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord;" or that Jeremiah was more pious when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lam-

entations;" or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was a better man when he compiled the book that has helped ten thousand students of the Bible, than when under the power of physical disorder he was hand-cuffed and strait-waistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane Asylum. "Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, has a sound liver. Thank God for a healthful hepatic condition, for, as certainly as you lose it, you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like ten thousand other invalids, be playing a Dead March on the same organ with which now you play a *staccato*.

My object at this point is not only to emoliate the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path to heaven is not arborescent with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at eighty, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between eighteen years and thirty? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after-life, and after years of dissipation, you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent, and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were thirty. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage to the devil; and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfilment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary. Solomon in my text knew what he was taking about, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out West and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to twenty-five years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank five hundred dollars six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity; but get the liver thoroughly damaged and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure, and says, "Till a dart strike through his liver."

Hesiod seemed to have some of this when he represented Prometheus his crimes, fastened to a pillar eagle feeding on his liver, which renewed again each night, so that devouring went on until finally Prometheus slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a dissipated early life assures ity pecking away and clawing away liver year in and year out, and I the only Hercules who can bring power of its beak or unclench it. So, also, others wrote fables about tures preying upon the liver; but those here with whom it is no fabulous reality.

That young man smoking cigars, smoking cigars has no idea that getting for himself smoked liver young man has no idea that he early dissipation so depleted his that he will go into the battle or armed. Here is another young man if he put all his forces against the strength of God, might drive them but he is allowing them to be rebuffed by the whole army of mid-life dissipation, and what but immortal defeat await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make a mistake that thousands are making opening the battle against sin too late, too late, and for the victory, too late. What brings that train from St. Louis into Jersey City hours late? They lost fifteen years early on the route, and that affects all the way; and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, detained here and detained there; a man who loses time and strength earlier part of the journey of life suffers for it all the way through.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer through the country exhibiting a canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same part diseased. And what the world was is some eloquent scientist to go to the country, showing to our young men on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the sight might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe, and strike through his liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is fatal when it comes from overwork, God, or one's country, or one's family. I have seen wounds that were more beautiful than the most muscular man I have seen a green shade over a man shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed through injury. I have seen an old man worn out with the malaria of Africa, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a woman after six weeks' watching over a child, children down with scarlet fever, glory around her pale and wan face surpassed the angelic. It all depends how you got your sickness and how you battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn-out, in God's service and in the effort to win the world good. Not in the service of No! No! One of the most pitiful scenes that I ever witness, and I am it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies, and to be useful, but they so served the devil and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy for the service of God. They sacrificed their muscles, lungs, heart, and liver on a wrong altar. When such persons have been, through the good of a lifetime, crashing their bodies through the helmeted iniquities, spending their days and nights in doing the best way of curing their condition, and quieting their jangling nerves and rousing their laggard appetite, only to find that they are unable to extract the dart from their liver. Better converted late than never. Oh, yes; for they will get to heaven. They will go aloft when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the world on Elijah's chariot. There is an old story that we used to sing in the countrying house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang, have forgotten all but two lines, but the lines are the peroration of my sermon.

"I'll save us from a thousand snare,
To mind religion young."

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE LIFE-SAVERS.

Mission that Reaches a Neglected Class—Providential Escapes, Striking Conversions and Answered Prayers—A Great Field for Missionary Effort.

HERE is probably no kind of evangelical missionary work at once so unique and picturesque, or which covers a wider territory, or reaches a more deserving class, than that which has to do with the life-saving crews along the coasts of the United States. Our National Life-Saving Service is one that has rapidly and greatly multiplied the number of its stations in late years. In the best of weather, the light-house and life-saving station crews are busy, but in the bleak, stormy days of a winter, they are frequently isolated for days at a time, and shut off from communication with the outer world. Their duties are full of peril, and the dangers attending such a calling can be imagined than described; but they are brave and resolute set of men, and the dangers of storm and flood fearlessly strive to save the lives of those in peril through storm or shipwreck. Year passes in which some of those fellows do not lose their own lives in the efforts at rescue, and to chronicle their gallant deeds even for a single season would fill many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

When evangelical effort has been directed to the ingathering of a spiritual harvest in the cities and centres of population, those lonely life-savers have not been forgotten. Here and there, along our coasts, are devoted workers, and their field of Christian effort on the margin of the sea, among those courageous crews. Going from station to station from light-house to light-house, they carry with them the Gospel message, and tell everyone the story of Him who rode the waves in stormy Galilee. The mission of this most interesting class, that which is conducted by Rev. Ashley Cake along the New Jersey coast, with mission headquarters at Port Republic. His missionary work, conducted under the most adverse surroundings and beset by many difficulties, has already produced remarkable results, and there is hardly a station along the Atlantic coast where saving grace has not filled the heart of at least one brave fellow, and where an influence for good among the lawless associates. For two years this work has been successfully prosecuted, the missionary going up and down a long stretch of coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, a distance of 160 miles, embracing forty-two stations and representing 336 men, or ten months of the year, deprived of all sanctuaries and privileges except such as are often to them by the missionary. At one station where the missionary was preaching, a certain said to him:

"I have been here twenty years, and this is the first time that service that has ever been held at this station." The work is distinctly un denominational and non-sectarian. Mr. Cake has conducted it wholly at his own expense since its beginning, and has resisted all inducements to make it secular. A feature of the work is that it brings the missionary into contact with government officials, representatives of different nationalities and many ship-pegged mariners, pleasure-boat fishermen and oystermen, all of whom come and listen reverently to the preaching of the Gospel.

Mr. Cake left a business calling to enter the ministry. He pursued the necessary studies in New Jersey, and preached and

worked in North Carolina. In 1894 he first conceived the idea of carrying the Gospel to the life-saving crews. Shortly afterward a delegation from one of the Life-Saving Stations waited upon him and asked if he would come and preach for them. Then came a second delegation, with the same request. Other invitations followed and the first service was held at South Brigantine Station, N. J., on the evening of Jan. 31, 1895. Here he found not only the life-savers, but a crowd of other men and also women and children, eager to hear the Gospel. From that service, the mission steadily grew and the work increased. Telephone communication with other stations along the coast brought requests for religious services at such stations. Those services were crowded with seekers after the truth, and the mission-



MANNING THE LIFE-BOAT.

ary felt that God, indeed, had called him for a most blessed work, fraught with stupendous responsibilities. He saw the spiritual need of the Life-Saving Stations all along the coast, and he joyfully accepted the task that had been assigned him.

At first, there was not always a welcome ready for the missionary, after his long journeys along the coast to the Life-Saving Stations. Some were averse to hearing the Gospel preached and here and there rough men opposed it, but gradually the obstacles disappeared and all listened gladly. Sometimes repeated visits had to be made before the crews became sufficiently interested to assemble, and occasionally after the service began, a disturber would make an effort to stop it by noise; but after a time, even these efforts ceased, and the work went on quietly and amid reverent attention from all. Now every door is an open door and welcome is stamped on every face. The spirit of the Master, like an electric current, has entered every station along the New Jersey coast, and keepers and crews now express appreciation of the services. The

his rounds among the stations, often many miles apart, he has had narrow escapes from freezing and drowning. At one lonely station, situated between two inlets, the surfmen being the only residents on an isolated islet, a marvelous display of divine power occurred. Notice of the meeting had been previously given and representatives from Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Tuckerton, Port Republic and Brigantine Beach had crossed the inlets to come to this little island for religious service. Fishermen and oystermen left their work and the station was crowded. The missionary preached earnestly, part of the discourse being preached on his knees, and arrows of conviction entered many hearts. Room was made for penitents, and strong, able-bodied, earnest men came forward and knelt, praying for mercy and pardon. Eleven souls were added to the kingdom.

The revival wave swept across the Inlet into Sea-Haven Station, where the Life-Saving men and their families have built a little chapel, furnished it with an organ, and maintain a public school seven months of the year.

At Chadwick Station, the missionary found one of the



THE "BREECHES BUOY" AT WORK.

crew of surfmen so ill that his death was hourly expected. He pointed him to the Lamb of God. "No, Mr. Cake," he said, "I feel, if I am ever saved, I must kneel at the altar of some church." "Nay, my brother: Jesus can save you now and here." After earnest entreaties were made he knelt to pray for the sufferer, and to his (the missionary's) surprise, despite his weakness, the man crept off his little cot and joined his young wife and the preacher in prayer for his own salvation. The missionary finally had to leave him. A short time afterward he received a communication from the captain of the station, saying: "Brother F. has gone, but he was ready for the change."

"On another occasion," said Mr. Cake, "just as I was about to start on my trip up the coast, I entered my room and knelt down

and over again 'some mother's boy.' Before I reached the foot of the stairs it was 'some mother's boy up the coast.' At each station where I stopped, I related this incident, and added that I was looking for that boy. I proceeded on my way till I came to the second station near the end of my trip up, where I found not only one, but two 'mother's boys'—boys no longer in years, but boys in heart, when the weeds and cobwebs of sin and neglect were brushed away. Their hearts were softened by a power divine and they both are now earnest Christians."

The journeys made by this evangelist are long and wearisome. At times, after preaching, he is out on the patrol along the surf with the men far into the night; but he is happy in his work. One thing that makes the work somewhat difficult, is that he must make it a sure point to reach stations for services at such hours as will not interfere with the station duties. His field is a large one, and the only impediment to the work's expansion is the lack of sufficient means to extend it, so that all the stations may be included. Up to the present time, he has depended solely on his own efforts to supply the means for the work, these being occasionally supplemented by the voluntary gifts

of a few friends. It has been wholly a work of faith, and Mr. Cake believes, now that the field is so promising, that the same Divine Helper who has blessed it hitherto, will put it into the hearts of his people to strengthen and develop it still further, as it deserves. He will gladly answer any inquiries regarding the work that are addressed to him at Port Republic, N. J.

Our illustrations on this and the first pages of this issue present some of the phases of the life-savers' career, and of the missionary's experience as well. There are few callings where the life of the worker is more frequently in peril than that of the life-saving men. In fog, in driving gales and hurricanes, amid winter snow and rain, and the violent cyclones of spring and fall, the crews are ever on duty, ready to save life at the risk of their own. Summoned from bed to patrol the coast washed by raging seas or swept by icy



SERVICE IN A STATION.

winds, their life is one of the hardest that can be imagined. Those brave fellows, who risk so much to save others, are themselves well worth the saving, body and soul, and the evangelistic work now being conducted among them is one that deserves the warmest support of all who have the cause of the Gospel at heart. Many have been brought to Christ through the ministrations of the Life-Saving Mission. Its work is already known to many pastors of different denominations, along the coast, between New York and Atlantic City, and it has been strongly commended. With the support it deserves, this pioneer mission would soon be one of the grandest agencies for evangelization, carrying the message of Jesus' love and sacrifice to many hundreds of bronzed and weather-beaten seamen along our coasts, and planting over every life-saving station a bright beacon of Gospel invitation to the



LIFE SAVING STATION ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

time is fast approaching when the Gospel will be proclaimed in every station and light-house along the sea-board.

There are many interesting incidents in connection with Mr. Cake's work that deserve to be related. At times, while on

for a moment. As I was about to rise from prayer, the phrase 'somebody's boy' entered my mind. It had been entirely foreign to my thoughts—what could it mean? I no sooner rose from my knees than it was 'some mother's boy.' Over

est agencies for evangelization, carrying the message of Jesus' love and sacrifice to many hundreds of bronzed and weather-beaten seamen along our coasts, and planting over every life-saving station a bright beacon of Gospel invitation to the

sinner, tossed about on life's stormy sea. Rev. Mr. Cake, the missionary, relates many interesting incidents connected with his work, some of them telling of providential rescue from great danger, and others showing the triumph of faith in answer to earnest prayer. He is greatly beloved by the surimen, who are always eager to serve the devoted worker who has brought so much of the Gospel light into their lives. It is very touching to listen to the big, rough fellows as they tell their troubles, their hopes and fears to the missionary, and follow his gentle leading to the one untailing source of consolation for troubled hearts—the Cross.

One cold, bleak Sabbath night in January, the missionary was out with the patrol, between eight and twelve o'clock, along the coast. His companion was a young suriman who had recently been converted. It was a rough night and the winds were high. After patrolling the beach about a mile, the suriman said:

"Brother Cake, do you see that pole yonder?"

"Yes," was the reply.
"I never allow myself to go by that pole without prayers," said the suriman.

Coming to the pole, above the roar of old Ocean's waves, the missionary heard the life-saver's voice in petition for the safety of those at sea and for the souls of all who were in peril on that night. The mariner on the ocean is not only remembered by loved ones at home, but the life-saver, while ready to risk his own life for

Wyo	5 00
Friends, Manlius	1 00
Mrs M S Richardson	1 00
I Girod	3 00
Amos S Young	3 00
Mrs J F Gardner	50
Total	\$271.30

All contributions for the work will be acknowledged in these columns.

BRIEF NOTES.

A College Settlement among the Parsees of Bombay, India, is now doing excellent work under the direction of Miss Mary K. Dobson, the daughter of the English poet.

After wintering in Newton Centre, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook have returned to their summer home at Cliff Seat, Ticonderoga. The *Congregationalist* says: "We are glad to say that Mr. Cook's health is somewhat improved."

Rev. Egerton R. Young, who for twenty-four years labored as a missionary among the Hudson Bay Indians, gave an instructive and inspiring address at Calvary Baptist Church, New York, recently concerning his labors.

There recently arrived in Siam the unexpected aid of two native missionaries sent by the native churches in Burmah to labor for a greatly neglected class, the Peguans of Siam. Thus the Gospel, wherever it is accepted, inculcates the missionary spirit.

A conference of the officers of Foreign Mission Boards was held recently in New York to make preliminary arrangements to hold a World's Missionary Conference here in 1900. There was a similar meeting held in London in 1885 with 1,500 delegates and 139 different societies represented.

The Volunteers of America, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Billington Booth, commence their second year with 160 posts and 550 commissioned officers and 3,000 members of their auxiliary league. Mrs. Booth's work in the prisons has led to the organization of a Volunteer Prisoners' League, which has now 1,200 members.

At the recent quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Secretary Baer reported the total enrollment of societies as 48,305, with a membership of 2,800,000.

Evangelist John McNeill preached last week at noon every day at Chickering Hall, New York, and at eight each evening at the Broadway Tabernacle. Large audiences assembled at each service, and listened intently to the eloquent preacher's incisive sermons.

Rev. George C. Needham, the evangelist, has taken charge, during the absence of Rev. D. M. Stearns, of the Weekly Union Bible Class on Mondays at two o'clock in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner Fifty-third Street, New York.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer's jubilee birthday has been celebrated by a meeting in Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London, which was crowded with friends from all parts. Rev. Dr. Pierson conveyed the congratulations of American Christians.

Preparations are well forward for a successful convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, which will be held at Chattanooga July 15-18. Those who are planning to go would do well to communicate either with the convention committee at Chattanooga, or, in this vicinity, with the New York transportation leader, Mr. John P. Goodwin, 123 Twenty-eighth Street, Brooklyn.

We regret to hear of the death of Rev. E. W. Ruliffson, who passed away May 2, after an illness of eighteen months. Mr. Ruliffson had done valuable service in the Bowery Mission and in other religious and philanthropic agencies, and his death will be mourned by a large circle of friends who knew and loved him well. Mrs. Ruliffson writes that to the last his prayers for the Bowery Mission, where in former years he had often spoken, were fervent and unceasing.

The American Society of Religious Education at its recent annual meeting re-elected General John Eaton, president, and Rev. J. E. Gilbert, D. D., secretary. From the annual report it appears that last year the society engaged the services of ninety-three scholars, that it held five conventions. Two study courses have been established by the society—the Sunday Teachers' Normal College which has now an enrollment of 10,186 and the Bible Reader's Union with 1,491 members.

A remarkable movement among the Jews of Southern Russia is described by the *Independent*. It says that a number of pious and influential Israelites are establishing associations for the reading and study of the Scriptures, both in the homes of the people and in their public assemblies. Much attention will be devoted to the prophetic books of the Old Testament and to investigating the claims of Christians that Jesus of Nazareth has in his life and work and death been the fulfiller of many utterances of the prophets which have for so long been stumbling-blocks to the Jews.

The following dates have been fixed for the Northfield summer conferences: June 10, Sacred Concerts of students in the Northfield schools; June 15—July 4, The World's Student Conference; July 6-20, Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations; July 26-Aug. 10, International Conference of Christian Workers. The Young Men's Christian Association Encampment will continue during July and August. The musical exercises will be under the charge of Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. D. B. Lowner. It is hoped that Mr. Geo. C. Stearns will also be able to take part in some of the meetings. All particulars as to board and lodging can be obtained by addressing Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

DRUMMOND AS I KNEW HIM.

BY IRA D. SANKEY.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his Cross
And honor all his laws.

THUS sang Henry Drummond, as he lay upon his dying bed, the last Sabbath he was to spend on earth. His life-long friend, Dr. Hugh Barbour, in whose father's home I was entertained in Edinburgh in 1873-4, was staying a few



THE LATE HENRY DRUMMOND.

days with him at Tunbridge Wells, England, and with the desire of comforting his friend during the slowly moving hours of that last Sabbath evening, he took his seat at the piano and began to sing softly some of the professor's favorite hymns. Nothing seemed to arouse the attention of the weary sufferer until the doctor struck the chords of the good old Psalm tune, "Martyrdom," and began singing the hymn—doubtless taught Drummond by his godly father and mother in his childhood, at Stirling:

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.

Then, lifting up his pale and emaciated hand, he began singing the grand old hymn with Dr. Barbour, beating the time through to the end.

When they had finished the last verse he said: "Ah, Hugh, there is nothing to beat that." To my mind this was a splendid confession of his faith in the everlasting verities of the Gospel, and a grand Doxology with which to close his Christ-like life.

It is often the case, that in such an hour as this, when the pomp and glory of this world are fading away from man's mortal vision, and he begins to search diligently for solid footing as he enters the "valley of the shadow," then the real faith that is in him often finds expression in some sweet psalm or hymn, such as

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home,

which Drummond also sang that Sabbath day upon his bed of pain. Happy and blest are they who can thus sing as they near the Pearly Gates.

It is not generally known that Mr. Moody was the first to discover Henry Drummond. When we began our work in Edinburgh, Drummond was then a young University student there, and soon became greatly interested in the meetings. He was one of the first to suggest the holding of special meetings for young men, and soon became one of Mr. Moody's most efficient helpers in that branch of the work.

Mr. Drummond's young friend, James Stalker, now one of the leading ministers of Scotland, was also one of the most active and helpful students who took part in the work. So successful were they that Mr. Moody invited both of these young men to accompany him for the purpose of looking after the young men who attended our meetings in large numbers, but whom it was difficult to get into the inquiry meetings.

Mr. Stalker was unable to leave his work in the University, but Drummond accepted the call, and for several years labored with us all over Great Britain. A more competent and successful worker

never went into an inquiry meeting thousands in the old country to point to Henry Drummond as the one who first led them to Christ.

At the close of our last campaign in Scotland, in which Mr. Drummond taken no active part, I was resting in Edinburgh, and one day Charles take up an American newspaper in which I found what purported to be an account from some of Prof. Drummond's friends. I was pleased with the article, and cut it out and sent it to the Professor in Glasgow, asking him if these were his own words, and if so, where they had been found, as they had a ring of truth about them that pleased me very much.

The next day I received the following letter, together with the printed "Confession" which I believe will be read with interest by his many friends in this country. On his last visit to America in 1873, he showed him, while in my house, the "Confession" and the "extract," and asked him if he had any objection to the publication of the same if occasion should arise. Reading them over he replied: "Certainly, you have my hearty permission to publish them in any way you may think best."

And now that he has passed into "Silent Land," and we shall no longer hear his cheery voice or see his face, I feel that his friends in this country will be glad to get this closer look at the heart of one of the most Christ-like of men.

EXTRACT.

"The power to set the heart afire, to renew the springs of action, comfort the soul, the sense of the infinite within the single soul, and the recoverability of a man at his worst, are the gifts of God."

"The freedom from guilt, the forgiveness of sins, come from Christ's cross; hope of immortality springs from the grave. Personal conversion means a personal religion, a personal relationship to God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to his cause. These, I believe, are the supreme aims of the Christian life."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

LETTER.

3 PARK CIRC.

GLASGOW, April 3, 1897.

My Dear Mr. Sankey:—Would it be calling themselves by the sacred name of Christian, had your charity: knowledge, meaning, as you and Mr. Moody "judge not," and afforded a man at a frank trial before convicting him.

These are my words, and the I never been an hour when the truth which they represent were not among the deepest convictions. Nor, so far as I know, have I ever given anyone ground to believe otherwise, nor is there any of my writings where these same ideas would not be found either expressed or understood.

If you ask me why I do not write books on these themes, I reply that I believe one's only excuse for writing is, that he has something to say that is being said.

These things are being said. Hundreds of looks, and millions of tracts are saying them afresh every month and year. I therefore feel no call to enter into that ground. My message lies in the forgotten truths, the false emulations, and the wrong accent. To every one who works.

Let me thank you most heartily for your kindness in writing. The way to the souls, to make them hard and bitter, is to be revenged on them as man on man. If I have escaped this terrible fate it is because there are others like you who "think no evil."

But tell your friends that they know what they do, or what solemn duty they imperil when they judge.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY DRUMMOND.

The words quoted are from the "Program of Christianity"—the last I have written. Page 43-45. I hope you will kindly accept the copy I am sending you along with this.

I feel it a great honor to have been associated with him in the Ministry of work and shall ever remember him as one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever knew, and I heartily agree with the statement made by one of his own family in a letter just received from Stirling, "He was a man lived Christ on this earth."



THE DELAWARE BREAKWATER LIGHT-HOUSE.

theirs, also finds time while on patrol, to plead for their bodily and eternal safety.

Let your lower lights be burning,
Shed a gleam across the wave;
Some poor struggling, shipwrecked seaman
You may rescue—you may save!

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

At Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

(Published under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

GIVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum Children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, play room, dining hall, school-room, baths, lawn, and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and staff of caretakers and medical attendant. Regular religious services held.

2,300 lame and crippled children received, sheltered, fed, taught, and in many instances clad at Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost of \$3 per head, including transportation.

The beautiful Charity costs annually between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support. \$100 per day for a ten days' mid-summer outing for three children.

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for our Children's Home:

Previous	\$230.50
Mrs. Murray	1 00
Amos S. Young	3 00
Friend K. J.	50
Friend H. J.	4 00
W. A. Berry	1 00
Friend J. W. C.	3 00
Parents and Friends of Children	1 00
J. M. A. Brown	1 00
Mrs. A. W. K.	1 00
Elizabeth D. M.	1 00
Sarah J. H.	1 00
M. J. C. New Alexandria	1 00
Friends of Children, F. Orange	1 00



FAITH AND WORKS.

Sunday School Lesson for May 30. James 2:1-23 Golden Text: James 2:18.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

FAITH without works! A kind of conversion which leaves a man unbroken before God, and living for himself still. A conversion where self is still upon the throne; old things have not passed away, all things have not become new (11. Cor. 5:17), and where "a new creature" is indeed a thing of doctrine but not of fact. O, how common is this sort of thing in our days! While in trade, every thing is counterfeited which can be, and the devil busy in producing counterfeit doctrines. When God created the visible world he created the fruit tree which bore fruit, whose seed was in itself (Gen. 1:11-12). And as surely as the earth closes its own especial kind of seed in the garden of the Lord, so of faith, if it is living, bears the fruit of good works which contains the seed of faith. "Faith if it have not works is dead in itself" (Jas. 2:17 R. V.). "Faith without works is barren" (Verse 20, R. V.). "In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh love" (Gal. 5:6). Faith is not a simple opinion, expressed by the intellect, it is that principle revealed by the Holy Ghost within us, which

Makes God Real to Us,

which joins us to him. If no divine fruit comes out of faith in God, it is proof evident that no such is in us, and that we are not fitted to him. The cause must produce effects. While it is equally true that by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Rom. 3:20), it is also true that without the works of faith God's promise of faith to be non-existent. Faith which always bring forth its true fruit, it is "faith which worketh by love."

What then is the difference between "the works of the law" by which no man shall be justified, and the works which come from faith whereby we are justified and without which faith alone cannot stand? By the works of the law how man have attempted to recommend themselves to God, and acquire merit for their good deeds independently of the precious blood of Christ, by which alone we are brought nigh to God! But this is to ignore sin; it is to hold lightly the holiness of God, and to be guilty of unseemly presumption towards him.

Works of faith are such as spring naturally from the life of God within us; they are the fruit of any strain or effort of our own; we can never claim any merit for them; "It is God which worketh in us, that he will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. 2:14); these good works are those unto which we have been created in Christ Jesus and all God asks of us is to trust him for the power and grace and to obey him without considering whether we can or cannot; whether we like or do not like what he calls us. Thus the works of the law proceed from fallen man, and the works of faith proceed from the Holy God, the works of the law exalt man, the works of faith glorify God.

The Apostle James argues that a few vain words spoken to a hungry, shivering man have no power in them to feed and clothe that man, except deeds accompany the words; and just as little can it avail us, as unreal will it be in God's sight, if our faith be a thing of words or opinion which does not bring forth divine fruit in our lives. The apostle goes on to ask the question: "Yea, a man may say, 'Thou hast faith and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works and I will show thee my faith by my works.'" Faith is visible; it is only seen by what it does, and the apostle brings forth the solemn truth that a faith without works is

one which is shared by the very hosts of hell: "the devils believe and tremble" but they cannot believe and love; they cannot believe and do divine things.

A Barren Faith.

An unfruitful faith, a faith which leaves us unconverted to the image of Christ, leaves us with the awful possibility of believing in God as Satan's hosts do, and working with all our power against him. The apostle further quotes Abraham as an example of faith: "Was not Abraham our father, justified by faith when he had offered Isaac, his son, upon the altar? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?" It was something more than vain words, something more than the mere assent to a doctrine, which gave that man of God such confidence in the promises which God had made to him that he could offer up in obedience the very son on whose life those very promises hung. His faith went the tremendous length of practically trusting God to raise that son from the dead whom he should slay. He went counter to his natural feelings as a father at God's command; he did not hesitate to leave to God the consequences of an act which to all appearances would render utterly impossible the fulfilment of his promises. Only God could have produced such faith in his servant, and faith could never have been manifest under a test less tremendous. "And the Scripture was fulfilled which said [prophetically Gen. 15:6] Abraham believed God and it was imputed unto him for righteousness, and he was called the friend of God."

Let us not shrink back astonished and perplexed, if God calls us to tests of our faith which seem to give the lie to God's promises; it is just under such that we are put to the proof as to what kind of faith we have. Let us be content to be often driven into a corner where it is impossible to explain to others the position in which we find ourselves. How difficult it would have been for Abraham to explain to Sarah God's dealings with him at this time! In obedience to God, he had risen early in the morning, going steadily forward till he was the God-selected spot, leaving the young men with the ass, that he and the lad might "go yonder and worship" (Gen. 22:5) and come again to you. Worship? Yes; that act of faith was the truest worship and holy adoration. "Come again to you?" Yes; this was the faith of this father of the faithful.

God had prophesied that he should believe and the Scripture was fulfilled. We too, if we have faith in God, are called to fulfil the Scriptures which are written about them that believe in God. What God says of them that believe is not only possible for us but our bounden duty; we can do all which God commands. It is a high vocation to which we are called that our lives should be a proof of the truth of God's Word, that men should see us to be in our measure the living word of God, the Bible lived out, as our Lord was. Paul saw it to be his stewardship that he should fulfil the Word of God. (Col. 1:25), showing his faith by his works. It was faith which worketh by love that made Peter trust the name of Jesus for the healing of the impotent man at the gate of the temple. Another blessed instance of the same was when Stephen prayed with his dying breath for his murderers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." (Acts 7:59). It is faith working by love and fulfilling the word of God when we love those who most try us, when we "glory in tribulations seeing God's side of them, and count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations" or trials (Jas. 1:2, 3). This spirit is not indigenous; it is a heavenly plant, it springs from faith in God.

One more instance is quoted by James: Rahab. This woman had heard, in common with her people, of the miraculous exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt, and that their God went with them in a cloud by day and a fire by night; and

it entered deeply into her heart that this God was the true God. Despite all her unpromising past, and although she was one alone in her faith, she took her life in her hand, and stood on the side of the God of Israel. It was no light thing for this heathen woman thus to risk her life and the wrath of her people; but she believed in God and her works bore witness that she believed. No mere sentiment, no intellectual belief would have borne such fruit. She had yielded up herself to the God of Israel in whom she believed, and her actions sprung from a heart and will conquered by her God. Is our faith of this order? In this day of shams and unreality, are we going against the current by the very fact that God and heaven are realities to us?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



not care what denomination

ARGUMENTS like this of James are very much in evidence at the present time, and some of them are perversions of his reasoning. "I judge by the life," says one, "I do not care what the man believes, or what he belongs to. If he is



"WHEN HE HAD OFFERED ISAAC, HIS SON."

leading a good life he will come out all right in the end." But we do not find it so. The man sometimes ends in prison or in disgrace. When a good mother is sending her boy into the city where he will be exposed to temptation, she tries to instil good principles into his mind. She knows that although he has been a good boy at home, he may not be a good boy when he is not under her eye. So she tries to get him to believe in goodness and to do right from strong motives. Right thinking and a right faith are the only sure foundations for a good life. Good deeds, as we know by experience, may be done from a bad motive. When a man does some noble, generous thing in order to make himself a name, or in order to advance his political, or social, or business interests, he is liable to do some mean thing when it pays best to do that. We are continually being disappointed and the Church of Christ humiliated by the collapse of some conspicuous reputation. A good life is not everything in religion; there must be faith and sound principle at the foundation. Real religion is faith operating in action and producing good works. Does your belief affect your life? If not, it is a barren, dead faith, and of no use to you, as James says. On the other hand, if you are doing good for the sake of the benefit it brings, either in money or reputation, your good deeds are of no account. Both errors are fatal, and both kinds of people need to have the truth told them in plain language. In apostolic times, James and Paul were raised up to tell it. There were the two errors then, as there are now, and while James assailed one error, Paul assailed the other. The two men appear to contradict each other, but their differences were more apparent than real. If James had met a man who was indifferent about Christ and expecting to buy his way to heaven by his gifts or services, he would have talked to him very much as Paul

wrote; and, on the other hand, many quotations might be made from Paul's epistles to show that he had as great a contempt as James for a barren faith that did not produce good living.

The view James took was largely the result of his position. He is believed to have been the James mentioned Matt. 13:55, as one of Christ's brothers. He was not an apostle, nor even a believer in Christ up to the time of the crucifixion, but appears to have been convinced when Christ rose from the dead. He is said to have been a Nazarite like John the Baptist and to have been a strict Jew, observing the minutest parts of the law. There is a passage in Josephus showing that he was revered even by the Jews, as a very holy man. He became chief pastor or bishop of the church at Jerusalem, was careful to observe the fasts and feasts and times of prayer and did not in any degree relax his Jewish observances when he became a Christian. But all around him he saw Jews whose lives were hollow and hypocritical. They thought that so long as they were Jews and worshipped one God and did not practice idolatry like the heathen, they were sure of eternal life, no matter how they lived. It is easy to see from his epistle, that he was in contact with men who lied and cursed and oppressed the poor; but their opinions and their creeds were right. They were orthodox. James tells them that such a faith as theirs could not save them. It was a barren, dead faith, which had no effect on their lives. The race is not extinct. There are people now who know the truth, who are living selfish lives and disgracing the Christian name. Their faith is not the kind that saves the soul. The kind that saves is the living faith which is seen in a gentle, kindly helpful life.

Faith wrought with his works. It is a remarkable fact, proved by abundant testimony, that the surest way to a reformation of life is not to preach the terrors of the law, but the love of Christ. Dr. Chalmers, at the close of his life, said that in his early ministry he preached with all his soul against certain sins, warning his people that God had forbidden such things, and that he would surely punish the offender. Dr. Chalmers said that he had never known a single case of conversion from that preaching. "I am not aware of an instance in which all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and proprieties of life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my hearers." But when he preached Christ, and forgiveness through him, conversions began to take place at once. His experience is that of other preachers. To preach Christ is the surest way to induce morality.

Depart in peace. Columbus, going from court to court, to obtain money for his voyage of discovery, could test the sincerity of faith. Benedictions and assurances of belief in his theories were of no use to him while there was no resulting action. Ferdinand and Isabella gave the best proof that they believed when they furnished the ships for his voyage.

Abraham believed God. James mentions the fact as if it was remarkable. How many people would like to have it said of them that they did not believe God? The very sound of the words strikes us as blasphemous. Yet if we believed God thoroughly how different our lives would be! Mr. Cecil gave his child an object lesson on this subject. She had found it difficult to understand what faith was. Her father saw her playing with some beads which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her father said: "You seem to be very pleased with those beads?" "Yes, Papa." "Now, my dear, I want you to throw them into the fire." The child looked up at him in amazement, as if she could scarcely believe that he wished her to do such a hard thing. Mr. Cecil said: "You may do as you please, but my wish is to have you throw the beads into the fire." The child thought it over. She knew her father loved her and must have some good reason for wishing her to do this thing. So she gathered up the beads and with a mighty effort cast her treasures into the fire. The father kissed her and told her that he was pleased to see how much she trusted him. He did not explain, until a few days afterward, when he brought her a box of larger and better beads. Her faith in him was rewarded then, or justified, as the Bible puts it. Christians are not always willing to show as much confidence in their heavenly Father.

RELIEF SHIPS SOON TO SAIL.

One Will Start for India Early in June—Corn Still Pouring in—Some Remarkable Gifts—A Gracious Outpouring of Christian Benevolence.



REV. J. P. BRUSHINGHAM.

AS the time approaches for the departure of the corn-laden steamships for India, the magnificent extent and character of Christian America's benevolence begin to be apparent. During the past week, gifts of corn have flowed in a steady stream from a score of States. Every mail has brought advices of more corn cars on the way. The Famine Fund managers are now hopeful of being able to send one of the corn-laden steamers off not later than the first week of June. Just how soon the others will follow must depend upon the rapidity with which the corn is received; but it is hoped that there will not be a longer interval than a few weeks between the starting of the first cargo, and the clearance of the last of the Famine Fleet from these shores. Toward this consummation every energy must now be bent, since it is of the utmost importance that the vessels be dispatched at the earliest practicable date.

At present everything looks favorable to the carrying out of the programme indicated. Immediately after the departure of the first of the corn vessels, Dr. Klopsch will proceed to India by the quickest steamship route, and will probably arrive in Calcutta a week or more in advance of the famine ship. This will afford an opportunity to meet and consult with a committee of missionaries in that city, at which, it is expected, all the Protestant denominations operating in the Indian field will be represented. At that conference, the needs of the various localities in the famine-stricken districts will be discussed and details of distribution arranged. It is expected that the Indian government will extend all the necessary transportation facilities from Calcutta inland, so that there will be no delay in forwarding the corn to the interior. Assurances of hearty co-operation have already been received.

Among the thousands who have aided the relief movement since the start, none have been more enthusiastic or rendered more effective service than the Mennonite Evangelizing and Benevolent Board of Elkhart, Ind. The Mennonites have no missionary in India; yet their hearts have been so touched with pity for the sufferings of that afflicted land, that they have raised among their own people no less than **seventy-five full car loads** of corn, which will be included in the cargoes to be sent to India by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Elder George Lambert, who is now in Bombay, will represent Mennonite interests and co-operate in the work of distribution. Among the Mennonite brethren who have done yeoman service in aid of this great life-saving work are Messrs. A. B. Kol, president of the Board, John I. Funk of Elkhart; S. F. Sprunger, J. S. Colman, J. S. Lehman, H. A. Mumaw, D. F. Jentzen, S. Heininger and G. L. Bender, secretary and treasurer of the Board. The Mennonites have made a magnificent record of serving of the highest recognition and praise. Their self-sacrifice will doubtless be the means of saving many precious lives.

One of the most active and energetic promoters of the India Famine Relief work in the West is Rev. J. P. Brushingham, D.D. pastor of the Fulton Street M. E. Church, Chicago. Dr. Brushingham, who is prominently identified with many phases of Christian work in the Western city, is a member of the Chicago Relief Committee and has been a constant attendant at its meetings, and to his energy and enterprise is due, in large measure, whatever of success it has attained as an organization. He has been a pastor in

Chicago for seventeen consecutive years and this year was elected President of the Methodist Social Union, and Chairman of the Preachers' Meeting Executive Committee. Socially and religiously, he is a distinct influence in Chicago and his connection with the India Relief Work has been of the greatest value in bringing it before the people of the West.

Among the numerous letters that come to us daily in connection with the relief work, there are many that we would be glad to publish, if space permitted. One that will be read with especial interest, since it comes from a native of India, now visiting this country is as follows:

I am a native of India, spending a short time in this country in special preparation for the mission field in India, where I have already labored for thirteen years.

I desire to thank you in the name of two hundred millions of my desolate, hungry, starving people for your very earnest and successful efforts in their behalf. I pray that you may be blessed and helped in this good work. We do not have a famine of bread every year; the last great famine of which I was an eye-witness was in 1877-78. What I saw then, I prayed that I might not see again. My prayer has been granted, as I am more than (10,000) ten thousand miles away—but my soul is burdened as I read in home letters of the suffering, want and woe of my people.

vation, and everywhere there is distress. Two years ago wheat could be bought at the rate of fourteen pounds for one rupee, and coarser grains, fifty-two pounds for the same amount of money, but now only six or seven pounds of wheat and twenty pounds of the other can be bought for that amount, so you can imagine how much distress it means to those whose incomes are no more than when grain was cheap, and could then only manage to exist on what they had.

The English Government has started Relief Works and established a good many Poor Houses, but even with that there are many thousands who cannot get help and are dying daily. In the market-places women are offering their children for sale, and there are many who are entirely without either parent. One day recently a woman came to us with two very small boys and offered them both for fifteen cents. We did not buy them, but took the mother and children and gave them food. They were simply skin and bone, and as ravenous as wild beasts, and it would make one weep almost to see how the children snatched at everything within their reach which could be eaten, even leaves and blades of grass. Now they look more like human beings and begin to show the effect of food—but they are only one instance out of many, and we have so little money to buy food for them.

In our Mission Compound at Fatehpur, there are about 100 children and fifty men and women who have been brought there in a starving condition, and it is only a very small part of the suffering ones in that region. Manipur is not so badly off as many parts but we see enough here to make us sad too. If the rains are not full and early this season I do not dare to think of what will be the condition of India next autumn, but we hope for the best, though it seems as though God had been so long patient with the idolatry of this people that he is now showing them his judgment and power.

What Classes are Suffering.

Rev. E. W. Parker, M. E. Church, Shah-jahanpore, writes:

"The class (in that section of India) that is starving is made up of temporary work-

plan is the best yet invented, yet is most distressing part of the famine. People will live through it all, at the end of the day they will go home to die by the thousands. European officials carefully supervise these works and do all they can to make them real relief works; and crowds make every effort most distressing. "There are poorhouses open everywhere for the aged and helpless, and the fed free. So our famine, you see, is a famine of work for the people. Aid will enable us to help thousands that they can live and work, and not and die. We will not give without unless people are helpless. We can do some kind of work that can help people and save multitudes. Here are very thankful. No one can thank you for this aid. Cawnpore to-night to meet all the who have received money, and advise about work."

Of similar tenor is the account of Rev. J. E. Scott, M. E. Mission, Muttra, sends to the New York Christian Advocate. He says:

In the Central Provinces many have died; thousands are now starving; parents are leaving their children for a nick and hundreds are being gathered into poorhouses and orphanages.

In the Northwest it is not so bad, but wheat was sold at one anna (one-eighth of a rupee), and is now selling at only one anna. You can see that a man with a family of four or five rupees per month, must go to the most of our Christians do not get more than that. Many can get no work at all of our pastor-teachers only get five rupees per month. We cannot raise the money for we have no money. Their people do not do it, for they are themselves in ruin. We cannot dismiss them, for they mean ruin. We are, therefore, in the greatest crises of Christian mission have 100,000 Christians. What do we do? Pray? We do. Beg? We do. You don't sound it out that India needs help? This is a real urgent need. Starving people can I have taken in boys to try to educate them. Twelve dollars a year will feed, educate them. Can you not get some to take some boys? They will make us preachers, and their souls will be saved from death.

Miss Clara M. Beach, a missionary at Cawnpore, working under the auspices of the Women's Union Missionary Society, to which one thousand dollars of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund was given in contribution, writes in a letter published last week: "We are very grateful to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which will help the outside world. Much more will be needed some time for the grain will probably remain high for months to come. Miss Beach also describes a number of some relief works where thousands of people were employed in road-making. She speaks of their hunger, their faces and of the sad, weary expression of misery in their poor eyes.

These testimonies from the devoted men and women, who are churches of America have been sent to India to proclaim the Gospel of Christ, must be gratifying to our readers. As we read these letters, describing the suffering of which they were eye-witnesses, we are thankful that relief in money has been sent and in food will soon be on its way. Enabling the missionaries to feed the starving people our readers have more to aid the cause of Christ than they can ever know; and if the involved self-denial, as they undoubtedly in many cases, we may be quite that He who knows our hearts and ways has been pleased by the offering.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO DATE.

Alabama	\$ 299.09	Nevada	\$ 2.26
Arizona	81.00	N. Hampshire	1.41
Arkansas	100.00	New Jersey	2.15
California	1,098.20	New Mexico	1.35
Colorado	1,257.23	New York	5,201.31
Connecticut	82.01	N. Carolina	1.31
Delaware	155.00	N. Dakota	2.10
Dist. Columbia	378.19	Ohio	2.10
Florida	175.92	Oklahoma	1.01
Georgia	10.65	Oregon	0.11
Idaho	2,128.12	Pennsylvania	3.44
Illinois	1,220.81	Rhode Island	1.12
Indiana	10.25	S. Carolina	1.00
Iowa	1,286.15	S. Dakota	1.11
Kansas	503.71	Tennessee	1.11
Kentucky	151.65	Texas	1.01
Louisiana	100.00	Utah	0.08
Maine	2,243.03	Vermont	1.21
Maryland	1,708.15	Virginia	1.11
Massachusetts	1,015.28	W. Virginia	1.11
Michigan	219.22	Wisconsin	2.00
Minnesota	709.13	Wyoming	1.11
Mississippi	1,220.81	Canada	1.11
Missouri	1,220.81	Mexico	1.11
Montana	1,220.81	Foreign	1.11
Nebraska	1,220.81		

Previously acknowledged \$10,848.80
Total to date \$102,560.00



A VILLAGE MARKET IN INDIA BEFORE THE FAMINE.

Where, in former years the village markets were well supplied with fruits and cereals, they are now almost deserted and the prices of the scant stock of food have risen to prohibitive figures.

God bless you and your co-laborers. Accept, I pray you, from a sad but grateful heart sincerest thanks.
—A. T. L.
Madison, N. J.

The most recent letters from India show how gladly the gift of Christian America will be received. The suffering continues and the supplies for relief work are getting low. It is certain that the vast quantity of corn which will now soon be on its way will be hailed with a glad welcome by the workers in the afflicted districts. "We are very grateful," writes Phoebe E. Ward, a missionary in the Central Provinces, "for the gifts from America, sent for the relief of the perishing. Many are dying slowly of starvation in this district, and the number requiring relief is increasing. Our mission force is small, and we regret our inability to do more for the relief of the people."

This letter from the wife of a missionary at Mainpuri was received recently by Miss Gilmore, a missionary of Romayne Chapel in Fourteenth Street, New York City, and read at the Mothers' Meeting:

It was very generous of the women in the Mothers' Meeting to send the money for my work, and please tell them I shall use it to the best possible advantage, while I shall always remember their gift with gratitude. In these days we have use for all the money we can get, for it is a time of great want and distress in India. For several years the rains have not been enough, and last year there was so little that the grain crops were almost a failure, so that now famine is abroad in the land. In some parts thousands of people are slowly dying of star-

vation, and everywhere there is distress. Two years ago wheat could be bought at the rate of fourteen pounds for one rupee, and coarser grains, fifty-two pounds for the same amount of money, but now only six or seven pounds of wheat and twenty pounds of the other can be bought for that amount, so you can imagine how much distress it means to those whose incomes are no more than when grain was cheap, and could then only manage to exist on what they had.

"Then the small farmers are also in great suffering. They have sold their cattle, not even keeping one pair of oxen; their seed corn is eaten up, and then they, too seek relief. Government has helped these to sink wells for irrigation, and has kept many on their land in this way.

"The relief work—making roads or anything to give employment—is designed to give work to all who have none at a very low rate of pay. A reader asks at once, Why not give good, fair wages? Because the crowds that would come for good wages would overwhelm the entire effort. This gives the people a chance to live, but it is an awful chance. They leave home and all, go away to the relief work, and camp under trees or in little grass huts for months. Even women and children, all working, just to live. The entire

Mr. C. W.	2.00
Mrs. Ida	1.00

25 *T. A. C.* *P. 10* 82,450 79

Deacons, Mary E & Etta Leonard	2 00		Llion
Page, Margaret S	1 00		
Parker, Mrs M	2 00		Bath
Parsons, Mrs Jas H	1 00		Beede
Pearson, M	1 00		Canisteo
Peck, Cuthbert R	1 00		
Pells, Louis E	1 00		Durham
Perlee, Mrs I B	2 00		Patchogue
Perkins, S B	3 00		Richmond
Peterson, Mrs C	1 00		Schenectady
Plotman, J H & wife	3 00		Skaneateles
Possion, Michala	1 00		Spencerport
Possion, Cuthbert R	1 00		
Potter, C E	3 50		Friend, C. C.
Pratt, J D	2 00		
Quale, R J	5 00		
Race, C E	50		
Raufsey, Mrs A L	1 00		
Ratsay, Chas J	1 00		
Reynolds, P	25		
Rice, Joseph	25		
Richardson, A B	2 00		
Rozell, Mr & Mrs J	1 00		
Rush, Mrs J	1 00		
Ruxer, Kate A	1 00		
Redmond, Mrs W E	1 00		
Sager, Geo W	3 00		
Sage, Mrs Mrs J A	5 00		
Sackett, Mrs R B	50		
Sackett, Mrs R B's S	1 00		
Salisbury, Rosanna	1 00		
Schmitt, Mrs C A	1 00		
Sears, Percy H	1 00		
Shaw, Lewis	5 00		
Shearer, Rev J B	1 00		
Sheldon, Albert	1 00		
Shuman, Anna	25		
Slater, I H	25		
Smith, Anna E	1 00		
Smith, Mrs Clark	1 00		
Smith, Mrs Chas	50		
Smith, D N	5 00		
Smith, Eliza	1 00		
Smith, Joseph	4 05		
Smith, Gay L	1 00		
Smith, Thos W	2 00		
Snyder, Mrs Rose	2 00		
Southard, Mrs Mrs H A	2 00		
Southworth, A M	1 00		
Sprague, Geo H	1 00		
Stanton, Fannie	1 00		
Stanton, Mrs B S	1 00		
Steele, J	5 00		
Stines, C	1 00		
Singsor, Percy	1 00		
Swartwout, J H & family	2 50		
Sumner, Mrs Mrs G L	2 00		
Sunder, F A	1 00		
Simmons, Mrs E G	1 00		
Titus, Mrs Saml	1 00		
Tompkins, Mrs G	1 00		
Tomlinson, Mrs D	1 00		
Tomlinson, N & W	1 00		
Tomlinson, James	1 00		
Tucker, Mrs Geo A	1 00		
Taylor, Miss	1 00		
Temple, Mrs F G	1 00		
Tripp, Miss M A	1 00		
Van Fradenburgh, M A	2 00		
Van Marter, Ray E & wife	2 00		
Van Orden, W & sister	1 00		
Van Allen, Agnes	1 00		
Van Allen, Daniel	1 00		
Van Allen, Margt C	1 00		
Van Allen, Sarah A	1 00		
Varnum, Mrs A	1 00		
Waite, Frank	50		
Warner, W F	25		
Wangh, Mrs Agnes	1 00		
Weeks, Miss Eliz	1 00		
Weller, Mabel	1 00		
Whelan, M & wife	1 50		
White, Mrs	1 00		
Whiteside, A	5 00		
Whitney, J S	1 00		
Williams Burrell	2		
Wilson, R	1 00		
Widney, W	3 00		
Wyckoff, Mrs J D	2 00		
Zeh, Mrs	25		
Miscellaneous	2 00		
Bapt Home, Old Age	1 00		
Charlotte N. N. Y. C.	2 00		
Brooklyn, Hampton	1 00		
Smith, Long Island	1 00		
Wallace, Greenwich	2 00		
Whitlock, K. and	1 00		
R S McFadden	50		
Williams, Mary	10 00		
Bertha A H A M	4 50		
Brooklyn	2 00		
D A W. Ira	2 00		
G W S, Pen Yan	2 00		
H D, Ira	5 00		
J D W, Ovid	3 00		
L A L, Ashby	1 00		
A L B, Finkhill-on	1 00		
A W M, Willink	1 00		
A W T, Pongkeepsie	50		
B J B, Binghamton	1 00		

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Pennsylvania Contributions.

(Continued.)

Beck, Howard	\$2,371.70	Van Valin, C. A.	1.00	Papa, Phila	1.00	S. M. McArthur, Wurttemberg	50	H. N. Allegheny City	5.00	Ref. Mis. Soc. Conestoga	2.50	Bethel Young People	18.80	United Evang	
Snyder, Mrs. John D.	1.00	Van Valin, C. A.	1.00	Papa, Manoyuk	1.35	S. W. M. Weaverland	2.00	Freedom	5.00	Boys Brig. E. Bradt	3.00	Kerrhill Pres. ch.	8.05	York	
Snyder, John L.	25	Van Valin, C. A.	1.00	Resene, Phila	1.00	T. T. S. Pittsburg	1.00	Glen Hazel	1.00	Nov. Sch. Y. M. G. A.	2.00	Gravelly	8.05	United Pres. ch.	
Snyder, Mrs. M. E.	1.00	Van Valin, C. A.	1.00	Sardis, Phila	1.00	W. Pittsburg	5.00	Greene	1.00	Stroudsburg	21.50	Centerville Y. P. S. C. E.		Washington St.	
Snyder, Mrs. M. E.	1.00	Van Valin, C. A.	1.00	Woman, Newcastle	5.00	V. M. P. Kennett Sq.	2.00	Grove City	2.00	W. M. S. of U. Evangeli	5.00	Van Dyke	2.00	Wash. ch.	
Snyder, Mrs. B.	3.00	Vickers, Elizabeth	50	Woodie, Erie	1.00	W. Germantown	25	Jenkintown	2.50	Jo. U. Soc. U. Pres. ch.	6.00	Edgemoor	2.00	Weissport Ref.	
Snyder, Mary E.	3.00	Vickers, Jane	1.00	Florence & Esther	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Grimston Y. P. C. U.	10.00	Weissport Ref.	
Snyder, Maude	4	Vogel, Linnie	5.00	Harold & Pearl	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Dingley Taffel League	2.00	Weissport Ref.	
Sours, Stephen Allen	2.50	Voonedies, Ettie J.	4.00	James M. R.	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Harmony U. P. ch.	2.00	Wes. Evang. Me.	
Sourber, Anna B.	2.00	Voonedies, L. F.	1.00	Johna E.	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Harrisville	18.00	Zion Mennonite	
Solt, Marion	1.00	Wagoner, Mrs. O. A.	1.00	Anna & Y. Z.	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Danboro' U. P. Soc.	9.50	Zion United	
Snyder, Stockton	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. A. W. Norrisville	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Salver, E. W.	7.87	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. B. R. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Sorenson, John	2.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Sornbie, Anna B.	2.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Speck, Annie E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spence, Rebecca	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spencer, A. C.	60	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spencer, Floyd	50	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spencer, Horace	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spencer, Myra	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Spencer, Mrs. Mary J.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Springer, Mrs. Margt	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Staub, S. A.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stamsheld, John Wm.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stauder, Ernie	3	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stauder, J. D. & Mrs.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Staver, Mary Wilej	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stedford, Mrs. M. J.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Steele, Mrs. Elizabeth	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Steele, Harry	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stoner, Mrs. P. C.	1.50	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stoninger, J. S.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stonson, D. S.	10	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stevens, Joseph C.	2.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stevens, Margaret M.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stevens, S. S.	2.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stevenson, G. W.	2.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, John	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, family	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. E. A.	1.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon	2.00	Miss Soc. Bapt. ch.	1.00	Easton U. P. Soc.	5.00	Zion U. P. S. S.	
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Stewart, Mrs. M. E.	5.00	Wagoner, Sam'l	1.00	A. E. E. Phila	1.00	W. C. N. Pittsburg	2.00	Lebanon</							



THE PARIS HOLOCAUST.

HORROR and dismay have thrilled French society, as it has read the story of the dreadful loss of life which occurred on May 4th, at the burning of the aristocratic bazaar in Paris. It has become an annual custom to hold a bazaar for the benefit of various charities, and the ladies of the land have manifested their interest in it by presiding at the stalls. This year the bazaar was held in a wooden building representing a street in medieval Paris. It was a hundred feet long and sixty wide. The unsightly roof of the walls was concealed by banding and tapestries, suspended from the ceiling and gracefully draped above and between the stalls. About four o'clock, when the crowd of visitors was largest, about eighteen hundred persons were in the building, there was a slight explosion, the illuminating apparatus of the gasolene lamp exploded and set fire to the hangings of No. 13 stall, at which the Duchess d'Uzes presided. She saw it and cried, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Instantly there was a rush for the doors. The people appear to have known of only one exit in front, though it is known that there were several other exits. They struggled to reach it, but they stumbled on the way, and were pushed down by the people from the rear and became a mass of bodies, over which others fell. The doors were completely blocked by heaps of prostrate forms. At last some one discovered a door in the rear which opened on to the printing office. The bars of the door were wrenched out and a number of people in the rear escaped by that way. The fire spread with great rapidity, the hanging tapestries feeding the flames. One survivor says that within twelve minutes after the first alarm, all four walls were in flames. Burning fragments of paper and the decorations fell upon the struggling crowd, setting alight the ladies' dresses. Many of the burning people looked like living torches. A mother-stricken among the crowd, with others on fire. The shrieks and wails from burning people were heard outside, above the roar of the flames, but the heat was so intense, that little could be done to save the victims. At last the fire burned through the pillars supporting the roof of the building and it fell upon the crowd of panic-stricken creatures below, crushing to death all who were still living. One hundred and thirty-seven bodies were taken out of the ruins and carried to the Palais de l'Industrie for identification, but the police believe that this by no means represents the loss of life. Many persons may have perished whose bodies were entirely consumed. From inquiries among the persons, who are believed to have been in the building at the time, it is computed that fully two hundred persons died. Besides these there were many more so seriously injured that they died of the fire or the crush that they had to undergo in the hospital. Among the dead, the most distinguished was the Duchess d'Alencon, sister of the Empress of Austria. Her fate resulted in the death of her uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, the distinguished son of King Louis Philippe. He was seized with apoplexy after reading the news of his niece's death and expired in a few minutes. All the dead were men and women of high rank, members of families famous in the history of France. The tragedy is all the more shocking because of the contrast with the lives of the victims. The high-born men and women had been reared from the ordinary ills of life and were accustomed to ease and luxury and the pleasures of the most frivolous, pleasure-loving society in the world. It would,

therefore, be especially horrible to them to come to such an end, for which it is to be feared, their lives, in many cases, could have given them no preparation. Their fate was like that with which God threatened the haughty daughters of his people:

And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet spices there shall be rottenness; and instead of well-set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sack-cloth; and burning instead of beauty. (Isa. 3:24.)

A Double Funeral Service.

A family quarrel has developed at Elizabeth, N. J., out of the death of one of the citizens. He had occasion some time ago to seek medical advice and was ultimately obliged to go into a hospital. He was a Protestant but some of his relatives who are Roman Catholics, succeeded in gaining for him admission to the Catholic Hospital of the Alexian Brothers. They did not, however, succeed in saving the man's life. He died in the hospital, and the body was sent to his home for inter-

ment. It appears that before his death he was admitted to the Catholic Church, and his relatives were duly notified of the fact by the hospital authorities. The Catholics among them attended on the day of the funeral with a priest who conducted the funeral service over the body. An hour later a Methodist minister arrived with Protestant relatives of the deceased and conducted a Protestant service. It is a serious fact that both sets of relatives contend that there was only one service, as the other did not amount to anything. They are both right, if by their expression they mean any benefit to the dead man. Salvation would be much easier than it is, if it could be effected by the services held over the dead body.

And I saw the dead small and great stand before God... and the dead were judged according to their works. (Rev. 20:12.)

Caught by the Tide.

A singular accident befell a boy last week at Hoboken, N. J. He hired a boat from a local boat-house and rowed out for an afternoon's fishing. The place he finally selected after trying several others was under the bridge of a ferry-house. He remained for an hour or more intent on his sport and then, being tired, lay down in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep. He was rudely awakened some two hours later by the boat striking violently against the bridge. The tide had risen while he slept and he realized

Seeking Buried Gold.

A report comes from Springfield, Me., that a clue has been obtained to a long-sought treasure. It is several thousand dollars in eagles and double eagles which a Maine farmer is known to have hidden and which have never been found. In 1863, the farmer, who was a pronounced

that if it rose many more inches, the boat would fill and sink. He made desperate efforts to force the boat from under the bridge, but it was quite fast. It seemed then as if death was inevitable. He shouted and batted with the butt of the oar on the flooring of the bridge just above his head. One of the bridge employees heard him and climbed down on the piling and looked under the bridge. He saw the boat, but could not get it out. Finally axes were procured and the flooring of the bridge immediately over the boat was torn up. The boy crawled through the aperture and was saved. The rescue came only just in time. The boat was already half full of water. In another quarter of an hour it was full and if the boy had remained in it he would have been drowned. It is safe to predict that that boy will never go to sleep in a boat again. It will be well for him, too, if his escape teaches him to be on his guard against spiritual sleep from which he may wake to find his soul in peril.

Lighten my eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death. (Ps. 13:3.)

thirty years ago by the farmer and is trying to arrange for an exploration in the success of which, he will have a share. There will be plenty of people ready to help him. It is a pity that there is not similar earnestness in the other search to which this is compared.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field. (Matt. 13:44.)

Lions in the Cellar.

A startling discovery was made a few days ago by a farmer in Alameda County, California. Two weeks ago he moved into a new house that had not been occupied since it was built. He was busy for the first few days of his occupancy with his farm work, and his women folk were putting their furniture in place, putting down carpets and fixing the shades. There had been no occasion to go into the cellar. When things were getting straight, the farmer's wife opened the cellar door, intending to go down and explore, but a strange, unearthly noise frightened her away. She told her husband about it when he came in, and he took his gun and descended the stairs. He stood still for a moment peering around in the gloom. Suddenly a large California lioness bounded past him and ran up the stairs and away before he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to shoot at her. The eyes of the lion could be seen glaring in the darkness. In another moment he, too, made a rush for the stairs, but the farmer, by this time, was on the alert. He fired and brought down one of the largest lions that has been seen in that section. A search of the cellar brought to light four fine cubs only a few days old. Very few men have had the thrilling experience of finding lions in their cellar, but it is common enough for men to discover in their lower nature enemies in their passions and propensities more to be dreaded than these fierce beasts.

The heart of the sons of men is full of evil and madness is in their heart while they live. (Eccles. 9:3.)

Titles for Sale.

A circular issued by a dealer in European titles, decorations, etc., has found its way to the office of the New York Sun. The document, as published by that journal, is in the style of an ordinary trade prospectus, but the commodities it offers are not of the kind generally regarded as articles of purchase and sale. The dealer is prepared to do business with persons wishing to be made barons, counts or baronets. He guarantees to raise to the nobility any person who will pay him specified sums, ranging from five hundred dollars to fifteen thousand. The lowest price is for an Italian title of the lowest class. A baronetcy, also Italian, is offered for fifteen hundred, and the highest prices are for the titles of count and baron from central European lands. The decorations offered are Turkish, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Austrian and German. They range from the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, which costs seven hundred dollars, to the Austrian Knight's Cross of the Order of the Iron Crown, which costs fifteen thousand dollars. The dealer frankly explains that he has not these orders and titles in his possession, and therefore cannot sell them. Only reigning princes can confer them. But the dealer professes to be able, by secret means which he does not explain, to influence these reigning princes so that they will confer them on his patrons. The sums required are to be regarded as payments for exerting this influence, not as the cost of the patent of nobility or the decoration. That the offer is genuine may be inferred from the fact that no money is to be paid until the title or decoration is secured. The transaction is therefore practically a purchase. This shows that money has power to obtain entrance to a sphere which it has been usually supposed was reserved exclusively for merit. If people are willing to spend their money in that way no great harm is done, but it is important to remember that the highest nobility of all—the nobility of heaven can never be gained by money, although the attempt has been made:

Thy money perish with thee because thou hast thought that the gift of God can be purchased with money. (Acts 8:20.)



THE INDUSTRIAL PALACE IN PARIS WHERE THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS WERE LAID.



BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE.

A Land of Old Customs and Slow Changes —Woman and Her Position.

CHANGES occur slowly in the Orient. Travelers passing through eastern lands at the present day find very little difference in dress, customs and general appearance from what other travelers found a century before. Burmah, sometimes called the Empire of Ava, is one of the most conservative of oriental countries, and its people, who during the present century have come into closer contact with western civilization than at any time in their previous history, still cling almost universally to the old established conventional usage in dress manners, language, and belief. Buddhism is the prevailing religion, and it finds its highest expression in this peculiar land, whose people are priest-ridden to a great degree. It is a land of priests and temples, and the chief part of the education of its youth consists in the teaching of Buddhist formulas and maxims. Until the English obtained control, it was the universal custom for every boy, on leaving school, to take the "yellow robe"—the first step of qualification for the priestly office. Since the introduction of western educational methods and government schools, a considerable proportion of the children are permitted to follow the new order of education, and thus the Buddhist monasteries are deprived of many promising young novices.

Although the Burmans are Mongols, they have nothing in common with the characteristic Mongol traits, as they are found among the Chinese. They are somewhat diminutive in stature and flat-faced, with black hair, and skin of a brownish color, and with a pleasant expression and a soft, euphonious language of monosyllables. They dress very simply, the *tu-gene*, a white linen jacket, being common to both sexes. A garment called the *put so*, several yards long, is worn by the men, wrapped around the lower part of the body, while the women wear a thin gossamer-like fabric of silk or wool. Ladies of wealth are extremely fond of rich dresses, and the costume of those who belong to the titled class is often such as would appear in western eyes to be little less than a mass of frippery and ornamentation.

Our photograph of a young lady of rank is a very fair type of the dress of the higher class in Burmese society. Among the peasants, however, the costume is usually very simple, and of the cheapest material. As a race, the men are well made and fond of athletics, and the mechanics and other industrial workers are very skilful. Like the Japanese, the Burmese are a merry people, and delight in festivals and public entertainments. Much time is spent in amusement; but they are extremely industrious, the women buying, selling, weaving, and attending to household duties, and the men keeping busy at their different avocations. They are temperate and hardy, but somewhat quick-tempered. As a nation, they have little patriotism, and are deficient in that courage which goes to make brave soldiers

and patriotic defenders. They would rather be left alone to pursue the even tenor of their simple lives in the rice fields or among their oxen, than called to shine either on fields of war or diplomacy.

Burmese architecture is one of the marvels of the East. Their temples and monasteries are even beautiful in design and remarkable in execution. One of the finest groups of buildings ever devoted to the use of religion is the Royal Monastery near Mandalay, where, as a distinguished writer has said, "Every building is magnificent, every inch carved with the ingenuity of a Chinese toy, and the whole ablaze with gold-leaf and looking-glass." Pagodas, shrines and temples appear everywhere. At Rangoon is a temple of beautiful design, which is declared to contain eight hairs of Buddha. It has a multitude of bells, staircases, decorations, and carvings, and is a popular shrine, especially on the great feast days,



A BURMESE LADY OF RANK.



PLEASURE CART DRAWN BY OXEN, A VEHICLE COMMONLY USED IN BURMAH.

when many thousands gather to present gifts to the gods. A strange thing about this idol-worship is that the idols are usually perishable, being made of wood, and rarely of metal.

Social life in Burmah has its peculiarities. Marriage is not a religious ceremony, but funerals are the occasion of a great deal of monkish display and activity. Until very recently, cremation was the most popular form of disposing of the dead.

The Flowers of May.

May is the first real month of blossoms. Though there may be a few in April, it is in the month dedicated to Flora that the old earth puts on her best hues and flashes resplendent in her finery of blue and white, yellow and crimson. The tender little mayflowers that we gather in our woods have their counterpart in the hawthorn of England, where it was customary during the middle ages for all both high and low—even the Court itself—to go out on the first of May morning at an early hour "to fetch the flowers fresh." Hawthorn branches were also gathered;

and were brought home about sunrise, with accompaniments of horn and tabor, and all possible signs of joy and merriment. With these the people decorated the doors and windows of their houses. By a natural transition of ideas, they gave the hawthorn bloom the name of the "May;" they called the ceremony "the bringing home the May," and spoke of the expedition to the woods as "going a-Maying." In our own country, within the recollection of many now living, school excursions and picnics occurring in the month of May were called "going a-Maying."

Pity for Dumb Creatures.

A subscriber in Newbern, Va., sends us this note in answer to L. K. L., of Ozeand, Va., whose letter we recently published. L. K. L. inquired how many of our readers would help in trying to prevent God's dumb creatures being mistreated:

I will plead for them as long I have breath. My prayer often is: "Oh, great and merciful Lord, soften the hearts of all thy people so that it will be impossible for them to cruelly treat any living creature." It makes my heart ache when I think how people are treating the poor cattle for a little gam, robbing them of the horns the Lord gave them, and in such a cruel way. May their moan and bellowing be a prayer to God for the arresting of their wrongs. I will also plead for the horse. After being faithfully served by it through the years of its usefulness, when it has, through old age, become no longer profitable, they sell the horse to some very poor person who they know will half starve it. No one, if I understand the teachings of the Bible aright, can claim to be charitable who withholds charity from even the least of God's creatures. May the dear Lord raise up many such true and noble

THE BEST OF YOUTH.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth
Though once they would have joyed in
carnal sense;
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the
A seeing sense that knows the etern
A heart with pity filled and gentlest r
A manly faith that makes all darkne
Give me the power to labor for manki
Make me the mouth of such as
speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and bli
A conscience to the base; and to the pak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the blis
mind;
To lead still further on such as thy gl
seek.

ANOTHER FLOWER CLOCK

SOMETIME ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a letter from a reader abroad, in which it was made of a wonderful garden flowers were so chosen and arranged and opened and shut with such precision as to serve as a clock. Now comes into of another "floral time-piece," which is being planned by Instructor Ous of the Botanical Division, University of California, at Berkeley, Cal. Mr. hout proposes to cultivate his garden in the university grounds, arranging plants in dial form. The hours of the day are to be indicated by the opening and closing of buds. "The work of producing such a clock will be a task, and a great deal of planning will be necessary to find out what flowers should be put around the circle to indicate time. The garden will be the only one of the kind in the States. By getting the right varieties of flowers we can mark all the hours of the day, and some of the half hours too. The flowers will be arranged like a clock, and in the morning they would begin to open, and the different varieties at different periods according to the light and heat. Gradually the opening flowers would extend around the circle, until at night the circle would be all in bloom. The first garden of the kind was at Upsala, Sweden, where the botanist Linnaeus. There, one in Paris, and efforts have been made to cultivate them in the United States, but owing to the climate they have not been very successful. I think the California climate is well adapted for such an experiment."

White House Souvenirs.

Before leaving the White House, Mrs. Cleveland, always mirroring her friends, looked over the collection of articles that had been sent to her during her years of occupancy. Chief among the gifts were people who live in the country. Among the gifts were bed-quilts, the "crazy" pattern, which had been taken years to sew and embroider rag carpets, one of them made of pieces of clothing, worn by several generations of the same family, and woolen panels depicting religious scenes, and a host of similar things are strewn about, each and every one showing much kindly thought. Mrs. Cleveland says that all the kind will be treasured in the home of the family. Accompanying the gifts came many kindly letters, some them patriotic, others full of enthusiastic admiration, and all breathing the spirit of genuine good-will which cannot love to show to those who have so highly honored. The collection themselves would make a very interesting volume.

A Note of Spring.

A meadow swung on a blue stem blade—
Swung and sang while he merrily swayed
And this the burden of his song,
Spring has come! Spring has come!
A prairie dog peeped from his house that day
Sniffed the air, then heard the lay,
And told Mrs. Owl as she droned along,
The wonderful news that spring had come!
A violet raised her pale blue head,
Nodded and smiled and cheerily said
To her neighbor dandelion, looking forth
"Cheer up, dear sister, the spring has come!"
What though the heart without looked sad
The heart within was merry and glad,
And all who that day heard the song,
Felt cheered and happy for spring had come.

friends as Mrs. L. K. L., to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.

A Helpmeet Indeed!

An exchange relates this interesting incident: On a recent Sunday, a Brooklyn pastor found himself suffering from a severe cold. His voice grew more and more husky as he proceeded, and at length, after struggling with the impediment unsuccessfully, he stopped in the middle of his discourse and said: "I shall be obliged to ask my wife to finish my sermon for me." As she came up into the pulpit he pointed out the place in his manuscript which he had reached and, turning to his congregation, exclaimed: "My wife has not read the manuscript, but I think she can get along with it." She gracefully completed the discourse in a clear, firm voice, notwithstanding the sudden emergency and the unusual position; after which her husband came back into the pulpit to conclude the services of the morning, saying as he did so, "A friend in need is a wife indeed"—a felicitous benediction to which the congregation must have wished to say "Amen."

FRUIT-BEARING.

Mysterious Union of the Divine Nature
With the Human the Source of Power
and service in Christ's Cause.

How much of the mystery of life remains to be discovered, is not known to the wisest among us. During the past half century more has been learned about it than in many previous centuries.

The whole aspect and perspective have changed and clues are now in our hands which may lead to results altogether unimagined. This much, however, may be predicted: a new light will come from those wonderful words (John 1:9), some of the most wonderful mysteries that Christ uttered while on earth. There is undoubtedly a meaning in them that as yet we cannot grasp, but practically we have learned something of its working. We have seen by many a mortifying failure that a glorious triumph, that benediction and us there is, in some inexorable way, a communication of power is the power and life that the vine sends its branches. Separated from self-confidence, by self-reliance, or by sin, neither logic nor eloquence nor the most approved methods are successful. Joined with him, relying solely upon him, the weak and most common-place instruments can do what we wonder at the success that a simple unadorned talk; we are able to see souls brought to Christ by teaching that seems feeble, illogical, puerile, while eloquence and eloquence prove ineffective. The explanation here. The branch abiding in the vine bears fruit. How one life can be another, we know not, but Christ would we see that it is so. Life is a simple and complicated thing we have yet perceived and there are vast possibilities that as yet we have not grasped. Christ as the source of life and power is a momentous fact. We are yet to come spiritual life beyond our present conception.

There is encouragement here for weak souls. Battling with temptation, struggling with pollution to be pure, striving for impotence to tell to others what is to us and what he may be to make grow impatient with our own weakness. But with his life flowing into our spiritual being as the sap of the vine passes into the branches, let us say we not do, what height of spiritual attainment may we not hope to reach. See what power we will wield in our prayer: "Ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." There is no restriction. The one condition that we abide in him and the one condition in him is to keep his commandments. To do this we must resign ourselves which is dear to the human heart. We will must be given up: we shall be will but his. Many pleasures are renounced: we cannot take his life into the theatre and the ballroom. We cannot "push to the front;" he bade us take the lowest place. We cannot stand up for our rights: he sends us not to resist injury. It seems that we give up our lives: what loathes his life shall save it. The weakest and poorest of us can do this and can abide in the vine.

There is no Sunday service, no occasional intermittent connection, but a constant and perpetual union. There is a communion of sacred and secular life, affection and perfect loyalty pervading all our lives, we walk in business, social life and in the home as one. To be like him—that is the true object and purpose of our being, which we are ready to sacrifice all for, it is more than that. The union is not an imitation. It is his life that we live. The branch has no independent life. How this sanctifies even the meanest duty. Everything is done by his name and in his name. Thus his life in the world became perpetual. The world is in every good work that is done by his people. It is his life that they live, not for their own, and out of it, as in the days of flesh, come the healing and the blessing and the transformation of the world. This brings perfect peace and a new life connected with him as the branch in the vine we bear fruit.



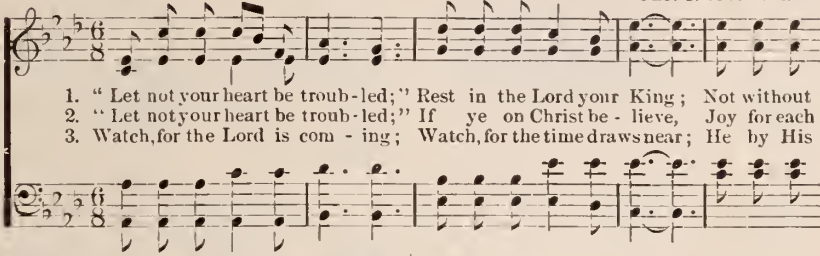
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Comfort ye one Another.

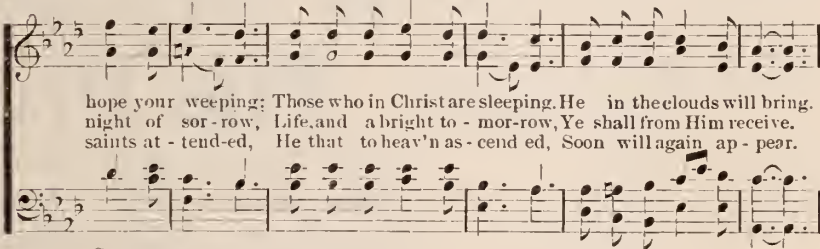
"Wherefore comfort one another."—1 THESS. 4: 18.

F. J. CROSBY

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

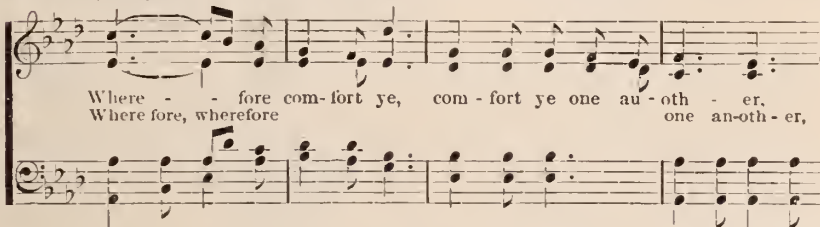


- 1. "Let not your heart be troubled;" Rest in the Lord your King; Not without
- 2. "Let not your heart be troubled;" If ye on Christ believe, Joy for each
- 3. Watch, for the Lord is coming; Watch, for the time draws near; He by His

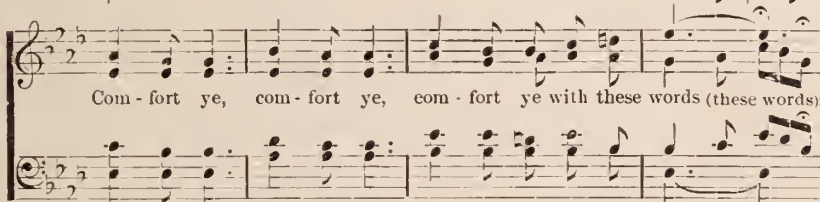


hope your weeping; Those who in Christ are sleeping. He in the clouds will bring.
night of sorrow, Life, and a bright to-morrow, Ye shall from Him receive.
saints attend-ed, He that to heav'n as-cend-ed, Soon will again ap-pear.

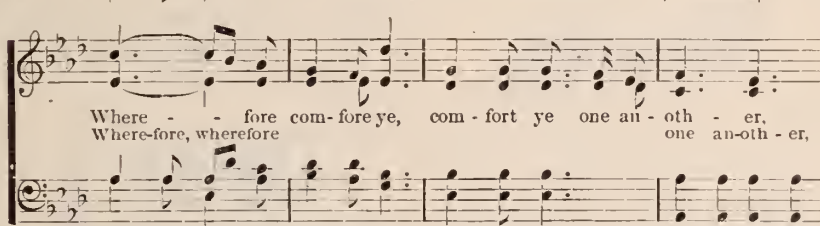
CHORUS.



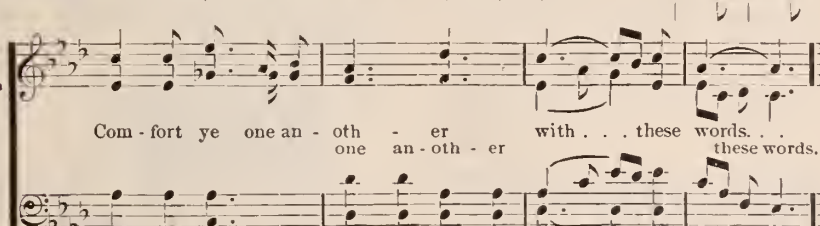
Where-fore com-fort ye, com-fort ye one an-oth-er.
Where fore, wherefore one an-oth-er,



Com-fort ye, com-fort ye, com-fort ye with these words (these words);



Where-fore com-fort ye, com-fort ye one an-oth-er.
Where-fore, wherefore one an-oth-er,



Com-fort ye one an-oth-er with these words. . . these words.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

HARK, POOR INDIA!

HARK, poor India's Bitter wailing!

Hear her mournful cry,
"Give us bread, for we are starving;
Help us or we die!"

'Tis a voice that calls in the solemn night
From over the rolling deep;
'Tis a voice that calls through the hours of light
While angels watch and weep.

Hark, poor India's bitter wailing!

Sadly, longingly,
Many millions are appealing
Unto you and me.

Were the Master here would we turn from Him
In his hour of misery?
"Inasmuch as ye did it unto them
Ye did it unto Me."

In His Name as sons and daughters
Of our Heavenly King,
Let us send across the waters
Some sweet offering.
Be it princely gift or the widow's mite
Yon ebbing life 'twill stay,
Till India's cloud shall turn to light,
Her shadows roll away.

St. Cloud, Minn. ELLA BINGHAM GOULD.

THE VISION OF THE EPHAH.

The Last Years of the Dispensation to be
Years of Commercial Supremacy.

BY W. MAUDE.

(Continued from page 393.)



It is obvious from the considerations mentioned in the previous article on this subject, that there is to be a period, during which commerce is to rule the earth—a period when an ephah might fitly be emblazoned on the banner of each kingdom of the Roman world as the device best suited to indicate where the secret of its influence lay. "This said the angel in allusion to the ephah, "This is their eye," i. e. this is that to which they have an eye—the object on which their attention rests—"in all the earth." "This ephah is that towards which all those who dwell in the land look with longing eyes. Wherever thieves and perjured persons are to be found throughout the land, and in all the earth, their eyes are ever to weights and measures, their whole thoughts are turned towards the acquisition of earthly gain." "This is their eye through all the earth."

At first the ephah, it would seem, was all that the prophet beheld, and in this there was nothing either to startle or alarm; on the contrary, it presented a very pleasing and reassuring appearance as contrasted with the other more familiar forms of earthly power. The sceptre of the king, the sword of the warrior, the mitre of the priest, all these men have long learned, by bitter experience, to dread; but the reign of commerce promises the development of the earth's resources for the benefit of humanity, the cessation of war, as that which above all else interferes with its advancement, and the friendly intercourse of nation with nation. Such is man's thought, and hence we are continually hearing trade eulogised as the great civilizer and benefactor of the human race, while its image is ever represented upon a cornucopia, out of which the fruits of the earth are pouring forth, and bearing in her hand the olive branch of peace.

While the prophet's eye was yet fixed, in a kind of terrible fascination, upon the mysterious woman seated in the ephah, he suddenly beheld "a talent of lead"—a heavy circular plate of that metal—lifted up in the angel's hand, from which it presently descended, crushing down the woman into the interior of the ephah, and, by closing its mouth, imprisoning her within it. What are we to learn from this? Two things, at least, it seems intended to teach us.

First, we may learn from it that when there is "wickedness" in trade it is hidden under a specious appearance. It does not proclaim its lawlessness; on the contrary, it presents itself to those who view it from without under an aspect of utility and even of beneficence. It is the patron of science, the nurse of art, the employer of labor, the civilizer of the dark places of the earth, even the pioneer of religion.

Secondly, the imprisonment of the woman in the ephah seems designed to teach us the solemn truth that this "wickedness" is inseparable from the trade system as it now exists and will be more fully developed in the world. The thought may naturally have passed the mind of the reader of the preceding pages, "But all trading is not necessarily thus evil; every man engaged in trade is not a rogue." Assuredly not. I am speaking of the system—the prophet's vision has reference to the system—not to the individuals.

Moreover, the evil of the system has not yet culminated. The system itself, as the vision plainly indicates, is formed secretly, for it is represented as hidden in the ephah. "And nothing," says Mr. Newton, "can be more true. Sheltering itself under the excuse of expediency, England, which more than any nation owns the sway of the ephah, has secretly and stealthily adopted principles which it is still ashamed to avow as the fixed acknowledged rules of its conduct. Many a sentiment has dropped from the lips of legislators and statesmen, and acted on, has not become one of the recognized principles of the State."

(To be Continued.)

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER XI—Concl.
Steve is Wanted.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

Jessie was clever enough to make good her own standing; to gradually render herself almost indispensable. She lifted so many little cares, did so much necessary shopping, saw people whom Mrs. Lloyd and Alice did not wish to see, wrote notes of ceremony, etc., etc., and day by day so encroached on everyone's duties, that the keys of the Lloyd mansion, figuratively speaking, fell absolutely into her hands. And through all these changes Steve was becoming daily more and more infatuated with his wife's beauty and cleverness, and more and more subject to her influence and control.

It must, however, be admitted that Jessie's rapid accession to power was greatly aided by Alice's careless abrogation of it. The unhappy girl was walking through the Valley of Humiliation, and it is a fact, that most of us prefer to take that lowly road without witnesses. After her interview with Mr. Rives she had written a few sad but positive words to Lord Medway, releasing both of them from an engagement that seemed so allied to misfortune and disappointment; and the young man had accepted his "unhappy destiny" without any gainsaying. Across that chapter of her life she had written "finished," and she knew that it was finished. She knew, also, that she had done right; but an approving conscience does not relieve or release from consequences. These have been created, and must be borne; and it is well for us that there is no release from them. Such experiences bring the sweet austerity of sacrifice, and that serenity of submission which is the harvest-song of inward peace. Alice had not yet attained unto this excellent condition, but she was slowly following after it. On the bread of bitterness, she was growing to her full stature; and then one day, this thing happened to her.

Another nurse was needed very urgently. Steve could not leave his father; Jessie was out for the day, and Mrs. Lloyd asked Alice to go to a certain address near Chelsea Square. "I have seen the man, and he is very suitable," she said; "and I could write for him, but if you will take the carriage, and drive to his home, we shall have him here some hours earlier."

"I will go at once, Mother," she answered, and she did so. Having finished her errand, she was driving past the Theological Seminary in that locality; and the quaint, vine-covered building, which she had never seen before, arrested her attention. "It is like a corner from some old English Cathedral town," she thought; "such a bit of beauty, and rest, and peace, near the river, is simply wonderful." And as she gazed, she saw several men and women, with prayer books in their hands, enter the building. Her message was delivered, her curiosity was aroused; nay, it was something wiser and more potent than mere curiosity; it was that warm impression of the soul, to which we give the name of presentiment, that whispered to her "go in and be comforted."

She bid the coachman wait for her, and followed the two's and three's through the gateway, into a lovely little chapel. The organ was prelude the service in a nobly majestic invocation, and ere it was finished, a large orderly body of young men filed into the stalls, and knelt in prayer. The little congregation bowed with them, then came the officiating pastor, and his sweet clear voice filled the whole space, with those pathetic entreaties, with which sinful men best approach their Maker:

"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities."

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.

"O Lord correct me, but with judgment;

not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Music and Intercession, the thrilling march of young men, singing, "The Lord is a man of War," the pathos, and the calm assurance of the responses—the verbal music of the pastor's noble reading of the noblest words in the language, all these went to Alice's heart, and melted its frost with infinite tenderness; and watered it, with the rain of sorrowful tears; and filled it, with the joy of believing.

"My dear Lord God!" she prayed, "Take me to the rest of Thy Will be Done." Then she was comforted. She rose with the congregation, and the sweet music of the Benediction fell upon her heart. She had accepted, and she had been accepted; and she went back to her home, literally a changed woman. God had spoken a word to her. Is any one ever the same after that wondrous experience?

Who that one moment, hath the least desisted Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers, that are not, and that are?

CHAPTER XII.

The Church of the Future.

The experience which does not make us better, makes us worse; and there was in Jessie's case a constant disintegration of character. She had obtained the uttermost desire of her vain, ambitious heart; and she considered this result to be the fruit of her own tact and superior wisdom. No credit was given to the force of circumstances; none to her husband's love; none to the unselfish tolerance of Mrs. Lloyd and Alice. She believed that she had forced the position, and she prided herself on her strategy and sagacity.

All the long, dreary winter she held firmly the reins of the Lloyd household, and she was never weary of pointing out to Steve how cleverly she did so. And as Steve was not accustomed to look

(Continued on next page.)

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from preceding page.)

the surface of events, he was and delighted with Jessie's social life. He even began to have some for a society that was capable of creating and endorsing his idea of a woman and a desirable wife. Jessie, after all, ruled only because of the circumstances. Mrs. Lloyd's stung watch by her husband's side for no time for either domestic or duties, and Alice bore this burden in measure with her.

which Alice had trouble which peculiarly her own. Soon after Christmas began to be reports of a marriage between Miss Leavenworth and Lord Medway. Some papers averred this case, and others as positively asserted that the engagement between Miss and Lord Medway was still in force, the marriage only delayed by the illness of the bride's father. Reporters after by requests for an interview, and acquaintances hinted or spoke on the subject; there were still stirrings from distant friends of congratulations, or wedding gifts, and the unmarried girl was thankful to escape from contact with a world that at this time had nothing but annoyances to offer. No one could deny that Jessie filled the place she had taken with great success. She dressed to it with taste and grace; she understood the servants well, and made them fulfill their duties and do the last tittle of their work, and she won for herself a very real adherence and admiration among the acquaintances of the Lloyd family. Making friends with the mammon righteousness, as John would say, he laughingly told Steve, "when we have our own house again my visiting list will be with the best in the city." And he had not the courage to oppose this idea. He thought it would be so wait until there was a proposition to make it.

As Good Friday dawned this unusual condition of family affairs was to its climax. Alice was awakened by her mother out of a deep sleep, and saw that on her face, which needed explanation, "Go back to him," she uttered, "and I will be with you in five minutes." Then she drew up the blind in the pale grey light, and as she felt the miserable influence of the sunset, then saddening the skies, and the crack of clouds driven onward by the wind. Insensibly, she was terrified for the living soul, and as she put on some things she began to pray. Her words full of the stress and hurry of the parting hour, and as she hastened up the dim way to the death room she could but move over and over with a constantly increasing intensity "Lord Jesus! save him in my mercy's sake!"

The end was close at hand, the silver binding the mortal to immortality loosened. Nicholas Lloyd was drifting idly beyond the reach or ken of any love. Whether he was conscious of his departure or not it was impossible to determine. His wide open eyes were a sombre gloom and pitifully restless. He was evidently imploring some stratification. Steve understood this, and watched him with a reluctance and sorrow that was inexpressible. "Mother," he whispered, "I know what he wants. I'll give him it?" She looked her assurance rather than spoke, and Steve took from his pocket some bank bills, and put them into the fingers that were already

the dying man was no longer able to hold and finger them. His last earthly consolation had departed. It was a prelude to death. Perhaps he then, for the first time realized it, but speech was gone. He looked with awful inquiry into Steve's eyes, and then became suddenly still. A serene calmness, a terrible desolation marked that last hour, and the faces of those that loved him were filled with dread and sadness.

This last solemn journey of the freed soul was accompanied and followed by prayer and prayer. Wherever its course led it took with it the implorations of the souls that believed and trusted in the infinite, illimitable mercy of God. "Oh, Alice," said Alice to her mother, "the which has begun with man's forgetfulness will be crowned with God's forgiveness. Father himself will now see

right and wrong with the eyes of immortality. Do you think his soul will cease to pray when it has left the body? Perhaps, dear mother, it may now pray with a stronger and deeper sense of its need."

"Oh, Alice, if I could only think thus!" "Is it not better, mother, to trust God too much than too little? May we not plead for a man with God as man pleadeth for his neighbor?"

"My doubts are great." "My faith is beyond all doubts, for it rests on the love of God, and who shall separate us from that love, height nor depth, nor any other thing," and her face shone and her assertion had all the conclusiveness of an intuition.

"But we are taught, Alice." "Ah, mother! I have come to believe that nothing goes to heaven but love, and that love can open the kingdom of heaven to all who pray at its gates. Any way we will not despair. Dr. Robertson says 'that is the unpardonable sin and a heavier weight than all the sins committed.'"

Alice knew of what she was speaking. She had arrived at that point where the satisfied soul can be glad for "the good time when it was unhappy." Her days of affliction and disappointment had been turned into days of silence and prayer, flowing on like drops from the honey-comb: a spiritual joy utterly incomprehensible to the pride of drudging souls sworn to mammon: a spiritual faith founded on that tender revelation—God is love. Therefore she believed the anger of God to be but for a moment, and his pity to be eternal. He had commanded us to love our enemies, and she could not believe that he would disobey his own command. On her knees she humbly tried to hope that mercy might be shown even to one who had so slighted and disdainfully used the infinite loving-kindness.

Now, if perfume be sprayed into a room it may not be visible to the eye, but we are sensible of its presence, and so this element of hope in God's mercy lifted the intolerable gloom of despair and made it possible for the living to endure the stress of days and nights that held no other hope. For the home—in which Nicholas Lloyd had been the pervading thought—in a very few days knew him no more. All tokens of his suffering presence were removed, his very name was unspoken. Dead and buried, who is so soon forgotten as the merely rich man? His gold is his no longer, and he has nothing else to leave. There were a few paragraphs about the dead millionaire in the daily papers—an account of the funeral—and then oblivion—nothing, not even pity or regret.

(To be Continued.)

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

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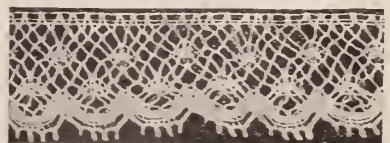
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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE HEROISM OF FAITH.



R. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, the well-known Evangelist, belongs to the roll of honor on which is inscribed the modern "Heroes of the Faith." Dr. Chapman's dominant characteristic is the heroic quality of his faith. He firmly believes that God is able and willing, at any moment, to save any man rich or poor,

family had been broken up through his sin, and he had led as dissolute a life as one could possibly follow. All his earnings were spent in the saloons—he was profane, and sinful in fact in almost every way common to man. People who knew him thought him hardly worth saving, and so he had been practically forsaken by Christians.

Dr. Chapman was holding revival meetings in Greenbush, just across the river from Albany, N. Y. One evening John Pearl was sitting in a saloon, when some one said: "Chapman is preaching in the Presbyterian Church to-night." This arrested Pearl's attention, and he said: "I'll go and hear him." The bystanders laughed at the idea of old John Pearl going to church, but he started out. When he reached the church his courage failed him. He said to himself: "No one will want me. I am nothing but a poor drunkard. I am dirty and almost in rags." And so he hurried away to the saloon. But God would not let him go, and he was soon back again at the church door, and almost before he knew it, he was in the church and in the second pew from the front. For a part of the service he seemed stupefied; then he began to give the truth his attention, and when the invitation was given his was the first hand lifted, and in the after meeting he was the first to fall upon his knees, and there God met him, and he was wonderfully converted.

John Pearl became a member of the church, and has been a faithful, loyal follower of Jesus Christ ever since. Only once has he been tempted to drink. One day the devil made a dead set for his soul. It seemed as if the tiger thirst for strong drink would drive him wild, but like Joseph in Potiphar's palace, he fled from the face of his temptation, and going home he cried unto God for deliverance. His cry was heard, and from that day until this he has been entirely free from the appetite for strong drink. His life seems to flow on as sweetly and securely as if he had never known thirteen years of misery and wretchedness.

I have chosen these two cases, standing in such strong contrast, out of the thousands of men who have been led to Christ through the charming brotherliness and heroic faith of Dr. Chapman's ministry.

Babylonian Tablets.

Prof. Prince, of New York University, announces that its Semitic department has received a valuable gift of 204 ancient Babylonian tablets, which were found at Tello, in Southern Babylonia in 1895. The most important is a black baked-clay cylinder, inscribed in old Babylonian characters, which is in practically perfect condition, and can only be matched in the Louvre collections, which came from the same site. Prof. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, says that it must date back as far as 3,000 B. C. Prof. Prince will publish the inscription as soon as possible.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. C. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 167 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Don't you know that nearly everyone needs a good medicine at this season? And don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and health restorer?

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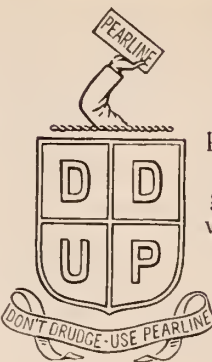
learned or ignorant, and instantly transform him from a penitent sinner to a righteous saint. A great many people profess to believe that, but when a man really does believe it, and goes about the world living up to his faith, he is a hero.

Dr. Chapman has great success in reaching men. He is such a simple, straightforward, manly man himself, that men believe in him at first glance. At a young men's meeting in Saginaw, Mich., two or three years since, Dr. Chapman was urging men to an immediate decision for Christ. Colonel Bliss, an ex-member of Congress, and one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the State had but just entered the room, when the impassioned appeal of the evangelist, "Do it now! Do it now!" fell on his ears. With a sudden impulse, making a decision on the instant, Colonel Bliss arose and simply said, "I will." The whole question of his salvation was settled. The battle he had been waging for years was won. Before a great assemblage of men in Detroit, a few weeks later, he gave this testimony:

"I was deeply convicted in my early life—but the war came on. I enlisted and stifled my convictions for the time being. Then I was taken prisoner, and determined that if I was only released I would be a Christian. My release came, and I said, I will wait till the war is ended—and that came to pass, and I was still undecided. Then I said I must give my attention to business, and after I have made a competency I will be a Christian. I achieved that, but I still delayed. Every day it seemed to grow more difficult, and I had almost lost hope. My conversion seemed an impossibility. But one night I heard Dr. Chapman say the three words, 'Do it now.' And I said that is a message for me, and with a tremendous effort I stood up and said, 'I will.' In me hardly I received a blessing. God certainly revealed himself to me, and from that day I have been more than happy. And 'revelation,' he said to the five thousand men present, 'if you would have the easiest time—the safest time—in fact, God's time to be saved, I repeat the words, 'Do it now!'"

Colonel Bliss has been a most devoted enthusiastic Christian ever since.

A very different man was John Pearl, who for thirteen years had scarcely drawn a single breath, and for the same length of time had not been in the church, except occasionally to attend a funeral. His



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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Moving and House Cleaning

MAY-DAY which comes up just before us is not all over the country the formidable and important anniversary which it is in the neighborhood of New York. Here and in adjacent cities it is commonly accepted as a period when people flit from one home to another—sometimes to improve their environment, quite often without much gain either in comfort or convenience. There are of course, even in our towns, many people who own homes and remain in them with the year after year; other people, having selected an abode, dislike giving up the nest, which moving and still others who endure ceremonies with comparative fortitude should change the state and keep

There is likewise a great host among us who are practically nomadic and do not mind in the least pulling down their tent and pitching them again around the next corner across the town. It is not very difficult to pick up one's belongings and move from one flat to another; and if you exchange dark rooms for sunny ones, satisfactory plumbing for that which is in order, a disagreeable neighborhood for a pleasant one; if that is all the consideration, the rent, is to be reduced by a change, many householders do not mind in the least the labor and hardship undergone, even if there still be truth in the old proverb that three removes are as good as a new one. Indeed for sheer wasting and extravagance I think one remove can hold its own against other ills of fate.

At the watched this spring the burdened householders who plod along the streets with their trunks, boxes, bureaus, tables, carpets, and books, and all sorts of furniture, strapped and tied in great loads, and wondering whether people who love their things can bear to have them thus exposed to the public gaze, may be amazed at the pace of the period when it now finds itself, yet nothing more than it from its own quiet work—it keeps on ticking forever, never, for ever, just as it has done for a long time.

The effect on children who are growing up and allowed to live in one home without a change is certainly very marked. They require steadfastness, their minds are invaded by interruption, and they live in the tranquil air of one simple habitation. It is much to be doubted if the young people are gainers by such a shifting from church to church, from school to school; whether they would not be the whole too much better under a steady regime; and in all our moving and settling it is to be accounted whether the change is to help or hinder the progress of the stability of the neighboring churches and schools. A church can be very much injured by the leaving of several families who will do no better in another place and who were useful in that place. If we do go, let us go with a determination of helpfulness in the new home.

It may be well sometimes for us to decide whether moving or not we will move to a better or a poorer neighborhood. The statistics in college settlements tell us that the way in which what we are wont to call the "slums" will ever be redeemed lies through the settling down in

and living among them of quiet, well-conducted and comfortably living people. Of course it requires much self-denial to make up one's mind deliberately to go and dwell among those who are entirely ungentlemanly and whose modes of life are not like ours, but there are those who are willing to do this for Christ's sake. Here again, if there are boys and girls to train, there should be wise consideration of their best interests. "Mine own vinegar have I not kept," is sometimes mournfully said by those whose care for others, leads to neglect of their own families.

Apart from the question of moving, the question of the spring house-cleaning impresses itself upon everybody. I have never yet known a man who thought that there was any reason to do this. To the uneducated eyes of our husbands and fathers, carpets never need shaking, closets never need administration, the house always looks clean, and the wonder always is why the mother must disturb the reigning peace by her brushes and brooms and whitewash and kalsomine, her new paper and paint. Still they rejoice, these dear, blundering men creatures, when the fuss is over and they settle down into quietly clean and beautiful homes again. With good management the house-cleaning may be so done that everything will not be upset at once, except in those occasional times when the painters and paper-hangers come in like an invading army. Then even the best contrivers must make up their minds for a siege and get along as best they can. Health and beauty walk hand in hand in our house-cleaning, and the May sunshine, when all the world is bright and nature has had her annual house-cleaning in March and April, is apparently the time for us to enter on our spring campaign. Take it by degrees, dear mothers and daughters. There is no occasion to rush around like a cyclone. Do not court pneumonia by rash exposure, and beware of hurry and flurry. One may as well move gently and speak softly in house cleaning days as in any other gala times.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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The sufferer from Bronchitis first has a slight cough. It may be but a brief and apparently trifling coughing spell in the morning. He has chilly sensations. Toward evening he is slightly feverish. When he works or walks rapidly, or goes upstairs, he gets short of breath easily. Sometimes he has a sense of tightness or oppression of the chest.

As the disease progresses he begins to raise thick, greenish yellow matter when he coughs. He has a hectic fever and night sweats, and loses flesh and strength rapidly. In time the sufferer dies of exhaustion or becomes a consumptive.

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Physicians have been unable to cure Bronchitis, because they discovered no way to apply healing remedies directly to the membranes of the bronchial tubes. They could not cut a man's lungs open and apply medicine in that way. They could not pour liquids down his windpipe without strangling him. They were forced to give it up and acknowledge their inability to successfully combat lung diseases.

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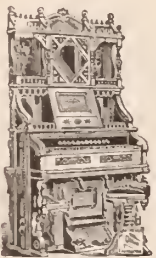
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VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 21.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE WOMAN'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

"The Door of Hope Union" and its Labors Among the Lost Girl of Many Cities—Thirty Homes Opened—A Glorious Record.

HERE is probably no class of Christian service beset by more difficulties and discouragements than that which has for its object the reclamation of the friendless and fallen girls of our great cities, yet there are few that can show more gratifying results where the efforts put forth have been conducted with a single eye to the salvation of souls. To this class belongs the Door of Hope Union, whose remarkable record as a soul-winning agency among the seemingly hopeless outcasts of society is given below. That a work of such magnitude and importance should have been the fruition of the efforts of one devoted Christian woman, who gave to the task her fortune, her energies and her whole life, is a most encouraging demonstration of the truth that the blessing rests upon those who give up everything for the Master's service, without counting the cost, and esteem the life too dear to be sacrificed for his sake.

After the founding of the Door of Hope, 102 East Sixty-first street, New York, on October 25, 1890, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore



makes it less hard for her future career. There are exceptional cases where the girl is able to "live down" the wrong done without being removed. The principal aim of this Union was, by this united system of prayer, to keep in constant spiritual touch with one another. No restrictions are put upon the management of each separate Home or its workings.

Our illustrations in this issue show a number of the Homes in different parts of the country, and also present portraits of the founder and the respective managers. Home No. 1, which was opened Oct. 25th, 1890, is strictly a Faith Work, and with Home No. 2, in Tappan, N. Y., is under the personal supervision of the founder. The workers are never burdened regarding finances. As Mrs. Whittemore herself declares: "In a little over six years, God has bestowed on the work, in answer to prayer, over \$51,000, never allowing any debt to occur, removing all mortgages, so that both Homes are free and clear, besides granting many hundred girls the opportunity of receiving religious instruction, numbers of whom are now rejoicing in a personal Saviour. Though the discouragements are great in all the Homes at times, the unanimous determination of the workers is to press forward and do their part in the salvation of all, leaving results with him who later on will reveal what they may be. Who can tell the value of one soul and what, when once redeemed, it may not accomplish? For instance, Delia, the 'Blue Bird of Mulberry Bend,' one of the lowest of creatures, the woman of a gang of thieves, when she accepted Christ, was enabled to win over a hundred souls to



THE DOOR OF HOPE MISSION, ITS FOUNDRSS, ITS HOMES, AND ITS WORKERS.
DOOR OF HOPE MISSION, NASHVILLE, TENN.

MRS. E. M. WHITEMORE.

DOOR OF HOPE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

wanted to organize what has since become known as "The Door of Hope Union." During the past four years no less than thirty-one Homes have been opened under the name of "Doors of Hope." The purpose of this Union is simply to band together these shelters for the poor girls of the street, and, through the ministry of prayer and kindness, to enable the workers to do more effective service. A system of exchange has been introduced of those entrusted to the care of the various Homes, as it is sometimes wise to remove a girl as quickly as possible from all previous surroundings and former acquaintances when she is desirous of doing right. This plan

him within eleven months. More than one member of that desperate gang is living a respectable and Christian life to-day. It is true, the number of those who continue to walk in newness of life constitutes but a small percentage of the whole, but we cannot estimate what may be accomplished for God by these reclaimed ones."

Home No. 3 was opened in Fort Wayne, Tex., by Mrs. Delia Collins, and was partially the outcome of a visit paid by her son to the New York "Door of Hope." He became deeply stirred at heart concerning the reclamation of the destitute

(Continued on page 425)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mrs. J. B. Sault ste Marie, Mich. Can a minister of the Gospel administer the Lord's Supper by right after he has resigned his pulpit and gone into the real estate business; especially when by doing so he keeps others away from the table of the Lord?

His rights in the case depend on the laws of the church in which the ceremony takes place. He should not officiate if the church has prohibited such a man as he from doing so. Apart from those laws, which he should observe for the sake of order, we see no objection to his administering the sacrament. Of course a Roman Catholic or a high churchman would be shocked, because he associates the idea of sacrifice with the ordinance and holds occult notions about it. But we can see no basis for them in the Bible. If you read the accounts of the institution of the ordinance given by the Evangelists you will see that Christ's idea was that of a simple, social meal in which the people who love him should join in token of their brotherhood in Christ and their common reverence for him. People who stay away from the Lord's table because the ordinance is administered by a man who earns his livelihood in honest business do not show their good sense.

Gnosco, Rochester, N. Y. How is a Christian to know what his special work is?

Providence opens the way for him to do it. Experience, too, is of some use. A man speedily learns what work he is best adapted for. If a man holds himself ready to do any kind of work that needs to be done, however humble, and does not strive to do the kind of work that will bring him honor and fame, he need not long be unemployed.

C. F. C., Elgin, Mich. Why do you never publish in your column on prophecy articles from men who believe that the Second Coming of Christ will be spiritual and not a personal actual coming?

Because we believe the view to be unscriptural. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not an arena for discussion but a medium for the advocacy of doctrines which its editors believe to be true and a means of imparting information as to the methods adopted in various districts to advance the kingdom of Christ.

W. J. P., Carthage, Mo., and others. We quoted from another source in the matter to which you refer concerning President McKinley's attitude as to the Inaugural ball. It gives us pleasure to be able now to state that the surplus of several thousand dollars realized from tickets, etc., was distributed among a number of worthy Washington charities.

A. H. M., Luton, Ia. 1. What are the two immutable things referred to in Heb. 6:18? 2. I understand there is a new view of Abraham offering Isaac. What is it? Is it Scriptural? 3. Can Esther be an inspired book when the name of God is not in it?

1. The promise and the oath about which the author has been writing in the preceding issues. 2. That Abraham, living among people who offered their children in sacrifice, considered the idea of following their example and that in the act of killing his son the revelation came to him that God did not require it of him. In short that the suggestion was his own and did not proceed from God. This view cannot be regarded as scriptural if by that word you mean in the literal accuracy of the Book. (See Gen. 22:2). 3. The existence of God and his care for his people are taught as distinctly as if the name of God had been mentioned. The fasting often referred to and the king's displeasure on the critical night (6:1) would be understood by all Jewish readers to imply divine interposition.

The two topics, Fort de Peck, Havt. 1. Why do I not get a question? I don't to you some time ago have not seen answer. 2. Are tea, coffee and alcohol injurious? The system as stated by several cannot be. 3. Is it sinful to eat eggs which seem that God pronounced it an item.

It is impossible to answer more than about a sixth of the questions sent to us. If we discussed the whole of the paper to this department it would not be sufficient to answer all the questions which reach us in a week. In selecting those which we will answer we choose those which are likely to be of inter-

est to other persons besides the person sending the questions. We choose also questions which, as often happens, are asked by several persons, being probably suggested by the Sunday School Lesson. We omit questions already put by other persons and answered recently; questions which would require a column to answer; questions of no practical utility, such as Biblical conundrums; argumentative questions asked for the sake of disputation; and finally questions which neither we nor any other person can answer, such as, "What were the names of the five brothers of Dives, mentioned Luke 16:28?" which some one asked us. 2. We do not know whether they are injurious. A physician could tell you his opinion which would be worth more than ours. We cannot see how there can be sin in using them. 3. It was ceremonially unclean and there were special reasons for prohibiting it at that time and in that land; but the Gentiles were not required to observe the dietary laws except in two cases, and even those it is believed, were not permanent.

The little children have helped India nobly. We have many letters concerning their loving labors in behalf of the famine-stricken ones in

referred to her as "the queen of south." The Arabs call her by various names, viz: Bilkis, Velkamah, or Balkamah, and an edifice at Marib bears her name while "Almacah" or "Balmacah" appear in Himeyerite inscriptions.

Mrs. Lucy B. Decatur, Mich., writes:

I heartily endorse your editorials on a purer press. The majority of political papers are unfit for family reading and defile the young and old alike. The shameful accounts of prize-fights and other indecent things that are published are a disgrace. How our hearts almost stand still in sympathy with brave little Greece, with Cuba, America, India! Your paper is indispensable to us.

Conscience, Centralia. I owe a party about \$3, and don't know where he is and where I could find him. I would like to make restitution. Can I do it by giving it to the famine sufferers?

No; such an act would not be restitution and would be displeasing in God's sight. You should endeavor by every means in your power, to find the person or his representative and pay the money to those to whom it rightfully belongs.

C. W. L., Ash Ridge, Wis. Is the doctrine of the second work of grace, which is advocated by many people, a true Scriptural teaching?

We should be assuming an unwarrantable authority if we answered your question categorically. Brethren whom we honor and who are undoubtedly sincere believe that it is Scriptural. Who are we, that we should say it is not? We can only give you our opinion which you must take for what it is worth. Our belief then, is that sanctification is a gradual process, lasting all through our lives; that we are always receiving new light, new strength to overcome temptation and new grace to live more like Christ. We believe that at no time is it safe to relax our vigilance and that the time never comes when we attain absolute perfection, or immunity from the possibility of falling into sin. We believe that progress in the divine life is not uniform in its rate, but under favorable circumstances such as a sea-

tainly he may be saved if he sincerely repents and seeks forgiveness through Christ. He must resolutely put away his sin. God not forgive him while he continues in it. There is no need to be baptized again if the church wishes it. It will not affect forgiveness one way or the other.

As a touching instance of Armenian tude, we give below an extract from a received from Miss Azneer Tahmaz, of Keny, Constantinople:

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:—During astronomical and lamentable events which occur summer in the very capital of Turkey, many thousands of Armenians lost their lives. How many innocent ones perished then, how many peaceful families were killed! In the full days of great was the consolation brought Armenians by the relief and help which the people of the United States organized a them, proving thus their truly Christian humane feelings towards their suffering creatures. As for me—I am one of those indebted to the Americans for their own I am in duty bound to remember the name Louisa Niven, who, like all the missionary her utmost, and took care of everything necessities and consoling us in our sorrow. I shall never, never forget with what angelicness she gave us hope again to live after amities. I write these lines to express the ing gratitude and thankfulness we feel and also your prayers and blessing for my parents and for me.

E. A., Valley City, N. Dak. 1. What is the name of the Angelus? 2. Was there not a time when bells were rung for prayer just at sundown? 3. Did not some artist paint a picture to it before this air known as "The Angelus" composed?

1. The "Angelus" is the name of a prayer the Roman Catholic Church, said three a day to the Virgin, a bell being sounded each time to summon the devotees. Francois Millet, the famous French painter, has a noted picture representing peasants in the field listening with bowed heads to the bells of the "Angelus" in the evening. 3. Write to some music publisher for the hymn.

G. W., Mayfield, Wash. 1. A picture in THE MAIL-BAG, impression in my mind that is such a person as the Virgin Jew. What evidence is there of his existence? 2. Where, how, and when did St. John die?

1. The story is purely legendary but is frequently referred to by ancient and modern writers. The first Christian writer who mentioned it was Matthew 1:23. There is no record of it in the Scriptures. Tradition obtained in the Christian Church that John the Baptist should not die (see John 1:9) and the tradition of the Virgin Jew was the counterpart of other. 2. John, the only one of the twelve who escaped death, is said to have died a death sometime between 100 and 120.

Clarence W., Norwich, N. Y. 1. One is a social, the other a speaker. Neither is an orator. 2. We cannot advise. 3. See answer to E. W. Hazleton issue of May 3, p. 302. 4. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 5. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302.

Calculations would be unreliable and useless. 1. No existing data. 2. J. A. H. Jackson, N. C. We cannot advise. 3. See answer to E. W. Hazleton issue of May 3, p. 302. 4. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 5. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 6. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 7. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 8. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 9. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 10. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 11. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 12. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 13. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 14. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 15. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 16. See answer to J. S. C. Kan., in issue of May 5, p. 302. 17. See answer to J. S. C. 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THE SALOON'S WORST FOE.

The New Model Dining-Room Lately Opened as an Annex to the Bowery Mission—
Its Moral Influence on the East Side.



FRONT OF BOWERY MISSION ANNEX.

THE Bowery Mission which has stood for over eighteen years as a Gospel landmark in New York's most noted thoroughfare, has shown remarkable development in recent years. As an addition to the Mission Hall and an aid to the spiritual work, it opened a restaurant some two years ago, where wholesome, well-cooked food is supplied at absolute cost, a full meal being obtainable for a "nickel" and upwards. This experiment proved so great a boon to thousands of the very poor and the place was so largely patronized by that class, that it became necessary to open under annex and this was done several weeks ago, when the once notorious music-hall resort No. 55 Bowery was secured and transformed into a respectable and most home-like restaurant. From the first, the success of the "Bowery Mission Annex" has been assured, if one can form an opinion from the numbers of poor, hard-working men, young and old, who crowd its tables, glad of the opportunity to get a substantial meal for the mere price of the food itself, and certainly for less than half what such a meal would cost them elsewhere. Our photographs on this page furnish an idea of the general appearance of the new "Annex," interior and exterior, which its great size, large seating capacity and the general air of cleanliness, comfort and attractive-

new and better lives. The homeless are housed, and the hungry fed, and even if they have no money, the really deserving are never turned away. This policy has been steadily pursued ever since the Bowery Mission passed under the control of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, two years ago. Hunger is often the mother of desperation and crime. Disappointed men, impoverished men, men of impaired will and self-restraint, being driven by outer conditions or inner fires, swarm by thousands into the Bowery lodging-houses. Here they find a bunk or place to sleep, but the places, the surroundings generally, are unfavorable to morality or comfort. In the Bowery Mission, with its clean dormitories, its well-equipped restaurants, its reading room, and its Gospel services, the physical, moral and spiritual needs of those who come there are abundantly met.

The new Annex is a marvel of artistic taste and cleanliness. The nickel that would be wasted in a glass of beer is here the price of a hearty, hot and wholesome meal, while the cost of a drink of vile whiskey will buy a "full-course dinner." The Annex dining room is situated on the main and only floor, and is over 100 feet deep. It extends to the roof, being surmounted by four large and beautiful domes, supported by ornamented arches, the ceiling of the domes being over fifty feet from the floor. Each dome supports seven pairs of sashes, giving perfect ventilation. The floor and tables are of marble. The walls on each side, front and rear, are decorated with harmonious tints and colors. Each panel sustains in clear lettering a passage of Scripture. In a single day over 2,300 men have dined at

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."
"Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

The saloons along the Bowery have met their worst foe, in the Bowery Mission and its restaurants. Many a poor victim of the cup has been led, through these kindly influences to forsake the rumshop forever, where he had squandered his substance on shame.

To Climb Mt. St. Elias

The officers of the Boston Appalachian Mountain Club have received by cable an order to secure an outfit for Prince Luigi, of Italy, who will reach this country very shortly on his way to the summit of Mount Saint Elias, in Alaska. The project is one which Prof. Fay, one of the most active of the Appalachians, has had much interest, and for some months he has been furnishing to the Italians all the information possible in the matter, for which purpose not a few of the precious books from the club library have crossed the ocean, none being nearer than in the library at Boston. The party will include Prince Luigi the noted mountain photographer Vittorio Sella, a number of other Italian Alpinists, five professional guides, and a retinue of porters. It will be the most thoroughly equipped expedition to enter

REV. JOHN McNEILL.

The Famous Scottish Preacher Now Holding Daily Services in New York.

DURING the past three weeks large audiences have assembled in New York



REV. JOHN McNEILL.

daily to listen to the famous Scottish preacher in Chickering Hall and in Cooper Union at noon and in Broadway Tabernacle in the evening. The title of "the Scottish Spurgeon" which has been given to Rev. John McNeill is very appropriate. He has the simple, plain, racy style which made the English preacher's sermons popular the world over. Never straining after novelty, never making a display of learning Mr. McNeill strives to present the Gospel in words so clear and direct that the most ignorant can understand, and so emphatic and earnest that the most careless may be impressed. His sermons, as will be seen from the specimen discourse printed on another page of this journal, are familiar talks, showing how the teaching of the Bible applies to the life of the present day. He believes that the Bible is an up-to-date book and the principles it inculcates are needed by people in all ranks of life in our time. It is this mode of presenting Bible truths, making them live in modern environment, that is the great charm of Mr. McNeill's preaching, giving it freshness and force and vitality.

Mr. McNeill is now devoting himself exclusively to evangelistic work and has not only conducted revival services throughout Great Britain, but has done very successful work in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, South Africa and India. He is a Scotchman by birth. His father was a worker in the quarries of Houston in Renfrewshire, where John was born in 1854. He gained the rudiments of education and secured employment afterward on the Caledonian Railroad, but his active Christian work in the Sunday School, the Young Men's Christian Association and in the homes of the poor soon showed his capacity for higher work in the Lord's vineyard. He was sent to the Edinburgh University and subsequently to the University of Glasgow, where he matriculated with honor. He became minister of an important Free Church in Edinburgh and after a period of successful labor there, went to London to become pastor of Regent Square Presbyterian Church. In both spheres his labors were wonderfully blessed; but the frequent applications which reached him from all quarters to conduct special services led eventually to his resigning his London pastorate to become a servant to the churches of the world. One of his most remarkable labors was at the World's Fair at Chicago, where, at the invitation of Mr. Moody, for six months he preached to immense congregations.



IN THE BOWERY MISSION ANNEX DINING-ROOM.

the Annex, while at the main Bowery Mission over 1,000 more partook of five and ten cent meals. The rates at both places are the same.

Ever since the Annex was publicly opened May 3d, the large force of employees have been kept busy day and night. From the front door to the rear of the kitchen, everything is bright, clean, and cheerful, appealing to the eye as well as to the appetite. The wall panel inscriptions are specially appropriate, Biblical texts, fashioned in Roman letters, in blue and red colors, reminding the visitor of the character of the place.

Among others are the following:

"Behold I come quickly and my reward is with me, to give every man as his work shall be."
"So thus every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

the region where lie Mount Saint Elias and Mount Logan, and a number of other virgin peaks, whose heads rise to an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet.

JOY IN THE LORD'S HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT joy my lips may not speak,
To look up through the sweet apple bloom,
The fluttering green leaf, and feel
God's love in the springtime perfume.
To list to the thrush that has built
Her nest in the fair, leafy bower,
To feel God's care for the birds,
As rich notes the glad warblers pour.
To look within the clear depths
Of the soft sky bending above,
As the archway, the curtain of blue,
For the house of the Father of Love.
If clouds arise and pass o'er,
They but veil the unchangeable light,
And when the golden day fades,
New worlds are revealed by the night.
To know if mine were the power
To unwrap still fold after fold,
Of God's work, I'd find more of love,
Still more of His wisdom behold.
Berlin, Mass. PIERRE A. HOLDER.



A CORNER IN THE ANNEX KITCHEN.

ness that pervades it, can only be realized by personal visit. Thousands of the poor, and especially the multitude of men who, cast upon the resources in the great metropolis, find the battle of life an exceedingly hard one, the Bowery Mission and its associations are a continually increasing blessing. Though the spiritual services held nightly at the Mission Hall, hundreds are every day led to accept Christ and begin



A BAG WITH HOLES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Hagai 1:6. He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.



In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for drink during the last thirty years, and I will build for every working man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and place at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is now boycotting, the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come into the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago. "Forward, march," says the drink power, "and take possession of the American nation!"

The drink business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for drink. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend on liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and calculate, O working man! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a working man's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said:

"I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brick-maker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand; and the abstainer who made the fewest bricks seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand."

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Drink helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no drink about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative association, and so become capitalists. If the working man put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know working men who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the night for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You

say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and sixpence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." But, O working man, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever!

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent., or fifty per cent., or one hundred per cent. were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money, the more ruin, the more wages, the more holes in the bag.

My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whiskey-bottle, the beer-jug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how recklessly he acts. He may say, "I don't care," he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed: his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for fifteen years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Drink! Drink! And yet among his last

utterances was, "I can stop at any time. He did not stop it because" he could stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I could get a drink until to-morrow night and I had all my fingers cut off, I would bring the hatchet and cut them off." I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and he was exhorting about his evil habit, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there were a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." It is a sad thing for a man to wake up this life and feel that he is a captive. Says, "I could have got rid of this but I can't now. I might have lived a honorable life and died a Christian, but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am a creation of what I once was. I am an immortal beating against the wires of a cage in this direction: beating against a cage until there is blood on the wire; blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on and say that the disciple of strong drink suffers from the loss of health. The men may remember that some year ago Dr. Sewell went through this country electrified the people by his lectures, which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He showed seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There thousands of people who turned from that ulcerous sketch, swearing abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and tears every muscle, and gnaws every bone, burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his sleeping limbs! What fiends stalk his midnight pillow! What groans his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the question, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where the ebriates are dying, the stench of the wounds driving back the attendants, voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, no noise! Stop making all this noise!" It is effectual only for a moment. As soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "O, God! O, God! Help! Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! Take me off me! Take them off me! O, God!" and then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and they drive their nails into the quick, and they groan, and they shriek, and they pounce, and they ask the keepers to take them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and you further that this is going to be the death of some of you will die. I see it, I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and, if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but knows. Oh, is there anything that will destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come! Do not me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. There are on the roads and streets of our land to-day little children barefooted, washed, and unkempt—want on the patch of their faded dress and on the wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in church to-day, and as well clad as you are for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the devil's army, thou destroyer of the human race!

But subject takes a deeper tone, and at last the unfortunate of whom I suffer from the loss of the soul. I feel intimate that in the future if we are unforgiven here, our badness is and appetites unrestrained, will hang with us and make our torment so that, I suppose, when an inmate wakes up in that world, he will feel an infinite thirst consuming him. I know in this world, although he may be very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get a drink which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, though it up, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." We have declared some time ago that we have a point beyond which a man cannot stop. I want to tell you that, a man cannot stop in his own sin, the Lord God by his grace can stop at any time. I was in a New York where there were men who had been reclaimed from sin. I heard their testimony, and the first time in my life flashed truth I never understood. They were victims of strong drink, and to give it up, but always failed. I know since we gave our hearts to God he has taken care of us." I believe at the time will soon come when the power of God will show its power not to save man's soul, but his body, and to instruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I believe that, although you feel that at the roots of your tongues are an omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God he will help you by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting next to you in our religious meetings there are a good many people in peril; and, judging from ordinary instances, there is not one chance in a thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in every congregation from Sabbath school to Sabbath school must make a mark, that if they do not change their lives within ten years they will, as to their souls, lie down in the hands of graves, and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's bed. I know that is a fearful thing to say, but I cannot help it. Beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether it be a beverage be in golden chalices, or a pewter mug, in the end at the top, in the end, let there be led out to your doom. Beware! When the books of judgment are read, and ten millions of drunkards come to meet their doom, I want you to bear witness at I, in the fear of God, and in the love of my soul, told you, that all affection and all kindness, to save of that which is ready exerted its force upon your soul, blowing out the light of its life—a premonition of the access of darkness for ever. If you could only hear intemperance with a drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the Dead March of funeral songs, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the rim on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to their last sleep, until at the call of the soul wind the flowers would could up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such wound; but what flower of comfort ever wound on a drunkard's sepulchre?

One Woman's Work For Christ.

(Continued from First Page.)
girls. This lady passed away on the first day of the New Year after a most successful work.



MR. MADISON, POUGHKEEPSIE.

Home No. 4 was opened at 213 North 13th street, St. Louis, in January, 1893, and has done excellent service during these years. It is in charge of Mrs. Otis. Home No. 5 followed on April 27th, 1893, in Detroit, Mich. Very faithfully have the workers labored in that place, and they had the satisfaction of seeing many turn aside from sin to better lives. Home No 6 was started in Chicago, December 14th, 1893. Much was accomplished for the Lord in this place until, in the spring of 1894, the smallpox broke out and the Health Board closed the Home. The Union are now hoping for a larger house, as the need of the Home is very great in that city. Home No. 7, in New London, Conn., in connection with a Mission, was started by Mrs. Whittemore a few days after the founding of the first "Door of Hope." Though a most quiet little Shelter, much work was done in the hearts of those who entered. It has since been removed to Norwich, Conn. Home No. 8 was started in Worcester, June 6th, 1894, and is a very attractive home-like cottage. It is in charge of Miss Gaines, whose faith in God has sustained it throughout. Numbers have gone forth from this Home saved, and its work is still being blessed. Home No. 9, Nashville, Tenn., 513 Front street, was or-

come. The reading-room is in charge of Miss M. J. Rochelle, 809 Wood street, through whose godly interest many are influenced to a better life and are led to go to the Door of Hope. This work is under the direct supervision of the Philadelphia Rescue Band. Home No. 11, 139 Queen street, Germantown, Pa., was opened July 8th, 1894, and is reaching many in the outskirts of Philadelphia. It is in a flourishing condition and doing valuable service. Home No. 12, in Rochester, N. Y., 293 Troop street, was opened Jan. 6th, 1895, and God has greatly blessed the efforts of the earnest Christian ladies in charge there in the conversion of many of the inmates. Home No. 13, Harrisburg, Pa., 17 North Front street, has been a real place of shelter to many and is doing effective work for God. Home No. 14, 84 Alabama street, Indianapolis, Ind., was opened April 1st, 1895. Miss Cecelia Smock is superintendent and the work has shown marked instances of a deep understanding of God's love. This is also a faith work, and during the past year over twelve hundred have been helped toward the better life. Home No. 15, at Warren, Pa., was opened March 1st, 1895. It is a real Home for the Friendless, and is being richly blessed in its efforts. Home No. 16, is at 2760 Cherry st., Kansas City, and was opened Sept. 25th, 1896. Home No. 17, is at Dallas, Tex. Through letters from Mrs. Collins (it was stated), this Home was opened, and though it has undergone many changes, God has blessed the labors of all in that place. The eighteenth Home is at 11 Warren street, New Haven, Conn., and was opened

be utilized for the Door of Hope, the remainder serving as a mission and temporary shelter. Home No. 24, Auckland, New Zealand, was opened July 4, 1896. During the past few months the reports of this new Home have been of the most encouraging character, and great things are expected in connection with it. Home No. 25, is in Glasgow, Scotland. This So-



PARLOR OF "DOOR OF HOPE No. 10," PHILADELPHIA.

cety was organized during a visit of Mrs. E. M. Whittemore to Glasgow, where she held a number of services with this end in view. The workers are used of God in reaching many in blessing. The twenty-sixth of this series of wonderful Homes is at El Paso, Texas. It has not yet been publicly opened, although the mission is established and much is being done to befriend those who have few to care for them. Home No. 27, is at 46 Boulevard Bannan, Neuilly, near Paris, France. It is in charge of Miss Eymann, and is doing much for the poor French girls. Home No. 28, is the Macon, Florida, Door of Hope, and was opened April, '97. Home No. 29, is in San Diego, Cal., and is the latest of its class in the Golden State. Those connected with it are looking upward for guidance and blessing. Home No. 30, is at 122 Harrison Street, Boston, Mass., and Miss A. Gertrude Wood is superintendent. Miss Wood has had experience in opening other Homes, and is trusting implicitly the Lord to supply all needs in this one, and firmly believes it will be the means of bringing many souls to the Cross. No. 31, Galveston, Texas, will be known as the Bethesda Door of Hope under the auspices of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Nichols and will shortly be dedicated. This is, indeed, a surprising record of magnificent results flowing from the consecrated work of one godly woman.

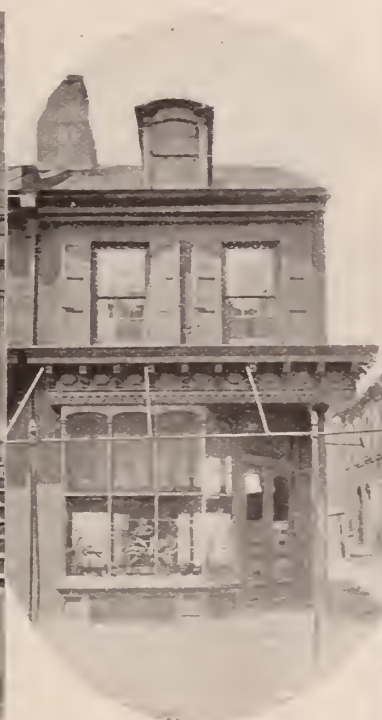
The Door of Hope Union has a Foreign Missionary branch known as the "Delia Foreign Missionary Society," and through the sale of Mrs. Whittemore's books and tracts, and also through the work of the inmates of Homes Nos. 1 and 2, over \$8,000 have been realized and devoted to sending the Gospel abroad, as a thank-offering for God's goodness in caring for the home work of the Union.

A Burmese Convert's Bible.

The Burman Missionary tells the story of an old man who, years ago, when a heathen, came in possession of a copy of the Psalms in Burmese. He began to read, and, before he had finished the book, he had resolved to cast his idols away. Then he fell in with a white missionary, who gave him a New Testament. With joy he read for the first time the story of salvation. "Twenty years I have walked by starlight," he said; "now I see the sun."



"DOOR OF HOPE," 102 E. 61st ST., NEW YORK.



GIRLS' READING-ROOM, PHILADELPHIA.



"DOOR OF HOPE," POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

ganized June 19th, 1894. The building was formerly a resort of sin, but has now been dedicated to God. The owner was converted and is now spending her time bringing souls to Christ. It is desirable that this work should be enlarged. Many have been saved under the deep spiritual teaching of the workers. Home No. 10.—1931 Dauphin St., Philadelphia is in charge of Miss Gray and was opened July 3d, 1894. It is wholly a faith work and has been a source of great encouragement to others, not only in the salvation of many, but in the constant visitations of the Rescue Band, who have the Home in charge, to several hundred notorious houses and the scattering of the Word in their midst. Here was opened the first "Door of Hope" Reading-room in the heart of a great city where the friendless and unfortunate girls (especially the educated portion among them) delight to

June 7th, 1896. Although young, it is doing a grand work. Home No. 19, 17 Lawson street, Lowell, Mass., has been lately enlarged, and the workers are looking forward for even greater results than in the past. Home No. 20, is at Wilmington, Del., and was opened in Jan. 1896. It is a Home rich in promise of precious results. Home No. 21, at Toledo, O., was opened January 30, 1896. God has greatly blessed the workers and inmates, and they are now arranging for a larger house. Home No. 22, at Erie, Pa., was established February 1, 1896. It has produced good results and may be soon united with another charity in an adjoining city. Home No. 23, is at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Before the Home was formally opened, the Society was organized in February, 1897, all cases requiring attention being received in New York and Tappan. Now a beautiful building is completed, a portion of which is to

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

Sunday School Lesson for June 6. James 3: 1-13 Golden Text: Ps. 34: 13.
BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



KEEP thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile" (Ps. 34: 13.) A command, the wisdom of which almost all acknowledge, but few obey. God himself, through his inspired servant

James, speaks of the difficulty, even the impossibility of obeying it by the unaided strength of man: "the tongue can no man tame." But a tamed tongue, which is become a member yielded to God as an instrument of righteousness (Rom. 6: 13), becomes the voice of the Holy Spirit to others. It is a duty, and therefore a possibility to keep the tongue, but who shall be its keeper? Impotent man, or he of whom David wrote, "The Lord is thy Keeper." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." (Ps. 121: 5, 7.)

David, who wrote the words, "Keep thy tongue from evil," set himself to obey the precept of which God had made him the channel: "I said, I will take heed to my way, that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." (Ps. 39: 1.) But David's bridle did not answer; while he was dumb from evil words, he found that self-restraint made him dumb "even from good," and at last the pressure from within was too great. "Then spake I with my tongue" (ver. 3). David was learning that to keep the tongue the heart also must be kept, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12: 34), and any constraint put upon the tongue while the heart is in a ferment, can only be a temporary constraint, it will soon break loose again. And while it is true that "whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles," (Prov. 21: 23), yet David found out in the end that only God had power to keep the tongue, and he learned to pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," and we see the prayer was answered.

But what are the special sins of the tongue?

THE SIN OF LYING

is first and foremost. And this includes not only deliberate lying, including business lying and polite lying, which should not be possible in a true child of God, but also what is far too common among us, the giving a wrong impression. For instance, a young man may hastily and without consideration give up a good position. He lays himself open to be suspected of wrong-doing; you want to shield him, and as he was ill just before, you mention his illness in connection with his hasty action without saying it was the cause of it, but secretly hoping that in the minds of others it will take that shape. This is untruth, the principle of lying is at the bottom of it. God cares for that child of his, whom you are trying to shield, far more than you care for him; and anything which is not transparent in you can only minister death to him: light and life go together.

A great deal of the untruth which comes out in the words of Christians arises from distrust of God and consequent fear of man. The enemy tempts a child of God to take things into his own hands, and he finds himself in a tangle, in danger of being misunderstood and of misleading others. The enemy attempts to stir up his imagination to conceive what will happen if so and so gets to know a certain thing, and he tempts him to appear as though he knew nothing about it, or to speak so as to parry the questions which are asked him. If he yields he is untrue. Evasion is untruth. "Transparent truth is the only indication that we are in the sense relative with our God as he was in whose mouth was found no guile" (1. Peter 2: 22). He said, "Whatsoever I speak, even as the

Father said unto me, so I speak." His was a tamed tongue, a kept tongue because his heart was always listening to his Father. Is it too much for us to expect that if as the Father sent him, so he sends us, that he will graciously keep our life as the Father kept his, and guide our words as the Father guided his? And yet how few of us have any experience of a tongue thus divinely bridled.

Another sin of the tongue is

FLATTERING.

David's enemies flattered with their tongue (Ps. 5: 8), and while he murmured that the faithful fail, he says that the children of men "speak vanity everyone with his neighbor; with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak;" and his prayer was, "Deliver me from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue." What is flattery? It is a great sin, and consists in praising the creature for powers which he owes to the Creator. Every word of flattery to man is a robbery and dishonor to God. Flatterers have always a selfish end in view, they seek to gain favor with those whom they flatter by pleasing them in making them pleased with themselves. Anyone whose words fill us with self-consciousness and admiration of ourselves. And let us take care how in giving encouragement to those who need it, we lead their thought always to the Source of all success, that they may give the praise to Him to whom praise is due. Flattery wrongs God and man.

Another of the sins of the tongue, and a very common one, is

UNKIND WORDS:

There are many, even among those who claim to be God's children, who habitually criticize and disparage others. If it comes back to the person spoken of, and it often does, this sin is calculated to produce in him distrust of and bitterness against the brother who has spoken thus of him. The root of harsh words is pride and self-esteem. The speaker wants to commend himself at the expense of his brother, and to lower that brother in the esteem of those to whom he speaks: it is "a backbiting tongue." The apostle James says, "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth: and the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the course [or wheel] of nature, and is set on fire of hell." Very specially in unkind words the little member kindles a great fire. How many churches and missions have been utterly broken up by one or two backbiting or insinuating tongues! How many sleepless nights and days of bitterness have resulted from one unkind, malicious tongue!

"It [the unbridled tongue] is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." And he puts the matter in the strongest light when he says, "Therewith bless we God even the Father, and therewith curse we even which are made after the multitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren these things ought not so to be." A family kneels together for morning worship, and in the hymn or prayer all join together in blessing God. A few moments later, the hardest, most bitter words are spoken by one or more. The same tongue utters the blessing and the cursing. But behind that tongue is the fountain of the heart. If the blessing came from that fountain,

cursing could not go out from it. Which was the real product of the heart, and which was the idle word? Was it a real heart to man and an unreal heart to God? Was the heart a blessing or a cursing heart? The fountain cannot send forth both sweet and bitter, both salt water and fresh. Did not the bitter word to man betray the unreality of the praise to God?

How then shall we keep our tongue? James says that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." This is saying a great deal: it means being ready for the Lord. "Behold," he says, "we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body;" but who can put a bit into his tongue and turn about his whole body? No man; only God can do this. "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm whithersoever the governor listeth."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE people to whom James wrote were a different kind of people from those to whom Paul addressed most of his epistles. It was not necessary for James to denounce the grosser crimes, as his readers had been brought up in the Jewish faith, and were not, like Paul's readers, accustomed to regard crime as a venial thing. His epistle, therefore, has



"YET ARE THEY TURNED ABOUT WITH A VERY SMALL HELM."

a special adaptation for us, because it deals with sins and faults which are prevalent in a society trained in the way of morality. Prominent among these are the sins of word and all through his epistle, James recurs to this subject, as if it was one that had been pressed on his attention by his observation of the people around him. He perceives how much mischief is done by mere talk and urges his readers to be particularly watchful about the things they say. The tongue is capable, as he points out, of doing infinite harm. Not only is it the instrument of blasphemy and profanity, not only is it responsible for lying and slandering, but it is capable of robbery, as it may steal a man's good name. Indirectly it may cause murder by inciting men's passions, and it is used in sensual sins to provoke evil thoughts. It is a small part of the human anatomy, but it may involve all the rest in wickedness and in punishment. A little consideration shows how true his contention is. Every one has witnessed quarrels proceeding from some gossiping tongue and bitter suffering resulting from some harsh and unkind speech. Ecclesiasticus says: "The stroke of a whip maketh a mark in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue will break bones." And it is just as true about written words. As we have good reason to know, a book may so inflame a nation's anger that the peaceful solution of a dispute may become impossible and leave no way open to a settlement, but a war that makes thousands of women

widows and millions of children fatherless. Words are not "trifles light as air," but sparks that may set a whole city on fire. Every one has had occasion to some time the power of a word. A may be so discouraged by harsh reproach an unjust accusation, that his whole life may be affected by it. A few words of ridicule may turn away the effect of a sermon, or deter a youth from entering the kingdom of God. The bitter speech of a husband, or the biting sarcasm of a wife, has many a time led to the breaking up of a family. Many a church has failed in work and power merely because so its members were captious and censorious. On the other hand, how much good can do! The mother's gentle talk to her child, the father's manly appeal to the orator's denunciation of public wrongdoing, the poet's "palace of beauty" these are mere words; but how great their influence! James does not exalt when he compares the tongue to a helm that turns the whole ship, therefore, good advice that he gives he urges his readers to tame or control. Not an easy matter, by any means, man who succeeds in doing it. James regards as perfect, and able to bring being into subjection. "The tongue no man tame." It is necessary to the help of God. The fountain of evil heart, which the tongue disseminates be cleansed. A watch must be set heedless speaking, in which no harm tended, may injure some susceptible hearer. Kindness, forbearance, patience, gentleness, must show themselves in conversation and realizing how much harm may be done by the tongue, we weigh our words and not scatter brands among inflammable things.

The tongue is a fire. A traveller once saw a significant sign painted continuously beside the track on an English railroad. It read, "Shut your ash pan, asked a friend in the car with much the meaning of it was. He said: 'It for the engineer. We are coming on long, wooden bridge, and the Company didn't want any hot coals from the motive dropped on it. They might easily set the bridge on fire!' This over this caution, it occurred to me many calamities the world would spare if there were no hot provisions dropped around. I have seen a whole neighborhood set by the care of a few words from an indiscreet talker. Words are among very combustible stuff in the shape of men's angry passions. It is well if we heeded the warning, 'Shut your ash pan.'"

In many things we offend all. The Revised Version gives a better rendering: "In many things we all stumble." More people stumble in word than in their ways. An aged minister was called on a young man who was going to the penitentiary for robbing his employer. Looking intently at the prisoner the old man said, "I believe I have met you before." The prisoner replied: "Yes, I remember you well, but it is ten years since we met. You are partly responsible for my being here." The minister stared at him as he said, "I," he said, "why, I never did you any harm in my life." "Not intentionally," the prisoner answered, "but a deadly wrong I committed. When I was a lad of twelve an old I went with my father to hear a preacher and you joined us as we walked back. I had been a good deal impressed by the sermon and had almost determined to go to the preacher and get him to show me the way to Christ. But I heard you talking to father and ridiculing the preacher as an ignorant man who was unfit to preach to intelligent people. It reached my heart, but I concluded what you said that he was not a fit man to go to him and I never inclined to seek religion afterward. I went to business, I went without protection of religion and here I am."

Behold how great a matter a little kindleth. When the entomologist looks at the germs of the gipsy moth which have been sent to him from Africa for examination it seemed a very small matter. But moths came to life and they multiplied and consumed crops to such an extent that it was necessary to exterminate them. That was no easy matter. The Legislature of Massachusetts has already spent a quarter of a million dollars in trying to rid of the pest. It is sometimes difficult to undo the mischief that is done by a false report heedlessly circulated.

MORE AID FOR STARVING INDIA.

Another Remittance of Thirty Thousand Dollars Sent by Cable to American Missionaries in the Famine Districts to Feed the Hungry Millions.

A FURTHER sum of \$30,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund has this week been cabled to missionaries in India for the relief of the famine sufferers. This has been done

in consultation with the New York secretaries of the American Board and the Methodist Baptist, Presbyterian and Women's Union Missionary Societies who are invited to inform us of any cases of need having arisen at the stations of their respective missionaries. The secretaries gladly availed themselves of the opportunity and a list of representative missionaries was prepared to whom remittances of five hundred or a thousand dollars, according to their need, have been sent by cable. Missionaries who are seeing starving people, or have taken over the care of them, will now be enabled to go on with their Christlike work, saved from the painful necessity of leaving the people that their resources are exhausted. We can imagine how thankful they are to find their hands strengthened in their good work, and to perceive the Christian people at home who sent out to preach the Gospel, are standing by them in the crisis and enabling them to succor the starving people in the famine trial.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would have been glad to send them corn instead of money had it been possible, because we have purchased with the \$30,000 four times as much corn as the missionaries can buy with it in India; but we had not been able to get ships, it would have been certainly four weeks and possibly six weeks before the corn could have reached the stations where the starving people sit patiently waiting for the relief.

How many of them might have died in that time, was a appalling thought and we therefore took the promptest and surest way of dealing with the emergency. The amount remitted, added to the \$30,000 previously cabled, makes a total of \$60,000 which has been forwarded. The cost of freight on the balance of corn over and above the gifts of the western farmers, which was necessary to complete the cargo of the *City of Everett* now sailing from San Francisco, was in figures \$20,000. We are now arranging to fill the other half of which the Washington Government promises to place at our disposal at New York. Negotiations for this vessel have been in progress during the last two weeks, the Navy Department making a sincere effort to co-operate with the fund, but experiencing considerable difficulty in carrying out the wishes of Congress. Steamer after steamer has been considered and without just at the moment the matter seemed to be hopelessly settled. We have been in almost daily communication with the Navy Department on the subject by mail, telegraph, and personal visit, and Secretary Long and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt are hopeful of the second vessel will now soon be coming. This delay (occasioned as the naval officials assure us by the great difficulty in finding a suitable American vessel, disengaged and ready for charter, the solution of Congress expressly stipulating that she must be American) has been a serious disappointment, as it has delayed the sailing to a much later date than was expected. When the vessel is finally chosen it will be filled with corn to its most capacity, and we expect that the value of the cargo will cost not less than \$150,000. This will make a grand total in cash and food of \$125,000, which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have sent to their brethren in starving India. Over and above this amount, there is a balance of \$2,000 in the fund, which with other contributions as may be received and with the proceeds of the sale

of corn arriving after the sailing of the vessels, and of corn which the dock inspectors pronounced unfit for a long voyage will constitute a fund which Dr. Klopsch will take with him to India. It will be used in promoting such industrial work as may have been begun with the object of preventing future famine, such as the construction of wells or of irrigation, or in supplying the people with seed or farm implements to enable them to resume the cultivation of their land, millions of acres of which will be untilled without such assistance, as the people have eaten their seed-corn and sold their implements for food. Besides these objects, on which in the permanent interests of the people, money may wisely be spent, some provision will have to be made for the support of the tens of thousands of bright little orphans who must have food, clothing, and Christian education to rear them for Christ, and fit the most intelligent of them to become missionaries to their own people when they grow up. A large sum may be needed for this purpose, and we hope that before Dr. Klopsch reaches India the little balance of \$2,000, which is all we feel justified in withholding from immediate distribution, will have grown into a substantial sum commensurate with the great need.

Rev. N. G. Hobbs, our Commissioner, who is now preparing to sail with the relief steamer *The City of Everett*, from San Francisco, in charge of the first of the relief cargoes, has written us this letter, previous to his departure:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 13, 1897.
Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Now that I have come thus far on my journey as your commissioner to carry a ship-load of corn to the starving people of India, I wish to say that I am glad I am on the way. I and my wife appreciate all the dangers and inconveniences of so long a journey in mid-summer. But I know the condition of the people in India, their extreme

number of persons on the Government Relief works—which is the accepted gauge of the pressure of the famine—has risen to 3,120,000. Large numbers who shrank from applying for public relief, having heretofore supported themselves by honest labor, have now, their savings entirely exhausted, accepted the only alternative to starvation, and with their wives and children are breaking stones or mending roads for the Government in return for a small daily dole of food. Delicate ladies and intelligent children are now to be seen in any Government relief camp painfully doing this unpalatable labor. Miss Helen Richardson, the Principal of the Industrial Home for women in Bombay recently paid a personal visit to the villages in the famine districts and inspected the Relief Camps. She returned to Bombay on April 10, and the following day gave the people of the city a report of the painful scenes she had witnessed. The *Bombay Guardian* says:

"Miss Richardson declared that the inhabitants of large city centres like Bombay had no realization of the dreadful ravages of the famine. The situation in India was indeed serious. Humanity in the most affected parts was made up of so many living skeletons. Pressed by hunger, these beings knew no fear, and the naturally intense love that the mother once had for her children was now dead or forgotten in the absorbing quest of food. A once fond mother offered her child for three rupees to a missionary, saying that she wanted to buy enough food to satisfy herself for a few days, and then die. The missionary refused to purchase the child but would accept cus-



A TYPICAL MOUNTAINEER'S HUT.

121 little children fed there daily, all under twelve years old. They are truly little waifs reduced to very skeletons covered with skin. The little ones who had come here a few weeks before were almost fat and chubby, and thus, this poor-house has been the means of saving many lives."

How thankful our readers must be that throughout the length and breadth of India such stations have been established, where, by their bounty the food has been provided with which the poor, starving little creatures are being fed. Let all who have given them food pray for these children that God will make them his own.

Miss Bannister of Poonah, to whom one of our remittances of \$500 was sent in March, writes: "The villages are nearly deserted, and the poor people are wandering about in the most terrible condition. They have sold their last possessions, and wander about with the merest rag on. The poor children often deserted by their parents, or more frequently orphans, wander helplessly and hopelessly about reduced gradually to the most fearful state of starvation. You find them groveling in the dust of the road, eating little raw grains of anything that may have dropped from the carts; others turn over dust heaps in the town, and eat remnants of food which they find there. These are not even the low caste people, but many of them are of the highest castes, who have been gradually reduced by two or three years of famine."

"We were able to collect and bring away forty-four of the poorest and most starving children, and we are going to fetch another sixty. We are trying to get up subscriptions to keep these poor children; \$15 will keep one of them for the whole year. Of course these are all heathen children, and here we have the most wonderful opportunity of getting them into our Christian schools. It might take us ten years of hard work to get in half the number under ordinary circumstances. We don't believe that Christian people will let us be crippled for want of money."

Several subscribers have written THE CHRISTIAN HERALD asking about the truth of a statement made by a visitor from Bombay, and published in a New York daily journal, to the effect that there had been no deaths from starvation in India. There is no truth in the statement, and either the person said to have made it was incorrectly reported, or he did not know the facts. That there have been a multitude of deaths from starvation during the past six months is sufficiently attested by the letters and cable messages of Chief Justice Sir Francis McLean, Chairman of the Famine Relief Committee; by the newspapers of India; by reports of missionaries, and by the letters of our own commissioner in India, Mr. Benjamin Aitken, who went through the famine districts and described in this journal the awful scenes he witnessed. A similar statement was made during the famine of 1877, but at the end of the famine it was officially admitted that five and a half millions had perished of hunger.



Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald."

WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE RELIEF CAMP AT CANNPORE WAITING FOR THE DAILY DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.

need and the great good the grain which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is sending will do, and am glad to go on this mission. I believe a kind Providence will care for us and bring us safely back home again. If we should not return safely, but should be overtaken by death or disaster of any kind, the calamity would come to us while in the path of duty. I feel the way has opened providentially in this whole matter and have not a doubt I am where God wants me to be; should disaster come to us no blame could possibly attach to you. I want to thank you for all your personal kindness in having done everything in your power to provide for our comfort. I count it a privilege to thus serve you and the cause of suffering humanity which I believe lies very near your heart.

R. G. HOBBS.

We bespeak for Mr. Hobbs the prayers of our readers for the successful accomplishment of his mission and his safe return.

The suffering of the people shows no sign of abatement. Indeed the latest reports indicate an increase of distress. The

tody and care of it, which the mother not agreeing to, the child was taken away."

A Jubulpore paper publishes a letter from another lady who makes similar report. She says: "I have spent much time in going amongst these poor people. I have been with my husband to the two largest villages in the districts of Sehora and Murwara. Hundreds of poor people lie along the street hardly able to speak beyond muttering 'buhkha!' 'buhkha!' which means, 'hungry!' 'hungry!' but one has only to see them to realize this. The legs and arms of the men and women are no thicker than those of any ordinary child of three, and the little children's limbs can only be compared to sticks—and thin ones, too." Last week we visited the children's poor-house in the village of Murwara, which was started by a missionary clergyman some six months ago. It would indeed be hard to find a living picture more harrowing. There are at an average



B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Reform by Joining Societies.

THE method of modern reforms is to organize anti-societies; to expel by force, and not as Dr. Chalmers expressed it, by the power of a new affection. I once knew a man converted who had been for the period of a generation, a habitual user of intoxicating liquors. He never signed the temperance pledge. But he became from that day a total abstainer. He had been living with a woman as his wife, to whom he was not married. He sent for his pastor, and was lawfully married. And so he went on, rectifying many things that were wrong; ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. The best antidote to wrong-doing is right-doing. The best cure of wrong loves and desires, is right ones.

Societies of reform do not always strike at the root of evils; but, they cut off some of the branches. It would be better for immoral men to abandon all kinds of wrong-doing; to ask with the Apostle: "Not my feet only, but my hands and my head." But so far as they go, societies of reform are good. They make little reformatory circles outside of the Church; of which institution some men fight shy. And sometimes these reformatory circles result in the actual conversion of their members.

There is danger, however, that others may substitute them for that name which is above every name. You may get temporary reform without the radical principle which makes reform permanent. The radical principle is what we all need. We want Christ's method, which is to first make the tree good, and that will make the fruit good.

Christ's Confidence in the Truth.

THE Great Sower is like the earthly husbandman. He scatters the seed and lets the sunshine and rain and the earth do the rest. How without observation Christianity began! How true, how literally true to the figure of the dying of the seed in the ground in the spring-time, was the death of Christ! "Except it die, it abideth alone." When Christ was lifted on the Cross, he saw the travail of his soul and was satisfied. He saw the abundance of the earth and the seas swelling his victorious hosts. He drew no literal sword. He commanded Peter to put the sword in its sheath. It has always remained there. He did not come as Mohammed did, to take it out but to save it. It was by the word of his mouth,

by the word he spake, that he won his triumphs. And this is the method of his followers. That sword never will be sheathed.

The method of the husbandman is first to prepare the soil. Much of the husbandman's skill lies in this. What growth does he want to gather from a field in question? What qualities are required in the soil? This is his problem; just as simple as any in arithmetic. Give him time, and he will make the soil obedient to any demand he shall make of it. It will respond, it may be in wheat or barley or corn or potatoes. But, respond it will. He antagonizes no power of nature, or of the God of nature. He only works out a problem.

This is the method of the Prince of Peace. He brings no implements of war. He tears down no political or domestic institutions. He prepares the way for a harvest; and it surely comes. In due time come the great wagons and the harvest home.

The Great Teacher has his own original methods. There were great political abuses in his day. The Jews were under tyrannous Roman Emperors. There were two of the maddest, bloodiest of the Cæsars, which his early kingdom had to encounter. What was the result? In a few centuries the head of the Church had become the head of the Roman Empire; the stone cut out of the mountain had filled the whole earth. He had drawn no literal sword. The literal sword had been kept in the sheath where Peter put it. The sword literal had been invoked against him and his followers. The Colosseum had been filled with triumphing martyrs. The wild beasts of the forests had fed on their flesh and licked up their blood. But even there was it written: "By this sign we conquer!"

Moral Contagion.

EVER and anon there is an epidemic of crime. What flourish of dirk and crack of pistol! Five or six murders reported. Sheriffs, judges, jurors, attorneys busy in the arrest and punishment of crime. Drunkenness, burglary, assassination. Let the scientists and statisticians tell us the cause that we may propose a remedy. Diagnosis must precede prescription. May there not be something in the atmosphere at certain times, elements dominant which create turpitude?

The east wind we all know makes some people sullen and saturnine, and hatches out Jeremiahs, while the northwest wind is the mother of jocundity and high spirits. Perhaps there are other points of the compass responsible for thievery and human slaughter. The moral effect of climatic disturbance would make a subject of itself. Job, like some, deplored the east wind, and Solomon prayed earnestly for the coming of the north wind; but I do not think the atmosphere can account for everything. I think that at certain times the diabolic spirits make especial raid on an individual, or a community, or a state. Sometimes it is the demon of fraud, then the demon of bloodthirstiness, then the demon of burglaries, then the demon of unchastity, then the demon of slander, or all together, that assail a city, and the most enterprising newspaper has not enough reporters to sketch the crimes, and the police stations are crowded with offenders. Our cities are at times under the influence of such a diabolic incursion. To resist it, let our municipal executives take especial vigilance, and our Young Men's Christian Associations put forth an especial endeavor, and our churches make themselves more attractive. Wake up, men and women of God, to more prayer and vehemence of well-doing. What we do in behalf of our beloved cities must be done in a short time, or we will never do it at all. God gives us opportunity to make just so many strokes for the right, and if we miss one stroke, we miss it forever.

A Little Matter of Money.

IT is unpleasant not to have money," says Mr. Hazlett; indeed, it has become a sort of social offence to be short of virtue in this respect; for both nationally and personally, we are loth to confess so tragic a calamity. We may assert that having food and clothes, we are therewith content; and that we would not encounter the perils and snares of vast wealth; but we are quite sure that this humility and contentment is not a fine name for being too lazy to earn money, or too extravagant to keep it? Again, if all were content with the simple satisfaction of their necessities—if nobody wanted to be rich—nobody would be industrious or frugal, or strive to acquire knowledge. Who then would build our churches, and endow our colleges? Who would send out missionaries, and encourage science and inventions? The golden grapes may be out of our reach, but they are a noble fruit when pressed by kindly hands, and have given graciously unto the world their wine of consolation.

The fact is that we have come to a time in which the want of money is about as bad a moral distemper as the love of it. The latter position is an admitted truth; the former is only beginning to put forth its claims to the notice of professed moralists. Whatever special virtue there was in poverty seems to be in direct antagonism to the spirit of the present day, for there is no doubt that worldly prosperity has come to be regarded as one of the legitimate fruits of the Gospel. The modern Church puts forth her hands and grasps the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. Why not? Money gives a power of doing good that nothing material can equal. Even "The Truth" has now to depend on the currency, and the most evangelical societies pay treasurers as well as missionaries.

The amount of money in a man's pocket is a great moral factor. He who has plenty of ready cash and is not good-natured needs a thorough change, and nothing but being born again will cure him. But the man who is in a chronic state of poverty, is a man placed in selfish relations to every one around him. How hard it is for such a one to be generous, just, and sympathetic! He is almost compelled to look on his fellow-creatures with the eye of a slave-merchant to consider: How can they profit me? What can I gain by them? He must marry for money or not marry for the want of it. His friendship is a kind of traffic. His religion is subject to considerations, for he will either go to church for a certain connection, or he will not go at all because of the collections.

Now, there is abundance of living strength in Christianity to meet this and all other special wants of the age. There is no doubt that money is the principle of our social gravitation, and we need preachers who will not be afraid to tell us the truth, even though nobody has ever told it just in that particular way before. We accept without demur, all that has been said about the evils of loving money; will some of our spiritual teachers tell us how to avoid the evils, and cure the moral and physical distress caused by the want of money? That this is a gigantic evil, we have constant proof in the daily papers; in murder, theft, suicide, domestic misery and cruelty. These criminals are far seldomer influenced by the love of money than by the want of it. If instead of being without a dollar, they had had sufficient for their necessities, would they have run such risks, incurred such guilt, staked life on one desperate chance, flung it away in despairing misery?

Of course the word "sufficient" is very elastic. It can be so moderate and temperate; and again it can grasp at impossibilities. "My wants," said the Count Mirabel, "are few: a fine house, fine carriages, fine horses, a complete wardrobe, the best opera box, the first cook, and plenty of pocket-money—that is all I require." He thought his desires very temperate; so also did the Scotchman, who, praying for a modest competency, added, "and that there be no mistake, let it be seven hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly in advance." There are indeed all sorts of difficulties connected with this question, and anybody can find their way into them. But there must also be a way out; and if our guides would survey the ground a little, they would earn and have our thanks. For undoubtedly this want of money is as great a provocation to sin as the love of it. An empty purse is as full of wicked thoughts as an evil heart; and the Father who allotted seven guardian angels to man, and made five of them hover round his pockets—empty or full—knew well his most vulnerable points.

Amelia E. Burr

BRIEF NOTES.

The graduating class at Princeton Theological Seminary this year is one of the largest it has known, seventy receiving their degrees. There were also special exercises in connection of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the Westminster Standard.

The Woman's Hospital in Canton, China, can be realized only by people who are free of prejudices of that conservative nation. The Chinese women have each given \$200 toward the building of this hospital, and a third has given \$100.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Springfield, N. Y., June 9-15. All men or women, or have been, foreign missionaries in any of evangelical denomination constitute membership of the union, and will be entertained without cost during the week.

Delegations of twenty-five or more San Francisco Christian Endeavor Convention advised by the Committee to secure hotel accommodations in advance. Every State has a delegation manager, through whom this done. The Convention will open on Wednesday, July 7, and will close on Monday night, July 13.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has closed its financial year with very better results than was feared. The receipts for the month of April far exceeded those of the corresponding month of last year, and where deficit of about \$150,000 was feared, it is now that it will not exceed \$6,000.

The annual gain of Christians in the mission fields is now estimated by the *Missionary Review of the World*, at one hundred ten years ago, by the same mode of calculation annual increase was found to be sixty thousand. In 1825 there were only sixty thousand Christians in the mission churches of the world.

The Supreme Court of the United States has dismissed the complaint of Rev. Wm. I. who was imprisoned for preaching in the police authority on the common of Boston. The Court holds that inasmuch as Mr. Davis had a permit from the police by application, he had no ground for complaint.

The West Side Fruit and Flower Mission, New York, continues its ministrations among the sick in the hospitals and tenements of the city. Donations of money, literature, and delicacies are very acceptable and will be gladly received. They are sorely needed. They should be pre-paid to the mission, 312 West 14th street, New York.

The Congregational Summaries for 1896, reported by Hazen, are as follows: Whole churches, 3,482; added, 176; gain, 65; churches, 615,220; gain, 12,633; additions, 54,000; which 32,137 on confession; Sunday school members, 687,573; gain, 4,995; benevolent contributions, \$1,129,456; decrease, \$57,594; home missions, \$5,871,128; increase, \$163,515.

A St. Louis Pastor, writing to a contemporary of the results of Mr. Moody's visit to St. Louis, says: "The spiritual life of the churches has quickened, and a Sunday evening service has been organized in the Music Hall of the Exposition Building. Rev. S. J. Nichols, D. D., delivered the first sermon, and other city pastors will unite in maintaining the service."

Henry Varley has been holding evangelistic services in Salt Lake City, Utah, under the auspices of the Ministerial Evangelical Association. Meetings were crowded throughout, and the most interesting was manifested. At the beginning of the Congregational Church was used, but as things increased, the Salt Lake Tabernacle was occupied. Meetings were also held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors and in the Methodist Church.

A shrewd observer of political conditions writes respecting the results in New Zealand giving the franchise to women: "At election time women favor men of high character and irreproachable political record. Now men of good character are preferred to experienced politicians who are the men Commandments out of politics. The power in politics is summed up in the statement that women electors think more of men and less of questions than male voters do. They interfere from good men good laws will come."

The Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America has issued a balance sheet for the year. The income of the Board was \$35,415.81 and the expenses \$31,415.81, leaving a balance of \$888.09. At the annual meeting Dr. Henry J. Scudder made an earnest appeal for consecrated workers, who as ladies, would be able to access to the Zenanas, from which male missionaries are excluded. He pointed out how India's millions might be reached in this way.

Delegates were elected last week to the Orthodox Jews of New York to the Congress which is to be held in Munich, in August, to measure for the establishment of a Jewish settlement in Palestine. Dr. Herzl, of Vienna, was the head of the movement, has secured important concessions from the Sultan of Turkey, and cordial support of other potentates, and that the time is near when all Jews who are in Palestine will be combined in a State having full autonomy.

The Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., is mourning the loss of its consecrated pastor, Mr. Herman F. Perry, who died at his home in Palo Alto, Cal. Mr. Perry had for several years devoted his life to work in various parts of the country. He was a member of the Central Union in the Crittenton Rescue Car "Good News" in his travels across the continent, and added greatly by his labors to the interest of the meetings. Of late he had given his services to the Central Union in Washington, and as he had considerable private means, he was able to give generously. He will be sadly missed.

The American Bible Society has issued its eighty-first annual report. It shows that the contributions of the Society to foreign lands during the year in money and books, amounted to \$192,000. During the eighty-one years of its existence the Society has issued over sixty-three million copies of the Scriptures. The work is now so crippled by lack of funds. During the past year the total donations from individuals, church auxiliaries produced only \$97,000, and the church treasuries received fell short of the actual expense by \$77,200.33. The managers make an appeal for funds to enable them to send to the lands large consignments which are urgently needed by the missionaries.



TO SAVE THE CATTLE.

RERMAN aid has been sought in the struggle of South African farmers with the destructive rinderpest. Dr. Koch, the great bacteriologist, has been commissioned to go to Capetown, and endeavor to find out the identity and character of the microbe which causes the disease. It is known that the pest came from Asia originally, but that is all that is known of it. The important fact that it attacks the cattle, it is sure to kill. Dr. Koch has been experimenting for some time, but has hitherto failed to find the microbe which is responsible for the disease of the cattle. The distinguished bacteriologist has examined the blood, the flesh, the muscles of the affected animals with a microscope, but the microbe has eluded his search. His investigation, however, has had practical results. He has tried several methods of treating the diseased cattle and has discovered a mode of vaccination which, like the vaccination of the human subject, robs a dreaded disease of its worst power. From one of the sections of animals which have died of the disease, he has made an extract from which he vaccinates healthy cattle. At a specified interval, the cattle so vaccinated have been exposed to contagion, but have not taken the disease. So effective has the remedy proved, that even when the virus was introduced into their system by surgical means they were not affected. The vaccinated animal without an inoculation which proved fatal to one that had not been vaccinated, and the strength and quantity of the virus were increased so that an inoculation forty thousand times more potent than one that had sufficed to kill a non-vaccinated animal was introduced into the system of one that had been vaccinated, no effects were produced. This practical result will probably please the farmers more than any discoveries Dr. Koch has made as to the origin of the microbe. Although he has so far failed to find the object for which he went to the Cape, and has not been able to find and identify the microbe, his mission is entitled to be considered a success, since it is better to know how to cure or prevent a disease, than to have a theoretic knowledge of its origin. This principle is not limited to disease. It applies equally to theology. Innumerable learned volumes have been written in the vain dispute as to the origin of evil, and it is not yet satisfactorily explained how it entered the universe and reached the fall of the beings who introduced it to our world. But we have a better knowledge in the revelation of the divine Remedy which delivers men from sin.

The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness; but unto them who are called, the wisdom of God and the wisdom of God. (1. Cor. 1: 22.)

A Bourge Counteracted.

An agricultural journal describes a strange removal of a pest without human intervention. It says that Maryland farmers have had their clover destroyed by hundreds of acres each year for four or five seasons past, the wicked work being done by a little beast of the sort, against which all the ordinary remedies were powerless. This spring a creature appeared again in large numbers, and the farmers appealed to the Entomologist for aid, declaring that they could not give it to them, and at the same time they would be forced to abandon raising of what has hitherto been one of their most profitable crops. An official investigation of the matter was immediately begun, and curiously enough, the first discovery made was that it will not do anything at all. The creature this year is afflicted with a minute insect which is working so effectively, that the pest is disappearing. Large numbers of the doomed weevils have al-

ready been attacked by the fungus, and each of them is a centre for the infection of his fellows. It is a plague from which there are no recoveries, and the prospects of entire extermination are hopeful. Thus, the farmers will probably be delivered from the evil that seemed to be beyond remedy. So it will be ultimately with all the evil in the world. It carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction: Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death. (James 1: 15.)

A Fortune for a Monument.

An effort has recently been made in the courts of Connecticut to set aside the will of a recently deceased citizen. The testator was a farmer who had led a very

it in this way, while the man's relatives are in need of money and some of them are being supported at the public expense. But the courts are unable to set aside the will and the monument is to be erected as the deceased directed. It is a deplorable waste of money but there appears to be no way of preventing it. The idea of a man laboring and denying himself comforts in order to have a grand tombstone seems to be the height of folly, but such folly is not new in the world.

There is one alone; he hath neither child nor brother, yet is there no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, for whom do I labor and bereave my soul of good? This is vanity, yea it is a sore travail. (Eccles. 4: 5.)

On Fire at Sea.

The steamship *Leona* of the Mallory line, which sailed from New York for Galveston, Tex., on May 8, returned to New York without completing her voyage, bringing news of a fatal disaster. A fire had broken out in her cargo and thirteen persons had lost their lives. From the story of the look-out it was learned that it was in the dead of night that the fire was discovered. He had seen smoke curling up from one of the hatchways and, while he watched it a tongue of flame shot out.



DR. KOCH SEEKING THE GERM OF THE RINDERPEST IN CAPE COLONY.

hard life. He had a poor farm out of which it was difficult to get enough income for his support. But the man was industrious and extremely careful in his expenditure. By dint of hard work and a close watch over small savings he succeeded in accumulating a small fortune of six thousand dollars. Then he made his will. He had neither wife nor children, but he had two sisters one of whom was a widow, and both were in needy circumstances. He did not propose, however, to leave his money to them. He directed that after his death payment should be made of any just debts that he might owe at the time and his funeral expenses, and that with the remainder of his possessions a monument should be erected over his grave. He made his will in 1879 and one would have expected that after this, his life of toil and parsimony would have been changed. But he lived on in the same way, working hard and saving every cent he could. He died recently and his executor finds that after paying all debts there is a balance of ten thousand dollars which, according to the will, is to be spent in a monument. He is reluctant to spend

He immediately summoned the captain and measures were taken for extinguishing the fire. It was traced to the steerage deck where twenty-two passengers and several of the crew were sleeping. An effort was made to get to them, but the peculiar fumes of the smoke drove back the rescuers. Several of the passengers succeeded in making their escape, but others were overcome by the suffocating fumes and fell unconscious. Meanwhile, the engines were stopped and streams of water were directed upon the burning deck. It appears that there were several large consignments of matches among the cargo, and these being in proximity to bales of cotton, the fire was difficult to fight. Holes were cut in the deck and through them an incessant stream of water was driven. After a struggle lasting seven hours, the fire was brought under control. When the steerage could be explored, it was found that eleven passengers and two of the crew were dead. As it was impossible to obtain an accurate idea of the extent of the injury the vessel had sustained, it was deemed advisable to turn about and return to New York.

It was well that the disaster was no worse. The whole vessel and all on board might have perished in such a fire. Disasters like that sometimes occur in the voyage of life. When a Christian man has in his constitution the elements of sin, and does not exercise vigilance against his besetting sin, he is liable to fall. In the mercy of God he may be saved and restored, as Peter was, but his whole after life is maimed and crippled by the moral disaster.

If any man's work shall be burnt he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire. (1. Cor. 3: 15.)

A Botanical Clock.

An interesting project has been planned by Prof. Ouisterhout, of Berkeley, Cal. He proposes to cultivate a circular garden in the grounds of the University of California. The professor who is one of the highest authorities on botany in the United States, believes that it will be possible to arrange plots of flowers around this garden in such a way as to tell the time of day almost as accurately as a clock. There is such a clock garden at Upsala in Sweden and another in Paris, but nothing of the kind has as yet been produced in this country. The idea is to experiment with various species of flowers until twelve varieties have been found which open their buds at certain times of the day. The professor says: "The flowers would be arranged like a clock, and in the early morning they would begin to bloom, the different varieties at different periods according to the light and heat. Gradually the opening of flowers would extend around the circle, until at night the circle would be all in bloom." We cordially wish the professor success in his pretty conception. His clock-garden would be a centre of interest for every lover of flowers. But how much more momentous would it be for the world, if he could give us such a progression and benefit as that which John saw in the new Jerusalem!

In the midst of the street . . . was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. (Rev. 22: 2.)

A Struggle in a Quicksand.

In the story of a traveler just returned from New Mexico, is a thrilling description of an escape from a quicksand. The story, as given in the *New York Sun*, relates the adventures of the writer and his companion who reached the bank of the Rio Grande in a buckboard. They were looking for a place to ford, when they met an old man who showed them a place where they might get across by carefully following his directions. These were that they must go straight across, not turning a step to the right or left, and not standing still for a single minute. If they failed in either of these matters, the old man said, nothing could save them from being swallowed up by the quicksand. "We understood," says the traveler, "and we drove down the bank and into the river. Once in the water there was no turning back. Our wheels went at once down to the hubs in the fine sand of the bottom, and our horses sank in it to their knees. Our only salvation was to keep going. The water was anywhere from one to three feet deep—the loose sands beneath it could have engulfed a cathedral and left no sign of where it had stood. Plunging into holes where the horses went under almost out of sight, and the water rose above our knees as we sat in the buckboard, again rising to shallows where the water ran only a few inches deep above the sands—we managed to keep our course. A dozen times the horses came to a standstill, unable for the moment to keep the buckboard in motion, and we could feel how fast we were sinking. Then by a great effort they pulled the buckboard along, and we were saved again. The breaking of a trace—a delay of ten seconds from any cause—and team and buckboard would have been hopelessly lost, and it would have been the end, too, of my companion and me. We were glad when we pulled up the opposite bank. I hope I shall never have an experience like that again." Even if he has not to cross a quicksand again, he may come to places in life where there is a danger more to be dreaded—the danger of losing his soul. Then he may remember the way he was saved from the quicksand, and escape by following the same directions.

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. . . . Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil. (Prov. 4: 25.)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Eastern Marriage Customs

How the Ceremony is Performed Among the Hindus, Parsees, Moslems, and Other Ancient Oriental Peoples.

NO matter into what land one may penetrate or whatsoever races he may encounter, and even amid the most varied aspects of civilization, he is tolerably certain to find the institution of marriage or its equivalent dignified as one of the important events in life. Especially is this the case among Eastern nations, where the well-known grooves of ancient custom have made existence monotonous, and red-letter days are rare, being confined almost exclusively to betrothals, marriages and funerals. Among the Parsees of Hindustan, the wedding ceremony is very interesting. Children are betrothed whenever the parents find a suitable wife or husband, as the case may be. The "fire priest" then has to decide whether the match is a suitable one. When the children become of age, the "fire priest" sets the day for the celebration. In the Parsees' year there are only a few days which are considered proper for marriage ceremonies, and when these days do arrive, it sometimes looks as if half the people in the place were being married. One very queer idea is that the ceremony must always take place on the ground floor of the house. It begins by the young couple bowing to the ground before the "fire priests," after which they grasp each other by the hand. Torches are then lighted with fire, taken from the temple. These the priests wave over the heads of the couple, while sprinkling them with sacred water. Then the priests take a large veil, which they place over the heads of the couple and one of the priests. While they are under the veil, the other priests intone a chant addressed to the man, telling him to be faithful to his wife, and calling the blessings of the spirits of the water, fire and sun upon him. After this the theme of the chant changes, and addresses the bride. When the chant ceases the veil is taken off and the pair are made husband and wife.

With the Hindus, the marriage service is very much like that of the Parsees. In the selection of a wife, it is held as essential that she must have a fine, sounding name, no physical defects, beautiful hair, eyes, and teeth, and a sweet voice, besides being very graceful in movements and proportions. When the selection is made, and the planets and stars consulted, the *Laganpatrika* is made out, in which the names of the parties and the horoscope of each is cast and written, and the most suitable kind of marriage selected from the eight varieties that are prescribed in the *Shastras*. Before presenting himself to his wife, the bridegroom must prepare himself by prayers. On the wedding-day, the bridegroom takes his seat at one end of the hall on a raised platform in the house of the bride's father. Soon the bride enters, accompanied by her father, and takes her seat at the bridegroom's right hand. A young priest sets a censer of incense at their feet, symbolic of their warm affections. Before the bride a stone such as is used for pounding rice or wheat, is laid on the ground, this she steps on three times, to show that she thoroughly realizes the cares and responsibilities she is now about to undertake. Meanwhile, two priests stand waving lighted torches over her and repeating a prayer. After the bridegroom has made an offering of oil to

the gods for giving him a wife, the priests hand him a torch, which he waves around her three times to typify that his love will always encircle her. The bride then makes her offering of oil and rice to the gods. A new garment is then put on the bride by her father, who fastens the foot of it to the foot of the bridegroom's dress. Bride and groom then clasp hands while the father binds them together with a cord made of grass, indicative of the marriage tie. After the bride has gone seven times around the fire repeating the marriage vows, the priest chants a hymn and the marriage is accomplished.

When a Mohammedan wedding is shortly about to take place, a curious ceremony is observed. First the bridegroom makes a present of betel leaves to the bride's relatives after which he visits the house in person, bearing other presents, in return for which he is fairly burdened with gifts of sweetmeats. On a second visit, he is welcomed on the threshold by the bride's mother, who ties a handkerchief about his neck and places a ring on his finger. Three days afterward he is invited to dine at table with the family, and sits next to his bride. Some of the salt on his plate he transfers to hers and she does likewise. On the wedding-day, the groom, accompanied by several friends, goes to the bride's house, taking with him that portion of the dowry which he has promised to pay. The witnesses are ready, and the bride and her parents being now in the room, all persons present unite in reciting passages of the Koran. Then comes the marriage contract. The bridegroom and the bride's deputy sit face to face, with one knee upon the ground, and grasp each other's right hand, raising the thumbs and pressing them together. A handkerchief is thrown over their closed hands, and then the priest addresses the principals in terms of exhortation. Prayer and reading from the Koran and traditions follows, after which comes the formal declaration or contract, which often varies in form. The next eight or ten days are



A HINDU WEDDING CEREMONY.

passed in courtesies, present-giving, the preparation of dress and furniture and in entertainments to guests at the bridegroom's home. Then follows the bridal procession and the introduction of the wife to her new home.

Floral Bicycles.

It has entered into the minds of many lovers of floral decoration to make the bicycle a "thing of beauty," by decking it with wreaths and blossoms. At several of the bicycle parades and other public occasions of the sort, in recent years, some very pretty designs of this class of ornamentation have been witnessed, but the floral garniture of the wheel during the coming summer promises to eclipse all previous occasions. On June 5 next, a parade will take place in New York city, when it is expected the display of decorated wheels will be the finest ever seen in this country. Among the notable

designs will be one of transforming the wheel, by means of white carnations, into the shape of a huge swan. A bevy of girls propose dressing in white, with their wheels elaborately decorated with scarlet and white roses. One bicycle will represent a miniature yacht, the mast being raised from the handle bar, a small foresail and bowsprit being also included; the body of the bicycle will be completely hidden in flowers. It is said that the floral decoration of the wheel is every season becoming more popular, both for parades and rides in the country, and it is certainly a very pretty and very innocent fancy. In ancient Greece and Rome, the youths engaging in the games or in rural sports were wreathed with garlands, and the Samoans of both sexes bedeck themselves with flowers on almost every conceivable occasion. There is no reason why our own young people, when they go a-wheeling, should not indulge the same pretty and picturesque fancy, if they so choose.

Babies at Church.

Mr. Moody, the celebrated evangelist, in a recent address at a meeting in St. Louis, spoke a few words concerning the mothers in the audience with babies. Instead of making them uncomfortable by singling them out for criticism, Mr. Moody said: "I am glad to see women with little babies here. If we can get the mothers of America we will capture the homes of the country. I would sooner shut out the old bachelors from my congregations than to exclude the mothers. But I have a request to make of these mothers who are here to-day with little ones in their arms. If you will relocate yourselves so as to get near the doors, then in case the babies get restless or become noisy you can step out into the corridor, quiet them, and then speedily return. If you do this no one will be disturbed, and you yourselves will not be much hindered in the enjoyment of the meeting." Again, just before the sermon, an usher, in trying to seat the people, asked three boys occupying seats in

map with very damp sand. The best is that obtained at an iron foundry and should be new; about fifty pounds would be the quantity required. This, when moved by the hand and a small trowel into maintains an al-
leys, ta e-
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A YOUNG PERSIAN BRIDE.

very easily keep its place, even to the board is tipped at a considerable angle so that every child in the room may make openings in the sand, showing blue "water" beneath, for the river, small seas, or use small mirrors and bits of silver paper or tin. The divisions of Palestine may be marked by card fences, and the roads by white corn few supplemental lessons on the mountains, bodies of water, the formation of the seacoast, and the divisions of the country will familiarize the class with its features and pave the way for their fuller enjoyment of the regular lessons. The sand can be used repeatedly and the board, if handled with care, will last a whole season.

Don't Underestimate the "Boys."

They will be men by and by, and men too, let us hope. "I have an idea," said Curator Smith of the Carnegie Museum, lately, "that we underestimate boys; when they are in earnest, they are capable of accomplishing almost anything that men can do. My own boyhood passed in a small village. Before I was ten, my taste for natural history had led me to attempt small collections of plants and insects; but there was no one to discourage me, no one who had the slightest sympathy with such pursuits. I think of the discouragements and even rejections that met me at every step and almost drove me to despair. No wonder, then, that I have a fellow-feeling for these boys, no wonder that I long to help them."

A Birthday Social for India.

The following letter from Mount Pleasant, N. J., may contain a suggestion for those who are trying to help India's suffering people:

Aroused by the appeals made through the Christian Herald, the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church, Mount Pleasant, N. J., determined to hold a Birthday Social for the presentation of the cause in this community. A mimeographed slip of paper, enclosed in an envelope, brought the following appeal direct to the members: "Eighty millions of suffering people in India appeal to Christian America for help. What will you do? You can help by putting within this envelope one cent for each year of your age, and by bringing it to the Birthday Social to be held at the Presbyterian Church, on Friday evening, May 4, 1897, at 7:45." Another mimeographed statement was issued to the citizens, were invited to participate in the effort. They realized amounts now to over \$75, which has been day been forwarded to you for distribution, according to the plan which your journal has so successfully prosecuted. Plenty of discussion and action on the subject, a special sermon setting forth the great opportunity to American Christians, and committee service, and the promise of an interesting evening at the social, conspired to make the effort the great success that it was. The Christian Endeavorers of the same church issued tickets for the inscription: "Good for one loaf for the suffering children of India (Isa. 58:7)." and were successful in raising over \$90 for the same fund. We commend these two plans to all Christian Endeavor Societies which are desirous of aiding our officers in their splendid work.

JAMES H. DUNHAM, Pastor.

Sand Maps for Children.

There is a great deal of pleasure and instruction for the little folks in what is known as the sand-board map. Directions for making a sand-board are given as follows by Miss J. A. Dimock, in *The Religious Telescope*: A convenient size for the board is four feet six inches in length and two feet six inches in width, with a raised edge of about one inch. It may be made with very little trouble at home, or at a trifling cost by a carpenter. Paint the surface a bright blue to represent the waters of the Mediterranean, and form the

A man is too apt in regarding the tongue
 as a Christian's tool, to think of it only
 as a edged tool that is to lacerate and
 tear. There are times when it must be
 used for proof, when it would be sin to
 keep silence or refrain from protest, but
 the occasions are not so common as those
 when kindness and gentleness are re-
 quired. He who is uniformly gentle and
 kind in speech acquires a power which
 gives added force to the words he feels in-
 duced to use on the rare occasions when
 he must give pain. The preparation of
 the tongue, as we are assured, is the Lord's
 work. "The tongue can no man tame,"
 but it is a work that he is ever ready to
 perform when we seek his aid.

—W. C. MARTIN.

Hither, then, will the symbolic ephah be transported; here must it find its proper home and meet its final doom. But observe, it is not said that the ephah is to be carried to the city of Babylon, but to the land of Shinar. Nor is this a mere archaism. The ephah is not transported thither because there is a house ready to receive it: on the contrary, the house is to be built because the ephah rests there. In other words, when the Euphrates Valley becomes a great channel of trade, the new Babylon will not be already built as a metropolis.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XII—Cont'd.
The Church of the Future.

It was found that no will, executed by Mr. Lloyd, of recent date existed, excepting the one made to satisfy the whim of a mentally sick man. This was not worth consideration. The other, made ten years previously, left everything to Steve after his mother's and sister's portions had been provided for. But Mrs. Lloyd declined all participation in her husband's wealth. She said she "had already more than she could wisely use and distribute," and she entreated Steve to take care of his father's accumulations and render out of them the charity belonging to God and the poor. As for Alice the portion assigned her as the bride of Lord Medway, was considered to be lawfully hers, but when this and all other claims had been satisfied, there still remained nearly six million dollars in real estate and in bonds and securities of the first class.

"It is your money, sir," said Mr. Phillips to Steve, "and you cannot put aside the claim it has on your wise management."

Steve flushed and trembled, and was aware of a sudden feeling of unlimited pleasure and responsibility. He had so often vowed not to encumber himself with riches, so often declared he would be terrified to be the steward of enormous wealth, so often and so sincerely asserted that his father's death would not enrich him, that he felt all at sea, tossed to and fro without rudder or anchor, drifting on circumstances which were totally unexpected and unconsidered.

And it was in this perplexity and perturbation of mind that he was subjected to the entreaties of his wife, mother, sister and lawyer. He was told by the latter that it would be an affectation of the worst kind to refuse his own on a mere social quibble. He was coaxed by the women of the family with plausible arguments, and half convinced that he had a mission to fulfil in the proper dispensation of so much gold. He was swayed by some internal charm—he knew not what—and became hourly more conscious of that authority which the mere possession of money creates. And thus pushed onward by unseen influences and outward powers, he gradually grew appreciative of his position and felt—though he did not realize it—the thrall of riches upon his spirit.

Jessie was now radiantly happy. The house on the avenue, the cottage at Newport, the carriages and horses, and steam yacht, were all within her grasp. The yacht fitted into Steve's life-long dream, and he was so eager to realize this dream of his own, that he did not oppose whatever his wife wished as its equivalent. Jessie now, therefore, took upon herself the gratification of her desires. And this time she resolved to leave nothing for the future to fret after. The poor little flat was never again visited. Some cheap appraiser valued its contents and gave her a "paltry little check" for them, and then she felt free to build a home that would be a fitting one for her position.

This resolve, of course, implied time to perfect it; but Jessie's apparent good fortune did not desert her. Circumstances occurred soon after Mr. Lloyd's death which placed the Lloyd mansion at her disposal, and she was thus enabled at once to live in the style she had resolved to affect, and also to keep a close watch on the progress and development of her future plans. For very soon after Easter Lord Medway married Miss Leavenworth, and this event made it possible for Mrs. Lloyd and Alice to take the long holiday of travel they desired. After their weary watch and seclusion it seemed indeed a most desirable change. But as long as Lord Medway was unmarried, there was a possibility of gossip which neither woman liked to face.

"It will be said we are ruining after him—that as he will not come to us, we go to him—Alice," Mrs. Lloyd ejaculated, "the thought of Europe at present is

impossible. I wish it was not. I would like nothing better than a leisurely stroll through Italy with you."

Lord Medway's marriage was therefore, not an unpleasant surprise. Possibly Alice had yet some sore feeling about the matter, but it was not hard to hide it under the satisfaction arising from the freedom it permitted. Instantly they began to plan for a two-year's absence, and these plans included the occupancy of their New York and Newport homes by Steve and Jessie. Jessie considered this arrangement "a Providence," and Steve smiled at her consequential air and her ready appropriation of "Providence," but did not deny the exorbitant stretch of her claim upon a divine planning for her particular wishes. In fact all winter he had been gradually becoming more and more subject to his beautiful wife, and Jessie had almost begun to think him so far her bond slave, as to make further charming and conciliation unnecessary.

Early in May Mrs. Lloyd and Alice left America for Italy, and Jessie, though she did not voice the thought, said mentally, a very emphatic "Thank heaven for it!" When the steamer left its moorings she considered her enfranchisement complete. Hitherto, in spite of all her efforts, she had been conscious of Mrs. Lloyd and Alice as controlling forces. There were certain things she did not like to do in their presence. Their look of calm dissent spoiled her finest aggressions. Their polite refusals infused doubt and often failure into her daring innovations. She was now absolutely mistress of her desires and of six million dollars.

The first pleasure she gave herself was one which it delighted Steve to join her in. This was the settlement of her father in Steve's position as agent of Mrs. Lloyd's "Homes" and other charities, and the buying and furnishing of a pretty country place for her mother. The delight and surprise of the ageing McAslins was very genuine and very great, and Jessie might have learned from this experience that it is our labors for others that make us cheerful, while labor for self, always leaves behind a vague melancholy dissatisfaction.

Once more then Steve saw his idolized wife completely happy. In her splendid residence she ruled autocratically, she gave orders and received callers, and laid all sorts of splendid plans for her future social supremacy. And it was not difficult for Steve, in his own way, to follow her example. His way was the way of the sea. He was resolved to have the finest yacht that could be built. To be skipper of such a craft would be his most improbable dream come true. He spent his time in preparing for such a realization. To put off into space, to get out of sight and sound of all humanity but such as he could control, to leave all obligations behind him, to forget there were such things as letters, or papers, or plans, or settlements, to be alone with God and the ocean and the great winds that revel on the ocean, this was the heaven upon earth, which in certain moods the restless, vivid young man most ardently desired.

While he was in uncertainty about his father's money, and even while accustoming himself to the feeling and state and circumstance of his new position, he had kept out of the way of John McAslin. He heard of him, he read of him, but he made no effort to see him. And John would not force the old friendship between them. He knew the transforming power of gold, and thought it quite probable Steve would like to forget the past. Nothing was further from Steve's intention, but the fresh responsibilities he had assumed sat with difficulty on him, and he was hardly ready to be himself under them. One night, however, in the latter part of June, he went eastward to look for John. He knew where he was to speak, and he wished to see for himself if it was the old John unchanged. He wondered too how the opinions he had been wont to endorse

would now affect him. He wished to try and test self by an unprepared judge and ordeal.

He found John in the lecture room of a church on Fourth avenue. There was no crowd here, no jostling, no bandying of jokes or greetings, no enthusiasm, and none of that ready oratory and disposition to deny, argue and answer back that was always a marked feature in more secular places of meeting. A fair proportion of the audience were women, but men and women alike were of that calm, respectable class which are not easily moved by any force outside the narrow circles of their own domesticities. Indeed, there was on the faces of many a set opposition, and as soon as Steve had listened a few minutes he was not astonished. For John was arraigning the Church in general in such language as could not permit any one to shirk the questions he touched.

"The Church has practically lost all effectual hold on the working classes," he said, "and there is an awful shipwreck of redeemed humanity of which the responsibility falls on the Church."

"Facts! Facts! Mr. McAslin," interrupted an aggressive-looking man near the platform. "We came here for facts, not for generalities. Take some great question of the day and tell us how the Church has neglected her duty."

"Socialism, for instance," said a woman by his side, with a little frightened laugh.

John bowed to her and accepted the proposition. "Socialism," he cried, "is the essential spirit of Christianity. Not the socialism of the Nihilist assassin, or the Communistic petroleuse, but the socialism of the New Testament. What is the socialism of the New Testament? It is the brotherhood of mankind springing from the fatherhood of God. It is the cheerful coming under the burdens of others 'in order to elevate and bless. It is the spirit of your own homes carried into the larger homes of your villages, towns and cities, of your country, and of the whole world. Say that you have sons and daughters? One may be clever and beautiful, another much less so. One may be healthy and strong, another weak and suffering. Is there therefore jealousy and oppression on your hearthstone? Not if a true family bond unites you. All will rejoice in the success of the brilliant brother or the lovely sister. All will unite to help the weak or the deficient. In a loving family who is more powerful than the baby? Who is better beloved and served than the invalid? This is the true socialistic spirit. If our hearts and our churches were filled with this spirit of Christ, we could do as he did and carry this influence into the world around us. This is the Gospel of the first century. It is the Gospel of the nineteenth, and will be the Gospel until time shall be no more. But this socialism the Church does not practice; she does not even preach it."

"Proof! Proof! Proof!" came from various parts of the assembly.

"I will give it. Take the words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Have not the shining letters of these names a tremendous fascination for all mankind? They are the most powerful words in any language. They stir the hearts of the suffering and the oppressed, like a trumpet blast from heaven. These words belong of right to the church. They are among her most glorious watchwords! They represent the powers and principalities of her sacred kingdom! What use has she made of them? None. She has left Nihilists, and Communists, and Positivists, and Anarchists, and Atheists, and a revolutionary press to preach from these charming texts. While the Church has been teaching men dogmas and wasting her time, and money, and arguments, and strength on creeds of men's making, she has left false teachers to preach a false Utopia from the most glorious words of her own holy charter."

"Then, John, you would have the Church preach socialism?" asked Steve, from his seat at the edge of the assembly.

The voice, the tone, the bright face of the speaker who stood with one hand on the back of his chair and the other stretched out toward the platform instantly raised in John's heart an access of enthusiasm.

"I would have the Church preach Fraternity! Equality! Liberty! as Christ taught them. The purest, truest, sweetest, loftiest socialism is in the New Testament. The Church of the future will

have to preach it or be silent altogether. She will have to tell men to undo burdens and let the oppressed go, to break every yoke, that is she will have to preach against all the sins of cheap adulteration, unpaid labor, all the gains to which human flesh and and spirit have contributed, whether come from the sweat of the hands or sweat of the brain. She will have to creeds and dogmas, and feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and house the homeless. How many millions of are sunk in churches that are even against prayer, six days out of seven? And yet they are called 'the church of God,' and thousands of God's children have not where to lay their heads.

If Christ should suddenly stand upon Broadway and if the poor and homeless round him find Where would he lead them? To the church? Nay!

At those shut doors no Christ would 'stand knock?'

"Go on John," cried Steve. "I want more about the Church of the future."

"The Church of the future will teach men a different measure of success or of what is called success. She will honor those who grow rich without science, and then build a college as a gift like a sop to the Almighty, the public whom they have robbed; men must grow rich innocently, or she will not endorse them. She will not men Methodism, or Presbyterianism, Catholicism; she will teach them truth, tolerance, humanity to the animal world, and a boundless kindness and pity for the sick, the lame, and mentally deficient, the poor and suffering. She will not pass by any that may spring from the circumstances of the day, she will be justly angry and with unrelenting perseverance that wrong definitely stamped and fixed."

"You are setting the Church of the future a tremendous work. Who is able to do it?" cried a listener.

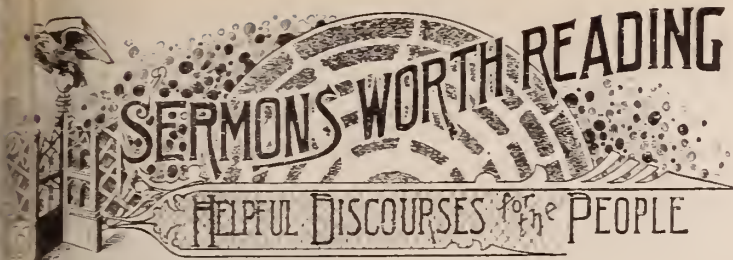
"We are to do it," answered John. "Every single one of us is our brother's keeper. It is our place to consider the signs of the times. It is our place to defend the rights of the poor and oppressed. Even now God is asking 'Whom will I send, and who will go with us?' of you will answer 'Here am I, send me?'"

"The power of the Church is in unity," said someone, and John lifted his word instantly and repeated it. "That is it. If the Church would only with out regard to name or creed would be invincible. The gates of hell should not, could not prevail against it. She might do anything she wished to. She might abolish drunkenness, she might make a dishonorable, unkind deed, unfashionable, and it would of fashion. The Church, as a united abrogating creed, standing on the foundation of the fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man, make any reform she wished to. How much reforms of all kinds are you may see for yourselves if you go from out of this meeting, not to your own comfortable homes but down into the haunts of those poor men and women who have no homes, and among that generation of miseries that inspire pitifully majestic Invocation of Bello.

Almighty God, whose justice like a sun shall carouse along the floors of heaven Raising what's low, perfecting what's unperfected, Breaking the proud and making odd things even The poor of Jesus Christ along the street In your rain sodden, in your snows unsheltered They have no hearth, nor roof, nor daily bread Nor even the bread of men, Almighty God The poor of Jesus Christ whom no man has ever called upon your vengeance much to wipe out not tears but blood, our eyes bleed Come, smite our damned sophistries so soft That thy rude hammer battering this rude Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand

"I have nothing to-night to add to grand prayer," said John. He whispered the words, and yet they were audible through every corner of the room. And men and women with burning, and with eyes heavy with pity, looked wonderingly, gratefully even reverently at the man who moved their highest selves, and the quietly to their houses pondering words they might never, never forget though it might be the fires of repentance or of two late repentance that brought them again to remembrance.

(To be Continued.)



TWO GREAT MOMENTS.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. John McNeill at Fifth Ave. Stand forth in the midst. . .
 Presbyterian Church, New York. Text: Mark 3: 3, 5. Stretch forth thine hand.

IF you make this a story that runs something like this: A man who had a withered hand slipped into the synagogue and Jesus was there, and he singled him out and said to him, stretch forth thy hand, and somehow or another he believed in Jesus, and out came the withered hand into newness of life power. I feel if you tell the story as you have only told the hall, and not sure you have told the larger story.

It is a story that gathers round two utterances of our Lord, that brought them two great moments to that heart and history. First, Jesus said "stand forth in the midst," then the Lord did the Lord speak unto the second word that brought the "stretch forth thy hand." Stand stretch forth.

Stand forth in the midst." I take say I believe the first command, speaking, was the harder to obey. I think of it. It was on a day like the Sabbath of the Lord. The people to the synagogue as we go to it was a time-honored custom then still, as well as God appointed, and a fellow slipped into the synagogue and likely took a back seat—a poor with a withered hand. Of course I will account for what brought him to it was the name and fame of Jesus. No doubt as a healer of diseases he heard this, that, and the other about his poor withered hand almost to twitch with a kind of eagerness. Jesus came into the town, to get harm and at him.

A TEST.
 As you and I sit in our synagogues to use and wont and God's appointment, and as the generations before us throughout their generations, so were doing in Israel, and the man with the withered hand among the rest, Jesus and took charge of the service. I think that poor fellow with the withered hand sat in a back seat, and was in a tremble, and the thought was through the man like a shuttle through the loom: now there he is at last, he heard a good deal about him, but did not know him. I have nobody to place me. I have no money, but oh, I could get to speak to him. Suddenly he got more notice, perhaps, than I wanted. Jesus singled him out, fastened him with his eye, and said, "stand forth in the midst." I say, would you, any of you immediately have stood up? Try to think the man was like Jesus, flesh and blood, he knew where Jesus, just as you know where you are. I asked you to stand up in this church how many considerations would you put visible hands upon you to put you in your seat, and prevent you from standing forth. He would be tempted to himself, well now is this the way to handle me? Of course, I am a poor fellow, and my hand is withered, I did come in expecting to get an interview with him, but is this the wisest way is public way, this sensational way? It is a sensational way, interrupting a congregation at their devotions, and in a sensational way pulling me up in the middle of the singing. If he is the true Jesus, as he claims to be, and the Son of God, why does he not send a church member to speak to me and whisper that now or another he has got to know me, and he will be glad to see me in vestry at the close. Would he not be ashamed of us if he felt like that? For modest we get when it is coming to Jesus, but when it is sin that is in the

wind, or folly or self-pleasing, or wordliness, why we will sin with a front like brass, we will trample on a father's warnings, a wife's or a mother's tears and entreaties, and go to sin and folly and the devil brazen faced, and who cares? But when it is coming back from sin and folly, limping, damaged, withered, dying, then it is turn down the lights and let no dog bark. We get so bashful, and we almost blush like a school miss if anybody taxes us with it. God help some of you to get over your unnatural modesty. "Stand forth in the midst." You cannot accuse Jesus of being a sensation-monger, you dare not bring your peddling little rules to him and find fault with him, he is master here. Stand forth in the midst.

SOCIAL FEARS.

I tell you that man was tempted to sit still. It was not easy to stand up. There were many who were saying at that very time that Jesus was an impostor and a deceiver of the people, and was simply using strange magical powers, if not devilish powers, for personal, unworthy, unholy ends. There were the Pharisees, the watchers, very likely looking round on him as if saying, will you dare? And may be, if he was a working man, some of those purse-proud Pharisees had supported him and his children since he lost his right hand, for many a purse-proud Pharisee will do a thing like that simply to have the fame of it and to conceal other things where criticism might fasten with a dangerous grip. It was not easy, and he did not feel it easy.

And then there would be that bugbear—it is only a mole hill and not a mountain—the thought of what will people say if I stand up, and this is done publicly. Of course he would know that the persecution that was beginning to gather round Jesus would gather round him if he became another certificate for Christ's power. Christ's tremendous spontaneous glorious claim to be the Messiah, the son of God long promised, come at last. Aye, he knew it all, and what will people say? What has kept some of you men and women back from an entire surrender into the hands of the Saviour, has been something like that, what will people say if you become a Christian? What will the Jones's say, and the Robinsons say, and the DeTompkins say if I become a Christian, if the revival gets hold of me? Sometimes there is a little vanity in there. Do not be so utterly conceited. If you did get converted New York would get over it. If some of you get converted, and I trust you will, if you get saved from sin, saved from self-righteousness, and become true living Christians.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

But do you know what some people will say? The people who know you best will say that they are very glad to hear you have been converted, for it was high time. That is what they will say, it is high time. My dear brother, my dear sister, it is high time you were saved out of mere formality, or out of positive sin and wickedness. It is time you were saved.

Yet he got out of his difficulty, he rose and stood forth in spite of the watchers the Pharisees, in spite of all those fears of what people will say, or of the persecution that might gather around him he rose, and stood forth. I believe his withered hand compelled him. He cast a look at his withered hand, and I believe as he did so he would say, if I get that straightened out I would not need to care what they said. They laugh best who laugh last. Let them laugh that win, and the man who surrenders to Jesus at discretion is the winner. And up he got. I believe, dear friends, he had to grip the seat in front of him till his knuckles got white.

I believe the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, but he was up. He rose and stood forth. I believe a gasp of hate swept round the synagogue from the Pharisees, but you might almost have heard the angels in heaven begin to cheer. Hell is baffled, heaven had won, another soul had surrendered to the Son of God.

Be you like him where you sit. Step clear, come out of the fear of man, or the wickedness, timidity, or stupid pride of your own heart, step clear out of every consideration that would keep you from surrendering into the hands of a powerful present Jesus. For I will shut my Bible, and I will shut my mouth, and I will never open Bible or lip to preach again if the very same Jesus, who did that work of grace and power on that man, is not present with us this afternoon, and giving us the same opportunity. Oh, dear men and women don't be watchers and fault-finders. God pity you. You cannot afford it. Come with your withered heart. This is

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

He arose and stood forth. Then the Lord shot into him the second word that brought the blessing: Stretch forth thy hand. If he had not obeyed the first, he never would have got the second. There was a woman once came to Jesus, not as a lady to patronize him, she came as a broken helpless thing, and she slipped in behind him and touched the hem of his garment and immediately she was made whole, and as she was going to slip away home without standing forth in the midst, Jesus turned him about in the crowd, and when he turned round you are no longer behind, you are in front, and she had to stand forth in the midst, and fall down before him in the midst of a crowd, and tell him all the truth, and he sealed the blessing on her. "Daughter, thy faith saved thee, go in peace." This man before he got the blessing, that woman after she got the blessing, but first or last there is a need be. God help you friend to stand forth, to step clear, do not be cowed, don't be gagged, know your own mind, be true to your deepest convictions of guilt and need and hell desert, and come to Jesus in your heart, here and now.

He arose and stood forth. Noble confessor. Many of us would not have done it, and this story to Christ's glory would never have been written. He arose and stood forth, and the Master shot the second word into him, stretch forth thy hand, as if he would say: Now friend you have come out for me, and I will come out for you, and we will fight this thing together. Was it easy? Was it easy? If any of you arose, and stood up in this church, you would almost feel as though you were twenty feet high, standing up when everybody else sat, and especially looking round and watching you. You know how some of you are pinned down there, you dare not call your soul your own for fear of what somebody would say. You will do for the devil and the world and the church world, but will never do for the Son of God after that fashion. My words are sharp, but my heart is warm. The Lord give us courage: stretch forth thy hand.

INVOLUNTARY OBEDIENCE.

Was he not tempted to think something like this, as his thoughts went like the shuttles through the loom: now is this a right way, it is so like a trickster, he has never come down to look at my hand, or has never asked me about it that I might tell the whole history of the case, but in this cheap easy glib fashion he says, stretch forth thy hand. And may be a scalding tear fell on the withered hand to think that anybody could trifle with his misery, and add insult to his injury by making him a public spectacle like that. A look at his hand pulled him up, but when the Lord stood there and fastened his eyes on the man's eyes, and said stretch forth thy hand, I believe for a blessed minute he stretched forth his hand forgetting all about it. Looking and listening to that Divine Lord he felt he could do anything, and his hand came out, I believe before he knew. He could not tell you to this hour, if he came on this platform, just how it happened, but he could tell you it did happen. He would just say, Jesus stood there and looked straight into my face and said, stretch forth thy hand, and as I looked to him and listened to him I felt I could do the impossible.

There was no effort, no struggle. Please notice that there is no verse that says that the man gathered himself together for a magnificent effort and burst the bonds of

his infirmity. Not by effort, not by works lest any man should boast. If he had done it by a great effort I believe that during the next week, as he went about telling his story, he would have dwelt more and more upon his effort until Christ's share in the business would have dropped out. It is wonderful how self creeps in with the best of us. I stand here, dear friends, for this position: I say this out of my own experience, that act of faith by which at last I came to an end of all struggling, and all striving, and all stress and strain, to be something and do something that I felt I never could be and never could do, that act of faith by which at last I ceased from self and simply took the Lord Jesus Christ at his word, it was

THE MOST EFFORTLESS THING.

I ever did. Just like a bairnie and its mother, a wee birdie to its nest, when at last you cease from struggling and straining and simply look and listen and take Christ at his word, is it not the most effortless thing you ever did? Perhaps you were weeks, perhaps months coming to it, but I challenge you, when at last you came to it, was not the first thing almost that you said, dear me, how simple it all is, I might have seen that long ago. He looked to Jesus and he listened to Jesus. As Paul would say, his faith came by hearing and hearing by the word of God. Now, dear men and women, I will not call you saints nor sinners nor backsliders, I will take nothing for granted, but I will just press this great fundamental point. Have you looked to Jesus, for there is no salvation otherwise? Cease from church, cease from respectability, from your own morality as well as from your wickedness, and look, look, look to Jesus, receive his word, rest on him and on the word on which he causes you to hope, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. The moment, dear friends, that you cease from your righteous self that never did anybody any harm, or your more wicked guilty self, and look to Jesus in simple trust, that moment thy soul, like this man's withered hand, bursts the bondage of corruption and condemnation and passes out a new thing, into the glorious liberty and power of a child of God. The Lord bring it to pass while we speak, even as it happened here!

"Well, that is all. That is the end, or rather that is the beginning, for there is no end to it. It did not take five minutes, Deep called to deep, the deep of pity and power in Jesus answered by

THE DEEP OF FAITH

and trust in that man, and the thing was done, and Christ went on with the service, and pronounced the benediction. And then the people went away, and the watchers found their tongues, I have no doubt, and they began to buzz and criticize and find fault with Jesus. Jesus at his best does not please some religious people, because he breaks with them and their hard-and-fast notions and their pretensions. But there was one man, whether people criticized or spoke well or ill, there was one man, and may there be some one here to represent him, who went away with a bird singing in his bosom, the man who had crept in with the withered hand. He went out treading on air. To him the common air, the earth, the skies were opening paradise. He had seen the Lord. He had the token in his body and the sweet experience of rest and gladness in his soul, and he went away home.

When a workingman's right hand falls helpless, God pity us, how much falls into helplessness and misery along with it. Blessed be God for a Jesus who puts us right just where sin and the devil have spoiled us, body and soul. A verse in an old Psalm, I think, would often be on his tongue, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," but just then he would slip in a shorter word and say, "If I forget thee, O Jesus, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning." But we will not forget him, men and women, will we? We will not be ashamed of him, will we? No; blessed be God. We will go out to confess him, not in violent ways, but as he shall give us an opportunity, and he will make an opportunity for you. Thendon't fail him. Don't turn down the light. Show forth his power. Compel the very gainsayers to admit that something has come in and you are a new creature, old things passed away, all things become new, for you have looked to Jesus and you are living.

She Remembered Mont-Lawn.

A Reader Recalls its Beauties and Writes a Song for Our Children's Home.

SPRING-TIME has come again to Mont-Lawn and the trees are almost in full foliage, while the snowy dogwoods, the lilacs and syringas, and the banks of wild-flowers, make the place seem like a sea of blossoms. Soon the grassy lawn and green, sloping hill-sides will be the play-ground of our little tenement guests, who come up from the hot city to enjoy their ten-days' outing at our Children's Home. Mont-Lawn never looked more beautiful than it does this spring, and it is not to be wondered at that those who have ever been there should recall it with feelings of pleasure and delight.

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who has visited Mont-Lawn, sends the following letter, which will be read with interest by all who have been identified with our Children's Home work, either as patrons or visitors. She writes:

I wrote these verses during a time of sickness. The words can easily be sung to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," to be used by the children at Mont-Lawn. My two sisters, Florence and Ella, have enjoyed a trip to Nyack, and they often sing over the songs on the leaflets that were used at the Home. I also spent a day there and remember the scenery as the grandest I have ever seen, and also the Christian influence surrounding the children. I am sure it will leave lasting impressions on a great many of their lives.

Oh, sing, all ye children,
With voices loud and clear;
And ever remember
The friends who brought us here
To see nature's glories,
In sweet midsummer days,
The trees and the flowers,
For which we offer praise.

CHORUS:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh, sing little children of this our
Christian home.

Oh, sing all ye children,
Your hearts and voices raise;
The birds singing sweetly,
All join us in our praise.
The woods and the river,
So beautiful to see,
All speak of the Giver
Of good to you and me.

Dear Lord, bless our parents,
And teachers all so dear,
And bless all the children
Who gather here each year.
And when in life's closing
We may no longer roam,
Oh, then may we gather,
In that bright heavenly Home.

CHORUS:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh, sing little children of this our
Christian home.

—ALICE E. C.

Many friends who have taken a pleasant interest in the work of our Children's Home in the past three years, are now writing, making inquiries concerning the date of reopening the Home, and applications from city missionaries in behalf of poor tenement children are already coming in, begging that their little charges may have the benefit of a holiday at Mont-Lawn. One lady, (Mrs. E. L. Sutherland of Parkville, N. Y.), mindful of the needs of the little guests, sends this letter:

I send a box to-day to the Bowers Mission. I wish the little slum children to have the contents. It is only a little, but it is given willingly, and I hope and pray that God may richly bless the efforts put forth to reclaim fallen humanity.

The box, which contained a quantity of clothing, maple sugar and apples, will be sent to the Matron of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y., to whom all such gifts for the children should be addressed. Money contributions in aid of the work can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. The following contributions have been received since our last acknowledgment.

Prev. ack'd	\$271.30
Jane M. Waters	3.00
H. H. Phila	10.00
Mrs. E. I. Wickham	1.00
Miss A. Preston	3.00
A well known, Winchester	3.00
Wm. M. Hovey	1.00
Louise, Canaboga Falls	3.00
W. C. Walter	1.00
M. A. Young	1.00
John Clark	1.00
Jos. W. Colman	1.40
Mrs. A. C. Bowen	1.00
Mrs. S. A. Partridge	3.00
Rolla A. Morrison	2.00
Lydia Farnum	5.00
Mrs. M. M. Clark	1.00

Friend, K. G., So Framingham	1.00
Junior C. F. Society	10.00
Package of clothing from Miss E. B. Miller	
Total	\$322.70

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Armenian Aid.

During the week the following sums have been received for the Armenian Relief work:

Prev. ack'd	\$7,708.02	Mrs. C. F. Moon	1.00
Rev. P. A. Himmel	2.50	V. P. C. E. Branchville	1.00
A. believer in Jesus,		W. C. F. C. M. M. L. K. 25	
Harrodsburg	1.50	Mrs. J. Williams	1.00
C. A. Hagaman	3.00	Mrs. W. R. Russell	50
C. Eastman	5.00	Guy C. Barbee	50
Flora Robinson	5.00	C. E. S. Attenant	
J. C. Miller	1.00	Ch. Phila	1.50
Mr. & Mrs. Bernley	1.00	A. F. Keith	1.00
Lowellville	10	C. C. Renting	20.00
Darius J. Curtiss	50	Geo. & Jane Stewart	2.00
Union S. S., Lower		Subr. W. Winfield	1.00
Stepney	3.30	I. H. A. Wayne Co.	50
Rebecca McQuown	1.00	Greenfield	5.00
Hoag Corners	10.00	Mary Houston	1.00
Mrs. R. M. Donald	1.00	Henri Belond	50
Mrs. Geo. Ellsworth	1.00	Anna Wright	50
Reader, Fremont	1.00	Subr. Elbridge	1.00
Two Friends, ILL.		Friend of the cause,	
Phila	7.50	Campbell	15.00
J. J. Bell	1.00	B. Y. P. R. Taylor	1.00
Mrs. E. B. Vokott	1.00	B. Y. P. U. Williams	
Mrs. M. J. Merritt	50	burg	15.00
I. M. W. & daughter		Mrs. A. C. Brown	2.00
Stanwood	2.50	Gustav Barth	2.00
Mrs. E. F. Kagey	1.00	L. M. B. Franklin	50
E. M. L. Buffalo	1.00	S. T. Downville	5.00
R. S. Tucker	1.00	Mrs. Conklin	1.00
Mrs. R. Rouse	1.00	Mrs. E. W. Crawford	1.00
W. C. T. U., Woodlawn	1.00	Jessie M. Que	1.00
A. D. Hunt	1.00	E. Matteson	1.00
Alex. Hunt	25	Reader, Alden	5.00
Mary Hunt	25	Geo. W. Potter & wf	50
Thos. Dodd	25	Friend, Pasadena	1.00
Through Mrs. Philip		3 children, Aurora	60
Grilli	3.12	Mrs. H. M. Laidle	2.00
Old Subr. Ashland	1.00	M. E. S. Opelika	1.00
Cash, Jr. Rondout	1.00	V. S. D. E. Opelika	1.00
S. J. Chamberlain	5.00	Christian Union Ch.	
Friend & Subr. Car		San. Lorenzo	5.40
thage	1.00	Miss Johanna Olpe	30.00
Collinsville	1.00	Subr. Cal	1.00
Mrs. L. F. Parham	1.00	Mrs. C. Troy	5.00
Jas. D. McGregor	5.00	Well wisher, Olpe	10.00
Edmund Peterson	1.00	S. H. Puryear	2.00
Mrs. N. D. Scofield	2.00	John Tyler	1.00
J. T. Turner	5.00	Geo. M. Greene	5.00
S. S. China	1.00	Mr. & Mrs. D. White	5.00
Pella Dorcas Soc.	5.00	Minnie Kimball	50
Elsie F. B. S. S.	4.50	C. A. Hagaman	3.00
Friend of the poor,		Friend of the needy,	
Plainfield	10	So Manchester	1.00
Mrs. S. H. Whitney	5.00	H. S. Brooklyn	2.00
J. M. Bentell	1.00	Josephine Elias	5.00
X. Y. Z. Clinton	1.05	Mrs. J. B. Coman	1.00
Armenians of Fresno	10.00	Mrs. L. B. Crockett	1.00
Victoria B. C. friends	2.00	Friend, Mass.	1.00
Any Ann Almy	1.00	Martha, Bklyn	1.00
Samuel Sutter	1.00	Elmira	1.00
Mrs. B. S. Workman	50	Sunday School, Peth	4.15
Mary Burton	50	Bessie S. Ogden	50
Elizab. S. Bachman	1.00	Mrs. J. W. Orange	5.00
J. W. C. Springfield	2.00	L. Chamberlain	1.00
Ermina Bayha	1.50	Mrs. David Polleys	1.00
For Jesus' Sake	50	L. L. M. Phila	1.00
Kirkville	50	C. B. C. Mass.	1.00
Well-wisher, Win-		Nathan Stafford	50
chester	3.50	Scotland	50
W. H. M. Alameda	1.00	Mrs. W. E. Belcher	2.00
Laura Brooks	50	Hagar S. S. Hagar	72
Friend, Soudan	2.00	H. H. N. McGregor	40
I. H. N. Spokane	1.00	Tillie A. Moyer	10.00
Invalid, Corinna	4.00	Karl & Norma	
L. F. Bradley	5.00	St. Joseph	1.00
Mrs. A. M. Cummings	3.00	Anne E. Welty	1.00
C. A. Hagaman	1.00	Mrs. NG McFadden	4.00
Donald Hart	3.00	F. Gilbert	2.50
A. S. H. Emilie	50	Mrs. Wm Sedgwick	
S. R. S. Deansboro	1.00	Josie Crouch	2.00
Mrs. A. W. Curtis	1.00	Mary F. McFarland	10.00
King's Daughter		Walter & Marion	
Waterford	2.00	Lott	5.00
Friend, Empire	25	9th St. Christ'n Ref	
A. McNulty	3.00	Ch. Holland	25.99
Lapwai	2.00	Orient M. E. Church	10.00
Mrs. E. A. Barron	1.00	Chas. S. Clark	2.00
Mrs. Albert Gunn	1.00	Elizabeth Atkinson	1.00
Miss M. A. Johnson	1.00	John M. Wilson	1.00
Mrs. Margt. Luding	25	Friend, Leonie	1.00
V. P. S. C. Brewster	5.00	Sympar, Vancouver	1.00
Mrs. H. E. Hovey		M. F. Union Hill	1.00
Fredonia	1.00	Louisa Va. W. Berlin	5.00
T. J. Shackley	1.00	Total	\$8,157.20
Mrs. M. J. Dale	10.00		

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GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

<i>Bella Cooke's Work.</i>	<i>Miss Emma Nason's</i>
Prev. ack'd.....\$2.00	<i>Work among Lun-</i>
Friends, Manlius.....50	<i>bermen.</i>
Total.....\$2.10	Prev. ack'd.....\$36.50
<i>Foreign Missions.</i>	SEM, Enfield.....1.00
Prev. ack'd.....\$101.79	JMP, Mass.....50
Jas McC Seig.....5.00	Mary E Stewart.....50
W. J. H. Tidouette.....1.00	Total.....\$38.50
Total.....\$107.79	<i>For The Christian Her-</i>
<i>For Mrs. Jamal's School</i>	<i>ald S. S. Missionary.</i>
<i>for Syrian Girls.</i>	Prev. ack'd.....\$133.25
Prev. ack'd.....\$24.50	W. A. Barry.....1.00
Parents & daughter	H. H. Phila.....2.00
Gilman.....1.00	Mrs. E. C. Seymour.....2.00
Friend, Wis.....2.00	Old Subr. Ashland.....5.00
"Wyo".....4.00	"Wyo".....4.00
Daisy Dell.....1.00	Parker Union S. S.....1.00
Total.....\$32.50	R. J. H. Monticello.....5.00
<i>For the Mayesville</i>	Eliza Rose.....50
<i>Institute.</i>	—, Miner, Oreg.....1.75
Prev. ack'd.....\$18.00	Total.....\$154.75
Annie R. Jennings.....10.00	<i>For Any Good Cause.</i>
Melissa P. Dodge.....15.00	Prev. ack'd.....\$79.01
W. C. T. U., Central	Friend, LaGrange.....5.00
Union No 1.....10.00	A Cairns.....5.00
Total.....\$53.00	Caroline Woods.....2.00
<i>For Blind Mary.</i>	Nameless, Iowa.....1.00
Prev. ack'd.....\$2.00	Mrs. Geo P Davis.....50
I. H. N., Princeton.....3.00	Wm Turner.....5.00
Total.....\$5.00	Mrs. GWS, Calhoun.....3.00
<i>New York Rescue Band</i>	—, Laurence.....5.00
Prev. ack'd.....\$2.00	Total.....\$105.51
C. Jones.....5.00	<i>Aunt Joyce.</i>
Total.....\$7.00	Jno Bacchus.....2.50

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

MISSION TO THE RICH.

It may well be doubted if there is any more thoroughly Christlike work for humanity being accomplished in our time than that which clusters about the settlements in some of our large cities. Every conception is in the spirit of the poor: who put aside the glory of the past and came down to earth, bringing the resources of nobility of character,



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

and gentleness of soul, and them as a flower does fragrance for the poorest and weakest and meanest of mankind. So the social settlement happened in the very heart of slum life, where human life is hardest to bear, and a glimpse of anything pure and holy is indeed, is peopled usually by men and women of culture and refinement, and from whom leave homes of luxury and ease, and for Christ's dear sake, deny the happiness of associations with they have been born and reared, and that by personal example and that they may make the Christ life possible and beautiful to the most depressed of their brothers and sisters.

One of the most striking of these efforts of long Christianity incarnate in the face of poverty and sin, is Hull House, Chicago, and the angel in chief of Hull House is Miss Jane Addams. It is now ten years since this institution was founded, and it has become one of the institutions of the city.

One of the things that impresses me about the work of Miss Addams, is her first idea in starting the work was not so much to help the poor as to help the rich. Her large soul ached for the idle idleness of many wealthy society girls who seemed to have no worthy life in life, and who sadly needed to be brought into practical sympathy with their creatures. It has always been her belief that the work of Hull House benefits the teachers and workers quite as much as it does the poor people for whom the service is rendered. Some of the most enthusiastic and effective workers in the Christlike service are young women, up to the time of their becoming interested in this work, had led merely dissipated lives. It has developed them and glorified them as much as it has blessed any of the wretched girls of the slums and cellars, to whom they have ministered with such tenderness and devotion.

The young women have found that their wit and talent they possess could be put to some where into play in this new world. One girl who has been all her life accustomed to the highest world of fashion, and who is an expert in social matters, has developed a remarkable ability in imparting graceful and elegant manners to the street hoodlums.

Another young college girl utterly anni-

hilated the taste for dime novels among the slum boys, by a course of talks on the Legends of Charlemagne and his Paladins, which she made so interesting, that these urchins who had never heard a historical lecture in their lives, listened breathless and fascinated. Roland was the hero, whose adventures particularly delighted them. After the narration of his death, the boys hung about the room disconsolate. At last one remarked, sorrowfully:

"Well, it is no use coming any more, Roland's dead!"

But Hull House is not dead, and its devoted workers are alive to their finger tips, and things new and old are brought fresh out of the treasures of the minds and hearts of these self-sacrificing women, that capture the imagination and hold the affection and enthusiasm of the vigorous young life that would be otherwise running wild into evil. The whole object is to present the possibilities of a Christian life, pure and noble, beautiful and gracious before eyes to whom such a life is unknown.

Like all other good things, Hull House has been a growth. Ten years ago it consisted of only two young women who rented a few rooms in a building that they shared with a desk manufactory, but a wonderful transformation has been wrought. First the desk factory vanished and Miss Addams and Miss Starr, with their fellow-residents, occupied the whole of the old-fashioned Hull homestead. Then a wing was added with club rooms in it, and lecture halls and gymnasiums; then another wing at the rear for a restaurant and public bakery, where soups, cooked meats and other edibles could be had all ready to take home for less than the price of buying and preparing the raw material. Then a children's house was built to accommodate the Day Nursery, the Kindergarten and the Picture Gallery. This great mass of buildings with all its beehive of earnest workers and gracious influences have been the outcome of the intelligent love and good will of two Christian women.

Are there not other men and women of wealth, of college breeding, of rich gifts of conversation, or teaching, or helpful fellowship, who are weary of simply eating and drinking and keeping themselves sleek and comfortable like a fat ox, who will take courage and heart at this glimpse of a wonderfully rich investment in humanity? For after all, the richest investment one can make in this world, the one that is sure to pay back the largest dividends on the capital put in, is an investment in humanity. No other soil is so fertile, or will yield such speedy and satisfactory return.

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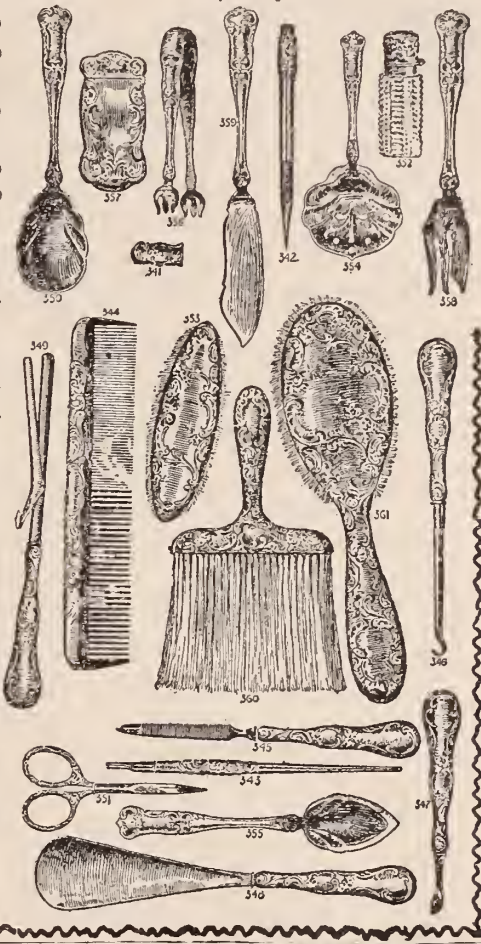
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Home Talks with
Mothers and Daughters.
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Art of Living Tranquilly.

HE luncheon table was daintily spread and the guests, assembled to do honor to a sweet-looking woman, a friend from across the sea, were very attractive in their pretty spring toilettes. The table was decorated with apple-blossoms, and the meal, served in courses, was eaten in a leisurely fashion, from the first delicate and appetizing dish till the last. Lingered over ices and bon-bons, Mrs. Manchester, the President of our village literary club, began a conversation which was carried on later in the drawing-room beside the open fire, where coffee was served in tiny cups.

"Mrs. Elwell," said Mrs. Manchester, addressing the guest of honor, "can you tell us the secret your country-women possess, of never being hurried, of living tranquilly, of being always serene and composed? For I am not mistaken. Whenever I go to Scotland, and I go almost every summer, I am re-impressed with the easy and gracious air of repose which characterizes the household life. It is very different from ours, which is somehow always at high pressure."

"You are more than kind," Mrs. Elwell replied, "but there does not seem to me to be any secret about it, except that perhaps we do not try to accomplish so much in a given time as you do. Nor are we quite so disturbed about keeping everything up to a certain scale of appearances. We like solid, old-fashioned comfort, and our lives go on with a certain serenity in grooves furrowed by our fathers before us. Our houses are plain or elegant as it happens, and we are not disturbed by any anxiety to make them as handsome as those of our neighbors. Perhaps our lives are strongly individual. But I am aware of ungraciousness when I seem to be critical, I, whose every day in America has been a satisfaction and a delight. Pray pardon me."

"If I may speak," said Adela Merrifield, a bright girl who has just been chosen to fill a vacancy in our college, and who is studying her future field of work, on which she will not enter until the autumn, "I will suggest that the art of living tranquilly went out when the need of catching the morning train came in. Our business life is all flurry and flutter and haste and speed. The man of the house must be at the station to take the 7.20 train in the morning, fortunate if it be not the 6.15. Everything is timed by the peremptory whistle of the train to town."

"Breakfast is a fight and a scramble. There is no thought of family worship. That implies repose, leisure, a dignified cessation of work, while the reading and singing and prayers go on. And our modern life has very little dignity. We begin our days in a rush, and spend them in a reckless race, and finish them in a whirl! It is all a hurly-burly, and nobody looks sweet and peaceful any more. Tranquility is a lost art. It has vanished from the face of the earth."

"Does thee think so, Adela?"

The speaker was a placid-looking woman a little beyond middle age. Her thick, white hair was plainly parted above a forehead which showed few lines; her soft, brown eyes were full of loving gleams, her voice was gentle as a breeze that just stirs the pines on a summer evening.

This beautiful woman wore the dress of the Society of Friends. Her countenance was a mirror of calmness and her atmosphere, for each of us has an atmosphere, was that of tender serenity.

"Ah! Cousin Priscilla, I had forgotten you," said Adela. "I must admit that you are an exception to the common rule. You are never worried or flustered, or in haste, yet you have a great deal to do. How do you accomplish so much with so little fret, so little haste? The sweet Friends' speech has something to do with it, I fancy."

"A hot temper may masquerade behind a thee-and-thou as well as elsewhere," remarked Mrs. Armstrong, before Priscilla

had time to reply. "It is more than the way of talking, I know."

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" said the Quaker lady, softly. "I have long endeavored to live as if my Lord were just beside my door, to keep my heart as if it were an inn for him to rest in when he is weary, to look at life as a school for study, but not as a battle-ground where the weaker must go to the wall. I have learned to do what I can and to leave the rest. There are other days to come, if I don't finish my work today. And I live in love with my fellow-creatures, and Christ makes me happy in service done for his little ones."

"Dear Priscilla!" whispered Mrs. Elwell stroking the white hand of the beautiful friend. "We might all take lessons from thee!"

"I fancy," said Mrs. Robert Creighton, "that I could live tranquilly if I were not the mother of three small boys. But what with their adventures and their escapades and the unexpected things which befall them, and the racket they make, it is perfectly useless for me to be anything but restless. Our house is half the time like a place swept by a cyclone."

"Thee has three splendid boys, Agnes," observed Priscilla, comfortingly.

The young mother smiled. She had a right to rejoice in the sturdy, small chaps of whom she sometimes complained, for they were healthy little fellows—manly, truthful, and obedient. One could afford to sacrifice a little domestic ease for the sake of such sons, bound to grow up gentlemen like their father: men, deferential to women, kind to the poor, honest in business, and God-fearing all through. With the sudden appearance at the door of these laddies, who, on their way home from school, called to escort their mother back to her own abode, our pleasant luncheon party dispersed. The talk and the mutual exchange of views had diffused tranquility over our mood, for at least that day.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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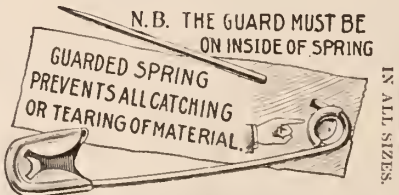
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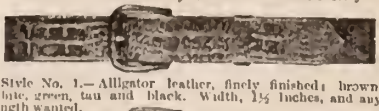
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THE BOOK SHELF

Physician and Emperor.*

TIBERIUS had heard of this man in his wicked seclusion at Caprae—a Jewish soothsayer, he was told, a fanatic, a dangerous fellow, well known the way when out of the world—heard and forgotten long ago. Of possible interest was the life and death of a Jewish peasant to this mighty emperor of mightiest Rome, and yet to would be hard to find a slave in all the place who would exchange places with Tiberius. Tiberius himself knew he knew himself unloved, unpitied, and with the pains of swift-coming death, loathsome with the corruption of age while yet cursed with breath, watched his attendants with a terrible gaze, reading his sentence of death in their averted eyes. Clothing was torn, yet he forced himself to endure a toilet every day. Food and wine were upon him, yet he ate and drank with determination. Sleeping and waking, he was haunted by the faces and names of his countless victims; mingling with his attendants, their ghastly blood-faces hung over his couch at night; with withered fingers they beckoned him from behind the shoulders of counselors in the morning. He longed to seek aloud of his misery, to wail lament even as a slave beneath the hand who would listen? Who in all the world of mortals or of spirits was there whom he could unburden himself to?

The physician Charicles desires an audience with thee, divine master." And the emperor bowed low before the royal physician.

"The physician Charicles," repeated Tiberius, rousing himself with difficulty from his frightful reverie. "Who is there who needs or desires the presence of Charicles?"

"I wish to be to the gods, all are in prayer," replied Stephanion. "The wise man comes not to exercise his craft, but to look upon the face of his master, since there is no greater joy to him in all the world."

"Fetch me a mirror," commanded Tiberius. "But no—how do we seem to-day, emperor? The truth, knave—if thou dost find grain of truth in thine entrails."

"Aver, divine master, the wisdom of the ancients and the majesty and beauty of the gods irradiate thy glorious countenance."

Tiberius made an impatient gesture. "Bring parrot!" he muttered. He saw a gold-bordered purple mantle about his shoulders. "Drop yonder mirror; the sun glares in impudently, admit the man to my presence." He turned his countenance into an artificial smile.

"Good Charicles, do not kneel: it is I to receive thee, and to see the passing years have used thee not at all."

"It is needless for me to ask after the health of the illustrious master of the world; it needs but a glance to assure me," responded Charicles, kissing the hand of the emperor.

"Sayest thou so?" said Tiberius, waving his hand quickly away. "Yet there those who profess to think me immortal, but it seemeth to me that man can scarce be ill who eats, and sleeps with the appetite of youth."

"The word was never spoken," said Charicles, cautiously studying the face before him. The swollen purple veins, the livid lips, the heaving breast, all pointing to his intelligent eye the story of a laboring pulse which he had managed to touch as he kissed the royal hand.

Tiberius was not looking at his visitor; his eyes were fixed on the space directly above his head: the expression of his face grew thoughtful.

"Eat, drink, and sleep well," continued Charicles in a somewhat louder tone, "the body must needs be in perfect accord with the indwelling spirit, all the parts of the machine working harmoniously. Thou hast in thy wisdom seized the whole meat of the matter."

Tiberius dropped his eyes with a hollow laugh. "If thou wast asked to prescribe for a man, good Charicles, who was constantly plagued by visions of the dead," he said, pulling at his pillows uneasily, "what wouldst thou do for him? There is in the palace a—a slave who constantly beholds the faces of murdered men, ay, and of murdered women—livid, ghastly, some with dagger-thrusts in the breast, others with swollen faces as of those strangled, and most terrible of all, a woman—" here his voice dropped to a husky whisper, "a woman whose discolored skin scarce covers the bones of her frame, and whose skeleton hands are ever outstretched as if to seize him!"

"A most unfortunate slave—a most unhappy slave," said the physician, gravely. "Nay, I can do nothing for such an one: death is the best remedy."

"A wise man art thou, O physician. I also have said it. But be the hour of dissolution far from us, who have reached the age of wisdom, and who after many follies are at last prepared to enjoy the serene pleasures of a riper age." Thou shalt sup with me this night, good Charicles, that thou mayest drink to the prosperity of the four and twentieth year of my reign."

At midnight of that same day the prefect of the praetorian guard received the anxiously-awaited report of the physician.

"The emperor," declared Charicles solemnly, "cannot at the longest survive more than two days: he is even now a dying man."

"Sayest thou so?" cried Marco with manifest delight. "Art thou sure? They tell me that he remained long at table to-night, and ate and drank more than his wont."

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "That is also true," he said. "So might the mariner, who knows the hull of his vessel to be gnawed by the tooth of the hostile rock, hoist sail to the wind, as if by any chance he could cheat the hungry deeps that await him. The emperor is dying. I, Charicles, have said it; and yet it is not I that have said it, but the Fates who have spun and measured the thread of his life, and whose shining blades are even now uplifted to sever it."

*From *Paul, a Herald of the Cross*, by Florence Morse Kingsley, a delightful story of the time of Tiberius and the early Christians. Pp. 432. Cloth binding; price \$1.50. Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, publisher.



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To the Public:

In order to further extend the interests of the R. T. BOOTH COMPANY, both by the addition of cash capital for the extension of the business: there are no debts to be paid; and by financially interesting in the business a number of small investors throughout the country, the Directors have deemed it expedient to place a limited amount of its Treasury stock on the market.

The Company is organized under the Laws of the State of New York with a capital of \$100,000 divided in shares of \$100 each, full paid and non-assessable.

The organization was effected in 1895 for the purpose of the manufacture and sale of BOOTH'S HYOMEI, the Australian Dry Air treatment (by inhalation) of Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Rose Colds, and all similar diseases of the respiratory organs.

The sale of Hyomei, it is conceded, has multiplied in greater proportion within a given time than the sale of any other proprietary article ever placed on the market.

merit, is known to hundreds of readers of this paper, and to hundreds of thousands throughout the country who have derived lasting benefit from its use. That the proprietors have the utmost confidence in the efficacy of HYOMEI is proven conclusively by the fact that each purchaser of BOOTH'S HYOMEI Pocket Inhaler Outfit is protected by the guarantee herewith shown.

Scientifically, the mode of treatment receives the highest endorsement as the rational method of attacking the diseases for which it was intended.

The rapid, steady growth of the business from its foundation—the great success it has already achieved as a commercial enterprise—bespeaks for the future, satisfactory earnings and large dividends for its stockholders.

Guarantee: I will refund the money to all persons purchasing Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit anywhere in the United States during 1897, who will say that HYOMEI has done them good, on condition that they apply direct to the head office, 23 East 20th St., New York City.

(Signed) R. T. Booth

regular practicing physicians in the United States endorse and prescribe HYOMEI.

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3,500
regular practicing physicians in the United States endorse and prescribe
HYOMEI.

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to whom all applications should be addressed, and from whom further information may be obtained by intending subscribers, on application.

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"The more you say the less people remember." One word with you, **SAPOLIO**

Our Sunday School Contest.

To Close Next Week, when the Awards will be Announced—More Notable Records.

THE time set for the close of the entries in our Sunday School championship competition is near at hand, but we are still receiving letters from pastors, superintendents, teachers, and parents, showing that the interest aroused by the friendly contest has by no means abated. A good record received this week is that of Mr. Edward Graham, Baltimore, Md., who has attended the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church Sunday School of that



GRACE V. C. SEYMOUR,
THE YOUNGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPIL.

city for twenty-five years, and has not missed a single Sunday. Sherman Demarest, of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, Woodbridge, N. J., has been present for 272 consecutive Sundays. Peter G. Seiss, of the Union Sunday School, Cayuga Falls, O., has missed attending Sabbath School only one Sunday in seven years and seven months. Miss Dora Naylor, entered the York Sunday School, York, Pa., when three years old, and has attended each session of the school for thirteen years and fourteen weeks without an absence. William Hiden, has been a member of the Christian Sunday School, Tonawanda, N. Y., for eight years and sixteen weeks without missing a single session in that time. Mr. Henry J. Banks, of the Centenary M. E. Sunday School, Newark, N. J., has been absent only seven times in nineteen years. Sarah J. Anderson has attended the Union Congregational Sunday School, at Excelsior Springs, Mo., regularly for fifteen years. John Jenkins, of the Reformed Church Sunday School, Manayunk, Pa., has been a member of the school for thirteen years and five weeks, and has not been absent one Sabbath. Albert Bate, of the same Sunday School, has not missed a Sunday for seven years and five weeks. Mrs. J. C. Seymour, Harrison, N. Y., writes that her daughter, Grace Virginia Carrigan Seymour, who will be three years old in June, has been a regular attendant of the Memorial Sunday School of that town since she was six weeks old.

A good family record from Toronto, Can., is that of Robert and Allan McIntosh, who have attended the Central Methodist Sunday School for seven years without an absence, and Jeannie McIntosh, who has attended the same Sunday School regularly for six years.

The new entries for the week are as follows: "William Hiden, Christian Sunday School, Tonawanda, N. Y., G. B. Vandewood, teacher, 432 consecutive attendances; John Jenkins, Reformed Church Sunday School, Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa., A. W. Givin, Superintendent, 681 consecutive attendances; Albert Bate, of the same Sunday School, 369 consecutive attendances; Sherman Demarest, 1st Presbyterian Sunday School, Woodbridge, N. J., 272 consecutive attendances; Robert McIntosh, Central Methodist Sunday School, Toronto, Can., A. R. Williams, Superintendent, 364 consecutive attendances, Allan McIntosh, of the same Sunday School, 364 consecutive attendances; Edward Graham, Franklin Street Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Baltimore, Md., Alex. A. Larned, Superintendent, 832 consecutive attendances; Dora Naylor, York Sunday School, York, Pa., M. E. Hartzler, Superintendent, 699 consecutive attendances; Jeannie McIntosh, Central Methodist Sunday School, Toronto, Can., A. R. Williams, Superintendent, 312 consecutive attendances.

The contest closes next week, when the names of the prize winners will be published and also the list of those who are entitled to souvenirs as members of the Roll of Honor.

Cubans Needing the Gospel.

Spanish atrocities in Cuba have brought over to the city of Tampa, Fla., thousands of refugees who come to join many others of their countrymen already in the same

place. They arrive in a most pitiful condition. The majority have lost all they had on their struggling island. Many come after having seen fathers, brothers, husbands or children butchered by the Spaniards. Women and children come destitute of everything, after having escaped death and the horrors of war. The majority are dressed in mourning.

Mr. J. V. Cova, a Baptist Cuban Missionary of Tampa, Fla., has undertaken to receive them here with the comforts of the Gospel of peace.

There are in Tampa altogether about 14,000 Cubans, and it is a great responsibility for Christians to leave the spiritually uncared for. Mr. Cova preaches the Gospel to them twice a week. He proposes to establish a day free school for the children, who have never seen a Bible; to have teachers, books, etc.; and to have these little refugees under Christian influence, and by this means to reach their parents also.

FANNY CROSBY'S LATEST HYMN.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is privileged to lay before its readers the beautiful words of the latest hymn written by the aged and blind poet, Fanny Crosby, whose whole life, spent in darkness, has been a bright and shining light to countless thousands. Her hymns are sung in every land, but none will be more widely appreciated than this latest production of her gifted pen:

NO MORE!

MY soul looked out of its windows,
And longed, like a weary dove,
Forever to fold its pinions
And rest by the streams of love,
That flow in that blissful region,
Where parting and tears are o'er,
And they who have passed its portals
Shall "hunger and thirst no more."

A vision of joy stole o'er me;
I floated as if on air,
Till, borne on the wings of angels,
I stood in a world most fair.
I felt that my wish was granted—
That parting and tears were o'er;
And I was among the ransomed
That "hunger and thirst no more."

"Not yet," said the gentle Shepherd,
"Is the rest that remains for thee.
Return to thy work unfinished
And gather the lambs for Me.
And then, when thy task is ended—
Where parting and tears are o'er,
Thy spirit, arrayed in glory,
Shall 'hunger and thirst no more.'"

— FANNY CROSBY.

Recognizing the uptown movement of New York City, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has recently opened a new ferry between Jersey City and West Twenty-third street in addition to the old ferries at Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets. The new ferry house is a most complete structure, with two substantial ferry slips, with overhead passage ways to the saloon decks of the ferry boats, and two large and handsomely furnished waiting-rooms. One of the most attractive features of the new accommodations is the cheap cab system introduced and maintained by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which will be much appreciated by the passengers of the road.

The beautiful double-decked boats are marvels of elegance and comfort, and altogether this new ferry will add much to the already attractive features of this popular route, and will be a great convenience to the traveling public.

Deer Park on the Crest of the Alleghenies.
To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping. The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets good for return passage until October 31, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

The season at Deer Park commences June 31, 1907. For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore, Md.

Consumption

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!



DEAR MR. CONGREVE—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption, have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I see you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for good of others. I have those around me whose health value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for \$1.00 bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE, 150 Nassau St., New York and London, Eng.

Mention this paper.

Nerve Prostration; exhaustion, nervousness, etc.,

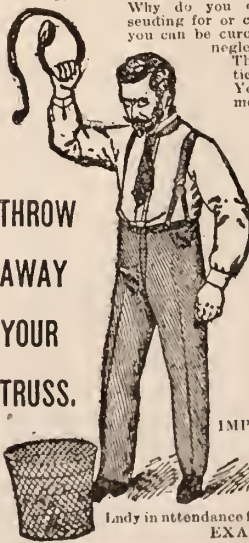
are due to a weakened condition of the nerve centers of the brain, and a consequent insufficient supply of nerve fluid to the nerves throughout the whole body, rendering the patient weak, irritable, tired, nervous and completely unstrung. The cause of these troubles are varied. Over-work, mentally or physically, worry, over-exertion, continued strain upon the nerves in any capacity, will sooner or later result in some form of nervous disorder. In such cases you will find that

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health.

Rev. O. O. Wiard, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Hard work as pastor, editor and lecturer, placed me in a condition which plainly told I must obtain relief. I was nervous and completely exhausted. Dr. Miles' Nervine promptly and permanently restored me to health." All druggists guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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ONE DOLLAR SPECTACLES

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OPHTHALMIC AND WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars FREE. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Box 487, Atlantic, Ga.

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has heard of DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH. Comparatively few understand what it is and what it does. Over five millions of these hair brushes have been sold in the past nineteen years, always with this unequivocal guarantee:

Use it six months; then, if not perfectly satisfied that it is exactly what you claim it to be, return it and your money will be refunded.

You can buy the number one

Dr. Scott's

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Hair Brush

FOR

One Dollar.



It should be used daily in place of ordinary hair brush, hair washes, hair growers.

It is warranted to cure

Nervous Headache in five minutes
Bilious Headache in five minutes
Neuralgia in five minutes
Dandruff and diseases of the scalp
Prevents falling hair and baldness
Makes the hair grow long and glossy

At all stores, or sent postpaid for

Electric Belts, \$1, \$5 and \$10. Electric Pliers, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3. Electric Flesh Puller, \$1. Electric Safety Razors, \$2. Electric Pencil, 50 cents. Insoles, 50 cents. Elastic Trusses, \$1. A valuable book free on application.

GEO. A. SCOTT,

Room 7, 842 Broadway, New York

AS GUESTS OF THE SHAH.

How Party of European Travelers Were Greeted by Persia's Ruler.

THREE young Englishmen, John Fiske Fraser, E. Edward Lunn, and F. H. Lowe, who are now journeying round the world, relate in *Travel* remarkable experiences at Teheran, capital, where they were the guests of the Shah. They write:

We received an invitation from the Shah to visit the royal palace. It was very to magnify our importance in the presence of Persians, who always treat a man according to the size of his name. Accordingly we went in some very gorgeous yellow carriage, and accompanied by an escort from the British Legation. As we entered the gateway of the Khia-ban-i-Almasieh, a string of saluted us as though we had been persons extraordinary. They had come and were prepared. But advanced quicker than the signal passed along to receive visitors. As we came upon soldiers tumbling out of the guard-room, struggling in the streets and hastily presenting arms, were distinctly of the awkward order.

By various officers of the Court, led across the gardens, delightfully fresh, with long black pines and shadows over the verdant grass, a patch of green we had seen for a little lake. The flower-beds were with geraniums. The birds twittered the trees. The eccentrically built, brightly painted buildings rose on every side, it was charming.

As we reached the main entrance, and our shoulders straight while passing through another crowd of crouching men, we came to the great staircase leading to the State apartments. It is a staircase. The walls are decorated with millions of tiny bits of mirror, white plaster, presenting innumerable facets, so that the whole glitters like this was distinctly Persian.

We could not speak, save through an interpreter, with the Governor of the Palace, who was our guide—a stout, slow-gentleman with walnut-dyed hair, whiskers—but there was a look in his eyes, though he would say, "See this door," when we were ushered into the Throne Room. It was framed with mirrors of all sizes and at all angles, the walls as the walls, so that you could yourself reflected in a thousand attitudes. A man, however, would go mad to live here, watching himself, that himself in four hundred positions, the back of his head reflected in five, dancing up, he could behold himself, wing, flylike, on the ceiling. Three to wool-work pictures, such as our fathers used to illustrate Moses in the bulrushes, and which remain in the back sitting-rooms, monumental industry and lack of the artistic declared at us from golden frames. There was a pile of things which of us would care to own, but in the Shah's Palace, were regarded as marvels of ingenuity and skill. There were plenty of silk curtains, gold decorations. There was a complete of water, while from the window one side of the room was a delightful view of the garden was in. We would have lingered here, everything was tasteful. But a given that the gates of Paradise had been opened for us. We bowed the Shah should be honored.

Then open were the great doors, where in the Throne Room, a room of jewels and gold that would be in Aladdin. The carpets were of chairs of gold. There were fifty chairs. One of us sat with quite a plant air in a chair with its back and legs studded with pearls, rubies, and emeralds, worth \$100,000. One hundred thousand pounds seem a tolerable large sum of money. But in the Throne Room of the Shah, it dwindled to a mere nothing. And was it surprising? We were in no dream, and no visions were about. We stood and probed and inspected and discussed and marvelled over one of the seven wonders of the world, the famous Peacock Throne. In the old marauding days it was at Delhi, one of the thrones of the Mogul Emperors. It is the size of a massive bed, with seven legs. It is entirely of gold, most exquisitely chiselled and encrusted with thousands of precious stones. The two steps, sides, and legs glisten with jewels. The raised back is nothing but a mass of gems, with a scintillating circular star on the top, and two little birds, which can by courtesy be described as peacocks, on either side. It is the most costly throne in the entire world, and even the pillow on which the king reclines is entirely covered with pearls. Many people say its value is £3,000,000. But if we knock off a modest million, and say that were it put up to auction, it would no doubt bring £2,000,000, it is still too dear for any tourist to purchase as a memento.

"The Throne Room, however, is something more than a room containing a throne. It is a museum—the most peculiar museum that fancy can conceive. It has hundreds of priceless treasures, and on either side with these are the thousands of tinselled, gaudy curiosities, rubbishy, useless gew-gaws that the late Shah picked up during his European travels. There are musical boxes, japanned trays, common dinner services, oil paintings bought at exhibitions with the numbers not removed, and actually big vulgar advertisement sheets, which gained a position in such a place because there was plenty of startling color about them. Also there were several oil paintings done by the hand of Nas-ed-Din Shah. His Majesty's strong point was not art. In this room, as elsewhere in the Palace, everything was bizarre and ludicrously incongruous. Fancy an old green-painted frame of an iron bedstead standing in a room crowded with jewels! Fancy a table having common tacks to fasten the sheets of gold with which it was covered!

"There were bowls full of pearls, which one could run through one's fingers like a bowl of rice. There was a globe of the world containing seventy-five pounds of gold and 51,366 gems that cost £320,000 to make, and is valued at £947,000. The sea is of emeralds, Persia is composed of turquoises, Africa of rubies, India of amethysts, England and France of diamonds. There were pearl-bedecked crowns, superb tiaras, jewelled swords, heaps of uncut stones, a startling breath-snatching array of wealth which, without exaggeration, is said to be worth between £40,000,000 and £50,000,000. Also we noticed several penny tooth-brushes."



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600 Second Hand Wheels. All Makes. Good as New. \$5 to \$12. New High Grade 36" models, fully guaranteed, \$15 to \$25. Special Clearing Sale. Ship anywhere on approval. We will give a responsible agent in each town five or six sample wheels to introduce them. Our reputation is well known throughout the country. Write at once for our special offer.

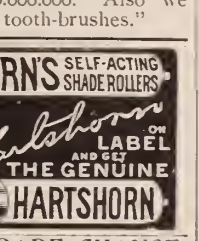
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The opportunity is offered for making money rapidly and with little effort.

BROWN'S PATENT PICTURE HOOK
can be fixed to the wall without searching for beams, can be transferred from place to place without defacing the plaster; exceedingly ornamental; superior to any picture nail. Guaranteed to bear 100 pounds weight. Send 10 cents for sample; 50 cents per dozen.

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171 St. Nicholas Ave., New York.



HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE
NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
STEWART HARTSHORN

Fainting Spells and Dizziness Follow La Grippe.

WE HEAR LESS ABOUT THIS DISEASE THAN FORMERLY, BUT IT IS STILL VERY PREVALENT.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

A noteworthy instance of the fallibility of even the most skillful physicians is furnished in the case of Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Greensburg, Ind.

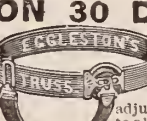
For four years Mrs. Smith was afflicted with a nervous affection that finally left her almost completely helpless and which the physician who first attended her said positively could not be cured. Subsequently, a number of physicians in this and other cities, declared her case to be hopeless.

To-day in spite of the verdict of the doctors, and without their aid, Mrs. Smith is perfectly well. To a *New Era* reporter she told the story of her extraordinary recovery.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, followed later by another. During the four years following, my health continued to decline, until finally I was hardly able to move.

"After having the grippe," said Mrs. Smith, "I was able to be about for awhile, and to do some work. But in a short time after the second attack I began to experience nervousness, and often had fainting spells, my trouble being similar to hysterics. I gradually grew worse, and in a short while I became subject to such spells of nervousness that I could do no work, being scarcely able to move about the house. I could not sleep and could not eat. I would lie awake at nights, my muscles twitching continuously. My physician called it nervousness of the throat and breast, and after treating me for several months said that my case or any case like mine positively could not be cured. Different physicians in Greensburg and other cities who attended me, agreed that my case was hopeless. For three years I lingered in misery, trying different doctors and remedies, but none did me any noticeable good. Finally my druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which was so highly recommended by newspapers. As a last resort I tried them, thinking that if they did me no good death might soon give me relief. The first dose helped me, and with every dose I improved. I took about three boxes and a half and was completely cured, as you see me to-day, perfectly healthy and able to do all my own work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and hollow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

LEX, Illinois, October 1, 1895

The old man I fitted 2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy.

Yours truly, M. C. MOSS, M. D.
STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1895

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of grown people.

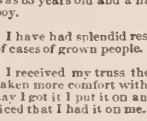
DERBIE CITY, Pa., June 3, 1895

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever have had. The last day I got it I put it on and mowed grass all day and never noticed that I had it on me.

TENNY, N. C., July 21, 1895

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured. I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent.

O. G. HALLAMAN,
\$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address
G. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 120 1/2 MASOMING TEMPLE, CHICAGO.



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Relieve all conditions of Deafness and Head Noise, where Medical skill fails. The only Scientific Aural Sound Conductor in the world. Safe to wear, comfortable, invisible, no dangerous wire or metal attachment. Recommended by physicians. Write for book, Free.

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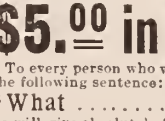
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Altman Medical Dispensary,
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Removes the corn—and the roots—without pain or danger—A-CORN Solute, perfectly harmless. See a box.

At druggists or by mail.
GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 305 Cherry St., PHILA.



\$5.00 in Gold Free!
To every person who will supply the missing word in the following sentence:

"What Have You Settled?"

We will give absolutely free \$5.00 in gold. This is a great opportunity for every man, woman, and child to make money easily. All you have to do is to think of the right word.

Persons living in a small village have just as great an opportunity as those living in large cities. In this contest you do not have to consult dictionaries or encyclopedias. There is no tedious work making a long list of words. Only one word is required. The above sentence is taken from a great editorial. The missing word is simple; see if you cannot find it. To help you we give an example, and tell you that the word is not *bill*. Undoubtedly you would write it as follows: "What *bill* have you settled?" but *bill* is not the missing word; but it is a little, easy word.

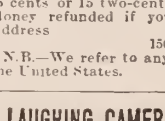
Conditions.—To enter this contest you must send us 25 cents, silver or money order or 15 two-cent stamps, for a **six months' subscription** to our great popular monthly, **FASHIONS AND FIXINGS**, 36 pages, edited by Mrs. Mary K. Howard, assisted by Carolyn Carroll and Katherine Krag. There are departments of Art Needlework of great value, Fashions, Music, Sketches, Stories, and, in fact, every thing of value that goes to make up a first-class home publication. The sentence will be printed complete, together with the names and addresses of the successful contestants. In the August issue of **FASHIONS AND FIXINGS**, send 25 cents in silver or money order or 15 two-cent stamps, for a **six months' subscription**, and your guess as to *what* is the missing word in the above sentence. There are no other considerations or conditions.

If you guess the right word you will receive **Five Dollars in gold** by return mail.

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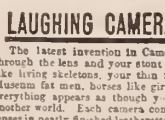
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the convenience of our patrons. This beautiful Piano has every latest improvement, including Practice Clavier. 1 ns passed in Touch, Tone and Finish. Exquisite in Appearance.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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THE CENTURY'S LONGEST REIGN.

English-Speaking Peoples Preparing for the Great Victorian Jubilee Celebration in London this Month—Honors to the Empress-Queen.

SIXTY years have passed away since Alexandrina Victoria ascended the throne of Great Britain, and the anniversary of her accession in June, 1837, is this year to be made the occasion of one of the most remarkable demonstrations the world has witnessed in modern times. During the week beginning June 20, the English capital will be the scene of a series of Jubilee festivities in which all the civilized nations will be represented and which, especially to the English-speaking peoples, will be a season of widespread felicitations and rejoicings. Such a tribute of universal esteem has few parallels in history. This Empress-Queen, who has occupied the throne during the longest reign of modern times; whose rule has been marked by a continuous advancement of the Anglo-Saxon idea, the progress

prosperity of her people and the unexampled extension of her colonies; and the dignity of whose personal character and conduct has lifted her to a very high plane among the monarchs of her time, possesses a universal love and admiration of her subjects everywhere and is universally respected by other nations as whose influence has ever been cast on the side of peace and justice.

Years ago, in 1887, when the Victorian half-century had been rounded, a jubilee was held in London in honor of the event and the British Isles and the colonies united in making the occasion a memorable one. Another decade has passed and the aged Queen, the oldest living monarch, and with the longest reign in British history, is once again to be the recipient of world-wide honors.

Months past, London has been preparing for the approaching Jubilee. Great scaffoldings have been erected at different points along the route of the procession, and speculators have invested large sums in anticipating a rich harvest from sightseers. The railway and steamship lines, and other transportation companies have

made extensive arrangements for the great increase of travel which is expected from all parts of the United Kingdom and the continent. The hotels and boarding-houses have all been fixed at a high rate for the Jubilee, and far in excess of the usual rate. It is consequently expected that the population of London will be increased several millions of visitors, and the celebration will continue. The advance guard of the army of spectators is already in the city, and the programme of festivities is everywhere being discussed. On the morning of June 20, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne sixty years ago, a religious service will be held at Frogmore, Windsor, the site of the mausoleum erected to the memory of the Prince Consort, and the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent. On Monday, June 21, the Court will move to London and a banquet in honor of the royal guests will be given at Buckingham Palace, followed by a reception for the members of the Diplomatic Corps and the special envoys from abroad.

Although London has witnessed many a "royal progress" in its time, the jubilee procession in Victoria's honor on June 22 will eclipse all previous displays of the kind, and in point of numbers and in spectacular grandeur will recall the famous "triumphs" of imperial Rome. It will start from Buckingham Palace and move in a north-westerly direction, through Constitution Hill, past the Wellington statue, along Piccadilly, past Hyde Park and Green Park, thence to St. James street and Pall Mall, past the old St. James Palace through Pall Mall West on the other side of Regent street, Waterloo Place, and Pall Mall East

and past the National Gallery. Then the route will lead along the Strand, past the Law Courts, Fleet street, Ludgate Circus, and Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's churchyard. At St. Paul's, the important religious ceremony of the day will be performed.

Leaving St. Paul's, the royal procession will continue eastward, to Cheapside, passing Bow Church with its famous bells, then toward the Mansion House (the seat of civic authority), down King William Street and on to London Bridge. Among the chief points which it will pass during its further progress are: St. Saviour's Church, Borough High Street, St. George's Church, Christ Church at the junction of Kennington Road and Westminster Bridge Road, Westminster Bridge, St. Thomas Hospital and the Houses of Parliament—the latter at the opposite side of the river. Then the procession will turn to the right and proceed along Whitehall, passing the famous palace of that name. After various other turns it will again reach St. James' Park and passing along the Mall, will reach Buckingham Palace, bringing the remarkable public display to a close. In the evening the entire city will be brilliantly illuminated, as a fitting close to the great pageant.

On Wednesday, June 23, a garden party will be held at Buckingham Palace, for which thousands of invitations have been issued. On Thursday the Court will move to Windsor, the occasion being marked by a fine military demonstration. On Friday there will be a second royal banquet, this time at Windsor, and the next day a great naval review will take place at Spithead, which the Queen will not attend, however.

Almost every nationality and government in the civilized world will be specially represented at the Jubilee.

The rulers of countries, both far and near, having appointed special envoys to convey gifts and felicitations to the aged Victoria. The Sultan of Turkey will be represented by his son, Mehmed-Selim Effendi, and other potentates by persons of high title and distinction. Innumerable gifts and tokens of esteem are going from every quarter of the globe, from persons in public and private life, from

(Continued on page 445.)



CORONATION CHAIR.



PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE COBURG.



THE VICTORIAN JUBILEE—HER MAJESTY'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH—THE CORONATION SCENE IN 1838.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. J. M., Trenton, N. J. I would be glad to learn something regarding the Cabot Tower which it is proposed to erect at Bristol, England.

It is a structure now being erected by the citizens of Bristol to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's discovery of the North American continent. It will be an ornate tower, on the top of Brandon Hill, and the foundation stone will be laid on the 24th inst. The exact dimensions are not stated.

Student, Cambridge, Mass. Do evolutionists believe that there will ever be a higher being than man, or that man is the end of all the ages of development?

Drummond, Fiske and others maintain that there will be no further development, but we are not sure that it is held by all evolutionists. Drummond's reasons for the belief as given in his latest work is that when man began to make tools, there was an end of physical development because development came by use and effort. When men learned how to employ steam and electricity there was less use for physical strength and consequently less probability of an increase of physical strength. So with the eye. Man has increased its powers by the telescope and microscope, so that any development of the powers of vision is not to be expected.

Reader, Cripple Creek, Colo. 1. Do worshippers of idols believe that there is power in the image itself, or do they believe in a living God, a Supreme Being, and use this image as a medium between them and the Supreme Being? 2. Which is the older, the Bible or the Koran?

1. In the broadest sense, idolatry is the paying of divine honor to any created object. It is therefore more than image-worship. Thus animals, trees, rivers, hills, and even stones are worshipped in the lowest form of idolatry known as *fetichism*, these creatures and things being represented by images through which the homage paid is supposed to be transmitted. A higher grade of idolatry is *nature-worship*, which gives homage to a mysterious unseen power, or to the sun, moon, stars, and forces of nature. Still other forms of idolatry are *hero or ancestor-worship*, and the vast and complex systems of heathenism found in Egypt, Babylonia, China, and other ancient countries, whose numerous deities represent all the degrees of idolatry already referred to. But while the idea or principle behind the image was worshipped rather than the image itself, it is equally true that since all idolatry tends to ignorance and confusion, the worshippers become oblivious to the existence of a Supreme Being or of any unseen power, and attributed to the visible image alone the qualities of deity, thus making image-worship the natural and seemingly inevitable outcome of all idolatrous systems. The conception of a Supreme Ruler over all is gradually obscured and sometimes almost obliterated. We see this demonstrated among the poor and uneducated of our own day in those countries where images are employed as a part of the paraphernalia of any religious system. 2. The Bible is the older. The Koran was not written until the seventh century A. D., and a considerable part of its contents gives evidence of having been adapted from the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.

Referring to "Earnest Inquirer's" letter on the subject of phrenology, A. R. Irving, Ia., writes:

Phrenology is a true science. The reason it is not admitted more readily is because first, it is not thoroughly understood by the majority of the people, and secondly, because a great many do not want to believe that others can read their characters. Phrenology determines the size of the mental organs by the distance from the spinal axis, which is located half way on a straight line between the two openings of the ears to the surface of the head. And the size of the organs character is determined by the distance from the center of the head to the organ. A strong firmness will be manifested in any one of the qualities, age and weight of a person will be determined. In making a correct diagnosis of characters, that is the true science of phrenology in a nutshell.

Miss Edna M. C. L. New Boston, N. H. When and where did the Roman Catholic Church originate?

Catholic historians claim that the Church's history began with the life of Christ on earth. Such was, in reality, the origin of the Christian Church, but not of the Catholic Church by any means. There was no such church as the Roman Catholic in existence until the 8th century, when the Episcopal Church was gradually converted into a papal Church. The latter had meanwhile spread all through the Roman world and by the conversion of

the Emperor Constantine, had become the ruling Church of the empire. The temporal power of the Church was established at the close of the 8th century, and the beginning of the Church, as it is now known, is generally regarded by historians as dating from that period.

Rev. C. C. Bateman, U. S. Army Chaplain at the military post at Fort Sherman, Idaho, writes us that generous responses have been received to his appeal for back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. New issues will still be acceptable.

Reader, San Saba, Tex. 1. How is any one to be comforted when their trouble is so great they cannot pray? 2. Is it right to pray for means to carry out a plan that would be a public benefit?

1. God may give comfort if one of his children cannot pray. If it is that he will not pray, God would probably leave him comfortless. Trouble sometimes produces a resentment against God, a tendency to blame him for per-

put a sum of money in your hands, to be used in his absence, in his interests, how would you use it? You would not spend any of it in discharging obligations of your own, nor in relieving yourself of duties that you would perform if he had not given you the money. If you heard of a family in distress, and you went to them and in Christ's name gave them help, you would be justified, in our opinion, in charging to the tenth not only the money you give them but your own expenses such as car-fare, etc. It is a service for Christ and you spend his money in his way.

E. I. B., Russell Springs, Kans. 1. How did the Apostles cast lots as mentioned Acts 1: 23-26? 2. Was the election of Matthias by that means a valid one?

1. We do not know, nor is it important. One method in vogue was to put both names into an urn and shake it, the one coming out first being the one chosen. Sometimes pebbles were used in a similar way. 2. There seems to have been no need of an appointment. The fact of there being twelve tribes may have given the Apostles the idea of it being necessary to have twelve Apostles. As it proved, the real Apostle who was to make the number complete was Paul.

Subscriber, Dindonald, Ont. I have been told that a gentleman who has been in business in Bombay has stated that there has not been a single death from famine in India this year. Does not that disprove your statements?

Not at all. It simply proves that if the gentleman from Bombay is honest in making the statement, he is deplorably ignorant of the facts, and is very rash in making a statement on insufficient knowledge. Unhappily, it is only too true that there have been thousands of deaths from starvation. The Government returns give no idea of the number, because



A FAMILY OF TEHUELCHES IN PATAGONIA.

The people of the South-eastern regions of South America have long been recognized as specimens of the lowest type of humanity. Charles Darwin insisted that it was impossible to civilize them, but the great scientist lived to see and frankly acknowledge his error. The spirit of the saintly Allen Gardiner, who lost his life in the attempt to give them the Gospel, has inspired noble Christian men and women to carry on his work, and many natives, such as those depicted in the photograph, are now to be found attending the services of the mission decently clothed and living Christian lives.

mitting the trouble to come, and then there is a time of darkness. In endeavoring to comfort such a person the surest way is to pray with him and to try to strengthen his faith, so that he shall be submissive and convinced that in spite of his sorrow, God loves him and has not willingly afflicted him. 2. It is right to pray for means in such a case, but the prayer should be in a spirit of trust so that there shall be no impatience if the answer is not granted. We are not always right about what will be a public benefit. God may see that the project will not be beneficial in the end. It is always safe to trust his wisdom.

"One Desirous of Doing Right," New York. Having resolved to give a tenth of my income to the Lord, and I right in counting into the tenth the money I give to unfortunate relatives and friends, or must the whole of the tenth be given to church work?

Not necessarily to church work. Your own conscience must be your guide, and it is not possible to give rules applicable to all persons. In the case you mention of unfortunate relatives and friends, you would probably give to them if you were not a Christian. The tenth should be disposed of in ways in which you would not spend money if you were not a Christian. In a word you give it for Christ's sake and because you love him. If you consecrate it to him, it is his. How would you use his money? If an employer

editions and not in the earlier, it is that it must have been added by so after the earlier copies were issued. no valid reason for concealing the fact

F. A. B., Jersey City, N. J. How shall I Jubilee gift to her Most Gracious Majesty?

You can address it to Her Majesty's hands of Lieut. Col. Sir Arthur John Private Secretary to the Queen, Buckingham Palace, London, Eng., or preferably care of Col. Hay, United States Ambassador, London.

E. L. D., British Hollow, Wis., writes: Please tell us sometime, how many Texts" your Sunday School champions can I know all the "International" Titles and Texts, beginning with the first of 1873, to this year, 1897; that is twenty-five years, once had a "Golden Text class" of girls, able to repeat seven years' texts.

Here is a suggestion which may be of to some of those prominent in Sunday work, and who are interested in the now about to close.

T. S., a Canadian reader, writes:

Toronto has at last lost its quiet Sunday the present we have had no Sunday cars, previous occasions they took the votes of ple on it and lost; and now, a third time, taken a vote, and this time they have pr cessful, owing to the fact that they gave all young men twenty-one years of age, gained their object to desecrate the Sabbath.

A. L. H., Baraboo, Wis. 1. Is it right for people to act upon pieces at an opera raise money for church funds, giving name to them such as "Erminie," "Maid's Convention?" If it is not Christian people to attend these troupes, what is the difference between the home talent? 2. Does it where in the New Testament about the tenth to the Lord?

1. The class of entertainments to which refer are usually a detriment rather than aid to the spiritual progress of a congregation. The whole subject of church entertainments very exhaustively discussed in a little booklet issued by A. W. Hall, publisher, New York, which you should procure. 2. See Matt. 23: 23; Luke 11: 42; Heb. 7: 5, 8, 9.

Mrs. Emma C., Dover, Del. What is the number of Christians in Japan?

Somewhat less than 50,000 in a population of over 38,000,000.

Mr. R. T. Allison, Superintendent of Lottsville Woolen Mills Union S. S., after forwarding a contribution to the Famine Fund, writes:

There is one very worthy incident connected with this collection. Of the total of \$2,300 were given by Miss B., a member of our Bible classes. She is a weaver in our mill; her contribution represents about one week's toil—after paying her board, and I am tempted to ask the question—how many of the wealth of our land have done as much—given all their income for one week after deducting their board?

Mrs. E. M. Williamson, Huntsdale, Ill. A question arose in our Sunday School whether Paul the Apostle was a statesman. I think I have read somewhere that was. Am I not right?

The passage you probably had in mind is 1 Cor. 10: 10, wherein Paul, speaking of himself, writes: "his bodily presence is weak, his speech contemptible." We do not, however, the language warrants the conclusion that he stammered, but was rather impeded by a desire to belittle his own oratorical powers, or to refer to them modestly.

Mrs. Wm. B., Los Angeles, Cal. You to any of the missionaries mentioned in from India, published from week to week in Cole, Brooklyn. There is no serious thought of abolishing it.—S. F. Scranton, Pa. Dr. Hammond, and Allan McLane Hamilton, Scriber, Phila. May 27, 1897, was on a September 2, 1897, was on a Thursday, reason for the variation in the date of the given last week in THE MAIL-BAG.—N. C. Watsonville, Cal. 1. Yes, 2. It is varied, the ablest authorities holding that it is of attributing to satanic agency the Holy Spirit. 3. Harper's. 4. None for that age. 5. A story is like a picture or may not be wholly imaginary, but it is the writer's brain—but its value depends wholly on its artistic execution and the of the lesson it teaches. An artistic story is a wholesome, salutary tone is good for work.—Reader, Xenia, Ill. 1. No, certainly. 2. It is a vow to tell the truth, but an man would do equally well. 3. Write to America, Inc., 100 Broadway, New York. 4. Robin, Philadelphia. It is altogether a temperamental and taste. One man's idiosyncrasy is another's. E. M. Revelle, C. It is insupportable, immoral and a bad one.—Subscriber, Paterson, N. J. Write to Institute, Northfield, Mass.—The Union of Houston, Texas, can use back number CHRISTIAN HERALD or other good literature in its work. Should be sent to student John A. McNabb.—Mrs. C. H. field, N. J. It would be in bad taste to the fee is given nevertheless in most cases. Reader, St. Paul, Minn. Emerson is in an intellectual sense, although many of him in spiritual matters.—M. K. New York, Ind. We think the musical instrument of the has been ventilated sufficiently.—Reader, N. C. We cannot supply it.—Reader, N. C. 83 Broadway, New York.—L. I. L. ner's Falls, Mass. They are sceptical of atheistical tendency and should be avoided.

starvation induces disease, and when the death of a famine-stricken native is recorded it is generally registered as being caused by the disease which finally ended his sufferings and not from starvation which caused the disease. The gentleman from Bombay probably associated almost exclusively with white people, and if he had said that no white person had died of famine he would have been correct. Nor have there been many, if any, deaths of natives in Bombay from famine, though there have been many not far from the city. We prefer to give credence to the testimony of missionaries who have seen the corpses and to disinterested persons who have gone through the famine belt, and who report an appalling number of deaths. If a gentleman in Fifth Avenue, New York, made statements as to the condition of the Indians in the Indian Territory, which were contradicted by Bishop Whipple and teachers in the Territory, which of the two statements would you believe?

J. H., Cheney, Kans. Is not your statement that Acts 8: 37 is a late addition to the book liable to the authority of the Bible? There is a warning against adding to or taking from the words written in the book. (Rev. 22: 18-19.)

It does not apply to us, as we have not added or taken from, but simply made a statement of fact. The verse is not in the oldest copies of the New Testament, and the Revisers omitted it on that account. As the verse is in the later

"THE MOTHER OF BELLEVILLE."

Mlle. Broen's Mission Work Among the Slums of Paris—A Brave, Heroic, Consecrated Christian Life and its Results.

BELLEVILLE! What fearful reminiscences this name invokes, what souvenirs of murder and rapine. The massacre and destruction! Belleville, the workingmen's quarter of Paris, was the principal stronghold of the Commune of 1871, the spot where the fiery revolutionists made their last stand when the troops of Marshal Mac Mahon broke into the capital. The fighting was most desperate in the Belleville quarter, and even children taking part in the ground had to be conquered inch by inch. Hot water, burning oil, explosives were freely used by the rebels, and when the Versailles troops occupied the summit, the Buttes Mont, they could look back on a trail of burning dwellings and mutilated men. Such were the passions aroused by fratricidal strife that no quarter was given even after the actual fighting ceased, men and women alike were

ness, of the love of the Saviour, of the joys of heaven.

This episode was the commencement of Mademoiselle Josephine de Broen's great life work amid the slums of Paris, the full importance of which the writer was able to gauge a day or two ago upon visiting her institutions on behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mlle. de Broen is a Hollander by birth, but she went to England at a comparatively early age and became active in Church work there. It was at the instance of Mrs. Christine Alsopp, an English Quakeress, that she decided to come to Paris early in 1871 in order to help lessen the distress of the poorer population, and naturally enough her mission took her to the very heart of the stricken districts. She has remained here ever since, and to-day two large buildings devoted to the alleviation of sufferings, the education of the young, and the spread of God's Word testify to her energy, her philanthropy, and her active Christianity.

But more durable monuments than even these establishments are the love and respect of a large population including the most turbulent elements in French society, sons and daughters of the "martyrs" of '71, in whose eyes the present institutions and even the present form of government are a scourge. Among the most unreconcilable of these people even she is known as the "Mother of Belleville." Louise Michel,

least the tribute of a respectful hearing to the kind Christian woman who had so often materially assisted their mothers, wives and daughters in moments of want and suffering. What better testimony can be offered of Mlle. de Broen's power for good among these very outcasts of the human race?

When I arrived at the iron building at No. 32 Rue Boiivar, which also serves as a chapel, a school and a meeting room, I found it occupied by half a hundred old women ranging between sixty and ninety years, busily engaged knitting, stitching and hemming old garments and at various other kinds of needlework. Yes, gentle reader, some of these unfortunate creatures were bordering on ninety years, and but for the small sum they receive from the mission for this merely nominal labor—they are not expected to accomplish much—there would be nothing between them and actual starvation. It is true the government is supposed to provide homes for the aged poor, but such are the delays of French red tapism that, to quote an old saying, "while the grass grows the mare starves." Only the other day the Officers of the Poor reached the hovel of an aged pauper who weeks before had applied for relief, to find the occupant a corpse. The poor thing had died of absolute want.

The Mission does not concern itself about an applicant's creed. Penury is a sure passport through its doors. Inside kind words of hope and consolation accompany the material help, and often the hearts of the unfortunates are touched



VETERANS OF THE BELLEVILLE QUARTER.

Mlle. de Broen is now a stately woman in the neighborhood of the fifties. She reminds one somewhat of earlier portraits of Queen Victoria excepting that her features are more regular and, I may justly add, more aristocratic, which indeed is not surprising for the lady is of noble birth. Advancing years and the hard struggles and not infrequent disappointments incidental to her work have not lessened her ardor, as I realized while accompanying her to the historic spot in the Pere La Chaise Cemetery, where she first conceived her idea of a Belleville Mission. On the way thither she busied herself distributing tracts and dodgers advertising a free lecture at the Iron room. She would drop these papers into the market baskets of passing housewives or thrust them into the horny hands of street laborers. For

her it was the Lord's work, and so there was no question of diffidence or false pride. Her home and her orphanage, for she conducts an orphanage in addition to her other work is at No. 3 Rue Clavel, a few blocks away from the Iron room, and if she is not at one or the other of these places it is because she has started out with her secretary, Miss Balthasar, to investigate some case of distress in the slums of the quarter. She has expended her own fortune in the good work and looks forward with confidence to the support of sympathetic friends in both hemispheres. It would require more space than is here available to describe in detail her labors among the poor of the White-chapel of Paris. What with Bible meetings, Sunday School classes for young and old, night instruction for boys and girls, sewing bees, Gospel lessons, etc., the benches of the Iron room are



THE SEWING CLASS OF POOR FRENCH-WOMEN AT THE BELLEVILLE MISSION, PARIS.

"but," said the woman with the earnest face, "I have lost all!" "Indeed," replied the lady, "you have not lost all; you have not lost the love of your Heavenly Father." The words seemed to soothe the poor, suffering creature. A ray of light, a beam of peace, seemed to brighten the tearful eyes. The effect of her words gave the speaker an inspiration: she turned to the broken-hearted mourners around, and, despite her imperfect command of their language, soon won their attention by her earnest pleadings and Christian exhortations—this to people who had never till then heard of God's good-

ness, of the love of the Saviour, of the joys of heaven. This episode was the commencement of Mademoiselle Josephine de Broen's great life work amid the slums of Paris, the full importance of which the writer was able to gauge a day or two ago upon visiting her institutions on behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mlle. de Broen is a Hollander by birth, but she went to England at a comparatively early age and became active in Church work there. It was at the instance of Mrs. Christine Alsopp, an English Quakeress, that she decided to come to Paris early in 1871 in order to help lessen the distress of the poorer population, and naturally enough her mission took her to the very heart of the stricken districts. She has remained here ever since, and to-day two large buildings devoted to the alleviation of sufferings, the education of the young, and the spread of God's Word testify to her energy, her philanthropy, and her active Christianity. But more durable monuments than even these establishments are the love and respect of a large population including the most turbulent elements in French society, sons and daughters of the "martyrs" of '71, in whose eyes the present institutions and even the present form of government are a scourge. Among the most unreconcilable of these people even she is known as the "Mother of Belleville." Louise Michel,

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pretty well occupied all the time. It is a noteworthy fact that several of the American art students in the Latin quarter members of the Christian Endeavor Society take the long trip over to Belleville twice a week in order to help teach English to the free scholars of the mission. Finally, let me say that in the winter months free soup is distributed daily among the worthy poor of the quarter. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD already know something of the work of Mlle. de Broen, and to such this statement of its continuous progress will be specially gratifying.

Paris, France, May 15.

V. G.



CONTRARY WINDS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the
Text, Matt. 14: 24. The wind was contrary.



I well know by experience on Lake Galilee, one hour all may be calm and the next hour the winds and waves will be so boisterous that you are in doubt as to whether you will land on the shore or on the bottom of the deep. The disciples in the text were caught in such a stress of weather and the sails bent and the ship plunged for "the wind was contrary." There is in one of the European straits a place, where, whichever way you sail, the winds are opposing. There are people who all their life seem sailing in the teeth of the wind. All things seem against them. It may be said of their condition as of that of the disciples in my text: "the wind was contrary."

A great multitude of people are under seeming disadvantage, and I will to-day, in the swarthiest Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription, and stirs them in a half-glass of water, but as when a man has by a mistake taken a large amount of strychnine, or Paris green, or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly round the room, and shaken up, until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draught of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the Divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

First, many people are under the disadvantage of an unfortunate name given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected, or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace.

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God;" or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household;" or Alfred, meaning "good counselor;" or Joshua, meaning "God, our salvation;" or Ambrose, meaning "immortal;" or Andrew, meaning "manly;" or Esther, meaning "star;" or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy;" or Anna, meaning "grace;" or Victoria, meaning "victory;" or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose;" or Margaret, meaning "a pearl;" or Ida, meaning "godlike;" or Clara, meaning "illustrious;" or Amelia, meaning "busy;" or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good, that are a help rather than a hindrance.

But sometimes the great hindrance in life is not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislatures are willing to lift such incubus, there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say: "I wonder if he is any relation to so-and-so," mentioning some family celebrated for crime. The city directory has hundreds of names the mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. We live in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names which ought to be abolished and can be, and will be abolished for the reason that they are a label and a slander. But if for any reason you are submerged either by a given name or by a family name that you must bear, God will help you to overcome the outrage by a life consecrated to the good and useful. You may erase the curse from the name. If it once stood for meanness, you can make it stand for generosity. If once it stood for pride,

you can make it stand for humility. If it once stood for fraud, you can make it stand for honesty. If once it stood for wickedness, you can make it stand for purity. There have been multitudes of instances where men and women have magnificently conquered the disasters of the name inflicted upon them.

Again, many people labor under the misfortune of incomplete physical equipment. We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot! The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, aye, centupled, in our time by the Civil War, and at the North and South a great multitude are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half, the needed physical armaments. I do not wonder at the pathos of a soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said: "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Well, then, good-bye, old hand; I hate to part with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it seems you must go. Good-bye."

The way the battle of Crecy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God, will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, he will add it on somewhere else. As Augustus, the emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another. But it is amazing how much of the world's work has been done by men of subtracted physical organization. S. S. Preston, the great orator of the Southwest, went limping all his life, but there was no foot put down upon any platform of his day that resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his oratorios. Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic martyr, was given the commission to drive cant out of the world's literature. The Rev. Thomas Stockton, of Philadelphia, with one lung raised his audience nearer heaven than most ministers can raise them with two lungs. In the banks, the insurance companies, the commercial establishments, the reformatory associations, the churches, there are tens of thousands of men and women to-day doubled up with rheumatism, or subject to the neuralgias, or with only fragments of limbs, the rest of which they left at Chattanooga, or South Mountain, or the Wilderness, and they are worth more to the world, and more to the Church, and more to God than those of us who have never so much as had a finger-joint stilted by a felon.

The skilled horsemen stood around Bucephalus, unable to mount or manage him, so wild was the steed. But Alexander noticed that the sight of his own shadow seemed to disturb the horse. So Alexander clutched him by the bridle, and turned his head away from the shadow, and toward the sun, and the horse's agita-

tion was gone, and Alexander mounted him and rode off, to the astonishment of all who stood by. And what you people need is to have your sight turned away from the shadows of your earthly lot over which you have so long pondered, and your head turned toward the sun—the glorious sun of Gospel consolation, and Christian hope, and spiritual triumph.

And then remember that all physical disadvantages will after awhile vanish. Let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot, or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement-house of flesh will come down and a better one shall be builded. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable; no limping in heaven, no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum; but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resurrection comes, let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Another form of disadvantage under which many labor is lack of early education. There will be no excuse for ignorance in the next generation. Free schools and illimitable opportunity of education will make ignorance a crime. I believe in compulsory education, and those parents who neglect to put their children under educational advantages have but one right left, and that is the penitentiary. But there are multitudes of men and women in mid-life who have had no opportunity. Free schools had not yet been established, and vast multitudes had little or no school at all. They feel it when as Christian men they come to speak or pray in religious assemblies or public occasions, patriotic, or political, or educational. They are silent because they do not feel competent.

Now, suppose a man finds himself in mid-life without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can. The most effective layman in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of lingual devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me, if I were sick or in trouble, than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship.

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who were brought up in the day of poor school-houses and ignorant schoolmasters, and no opportunity: You may have so much of good in your soul and so much of heaven in your everyday life that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ.

But what other multitudes there are under other disadvantages! Here is a Christian woman whose husband thinks religion a sham, and while the wife prays the children one way the husband swears them another. Or here is a Christian man who is trying to do his best for God and the Church, and his wife holds him back and says on the way home from prayer-meeting, where he gave testimony for Christ: "What a fool you made of yourself! I hope hereafter you will keep still!" And when he would be benevolent and give fifty dollars, she criticizes him for not giving fifty cents. What a withering curse such a woman must be to a good man!

Then there are others under the great disadvantage of poverty. Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton, they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour by the barrel, they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap, because you pay cash. They pay dear because they have to get trusted. And the Bible was right when it said: "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." Then there are those who made a mis-

take in early life, and that overtook all their days. "Do you not know that that man was once in prison?" interrupted. Or, "Do you know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was discharged for dishonesty?" There was only one wrong deed man's life, and that one act had subsequent half century of his existence.

Others have unfortunate predilection of some mental faculty, and their throws them into wild enterprises. Trepidation makes them decline opportunity, or there is a vein of melancholy in their disposition that defeats them. They have an endowment of over-activity that causes the impression of insubstantiality.

Others have a mighty obstacle in personal appearance, for which they are not responsible. They forget the fashioned their features, and the plexion, and their stature, the size of nose, and mouth, and hands, and feet, gave them their gait and their appearance; and they forget that the world's best work and the best work has been done by hump-backed; and that Paul the Apostle has been hump-backed, and his weakness by ophthalmia, while the finest in appearance have passed time before flattering looking-glasses in studying killing attitudes, and playing the richness of wardrobe one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or button, or shoe-string of which they had brains to earn for themselves.

Others had wrong proclivities in start. They were born wrong, sticks to one even after he is born. They have a natural crankiness, two hundred and seventy-five years came over with their great grandfather from Scotland, or Wales, or France, was born on the banks of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Tiber, or the Rhine, has survived all the plagues and epidemics of many generations, and is living on the banks of the Potomac, or the Hudson, or the Androscoggin, or the Amazon, or the La Plata. And when he tries to stop this evil ancestral plagues he is like a man on a rock in the middle of Niagara holding on with a grip from the swift currents are trying to sweep into the abyss beyond.

In the way of practical relief for all advantages and all woes, the only thing that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether mentioned the particular disadvantage under which you labor or not, I declare, in the name of my God, that is a way out and a way up for all.

Take good courage from that land of whose promises are for those in predicament. There are better things for you, either on earth or in heaven, than my hand under your chin, and my face into the light of the coming day. Have God on your side, and take for reserve troops all the angels of heaven, the smallest company of twenty thousand chariots, and the brigade one hundred and forty-four thousand, the lightnings of heaven the sword.

An ancient warrior saw an over-coming host come down upon his army of armed men, and mounting horse he threw a handful of dust into the air, crying, "Let their faces be covered with confusion!" And armies heard his voice, and history it seemed as though the dust they threw the air had become so many angels of supernatural deliverance, and they overcame the mighty, and the host fell back, and the small army marched on. Have faith in God, though all the allied forces of discomfitment seem to come against you in array, and their laugh of derision and contempt resounds through all the valleys and mountains, you might by faith and importunate prayer, pick up the dust of the very dust of your humiliation, throw it into the air, and it shall become angels of victory over all the armies of earth and hell. The voices of your saries, human and satanic, shall be covered with confusion, while you are not only conqueror, but more than conqueror through that grace which often made the fallen helmet of the thrown antagonist the footstool of Christian victory.

The Century's Longest Reign.

(Continued from First Page.)
unialities, societies and organizations.
amef the gifts are exceedingly valuable



QUEEN VICTORIA BEFORE HER CORONATION.

le any are rare and unique in char-
r, specially those from Asiatic rulers.
ing the multitudes who will share in
e ing Jubilee joys, there will be few
ee who can recall with distinctness the
eson to royal power of the young
een 1837. "The little May-flower,"
he German relatives were pleased to
h when she was a mere girl (she
sh in that month), was left father-
s eight years old, and thereafter her
eolved upon her mother, the Duch-
ofent, who gave the most scrupulous
enn to her education. It was not
e little Princess had reached her
ft year that the mother consented
it should be apprised of the prob-
it of becoming the occupant of a
on. Even at that age, her mind
ing to grasp the seriousness of the
possibility, and she resolved, with di-
elp, to make every effort to prepare
thitute. King William IV. passed
ay the night and, at five the next
ing, the Archbishop of Can-
bu the Lord Chamberlain the
urqs of Conyngham, and Sir
nr Halford, the King's physi-
n. ove to Kensington Palace.
er Princess Victoria was
us from slumber.
It recorded that the summons
s shasty that she came down in
essing-gown, with unbound
r, white shawl over her shoul-
d slippers on her bare feet.
d words "Your Majesty," ut-
dy the Archbishop, Victoria
pended in a moment what
ppened and held out her
d be kissed. Tears filled her
s, or she had loved her old
e King William, but she was
nid and composed. Four
ster the girl-queen sat at the
eeting of her Privy Council.
e ne tactful resource, self-pos-
sion, and quick comprehension
meters of public import to
el he gave even the briefest
dyave marked her whole ca-
r. at the coronation which
k ice on June 28, 1838, there
a public pageant several miles
elh, and the solemn ceremon-
l Westminster Abbey was
led amid the booming of
ne from the land batteries and
alssels. When the youthful
ch entered her carriage,
e words were borne before
e tolems of justice, mercy and
en. An eye-witness of the ceremonial
he Abbey wrote of it at the time:
le in was borne by the eight fairest girls
e and among the dukes and marquesses,
nith of silver, with the Queen looking
a girl on her birthday. However, this
y led till she reached the middle of the
ss the Abbey, at the foot of the throne,
heising from her knees before the fold-
er her private devotions, the Arch-
of Canterbury turned her round to each
our corners of the Abbey, saying, in a
ce clear that it was heard in the inmost
ss. "Sir, I here present unto you the

undoubted Queen of this realm. Will ye all
swear to do her homage?" Each time he
said it there were shouts of "Long live Queen
Victoria!" and the sounding of trumpets and
the waving of banners, which made the poor
little queen turn first very red and then very
pale. Most of the ladies cried, and I felt I
should not forget it as long as I lived. The
Queen recovered herself after this, and went
through all the rest as if she had often been
crowned before, but seemed much impressed
by the service, and a most beautiful one it is.
The Archbishop placed the crown of Eng-
land on her head, and at the same moment
the peers and peeresses simultaneously put on
their coronets, the bishops their mitres, the

months Victoria's junior. Wisely and
carefully educated, and with a strong sense
of religious duty and responsibility, he
had also a high appreciation of the value of
royal prerogatives and during his whole
career, was a staunch supporter of the
rights of the throne. The story of the
married lives of Victoria and Albert reads
like an idyll. Although occupying ex-
alted positions, their tastes were really
simple and the children who blessed the
union were reared in a plain, wholesome,
Christian way, as might become the sons
and daughters of private gentlemen. In

leisure to think of the triumphs of peace
and the progress of industrial art, and it
was during those exciting days that the
plans for the great International Exhibi-
tion, afterwards held in the Crystal Palace,



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

heralds their caps, the trumpets sounded, the
drums beat, the cannon outside fired, the
Tower guns answered, and mighty cheers
within and without rent the air. The Arch-
bishop then presented the Bible to her
Majesty, and again led her to the throne, after
which he was the first to do homage, followed
by all the lords spiritual (the other bishops)
and the lords temporal, in regular order, ac-
cording to rank. Each removed his coronet,
and touched the crown on the Queen's head.
Afterward came the anointing of the
newly-crowned ruler by the Archbishop,
which was foiled by the benediction,
and Victoria I. was then seated upon the
Coronation Chair. Beneath the chair is a

the Queen's own memoirs of that happy
married time—now long darkened by
death and widowhood—we have occa-
sional bright glimpses of the home life
of the royal parents and children.
It is not necessary to here review in de-
tail, the long and picturesque reign of
Victoria; the leading facts of that period
every reader of history knows. The first
war cloud that darkened the horizon was
the Afghan rising of 1841-42. Always an
advocate of peace, where it could be
secured honorably, the Queen at times
gave evidence of possessing much martial
spirit, although none mourned more deeply



QUEEN VICTORIA IN STATE.
THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ROYAL ROBES.

were matured and perfected. It was
opened May 1, 1851, the building contain-
ing 25,000 people, while fully 700,000 stood
outside, and its success has always been
regarded by Her Majesty as one of the
crowning triumphs of her long reign.
The Crimean War and the great Indian
mutiny next swept across the horizon,
leaving death, devastation and suffering
in their wake. Then came quieter years,
in which the home life, its joys and sor-
rows, were again predominant. The first
break in the family circle was occasioned
by the wedding, in 1858, of the eldest
daughter, to Frederick of Germany.
A greater and far sadder breach was
made when on Dec. 14, 1861, the Prince
Consort passed away, after a comparatively
brief illness, of gastric fever. Victoria's
great love for her husband has found ex-
pression in many touching ways, and the
Prince's memory is preserved by a number
of beautiful statues, which his royal widow
has caused to be erected in differ-
ent parts of the empire. Although
other afflictions have visited the
palace, none has exercised such a
marked influence on her life. In
her deep bereavement, the strength
of her Christian character became
more and more apparent, endear-
ing her to the entire nation.
On January 1, 1876, Queen Victo-
ria was proclaimed Empress of In-
dia at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras,
and Delhi, as the successor of the
old Mogul rulers. She saw her
kingdom extending on every hand
—in Asia, Egypt, Africa, and in the
islands of the seas. Her children's
children began to crowd around
her and, as old age approached,
the love of her people became, if
possible, more pronounced and
spontaneous. Her progeny has been a
numerous one. She has seventy
living descendants—namely: sons
and daughters living, 7; grandchil-
dren, 33; great-grandchildren, 30.
In the coming Jubilee procession,
four generations of the royal family
in the direct line are to be repre-
sented—the Queen, the Prince of
Wales, the Duke of York, and
Prince Edward of York. Their
ages will be: The Queen, 78; the
Prince of Wales, 55; the Duke of
York, 32; Prince Edward of York,
3. There are nearly 160 cousins
and descendants of cousins of
her Majesty, and if they are
counted with the Queen's own children,
grandchildren and great-grandchildren,
the number of the royal family is in-
creased to not less than 230. Through
her children and grandchildren, she is
represented in almost all of the reigning
families of Europe. Her influence has
been on the side of righteousness and hu-
manity, and she has aimed to make her
empire a potent civilizing and Christian-
izing power. Her reign has been the grand-
est for missionary enterprise and Gospel
triumphs the world has ever known.



VICTORIA, SURROUNDED BY HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN, (ABOUT 1874.)

rough stone called the *Lia Fail* or Stone
of Destiny, which tradition declares to be
the stone which served Jacob for a pillow
at Luz, and was afterward taken to the
western islands and ultimately to England.
Seated on this ancient stone, the young
Queen received the ring betrothing her to
her people, and also the sceptre or orb of
empire.
Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and
Gotha, who was selected as a husband for
the young Queen, was the second son of
her mother's eldest brother, and three

the sacrifice of human life that follows the
resort to the sword. Indeed, in every dis-
aster or calamity, whether afflicting her
own people or some other nation, she
showed a quick sympathy.
Stirring events crowded the long reign,
pressing upon each other in quick suc-
cession. The Irish famine of 1845 was
followed by the French and German re-
volutionary movement of 1848, and these
shortly afterward by the widespread
Chartist agitation in Britain. But even
amid such distractions, Victoria still had

THE MORMONS OF TO-DAY



BY
GENERAL:
JOHN:
EATON:

LAST WORDS ON MORMONISM.

General Eaton Replies Frankly to His Critics—The Mormon Faith a National Evil—Directed by Astute Leaders for Selfish Ends.



GARFIELD BEACH, SALT LAKE, UTAH.



N the remarkably able and interesting letter published below, Gen. Eaton makes final reply to those critics—Mormons and their sympathizers—who have found fault with the statements of fact and the opinions expressed in his previous contributions to these columns on the Mormon question. With this publication, the discussion may be regarded as closed.

WASHINGTON, May 15.

One critic of these articles would prove the loyalty of Brigham Young by calling to mind that he furnished a volunteer battalion to the government in the Mexican War. Does the critic know that Brigham received twenty thousand dollars in advance for this patriotic demonstration? and that this battalion was organized as a friendly act; that the organization of this battalion was in a certain sense an aid to the Mormon emigration? The Mormons were to be taken as volunteers for twelve months only and marched to California, duly paid, and when discharged, allowed to retain as their private property the guns and accoutrements to be furnished them at the post, and that each company was allowed four women as laundresses, and that, as certified by General Cook, the usual regulations were relaxed in their favor. The entire history of this volunteer battalion in no way relieves the disloyal acts which followed on the part of Brigham and his coadjutors. Space does not permit dwelling on the details of the threats against the assumption of United States authority; the resistance to United States officers; the effort to organize the State of Deseret, which should be under their own control; the opposition to the first military force of the United States sent out; its annoyances by Brigham's militia; the capture of its teams and supplies, which finally compelled it to endure the perils of a winter at Ft. Bridger. Has our critic forgotten the scene when Brigham closing a harangue against Stephen H. Harding, who was sent out as Governor, in 1863, he asked his excited audience, "Do you acknowledge this man Harding as your Governor?" Voices all through the audience responded, "No, yet we are your Governor." "Yes," he added, "I am your Governor; and I will let him know that I am Governor; and if he attempts to interfere in my affairs, we will fight him!" Evidences of Mormon disloyalty revealed in public documents are too numerous to be quoted.

Non-Mormons, without exception, refuse to believe that the "Book of Mormon" is divinely inspired as claimed by Joseph Smith and his followers. The question of how far Smith and his followers are indebted to the Spaulding Manuscript is uncertain. One Spaulding Manuscript is in the possession of Oberlin College. The "Book of Mormon" bears resemblance to this, but is not a copy of it. Professor Whitatt, of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., written a book, claiming that Sidney H. Reed was the author of the Mormon Bible, and the story is the same as preached by him.

Among our critics there is one who tries to show how Joseph Smith is a prophet foretold in the Scriptures, and how the "Book of Mor-

mon" fulfils the prophetic words of the Old and New Testaments. It is claimed that there are in the Scriptures over a hundred references to the latter-day work and the "Book of Mormon." For instance, the "Book of Mormon" is "the book that is sealed," Isaiah 29:11. It is "the stick of Ephraim," mentioned Ezekiel 37:16. It is "the truth that shall spring out of the earth," Ps. 85:71. To mention these passages is enough to indicate the absurdity of the Mormon claim. In general terms, our critics affirm that the Mormon priesthood draw all their doctrines from the Bible, that they preach nothing incompatible with its truths; but none of these letters point out to me that portion of the Bible which warrants Brigham Young's doctrine of blood atonement. What is this doctrine? Here are Brigham Young's words: "There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world, or in that which is to come, and if they had their eyes opened to their true condition they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt to the ground that the



FIRST SOUTH STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

smoke thereof might ascend to heaven as an offering for their sins, and the smoking incense would atone for their sins; whereas, if such is not the case, they will stick to them and remain upon them in the spirit world. I know that when you hear my brethren tell about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it a strong doctrine, but it is to save them, not to destroy them. *** There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon an altar, as in ancient days; and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, or a calf, or of turtle doves cannot remit, but they must be atoned for by the blood of the man." Sunday, March 27th, 1863, Brigham declared, "Now, you Gladiators, keep your tongues still lest sudden destruction come upon you. I say rather than that the apostate should flourish here, I will smother my bonnie knife and conquer or die." "My critics nudge me to be true to the record.

This has been my special effort. If I have not stated exactly the truth, I should be greatly pleased to have it pointed out. One elder complains that the quotation from him misrepresents him, and again he declares to a caller that my statements are as far from right as hell is from heaven."

There is from many correspondents great exaltation of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. The effort to treat these men as saints, or as comparing favorably with the apostles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will hardly succeed with the body of intelligent and reasonable people of our day.

The recent effort to have the State of Utah put the statue of Brigham Young in the National Hall of Statuary at Washington, points to the feelings cherished among the Mormons; but should the statue be placed there, can the body of Americans, as they compare it with that of Washington, fail to look at it with anything less than abhorrence? How many tens of thousands at the sight of his statue in the fair grounds at Chicago called to mind his evil example!

Mormons emphasize the idea of the temple. What goes on within it gentiles are not permitted to know. Here the secret marriages are performed. Here in secret the plans of the priesthood are prepared and issued for the implicit direction of confiding followers. Could all of these secrets be made known to the public, much of the deception now practiced would be prevented. It will be remembered that a temple was commenced at Kirtland, that the one at Nauvoo was becoming magnificent before destroyed; there are three in Utah, the principal one being located in Salt Lake City, in which the great system centres. Much has been made of all the steps in the erection of the one at Salt Lake City. Have the honest-minded Mormons forgotten Brigham Young's language uttered from the pulpit and literally reported with regard to this edifice? "When the temple is completed," he declared, "that very day, yes, that very hour, Christ with his holy angels and the prophets and apostles and Joseph and Hiram" (meaning the saints), "and all the saints who have died in the faith and all who have obeyed revealed authority will come to set up his kingdom on earth." But alas for this false prophet and his prophecy! He lies mouldering like others in the dust, the temple is completed, and nothing is seen of the coming of our Lord and his holy angels which he foretold.

Both Brighamites and Josephites make serious objection to my characterization of the early life of Joseph Smith, junior, or their first prophet. I do not claim to speak from personal knowledge, but to quote from those who had personal knowledge, and to state the

proof sheets, and had thus personal knowledge of much of which he testified. Hays says "Joe Smith, as he was universally named, the Smith family were popularly regarded as



SALT AIR, A FAMOUS MORMON RESORT.

illiterate, whiskey-drinking, shiftless, irreligious race of people—the first named being mously voted the laziest and most wretched of the generation." He continues, "Fifty years of twelve to twenty years he is remembered as a dull, idle, flaxen-haired, varicating boy, noted only for his indolent vagabondish character and his habits of generation and untruthfulness. His was received with the least confidence by those who knew him best. He could utter no palpable exaggeration of marvelous ability with the utmost apparent gravity. He thus evidenced the rapid development of thinking, plotting, evil-brewing mental position, largely given to the invention of cunning schemes of mischief and deception and false and mysterious pretension. He called him the "genius" of the age. As he advanced in ability to read, the words of Stephen Burrows and Captain Kidd like presented the highest charms for expanding mental perceptions. When he became a spiritual or religious turn of mind he became familiar with select texts of scripture, which he discussed with great authority in the presence of his superstitious followers. Prophecies and revelations were his special forte, and his deductions and conclusions were often disgustingly blasphemous according to the common apprehensions of Christian people. Mr. Pomeroy remained in his attendance at protracted revival meetings and states that he at one time joined a Unitarian Methodist Church, and never the saving point of conversion, and he declares that all the churches were or would be a foundation and the Bible a failure. Mr. Pomeroy affirms that the "Smith family all were" "unqualified atheists."

It is a notable fact that all who have investigated Mormonism have found a wide difference between the character of the leaders and the character of the great body of the people. The leaders are designing; the people are simple. A multitude of witnesses have testified that neither piety nor virtue is necessary to Mormonism; but there is great agreement in the testimonies pointing to the thrift and good citizenship found among their followers. The leaders know enough of human nature to understand there must be a certain amount of common virtues in the body of the people, among any large body of people, to make even their selfish leaders respectable.

The more virtuous in the relations with each other that the Mormon people can be, and yet be true to the demands of the priests receiving the creed prescribed, the tenth of their substance, and their regard of ordinances tallies less they will shock the evangelists, the more acceptable they will be to the easygoing, worldly people with whom they associate, and the gratification may come in many ways to their official hierarchy.

It should be kept in mind that Mormonism is not merely an evil in the individual heart, but it is an organized system directed by astute leaders for their selfish ends. Assuming to be a religion but intrinsically itself in the elements of human nature, which doctrines first destroys the idea of the God-head, and leaves room for the Christian idea of Godhood or womanhood. To get something of the habit of thought action contributed by Christianity remain in spite of evil teachings in life and in social and civil relations to be evil results; but when this habit, from the influence of Christianity, what evils may not be expected? Says one of this false religion, in the language of Ezekiel, "Her priests have violated, and have profaned my holy things; they have put no difference between the holy and the profane, neither have they shown difference between the clean and the unclean, and they hid their eyes from my Sabbaths, and they profaned among them. Her princes midst thereof are like wolves ravening prey, to shed blood and to destroy the honest gain. And her prophets have deceived them with untempered mortification, and divining lies unto them. Thus saith the Lord God, when the Lord has spoken." JOHN H. HAY

OUR INDIA FAMINE FUND.

List of Missionaries to whom the Third Remittance (\$30,000.00) has been Forwarded.

Station.	Name of Missionary.	Denomination.	Am't Sent.	Station.	Name of Missionary.	Denomination.	Am't Sent.
Calcutta,	Miss S. F. Gardner,	Women's U. I. B.	500	Gujranwala,	Miss Nannie Spencer,	United Presb.	500
Alhabad,	Miss Edith H. May,	Women's U. I. B.	500	Gurdaspur,	Rev. David R. Gordon,	United Presb.	500
Canpore,	Miss Lillian E. Dietrich,	Women's U. I. B.	1000	Jhelum,	Rev. Theodore L. Scott,	United Presb.	500
Calcutta,	Bishop J. M. Thoburn,	M. E.	4000	Hurda, C. P.	Rev. G. L. Wharton,	Disciples,	500
Liknow,	Rev. E. W. Parker,	M. E.	1000	Damoh, C. P.	Rev. J. G. McGavran,	Disciples,	500
Pala,	Rev. Wm. Bruere,	M. E.	500	Bilaspur, C. P.	Mrs. Mary D. Adams,	Disciples,	500
Alhabad,	Rev. R. Clancy,	M. E.	500	Mungeuli,	E. A. Gordon,	Disciples,	500
Mitra,	Rev. J. E. Scott,	M. E.	500	Gujranwala,	Rev. W. J. Sweet,	Ref. Presb.	500
Liknow,	Rev. W. Mansell,	M. E.	500	Puzaffamagar,	Rev. Albert Scott,	Ref. Presb.	500
Nainipur,	Rev. J. O. Denning,	M. E.	500	Palmur,	Rev. W. E. Hopkins,	Baptist,	500
Billy,	Mary E. Bryan, M. D.,	M. E.	500	Secunderabad,	Rev. W. B. Boggs,	Baptist,	500
Liknow,	Rev. J. W. Robinson,	M. E.	500	Nalgonda,	Dr. Lorena A. Breed,	Baptist,	500
Jalpur,	Rev. T. S. Johnson, M. D.,	M. E.	500	Hanamaconda,	Rev. W. H. Beeby,	Baptist,	500
Canpore,	Rev. Dennis Osborne,	M. E.	500	Kurnool,	Rev. W. A. Stanton,	Baptist,	500
Sijpur,	Rev. P. T. Wilson, M. D.,	M. E.	500	Udayagari,	Rev. W. R. Manley,	Baptist,	500
Pala,	Pundita Ramabai,	Ind.	1000	Byculla,	Rev. Justin E. Abbott, A. B. C. F. M.,	500	
Calcutta,	Benjamin Aitken,	Ind.	2000	Rahuri,	Rev. W. O. Ballantine, A. B. C. F. M.,	500	
Pala,	Miss Bannister,	Salva. Army,	500	Ahmednagar,	Rev. James Smith,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500
Liknow,	Col. Eshwa Das,	Salva. Army,	500	Byculla,	Rev. Edward S. Hume, A. B. C. F. M.,	500	
Sijpur,	Rev. C. H. Bandy,	Presbyterian,	500	Sirur, Poona,	Rev. Richard Windsor, A. B. C. F. M.,	500	
Mijuri,	Rev. H. M. Andrews,	Presbyterian,	500	Ahmednagar,	Rev. James Smith,	A. B. C. F. M.,	500
Pingharh,	Rev. John N. Forman,	Presbyterian,	500	Tordes, Bombay,	Rev. M. B. Fuller,	Chr. Alliance,	500
Alhabad,	Rev. C. A. R. Janvier,	Presbyterian,	500	Kaira, Gujarat,	G. W. Woodward,	Chr. Alliance,	500
Serli,	Rev. P. J. Graham,	Presbyterian,	500				

Total, - \$30,000



OUR latest advices by cable and letter from India show that there is no improvement in the situation, and that suffering and bitter want must continue for some time longer. Indeed it is feared the worst crisis has not yet been felt. Reading this fact and all it portends, the gifts of our readers are hailed with joy and in every village they are saving multitudes of lives. The missionaries, whose hearts were sinking at the sight of the thousands of dying people whose war they were unable to relieve, have taken new courage when they heard of the sympathy aroused among the Christians of America and are setting about the work of relief with renewed ardor. The third remittance of thirty thousand dollars which, as announced last week, has been sent to them by the Board will show them that Christian America is standing by them in the crisis and is resolved to support them in their Christ-like labor.

Distributing the money, as will be seen by the list of missionaries published on this page, our chief concern was to send the help to the districts in which it was most urgently needed. In some of those districts the missionary was a Methodist; in others a Baptist; in others a Congregationalist, and so on, but the consideration of denominational affiliation could not be allowed to weigh in the face of a calamity so appalling as this. It has happened that the greatest number of the two districts, Methodist missionaries are in charge. A large part of the activities of the Church lies within the famine belt and many of the missionaries are sorely pressed by the claims of their own converts, by the number of orphans who have been brought to them and by the people whose suffering is their only plea for help. We therefore asked the Methodist Board to send five hundred dollars to each of the ten missionaries whom we knew to be in need of help and we sent a further sum of four thousand dollars to Bishop Thoburn and one thousand dollars to Dr. Parker to be assigned by them to such missionaries as had appealed to them for help in their work of feeding the starving. Bishop Thoburn has now appointed a famine-relief committee to administer this fund so that prompt aid can be sent to any part of the field when the appeals from the missionaries are received. The missionaries of the Christian Alliance and workers of the Salvation Army have also been included in the list, as they are doing relief work and need help.

Five thousand dollars have also been sent to Mr. Benjamin Aitken of Calcutta, apportioned by him to the missionaries whose efforts to relieve the suffering he has seen and whose need he knows. Mr. Aitken is in touch with missionaries throughout India, being himself the son of a missionary and having spent all his life in the land, and at the present time, although a lay journalist, reserving a considerable portion of his time for gratuitous missionary labor. Mr. Aitken speaks Hindoostanee and several native dialects, and

probably knows better than any man in India the condition of the people and the best ways of helping them. He was laboring in India during the great famine of 1877, and personally investigated the relief system adopted at that time. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD counts itself fortunate in having the services of so experienced and capable a representative, and is sure that the money placed in his hands for distribution through missionary channels will be wisely and faithfully administered.

hungry people going to and fro. The only evidence of the possibility of dishonesty was that some of the merchants had armed themselves with sticks to drive off any starving creature who tried to filch a handful of grain.

The following extracts from letters just received from our missionary distributors, show how widespread is the suffering and how valuable and timely is the aid afforded by the gifts of our readers:

Rev. Henry J. Bruce, the American



FAMINE SUFFERERS AT THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS.

In various places throughout the Famine districts of India the Government has commenced public works of different kinds for the sake of giving employment to the starving people. The illustration is taken from a photograph of one of these, in which the work is the construction of tanks. The men and women earn a scanty wage by carrying the soil from the excavation in baskets on their heads. The tanks when completed will be a protection from famine in the future by storing the water for irrigation.

It was also deemed advisable to render aid to that distinguished native worker, Pandita Ramabai, who is making noble efforts to save the child-widows of India. She was herself a famine child, both her parents having perished of hunger in the famine of 1877. She has consequently a fellow-feeling with her suffering sisters, and is working indefatigably for their relief. Pandita Ramabai is well known in this country, where she was educated, and her friends testify to her high Christian character and her intelligence and culture. The work she is doing is sorely in need of funds, and we have therefore sent one thousand dollars of this third remittance to her for the succor of the widows.

THE DYING PEOPLE.

One of the most pathetic characteristics of the famine is the sad patience which the people display under suffering which would goad almost any other people to deeds of violence. Mr. Aitken writes: "In Kutnee, at the very beginning of the famine, I saw victims dying at the rate of fifteen a day. Three expired before my

eyes, and the enclosure where they had taken refuge was strewn with fifty breathing skeletons who were all to die within four days. Two dead bodies partly devoured by jackals had been found in the morning within a short distance of the railroad station. Yet that very day the native grain merchants had their stocks spread out on the ground within a few inches of the

The famine is affecting seriously more than eighty millions of people. None of the many famines in India's sad history ever affected as many as this. . . . Being in a condition to know the needs of the people, we missionaries most willingly act as the agents of any of God's children who wish to feed the hungry. The hardest time is coming in about two months [June-July] and if it please God we hope to be able to help many at that trying season, when the Government will be utterly unable to meet all the needs.

Rev. E. W. Parker, of the Methodist Mission at Shahjahanpore, says:

Rest assured that your money is being used by as faithful and conscientious men and women as India has—men and women who have given their lives for this people and love them as they love their own souls. We think a very severe pinch will yet come and that we shall see still harder times within the next few months. In any case, we shall need help later. We must care for the children, especially the girls, and their parents will never be found. Our plan is to care for children, for widows, and helpless one, and to keep Christians from starving. This first; then we help other distressed ones as we can.

Rev. E. S. Hume, one of the American Board's missionaries at Byculla, Bombay, writes:

I have been using your money to feed and clothe the needy and also for saving a goodly number of children. The Lord reward you and all who have helped in this good work! I need more money and hope that you can send it to me. Every cent shall be carefully used. As we see to the distribution personally, we know that nothing is wasted and that none but the most worthy and needy receive help. Accept our most sincere thanks.

From Mrs. J. C. Lawson, Methodist Episcopal Missionary at Aligarh, comes a most grateful letter describing the bitter need there and saying how much help the former remittance is giving. She tells horrible details of the things the hungry children have been driven to eat to assuage the pangs of hunger and adds that she dare not tell all she has seen there do. It would be too shocking. She adds:

Hunger is an awful thing. Death by starvation must surely be the worst death possible. Do help us to care for the orphans. We do not know when we will be able to stop taking in these little ones. No one would believe the first batch we took were ever famine children. They look so well now and are learning nicely. The more recent ones are still very weak. I have been nursing them since February. They were in such an awful condition! Still, we are now ready to take another lot. We expect them this week. We began this work when we had almost nothing, but God has honored our faith. I hope you will be able to remember us again very soon. Our house is full but we have land and if we had more money we could put up some sheds and take in more children.

Rev. M. B. Adams, Bilaspur, India (April 26), writes: "The distress of the famine is not yet at its height, and there can be no possible relief until November and December, when the first harvest may be expected. Deaths from starvation are common occurrences."

Rev. J. W. Denning, Narsinghpur (April 28), writes: "There are eighteen counties in the Central Provinces, and this is one of the three worst afflicted with the famine. It is the fourth year of poor crops. I cannot describe the awful suffering that prevailed before Dec. 1st, when the Government relief began. Hundreds all about us died. I have seen scores of emaciated forms lying by the roadside under the trees in the fields dying of hunger, and the diseases induced by lack of food.

The sweepers would see dead, report to the police, and take them off to bury them. Parents brought their children to me. Some wanted to sell them; some simply asked that the children be fed. Many children came of themselves. We rescued three hundred and sent them to various missionary schools. One day, ten mothers signed bonds, giving me their ten little girls never expecting to see the girls again."

Rev. H. J. Bruce, Panchgavi, Satara District (April 26), writes: "Our Famine Relief Camp near Satara has suddenly been broken up by a serious outbreak of cholera. One of my (native) Christian preachers who lives near the place writes: 'So many men died that some bodies were left three days unburied. Back of my house there are some Mango trees, and under these trees seven men died. All about this village the dead corpses lie, and one day ten thousand people ran away. The native doctor in charge of the camp died on the 24th with cholera. I have given medicine to many, and I believe I have saved about one hundred persons.'

A letter has been received by Dr. Klopsch from the Viceroy of India, expressing the warmest thanks of the distinguished writer and the Viceregal Committee for the relief thus far sent by America to famine-stricken India.

Board's Missionary at Satara, in the course of a letter giving a shocking description of jackals devouring the bodies of the dead near his station, says:

It was no less a surprise than a pleasure to receive this generous help from friends in America for the great reductions in our mission appropriations have made us almost helpless to do anything ourselves directly for the suffering people. . . . There is intense suffering among the people in many directions.

In a letter dated April 22, from Hurda in the Central Provinces, Rev. G. L. Wharton, a missionary of the Church of the Disciples, outlines a plan for helping the farmers cultivate their land. They will, it appears, need help, as they have no seed corn, the cattle with which they do their farm work are dead and the implements have been sold for food. Mr. Wharton writes:

Your generous and sympathetic gift for the famine-stricken people has been received by cable, and has already fed the hungry in numbers. Please accept my personal thanks to you and those you represent for enabling me to do what is needed to save life in many a case. . . . You know the famine is so widespread that prices of grain have risen beyond the reach of the poor in all parts of India.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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A Trip to Foreign Parts.

IF you want rest, there is nothing better. From the day you leave the American dock to the day when you land in Genoa, if you take the Mediterranean route, you have not been able to transact an item of business. You have been trying to keep a journal to send back home on the first steamer. But even that becomes monotonous and tiresome. It is the same thing day after day. Every day you take your shawls and your books, and betake yourself to the deck, wrap yourself up to read, or doze, or fall fast asleep to the motion of the great cradle in which Neptune is rocking you. Now and then you meet a vessel, see a distant group of islands; but there is nothing that disturbs your tendency to let the world wag as it will, and to make the best of your situation, which you do.

READING UP FOR THE TRIP.

If you are wise, you have done this before you start; you already have your itinerary; know the place where you are going, and what you want to see there. There is nothing more bewildering, for example, than the thought of such a peopled wilderness as London and Paris, without knowing where to go, or what to do there. But, if you have not given the matter any thought, you must address yourself to it on board the steamer. Doubtless, you will find traveled people, who will gladly tell you what you want to know. At any rate, you can have recourse to your guide-book. There you will find it all mapped out for you. Hotels, with prices, alternative routes; wonderful things in the way of scenery, or buildings, or art. And the continent is all before you, where to choose.

AS TO YOUR TRAPS.

You want to travel as a light-armed soldier, encumbered with only what you can yourself carry. This saves time and expense. And you never lose your luggage. If luggage accumulates, divide it up, and send some of it to some onward point by express; let it await you, where you are to take steamer on your way home. When you are aboard you have no dignity to maintain. Nobody knows you. You have no care to keep up appearances. Go easily and comfortably and economically.

In travels abroad all things but God's things are foreign. The sun, the clouds, the stars you know. The seas, the rivers you know. But the people are new. They drive their horses differently, milk their

cows differently; the barbers are different, the boot-blacks. They put the bell in the station, and not on the locomotive. Women are station and signal-men, and not men. Women are in the fields at work. The bread tastes differently. You are afraid of the water. And when you go to sleep between two feather beds, you rather long for cool sheets, and light coverlets that lie so gently on you in your own America.

THE HAVEN OF HOME.

Traveling is good for a change. But there is no situation in which one's native land seems so attractive as when he is trying to talk some foreign language in a strange city. He sees familiar objects around him, knows what he wants, but he has no word that the people around him can understand. He tries to talk, they shake their heads or turn away with a smile. How sweet to land on the dock, and hear again American voices! And soon he adjusts himself to home habits of dress and diet and work. And before a week is gone, it seems as though his wanderings in strange lands were only a dream.

Beware of Politics.

HE who enlists in political life for his country's good, does well, does righteously; but he who enters it for aggrandizement or emolument will find a hundred exasperations to one satisfaction. Out of three million people in a state only one can be governor. Out of sixty million people in the land, only one can be president. Out of two hundred thousand people in a city, only one can be mayor. So that in great political contests, to one person gratified, thousands are disappointed. The same amount of genius used in mechanical, or mercantile, or professional directions would run much less chance of defeat. Ambition for the presidency slew some of the strongest men of our own generation. Aspiration for the presidency is a fatality. Politics as a trade is the poorest business. In nine cases out of ten the man dies poor and dissipated. The most brilliant man of his time, from one term in Congress at Washington, went home so thoroughly captured of intemperance that at forty years of age he lay down to die. Keep out of politics unless you have a direct call from heaven for their purgation.

Occidental Civilization.

OCCEIDENTAL civilization! This is the trouble in Cuba. It is the trouble in Crete. It is working like leaven; till the world is leavened. What shall we do about it? Where are our sympathies? Can our public men say something as Webster did, to cheer the people that are fighting the same battle that was on us when Lafayette came from France? Occidental civilization is merely asserting itself. It is the civilization which the Bible inspires. We thus judge: If preaching the truths of the Bible makes people long for self-government, long for constitutional rights, then it is God's work. Let it go on! It must be civilization, Occidental or Oriental: either tyranny or freedom. When we pray, "Thy Kingdom come!" what do we mean by it? We mean the state, the family, the school of Christianity.

The American idea is this: Every man should participate in the Government. The Government is for the people, and not the people for the Government. What is the trouble in Cuba? The Cubans want *Cuba Libre!* This means they want a chance to say what shall be law, and who shall administer law. What a maternal thing it would be if Spain should say: "These people are my children; if they are restless and discontented, what is the matter? Let us see if we cannot comfort and content them." The Cubans are not fighting for the fun of it. They have felt the uplift of free institutions. They have heard "Yar-kee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner." They can not get them out of their ears.

NEVER SATISFIED.

THAT is the grumbler! He finds it so easy to account for all his follies and mistakes, by grumbling; for while the habit infers his own blamelessness, it does not appeal in any way to conscience. If, however, we examine the class of men who are habitual grumblers, we shall find that the fault is not inherent as they suppose in environment, or even temperament, but is the result of circumstances, which can be controlled. In the first place, grumblers are usually dabblers in their daily work. They know a good deal superficially, nothing perfectly; and such knowledge is out of touch with our time, when specialties concentrating a man's whole life and genius, are the elements of success. They have ideas, but they bring nothing to perfection; and then they grumble, because the world will not pay for unfinished work.

Another class of grumblers are men with too much leisure. Busy men are seldom grumblers; they have no time for looking back, and the material for complaining, lies in retrospect. Men who have real work to fill all their hours, keep no catalogue of their wrongs; and even a positive injury or injustice, does not rankle or worry them into a constant fret and complaint about it.

Some people grumble because they think it adds to their importance not to be too easily pleased. They cannot take Love at its word, they find a flaw in friendship; if any work is done for them they hesitate and wonder about its worth and value; all the time being conscious that the work is good work, and well worth a genuine word of praise. If they go to church, and the sermon is faultless, the minister's manner or voice is disagreeable, or the singing offends. If they go to a concert and the singing was beyond caviar, then the selections were bad. Goldsmith left a golden rule for such grumblers—"Say the picture would have been better painted, or the book better written, if the author had taken more pains." In such a remark, a grumble is successfully achieved without even the greatest ignorance committing itself.

It is then evident that grumblers are not worthy of any sympathy; indeed, all a grumbler wants is to be listened to—that the courtesy of men usually give, though reluctantly; for the complaints of a grumbler are endless. The weather never suits their health, or their plans; every person they do business with, is in a conspiracy to cheat them, and even in public affairs they are not satisfied—the country is going to ruin, the good men, the honest politicians are all dead and buried. Yet no special element of ill-nature enters into these woful complainings; indeed if all the hard things grumblers say, were written down, they would be ashamed to read them. The truth is that a great deal of grumbling comes from too much comfort. One luxury has begot another luxury, until the most trifling inconveniences are unbearable. The men with real grievances do not grumble half as detestably, as the men who have nothing to grumble about.

For we must all have noticed that it is the little troubles of life which men complain of. A grumbler will often bear nobly the loss of a limb, or a fortune, and yet fret like a baby over a collar with too much starch in it, or a garment without a button, or a dinner not cooked to his liking—fret and complain as poor men starving and shivering in the street never fret. And what is the good of complaining? It never yet cured a single trouble. And suppose we really have an annoyance to complain about? Very likely, if we examine it honestly, we shall find that we have brought it on ourselves, either by our carelessness, or inattention, or folly. Even if we are certain that we are in no way to blame, there remains the fact that no human being escapes perplexity and injustice, and that we have no special right of exemption.

Surely it is only necessary to look around on the gigantic sorrows of life—war, pestilence, sin, suffering, poverty, and ignorance—and then hold our peace from any words but those of thanks and praise. If the grumbler would make one effort, and try cheerfulness instead of complaining, he would come into the sunshine, and not only bless himself, but also all those who came nigh him. For cheerfulness is a moral tonic, it is the life of life, as any one may perceive who simply watches a cheerful man or woman enter a room where two or three are sitting, grumbling and complaining. There are even times when this cheerful spirit is a kind of magnanimity, when it outlooks the clouds of the present, and breathes on every trouble hope's perpetual strength, turning the anxious to-day into the prosperous confident to-morrow; for

God is good and gives new gladness,
When the old he takes away.

And as a last objection, we will suppose that we do not always get what we have worked for, and believe we merit, what reason have we for grumbling? Is this world all? Are there no rewards but temporal ones? Is it well to grumble and complain at our day's work? No! there is a better way—let us serve and sow, and therewith be content, for even as we toil, the Lord of Harvest will come.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

The Young Men's Christian Association of North London, recently held mass meetings in various districts with the result that two hundred and fifty were added to the fellowship of the church.

Wu Ting Fang, the new Chinese minister to the United States, who has lately arrived in this country, is a Christian and has received a European education. In his suite are some of the distinguished Chinamen ever accredited to our country.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding meetings at Los Angeles, Cal. The large auditorium of the Simpson Tabernacle has been crowded with people. The young people's meetings were especially well attended. It is believed a work of grace has been commenced which is permanent and widespread.

Chaplain Laslett of the State Penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa, would be glad to send copies of this journal from any subscription to him. They are, he says, acceptable reading for the prisoners. Mr. Laslett recently held evangelistic meetings in various parts of the State, which were blessed to many souls.

The report of missionary progress in the United States, shows that there are now in the territory upwards of 57,000 "readers," that is, persons who are learning to read. There are 321 churches, and nearly 20,000 people. About 100 copies of the New Testament of Gospel have been sold, and the baptized Christians over 6,000.

Evangelist John McNeill held service week in Brooklyn, N. Y., at Hanson Place Church and Lafayette Presbyterian Church. He brought his mission in this country to a close, numbers of persons have attended the preaching, the famous evangelist and many letters have been sent to him testifying of blessing received in his labors.

The new treasurer of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission is Mr. Charles W. L. of Brooklyn, an elder in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hand who has been successor to Mr. Wm. Dulles, Jr., was educated in the legal profession, but has for some years conducted the business of an extensive corporation in New York.

Florence Nightingale, the heroine of Crimean hospitals, has just celebrated her seventh birthday. Miss Nightingale has been invalid for the last forty years, and spends her time at Claydon, in the beautiful county of her nephew. Her mind is as strong as ever, she takes an active interest in all kinds of work and relief work.

At the thirteenth anniversary of the End Mission Boston, Mass., recently held, stated that of the 204 women who during the past year had passed through the Rescue Home conducted by the Mission 107 had been either restored to families, or positions had been found for them. The visitors at the Mission was a man who had been converted there twenty-one years before.

A missionary journal states that the mission of the Moravians has now three nuns, eight minor stations, with a staff of four nuns, eight female missionaries. They make a total of 450 church members and 175 children as well as their missions. It is proposed to open a station at Ramiah. The good brethren are interested by the fact that the thermometer during winter registers forty-one degrees below zero.

The Open-Air Workers' Association elected Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, D. C., its president, at its recent annual meeting. Representative pastors and evangelists were vice-presidents. It was stated in the course of the proceedings that there were now over thirty in which Gospel wagons were used. Inspecting the work of the Association which has been carried on for five years, may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to V. Prentice, 123 Amity Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In his new work on Arctic Exploration Nansen gives the following emphatic testimony of total abstinence: "It is often said that even though spirits are not intended to be used they ought to be taken on an expedimental purpose. I would readily acknowledge this if any one could show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this shall maintain that this pretext is not valid, and that the best course is to brush alcohol from the list of necessities for an Arctic expedition."

At the celebration in New York on the occasion of Bishop Andrews' twenty-fifth anniversary, he quoted the following figures, showing the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past quarter century. In 1872 there were about 9,000 effective preachers, now there are more than 14,000. There were about 1,400,000 church members, now there are 2,800,000. The number of churches had increased from 13,000 to 20,000. The bishop expressed a wish that there had been a corresponding increase in spirituality, of which he had some doubt.

The Sunday Breakfast Association of Philadelphia celebrated its nineteenth anniversary recently. It was stated that during the past year 43,366 had availed themselves of a free meal. At the meetings held by the association 4874 persons had asked for prayer, 1874 had signed the temperance pledge. The association has conducted meetings at the Association has conducted school and kindergarten and has carried on industrial Rescue Home. The Rev. R. E. F. has accepted the invitation of the Association to devote himself to the philanthropic and social work it has in progress and in contemplation.

The China Inland mission has now been operating thirty-two years in China. From a review of its work published by the *Missionary Review of the World*, it appears that when it first began, only two of the inland provinces were open to Christian workers. Now, largely through its service, only two are in any sense closed. There are 296 stations and out-stations have been established and there are 342 native helpers, working with nearly 700 missionaries. There are 5,000 stations with mission churches about 5,000. Over 8,000 have been baptized, and Dr. J. Taylor has recently estimated that between 20,000 men and women have been brought to the Lord through the instrumentality of mission workers.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SULTAN'S TRIUMPH.

HOW largely the future peace of Europe depends on the character of the Sultan of Turkey, is indicated by recent cable dispatches. If he is really the timid, pusillanimous creature that he is represented as being, peace may be established. But if he is a bold man, determined on securing substantial gains, the triumphs of his army in Greece, probable that there will be trouble. An army of three hundred thousand at the seat of war, all eager for and ready for action. If, flushed with victory and confident of his power, should insist on gaining an accession of territory, he may bid defiance to the European powers and may make an obstinate struggle to accomplish his ends. England, France and Austria may be expected to resist his adding to his empire any large portion of territory inhabited by Christians. If the Governments of the nations were disposed to acquiesce in the extension of Turkish dominion, the peoples could protest, and in England and France it is not likely that the Government to oppose the national will. Nevertheless, the Sultan might brave the hostility of those three powers if he could be assured of the moral support of Germany and Russia. It can be supposed that he would resist the united pressure of all the five powers, if he is convinced that it would lead to the extremity of a war. A brave man, or a man might do so, especially if he had a force like that which Turkey now has on the European conflict; but fanatical fanaticism is believed to be, not credited with the ability required to defy united Europe. The statement is made that Turkey and Greece negotiate directly with a view to peace, but there can be no doubt that any treaty they make will have to undergo the sanction of Europe. It remains to be seen whether if the Sultan consents to yield her provinces to the Sultan as the result of defeat, Europe will consent to the transfer, and if she will enforce her will if the Sultan resists. It is probable for Greece that she is not to offer the Sultan a large money indemnity in lieu of territory. Greece is in need of both money and credit. Her financial conduct has given her a bad reputation in the money markets of the world, so that she would find it difficult to borrow money with which to pay a heavy indemnity. Her condition is truly pitiable, and unless the powers interpose, she is at the mercy of her foe, who occupies a position from which he could overrun her at will. She has need to pray for deliverance to Him who, in a similar crisis, heard the petitions of his people and said to his powerful enemy:

Because thy rage against me and thy arrogance have stirred me to mine ears, therefore will I put a bridle in thy nose and a bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest. (K. 19: 25.)

Marriage in Mockery.

The extraordinary conduct of a bride in the State of Washington is occasioning much and great distress of mind. According to *The Walla Walla Statesman*, it publishes the story of the marriage of a subsequent trouble, the lady was shown marriage by a suitor to whom at first she showed little favor. He pressed her, however, and suddenly her manner changed and she gave consent and a speedy wedding. The young man was too ready to gratify her. The

wedding was solemnized with due form the bride's father giving her away at the altar and a troop of friends offering congratulations. During the wedding festivities the bride retired to change her dress for the wedding journey. She was a long time absent, but the bridegroom was not worried as he was enjoying himself with his bachelor friends. But after the lapse of more than an hour he went in search of his wife, and found to his amazement that she had disappeared. She had entered the carriage alone and had driven away. He has been unable to find her since, and a request has been conveyed to him from his wife that he discontinue his search, as she does not intend to live with him. She says she never loved him, but she married him in order to escape from an unhappy home. Her father was a cruel tyrant and she could think of no way of getting from under his jurisdiction but by a marriage. The husband is sorrowful and indignant, and justly denounces her for assuming a wife's name when she did not intend to

perform a wife's duties. It is not often that a woman will do so reprehensible a thing, but there are many who take a similar course in religion. They join a church and take on themselves the name of Christians, hoping thereby to escape the penalty threatened against sinners, but they do nothing for Christ, nor live as Christians ought to live.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. (Matt. 7: 21.)

To Talk with Martians.

A communication to the New York Herald announces an important discovery which, it is suggested, may ultimately enable us to hear noises on the planets and possibly to hold converse with their inhabitants if they have any. Electricians have been searching for sometime for some means of telephonic communication which did not require a wire between the two points. In experimenting with this object in view Prof. Alexander G. Bell has made the discovery that rays of light may be made the bearers of sound. In the ordinary telephone the wire does not convey the air waves, of which sound consists, but merely causes a reproduction, at one end of the wire, of the waves made by the speaker's voice at the other end of the wire. This is done by the sensitive dia-

phragm in the transmitter collecting the waves which are reproduced by the sensitive carbon in the receiver. Proceeding on a parallel principle, with a ray of light instead of a wire, it was necessary to find some material as sensitive to light as carbon is to electricity. This material Prof. Bell found in the metal known as selenium, and he discovered a means of indefinitely increasing its sensitiveness by the application of heat. The next step was to produce the alterations of the ray of light corresponding to those produced by the diaphragm on electricity. This was done by a fine convex mirror of silvered mica, which, as a transmitter, by means of a lens, focused a ray of light on the selenium. So delicately was it adjusted that if the mirror changed its shape from convex to concave, the focus fell short of the selenium, and the impact of a speaker's voice on a mirror was sufficient to do this. While the mirror was convex, the focus was on the selenium and, when the impact of the voice changed it to concave, the focus was off and the selenium responded to each change. Prof. Bell believes that when this system is perfected, the selenium will register the tone of voice as accurately as the carbon now does in the telephone and with no other medium than a ray of light. If light can thus be made the bearer of sound, we have at last the germ of the means so long sought for

inter-stellar communication. A long step in this direction has certainly been taken in the discovery of a substance so sensitive as selenium. It is that difficulty that keeps us from receiving heavenly communications:

The heart of the people is waxed gross and their ears are dull of hearing... lest they should hear with their ears and understand with their heart and should be converted. (Acts 28: 27.)

A Double Funeral.

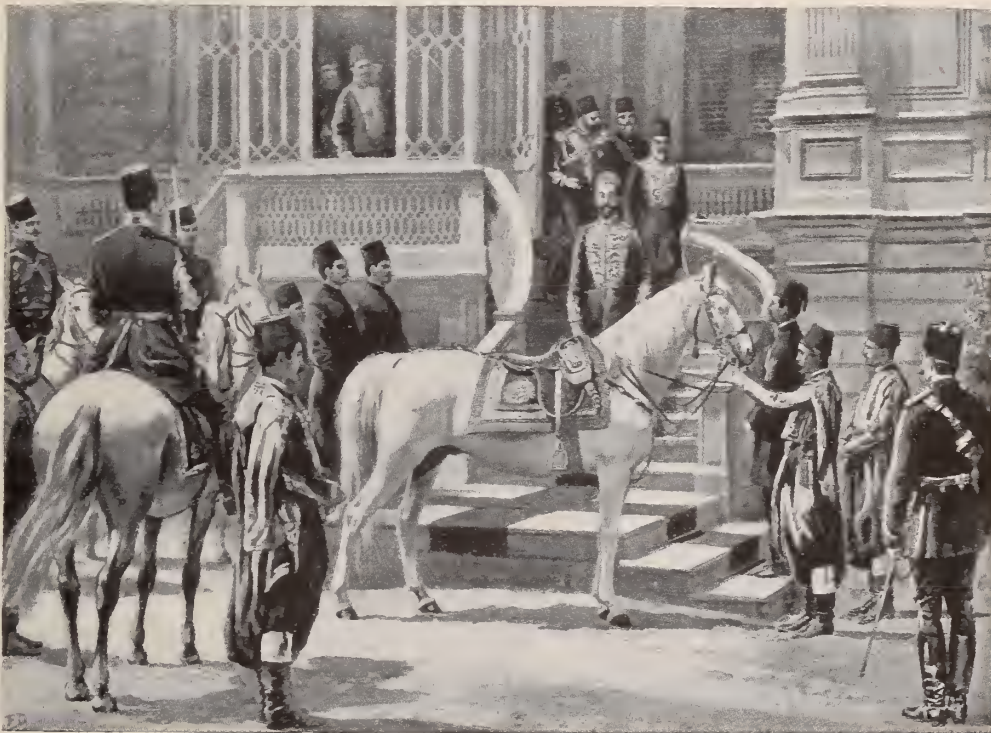
One of the most remarkable funerals on record is that described by an undertaker in Tennessee. It was that of a widow and her son who were buried at the same time and in the same grave, though there had been an interval of over thirty years between their deaths. The son had been killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, in January, 1863, fighting in the Confederate army. He was the widow's only son, and she almost idolized him. His death was so terrible a shock to her that it was feared she would lose her reason. She insisted that the body should not be buried, and in that time of confusion she had her way. An air-tight cedar coffin with a glass top was prepared, and the body of the young man placed in it. The widow had it placed in the room in the old homestead which her son had formerly occupied, and there in the very spot where the young man had been accustomed to sit singing his merry songs, reading his favorite books and pursuing the cheerful life which had now come to so tragic a termination, it remained, among his books, fishing-rods, and other possessions. The widow would go there frequently and remain for hours. The body did not decay, but in process of time it dessicated. The widow left instructions that it should be buried with her, and when she died, her fond wishes were carried out. Every one must sympathize with such sorrow as her retention of her son's corpse implies. It deserves sympathy, on account not only of its intensity, but its hopelessness. The body she cherished so long, could never again be the abode of the son whom she loved; her only ground of hope lay in his receiving through faith in Christ that new body which the Bible assures us will be given to those who die in Jesus.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. (1 Cor. 15: 44.)

A Wounded Heart Healed.

Every day brings tidings of some new victory in the field of operative surgery, these triumphs being mainly due to the judicious boldness of professional men, aided by the antiseptic method and increased knowledge of anæsthetics. At Berlin recently Herr Relin, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, astonished the learned members of the Surgical Congress by recounting his experiences in the treatment of wounded hearts. It has always been held that ninety per cent. of such cases must prove fatal, death being caused either by shock or by the flow of blood into the pericardial cavity, whereby the heart's action is gradually brought to a standstill. Hitherto no serious attempts have been made to save the patient's life. Herr Relin, however, conceived the daring idea of applying precisely the same treatment that would be used in the case of an external wound. A man was brought into the hospital dying from a stab wound in the heart. The doctor laid bare the organ, and succeeded in checking the hemorrhage by means of a suture. The patient made a capital recovery and was produced before the congress alive and well. He appeared to have no difficulty of breathing or any of the other symptoms of trouble with the heart that are usually observed. This is one of the greatest triumphs of modern surgery, which seems to be increasing continually in knowledge and skill. It cannot help us, however, in the far more common trouble of the heart full of evil propensities. For this there is only one cure and it is the one that has been available from the beginning.

A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh; and I will give you a heart of flesh. (Ezek. 36: 26.)



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY SETTING OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE PARK OF THE YILDIZ PALACE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul's Advice to Timothy.

Sunday School Lesson for June 13. 2.Tim. 1: 1-7; 3: 14-17. Golden Text: 2.Tim. 3:15.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



It was something more than advice which Paul gave to Timothy, his "own son in the faith." (1. Tim. 1: 2.) It was not that which an older and more experienced man would give out of his own wisdom to a younger and less experienced man. It was a charge, an authoritative commission, which he, as an instrument passed on from God to his young and beloved disciple. "This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy," he says (1. Tim. 1: 18), when he calls upon him to "war a good warfare." And, in a yet more solemn way, when he is instructing him in the solemn duties of his office as an overseer, he says, "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things."

Paul's second epistle to Timothy was his last charge, or at least his last written charge, to this beloved younger brother, of whom he had written, "I have no man like minded." (Phil. 2: 20.) It speaks the character of him who wrote and of him to whom he wrote. To his dearly beloved son, Paul gives first a blessing, a greeting in the authority of God whose chosen instrument he himself was, "Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord. Oh, this

HOLY LETTER WRITING!

How far short we all come of this habit of Paul's to write God's greeting as the beginning of all our letters! In German Switzerland, the salutation of a casual passer-by is not, "Good-morning, but "God greets thee." If it were spoken in faith, what an amount of blessing might be called down from heaven each day by true disciples even on passers-by!

Paul thanks God that without ceasing he remembers Timothy. He does not look upon it as a matter of course. He who would commit a charge to Timothy has received Timothy as a charge from God. His remembrance of him was in itself a gift of God: he could not of himself have held on faithfully in prayer for him night and day. The old man's heart yearned to see Timothy once more before he should suffer martyrdom, not to seek sympathy of Timothy over his own fate. No tears of his own occupied him, but he was mindful of Timothy's tears, and by reminding him of the unfeigned faith of his mother and of his grandmother, Paul puts his disciple in remembrance since there is, he is persuaded, unfeigned faith in him to stir up into a flame (R.V. margin), the gift of God which is in him by the putting on of Paul's hands. There was more in him than he knew, but like many a young disciple, Timothy's tendency was to expect from himself and his own resources what could only come from the indwelling Christ, who dwells in our hearts by faith through the Holy Ghost. That Timothy was discouraged is clear from the words which follow, words which God has used by the Holy Spirit to help thousands of tremulous children of God. "For God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness; but of power and love and discipline." (11. Tim. 1: 7, R.V.) The fears, the weakness, the failure, the continual disappointment of Timothy arose, not from the fact that Christ was not in him, but that he was looking to himself and not to Christ for the grace which he so sorely needed, and for which he wept. He needed to stir up, not his efforts, but his faith in the Spirit of God who was indeed within him. He needed not to discipline himself so much as to recognize and yield to the Spirit of God. Weak as he was discovering himself to be, the Spirit of power was in him, but only the exercise of his faith, which Paul knew to be unfeigned, would stir up into a flame the latent divine force.

Timothy was in danger of being ashamed, things had not turned out as he had expected: his beloved father in Christ was a prisoner in Rome for the second time; the prayers of the faithful had not succeeded in liberating him as Peter was set free when the Church had prayed for him (Acts 12.) It looked as though Paul, like his Master, would be executed as though he were a criminal; how could the Gospel succeed if the greatest pillar of the truth were to be thus associated with ignominy? Poor Timothy! he needed the lesson of Ps. 73, he could only understand the inexplicable when he went "into the sanctuary of God."

PAUL UNDERSTOOD—

to him the cross, the shame, the failure were the royal path to glory: his charge to Timothy was: "Be not ashamed therefore of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner, but suffer hardship with the Gospel according to the power of God, who saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before times eternal, but hath now been manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel" (11. Timothy 1: 3-10, R.V.) Life and incorruption! This was what Paul saw—hardship, shame, death were only the path to it. Paul knew as Peter knew something of what it meant that he was born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, even by the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever (1. Peter 1: 23), he knew within him "the power of an endless life" (Heb. 7: 16.) He had seen the glory of his calling, and taught Timothy: For this cause "I am not ashamed;" "Be not thou ashamed." I suffer hardship" (11. Tim. 2: 9); suffer thou also hardship. "I endure all things for the elect's sake;" but if we die with him, we shall also live with him; if we endure, we shall also reign with him (11. Tim. 2: 11, 12, R.V.) Therefore Timothy, "give diligence to present thyself unto God a workman that needeth not be ashamed" (ver 15).

It was thus that Paul prepared Timothy for the unexpected announcement that in the last days, instead of things growing better, perilous times should come, and this not among the untaught heathen, but among such as should have "a form [literally a kind] of godliness," but who, by their unchristlike lives, should "deny the power thereof." God was showing to Paul now what nearly thirty years afterwards he showed to the beloved John, of the defection of the Church, and yet at the same time that in the midst of her apostasy, there should be a company in her midst which had an ear to hear "what the Spirit saith unto the Churches," and who, in the midst of a Church which succumbs to the world, are in her very midst recognized of God as they that overcome. (Rev. 2: 3.) Thus he tells Timothy that men having a form of godliness, a sort of conversion, shall be "lovers of their own selves, and covetous instead of denying themselves; "boasters," "proud," "heady," "highminded," instead of "lowly in heart" like Jesus; "blasphemers," instead of God's witnesses, "disobedient to parents," "without natural affection," instead of honoring father and mother; "unthankful," instead of "giving thanks always for all things;" "unholy," "truce breakers, false accusers," "fierce traitors," instead of being followers of the Lamb; "incontinent, despisers of those that are good," "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;" and all this under the name of God! Having a form of godliness not simply of religion but godliness, "but denying the power thereof."

"But thou [Timothy] hast fully known my manner of life... what persecutions I endured... Yea; and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution" (vers. 10-12). And be not sur-

prised: things will wax "worse and worse," not better and better. But in the midst of all there is a clear path traced for thy feet. "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Jesus Christ" (vers. 14, 15). This is the sheet anchor, the Scriptures appropriated and obeyed by faith. Here is charge to every Christian: Continue—go on in the Scripture, live in the Word of God: it brings the atmosphere of God with it. The Word of God, while it tells us the truth about ourselves and about the world and the Church, always gives the other side, it tells us of our God, of his purposes, of the end of all his dealings with us, and with the Church and the world, until we are filled with admiration and adoration of our God.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE Epistles of Timothy have not escaped the assaults of the critics. It has been contended on various grounds that they were not written by the Apostle Paul. The evidence for their authority is, however, overwhelming and



"ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION."

the teacher may, without hesitation, treat them as genuine. They were apparently written after the period described in the closing words of the Acts of the Apostles, when Paul had been released from his long imprisonment, and had taken the journey to Spain referred to by Clement. The first Epistle appears to have been written from Macedonia; but before the second was written, Paul was once more in jail and nearing the end of his career. The Epistle breathes a very tender affection and was clearly written to one whom the great Apostle dearly loved. In his exquisite analysis of these letters, Plummer says: "Of all whom he converted to the faith, Timothy seems to have been to Paul the disciple who was most beloved. He shared his spiritual father's outward labors and most intimate thoughts. He was with him when the Apostle could not, or would not, have the companionship of others. He was sent on the most delicate and confidential missions. He had charge of the most important congregations. When the Apostle was in his last and almost solitary imprisonment, it was Timothy whom he summoned to console him and receive his last injunctions." He was probably a lad of fifteen or thereabouts when he was converted under Paul's preaching at Lystra, and may have been about thirty-five when this letter was written to him. He was the son of a Greek father and a Jewish mother, and although the latter had brought him up in her own faith, he had not been admitted by the Jewish rite into the privileges of Jewish nationality. But Paul, foreseeing the prejudices that might be excited against him on that account, had him circumcised before making him his companion. Very little is known of him besides what is told in the Acts and what can be gleaned from

Paul's epistles, but tradition says that after Paul's death he was bishop or overseer of the Church at Ephesus, and suffered martyrdom there. One legend has it that he incurred popular odium by protesting against the licentious worship of Diana, and was set upon by the mob and slain.

Paul was in depression when he wrote this letter. He was looking forward to speedy, and probably a cruel death, was prematurely aged and enfeebled by his stormy life and the exposure to rough treatment he had borne, his spirit was strong and his concern for the work was unabated. It was not the prospect of suffering and death that oppressed him so much, as the fear that there was no longer with the churches the planted, they would relapse. He foresaw signs which disturbed him, of false doctrine and of tendencies which, if unchecked, would subvert the faith. Joined with this anxiety was a concern about Timothy himself. We gather from the epistle that the young man was courageous. He may have felt hopeless in the presence of opposition and converts. He had not Paul's disinclined spirit. Paul felt that if he lost heart the situation was indeed desperate, and this epistle, which was doubtless written after the one to Titus, and was the last the great Apostle ever wrote, was written mainly to strengthen his disciple and inspire him with his indomitable courage. That is the purpose of the letter, and he tells Timothy that in time of stress he may keep his faith and renew his faith. It is this counsel which makes the epistle valuable in these days when the young Christian is assailed with subtlety and the sophistry that is harder to combat than persecution.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. The Revised Version has it, "Scripture inspired of God is also able," etc., which is not quite the thing. There are many scriptural writings that are not inspired of God, we know that the Bible is inspired, cause of its effects on those who receive their lives by it. Theodore Monod, that a sea captain who had been in the habit of reading the Bible with his crew, had his ship dismasted and all washed away by a storm off Cape Verde. Writing afterwards of the contents between his men, he said: "I had no opportunity of seeing who were worthy, and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the most cowardly in this awful gale, and the men altogether the reverse, most brave and courageous."

Is profitable for doctrine for life. In the spring of the year 372 a young man, the thirty-first year of his age, a student of mind, entered his father's house near Milan. This was no other than the afterward eminent Augustine. Of his youth—a youth spent in study and impiety—weighed heavily on his mind. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and weeping out abundant tears, he heard a neighboring house a young voice crying and repeating in rapid succession, "lege! tolle, lege!" (Take and read! and read!) Receiving this as a admonition, he returned to the place where he had left his friend Albius, and procured the roll of St. Paul's epistle which he had a short time before with him. "I seized the roll," said he, describing the scene; "I opened it in silence the chapter on which I first alighted." It was the third chapter of Romans: "Let us walk honestly, in day; not in rioting and drunkenness, in clambering and wantonness, not in envy and envious. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." It was decided by a word. Every doubt was banished. The morning star had appeared in his heart.

That the man of God may be profitable. The study of the Bible fits a man for the world. At one time the thought it necessary to have four teachers for their princes: The wisest man for wisdom; the bravest man to teach the most just to train the moral and most temperate to teach the soldiers. All these combined could not do for what would be done if he could be made the Bible his guide. I have every part of his nature in which is the best way to develop



"THE BETHESDA HOME."
rist-like Work Among the Unfortun-
in Brooklyn—The "Still Hour" at
th Home—A Lost Daughter Restored.

MANY readers of this journal are already familiar with the history of the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, and its work among the friendless and the fallen in that populous city, which is part of the metropolis itself. For years past, a number of our friends aided this work by their contributions and their prayers, and it is a pleasure to report that constant and unintermitted progress has been made. The Home is at No. 79 Fort Greene Place, a grand and respectable section of the city, and is doing a much needed and useful work. It is not only a Shelter and a Rescue home, but to some extent it is also an industrial training school, where the girls acquire such practical knowledge as to serve them in subsequent efforts to earn an honest and respectable living. Dressmaking and all sorts of needlework, laundry-work, cooking and the ordinary duties of domestic help are taught, and any girls who have been sent from the Home during the last few years are now supporting themselves creditably and leading blameless Christian lives.

There are not wanting evidences to show that the spiritual influences of the Bethesda Home extend far beyond its immediate boundaries. Not long ago a resident of a Western State, who had read of the Bethesda Home in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wrote us inquiring if it were possible for the Home managers to seek out his lost daughter in New York. After the managers had visited a number of places they happened upon a noted resort where they found the girl upon the stage of a low class show. At first it was impossible to get her to listen at all to what they had to say; but finally they consented to let them take away the Bethesda her child, a little boy five years old. They sent the fellow by express to the wayward daughter's parents' home in the West. The girl said she had an engagement for two weeks longer, which she felt it in duty bound to keep, but on Monday she would go home to her parents also. While they were waiting for her, the ladies talked to another woman, and persuaded her also to consent to give up a sinful life. They procured suitable clothing for her and sent her to her home in Albany, N. Y., since which they have had some very promising letters from her. Another girl who was taken from the streets of New York, was converted while in the Home. She died in October last of consumption, a redeemed Christian woman.

During the past year the Bethesda Home has sheltered 158 women, and of these numbers the present whereabouts and condition of seven-eighths are known to the managers. One of the judges of a Brooklyn Court said of this class of women: "They come before me very often from the Bethesda Home gets hold of them and after that they come less and less and afterward cease coming altogether." This unsolicited testimony is significant as showing the reformatory influence of the Home among the class its work is intended to reach.

An illustration, taken during the "still hour" at the Home, when the matron summons the helpers and others for the Scripture-reading, affords an idea of the quiet, restful atmosphere that pervades the place—making it indeed a haven of rest and peace and security for the weary ones who seek temporary refuge there from the

wickedness of the world and the miseries of the life they have been leading. Ordinarily, however, it is a scene of activity, and employment of some sort is never wanting for willing hands.

The Faith of a Child.

During the great storm which swept the Sea Island region, several years ago, the following incident occurred which is worth relating as showing the beautiful and heroic faith of a child:

When the waves arose and swept across the islands, and the water burst open the house-door and rushed in, bringing boards, ducks, geese, snakes and rubbish, a mother tied her baby on her shoulder and lifted her boy of six in her arms. To her fourteen-year-old daughter she said: "You must carry one child." "Which, mother?" said the girl.

The mother looked at the two, one of four years, one of two, unable to choose which to leave. Here Ben, her boy of eleven, a little Christian; yet full of fun

and, I regularly visited the family. I tried to teach the girl to read, and for this purpose bought a kindergarten fan, with grooves for letters, and a cheap box of letters. The child learned to spell words with these letters. On calling one day, I found the little girl lying dead in bed, the tiny hands folded over her bosom, and between them the fan, with the letters inserted. "I lov Him," The mother told how when the child was dying, she had wished to spell a message for me, and had at first put "I lov u." The mother told her that I already knew that, and would be far more glad to know that she trusted in Jesus in the hour of her death. So the child changed the letters till they read "I lov Him."

"The mother begged me to keep the fan as a memento, but I refused, and tied a text to it with white ribbon. Whenever the man and woman go, the woman always hangs this up in her room, and both she and her husband have become sincere Christians."

Our Friend, the Horse.

Much interest has been awakened by the publication, from time to time, of letters in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from readers who favored kinder treatment for the dumb animals. Mrs. O. H. Church, of Adrian, Mich., writes:

My heart is pained almost every day of my life, to see so much unkindness to poor animals. From my window, I saw two young men, passing with a load of dirt. The horse was doing its very best, while the young men were trotting along, one on

THE RIGHT WAY.

WHAT though my pilgrimage be over
 Barren deserts day by day;
 What though before me seem such trials
 As might fill with blank dismay,
 The blessed Holy Spirit leads me
 By the right way.

What though the road be hard and by it,
 Demons crouch like beasts of prey;
 What though the way be dark and dreary;
 Skies no guiding star display:
 I know my Heavenly Father leadeth
 By the right way.

O, Father, from the path thou markest
 I would never, never stray.
 Whatever be thy marching orders
 I would never disobey.

O, God, I trust and know thou leadest
 By the right way.

W. C. MARTIN.

SYMPATHY WITH THE CHILDREN.

ARE any of us missing to-day golden opportunities to bind our children to us by the mighty bands of sympathy? Sympathy means so much to a child—and how quickly does a child learn who are his sympathizers! They only are the ones who can lead him to the right—yes or to the wrong. The sympathy we give our little ones now will measure the strength of our influence with them when they are older and less dependent upon us. If we would have their confidence and so be able to help them by and by, let us not fail to sow the seed of the harvest we would reap. I suspect many a mother has lost her influence over her boy and mourned his waywardness more because

she had failed to take an interest in his base-ball or his bugs and beetles, than because she did not give him proper teaching. And I suspect that many a girl has gone wrong who would not have done so if her mother had thought it worth while to admire her childish gift of dandelions or clover, and to heartily thank her for them. Then when she was older, her mother ridiculed her girlish fancy for some innocent school-boy friend and unsympathetically told her she was altogether too young to be thinking of the attention of young men. Perhaps she was, but O, there are ways and ways of doing the same thing, and above all, mothers should be tenderly careful lest their lack of sympathy should repel the confidence of children. And not only should we encourage them to confide in us, but let us also confide in them, and let nothing that interests them be too insignificant to enlist our enthusiasm. Let us read with them, help them make puzzles, tell them stories. Let us join them in croquet or parchesi, and love their dear little white rabbits, their butterflies and toads if only because they do. O let us hold them fast—these darlings of ours: let us forge the strong chains of love, not that we may keep our children always with us—we cannot do that, but that if only for the love they bear us, they shall not drift from the moorings of righteousness.

The years are passing. Let each one make us nearer and dearer to the hearts of our children. Let us bless them while we may. Let us point them, train them, lead them, love them into the Kingdom of God and Heaven.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

A Mother's Burden.

Many a mother bears in her own heart such a burden of care and affliction as the outside world can never know. One of those patient ones, writing us from Virginia, says: "My young son is almost entirely helpless. He is a dear, patient, good boy, has been afflicted all his life." Yet this invalid lad, who is denied nearly all the delights that make youth dear to the heart of a boy: who cannot romp, or play, or saunter through the woods; who knows nothing of the big, busy, selfish world outside his quiet sick-room, has at heart a secret happiness the world cannot give. Tended by loving, praying Christian parents, who are watchful of his every interest, it is not surprising that the young invalid's spiritual nature should have developed. It hardly needs a formal profession to declare that some pure hearts belong to Jesus, the fact is so clearly evident. The sympathy of other parents will go out to this poor, pale mother, worn with labor and watching beside her invalid boy



THE "STILL HOUR" AT THE BETHESDA HOME, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

and frolic as a boy can well be, said: "Ma, I'll take the little one." "No, my boy, you can't; you can't save yourself, let alone the child." "I know I can't," answered Ben, "but Christ can." "The water is too deep; its up to your shoulders now," said the despairing mother. With a smile that gave her courage, the boy swung the little one upon his shoulder. "It's deep for true, but Christ is a tall man. He must be." So they started. The anxious mother kept calling to her children through the roar of the wind and water. The daughter kept up with her, but very soon Ben ceased to answer. When at length they reached the rising ground, she met her brother trying to force his horse through the water to her aid. He took her to his own home, but of Ben there was no trace.

When the tide went down the next morning, and she sat grieving for her lost children, little Ben tramped into the house, saying: "Didn't I tell you true, mamma?" He put his little charge into his mother's arms.

A Last Message of Love.

This beautiful incident is related by an English lady, deaconess in Wesleyan Institute, at Leicester. In the course of her missionary work, she visited a low lodging house where a man, his wife and dying daughter, dwelt. "The man signed the pledge and prayed God to help him keep

each side, urging it on at a much faster gait than was good for it. I watched the proceedings until the horse suddenly came to a halt. Then rough words and heavy blows came thick and fast. I was indignant, if not angry, and resolved something must be done, and that quickly, so putting on my hat, I went out of the yard and up the street. When I got opposite the men and horse, I stopped and asked what the trouble was. The men replied that the horse was balky and would not go. I told them if it was balky I did not think it would do any good to pound it, and that it was cruel to do so. I looked at the horse and the load, and told them the horse was small and weak, and the load too heavy for it. I patted the poor creature, and told them if they would let the horse rest a few minutes and be gentle with it, they would not have any trouble. One of the men was for knocking the poor beast down with a club; the other listened respectfully and walked slowly on as though going to a neighbor's, keeping both ears open the while; but I heard no more blows. Soon, I heard them coming, and looking back, I noticed the horse was going well. As they came up, I said to the young man driving, that the horse seemed to be doing nicely. He replied, "Yes, and hereafter I will take your advice." I felt amply rewarded, for I had not only done the horse a good turn, but the young men good also. I wish the laws were more strictly enforced in regard to these matters.

Mrs. W. T. Wisner, Brooks' Grove, N. Y., writes on the same subject:

I have never known true prosperity to attend the man who ill-treats his animals. I think the time has come when the press should devote more time and space to this urgent course, and that we should not only generalize, but enter into particulars. Surely, the God who assures us that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, will reward or punish us according as we heed his precept: "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." I can but wonder that so much cruelty and suffering should go apparently unnoticed by men, and that it is left mostly to women to plead the cause of our dumb friends.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER XII—Cont'd.
The Church of the Future.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

STEVE waited for his friend. He was quieter than usual, but trembling with feeling. "John! Dear John!" he said, "You have done me good. Come home with me. I have much to say to you."

"I will. How is Jessie?"

"She is in Newport. I believe she is well."

"You did not go to Lloyd Park this year?"

"No. The place is virtually shut up. Jessie preferred Newport. I shall go there also in a few days. John you have made me tremble to-night. Tell me what I ought to do with all this money that I can neither refuse, nor yet I fear use properly. It is a great burden. What shall I do with it?"

"Open up the King's Highway! Prepare it for the coming of the Lord! Apolyn has indeed straddled over the whole width of it, and under his evil wings drunkards, thieves and oppressors of every kind find shelter. The poor are tormented, the broken in heart terrified, the sick and suffering can hardly find their way to the grave. Go out like another Goliath; feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sorrowful. Steve! Steve! there are such great opportunities before you! I am terrified lest you neglect them. What is it to be? Are you going to prepare golden futures of love and work? Or must life go by fruitless, and you not dare to search your will and your heart till at the last hour the past shall clang and flash for you as for a drowning man?"

"I hope not, John! I can see there is much to be done, and I can feel that I am not the man to do much. The very magnitude of the work oppresses me and makes me hopeless."

"With the magnitude of the work you have nothing to do Steve. 'It is not incumbent on us to complete the work, but not therefore must we cease from it,' that is from the Talmud—but it is good Christianity. And why should you fear? The light is on your face, and the shadows all behind your back."

Steve sighed, but he went into his house grasping John's hand, and he was strengthened by its touch, and his heart was full of a great purpose.

CHAPTER XIII.
Clear the King's Highway.

The two men went straight to Steve's private room. The windows were open and the light and stir of the avenue entered through them. They sat down without turning on the gas; the dim reflection from the street-lamps was sufficient for their conversation. Steve was pressed by his emotions and opened the conversation with eagerness, even as they drew their chairs to the window.

"I want to give a million dollars away, John," he said. "How shall I do it wisely?"

"You mean that you want to give it for the purposes of charity?"

"Yes. That is what I mean. It is only right and just that I should do so, besides it fits all my noblest inclinations."

"It is also wise, Steve. Charity is the salt of riches, it preserves them. Riches have wings, but Charity clips them. I am glad that it is both your duty and your pleasure, to remember those ready to perish."

"But I cannot disburse such a sum personally," said Steve. "Even if it were possible, I should make a great bungle of it, for if I ever attempt to give a dollar, I have to give another dollar, and I am at my wit's end as to what I ought to do."

"Very few men know how to give, Steve," answered John, "and for such, vicarious charity is not only all, but it is also the best they can do. Charity, however, is not a matter of accident or of feeling. It is not casual. It is an habitual well doing which will work out its own channels, and not be diverted from them."

"We must find out together, John, some great co-operative ways and facilities for doing good."

"We have already a great many charitable societies, Steve, with which you are more or less acquainted. And then there is the McAuley Mission, and the Cremorne Mission, and the Florence Mission, and that wonderful Bowery Mission for men, that you and I stepped into accidentally one night. I say 'accidentally,' Steve, because what we call 'accident' is Providence, and is usually God's part in any event. Do you remember?"

"I am not likely ever to forget those four hundred poor fellows. What pathetic experiences of temptation and fall, and repentance they told! I knew only too well how true they were; I, myself, had been in similar straits. Oh, John, what can we do to help such weak, unhappy, struggling men?"

"We can strengthen the hands of those already familiar with the work. You cannot personally go down among them, and see that they are fed, and washed, and clothed, and work found for their hands, and comfort for their hearts, and divine instruction for their souls. But you can give the wherewithal to provide these necessities. Give them a substantial lift to start with. They want a chapel, they want a reading-room, they want better dormitories and baths; oh, they want so many things! You can increase their comforts and their usefulness on every side. How many hundreds are, at this moment, wandering in the darkness and despair of this great city, that could be saved and blessed if there was room to take them in, and money to provide for their urgent necessities!"

"John, these worthy charities for men shall have their aid in good season. We will see about it to-morrow morning, as soon as possible. Oh, my heart goes out to every man, without love and home, in the outer darkness of these stony streets! How easy it is for them to do wrong! How hard to do right!"

"With all my heart I will go with you. Have you no special idea with regard to spending so much money. You have been much and familiarly among the poor; you have seen and tasted their life in its bitterness; is there then from your own experience no special light on the subject?"

"Yes, John. I will tell you a charity greatly needed—it is a Transportation Fund for working mechanics and laborers."

"I don't understand, Steve."

"I will explain. When I was last in Chicago there were hundreds of bricklayers, stonemasons and plasterers out of work. Nothing to do in Chicago, and yet plenty to do in New York. But they could not get to New York. They had not the money. This is but one small example of a condition constantly occurring. Now then, what is needed is a fund for transporting sober, bona-fide workers

(Continued on next page.)

A Good Appetite

Is essential for perfect health and physical strength, but when the blood is weak, thin and impure, the stomach Cannot perform its duty and the appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an Appetite and giving sound digestion. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and Gives strength to the nerves and health and vigor to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's and only

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To Mothers

of suffering children! I want to send you a Teething Necklace absolutely free.

From the fifth month to the third year (the teething period) is the critical time in human life. The entire infant organization then undergoes a change, and serious maladies arise.

In a robust child, teething often proceeds favorably; the weak and delicate child becomes feverish and restless. The tooth penetrates the gum with difficulty. Serious complications occur, accompanied by intense pain, swelling of the gums; the bowels are disordered, and inflammation of the brain and convulsions follow, terminating too frequently in painful death.

Mrs. H. S. HILTON writes:
Indianapolis, January 18, 1897.
Mr. H. C. Blair.
Dear Sir:—In April my twin babies, born in September, began teething. It was very warm here. They began to have bowel disturbance at once. One baby drooped more and more, till the 15th of June he came down with cholera infantum and died the 27th. During his illness the other baby sickened, following fast with all symptoms. His life was despaired of, and hung for months in the balance, when we sent for your necklace—willing, of course, to snatch at a straw to help the baby. He has been free from bowel trouble ever since; cut a double tooth at Christmas and another a week later. The tooth gave him fever for a few days, but no bowel trouble.
The baby has been better, slept better, howls better, and has gained in flesh since he wore it.
Respectfully yours,
MRS. H. S. HILTON.

I don't know why electricity goes through iron and stops at steel. I don't know just why DR. JUERGENSEN'S ELECTROMOTIC TEETHING NECKLACE allays the ills incident to the teething period in children, but I do know that it does. I have manufactured and sold many thousands of these necklaces, offering in all cases to refund the money to any dissatisfied purchaser and the first one has yet to claim the money.

When a child shows the first symptoms of teething, one of the ELECTROMOTIC NECKLACES should be tied around its neck and worn constantly. The beneficial effect of the necklace will be at once exerted upon the growing teeth, and upon the arteries and nerves. The gum will be penetrated by the tooth without difficulty, and the child spared from suffering. Give a baby internal remedies unless prescribed by a physician.

I believe American mothers are honest, and I am willing to trust them, hence this

ABSOLUTELY FREE TRIAL OFFER:
If your baby is ailing, send me your name and address, and will mail a necklace to you at once. At the end of thirty days time I will send you a bill for 50 cents, which you can either pay or return the necklace. If you are not satisfied with it, I do not want your money.

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from preceding page.)

kinds, from place to place, as the exigencies of labor demand them. I think it would be better to send them to work is than to open soup kitchens, and let them eat out of bread to enforced idleness. It would be much better and much more honorable and just. It would be for the workers good, with their own hands which is God's way of helping. There would doubtless be cases in which it would be proper also to send the family to the father of it, but this and other exigencies must be well considered and provided for. Your idea, however, is a very good one Steve, and the help it promises much needed."

"Will then the Transportation Fund is the end object. What is the next?"

"I heard the other day of a proposal to settle a little isle washed by the ocean, and make it a sunshine land for the poor people children who have never, in all their lives, known a day's pleasure, never had by childhood, never had any playthings, never tasted the sweets which are as necessary as food to their young frames, never known what love and singing, and singing, and praying, and good, and nice eating, and kind words might mean. To give these wronged, poor babies a chance for a little happiness to put them on the right road, to go as far as possible—that they keep to the path which believe in God's love, because they feel man's love and believe in the happiness of heaven because they have tasted happiness on earth—"

"O John! John! This is best of all! I believe in the children most of all. You are a great deal with a child, a great deal with a boy that you can't do with a man, a great deal with a girl that you can't do with a woman."

"It is true; so, then, the children must have a wide and gracious showing, it is so hard and grim that if we take away from the children out of it we shall almost believe that joy is dead. What shall we do?"

"I have had one other dream for humanity. I would like to make come true—but it is ever so small a respect. When I wandered about the Great Western wilderness, in which no man stays, I wondered and wondered at their lovely solitudes, at whenever I came back to this crowded with humanity, I wondered and wondered more and I was haunted by four days and night, and set my footsteps there, and let the problem they involved be a helplessly hither and thither: the soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank, and the idle poor man stands; millions of hands want acres, and millions of acres want hands!"

"Something can surely be done to bring these two 'wants' together, John!"

"Cainly, Steve." We shall have to have legislation perhaps, and delay will be necessary in order to be sure we are right, and doing right, but the project is highly possible. Suppose we plant a hundred homes in these fertile wilds of the West, how many homes would you have from the hundred? Enough in a generation or two to make the desolate place wave with golden wheat, and blossom like the rose. And though men and women would bring their sins and sorrows to these innocent places, they would also bring the music of psalm and song, and the exploration and joy of prayer and praise. We must then have a Land Fund as well as a Transportation Fund. But have you not some favorite object of kindness, some peculiar good that you would like to do, just because it would give us a heart a real, personal pleasure?"

"I have, John. I have an object

which had my full consideration and my whole heart when I had not a dollar to give it, and never expected to have a dollar. I want to give one hundred thousand dollars—perhaps more—to increase, if possible, legislation for the protection of animals."

"Legislation—for animals?"

"Yes, for I have discovered that it is impossible to make the popular mind connect guilt with things the law does not punish."

"But for animals?"

"Yes, and a hundred times, yes!"

"Animals!—when there are men, woman and children?"

"Yes, and a hundred times, yes!"

"The beasts that perish—"

"Do they perish? Dare you affirm it?"

(To be Continued.)

The Mississippi Floods.

Within the last two weeks, there has been a great improvement in the condition of affairs in the lately flooded Mississippi Valley. Mr. John Fritz, of Fritz's Landing, Ark., writes us that the farmers are now ploughing, and planting cotton and corn, and the suffering in that section at least, has wholly disappeared. Mr. A. M. Middlebrook, Sunday School missionary, Pine Bluff, Ark., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Please accept sincere thanks for your action in sending the *Welcome* down the river to take my people out of the flooded district of the Mississippi bottom. I thank you in behalf of the colored people of Arkansas. The writer is one of the old subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and is the State Sunday School Missionary for the colored people. We have at least 300,000 people to preach to, teach and supply with religious literature, tracts and Bibles. We sometimes get boxes of small Bibles and books from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they do great good.

Letters from other sections visited by the relief tug during her recent trip down the river also indicate a cessation of the suffering and a brighter condition of affairs generally.

The following voluntary contributions have been sent in aid of the flood sufferers:

Previously Acknowledged.....	\$110.20
Anonymous.....	1 00
—, Mohawk.....	1 00
Edgewood Y P S C E.....	13 30
Mrs M B Robinson.....	2 00
Readers of the C H, Amityville.....	2 00
Total.....	\$129.50



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She's just "poll parroting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right.

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do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

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No. 2 is same style, colors, and quality as No. 1, with fancy patent-leather toes. No. 3—The "Carmenita." Low-cut shoe, rubber web side; fine kid; dark green, chocolate, or black. Made to your measure, and mailed for \$2.25.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

mailed for \$2.25. Oxford Ties, same colors, and materials, \$2.00. All these shoes are made with the latest "Coin" or Cherry toe. Let us know your size, and state any peculiarity, if any, of shape of foot. We'll make exact size, and mail on receipt of price—about one-half what retailers would charge. We make ladies' fine shoes—nothing else—have been doing it for 25 years. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address, The J. C. TARRANT SHOE CO., Cincinnati, O.



O'Neill's.

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It is a Bicycle that is strictly high Grade. By that we mean it is made of Tapered Seamless Tubing, with drop-forged connections, Spring Steel Cranks, Cups and Cones turned from solid bar tool steel, tempered and ground; Linen-covered built-up "Fairbanks" wood rims, Piano Wire Spokes, best of workmanship throughout and thoroughly up-to-date in every respect.

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Stylish—popular—first quality: 100 for \$4.00; 50 for \$2.75; Express prepaid by us. Samples free. J. & P. B. MYERS, 25 & 27 John St., New York.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS A. BANKS, D.D.

The Last of the Hutchinsons.

OF all that heroic group in which Phillips and Lovejoy and Garrison and Whittier, and many others were shining stars, there was no more unique inner circle than what was known



JOHN WALLACE HUTCHINSON.

as "The Hutchinson Family." They were not orators, but they were sweet singers who were able to send the Gospel of liberty into many a heart that was locked and barred against the most persuasive key of public speech.

Mr. John Wallace Hutchinson, the last left on earth of that truly brave and picturesque group, has recently published through Lee & Shepard, of Boston, a marvelously interesting "Story of the Hutchinsons." It is as full of fascinating reminiscences of a brave and romantic time as an egg is full of meat.

Mr. Hutchinson tells a very interesting story of Henry Clay. It was in the year 1848, and "the Hutchinsons" were in New York giving concerts. Jesse, one of the brothers, wrote a new song of Mr. Clay, entitled "Harry of the West," and the present survivor wrote the music for it. This song was prepared on their way to New York, and was first sung on the boat between New Haven and the latter city. While in New York they were invited by

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc., Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten years' standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

Deer Park on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains to enjoy health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, cool, refreshing winds through the mountains and valleys, Crater grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The house is equipped with all the latest and most comfortable appliances, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for house-keeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Bell Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid vestibule, limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets good for return passage until October 1, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

For information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore, Md.

Captain Knight, of the then new and famous ship, *Henry Clay*, to go on board his vessel. Complying, they went into the Captain's cabin, and standing in a group, they struck up their new song. They had hardly finished, when an alderman of the city, who was on board said to them enthusiastically: "You must go and sing that song to Henry Clay this afternoon."

Going ashore they soon arrived at the hotel where a great reception was taking place. The Mayor with his chief councillors, and their distinguished guest were just about taking their wine at the banquet, when the singers were ushered in. The Mayor at once arose, announcing their presence, and asked them to sing an appropriate selection. The four brothers sang:

Come, brothers, now let's hurry out
To see our honored guest.
For lo, in every street they shout,
"Brave Harry of the West."

For, th' glorious day is coming near
When wrong shall be redressed,
And freedom's star shine bright and clear
On "Harry of the West."

Then, hail, all hail, thrice honored sage,
Our most distinguished guest!
We'll venerate thy good old age,
Brave "Harry of the West."

While they were singing this song, Mr. Clay's eyes opened, and his chin dropped with astonishment and surprise. At the close he arose and came to them saying: "What can I do to repay you for this great honor you have conferred upon me?" Subsequently he sent his wine down to them, but the brave young Hutchinsons sent him back word that they were teetotalers, and could not drink with him. It took a good deal more courage to do that in 1848 than it would now. On receiving their reply, Henry Clay arose from the table, for the second time, and leaving the circle of politicians about him, walked across the room, the observed of all observers, and said to the young singers: "If I were a young man like yourselves, I'd be a teetotaler too."

John Wallace Hutchinson has remained faithful to his temperance principles through all the years, and his handsome head, as splendid as Nathaniel Hawthorne's, often graces the platform of a temperance meeting.

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F.R.S., London.
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help themselves." Self
help should teach you
to use

The number of Asthma and Hay Fever patients under our care each season exceeds four thousand.

We treat patients in all parts of the United States and England—in fact anywhere that the mails go—treating each patient individually.

By a system of careful reports weekly we guide and direct patients how to secure the best results.

In 1884 we treated 300 patients. Up to 1897 we treated over 37,000—the natural growth of a successful practice.

Probably nine-tenths of our patients come to us through personal recommendation from other patients.

Temporary relief may sometimes be had by changing climate, but for a permanent cure constitutional treatment is necessary.

The cause of Hay-Fever and Asthma is not external but internal—it is in the blood and nervous system of the sufferer.

Our constitutional treatment not only gives relief, but eradicates the cause of the disease and cures to stay cured.

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"I had Asthma and Hay-Fever for 18 years. It has all disappeared under your treatment." J. D. Hill, 1110 South Weadock St., E. S., Saginaw, Mich.

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"My Mama's Clinton Safety Pin"

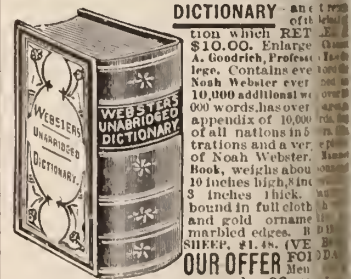
Has so many points. I can find one, and don't ever lose one.

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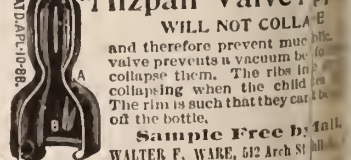
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SAPOLIO

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Children and the Lord's Day.

THE Lord's day! Are we losing the sense that one day in seven belongs to Jehovah, who gives us six days for our own work, our own play, our own uses, but reserves the seventh for the refreshing of our souls and bodies and for his worship? "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy," was the divine command which made provision for the rest, so, until time shall end, we may have cessation from care and rest from our blessed hours come round. In America we have great occasion to value our Sabbaths from the invasion of foreign ideas, in direct antagonism to the spirit of our country, and the principles of our fathers. We need, too, to stand on our right to a Sabbath in our midst, and to train our little ones in reverence for the Lord's own day is at our duty and our privilege. Dear friends, in doing this we should be careful that we do not make the child the Sabbath by burdensome restrictions which are of our own invention in disobedience of God's ordering. Restless hands and feet must have occupation on Sunday as on Monday. Awake childish brains seek food for the soul on Sunday as on Monday. We must make a difference between that which is secular and that which is sacred, and the sacred hours may be full of agreeable occupations, which are in no sense less dear to the children than the day itself. The dear children may grow up to love Sunday as the cap-sheaf and the best day of the week. It means let them be taken at any time to church. There is no sweeter sight to the world than a row of golden heads in the pew.

Think that our tender Saviour, whose mercies are ever new, as a special benediction for dear little heads in the pew. A prudent mother will not expect her children and lassies to attend strictly to sermon, and will provide them with a book, or a pad and pencil, or allow them to cuddle down into her lap, and let them sit at a nap, when the good pastor explains the doctrines to his children. If they go regularly and steadily to church, they will after awhile form the habit of listening to the discourse, and it will be by degrees assimilated. Remember to this day a sermon which I heard a gray-haired minister preach, when a little girl of possibly eight summers said the text was, "And pray ye that ye may not be in the winter." Tell the children to sit still and not to fidget, or they must not disturb others in the sanctuary. Teach them also the regular business of Sunday morning, going to church, and that nobody is excused from this, unless he or she is ill. As families we should seek the presence of the Lord on the Lord's day. Sunday School, as a matter of course, the children will love and enjoy. But they have had the pleasant hour with their teacher, the hymns, the full enjoyment of the happy time, (and few happy times come to children than those they have in a well-conducted Sunday school, when this is over and they are again at home, the mother's problem is to do to make the afternoon both profitable and pleasant. There drifted to me one day last winter, a beautiful little booklet on this theme, a mother's book for other mothers. The title "How to make Sabbath Afternoons Profitable and Pleasant to Children," attracted me at once, and I read the pages with great interest, noting that the writer, Mrs. F. A.

Welcher, of Newark, Wayne County, N.Y., had evidently a great love of children, and a real sympathy with them, and comprehension of their needs. Mrs. Welcher indicates a variety of ways in which children can be entertained, amused and employed on the Sabbath, none of them ways objectionable or alien to the spirit of the day. A mother reading this will have suggestions made to her which she can follow out and further amplify. She will be able to show her little ones that

A Sabbath well spent Means a week of content.

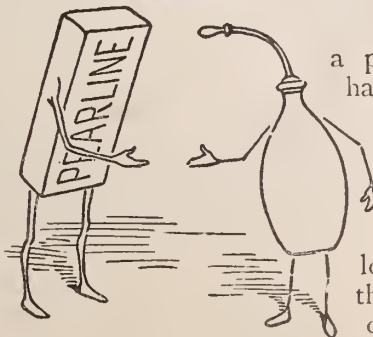
I wish I could persuade you all to end the hallowed day with home song. An hour of hymns, father, mother and children joining, is a sweet and precious thing at the close of the Sabbath. Even those of the family who are not in full sympathy with the religious life, if any such there be are unconsciously drawn into the tide of song. They join in "Blest be the Tie that Binds," and "Jesus, I my Cross have Taken," and "Sun of my Soul, thou Saviour Dear," and "A Charge to Keep I Have," and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and on the wings of those glorious songs of God's Church militant, they are wafted towards the glories of the Church triumphant. Do not fall into the error of thinking that a juvenile observance of the Sabbath, along strict old-fashioned lines will keep any grown person from Sabbath-keeping.

On Sunday afternoons let us as families read again the dear familiar Bible stories, on which whole generations of God's dear people have thriven. How beautiful they are, these old stories in Genesis and Numbers and Joshua, in Kings and Chronicles. Forever new, each time we read them, they shine upon us, star-like and serene, and their characters are more vividly outlined and more interesting than any which we can find in pages of modern romance.

Let us cherish God's day.
Sweet day that comes from the heavenly land,
Ever bringing a gift in its hand.
Ever pouring above our life
Some of the peace with which heaven is rife.
Lifting a face serene and fair
Over our discontent and care.
Giving us something of Christ, to bless
Even in moments of sore distress.
Day of the Lord, to mortals given
Straight from the innermost heart of heaven!
Dearly we prize its hallowed calm,
Clearly we lift a joyful psalm.
For the Lord who loves and bought us, sent
This beautiful day, to be ever blest
With tenderest thoughts of the infinite love
That forever is brooding our lives above.

Friends, let us cling to the Sabbath! Let us honor the Lord of the Sabbath! So shall we and our children, and theirs, keep to all time, our goodly heritage in this free land.

Margaret E. Sangster.



This is what a prominent physician says: "I have given my own children the benefit of very careful study in the matter of absolute cleanliness in bottle feeding. I have studied the so-called easily-cleaned nursing bottles, and I long ago came to the conclusion that a little Pearline would render ordinary nursing bottles the safest utensils of them all. I firmly believe that children properly fed and cleanly fed will avoid the majority of the difficulties which they encounter during the first two years of life. I believe that if every feeding bottle was washed with Pearline, many innocent lives would be saved."

Surely, this is a matter to interest every mother. Nothing so thoroughly cleanses as Pearline.

Millions of Mothers Use Pearline

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is the inconceivable number of beats that the heart makes in an ordinary life-time. To accomplish this enormous task that healthfulness dictates, requires strength and vigor. W. C. Birkhead, Marysville, Mont., says: "For eight years my heart troubled me; I was short of breath, had palpitation, smothering sensations and severe pain in region of my heart; could not lie on left side."

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

Has Restored Health and permanently cured my trouble" Druggists guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

This is what

a prominent physician says: "I have given my own children the benefit of very careful study in the matter of absolute cleanliness in bottle feeding. I have studied the so-called easily-cleaned nursing bottles, and I long ago came to the conclusion that a little Pearline would render ordinary nursing bottles the safest utensils of them all. I firmly believe that children properly fed and cleanly fed will avoid the majority of the difficulties which they encounter during the first two years of life. I believe that if every feeding bottle was washed with Pearline, many innocent lives would be saved."

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Millions of Mothers Use Pearline

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THE ABSORPTION TREATMENT.

"A Heaven Sent Blessing."

No Waiting to be Blind; No Knife, No Risk.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER says: "Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our readers. Dr. Palmer, some two years ago, noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment for one year they pronounced his case hopeless, and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, of the Glens Falls, N. Y., Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On September 7, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside, and the glasses, discarded years ago, now enable him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends."

Dr. PALMER says: "His theory is rational, based upon the self-restoring power of Nature herself. Medicine cures only by rousing a peccant organ to the performance of its duty, when disease is thrown off and the patient recovers. The eye, he thinks, should form no exception. His aim, therefore, is to stimulate the eye, promote its secretions and increase the circulation, thus REVITALIZING the eye and enabling it to fulfill its functions. IT THROWS OFF ALL THE TROUBLES AND REPAIRS ITS OWN WASTE. His method is simple, safe and in no way unpleasant."

A. B. COLVIN, State Treasurer of New York and a resident of Glens Falls, writes: "The history of the Bemis Sanitarium and its advance by marvelous strides is due to Edward H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, whose marvelous success makes his name familiar to thousands all over the United States and in many foreign lands, and God speed him."

Pamphlet free, EXPLAINING THE CAUSE OF IMPAIRED VISION AND DISEASED EYES. Their treatment at home by mail, or at our Sanitarium, by the Absorption treatment, which has given relief to thousands becoming blind. Address

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A new illustrated book, describing this unequalled summer-resort section, offering the BEST TABLE BOARD, hospitable people, out-door pleasures, fishing, boating, or perfect rest. Climate and scenery unsurpassed. Prices from \$5 per week upwards.

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FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, Allenheim Medical Dispensary, Dept. N. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, O.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 20.

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SYRIAN PEASANT HOMES.

Homes of To-day but Little Changed from the Homes of Twenty Centuries Ago—The Dull Monotony of the Lives of Syrian Women.

It has been well said by some one who has travelled much in Syria and lived among its people, that there are usually only three events that break the dreary monotony of a Syrian peasant woman's life: a birth, a betrothal or wedding, a funeral. Married at an early age,

earthen floor, it is not a domicile to invite the fastidious. But it serves its purpose and seems to suit its mistress admirably. With her water-pitcher, a little heap of dried lentils, an economical supply of flour and oil, strings of onions and peppers, some rice, a half-dozen or more odd-looking cooking utensils, a kneading-board for bread-making, and a little fire of sticks, the

household; their parents and grandparents lived and fared just as they do, and they cannot comprehend why they should be dissatisfied with their lot. When one looks upon their quiet, restful faces, untroubled by the vanities and temptations that beset those who know more of the world and have a wider share in its pleasures and disappointments, it is not difficult to believe them really content. They form a part of the old, simple, unprogressive Orient, which in many respects may be said to have stood still while centuries have passed, and while the rest of the world has been steadily marching forward

play is common to both Moslem and Christian Syrians. The peasant housewife, who knows nothing of styles or fashion, but is content to make her clothes after the ancient pattern followed by her ancestors, often wears a cheap calico gown of a clumsy make. But whether rich or poor she never omits to wear her veil—the traditional custom of the women of her race—when she goes to market or to visit a neighbor. If she be a married woman, the veil is of dark material, and if a young girl, it is white and may be silk or calico, according to the social position of the wearer.



BREADMAKING AT THE DOOR-WAY OF A PEASANT HOME IN SYRIA.

her is ordinarily one of unrelieved monotony, without promise of betterment. The world is comprised within the walls of the rude stone dwelling she calls home—a structure which may have served several preceding generations. Houses, such as that shown in our colored illustration, are common throughout Syria. Constructed of roughly dressed limestone, and of sun-dried clay, in a manner that gives assurance of strength, but betrays little acquaintance with the canons of architectural taste; unlighted, save for one or two tiny windows, and with a musty

housewife considers herself fairly well equipped for emergencies. Many are excellent cooks, and with the simplest material can turn out dishes that are both appetizing and nutritious.

Housewives like the women seen in the photograph are fair types of thousands to be found in the small villages and hamlets of the Holy Land. They are hard workers, leading very simple and frugal lives, with very little of sunshine to cheer them on the way; yet they are measurably contented with their lot. Ambition can hardly be said to exist in a Syrian peasant

to new destinies and broader achievement. As already stated, one of the great events in a Syrian household, is the wedding of a son or daughter. No matter whether the bride's family be rich or poor, her relatives unite in the effort to make her appear specially desirable to the young man's family, and her own parents, often as the result of much sacrifice and privation, deck her with such coins and jewelry on arms, neck and head dress as they can give, these being regarded as a bride's personal property which even a husband cannot take from her. This dis-

In the larger cities, the lot of the Syrian women of the peasant class is somewhat less hard than that of their sisters in the country villages. Their lives are not quite so laborious, and they come in contact with the uplifting influence of Christian churches and the teaching of godly missionaries. In recent years, much excellent educational and practical training work has been done among the younger Syrian women and girls, and the result has been a marked, though yet only a partial, awakening of spiritual and intellectual life among the Syrian women.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

W. H. V., Capron, Va. Is it practical or likely to produce good results for children to attend two Sabbath Schools of different denominations the same day? 2. Is it right to teach our church doctrines in Sunday School? 3. What Scriptures have we that teaches us that we can know in this world that we are saved?

1. Such a course is inadvisable and not likely to be profitable in any sense. It would overburden and confuse the child. 2. Certainly. 3. See Romans 8:1 to 16; 1 John 3:14; 1 John 5:10, 13, 14.

J. M. S., Monticello, Cal. A friend who believes he has been converted and who professes to be trying to lead a Christian life refuses to attend church, and cannot be prevailed upon to go. Do you think he has really been converted or is he deceiving himself?

He may have reasons that you do not state for not attending, but they should be very good ones. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together" is a Scriptural injunction. We can imagine circumstances in which a man may lead a Christian life without attending church, as in cases of illness or residence far away from a church, but to be near one and able to go and yet not to go is strange conduct for a Christian. Conversion usually brings with it love of the brethren and joy in associating with them and delight in joining in praise and prayer. To wilfully stay away is to deprive the soul of one of the most important and helpful means of development. While we shrink from judging any man we should have grave doubts as to the reality of the conversion of any man who did not show his Christianity by attending public worship.

F. H., Hayfield, Manitoba. 1. Was it necessary for the Jews to crucify our Lord in order to fulfil prophecy? If so, why are they blamed? 2. How came priests and scribes who studied the Old Testament to be so mistaken in not recognizing Christ?

1. A prophecy does not compel obedience. A man may know B's character so well that he can predict confidently how B would act in given circumstances; but B would be responsible for his conduct. The leaders of the Jewish race had become so worldly and unscrupulous, as was shown in many ways, such as permitting traffic in the Temple courts (see Matt. 21:12), that they would not hesitate to put to death any one of whom they were jealous. The question of how salvation would have come to us if Christ had not been crucified is not important. If the Jews had accepted him, he would have been able to execute his mission of revealing God to man. 2. They were mistaken because they looked for a King, and were prejudiced against him because of his humility and his lowly birth.

John B., Correctionville, Ia., writes:

My reference to your article on "Poorly-fed Ministers," has called forth much comment. It has shown what a wide circulation THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has and that the subject is a live one. I want to cast no reflection on the ministers, for they are certainly poorly paid compared to some people's income; but comparing their income with that of the farmer, it will average greater; and if some body will tell us farmers how to get a better income instead of aousing us, the preacher might fare better. I believe the farmers give as a rule all they can afford. For one have always been ready to duplicate any man's offering who shared equally with me the advantages of our high state of civilization. How farmers do have to save to educate their children those of other professions have but little knowledge of. Now I am not whining or finding fault, I do thank God that he has given me strength to run a farm. But I shall protest as long as he gives me breath, that the farmers are not paying the preacher as paying \$200 or \$300. Strangely that God expects more of man than he does of God. God pays the farmer, but the farmer pays every body.

Jessie I., Montpelier, Vt. 1. What is the story of "The Brides of Venice"? 2. How did "bride's cake" originate?

1. It was an old custom in Venice for twelve maidens of humble family to be endowed by the State and wedded at a certain annual festival to their betrothed lovers. During the reign of Pietro Samedio II, a fleet of pirates entered port as one of these wedding processions was in progress, abducted the brides and set sail with them. The Doge's vessel followed, overtook and slew the freebooters and restored the maidens to their friends. For many years a procession in honor of the event

was held on the anniversary of the abduction. 2. It was a custom in ancient Rome for the newly wedded pair to eat together, this being called "marriage by confarreatio," and at such weddings, offerings of a sweet cake and also of meat were made to the heathen gods. The cake, according to some writers, was made by the bridesmaids and carried before the bride when she was conducted to her husband's dwelling. It is not at all certain, however, that the custom originated in Rome as traces of a similar ancient practice have been found in India, in the South Sea Islands, in Sweden, in ancient Britain and among the Indians of North America.

Subscriber, Winchester, No. Dakota. 1. Did the Apostle Peter ever visit Rome, and if so, was he beheaded in that city? 2. Was Paul executed in Rome?

1. There has been much controversy upon the question of Peter's connection with Rome, and the stories concerning his work there are largely traditional. Although there is no absolute evidence that he visited that city, it is generally believed that he must have done so, probably during the last year of his life. Eusebius and Jerome both say Peter was at Rome.

he should do ill. It must be a satisfaction to the man even if his own soul is lost, that he helped forward the work by which others were saved. We do not think the Church should accept the proceeds of crime or immorality, but we do not see any ground for requiring a donor to prove that he is a Christian before accepting his gift.

One in Sorrow. 1. Is there any comfort for one who on the sudden death of a loved one, realizes, to his dismay and intense grief, that he has neglected that loved one; doing and saying little to add to his comfort or happiness, not even praying for him as he should have done, and yet loving him dearly all the time, and learning afterwards through a mutual friend that the neglected one always excused his friend's apparent coolness, trusting his love for him to the last? 2. Do our loved ones who are saved really see and know us here? Are they sent to earth on errands of mercy and love?

1. Such an experience is, unfortunately, by no means a rare one. We are apt to hide our real feelings and to repress, till too late, the love our hearts long to give to our dear ones. There is much unuttered love, the telling of which would make life sweeter and better. While sorrow in such a case is unavailing, it may be turned into a blessing if it makes us kinder and more thoughtful for others. In the next life we may be able to give free expression to the love that was unspoken here. 2. See Heb. 12:1; Heb. 1:14.

R. A., Greenfield, Mass. I have never been able to understand Christ's reproof of Martha (Luke 10:41). It has always appeared to me that Mary should have helped Martha, and that she was shirking her share of the work. Why did Christ commend her?

If Christ were at your house, would you spend your time in preparing elaborate meals which you know would be to him very unimportant things? Would you not be anxious to make them as simple as possible, so that you might not miss a single word that dropped from his lips? The opportunity would be so

phenomena were not uncommon in 1st century. Phlegon of Tralles, an early of repute, mentions an eclipse of the sun and beginning at noon, combined earthquakes which occurred in Bitby date which closely agrees with the date of the crucifixion. Whiston (London, 1782), collates all the existing testimony on the subject, and treats on the same have been written by many religious authors, in Latin, English, and German.

S. B., Jersey City, N. J. Will you put me in communication with "Earnest Inquirer," question you answered erroneously in issue of your paper? I can prove to you are wrong in contending that Saturday is the day we ought to keep holy.

We must decline to become the medium of communication. "Earnest Inquirer" to have our opinion and we gave it. That was our duty in the circumstance. Can see no valid reason for disregarding day kept sacred throughout Christendom going back to the observance of an merely because the Jews were commanded to observe it. We would not select a command for obedience any more than we the command to observe circumcision ante-dated Sinai. We should be ready "Earnest Inquirer" a very poor service giving you facilities for securing him w ments which appear to us to be worth

Constant Reader, Man. 1. Is it right for Christians to go to a place where horse-racing on a day of amusement is right to run horses on a race course?

1. It is not consistent with the profession of Christianity to frequent any place of acknowledged resort of gamblers. 2. Is a cruel sport, and all its association grading.

Subscriber, Russell, Kan. 1. Is it wrong chess? 2. Is it wrong to read novels? 3. It make any difference in God's sight w of the week we observe as the Sabbath

1. No, unless time be so wasted that way which should be devoted to important duties. Even is the better for recreation. A game of chess furnishes so much pleasure with just the kind of occupation they need. 2. It is wrong to read some novels because they have a pernicious effect. There are, however, other novels which are good and helpful. Christ himself did not disdain the use of a chess-board, as witness his parable of a man chose to observe a chess-board which there were no religious vices and simply as a capital for the sake of being correct. It would make a difference. I believe that in observing Sunday please him because it is the honor of his Son, and to celebrate the event which secures promise of salvation. But of it as the Sabbath is no command. We do not spend it in the service of Christ.

Mary C., Bellmore, Ind. I have ground in hand machines. I want to advertise for him. M. E. L. and Maria Bay, N. Y. I was so surprised when "Leviathan," would be properly be called "the kind of seas." 2. Yes, so in every thing swims. It is a cetacean. C. K. Boyerstown, Pa. We have not to answer your questions. F. S., Rice's Landing, Pa. I was

flimsy, sensational, and the poorest sort of feed the mind upon. F. H. R., Lewis All the letters are pronounced as written, being soft, like "s." L. W., Grand Va You will find it in almost any work on bot Mrs. C. A., Exeter, Calif. Write to American School Union, Philadelphia, Pa. Daville, N. H. I. We believe in the tools of the gambler, and are better off. Will Miss Lida Hewitt, Wallis Ranch send her correct postoffice address to W. Roth, Talmage, Pa. M. J. T., Kansas. Reader, Quincy, Mich. It is making a new form of a sacred and helpful duty. Woodbridge, N. J. We cannot undertake an opinion in such matters, as not known circumstances, injustice might be done to the parties interested. Anxious, Phila. ly not; under the circumstances it was just.

—Husband, West Hurley, Mass. He should the idea of extreme measures, make of the situation and lovingly endeavor to over to Christ. Reader, Stoneboro, Pa. 2. No; juvenile military drill is an excellent line in obedience, orderliness and promptness is a mistake to suppose that it develops untraits. Look at the excellent work of the Brigades. Farm Worker, Bad Axe, Mich. The subject has been sufficiently discussed, such rule has been, or ever will be, discovered. H. A. C., Old Barn, N. S. It took place in area, assuredly. Reader, Huntsville, Ala. are morally indefensible, as a means of living. Mrs. Edgar M., Whiteport, N. Y. Send to the nearest orphanage or juvenile reformatory. J. M., Hoboken, N. J. It is a story strong basis of fact, to which is added the opinion of the writer. Subscriber, Chenoa, Ill. tation is wicked, a male flirt is contemptible man who, while professing religion, indulges practices, must be a hypocrite. Sympathizer. Contribution was received May 10, was not signed; it will be acknowledged in issue. Reader, Craig City, Ia. Address Tarrytown, N. Y. A B. C., Warren, Mass. Bible passage carries its own explanation, the verse being read as a continuation of the preceding verse. D. S. C., Imperial, Kan. twice. Patriotic, Ill. It was originally a patriotic air. Miss Belle, Atoka, Ind. Terrible to Librarian, Astor Library, New York City the remaining verses.



THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS, FROM THOMPSON RIVER, MONTANA.

One of many similar scenes of wild grandeur, that are common in the mountainous regions of the West. The Bitter Root range lies mostly in Montana, west of the Great Divide, and is intersected by many noble streams.

Reference to his martyrdom (by crucifixion, not beheading), is found in the writings of many early church authors, including Dionysius of Corinth, Irenaeus, Caius (who speaks of Peter's tomb there), and others. 2. Dionysius declares that Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom at Rome about the same time. Eusebius adopts the tradition that Paul was beheaded during Nero's reign.

J. E. W., Toronto, Ont. What is meant by the words "the strength of sin is the law" (1 Cor. 15:56)?

Paul is looking at sin in its legal aspect. The guilt of a sinner might be doubtful if there were no law. He might be doing wrong without clearly perceiving that it was wrong. But when the law is given and he knows of it, then if he transgresses, his guilt is so much the worse. It is fixed upon him and he has no excuse. The law brings the thing home to him and holds him strictly to account. In this way law is the strength of sin.

W. D. R., Nepessta, Colo. If good works done by worldly people are not acceptable to God, why do churches take money from them for the support of their work?

Who told you that good works done by worldly people are not acceptable to God? You may be sure that God is pleased with a good work, no matter by whom it is done. If you mean that worldly people cannot get to heaven by good works and that God will not reward them for doing them, you are right. A man who rejects Christ puts himself outside any hope of reward, because he insults God in despising the way of salvation God has provided. Good works cannot counterbalance such conduct. But even in that case it is better that the man should do good than that

precious that you would want to avail yourself of it to the utmost. Christ's words to Martha were kind ones. He understood that her concern was for his comfort, but Mary showed a truer sense of the situation. To him whose meat and drink it was to do God's will, it was more gratifying to have an appreciative attentive hearer, than to see his hostess so preoccupied with domestic duties that she had no time for matters of eternal interest.

Subscriber, Detroit, Mich. 1. Is a person necessarily lost if he commits suicide, he being at the time of unsound mind? 2. Will the person who might have prevented the act, if he had been aware of the suicide's purpose, be held accountable for the consequences of his negligence?

1. No, you may be quite sure that God does not punish any person for what he does when he is not mentally responsible. God is just and considerate. He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. 2. No, the motive and intention are taken into account. God would hold him guilty if he connived at the crime, or was indifferent as to whether it was committed or not, but he would not hold him accountable for knowledge he did not possess.

Mrs. L. F. M., Orange, Cal. Was there an earthquake when Jesus was crucified and when he was resurrected? Matt. 27:50-54; Matt. 28:1-2 reads as if there was as I understand it.

The only important or clear earthquake mentioned in the New Testament was that which happened at the crucifixion, and which is referred to in Matt. 27:50, 54; Luke 23:44, 45; and Mark 15:33. That mentioned in Matt. 28:2 is nowhere else mentioned. There is no allusion in profane history to either earthquake, but this is not surprising, as seismic

OVER 40,000 LAMBS GATHERED IN.

The result of Eighteen Years' Missionary and Evangelical Effort of Our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest—An Interesting Letter.

FOR nearly two decades Rev. George W. Sharp has been a missionary worker of the American Sunday School Union in the West and Southwest. For the last six years he has acted as special missionary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the West, and his labors have resulted in the opening up to Gospel influence of many sections where church privileges and Sunday Schools had till then been practically unknown. He writes of the extreme modesty of his own experience as one who does not "vaunt himself" and whose life and energies have been consecrated to the extension of Christ's kingdom without thought of reward. We give below some interesting passages from a recent letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

What follows is a careful estimate, taken from my official records and reports of results during eighteen years and months of missionary labor in north Dakota and elsewhere:

Number of schools organized, addressed, or otherwise aided.....	701
Working teachers.....	4,684
Scholars.....	40,203
Teachers and scholars.....	44,887

It was impossible to ascertain the growth of all the schools in so large a field, but it is reasonable to hope that the whole attendance has been as much as more than 50,000 teachers and scholars. Bibles and Testaments distributed 3,073; (which do not include the ones distributed from other places in my field more convenient to them than my office); visits to families 8,038, many of which besides family prayer, vigils, mornings, and on other occasions when suitable, the Scriptures were expounded, especially those pointing out how to be saved. These visits often took me to the bedside of the sick and dying, as well as to the homes of the poor, the afflicted and the bereaved, where the consolations of the Gospel were each referred to in connection with praying and with bereaved ones and those desolate in heart. The brightness of the Christian life was often the happy theme by the fireside, as well as in the public discourse.

Sermons and addresses, 3,649. In all of these, while always keeping in sight of the Sunday School and other Christian agencies, I aimed never to close a sermon or address without explaining to sinners, briefly but plainly, the way of salvation. I found that preaching and delivering Sunday School addresses were helpful, the one of the other branch of service. In spring and summer the addresses were more numerous than the sermons, but the latter were not omitted. In cold weather the sermons were the more numerous, especially during revivals and protracted meetings. The number of these which I conducted, with others in which I assisted, was about eighty, usually lasting from one week to five, and in which God in love and mercy converted many souls. Some I witnessed more than a hundred additions annually in the meetings in which I labored, either with other laborers or alone, Word, or without ministerial assistance. Blessed be God! His Holy Spirit still blesses the preaching of His Word in simplicity. He ever continues gracious in converting sinners and regenerating those who receive the blessed Jesus by faith.

The addresses: They were delivered chiefly to Sunday Schools, Sunday School workers, and places where schools were to be organized; and by far the greatest number in the last class of the three named above. I sought out and planted new Sunday Schools in the darkest, poorest, and most neglected districts and villages that I could find; and often visited and encouraged feeble schools, that were scarcely less needy than the class of new schools just described. But as one great need of the work was, and is, a supply of competent, consecrated officers and teachers, I gladly availed myself of opportunities of addressing the students of colleges, academies, and high schools, and of helping, in my humble measure, by addresses and otherwise, Sunday School institutions and conventions, township, county,

district, state, and inter-state; denominational and union, numbering in all about 80. Missionary letters and cards (including circulars), 8,142. This has been a laborious and important part of the work, the more laborious because by a regulation of the Society, they were mainly by the pen and without abbreviations, as in that way they seemed to be better suited to the necessities of the work. Miles traveled, 84,035; or more than three times the circumference of the whole earth; a great deal of it by private conveyance—in buggy or wagon, on horseback or on foot, as circumstances required.

"Wayside ministries: In this connection I can only refer to the unnumbered opportunities embraced of preaching, or telling the Gospel to individuals on the highway, in fields, trains, etc., whereby thousands were conversed with individually about their souls, thousands to whom the Scriptures were distributed, and thousands of Gospel books, tracts, and periodicals were distributed as a personal work outside of and additional to the periodicals furnished as missionary to the Sunday Schools. These last I judge to have numbered more than 500,000 copies, mostly through the mails by my order.

"Relief Work: Among the delightful memories of my service are those connected with ministering to the temporal necessities of the people suffering from the flood at Alexandria and McGregor, Mo., and from the awful forest fires in north Minnesota, at Hinckley and vicinity, in September, 1894; and of ministering to the distressed drought sufferers of Kansas and Nebraska in January and February, 1895. All the expenses for this relief

work were borne by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, except one carload furnished by the communities of Roanoke and Armstrong, in Howard county, Mo., and I suppose there were probably 20,000 people thus relieved in their distress from flood, and fire, and drought. I was but one of the numerous agents employed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in relieving the Western drought sufferers.

"I cannot close without acknowledging the constant and wonderful goodness of God in all the eighteen years and one month of missionary and evangelistic labors past, and asking your readers to help me praise him. And may God bless the American Sunday School Union in spreading the Gospel among the young of whom there are probably ten millions over four and under twenty years of age who are not in Sunday Schools.

Our two photographs on this page deal with phases of the average Sunday School missionary's experience in comparatively new sections of the country where there are but few of the conveniences of civilized communities. One presents a view of a typical frontier home, whose young people never knew what a Sunday School was like until the American Sunday School Union missionary came among them. Concerning this particular section a missionary writes: "This is called the 'Pocket Union Sunday School,' South Dakota. The name comes from the fact that this tract of land is almost surrounded by the Missouri River. Here I found a very ignorant and needy people; only a few families, but almost entirely cut off from all school and church privileges. The children were growing up in ignorance and poverty. I found one girl sixteen years old unable to read or write; also one family of six children, none of whom had ever been to a day school. The father, however, was a Christian man, and had taught his children how to read. A Sunday School was organized and held in this private home as there was no school building in the place. I have visited this school often, and was always greatly pleased to find the children so eagerly interested. It was a school that would remind one of the days of Robert Raikes. The children were taught to read as well as to learn their Sunday School lesson.

"One of my recent trips was made in the pine forests, where I had quite a hard experience, as the weather was stormy and cold all the time. The openings in the timber seemed to run in all directions, ending nowhere. In one place I was forced to ford a river with my little team. It was not so very deep but the current was very swift, and the bed very rocky, but I got through all right. I soon came upon a great many cabins and lovely bright-eyed children, but the parents were cold and indifferent with regard to religion, and their dear boys and girls were growing up in utter ignorance of God's Word, and disregard of the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the many drawbacks experienced along the way, I do not think I ever made a more successful tour. I am now engaged in a revival service on an island where there is quite a little settlement. It was here that I organized my first Sunday School on entering the work, and where the people have been neglected up to this time beyond my occasional visits to their nice Union Sunday School, and to their homes."



CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE WEST—A SOUTH DAKOTA SUNDAY SCHOOL.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The other photograph is that of a newly organized Sunday School in a little frame shed or cabin in the mountains.

CHEERING THE DYING.

Mrs. Lathrop Tells An Incident of Her Work in the Slums.

MRS. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, who is conducting a medical missionary work among the sick poor in lower New York, relates this touching incident in her recent experience:

"At seven o'clock one evening a boy of twelve called at my office, at 668 Water street, with a note, directing me to go, if possible, to an address where a poor old woman was dying alone. It happened that she was one of my pensioners, whom I particularly valued. I entered the alley-way and opened the door on the ground floor where she had lived for years in dampness, almost cellar-like darkness, and growing poverty. She lay before me, pale and pinched by the last illness she would suffer. She had heard that a lady would be sent to her relief, but she had not known I was that friend in need, and her joy was great, as she loved me.

"Money for her rent had been given her by the unfailingly kind-heart that had summoned me, and I bought food and medicine. The almost imperceptible tones of the woman's voice began to utter more distinct words. 'And to think that it is you, to think it is you!' she exclaimed, holding both my hands clingly in hers. 'You, who have kept the little place for me ever since my sickness with pneumonia, and have kept the life in me! Always when I was walking the road or sitting alone, I prayed to the good God to send me a kind friend in my last hours, and He has not forgotten my prayer now.' Blessings poured upon me from her lips, and her gaze into my face soothed my fatigue. 'But the nights are very long,' she moaned. 'The lonely nights with no soul to speak to me! Oh, the dreadful nights alone by myself!'

"'Not alone,' I said, 'God is inside this room all night long; God and the angels; and he is a better friend than any of us!'

"Her face brightened. 'God is always inside this room—yes, that is true; I am never alone!'

"'Let me stay with you to-night,' I begged. She insisted upon being lifted into a sitting position, and then flung her arms around my neck. 'No, no, you must not do it!' she cried. 'Promise me you will go home and rest! You are tiring yourself out! Promise to keep your health, that you may live to rally many a poor creature who is dying of hunger, as you rallied me! Go home to-night.'

"She clung to me so anxiously that I had to promise to leave her again without a nurse, except for a half hour at morning and evening, and three or four calls daily from my helpers and myself. 'She had begged me not to call to see her myself the next day, but only to send messengers. I could not forego the consolation of talking with one whose sacred prayers had strengthened my courage; whose unselfish sweetness had buoyed up my belief in the pure loveliness of many destitute women. Again her delight at seeing me was deliciously welcome to my soul. Again her tenderness reminded me of my mother's, and made me weep. As she spoke of what I had done for her in her dire need, I could only say to myself that it was I who should thank her for the peace she had given me. A fierce noise of stamping and scolding above us startled us both. She said it often happened, as the people in the tenement-house were very rough and degraded. The noises often hurt her head very much.

"Every hour she grew more distant in tone and glance, yet loving and gracious, and generously forgetful of her great needs, as if she were already nearly in heaven.

"Why should care for such sweet natures be unusual; care, I mean, from those who are responsively tender, and whose lives might be wasted elsewhere?"

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



BENEDICTION FOR DOCTORS.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text, II. Chron. 16: 12, 13; 17: 16.

And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers.



THIS season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the Capitol and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurers or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatany and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick; bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe, on the day when they started out and he said to them: "Go heal the sick, and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over! And let all the hospitals, and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and asylums, and domestic circles of the earth respond: "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the loss of moments of our earthly existence with the end of the wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, and give strength to our dying moment. We can feel the tips of your fingers on the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of hopefulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a stimulant, and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians be-

cause of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor he has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under his mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club foot was straightened, and ankylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Cicero said: "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX. made proclamation that all the Protestants in France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made one exception, and that the case of Pare, the father of French surgery. The battlefields of the American Revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer, and Warren, and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized at fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it; and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flax-seed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and Aselli the uses of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and cinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy, and Hosack, and Romeyn, and Griscom, and Valentine Mott of the generation just past, honored God, and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera, and the yellow fever! The monuments in Greenwood, and Mount Auburn, and Laurel Hill tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in Southern cities, until staggering in their own sickness they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage, and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston, when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets, or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets, and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him; but he cut off the most of it and only comparatively few years were left—only seven hundred years of life, and then five hundred, and then four hundred, and then two hundred, and then one hundred, and then

fifty, and then the average of human life came to forty, and then it dropped to eighteen. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century, the average of human life has risen from eighteen years to forty-four; and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be fifty, and it will be sixty, and it will be seventy, and a man will have no right to die before ninety, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled: "And the child shall die a hundred years old." The millennium for the souls of men will be the millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary, and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers, and rheum, and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary, in one year, one hundred and fifty thousand prescriptions were issued.

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibres which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch, and plinth, and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

In the first place, the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants, and lawyers, and mechanics, cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say: "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath morning church service for the physician. Beside that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gormandizing, which, before night makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken, and death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a foot-bath, has become virulent typhus, and the hacking cough, killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York to the marine office, and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the Divine enactment: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." Oh, how easy it is when people die, to cry out: "malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brain of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night-work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help, and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Again: The medical profession to be Christians because there are special exigencies when they need Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful in every medical practice when a ought to know how to pray. All of ills will sometimes hurl themselves the weak points of the physical organism with equal ferocity will assault tire line of susceptibility to sin. The next dose of medicine will whether or not the happy home is broken up. Shall it be this medicine that medicine? God help! Between the five drops and the ten may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? careful how you put that knife to those delicate portions of the body it swing out of the way the sixth pain inch, the patient perishes. Under circumstances a physician needs much consultation with men of high calling, as he needs consultation with God who strung the nerves and bled the cells, and swung the crimson tide in the arteries.

I do not mean to say that physicians make up for medical skill. A brilliant doctor, confounded with what was very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called. He asked for the first practitioner. They said, "he's in the next room praying." "Well," said the skilled doctor, "he is to come out here and help; he is to work at the same time." It is in that sentence. Do the best we can ask God to help us. There are men in all the world, it seems to me, so much need the grace of God to minister who doctors the sick so as the physician who prescribes for the eased body.

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there opens before them such a field for Christian usefulness. You see many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the very heaven to their souls. Old Dr. G. De Witt, a practitioner of New York, in his last days: "I always preached religion of Christ to my patients, directly or indirectly, and I find it is most always acceptable." Doctors Crombie and Brown, of Scotland, Dr. Hey and Fothergill, of England, Dr. Rush, of our own country, were celebrated for their faithfulness in that duty. "Oh," says the medical profession, "is your occupation; that belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brother, the severe illnesses in which you will permit even the clergy, and that permanent salvation will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the one hand, and the medicine for the other, oh, what a chance!

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering you don't come. But before you, doctors, hear my prayer for your salvation. Blessed will be the reward heaven for the faithful Christian physician.

Some day, through much overwork, from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor goes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse. He takes the diagnosis of his own condition. He is worn out. The fact is his earthly is ended. Tell those people in your office there they need not wait any longer. The doctor will never go there again. I have written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people run up his front steps and inquire: "Is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathy of the neighborhood will be aroused. There will be many prayers that I have been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over. In two or three days, his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the city, bare-footed and bare-headed, stand on the street corner, saying: "How good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death stand his old patients, who are forever waiting will come out to welcome him, at the Physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalypse, will come out and say, "Come in. I was sick and ye visited me."

INDIA'S FIGHT WITH FAMINE.

Missionaries Grateful for Aid—Julian Hawthorne Brings Back from India the Report that Three Millions have Starved to Death.

OUR India relief work is now nearing a close. On Saturday next, June 12th, at four o'clock P. M. the relief steamer *City of Everett*, will sail from San Francisco for Calcutta, with a valuable food cargo, the united offerings of thousands of Christian men and women throughout the Union. Shortly afterward, another steamer will carry a similar cargo to New York to the same Indian seaport. These vessels will thus be ploughing waves simultaneously, bound on a mission of mercy and life-saving, and approaching their common destination from opposite directions. They will carry with them the prayers of the great army of children on this side of the globe, whose hearts have been touched with sympathy for the suffering millions of India. It is well known to all who have watched the progress of this relief movement, that a valuable time was consumed in the procuring of steamers to carry the cargoes to India. Nearly two months have elapsed since Congress passed the necessary appropriation, but Navy officials, through whom the arrangements were to be concluded, met insurmountable difficulties in chartering American vessels, as called for under the resolution. Weeks were consumed resulting in expectations were raised only to be followed by repeated disappointment. This was to us a source of real regret, as it must have been to many others. Finally, as a last resort, Congress was compelled to modify its resolution, so as to permit the use of suitable vessels of any nationality, and this was done only a few days ago. We are now assured that there will be no more delays, and that the transportation demanded for the gifts from that have been accumulated in warehouses here will be pushed forthwith. During the negotiations, Secretary Long and Navy Department officials have dealt with rare courtesy and have endeavored to hasten matters. Had the resolution of Congress been such as would have permitted greater latitude to the Department, the delays might have been avoided. It is a matter for thankfulness that the starving people did not have to wait the arrival of the consignments for the expression of Christian America's sympathy. The remittances of money cabled to American missionaries in the afflicted land told them in the most practical and substantial way that Christian people here had the spirit of Christ. The missionaries, to whom the remittances were sent, have gladly applied the money in relief in various ways that we have convinced the poor creatures of Christians, thousands of miles away, of hearts to feel for their misery and would not allow them to perish for lack of food. Already letters from the missionaries have been published, which show the help thus rendered is most gratefully received, and that the relief they have been enabled to distribute is likely to help them in their work. The following extracts from later letters are to the same purpose and they prove also how truly such help was needed:

Henry Forman, American Presbyterian Missionary, of Fatehgarh, writes: "I have now been five weeks since we began providing food for people at the Mission Compound. The number soon rose to about 100 persons, mostly men, and very few women. We sent twenty-three men to Rawal Pindee, the United Presbyterian missionaries undertaking the care of these, and of the other villages in Allahabad. After this a report was sent that we were getting people together to send them off to Demarara, and the result was the sending of twenty or thirty children and a number of men. At the same time the harvest—a very small one—was being gathered, so our number here kept small for the next fortnight. Since then the number of people has been steadily increasing, and to-day's number was three hundred and twenty. "We require work (which we make for them in the compound, digging, burning lime, repairs, etc.) of 400 men. Just about one-half are children, and one-quarter of the remaining half are women. We give both food, ready cooked, and pice (clothes), these being based on the Government scale of relief, the food being rather more, however, as the food is cheaper than the pice. Most of the people prefer the food—to-day 77 out of 320 taking the pice, and 43 taking food.

Our expenses have now almost reached the rate of 700 rupees (about \$230) a month; before this month is over they will almost certainly have exceeded that rate. And if the money is forthcoming so that I dare go ahead, I do not doubt our numbers and expenditure will be doubled next month. "Government is decreasing its provision, both in poor-houses and relief works. What the reason is I do not at all know. But for the next three months the distress must greatly increase, and indeed there cannot be any decided improvement for six months yet. "You will understand that I am carrying on simply famine-relief at present. There is no institution, such as school or orphanage. When the famine is over, the people will return to their villages. That, by the way, is the reason we give pice to those who wish them. We are not willing to appear to use the people's distress as a means of breaking their caste. Nor do we want to appear to be using money to make Christians. However, almost all of those who come have already professed caste, eating whatever they could get. "We have a daily service with the people, very brief, and always have them stand and close their eyes while we ask a blessing before eating. This, of course, is new for them. We do earnestly hope that the help rendered will be the means of bringing many into Christ's kingdom when the famine is over. "Miss Lillian E. Deitrich, of Cawnpore, to whom another sum has been sent, writes: "The famine is indeed all about us; the greatest need, however, is in the villages where there are few or no English people living to whom these poor starved people can go for a bit of food, so as soon as I receive the money I will take part of it and with Mrs. Pickard will go out in the villages in the Rae Bareilly District where the distress is and has been extreme in its severity; another part of the money will be used for those starving ones who come to the door here in Cawnpore; such a one

that may be very hard pressed, and then through the organization that we have, of watching for all deserving cases among Hindus and others, and helping them to tide over the hard times. . . . I am in correspondence with my agents in the district south of Bombay, and when arranged our help will be given in a systematic and wise way in that region. It is needless to say that the money you have sent is needed, and much more will be needed if help is to be rendered at all commensurate with the needs, and I shall be glad to receive any other sum that may be entrusted to me for use among the people. I pray that God's blessing may rest on all who have given to the relief of human suffering in this land.

A JOURNALIST'S TESTIMONY.

The reports of the suffering published from week to week in these columns as they were supplied to us by the missionaries are fully confirmed by the independent testimony of Mr. Julian Hawthorne who has just returned from a journey to India which he took at the request of Mr. John Brisben Walker for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Mr. Hawthorne's full story is to be published in the July number of that periodical, but its character is disclosed in an interview which he accorded to a reporter of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Hawthorne said, after describing the horrors of the plague: "The plague is but a flea-bite in comparison with the famine. The former is confined to Bombay and its neighborhood; the latter, save for a few spots here and there, extends all over India. Three million people have already died. These are only the official figures. How many more have actually died it is impossible to say. The figures only cover the statistics which the government has been able to obtain. But these statistics constitute a small proportion of the actual

grain dealers, who oppress them. The bunnias are amiable, nice, fat people. They sit with their grain baskets in front of them, smiling and well fed. Around them gather the poor little suffering children. They look like little black beetles. Their ribs show through their breasts and backs, their arms and legs are mere bones, their skin is drawn tight over their faces, but their intestines are frightfully distended. They search longingly over the ground to pick up any grains of wheat that may be scattered around. The sleek, smiling bunnia never for a moment thinks of giving them a handful out of his basket, nor does it ever occur to a child to make a dash for it. All are absolutely resigned to their fate.

"The gentleness of the native is pitiful. I have sat in the villages under the verandas of missionaries. People begin to flock around from all quarters. They never talk unless spoken to, and even then they never complain. The same scenes are enacted in the starvation camp, little sheds which are scattered all around. You come in, and they tell you their sad stories if they are asked—how they sold out all they had and then could not get enough to eat; how their fathers or their mothers or their children have been swept away. Many are unable to sit up, some are unable to talk. Indeed the native overseers of the camp endeavor to keep them from talking for very obvious reasons.

"There seems to be an impression in America that the English in India are not doing as much as they ought to do.

But in fact it is the universal opinion of all the missionaries that they are doing the best of which they are capable. Indeed, so much is evident to a casual observer. It is impressive to see the small force of Englishmen slaving to try to avoid what cannot be averted. You can't make much headway against a famine that threatens three hundred millions of people. The missionaries are of all sects, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Catholics. I do not know why it is, but the Catholics do not seem to be effective here as they always have been in other places. The Catholic districts are no better off than any of the others."

HINDOO CHRISTIANS.

"Do the missionaries make many converts?" the reporter asked. "Yes, a great many, and there are no more charming people in the world than the native Christians. They seem to realize for you your ideas of what the primitive Christianity may have been. Like the primitive Christians they have given up everything for what they hold to be the truth. Christianity appears to change the nature of both the Hindoo and the Mohammedan. There seems to be two natures in every Hindoo. One is a very amiable, obliging, kindly fellow, the other is an austere and narrow minded ascetic, whose better self is strangled under the inherited racial barbarities of caste and traditions. "Christianity takes out all the racial traits. It inculcates good principles, and the result is a charming, amiable, and good creature, who actually believes what he professes. He usually has a lovely expression and lovely manners. Of course there are hypocrites among the converts men or women who profess to believe in order to live upon the missionaries. But these are not many; the sacrifices are too enormous. A convert to Christianity becomes an anathema to his family and friends. He is dead to his own people. So you may judge what courage and patience and fortitude it takes to become and remain a Christian. It is true that after a few years his old friends cease to show any active hatred for him. They seem to come to the conclusion that converts are insane and are not responsible for their actions, and in any event they will be frightfully punished in the next world. So they cease trying to rob him of punishment while alive. If India is ever really to be converted it will be through the efforts of these Christianized Hindoos. "This is the testimony of a trained journalist as to the scenes of which he was an eye-witness. It proves conclusively that the missionaries' statements have not been exaggerated, and that starvation in India has for months past been carrying multitudes to untimely graves.



FAMINE CHILDREN AFTER A FEW WEEKS CARE AT BAREILLY, INDIA.

has just come—a man whose bones are much more prominent than any of those in the famine pictures which I send you, he was so weak that he could not stand without trembling violently. I gave him some uncooked rice and dal with wood with which to cook it; poor man, he became so excited at the sight of food that he quite broke down, then fearing from his weakness that he would not even have strength to cook his food I tried to induce him to take a little bread from our own table, but he was one who with his dying breath still clung to his caste; the raw food he was very thankful to get, the cooked food would break his caste—dearer to him than life itself. I am glad to say, however, all are not as tenacious of caste in their starvation as this poor man.

Rev. John G. McGavran, Missionary, of the Church of the Disciples at Damoh, India, to whom one of our remittances was made, writes:

There are hundreds of villages in this district with one or two, or not even a single soul left—all dead or gone. . . . I am now employing a large body, almost wholly women and children, on relief work. I expect thus to increase beyond my means of support, as I personally pay out all wages and all support for the helpless. With the \$500 sent by you I can keep this work up for some months. . . . I can use an indefinite sum here. We are in the vortex of the famine, and being in an obscure corner, miss the great stream of relief. . . . I have a thousand scenes photographed on my brain, which will make me grow pale to recall fifty years hence. With thanks to you and through you to the great hearted Christian people at home from many a man and woman, and hundreds of little children, who, but for your sacrifices, must be doomed to hopeless poverty, famine and death, and an assurance that the gift will be used to the best possible advantage.

Dr. J. E. Abbott, American Board Missionary at Byculla, Bombay, India, writes:

It is needless to say how much I thank you for the sum of \$500 which you have sent to me to be used for the relief of the people suffering from plague and famine. . . . I propose to use the money you sent, first, in relieving such Christian families

number. Thus, while I was in India, 10,000 people were reported to have died. Now, it was estimated by those who are in a position to know that the number was nearer 60,000. . . . Remember that there are in India 300,000,000 of people. Naturally it is extremely difficult to cope with so general a calamity.

"In every relief camp there are a large number of scoundrels. The native overseers put out or refuse to accept the people who really need relief, and put in friends of their own who are well and comfortable and divide up with them. Nor do the deserving patients resent these abuses; they look upon them as perfectly natural. They would do the same thing themselves if they were placed in the same position.

"Of course the government is dimly aware of this condition of things, but it cannot prove or expose it. When the white inspector comes along on his periodical tour, his coming is known for hours before he reaches the relief camp. While he is approaching all the skeletons are put out of the way, the lies to be told are concocted, and every employe is drilled as to exactly what he shall say and do. Therefore the inspectors do not know half as much as the missionaries. It was to the missionaries I attached myself. We visited many of the relief camps. All the usual lies were told us, but we knew pretty well what was back of them.

"I saw the starving sufferers, and in their midst I saw also the bunnias, or

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Sunday School Lesson for June 20. Rom.

14: 10-21. Golden Text: Rom. 14: 21.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



HE pre-eminent glory of a Christian is his union with Christ. The pre-eminent glory of "the Church which is his body" (Eph. 1: 22), is that in a wonderful and glorious sense she has the high calling to constitute a union of many in one; a being, a person, "a perfect man" (Eph. 4: 13), composed of many members, after the pattern of the adorable Three in One. What then is the personal responsibility of the members of such a Body? Paul tells us, and he speaks of it as "the vocation wherewith ye were called." It is this: "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" (Eph. 4: 3), and he shows that this personal responsibility to all our fellow-members entails "all lowliness and meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another in love."

The Apostle Paul has been showing in the preceding chapters the practical outcome of the position which is the only reasonable service [or spiritual worship, R.V.] of a true Christian, that of a living sacrifice. The living sacrifice is made to God, and is "holy, acceptable" to him, but all the outcome of the sacrifice, all its practical working, touches our relations to man; and it is in these relations that we are to be not conformed to [or fashioned according to] this world, but transformed by the renewing of our mind, that we may "prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." And immediately the Apostle speaks of our relations one to the other "according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." Thus our personal responsibility is just that of the members of our own physical bodies, which are by their very form and functions interdependent, each one "having the same care one for another" (1 Cor. 12: 25).

In the early Church, when all the members, being filled with the Holy Ghost, were "of one heart and of one mind" (Acts 4: 32) this state of things existed, every member was subservient to the Head, and through him to the whole body. Only thus could the body of Christ be in health and vigor, and only thus could make it healthy to-day. The sacrifice upon the altar was yielded up as fuel to keep alive the fire from heaven which was ever burning there. Only the yielded will and personality of the members can keep ever burning the fire of divine life in the Church of Christ. Very practically, and in much detail, Paul has been speaking of the exercise of spiritual gifts, and of our dealings with men in almost all possible positions in this spirit of living sacrifice, and he sums up all by saying, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof; i. e., put on himself and put off yourself." It is on this principle that the Apostle goes on to speak of

EATING AND DRINKING.

It is not a thing of slight importance. Eating and drinking sustain our life, and yet through eating and drinking, seeds of poison and death are often sown. It is of high importance that we should know how to eat and drink, as how to do all else, in the spirit of living sacrifice. Paul speaks of two believers. One had a right to eat all things, one who is weak eateth herbs. Paul does not decide in favor of either of the one or the other, but says, "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth for God hath received him. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yet he shall be holden up for

God is able to make him stand." Here the true principle of the living sacrifice is involved. God may have shown me a certain path in eating and drinking, or in some other thing: I am sure of God's guidance. How can my brother be right if he does not see as I see? I may speak to him but his eyes are hidden, he cannot, he does not see as I do. What is God teaching me, what is he teaching him? Surely to yield up to God all spirit of judgment. God may have a reason for guiding the hand of the Body in a way very different from the foot but if the hand and the foot maintain their close relation to the Head, the very disparity of office and of direction from the Head creates a service of the one member to the other. That which stops the circulation and paralyzes the Body is the spirit of judgment and criticism. "Let every man be fully assured in his own mind," not tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. And this can be only as he stands with God, knows clearly his mind. In the matter of observance of days there need be no controversy, "He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks, and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks." Paul was speaking of converted people whose honest desire was to please God.

What bitterness and strife, what heart-burnings and jealousies, what unkind words, what acts of persecution might have been avoided, if Christians had carried out the principle of these words! Oh that each one would consider that his believing brother member may hold as direct a relation to the Head of the body as he himself! Oh that he could see that the very fact of his brother's misunderstanding of him was a special test from God whether indeed he can sacrifice himself so as to suspend his judgment of his brother until the Lord come; whether he can for the sake of Christ and his body love honor and respect him as much as though he saw with him on every point! It is true of us all, "Now I know in part." (1 Cor. 13: 12). And it is of infinitely more importance that we should keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace than that we should all see alike in every detail. Many of our most precious lessons come in this very direction of patient waiting until honored brothers or sisters who do not see things as we see them are either brought of God to see as we do, or we are brought to see as they do; and such as really live unto the Lord are always ready for fresh light, and a disparity of opinion cannot cause even a jar, where both parties are in the same spirit of loyalty to God, and of living sacrifice to Christ and his Church.

"None of us liveth unto himself." Christ died for us that they which live should henceforth live, not unto themselves but unto him which died for them and rose again. Here is the living sacrifice! And no man dieth unto himself, for whether we live we live unto the Lord, and whether we die we die to the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's. The living sacrifice has no longer a claim to himself he has passed into other hands. Therefore for the second and third time Paul condemns the judging of our brethren. "But judge this rather than no man

put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. Now the apostle returns to the question of eating and drinking. Nothing, he says, is unclean of itself; "it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer," (1 Tim. 4: 5), but to him that esteemeth it to be unclean, to him it is unclean. Who knows what may have passed between him and God? Who knows why he should esteem that to be unclean to him which another can eat with perfect impunity, let us respect God's dealings with our brethren even when we cannot understand them, for the thread is not in our hands. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat now walkest thou not charitably ("not in love" R.V.) We have been called to liberty, not to use as an occasion to the flesh, but by love to serve one another. (Gal. 5: 13.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

EVERY generation has needed the teaching Paul gives in this lesson. Sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, a disposition has been manifested to insist on matters that seem unimportant to a Christian who has grasped the high spiritual truths of Christianity.



A SPRING OUT OF THE ROCK.
"No every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." (Isa. 55: 1.)

In Paul's time, it showed itself in observance of the Levitical law and especially in the matter of the kind of meat that was eaten. It appears that when an animal was offered in sacrifice to idols and was slaughtered, the carcass was sold to the butcher who put it among the meat in his store and sold it with the other meat. It was thus possible that a Christian might buy and eat part of an animal that had been solemnly dedicated to an idol. Paul and other enlightened Christians perceived that this did not signify. As Christ had explained, the soul could not be injured by anything of the kind. But there were some Christians who were horrified at the idea of eating such meat and they refused to eat meat at all, lest they should unwittingly eat some of that which had been offered in sacrifice. There were such people; it could not be helped; it was a pity, and that they had not more sense; but their scruples could not be ignored. What ought to be the attitude of the more enlightened Christians in the circumstances? That is the question with which Paul deals. He counsels a spirit of brotherly love and kindly yielding which would tend to peace. He reminds people like himself that the weak brother really

believes that it is sinful to eat the meat. If he did eat it when his conscience condemned it, it really would be in his case. The conscience is not always right, but it is the best light a man has and he would do wrong to disobey it. It was creditable in a man to refrain from eating meat in order to avoid a risk which seemed to him serious. His motive was good; not every one is so careful to avoid sin. It might be hoped he was equally careful not to sin in greater matters. Assistance to sin and self-denial to avoid it, were excellent traits in a man's character, which should be encouraged not ridiculed. Paul declared that if through his example people were led to do what they believed to be wrong he would feel grieved. He would do as they did, so that they might be encouraged in the fight they were waging against sin. He would respect scruples which he did not share. That is the principle he laid down for the guidance of future ages.

It is this principle that lies at the basis of Christian Temperance. A man says, "I never get intoxicated; I can drink a glass of wine and enjoy it; I am not tempted to take too much. Why should I abstain?" This principle laid down by Paul gives the reason. Every man is a certain sense his brother's keeper. There

are some men who cannot moderate in the use of intoxicants. Their craving comes irresistible when they taste them. They must go on drinking until they become intoxicated. We wish it were not so; we wish they had more moral strength; but we must recognize the fact. How can we help them? It is our duty to do it if we can. We may help them by abstaining. There may be danger in our case. That is all the more noble our part to give up the gratification for the sake of others to whom it may be dangerous. If only those abstained who are liable to become drunkards, they would be made men. We could not expect any lad to become an abstainer. It would be a confession of weakness, of which he would be ashamed. But that lad might be saved in this world and the next by abstaining. He is constituted that his only hope is total abstinence. He should be encouraged by all means. The one encouragement that he needs, the one that can really help him, to remove the stigma from all abstinence. If his father and his minister and most respectable and undoubted strength of moral character are total abstainers, he need not be ashamed to be so, too. The thing is respectable and he need not shrink from it. He is, as we say, keeping countenance by the countenance of others. Have not the

strong men done a good and praiseworthy thing, if they have saved a lad from the gutter at the cost of some personal gratification? That is what Paul means in this passage. He would save the soul of his brother, and if he can save it by giving up something that he may lawfully do, something that he likes to do and that he has no harm from—he will surely give it up for his brother's sake. That is Christianity. Self-sacrifice for others. It is following Christ, who gave up so much and suffered so much that men might be saved.

An occasion to fall. A famous woman tells the story of a hospitable lady who entertained in her spacious grounds a large party of her neighbors. At the close of the day she said her servants would bring around trays of refreshment. The guests were simple country people and they proposed the glasses on the trays contained lemonade. One of them, however, had been a drunkard and was making a bare struggle to give up his evil habit. When he tasted the supposed lemonade he at once recognized it as rum-punch. His taste was like blood to a tiger. He could not resist his craving and hurried away to get more rum and yielding to his passion drank himself into insensibility.

OUR AMERICAN ALPS.

gnificance of the Snow-clad and Ice-bound Giants of the West—Shasta, Rainier, and St. Elias—A Royal Mountain-climbing Expedition.

Those who have been so fortunate as to visit the great snowy mountain range of the Northwest, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the royal mountain-climbing party, which lately left Italy for the purpose of visiting Alaska. The party is Prince Luigi Amedeo, who comes to America with the purpose of ascending Mount St. Elias's Peak, and other famous peaks. He will be assisted in his expedition by Dr. Paolo Vecchi, of San Francisco; Professor Fay, former President of the Appalachian Mountain Club, in Mass., and Professors Davidson and C. Russell, of the Geological Survey, and W. A. Ingraham, of Seattle. Prince Luigi will have a rival in the effort to ascend Mount St. Elias. An expedition under the auspices of the United States Government, and led by Mr. Henry

W. Henshaw, is estimated at 1177 square miles, or an average for each glacier of a little more than one square mile. On the same authority, the average height above sea-level at which they melt is about 7414 feet. The Grindewald glacier descends below 4000 feet, and one of the Mont Blanc glaciers reaches nearly as low a point. One of the largest of the Himalaya glaciers on the head waters of the Ganges does not, according to Captain Hodgson, descend below 12,914 feet. The largest of the Sierra glaciers on Mount Shasta descends to within 9500 feet of the level of the sea, which, as far as I have observed, is the lowest point reached by any glacier within the bounds of California, the average height of all being not far from 11,000 feet.

"A general exploration shows that to the north of California, through Oregon and Washington, groups of active glaciers still exist on all the high volcanic cones of the Cascade Range.—Mounts Pitt, Jefferson, Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Baker, and others.—some of them of considerable size, though none of them approach the sea. Of these mountains Rainier, in Washington, is the highest and iciest. Its dome-like sum-

cupies a narrow, picturesque fiord about twenty miles to the northwest of the mouth of the Stikine River, in latitude 56 degrees and 50 minutes. The fiord is called by the natives "Huili," or Thunder Bay, from the noise made by the discharge of the icebergs. About one degree farther north there are four of these complete glaciers, discharging at the heads of the long arms of Holkam Bay. At the head of the Tahkoo Inlet, still farther north, there is one; and at the head and around the sides of Glacier Bay, trending in a general northerly direction from Cross Sound in latitude 58 degrees to 59 degrees, there are seven of these complete glaciers pouring bergs into the bay and its branches, and keeping up an eternal thundering. This fragmentary ice-sheet, and the immense glaciers about Mount St. Elias, together with the multitude of separate river-like glaciers that load the slopes of the coast mountains, evidently once formed part of a continuous ice sheet that flowed over all the region hereabouts, and only a comparatively short time ago extended as far southward as the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, probably farther. Mt. Shasta has three glaciers, but Mt. Whitney, although it is the highest mountain in the range, does not now cherish a single glacier. Small patches of lasting snow and ice occur on its northern slopes, but

its rivers can imagine themselves on the waters of a large Hudson or Rhine, for the banks of these magnificent streams have nearly all the scenic attractions of the most picturesque of waterways, if we except those that are the result of civilized effort. The forest region up to an elevation of 7000 feet is usually in great part free from snow in June, but during the first five months of the year the higher regions are still heavily-laden, and are not touched by spring weather to any considerable extent before the middle of the latter part of the month of July. The season will be suitable for the expedition.

It is to this region of natural wonders and perilous heights that the two exploring parties are now taking their way. What the results of their labors may be, time only can show, meanwhile their



ST. ELIAS, ALASKA, 19,500 FEET.

of Philadelphia, is on the way to the country to visit Mount St. Elias, and will ascend that mountain. It is 19,500 feet high and lies in the disputed territory between the United States and British America. The other members of the American party who share the attempt to reach the peaks, are Mr. J. Entekrin, of West Virginia, who was with the Arctic expedition of 1893-4, and E. B. Tatham, of the United States Coast Survey. Prince Luigi will reach San Francisco early this month, where he will take the steamer for Yakutat, from which point he will be taken by boat and sleigh, across the glaciers and mountains to the foot of St. Elias. He will be accompanied by experienced guides, and expects to reach the mountain at the beginning of July. Though the wonders of our American Alps are not known to comparative travelers, owing to the difficulties heretofore attending a tour to these mountains, they are now becoming widely known and appreciated at no distant date. Railroads and other facilities have opened up the way to travel, and the old-time difficulties are fast disappearing. Writing of the mountains of these Western Alps and the glaciers, Mr. John Muir, a recent traveler, says in his book, *The Mountains of California*:

"Every glacier in the world is smaller in size than the Alps. All the world is growing warmer, or the crop of snow-flowers is diminishing. But in contemplating the Alps, the glaciers of the world, we are struck in mind while trying to account for the changes going on that the same forces that wastes them builds them. Every glacier records the expenditure of an enormous amount of sun-heat in lifting the snow for the snow of which it is made from the ocean to the mountains, as Tyndall strikingly shows.

The number of glaciers in the Alps, according to the Schlegel brothers, is 100, which 100 may be regarded as primary, and the total area of ice, snow, and

mit, between 14,000 and 15,000 feet high, is capped with ice, and eight tremendous glaciers, seven to twelve miles long, radiate from it as a centre, and form the sources of the principal streams of the State. The lowest-descending of this fine group flows through beautiful forests to within 3500 feet of the sea-level, and sends forth a river laden with glacier mud and sand. On through British Columbia and southeastern Alaska the broad, sustained mountain chain, extending along the coast, is generally glacier-bearing. The upper branches of nearly all the main canons and fiords are occupied by glaciers, which gradually increase in size, and descend lower until the high region between Mt. Fairweather and Mount St. Elias is reached, where a considerable number discharge into the waters of the ocean. This is pre-eminently the ice-land of Alaska and of the entire Pacific Coast.

"Only one glacier on the coast, observed by Prof. Russell, discharges its bergs directly into the open sea, at Icy Cape, opposite to Mount St. Elias. The southernmost of the glaciers that reach the sea oc-

they are shallow, and present no well marked evidence of glacial motion. Its sides, however, are scored and polished in many places by the action of its ancient glaciers that flowed east and west as tributaries of the great glaciers that once filled the valleys of Kern and Owen's rivers.

"The greater portion of the snow deposited around the lofty summits of the range falls in small crisp flakes and broken crystals, or, when accompanied by strong winds and low temperature, the crystals, instead of being locked together in their fall to form tufted flakes, are beaten and broken into meal and fine dust. But down in the forest region the greater portion comes gently to the ground, light and feathery, some of the flakes in mild weather being nearly an inch in diameter, and it is evenly distributed and kept from drifting to any great extent by the shelter afforded by the large trees."

Alaska has the third highest mountain range in the world and its landscapes are of incomparable beauty and grandeur. The climax of its Alpine range is found in the St. Elias group. Travelers sailing up



THE ICE-CAP OF MT. RAINIER, 12,000 FEET.



THE GREAT NESQUALLY GLACIER, MOUNT RAINIER.

progress will be watched with interest both here and abroad.

With Prince Luigi's party are Vittorio Sella and four Alpine guides, and they will have the co-operation of Messrs. Fay, Davidson and Russell, of the United States Geological Survey, Dr. Vecchi of San Francisco, and Mr. Ingraham of Seattle. Mr. Sella is distinguished as a photographer of mountains, and has probably made the finest views of Alpine summits that have ever been taken. He has ascended the Matterhorn in mid-winter, and it is safe to predict that our views of American mountain scenery will be greatly enriched by his visit. It will be remembered by many that Lieutenant F. Schwatka, the Polar explorer, made an effort to climb Mount St. Elias about eleven years ago, starting from a point near Yakutat. He only reached a height of 7,250 feet, however, the ice barrier beyond that point being impossible to surmount with safety. It is expected that with his experienced guides and proper appliances, Prince Luigi will be able to go much higher, if not to reach the summit itself.

Our photographs on this page show some of these giants of the American Alps. St. Elias is almost continually enveloped in cloud or fog, although at a distance the white cap of the summit may be seen towering toward the sky like a gigantic sentinel. Rainier, with its icy dome and its many dangerous glaciers and crevasses, presents a magnificent appearance in clear weather. Shasta, Hood, and Wrangell are among the other peaks which the adventurous climbers may essay, should their stay be a prolonged one, and the conditions favorable.

A Generous Inscription.

Among the many cases of corn contributed by the people of the West to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's India Relief Fund, is a car given by the citizens of Smith Centre, Kan. On either side, the car has a banner inscribed: "Carload of corn for the starving of India, Mohammedan or atheist. We can feed the world!" The corn will be forwarded on one of the relief ships soon to sail.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOUSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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The Place of Athletics.

THERE is nothing new in athletics. The Apostle Paul knew about them. He said they profit little. They did not relate to the highest part of our nature. That man was not all chest and legs and arms. That the head counted for something, and the heart counted for more. Innocent, useful, we may readily admit them, if kept in their place. That is the problem, how to keep them in their place. What is their place? Evidently, a secondary and subordinate one. The college yell is not so great an accomplishment as the mastery of the Greek verb, or even a distinction in the different Greek dialects. If ancient literature has sometimes too much dominated college studies, doubtless it is not so any longer. The college athletics are in the ascendant, and the college colors, to use Mr. Webster's phrase, are full high advanced.

THE USE OF ATHLETICS.

If you cannot settle what is virtue according to the utilitarian standard, you can so discuss athletics. When the Apostle Paul affirmed that bodily exercise was not profitable, he used the word relatively. It is good for something, if not the supreme good. It is good for indigestion, it is good to develop muscle, it is good for recreation. Many are the hours in boyhood and youth which have been sweetened on the campus. We well remember pitching quoits, too, and rolling ninepins with men who are now burdened with sundry titles of dignity and honor. But athletics in itself does not make distinguished men. Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, said in Lambeth: "Aspiring young Englishmen should think a little less of athletics, and more of acquiring knowledge such as would make them distinguished citizens."

MIND STILL DOMINATES.

Athletic do not prepare for after life, and emmerge in athletics will not count in the average, when the question is asked, what kind of mind, of culture, of acquisitions a candidate has in command. It is urged that the average attainment of a man, even in his intellectual studies, is not what now determines his fitness for places of usefulness and honor. He must know what the average young man does not know must have some specialty beyond the attainment of the average student. And this he cannot secure if he devote his extra time to athletics. Athletics should keep his body sound, his vital organs in

good vigor, should make his body fit to do its part in the composite work of body and mind together, which results in good scholarship and large acquisitions. And when athletics demands more, it transcends its sphere.

GOD'S CANDLE-ENDS.

It was a remark originated or often used by the great Baptist preacher, Spurgeon, that God never wastes his candle-ends. It would have been more reverent, perhaps, to have said that the great Master said after he had fed thousands by miracle: "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." Gladstone has never achieved his eminence by lifting up the axe against forest trees. Chopping has helped him to longer life and better thinking. But, if he had given his physical strength to chopping, and made his library but an incident, there would have been no intellectual eminence for him. He has never wasted his candle-ends. He has gathered up the fragments. The man who aspires to athletic success must make this first and supreme. He must eat, drink, wake, sleep according to rule. And the regimen adopted must look first to the body.

WHEN SHOULD THE ATHLETIC VOGUE BE DROPPED.

It must be dropped, in order to after success. Cricket, foot-ball, running, rowing, leaping, cannot be always supreme. When life begins in earnest, when clients have to be sought and served, when patients have to be attended, when sermons have to be preached, when legislative halls have to be frequented; in a word, when life's burdens and responsibilities have to be assumed, then athletics, cycle-matches, foot-ball games, lawn tennis, golf, have to be remanded to an inferior place. He must say: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" He may have his holidays for such sport. But if he give to them solid hours every day, they will soon tell upon his professional attainments, and the non-athletic, or the man who uses but does not abuse athletics, will soon outdistance him in life's race.

AFTER-LIFE FAILURES.

It is true that a few young men who have been a success on the triangle, or in boating, have also had brains enough and mental alertness enough to attain a fair degree of success in literary or educational competitions. But the exception only proves the rule to be otherwise. Such young men are picked up at once and set into chairs where their athletic successes will count for the building up of an institution, and where their example may seem to teach what is not the real fact, that professional athletics pays. For incidental athletics, athletics for the sake of temporary and irregular recreation is one thing, and athletics systematically and persistently pursued is another. A young man, whether in college or in afterlife, must make scholarship, practical knowledge the first thing, or he will soon fall out of the ranks and drop to the rear. And athletics may do it as really as indolence.

The Agreement to Differ.

IT is easy to agree to agree. It takes no effort. It is sometimes one's duty to agree to differ. As to many points, America and England are of the same opinion, stand for the same thing among the nations. Really the points of difference between them are often only nominal. As to freedom, the United States with her President, elected by the people, is scarcely better off than Great Britain with her constitutional monarchy. The two nations stand for the rights of man the world over. This is the meaning of the Red, White, and Blue, and of the Cross of St. George. They should never be unfurled against each other. This is just as true of individuals. Because two public officials differ as to what is expedient as to tariff or currency, they need not always be at cross purposes as to international questions. The nation has a right to public servants that agree.

Our Brother's Keeper.

Altruism an Essential Principle of Christianity Affecting Social Problems, Especially Temperance.



Of all the wrong ideas that can get into the mind of a human being, none is more discreditable to him than the notion that a popular preacher has called "the heresy of Cain." Every man, and especially every Christian, is in a certain sense his brother's keeper. He is bound to see to it that by no action of his is his brother injured, and that he neglect no opportunity of doing his brother a service. The essential spirit of Christianity, reiterated by our Lord in many ways, is opposed to the selfish indifference which regards a brother's welfare as no matter of personal concern. Common humanity would condemn a man who saw another asleep on a railroad track, if he made no effort to save him. No words of condemnation are too strong to apply to a ship's captain who sails heedlessly away from a sinking ship. We expect, and we feel we have a right to expect, that help be rendered to one in need. Every man has a claim on every other for assistance in a peril, or a calamity. We recognize this duty in cases of physical emergency, and there is no reason why it should not rule in cases of moral and spiritual danger. "It is no concern of mine," one might say. "Is it not? Then we are not made in the likeness of God. The higher nature in man demands that we make our brother's welfare a matter of personal concern. No matter if he is bent on moral suicide, if he will deserve all the evil that his course will bring upon him, we are bound to do all that lies in our power to save him from his doom. Christ's parable of the good Samaritan presents the situation in its extreme points. The victim a man who was not even of his own race, but of a race noted for its arrogance and pride. Surely the Samaritan might be justified in leaving him to shift for himself. But he cares for him, walks that the other may ride, pays money for him, and pledges his own credit for the other's support, and our Lord endorses the picture, "Go thou and do likewise."

If this principle of concern for the welfare of others ever became the ruling principle in the life of every Christian, the cause of Christ would be advanced beyond our conception. The Church would then become indeed the light of the world. The social problems which now perplex the world would be solved, and men would learn what Christ really came to teach. The drink problem, which is the one specially designated for consideration, is only one of the many awaiting the Church's solution. That it is a fair specimen of the others, may be admitted, and it is the one that presses most urgently for attention. Already much has been done, but the evil is so stupendous and so widespread that it almost produces despair. It needs to be considered in all its aspects, and deserves all the intelligence and all the strategic skill the Church can bring to bear upon it. How to help the victims to emancipation; how to protect them from temptation and how to prevent the innocent falling into the toils—all these problems the Church ought to make its concern. We are often told that total abstinence is nowhere enjoined in the Bible, and that therefore the Church has no right to meddle in the matter. But any evil that is demoralizing the race is distinctly within the Church's jurisdiction, and if total abstinence is not explicitly enjoined in the Bible, the principles on which it is based are emphatically enunciated. In this matter the Christian is surely his brother's keeper. He is bound to recognize the existence of the propensity, which has to be overcome. How can he help him? First of all, his own example should be set. For the sake of the children, any of whom may be afflicted with the taint, the Christian ought to abstain, so that those who love and respect him may be encouraged to take the safe path. His influence ought also to be exerted toward removing from the weak the ostentatious temptation which invites him at the street corner, and so protecting his weak brother from the allurements. Not until the Church takes its stand resolutely in this matter, and every Christian is a declared enemy of intoxicating liquor, will the evil be removed.

BRIEF NOTES.

There are now 4,482 Christian Eucharistic societies in Great Britain.

It is reported that by the time of the convention in San Francisco the secretary's report will show fully 50,000 Christian Eucharistic societies in the world, with a membership of millions.

In a recent speech, Prince Bismarck that he found the influence of increasing to make him indifferent to hatred, in calumny, while his capacity for love and enlarged.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding istic meetings at Los Angeles. Hazard was crowded afternoon and evening with audiences, and there is a very marked degree of religious interest in the city.

The New York Y. M. C. A. is expected next month from Mr. W. G. Spriggs, Secretary of the Association at South Africa. Mr. Spriggs is well known effective speaker as well as an energetic He is on a round-the-world tour, and will continent, returning home by the way of

Rev. Thomas Harrison's services bury, Conn., have resulted in many at the church of which Dr. Bowditch is past one hundred and fifty persons have kn altar, and the interest is increasing.

Evangelist Robert L. Layfield, of City, Mo., has closed his meetings at Ki There, as at other churches in Missouri and Arkansas, the meetings were of a character. The audiences were large and has resulted in additions to the members.

At the Recent General Assembly Presbyterian Church at Eagle Lake, Foreign Mission Board presented a report that the missionary expenses of the period were \$936,061 of which \$57,621 was used in translation and printing. This is only about the dollar. The debt of the Board reduced to \$97,454.

Mr. Charles A. Bunting invited a large number of friends to celebrate on June 7 the anniversary of his Christian Home for In Men at Madison avenue and Eighty-six New York. The programme included ad Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, Rev. C. H. Mead, friends. A musical programme had been for both afternoon and evening meetings

Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the tian Endeavor Society, who has been j around the world, is now in Liverpool at the English National Christian Endeavor c Dr. Clark is expected to arrive in New Y Britannia on June 18, and a hearty welc ing in Carnegie Music Hall is being ar the New York City Christian Endeavor

News has reached San Francisco c break of Chinese fanaticism at Loli in the Province of China in which the mission suffered. It was apparently not so much as a race hostility as both Protestant and Catholic missions were attacked. The Catholic priest, Father Mazel, a young has been less than a year in China is sai been killed in the attack.

The statistics for 1897 of the Unit terian Church have just been announce year ending April 3d, as follows: Synod byteries, 65; ministers, 892, a gain of 17 ical students, 101, a decrease of 14; com 950, a gain of 2; mission stations, 311; bers, 123,541, a gain of 2,688. The total butions in the United States was \$1,37, cating a falling off of over \$27,000.

The New York Rescue Band has Temporary Shelter for wayward girls at Fortieth Street. An industrial depart been connected with it under the super of two college graduates. These ladies themselves heartily to the work and a fallen girls have been rescued from t Five of them were restored to their fa situations have been found for the other.

A new Presbyterian Church is bei ized in the South composed exclusively people. At the recent Southern General at Charlotte, N. C., Dr. Williams the col dent of the Seminary at Abbeville, S. C. behalf of his brethren that permission b withdraw and organize a church of the request was referred to a committee proved it and permission was accord by the Assembly.

Major Cole's services in Nebraska to a very extended religious movement. ton the work became a centre for serv sides. Five places in a circle eight miles ter were an outgrowth of the moveme ton. In all about 170 persons made co Christ. It is believed that since Major C commenced in Nebraska not less than hundred persons have publicly declared t on the Lord's side.

The following special prayer has dered in the Church of England for the o the Queen's diamond jubilee: "O Lord, only Father, we give thee hearty than many blessings which thou hast bestow during the sixty years of the happy re gracious Queen Victoria. We thank tress made in knowledge of thy huma for increase of comfort given to huma kinder feeling between rich and poor, f derful preaching of the Gospel to man and we pray thee that these and all of gifts may be long continued to us and to Q to the glory of thy holy name, thro Christ, our Lord. Amen."

An interesting work among color has been going on for some time in the districts of New York City. Rev. Chas liams, a colored minister formerly of the Church, collected the children of his rac streets and organized a Sunday Sch this grew a preaching service for their friends. The services were held at first room of a private house and subsequ numbers grew, the use of an empty chur ced. Regular services have been hel months past on Sundays and during the Williams proposes opening a day school children when the public schools close f mer vacation. He would be glad of some toward paying the rent of his church.



American Congratulations.

ALTHOUGH no precedent could be found in the State Department at Washington, for the appointment of a special Ambassador to represent the United States at the celebration of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, President McKinley has made the appointment. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid will go to England as the bearer of a personal letter from the President to the Queen and will participate in the ceremonies described in the journal last week. His official title, "Special Ambassador on Special Mission." It was suggested that Mr. Hay, our regularly accredited ambassador at the English court, might regard Mr. Reid's appointment as a slight, but on consultation, Mr. Hay gave so cordial welcome to the proposal, that the President had no scruples about commissioning Mr. Reid. Similar appointments are being made by civilized nations the world over, and sending most distinguished men as their representatives. There is a general disposition, based on mutual esteem, to make the occasion one of cordial, international congratulation. The aged monarch has won the respect of the world, by her blameless life and her kindly, dignified courtesy. Her personal influence has always exerted on the side of peace and righteousness and has had more weight than is generally given to it. We as a nation cannot forget that in 1861, when the relations between our government and England were strained to a degree that appeared to render war inevitable, it was the Queen who opened the way to a peaceable and honorable settlement, by forcing her Secretary of State, against his will, to retract from his dispatches to Washington the offensive phrases which would have inflamed popular resentment, and to substitute respectful and conciliatory words instead. The natural development of popular power in England has curtailed and restricted her power, but she has used the prerogative remaining to her for the good of her people. The condition of public morals at the beginning of her reign, was at its lowest, as a result of the example of her dissolute uncle, George IV., and her imbecile predecessor, William IV.; but the Queen's beautiful home life and her unsurpassed personal character exerted a beneficent influence which raised the tone of morality and purified her people. It is eminently proper, therefore, that the people of her realms, should honor her and should make the sixtieth anniversary of her accession an occasion of national rejoicing and that other nations should tender their congratulations. It is significant that while the power of the people has immensely increased, there has been a time when loyalty to the monarch was more genuine and enthusiastic and this is due to the Queen's personal character. She is experiencing the truth of the old saying: "The throne is established by righteousness." (Prov. 16: 12.)

To recover a Gift. A quarrel of two ladies involved an action in the Supreme Court of New York which is now waiting the decision of the court. It appears that twelve years ago, one of the ladies was engaged as a companion to the other and that a warm friendship sprang up between them. They became inseparable living together in this country and abroad. As payment for her services, the companion at first received fifty dollars a month, but subsequently the amount of compensation was doubled. Her association with her friend and mistress was not agreeable to the family of the latter, and several attempts were made to separate them. According to the story of the companion, her friend, wishing to provide for her in the event of her own death, gave her bonds of the value of \$25,000, which were deposited in a bank to her credit, and the income of them was paid to her. The other lady's story is that, the income of the bonds was to be paid to her companion during her pleasure, but she retained the ownership and intended to leave them to her by will for her life. A few months ago a quarrel occurred between them and the companion was required to give up the bonds. This she declined to do, as she insisted

lady with whom she went to Australia. There she married a retired ship-master who had a large fortune. Shortly afterwards she reimbursed her friend, the farm-hand, with the money he had given her, and he heard no more of her. But a few days ago, he received notice from her lawyers that she was dead, and that he was a beneficiary under her will. She had bequeathed him seventy-three thousand dollars in token of her gratitude for the timely service which he rendered her in her time of sickness and poverty fifteen years previously. The man was astonished. He supposed that when his gift was returned, he had received all the repayment he would have, and it was more than he expected; but he had not taken into account the gratitude his friend felt. There will be similar surprise in the day of final reward when Christ recalls services done by his children which they have forgotten.

Then shall the righteous answer him saying, Lord, when saw we thee a-hungred and fed thee? (Matt. 25: 37.)

A Precious Manuscript.

Formal presentation was made to the State of Massachusetts on May 26, by ex-Ambassador Bayard, of Governor Bradford's manuscript history of the *Mayflower* immigration, which he had succeeded in obtaining in England. A joint convention of the two Houses of the Legislature was held to receive the precious document and Governor Wolcott attended to accept it on behalf of the State. Senator Hoar described the search that had been made

as chief of the little colony made him acquainted with them all, is a treasure beyond price. Its value is fully appreciated and there is little likelihood of it again being lost. If the writer could have foreseen how the great nation which has grown from that small and painful beginning would have treasured his manuscript, he would surely have rejoiced; but what would have pleased the godly man best would be to see the nation learning from his record the lessons which Moses drew from a history that resembled it in many particulars:

Hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand? Unto thee it was showed that thou mightest know that the Lord he is God; there is none else beside him. (Deut. 4: 34.)

Ten of a Family Drowned.

A curious series of fatalities has come to light in connection with the finding in the river off Randall's Island, N. Y., recently, of the dead body of a man. When his body was taken home his wife declared that his drowning was the fulfilment of a prediction he had often made that he would die in the water. Nine members of his family had previously met their death in the same way. His father, mother, and three children went down with a vessel which sank while crossing the English Channel some years ago. Shortly afterwards a brother was drowned in the East, and five years after that another brother found a watery grave off the Pacific coast. Seven years ago his two sons were drowned in Tremont while outrowing. The man became depressed by this series of bereavements, and frequently said that drowning was the fate of his family, and that he would not be able to escape it; but the premonition did not keep him from the river which seemed to have an irresistible fascination for him. He hired a boat on May 23d and went out for a row. It is supposed he was standing and fell overboard, as the boat drifted ashore right side up. He was foreman of a manufacturing business in New York, and was considered a very capable, efficient workman. It is strange that the premonition of drowning should have had no practical effect upon him. The coincidence in the deaths of his relatives was very slender ground for him to expect such a death for himself, but as he did draw that inference, we might have expected that he would have been careful to avoid that form of danger. Yet the same perversity is often witnessed in spiritual matters. We see the same propensity showing itself in one generation of a family after another, and one following another by the same road to ruin. The appeal of the inspired writer still needs to be uttered: Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us. (Heb. 12: 1.)

A Spider's Nest.

A remarkable exhibition of maternal instinct in a spider is described in *Pearls and Pebbles* by Mrs. Traill. The author was wandering one morning by the shore of a Canadian lake, when she noticed in a bush a curious ball of yellowish silk. It was about the size of a pigeon's egg and was held in place by a number of fine lines. On Mrs. Traill's touching one of the lines, dozens of small spiders rushed out from the ball, and from the bottom of the bush, to which several of the threads were attached, came a large black spider. Up she hurried to the rescue of her brood. Examining the lines and finding nothing injured, she apparently ordered the frightened little ones back to their cradle-bed. As soon as she saw them safely housed she retired to her post at the foot of the bush. Again Mrs. Traill touched one of the strings; the little spiders again ran out, and up came the mother, angry at being annoyed, but anxious to see what caused the vibration. Close observation showed Mrs. Traill that a thread was attached to each of the little spiders and fastened to the centre of the web, and thus the mother knew of anything that agitated her brood. We are assured that He who endowed his creatures with such marvelous skill, exercises similar care in the protection of his children and that all their perils and dangers are known to him: He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye. (Zech. 2: 8.)



THE VANDYKE ROOM IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S PALACE AT WINDSOR.

that they had been given to her absolutely. It will be for the court to decide which of the two ladies is right in her contention, but it is very clear that if permission is given, the gift will be withdrawn. There are some desponding Christians who entertain fears that God will deal so with them, and they sorrowfully admit that their lives have given him cause to do so. But they need be under no apprehension. He is a God that forgives the sins of his children when they love him and trust in him, and as to his gifts, we are authoritatively assured that The gifts and calling of God are without repentance. (Rom. 11: 29.)

Unexpectedly Rewarded.

A farm-hand in California has just received notice of the acquisition of a fortune. It comes from a woman whom he befriended in San Francisco fifteen years ago. He was at that time working on an estate at Milbrae. He became acquainted with one of the housemaids in a neighboring mansion and the two became warm friends. The housemaid fell ill and lost her situation. She was in an almost destitute condition and her sickness grew very serious. The young man took an interest in her and finally gave her all his savings which amounted to two hundred dollars. She recovered her health and secured a position as nurse to a wealthy

for the manuscript, which was known to be in existence, but which had mysteriously disappeared from Boston in 1767. The finding of it in the Library of the Bishop of London at Fulham was described and the efforts that had been made to gain possession of it. Mr. Bayard related his own experience in negotiating for its return, and the series of consultations with the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury which were necessary to it. He concluded by handing the historic relic to the Governor, who promised that it should be safely guarded for all time. An interesting incident of the ceremony was that State Senator Bradford, a lineal descendant of the author of the manuscript, moved the vote of thanks of the Legislature to Mr. Bayard for his exertions in securing it. The manuscript is entirely in the handwriting of Governor Bradford, and contains the story of the enterprise from its inception in 1620 to the end of 1647. The Governor describes in detail the sailing of the *Mayflower*, the mid-winter voyage, the compact on shipboard, the landing on Plymouth Rock, and the terrible sufferings of those years of famine and perils from wild beasts and still more savage men, which carried more than half their number into the graveyard. The original record of these anxieties and privations and sorrows, set down by the man whose official position



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

THE WELLS OF THE EAST.

They are Everywhere Regarded as a Priceless Possession—The Quaint "Shadoofs" that are used in Egypt.



PEOPLE who live in temperate climates, where there is an abundant water supply, have often been surprised, on traveling in Eastern lands, to find that wells are there regarded as among the most valuable of possessions. This is really the case in Egypt, Syria, India, Arabia, and throughout Asia generally. A natural spring or fountain, an ever-flowing brook or a well, sunk with infinite labor and surrounded by heavy masonry on all sides, is held as a treasure of which any family or community might be proud. Some of the Eastern wells are very ancient, and the remains of a few of the oldest (some of them mentioned in Scripture), are still shown to this day. In localities where the dry season is a protracted one, villages are usually built near a spring or well, in order that the people may be conveniently close to the water. In the evenings, the women, with their water pitchers balanced on their heads, crowd around the stone steps leading down to the well, where they let down their jars by a rope if the well be deep, or dip them into it, if it be shallow. The stone tops of the older wells are worn in grooves three or four inches deep by the long centuries of friction, caused by the ropes being let down over their edges.

Instead of drawing up the water by means of ropes, some of the wells have the "shadoof," one long pole set in the crotch of another, and worked as a sweep. At one end of the swinging pole a rope and bucket are fastened, and on the other end is a balance, or weight. Some of the old farm houses in our own country use a modification of the Egyptian "shadoof." Our photograph on this page, taken recently by a visitor to Egypt, shows the "shadoof" in operation, and its resemblance to some of the familiar contrivances in our own rural districts is quite striking. It consists simply of a lever moving on a pivot, which is loaded at one end with a lump of clay or some such weight, and has a pail or pucket at the other. It is probably the most picturesque, as it is the oldest kind of draw-well in use at the present day.



Victoria and the Children.

The aged Queen of Great Britain, whose sixtieth royal anniversary is to be celebrated this month, is very fond of the society of children. It is related that one day she was out driving in Scotland, when she saw three little girls, who lived at the same parsonage, thoroughly enjoying themselves at a good game. She sent a messenger to make inquiries about them, and desired that they should come and visit her at Balmoral Castle. It so happened that their parents were not at home at the time, and, although they were in high glee, the children did not quite know what to do. One point which troubled them very much, was how they should address the Queen. However, after a little talk, they decided they could not do better than address her as the kings of old were addressed in the Bible. When they were taken into her majesty's presence, to the Queen's great amazement they fell immediately down before her and very solemnly exclaimed: "O Queen, live for ever!" They spent a delightful afternoon, and all too soon the time arrived for them to go home. Imagine the Queen's surprise and amusement when, on leaving, they again fell down together and said, this time, "O Queen, live for ever! And please may we come again another day?"

Japanese Babies.

There are few prettier dresses for children anywhere than those that are worn by the babies of Japan. They all wear a flowing garment called the "kimono,"

open in front, with wide sleeves, very much like a dressing-gown, which, as it has no buttons, is tied on by means of a long sash wound several times round the waist. The "kimono" is so loose that the baby can be tucked inside and tied on with the sash, and thus he is carried around, peering curiously with his bright black eyes over his sister's shoulder at the great new world. Asleep, his little shaven head bobs helplessly around, and the sun beats on his upturned face. His little body is entirely covered by the "kimono," and the children, when they are carrying their small brothers and sisters, look as though they were two-headed. But they play tag and prisoner's base, and fly kites, and play ball just the same, whether they carry the baby or not. And he seems to enjoy it, too, for he hardly ever cries, but when the



THE "SHADOOF" OR WELL-SWEEP, AS IT IS USED IN EGYPT.

game is especially lively he will laugh and crow as though he understood it all.



The Care of the Children.

One of the most interesting among the many addresses delivered at the recent Mothers' Congress in Washington, D. C., was that of Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, who spoke of the inheritance of the children of to-day. In the course of her remarks she said:

"As mothers especially who would fain see better things in the future that is to be the inheritance of our children, we rejoice in the fact that never before was a time when, at the heart of every movement, large or small, lay such consideration for the welfare of human beings as to-day. Never before was so much strength, time, and money expended in the education of the illiterate. Never before were there such wise and wonderful projects for preventing pauperism and disease. Amid the maze of manifold theories and schemes for human betterment, the idea has been growing that the answer to the growing problems of the race lies in the conditions and possible development of

the childhood of the race. Every organization and every institution has begun to give its share of attention to the development of the child. Yet it has remained for this new society to 'take the child and set him in the midst,' making him, who is already the centre of love, the centre of strong endeavor, the key to the closed gates of our highest progress, the heart and soul of our hope; that the world, becoming as a little child, may yet enter the kingdom of God."



Literary Taste in Children.

Parents should strive, by every means in their power, to kindle in the hearts of their children the love of good books. It is difficult to properly estimate the value, to a child, of the companionship of really good, instructive, elevating, entertaining literature. The lack of such companionship, especially in these days of cheap printing, is a great deprivation. Says a thoughtful writer: "Boys and girls who become fond of good books, and who are trained to know and love the best writers early in childhood, thereby secure an immunity against forms of gross temptation, and an impulse toward noble living which become of immeasurable worth in the struggles of later years. Love for good

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

'TIS a glorious day in the month of June. The atmosphere seemingly all in bloom. With nature's own music, sweet to the ears. The songs of the birds, telling of cheer and hopes for a bountiful harvest this year. All hail to the month of June!

'Tis a beautiful spot in the month of June. With daisies and buttercups all in bloom. Nodding their heads in the balmy air. Waiting for little hands, coming to share the glories of nature. Oh, so fair. In this beautiful month of June!

Waiting for little hands—shall they come. Out of the city's noise and hum, Out of the tenements dark and drear Into the sunshine? Oh, how dear To the childish heart is this month of June! This beautiful month of June!

Dear friends, who are blest with your own little nest

Where sunshine and light have full sway Oh, do what you can, to send some little maid for a ten-days' stay Where the grand old Hudson winds its way In this beautiful month of June.



"VICEROY LI'S LITTLE PET."

THIS is the name by which a Chinese Christian girl, Margaret Whong, is known to her friends at home, and how she came by it makes an interesting story. She visited America some time ago with friends, and turning found that the great Viceroy Hung Chang, was her fellow-passenger. He sent for the Chinese girl, and the result of this acquaintance is plainly told by Marguerite in a letter to the *Missionary Friend*:

"To-day such a wonderful thing happened. How I wished for you who great man Li walked past your little and looked at her with a real grand expression. Immediately afterwards sent his interpreter to inquire who I was where I came from, how long I have been abroad, what school I enter, etc. We talked in English, as he could not talk dialect. When we came before him he knelt down real low, but the dear man rose from his seat, come and assist us and he want to shake hands with me as we did. We sat down and he asked me all about the family from my father down to little Sa Muoi. He asked me how I am, and who is my English teacher. After many more questions Li wished to appoint me to represent dear China in the World's Congress of Representative Women to be held in London in 1898. Just think of it! I thought Chinese government shall ever have anything to do with women; and soon this new way is opened for poor women and girls of my country accounted side by side with men. His Excellency commanded me to learn English thoroughly and keep on with my English also, because he desires me to go to Peking and see him before starting for London in 1898; also when we come we must carry the report to him our views and he will also present us to the Emperor of China.

"I trust our Father for all things; and this also. Oh, in some way you must help me! I know our work is getting greater and greater so we, you and I together must work to save this poor lost land and by and by when we are thrown into this world, we will go to see our Heavenly Father, who is Lord of lords and King of kings, and hand-and-hand report our work before his throne. We are going to help save China, and so it is his will to make Li notice and have something to say to your loving little girl, Margaret Whong."



Improper Pets.

Don't allow your children pets too soon, writes Margaret Beebe, the famous dergartner, at least not until they are old enough to treat them properly. Do not let a three-year-old a kitten to maul or to tease. Give him a bird or a fish he cannot handle. If a child is too little to handle, he can be taught tenderness by having the inaccessible ones substituted better than by depriving him of all and all opportunity for the exercise of gentler traits of character. If a child is allowed to have a pet he should be taught how to take care of it.

* Written by a friend, who had the pleasure of visiting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

The Oldest Rosebush in the World.

There is a famous rosebush at Hildesheim, in Hanover, which is said to be the oldest on the globe. Mrs. Sophie Drumm, writing about it in *The Mayflower*, says: "This wonderfully old rosebush has grown to a tree, growing from the soil under the surface earth of the Church of the Cemetery. The original stem is dead but new stems have worked through small openings in the wall and have grown so as to almost cover the entire church for a width and height of forty feet. Tradition states this rosebush was planted by Charlemagne in 833 A.D. The Church of the Cemetery was burned during the eleventh century but the fire did not destroy the roots as they continued to grow in the subsoil. A writer in 1673 has mentioned this oldest rosebush in one of his works. It is also mentioned in a poem written in 1690."

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

JERUSALEM A CITY OF FESTIVALS.

The Great Mohammedan Festival of Neby Mousa—A Whole City
En Fete—The Ancient Jewish Feast of Tabernacles.

makes a mistake who speaks
of Jerusalem as a poor
city. It has no manufactures or
signs of prosperity. It has no



AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

families of wealth. Both Gov-
ernment and people are poor and it
is a fact that a great majority of its
inhabitants are poorly dressed while a large
number of them are clothed in rags.
The houses and their furnishings, the
buildings except those built by
the stores and shops, the streets
with the animals, horses, donkeys,
all look poverty stricken. The
city made upon a stranger by these
signs of impoverishment and
poverty is far from pleasant.

On the other hand Jerusalem, if it is
anything else, is rich in festi-
vities. In respect it is the equal of any
city on the globe. Poor music,
poor dances, all sorts of processions, and
a long inharmonious clang of bells
is heard throughout the year. The great
feast days recurring
by they do would satiate the public
who should suppose till at last the
of them would cease. But
the inhabitants of Jerusalem are made of
sterner stuff—their zeal for festivals
is insatiable. After one is past they hail
with demonstrative joy, and de-
votedly to its pleasures as heartily
as they. There is much bigotry, and
frequently quarrels arise over re-
ligious questions, but in the mat-
ter of observance of feast days there
is less selfishness than a stranger
would suppose. By their actions the in-
habitants seem to declare their belief that
the feast is something to be shared by
all things are less in harmony
for example, Christianity and Mo-
hammedanism, yet the gala scenes of the
Feast of Tabernacles are witnessed with pleas-
ure by thousands of Moslems, while the
Feast of Neby Mousa
(the prophet Moses) attracts as eager
a half the population of the city
as the religious distinctions.

Of a million inhabitants the
city is crowded with which Jerusa-
lem might not be equally con-
sidered. It is necessary to remember
that the Holy City is a small place con-
taining less than fifty thousand souls,
and it is not remarkable that festivals
are so numerous should have
great interest. A person new to
the city might easily be led to judge as
one does at Athens, that the city was
given up to religious cere-
monies. The inhabitants are divided into
four sections, not by politics, edu-
cation, race, or color, but by re-
ligion, which are, to mention them in

historic order, the Jewish, the Christian,
and the Mohammedan.

Between the last two sections there is
the greatest rivalry as to which of the fes-
tivals just mentioned, Easter or Neby
Mousa, shall outshine the other. Nothing
that is done, however, is done under the
head of rivalry; the leaders are too politic
for that; still, lavish effort is made to at-
tract public attention and the Oriental
vision is dazzled first by one and then by
the other of these annual spectacles. It
is difficult to decide which is the more
imposing and gorgeous. Easter appeals
to one set of emotions and Neby Mousa
to another.

As this festival occurs always at or near
the time of Easter, the suspicion is not
groundless that it was designed to counter-
act the Christian feast. The Tomb of
Moses which is visited on this occasion is
about four hours walk from Jerusalem,
but it is only a small, quiet, orderly com-
pany that accomplishes the entire jour-
ney, the astonishing display is made on the
day when the procession leaves the city.

I have asked their wise men why the
Tomb of Moses was on the west of the
Jordan? They reply, "We know very
well that Moses died and was buried on the
east of the Jordan, but it is far more con-
venient for the pilgrims to have his tomb
on this side of the river." Hence its pres-
ent location, not very far southeast of the
Holy City amid barren and lonely moun-
tains.

This festival occurs in the most beauti-
ful month of the year when the air is de-

however, this sacred place
is closed against "the infi-
dels." Warnings are sent
out officially and every
Consul must notify his
people that during this
period they must not in-
trude upon the ceremo-
nies of the place nor even
attempt to enter it.
Should they attempt to do
this they would be re-
ceived with genuine Turk-
ish toleration, namely,
daggers and death. Some-
times I have known of
parties who had come
thousands of miles to vis-
it this mosque, who were
to arrive the evening of
the day when it was to
close, they knot knowing
that it would close, and I
have sent fleet mounted
messengers to them that
they must hurry on with
all speed, for if they
could arrive one or two
hours before sunset it
would be their only oppor-
tunity of visiting this won-
derfully beautiful struc-
ture. Friday is the great
day, because the proces-
sion starts then for Neby
Mousa. Services are held in the mosque,
and at noon the signal gun announces that
all is ready, and the movement begins.
Outside the gate, crowds have since early
morning, massed themselves so that the
slope from the eastern wall down to the
bottom of the valley where Gethsemane
is, and thence along the Bethany road for
half a mile, is covered with human beings.
All the gala dresses in the city are worn
on this occasion. The section of the hill-
side north of the road leading to the val-
ley is reserved for the Mohammedan
women. The Governor and all the city
officials are there; also many dignified
Moslems with green turbans, signifying
thus that they are of the family of the
prophet. Numbers of half-naked Cervishes



GREEK FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.
PROCESSION TO THE RUSSIAN CHURCH ON MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Small booths are erected where coffee and
other simple drinks are sold. A multitude
of torches and lanterns light up the valley
at night and give it a strange and weird
appearance. The military band is there
and furnishes music in abundance of their
peculiar sort. There is a guard of sol-
diers in attendance which is frequently
changed, for it is understood that both
officers and men while preserving order,
share in the festivities of the occasion,
which they thoroughly enjoy, and it is not
considered fair that these peculiar bless-
ings should fall to the lot of one set alone.
There is not that strict separation of the
sexes which is such a prominent feature
of the Neby Mousa feast, but on the con-
trary entire families and their many friends
meet together for genuine social recrea-
tion. The city is so near that food is car-
ried from home, and hence little cooking
is done upon the ground. Multitudes of
visitors are attracted hither from all the
region about, and these holiday lovers,
men, women, and children, old and young,
greet each other, sing, eat, sleep, talk, and
sit—an important item in an Oriental's idea
of diversion—and in their estimation the
days and nights pass delightfully away.
The Virgin is seldom thought of; this is
an annual festival for pleasure heartily en-
joyed by everybody, and not by one class
or sect alone.

Turning next to the Jews, who number
something more than one-half the popula-
tion of the city, their Feast of Tabernacles
is certainly to be mentioned foremost as
the one in which Jerusalem takes special
pride. This Feast has come down from
the ages, and modern Jews throw them-
selves into the celebration of it as heart-
ily as did their ancestors centuries ago.
It comes at the end of harvest, and is
therefore a feast of thanksgiving for the
bounties of the year, although compara-
tively few Jews are tillers of the soil. It
is a feast of joy when faces that were sad
with anxiety look happy once more, and
families that were burdened with poverty
try to put on the appearance of plenty.
Houses are cleaned, booths are erected of
reeds and made neat and attractive, the
best clothing that one can command is
worn, work is laid aside, pleasant words
are spoken—it is a time of gladness and re-
joicing. The Jews have not the political
power which Mohammedans and Chris-
tians have, their public buildings are of a
humbler sort, the great majority of their
people are poor, they have no control of
holy places, the nature of their festival
does not call for processions and pomp,
and there may be other reasons why this
Feast should not absorb public attention
to the degree of some of the other of the
great feasts of Jerusalem. Yet it is a de-
lightful occasion when the old, sad city
wakes to quiet mirth and song, and a great
multitude of men and women who were de-
pressed and downcast, look up with hope
and cheer. This feast continues for eight
days, and must seriously affect their busi-
ness; yet the Jews welcome its approach.
In a future letter I will discuss the funeral
customs of Jerusalem.



THE "NEBY MOUSA" PROCESSION CROSSING THE KEDRON.

lightful and the earth is carpeted with
flowers. The people of the villages far and
near are impatient for this Holy Week to
arrive. Group after group is seen making
its way to Jerusalem; these are joined by
fellow believers who have come from dis-
tant cities, and together with banners that
have done service for generations and the
noise of many small rude drums they en-
ter the gate of the city. The narrow
streets become more and more crowded,
so that it is almost impossible to pass
through them, to say nothing of its being
unsafe. Fewer Jews than usual are seen,
and Christians incline to seclude them-
selves as a measure of precaution, but
everywhere are the white turbans of "The
Faithful."

Throughout the year the Mosque of
Omar is open to Christians to visit if they
are provided with the proper Consular
permits. During the week of this festival

gesticulate, contort their bodies, beat their
heads, cut their cheeks or arms, chew
thorns, tread upon knives, and perform
many other fanatical feats for the purpose
of astonishing the spectators. It is a mod-
est estimate to say that ten thousand peo-
ple witness this procession every year.
For display there is nothing else to com-
pare with it in all the life of Jerusalem.
Certainly the followers of the prophet are
marching forth in triumph.

After the festival of Neby Mousa the
most brilliant display is at the Feast of
the Assumption of the Virgin, as cele-
brated by the Greeks. This occurs on the
fifteenth of August, according to the
Gregorian calendar. Numerous tents are
pitched in the Valley of Jehoshaphat and
among the groves on the slope of Olivet.
The weather at this season is so warm
that many persons make their beds under
the trees and have no other covering

ARMENIAN AID.

Dr. Cochran, the American Medical Missionary, writes of Relief and Evangelistic Work on the Border.



ARMENIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SOMETIME ago, when the suffering among the Armenian exiles was at its height, and when thousands of them had fled across the mountains to Persia, the sum of \$1,000 was sent from our Armenian Relief Fund to Dr. J. P. Cochran, the well-known American physician in Oroomiah, to be used in aiding the destitute refugees. It was the means, in the hands of the worthy doctor and his Christian associates of doing much good among the persecuted people. By a late mail, Dr. Cochran sends us a most interesting letter on the general relief work and also concerning the evangelistic work in which he has been engaged. He writes:

This winter has been a peculiarly trying one in some respects, while in others we have been very abundantly blessed and take much courage. Since early in the fall large numbers of refugees from Turkey found their way down here. Driven from their homes by hunger and general destitution, they came here to get security and to find the chance of earning or begging a support. In response to appeals to England and America quite a sum of money was sent to us to distribute to these poor people. Many were given passports and road expenses to enable them to go to Russia to get work or to beg, while their families stayed here. Food, clothing, and bedding were given to those for whom no work could be found.

I inclose a report of the evangelistic work in our field in this part of Persia. The larger part of our field is in Turkey among the semi-independent tribes (Nestorian). The last two years we have been unable to do much for them personally, owing to the disturbed condition of Turkey. We have some dozen or more natives at work there, however. Here in Oroomiah, as you may be aware, the work has long been established under our Board. We have the work in the villages well organized, with village and intermediate schools which feed the college and female seminary. We have a printing-press for our text-books and for a paper and other publications. We have a hospital and dispensaries. Ours is the only hospital this side of Teheran, the capital. We have just been cabled that our appropriations are cut \$5,000. To have this come when we always make out our estimates as low as possible seems like a death-blow. We will have to close the press almost wholly; the female seminary, the college, the village schools must be shut up, the hospital will have to be closed, and it will only then be possible to meet this heavy cut.

In the Oroomiah and Sulduz plains and the Fergawer Valley, there are thirty-nine organized churches, including under their care over one hundred and twenty villages. The force at work consists of twenty-four ordained pastors, twenty-three licentiates, and five evangelists, together with the two missionary superintendents, Messrs. Coan and Laharee. The outlook before the winter set in was not encouraging, but after three months of untiring, unremitting work, the report of all the helpers is that at no time in the history of Oroomiah have we had cause for so much encouragement and gratitude to God in the remarkable spiritual awakening all over the plain. Daily prayer meetings in the station have been kept up all winter, where the work in the villages has been a special theme for united prayer, and more than one instance have there been signal answers to the prayers offered. The bishop and priests of the Old Church, as well as the Armenian clergy, in some places have admitted their helplessness at the stupor of the congregations to their services, while in other places they have given their people permission to attend these meetings, saying: "It is the word of God, go and hear it if you will." It behooves us as never before to push on and to enter every open door.

During the week the following sums have been received for the Armenian Relief work:

Prev ack'd. \$8,157.20	Mrs O P Pastorfield 1.00
The Lord's money, 1.00	Bessie Pastorfield 1.00
St Thomas, 3.00	Mrs M Taylor 2.00
Mrs Chas Olmstead 2.00	Mrs Theo Cobb 5.00
Mrs Mary C Beach 2.50	John L and Mary E 1.00
Aged friend, El Paso 10.00	Ross 1.00
ABF, N Cumberland 3.00	IHN, Haydenville 1.00
Mrs E F Stevens 5.00	Friend, Westgrove 1.00
1 M Davidson 5.00	D L, Marlboro 5.00
In memory of Lillian 1.00	Clarence R Newton 3.00
E, New Bedford 1.00	N Norwood 5.00
L Weidenhamer 1.00	Geo Logan 2.00
Dollie A Boshart 5.00	Friends, Clarence 1.00
David Worcester 1.00	Mrs Fair 2.50
Miss Abby Gilbert 10.00	E J Cummings 1.00
Libbie Wheelless 1.00	C A Hagaman 5.00
C A Hagaman 3.00	W D Cole 1.00
John Menaul 2.50	Friend, Hockersville 1.00
Mrs D and Miss E 2.00	Miss Dolbear 2.00
Ross 2.00	AFCE Soc, Wash st 9-25
Geo Thexton 2.00	ch, Dover 9-25
Self-denial, Waldo 2.00	Miss Soc Young Ladies College, Buena Vista 15.00
Mrs Isaac Sproats 1.00	Mrs E I Harris 1.00
Henrietta Pauls 1.00	Mary F Johnson 2.00
Abbie Derby 1.50	M B Kankakee 1.00
Miss E Putnam 1.00	Mrs & Mrs Jas C 1.00
C Burgess 2.00	Law 1.00
Emily A Fulton 3.00	L C Rouse & family 1.00
Mrs M A Fanning 2.50	MAG, Plainfield 1.00
HBG, Chicago 1.00	Cheerful Givers 1.00
ECE, Tipton 1.00	Mission Band, 1st Bapt Ch, Mass 1.00
Edwin R James 1.00	Miss J B Patch 1.00
Pella Dorcas Soc 4.00	Miss M Davis 1.00
Mrs Mary A Cline 1.00	Friend, Modesto 1.00
Two lovers of Jesus, 50	Beech Flats CESoc, 2.11
Petries Corp 50	Canton 2.11
Mt Olivet Bapt Ch, 52	S Paul 1.00
Homewood 7.16	C L Pack 50
Eunice P Wright 52	S M II, Bklyn 50
Mrs Crawford & Maria Forsyth 1.00	C A Hagaman 3.00
E M Cook 32	Total \$8,318.66
Mother & daughter, Crawfordville 50	

Letters from missionaries in Armenia continue to give encouraging reports of the rescue work among the orphan children. At several stations special efforts are also being made in behalf of the Armenian widows, thousands of whom are still wholly dependent upon the industrial departments of the relief work for their support.

Our Sunday School Contest.

As a number of new entries in the Sunday School attendance contest have been received just as this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, the result of the competition cannot be announced until



"EPHRAIM'S TOWER," NEAR OORFA.

next week. The date for the closing of the entries, as repeatedly announced, was June 1, and no records received after that day can be accepted in the competition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

New American Supplement to the latest Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in five volumes. A standard work of reference in art, literature, science, history, geography, commerce, biography, discovery and invention, edited under the personal supervision of Day Otis Kellogg, D.D., formerly Professor of English Literature, Kansas State University, assisted by a corps of experienced writers, enriched by many hundred special articles contributed by men and women of international reputation; illustrated with over fifteen hundred portraits and other engravings. The features of this new Werner Edition of *The Britannica* are as follows:—An extension of the original articles down to the very day of publication; the introduction of new topics, latest discoveries and inventions; biographical enlargement to cover eminent living persons, and the hundreds who have recently won distinction; a particular survey of American interests in their latest phases, etc., etc. It is justly claimed for this supplement that it will give new value to sets of all British and American editions heretofore bought, as well as bring them down to a later date than any other encyclopædia. Published by The Werner Company, New York and Chicago.

THE NEW MODERATOR.

The Presbyterian General Assembly Elects Dr. Sheldon Jackson Moderator.



S announced in this journal several weeks ago, a large number of delegates to the General Assembly went to Eagle Lake, Ind., intending to give the highest honor in the church to the distinguished missionary, whose portrait appears in this column. It was felt that the services he had rendered to the Church,



REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

his heroic life and his sublime consecration entitled him to this distinction, and when his name was presented to the Assembly, the eminent fitness of the act commended itself at once to the delegates. The other candidates for the honor were Prof. Henry C. Minton, of San Francisco, and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Philadelphia. The latter gentleman retired from the contest and Dr. Jackson was elected by a vote of 313 to 238.

Dr. Spining who supported the nomination of Dr. Jackson, made a characteristic speech on the merits of his candidate. He related a dream of meeting on the floor of the Assembly a venerable stranger, whose face and form bore marks of hardship and privation and the sufferings of many weary missionary journeys. Inquiring as to the identity of the distinguished visitor, he learned that he was no other than the great Apostle to the Gentiles. With the strange inconsistency of the dreamer, he was not at all surprised to find him there and offered his services as a guide. He would introduce him to the great lights of the Assembly. First of all Paul must see Gen. Harrison the distinguished elder, famous in religion as in law and politics, but Paul said he would be glad to see him later. There was some one else whom he wanted to see first. It must be John Wanamaker, the dreamer suggested, the millionaire elder famous as donor, as merchant and as Sunday School Superintendent; but Paul, though he had heard of him, was not in so much of a hurry to see him as the man whose career resembled his own. Then it must be Governor Mount of Indiana, or Darwin R. James for whom the Apostle was looking. But it appeared that it was none of these good men, all of whom Paul would like to see after he had satisfied his curiosity about one other, the brave man who had faced snow and ice and a thermometer forty degrees below zero and had traveled on Indian ponies and on foot six hundred thousand miles to preach the Gospel to men who could be reached in no other way. The man who did that was the one in whom Paul was interested and whom he wanted to meet. So Dr. Spining, in his dream, went among the crowd of ministers and distinguished laymen to find Sheldon Jackson that he might satisfy the great Apostle. At last he was found and the dreamer heard the Apostle say as he greeted the missionary: "Why, Brother Jackson, you are no taller than I am! I suppose the reason we are both so small is that we can be more useful under trying circumstances." This vivid suggestion impressed the Assembly and the delegates who, like the Apostle in the speaker's dream, wished to see the missionary of the snows put him by their votes in the place where he could be seen of all and gave him the honor he so richly deserved.

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Dr. J. G. CONNER, IONIA, MICH.

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series of cruelties in the same time!

"I never imagined we were a cruel people."

B T Steve," John persisted, "supremacy over animals is distinctly given to

in. If, then we have made it like Satan's, nacy of pain. Our animal code is in the blood of the helpless, con- features who have to trust in us." sider their inferiority."

What?"

Even physically."

Nonsense! Men have physically in- oness to animals. Our teeth are pitive. A dog has a more service- ne than a man has. The eagle has rter eye. What do you think of

dr on fly with twelve thousand lenses

his?" The sheep has a better ankle

in we have. The horse's foot is a

le compact elastic toe, its heel is car- ing the air, and never touches the

on which gives it a spring and motion

end the capacity of the human plan-

rad. Whatever lightness of step man

esses comes through his intellect.

we ou not noticed, John, that when- er mental powers suffer, or are weak

slouches?"

St only to man, has God given

ec.

He can you say such a thing? We

peak dog and horse language, and

gs d horses don't speak human lan- age it is unreasonable to expect it.

consider dogs, with which we are both

ill. Different races of dogs have dif- ferent voices. Listen to the bark of the

li, mastiff, and compare it with that

he ranch poodle, or the Danish hound,

he Scotch terrier. How different are

bas of joy, anger and danger! Can

o easily distinguish between the

inef impatience, the howl of pain, the

adans of tail-wagging, forepaw lifting,

ecding, smiling and bowing? You

hn. You know them well. The

ec of horses is just as intelligent,

ug mainly a sign language. Birds

ve large vocabulary. Did you ever

ten, two or three cocks challenging

her? They are polite also, and

at patiently as the heroes of Homer,

their opponents relate the sonorous

ates of their birth and prowess.

ses speech, John, among all living

ats. Even the humming of the bee

eparate gradations that our poor

ses cannot realize. And I wish often

ould understand the fine speech

gs on in the language of the anten-

ou may be very sure that what you

dumb creation, have a mother

gu of their own that answers all the

pos of our most perfect speech."

"Because you have not considered the brutalities inflicted upon animals in passion, in deliberate revenge, in unprovoked love of tormenting, in barbarous carelessness of all their needs and pain. Think what they suffer from people whose business it is to take them to slaughter. Think of their slow deaths by compulsory labor beyond their power. Think of what they suffer from hunger and thirst, from cold and from heat. Think of how they are mangled for what is called 'science,' worse still, for what is called 'sport.' Think of the docked horses, and of horses uselessly tortured by the bearing rein! Yet men, calling themselves 'gentle' men, ride behind these suffering animals without one qualm of conscience, or one feeling of shame."

"Don't get into a passion, Steve."

"I do well to get into a passion, John. I have thrashed a good many men and boys for brutality to animals and birds. I consider these thrashings the finest actions of my life. Oh John, if I had your tongue! If I had the tongues of angels! I would go through the length and breadth of the land, and preach to men and to women and to children from this text, 'Am I not a beast and a brother?'"

"I will admit that Christianity has not made this subject of sufficient importance."

"And this omission is, and has been, ever the weak spot in Christianity. Cel-

sus, eighteen centuries ago, brought this charge against it. Priests were accus-

tomed to turn shrines into shambles. Long after Rome was Christianized, the

most brutal and degrading combats be-

tween men and beasts continued; and

we not put a stop to until the monk,

Telemachus, leaped into the arena and

separated the combatants, and was stoned

to death by the angry Christian specta-

tors. Only a few rarer spirits among the

Christian clergy, such as St. Francis, John

Wesley and Bishop Butler have thought

of pleading the cause of animals."

"Is it not a subject for home teaching,

rather than for the pulpit?" asked John.

"If so, then parents are shamefully neg-

ligent in this matter. They suffer their

children to glut their cruelty on cats, frogs,

or any other helpless creature that cannot

protect itself. Teachers have not yet

accepted it as a duty, though they might

do a great deal to make the future man

and woman merciful."

"We have done a great deal within the

last fifty years, Steve. At the beginning

of this century Sir Walter Scott did not

hesitate to make James Fitz-James in the

Lady of the Lake, ride a noble horse to

death. Any magistrate now would convict

and punish a man for such cruelty, and no

respectable writer would dare to make his

hero guilty of such a brutal crime."

"I am grateful for what has been done,

and I look forward to a day when cruelty

to animals will rouse the same pity and

indignation in the hearts of all, that cruelty

to children, or to slaves, or to prisoners, or

to any helpless portion of humanity rouses.

The great trouble is —"

"What is the great trouble, Steve?"

"That we live in the world of the Levite.

Non-interference is our rule. We hate a

scene and therefore we suffer the wrong

we see, and know to be a wrong to go un-

punished. Our non-interference makes us

selfish, and selfishness makes us indiffer-

ferocity must be stopped! You must do

your best to stop it!"

"It is a new subject of thought to me,

Steve. But I can see and feel its import-

ance."

"Then speak for it, John. Put your

heart into it. I will put my gold into it.

What a joy! what a blessing to be able

to do it! Whatever else we do, we will at

least try to clear The King's Highway of

some of those brutes that fill it with the

groans of creatures innocently bruised and

beaten and done to death with unmerited

tortures!"

"There are many other grand objects

that this one will fit well into, Steve; but

they must be well considered. Charity

cannot be casual. It must be, as I said

at first, an habitual well-doing, working

along its own well-defined channels."

"That is right. We will have even char-

ity done wisely and in order. I want

every dollar to do its full measure of good;

and though charity, shooting at random,

can hardly miss a mark, yet I am well

aware that some marks are better than

others; and that picked shots are best of

all."

"One million dollars! Steve, we will

start 'The King's Highway Fund' with it!

We will not stop at a million! How many

millions of money must be spent, how

many noble lives given up, ere the Way of

the Lord is made straight, and all its

rough places smooth, and all that defiles

it removed, and the width and the length

of it regained from Apollyon, who walks

there seeking souls that may be snared or

slain?"

"It is a great work John, but we will not

be discouraged. Remember what you

said 'it is not incumbent on us to finish

the work, but not therefore must we cease

from it."

And the young men impulsively stood

up clasping hands as they did so, and the

vow in their hearts was none the less bind-

ing, because it found no speech worthy of

it. And for one moment in this exalta-

tion of full surrender, they touched the

highest peaks of spiritual joy.

Then all too soon came the reaction that

ever follows such rare moments. Both

felt suddenly weary, and Steve said "How

thoughtless I have been! You must be

worn out John. Come and I will show

you a room where you can sleep and rest."

The glory of the spiritual had passed but

it had left behind that enlargement of soul

which could never be satisfied with any-



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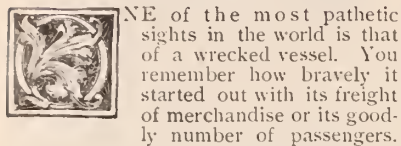
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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SHIPWRECKS.



NE of the most pathetic sights in the world is that of a wrecked vessel. You remember how bravely it started out with its freight of merchandise or its goodly number of passengers. Happy people stood on the shore and waved their hands to those on its decks; they watched the ship out of sight and turned and went their ways. The brave, beautiful thing, moving in its stately fashion over the waves, seemed to be endowed with life, and impressed itself upon the eyes and minds of all beholders as if it had real vitality and a soul of its own to direct its movements. Not for nothing do we speak of a ship as "she," thus endowing it with a personality and fastening upon it something of the affection which we bestow upon our friends. The ship appeals to us as if it were human.

I walked up and down the shore long ago and watched the long rollers as they came in, breaking into foam and dying away at last far up on the sandy floor of the beach. I thought how just across from where I stood in a straight line were the cliffs of Spain, and how the merchantmen and passenger ships were making of the ocean a highway. What wonderful courage must Columbus have had to dare with his three little ships that untried ocean path! And yet every one of us going forth on the perilous sea is in a sense a Columbus starting out to discover unknown worlds, setting our faces toward unknown experiences. Thousands of us will do this in the coming summer, and there are always those who go and those who stay at home. I am not sure that the part of those who go forth is ever as trying as that of those who remain by the stuff. To the voyager day by day there will come new possibilities; the traveler is constantly taking in a fund of novel and interesting fancies and ideas; while to the one who remains in the home, life moves on in the old monotonous round—the same faces, the same chairs and tables, the same breakfasts and dinners and suppers; the same butcher and baker and grocer calling for orders; the routine of petty affairs wearing life into a rut so deep, that the occasional hardships which the traveler meets really take less out of him than the commonplace ease of home does from the one who never goes forth.

But this is not what I wanted to say when I began to speak of shipwrecks. The sorrow and the pathos of the wreck is that it tells of abortive efforts, of plans defeated, of purposes which have come to nothing. One day a storm caught a vessel in its toils, or something gave way in the machinery, or somebody made a mistake in the management of the ship, and a succession of calamities and disasters finally left it at the sport of the billows till at last the battered hulk was driven on the shore or the bits of drift-wood came tossing up the beach. Nothing in life presents a sadder spectacle than this, the derelict still keeping its shape and place and drifting about uselessly on the ocean, or the ship gone to pieces and at the mercy of the seas until plank by plank it breaks up and is resolved into its original parts, no longer a whole but a thing of bits and fragments.

Let us carry the comparison a little farther. The tangible material shipwrecks of this world are not the only ones which we see, nor are they confined to the ships themselves. Each human life is something like a ship sent forth to the sea, and when a fellow being makes shipwreck of his talents and opportunities, and instead of fulfilling the ends for which his Creator designed him becomes a useless encumbrance upon society, the very angels in heaven veil their faces and weep at the pity of it.

One sometimes has an experience like this, which my friend told me of the other day. He was walking down our thronged Broadway when he passed a poor, forlorn-

looking tramp, with broken shoes and slouching air and a general look of shabbiness and disorder. He had gone but a few steps when the tramp came up to him and said familiarly: "Hello, John, its years and years since I saw you last," and looking in the man's face he recognized a brilliant former classmate, who had been valedictorian on Commencement Day and had started out in life with the fairest prospects. Dissipation and inebriety had done their work on this man, whose fair promise had all long ago been blighted. There must have been some point in his career when his progress toward ruin might have been arrested had the right influence been brought to bear or a friendly hand been extended. But "too late" was written in every lineament, in every rag and tag of the thread-bare clothing, in the dull eyes and the bloated face. It was the case of a man of fine powers gone to wreck through temptation and bad company.

Sometimes one sees a home wrecked through the lack of tenderness or confidence on the part of husband or wife; the one is impatient, the other extravagant; neither has sufficient self-poise or amiability to bear with the other; both insist on having the last word; children grow up in an atmosphere of constant fretfulness, and quarrels are as frequent as the coming of the family to the table. After a while the weakest place in the family chain gives way and the public is shown that there has been unsuspected trouble—a family is broken and its reputation scattered to the winds. No wreck is sadder than this, because common sense and Christian conscience might have averted the whole disaster, had they been consulted at the outset.

One sees many wrecks on the shores of our commercial life. People indulge in small infractions and evasions of responsibility. By and by there comes a disclosure and we find that one who has stood high in the confidence of his comrades has been all the while unworthy. Such a wreck is as sad as that of the brave ship which lies exposed to all the winds that blow on the naked shore.

Of course there are many instances in which ships put into drydock for repairs and come out again almost as good as new, ready for renewed encounters with the tempest, and able to go successfully on many voyages. So none of us need despair if life has been unpromising or disappointing, because the blessed thing about life is that our Father in Heaven is ready to give us another chance. If we were as gracious and kind with the erring as the Lord is with us, there would be many an instance in which those who have gone wrong would be started in the other direction and set right. Sometimes it needs only the loving look of a woman's eyes, sometimes only the cordial clasp of a good man's hand. Let us never give the push down, but always the cheery word and the helping hand up, because we are imperfect ourselves, and we need consideration and mercy at the hands of Him who looks upon us in love from the heaven over our heads. To be compassionate as God is, is the highest attainment which any man or woman can hope to reach in this world.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A Catholic Rumor.

A French ecclesiastic is quoted by the *Independent* as saying that the next great change in the Roman Catholic Church will be the repeal of the law of clerical celibacy. The movement, he thinks, might well start in America, under the lead of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, but will take time. The present Pope will hardly endorse it, nor can the French ecclesiastic take it up just now. When it does come, however, he prophesies a large exodus of Anglican clergymen to join the Church of Rome. He believes that many are deterred from joining now, only by this barrier, which excludes married men from the priesthood.

Mont-Lawn's Little Guests.

They will Soon begin to Arrive at Our Children's Home Again.



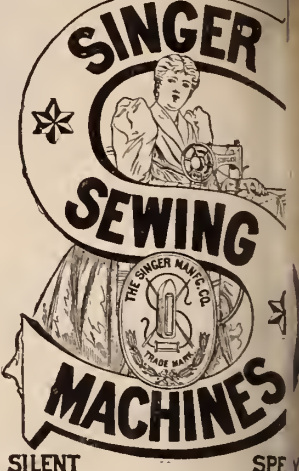
THE last two weeks have been exceedingly busy ones at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. As in previous seasons, the Home buildings have been thoroughly aired and ventilated and every room is now as spick-and-span and shining as it is possible to make it, in anticipation of the early arrival of the little guests. It is expected that the first contingent of poor children from the crowded tenements of New York will reach the Home about the 23d day of June. They will leave the hot city by the steamer *Chrystenah*, which has carried thousands of the tenement waifs to the Home pier at Nyack-on-the-Hudson during the last four years. At Nyack they will be transferred to the Home wagonette and other carriages, and soon they will be whirling gleefully through the shady avenues and along the flowery roadways that lead to Mont-Lawn. There House-mother Collins and her staff of care-takers—all bright young Christian women, and nearly all with previous experience at the Home—will be ready to give them a pleasant welcome. Other large parties of poor children will follow in succession, each group stopping ten days at the Children's Home and then returning to the city, browned and strengthened by an outing that crowds months of real juvenile pleasure and physical benefit into less than two weeks.

Already the number of applications foreshadows a large increase in the number of little guests who will sojourn with us this summer. There is probably nowhere a home for the children of the slums where the little men and women take such a keen delight in their holiday as at Mont-Lawn. On its long grassy slopes, its flowery banks and lovely wooded heights, the children seem to forget all their aches and ills, and the ruddy hue of health comes back to pale cheeks and strength to weak limbs. An outing there is a tonic, which has already saved many little lives.

Visitors are welcome at Mont-Lawn, and we expect to see many there this year, especially those of our friends who have taken an active interest in this beneficent work among the little children of the tenements. Any contributions of shoes or clothing for the little folks should be addressed "The Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y." As the children taken are of the following ages; girls, six to twelve, boys, six to ten; nothing should be sent that is not in good condition and serviceable for children between those ages. All money contributions for the furtherance of the work should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Acknowledgments of all gifts in aid of the Home will be duly published in these columns.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Heroine of a Leper Colony.

MARY REED was an Ohio school teacher, and a good one, too. She taught ten years and enjoyed her work. God's call came to her to carry the good news of Christ and his salvation to the unfortunate sisters in India. The call was so clear that she could not resist



MISS MARY REED.

Thirteen years ago, she found herself in charge of zenana work in Cawnpore. She had but fairly become accustomed to her daily service, when she was stricken with a fever, and was sent to Pithora, a spot in the Himalayas for recovery. Three miles from where she was, there was an asylum for lepers, and her heart yearned in sympathy for them. She learned of their pitiful lot. She went back to Cawnpore when she was well, and there and in Gonda she put in years of hard work, coming home to her mother's home in 1890, to get her strength again. At home she began to suffer from a very severe pain in her finger. A spot also appeared on her cheek, and near the ear, and one day it was as if a flash of the dread disease of leprosy had fastened its pitiless tentacles on her body. She did not tell her mother, but confided her secret to two or three friends who could assist her in making arrangements to go to that mountain mission at Pithora as a missionary to the lepers. She bade her mother farewell, and it must be farewell forever in this world, and bravely set her face to the East. Out of tenderness for her, her father did not permit the leper colony at home to know of her disease. She had reached India. Her mother thought that she might be sure of her recovery, and she counseled with eminent specialists in London, and Bombay, who confirmed her fears. She was indeed a leper, and her sublime Christian heroism, she went to her destiny with a sad face, but with strong confidence, and earnest determination to make the very most out of the time that yet remained. A friend who traveled with her on her journey described these beautiful passages: "He and there we held sweet hours of communion, and I, who had been accustomed to see missionaries seeking Amer-

ica in feeble condition, could not refrain from asking if it was right for her to return to India at an unfavorable season, before her health was established. Her lips quivered, but her gentle, pleading voice grew steady as she replied, 'My Father knows the way I go, and I am sure it is the right way.' and at another time she said: 'I am returning to India under conditions which no other missionary ever returned.'

"It was in Paris that she said one evening, 'If I thought it was right, and you would promise never to speak of it, until you heard it in some other way, I should tell you my story.' I told her if aught in me inspired her confidence, that was the surest safeguard of her secret.

"On memory's walls there will hang while time lasts for me the picture of that scene. A wax taper burned dimly on the table beside her open Bible, that Book of all books from whose pages she received daily consolation; and while, without, Paris was turning night to day, with light, and music, and wine, within, Mary Reed's gentle voice, faltering only at her mother's name and coming sorrow, told the secret of her affliction.

"As my throbbing heart caught its first glimpse of her meaning, I covered my face to shut out the swiftly rising vision of her future, even to the bitter end, and almost in agony, I cried out, 'Oh, not that! Do not tell me that has come to you!'

"I come with sorrow to my last evening with Miss Reed. I sat in the shadow, and she where the full moon rising over the snowy mountains just touched her pale, sweet face, with a glory that loved to linger. Again I hear her voice in song:

Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

"On the shores of lovely Lake Lucerne, hand clasped hand for the last time on earth, and with eyes blinded by gathering tears, our farewells whispered: 'God be with you till we meet again.'

Miss Reed went directly to the leper asylum at Pithora, and although for a time the disease made rapid progress, and she suffered a great deal, she bore it all without murmuring. Her letters home were full of the sublime confidence and untiring joy of the Christ whose forlorn hope she is leading to victorious conquest among the poor lepers of the Himalayas. Think of the glory of the splendid triumphs of faith in this American girl, ten thousand miles from home, slowly dying from a terrible disease in a leper colony, in India, who could write home one August morning sentences like these: 'I could not tie myself down to my writing-desk this morning in quietness of heart till I first sat down at my dear organ, and played and sang, with all the thirteen stops out. I am dwelling on the mountain where the golden sunlight gleams.'

No one will be astonished after that, to know that God has given Mary Reed wonderful evangelistic power among the lepers under her care, and that there are constant conversions among those who behold her radiant face, and who breathe the atmosphere of her joyous self-sacrifice.

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub.—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Kava-Kava Shrub, is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disorders of the Kidneys and urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the *New York World* of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis, after, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and bladder diseases of long standing, comes from many other sufferers, and 1200 hospital cures have been recorded in 30 days. Up to this time the Church Kidney Cure Co., No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

SHATTERED.

The Precarious Condition of Prof. A. H. Nye.

A Prominent Iowa Educator's Painful Experience as Related by Him to a Newspaper Man.

From the Gazette, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

The la grippe, that dread disease that had such a run throughout this country three and four years since, left many who were previously in robust health with shattered constitutions and seemingly confirmed invalids.

Prof. A. H. Nye, living at No. 2500 Olive Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa, was among the number left by the disease in a precarious condition, his nervous system shattered, and with a general debility of his entire system; no strength, feet and limbs badly swollen, in fact he was almost helpless. Prof. Nye is a native of New York State, having come west in 1886—a healthy, robust man. He is a school-teacher by profession, having served as county superintendent of schools of this (Black Hawk) county, several terms, and he has the respect of all with whom he comes in contact. His helpless condition called forth the sympathy of the entire community. He tried the best medical skill procurable, and spent most of his ready means in the vain endeavor to recover his health, and had about given up completely discouraged. He had stopped taking treatment, being fully convinced in his own mind that there was no help for him, and that he would have to spend the balance of his days as an invalid, a burden to family and friends. Some one who had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, spoke to him about them and urged his giving them a trial. His poor success with eminent physicians made him skeptical and he had no faith in what was called proprietary medicine, and would not listen to this advice for some days. The friend being persistent, however, and having faith in the Pink Pills, would not let up, until he had

finally prevailed upon the sufferer to send for a box, which he reluctantly did, and after receiving them decided to give them a fair trial. The first box relieved him in a surprising manner; yet he was not convinced that it was the medicine that helped him, but the weather which had turned pleasant, and did not send for a further supply until he was again about as bad as before taking the pills. Then he concluded he would make another trial, and took three boxes, and today is nearly if not quite as well as before the attack of la grippe. It is needless to state he cannot say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for people who have been left in poor health from la grippe or any other cause. Any one wishing to test the validity of this letter can write Mr. Nye, No. 2500 Olive Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa, and he will cheerfully recommend the medicine, and state his condition before and after using.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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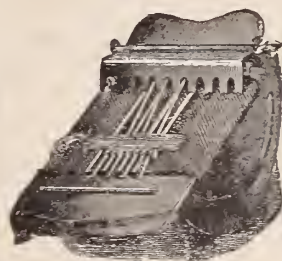
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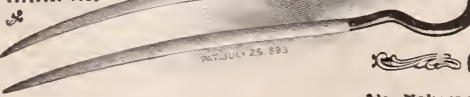
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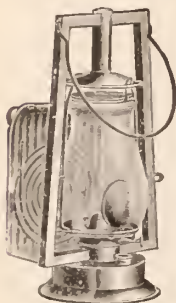
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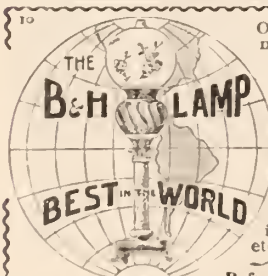
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The old man 1614-2 years ago wore your truss about 90 days and said he was cured. Saw him last week and although he was 63 years old and a hard worker, he is as sound as when a boy.

Yours truly, M. C. MURKIN, M. D. STANARDSVILLE, Va., Sept. 5, 1893.

I have had splendid result from your truss in quite a number of cases of groin people. LEO, Illinois, October, 1, 1895.

I received my truss the 27th and since I have had it I have taken more comfort with it than any I ever wore. The last day I got it I put it on and moved grass all day and I never noticed that I had it on me. TOWN, N. C., July 21, 1895.

About 3 years ago I bought one of your trusses. I wore it about 6 months and it has made a final cure. Was badly ruptured, I would have written to you about this before but wanted to see if my cure was permanent. O. G. HALLAMAN.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

CE BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 24.

De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLESSING THE FAMINE CARGO!

"City of Everett's" Mission of Mercy—Every Corn Contributor Fully Represented—\$40,000 More Cabled to American Missionaries in India.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the Famine Relief ship, *City of Everett* will, in all probability, be in mid-Pacific, steaming swiftly on its way to India. On the day fixed for her sailing, and at the same hour, the Atlantic cables flash the glad news to the missionaries in Calcutta that a further remittance of **forty thousand dollars** has been forwarded from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, making the fourth remittance thus far and a total of **hundred thousand dollars** cabled for the relief of India to date.

At the last moment, and when preparations for sending off a corn-laden steamer from New York were progressing, it was thought wise to communicate once more with India by cable before taking the final step. Unavoidable official delays in getting a steamer had retarded the work until the hot weather and it became

At this time, the *City of Everett* was still loading at her dock in San Francisco, and as she had a capacity considerably in excess of the cargo actually forwarded from the Western and Southwestern States, it was decided to replace by purchase in California every bushel and carload of contributed corn sold in the East on account of the change of programme. This was done accordingly, and at the present moment every contributor to the corn movement is represented in the *Everett's* cargo.

The day fixed for the sailing of the *City of Everett* was June 12, and the following programme of services was arranged, to take place on board on the day of departure. The services were to be held on dock and shipboard. Mayor J. D. Phelan, of San Francisco, was to preside and the addresses were to be limited to a ten-minute average:

1. Hymn, "Coronation," announced by Rev. M. P. Boynton, D. D. (First Baptist).
2. Scripture Reading (James 1: 22-27; and 2: 14-18), Rev. R. P. Wilson, D.D. (M. E. South), editor *Pacific Christian Advocate*.
3. Invocation.
4. Address, Rev. R. G. Hobbs, Ph. D., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner.



THE FAMINE FUND RELIEF STEAMER, "CITY OF EVERETT," LOADED WITH CORN FOR INDIA—REV. R. G. HOBBS, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" COMMISSIONER.

It is doubtful whether corn would not spoil *en route*, owing to the high temperature and excessive humidity sure to be experienced after leaving the Mediterranean. Accordingly, we cabled to Sir Francis MacLean, the Chairman of the Vice-regal Committee in Calcutta, to Rev. E. W. Parker of Shahjahanpore, Secretary of the Famine Fund of the M. E. Church in India, a missionary of long experience, and to Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, who also has spent nearly a lifetime in the Indian field, inquiring of each as to the advisability of sending the grain to New York at this late season. Promptly from all three came the unequivocal and unanimous advice by cable, to "**Sell the corn and send the money.**" This was accepted as conclusive, and it was strongly supported by numerous letters we had already received from missionaries who had seen service in India, but were now at home in the United States.

In the face of such counsel, it was impossible to persist in the shipment of corn to India without incurring the risk of a loss to the Relief Fund, and a waste of money appropriated by our Government for transportation. The Navy Department was apprised of the change of programme and the cause, and their negotiations for chartering the second vessel, which were still incomplete, at once terminated.

5. Address, Rev. W. S. Mathew, D.D. (Methodist), editor *California Christian Advocate*.
6. Address, James L. Barker, Esq., (Congregationalist).
7. Prayer, Rev. F. J. Masters, D. D., Superintendent Chinese Missions.
8. Doxology.
9. Benediction, by Rev. W. B. Berry, D.D. (Christian), editor *Pacific Christian*.
10. Raising of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Flag and sailing of the ship.

The *Everett* is what is known as a whaleback steamer. In addition to her regular flags, she flew at the maintop THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund flag, six by nine feet, with a blue cross on a red ground, the upright of the cross being five feet high and one and a-half feet wide, and the arms the same width. She is a stanch ship, with large cargo capacity and with quarters which are fairly comfortable, although lacking the elegance of the ordinary passenger steamship. Mr. Hobbs writes of her:

She is nearly all under water when loaded. In fair weather she will be a comfortable boat but in bad weather I fancy a very uncomfortable one. I think she will touch at only one port—Singapore—before reaching Calcutta. She will carry a large amount of coal—as to steam right through to Singapore, if possible. We will find it warm enough by such an

(Continued on page 477.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Marguerite, New Orleans, La. Where did the inhabitants of Nod come from—where Cain found his wife? I didn't think there were any other inhabitants on the earth.

According to the legends (not history) he married his sister, and with his family founded a city which he named Nod. Josephus in his *Antiquities*, Chap. 3, Sec. 2, adopts this version. The word, *Nod*, means "exile or flight."

J. H. P., Conno, Mass. Is it not just as much our duty to tithe our ways and incomes as to keep Sabbath or any other of the Bible commands?

The Christian is not under law, but under grace. We cannot see that he is subject to the law of tithe, and he is certainly not under the Jewish law of the Sabbath. He is put on his honor as to tithe. If he has the Spirit of Christ in him he would surely do more rather than less in the way of giving than the Jew was required to do, but there is no law on the subject that he is bound to obey. It is not expected that he will do as the Pharisees did (Matt. 23: 23) or be careful to do just so much and no more than he is required to do. When he was set free from the law it was not expected that he would use his liberty to escape from duty. It is as when your child, who has been rigorously held to the rules of the household in his boyhood, grows up and is no longer under restrictions; you expect that he will voluntarily and spontaneously continue in the same course without being watched and controlled.

Constant Reader, N. Y. Will you kindly give me such information as you can about Melchizedek, or tell me where I can get it. Is anything known as to who were his father and mother? Could Shem have been Melchizedek?

He is represented in Scripture as the Priest-King of Salem (afterward Jerusalem), a dual office not infrequently combined in patriarchal times, where the King was also the spiritual head of his people. Next to Christ himself, probably no character in sacred history has attracted more attention or been the subject of more varied conjecture. Some scholars hold that he was Shem, and a survivor of the Deluge, and the paramount lord and high priest of Canaan. Others have contended that he was an angel, and some of the more ancient writers have asserted the conviction that he was the Son of God, appearing to the patriarch in human form. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian and others, including Carpov, seem to hold that he was a principal person among the Canaanites and the posterity of Noah, eminent for holiness and justice. The statement that he was without father and mother is also variously interpreted, one construction being that his parents were not of sufficient note to have had their names preserved in history.

Reader. When a wagon is going on the road, does that part of the wheel that is close to the ground go slower than the opposite side that is free?

The rim or tire of the wheel travels faster than the hub, having to make a much larger revolution or circuit in the same time it takes the hub to revolve, but the part of the tire that is on the ground is necessarily traveling at the same rate around its own axis, as that part which is farthest from the ground. If the centre of the earth be regarded as the axis, that part of the wheel which rests upon the ground, being nearer the central axis, would be traveling slower than the top part, which is farther from the central axis. The computation of the difference would depend upon the size of the wheel.

A. R. L., Memphis, Tenn. What were the names of those wise men of whom we have an account in Matthew, second chapter, that went to see the babe Jesus?

Their names are given by some early writers as Baltasar, Melchior, and Gaspar.

L. N. K., Denver, Colo. 1. What has become of the books to which the writer refers in 1. Chronicles 20: 24, and other places? 2. What is the meaning of the word "Cris" prefixed to dates in the margin of our reference Bible?

1. They are lost. That is to say if they are in existence anywhere, no one knows where they are. The titles of nineteen books are mentioned in the Bible which are missing, such as the Book of the Wars of the Lord mentioned Numbers 21: 14 and the Book of the Acts of Solomon mentioned 1. Kings 11: 41. There is no doubt that the historical books of the Bible as we now have them were compiled from

older books or documents which were not preserved. 2. It is a contraction of the Latin word *circiter*, meaning about, and the date with that prefix is in some instances little more than a guess.

J. P. K., Cambridge, N. Y., writes:

I have just finished reading the sermon in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 20th, and I cannot help thinking that if every clergyman in the land had the courage to preach such words from their pulpits they would have a powerful influence against the liquor traffic. The poor, unfortunate slaves to the liquor habit would see they had earthly friends who were ready to give them words of cheer through Christ, who died for us all, and that through him they could get rid of their awful habit.

H. E. B., Whitesboro, N. Y. 1. Did Job sin when he cursed the day of his birth? 2. Is it right for a person who has been prominent in Sunday School work to absent himself or herself from Sunday School because of a dislike to the superintendent? 3. How long will it take the corn-ship to reach India after starting?

1. He did, but his offence is not to be judged by ordinary standards. He was driven to the utmost point of human forbearance, a condition in which most men would have been far more violent than he. 2. The cause seems an unreasonable one and not sufficient to justify

when friends would call to see me I'd show them the box, and they most always gave something. Being mostly children, their pennies were not very plentiful, but when they understood that one penny would feed a child one day, they were very anxious to give all they had.

Subscriber, Southampton, N. Y. 1. Is it right for Christians to ride out for pleasure on Sunday? 2. Is there any alcohol whatever either in root beer or in the extract? 3. Can a Christian run a lively stable and keep it open on the Lord's day? 4. In the light of Christ's teachings, is it right for a business man to collect a bill from a creditor by suing at law? 5. If Christians everywhere followed Christ's command "To love our neighbors as ourselves," would it not do away entirely with business rivalry and the hard feelings that often follow? 6. Is it a Christian's duty to keep giving to the Lord, when he owes his fellow-men as much as he can possibly pay?

1. No; it is a desecration of the day and a violation of the commandment. Only works of necessity or of mercy are to be engaged in. 2. None whatever. 3. He can, but he will be committing a sin in so doing. 4. Law is for the enforcement of right and justice. Its abuse and not its use, is against Christian teaching. Litigation should be avoided except as a last resort. 5. To a large extent it would, but such a condition cannot be realized until the millennium comes. 6. He should pay his debts. See Romans 13: 8. God does not want a man to defraud his creditors that he may make a gift to the church.

J. E. M., Center Stafford, N. H. 1. If a minister, whose time is fully occupied, reads everything in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will he have a sufficient knowledge of the secular things of the world without reading any other paper? If not, what other paper would you advise him to read? 2. Who was the author of "Blessed be nothing?"

1. No, he will not. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not claim to cover the entire field of secular events, although it refers to many that have a bearing on the religious and material progress of the race. A pastor should be well

pray for death; but when it is past become calm the true Christians are to wait the Lord's time. They know patient submission to his will, they witnesses to the world of the power of grace.

H. G. M., Lafayette, Ind. Is there such in the Bible as "Be temperate in all?"

Probably you refer to Paul's remark 1. Cor. 7: 35 "Every man that striveth for holiness is temperate in all things," or (1. Cor. 13: 31) "Let your moderation be known unto all."

Subscriber, Washington, D. C. How do you make of twain one new man, as Paul (Eph. 2: 15)?

The Jew and the Gentile are brought together by Christ's incarnation, death, but become actually a new man. The Christian reverences the Old Testament and sees in it, equally with the New Testament, yet he is not a Jew. He is a new man in the religious history of the world. Through Christ he was a new person in this country we have a type of it. Women of many nationalities and of many ages, and out of the many comes the new man with many of the old surviving. Some of our best statesmen have been of Scotch-Irish parentage.

J. F. P., Avalon, Ga. Who were the parents of the five foolish virgins were (Matt. 25: 9): "Go ye rather to them that sell, on what ground did they afterward admission?"

You cannot identify every accessory. The five virgins might be the case of an actual marriage, but we consider Christ as the bridegroom who conceive of his people buying anything could fit them to receive him. The put away their worldliness, separated themselves from their sinful associations, seek to fit themselves for their Lord's coming. But all this should have been foretold. Those who go in with the marriage feast are those waiting for him and are ready to come him at his coming.

L. H. C., Boston, Mass. Is it true that a missionary society in your city, that a missionary society you gave money for distribute the famine sufferers in India, do know just how to use it?

We do not know of such a case. One instance a missionary to whom I wrote stating that we had \$500 through his missionary distribution, sent us a letter thanking us. He said that he had received the money, and that come he could have done a great deal of good with it. He had been disappointed by its not being sent to him, but he begged us to send him money to the sufferers around him, but preferred that it should be sent to the missionaries. He has since written us that it has sent him the money. Perhaps it is the case the journal you mention. It is the Board which that journal is most closely associated with. We could not understand the Board delayed sending the money, never supposed that it was, as the missionaries, because the Board ignorant of the needs of its missionaries.

G. O. P., Ft. Collins, Colo. We believe they were altogether unjust and unfounded. Atchison, Kan. Write to the N. Y. Medical. Alex. F., Orillia, Can. About 1. See Gen. 6: 3. Joseph R., Denver, Colo. published in Chicago. E. G. W., Atchison, Kan. The book by Thomas a Kempis (*Imitation of Christ*), can be bought of J. E. Jewett, Bible House, New York. Subscriber, Ogo by passenger steamers. 2. Write to Bureau, Washington, D. C. 3. All good give it more or less reliably, but briefly, as are measure. 4. No. 5. Write to Fleming, publisher, New York, for Murray's Bible. Subscriber, Anoka, Minn. 1. It would be a work of necessity and would therefore be a blessing. 2. This is a matter for the individual. 3. Reader, W. Va. 1. Bellevue, New York, is sufficient address. 2. See 3: 2 and 12; also 5: 9; Titus 1: 6. 3. 1. 4. 5. The prohibition referred to excludes images, graven, sculptured, or painted. 11. Virginia, Ill. 1. Write to Rev. J. Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill. 2. To the Cook & Son, tourist agents, N. Y. 3. Jacob H. T., Chicago. The man who religion all the week except Sunday, is very poor preparation for eternity. Kansas. It was ruled out by one of the councils of the church in ancient times, and has never been revoked. E. H. W., Mich. We cannot inform you. Frierland, Ind. They are better left alone. Tompkins Corners. 1. Only a partial. Any good history will tell you. 3. A his land's territorial possessions would be too publication here. 4. A famous Greek of philosopher. A. C. Maulden, Memphis desires to thank our readers who have supplied religious literature for his mission. Subscriber, Elkhardt, Ind. 1. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. J. Stoner, find in a book entitled *Protestant Missionaries* by Scribners, N. Y., about all the information on the subject. John C. H. Mass. It is a vanity and weakness, but rarely conquered in this life. J. M. F. Kan. 1. Yes, practically up to the sixtieth century. 2. A snare and a delusion. Eliza Mackinaw, Ill. Several thousands have been out—not all returned yet.



A NATIVE HOUSE OF ECUADOR, SOUTH AMERICA.

The people of this little, independent State are still surrounded by very primitive conditions. The roads are wretched, communication is difficult, the rivers and gorges are spanned by rude rope or wooden bridges, and the dwellings, outside of the cities, are of the poorest description. Education, which has been left in the hands of the Catholic clergy, is very defective, except in the large cities. Our photograph represents a country home of the kind that is common in Ecuador.

such a step, but if the dislike be an unconquerable one, the person who shows such an unchristian spirit is probably better away from the school. In some other place he may find an opportunity for usefulness. 3. About forty-five days.

Miss E. S., Woodbridge, N. J., a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes:

So much good has been done in various directions through your paper in alleviating suffering humanity, can you not do something toward the relief of the dumb animals? It makes my heart ache to see and hear of the way in which so many of them are treated. I have no doubt you could do very much in that direction, if you would. There are so many different ways open.

There is already legislation on the subject, and if you will write to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York City, you will be fully informed of the steps already taken in that direction. We shall be pleased to do what we can to forward so good an object.

D. T. R., Phila. What was the meaning of the initials, I. N. R. J., that were on the Cross at "the time of the crucifixion?"

They were the initials of *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*—(Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.)

This letter, one of many of a similar character, tells what a "Shut-in" did for suffering India:

RICHIEF CENTRE, O. I tell you how I collected what I've just sent, being a "Shut-in" and no way to earn money. I stood the little box on the stand by my bed, and

informed on current events, and these are to be had in your own local paper or in a good weekly metropolitan paper. 2. Don't know.

We are glad to learn, from our friends along the Mississippi Valley, that the distress caused by the recent floods has disappeared. Mr. J. H. Butts, a cotton factor, and Chairman of the local Relief Committee, of Helena, Ark., who rendered valuable assistance to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Flood Relief Expedition on the *Welcome*, writes us:

Conditions have so far improved that no further donations are needed. I appreciate the many offers received and would not hesitate to accept, if we needed anything. If we can get proper seasons from now on, our country will blossom like the rose.

B. V. T., Victoria, B. C. 1. How do you understand the warning in Matt. 5: 19? How could one who teaches men to break God's commandments be admitted into Heaven at all? 2. Is it right to pray for death?

1. There are many good men who in minor details of doctrine and practice are in error, but they are sincere and conscientious and their errors are of the head not of the heart. You will find two preachers taking opposite sides of a question and you know that both cannot be right. Yet both may be men of eminent Christian character. Christ was warning men not to make light of any part of God's Word. Though wrong teaching might not exclude them from heaven it might involve their having a low place there. 2. There are some sufferers whose pain is so terrible that we do not wonder if in their agony they

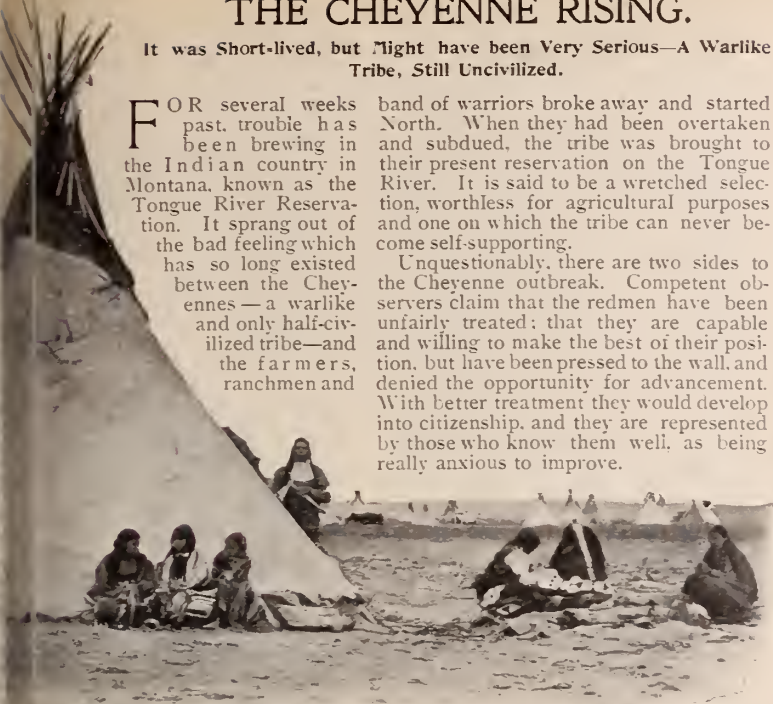
THE CHEYENNE RISING.

It was Short-lived, but Might have been Very Serious—A Warlike Tribe, Still Uncivilized.

FOR several weeks past, trouble has been brewing in the Indian country in Montana, known as the Tongue River Reservation. It sprang out of the bad feeling which has so long existed between the Cheyennes—a warlike and only half-civilized tribe—and the farmers, ranchmen and

band of warriors broke away and started North. When they had been overtaken and subdued, the tribe was brought to their present reservation on the Tongue River. It is said to be a wretched selection, worthless for agricultural purposes and one on which the tribe can never become self-supporting.

Unquestionably, there are two sides to the Cheyenne outbreak. Competent observers claim that the redmen have been unfairly treated; that they are capable and willing to make the best of their position, but have been pressed to the wall, and denied the opportunity for advancement. With better treatment they would develop into citizenship, and they are represented by those who know them well, as being really anxious to improve.



AN INDIAN CAMP ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

orders of the section. It is not satisfactorily explained which side the aggressor, but it is claimed the Indians, being detected in some stealing operations, were stirred up by the whites and determined to go to warpath. A white sheep-herder was ordered, and this was followed by a band of the Cheyennes leaving the bucks and warriors declaring their intention to exterminate the whites, and of 125 warriors deserted the Tongue River Agency on May 28 and fled to the hills near Ashland. Soon afterwards were reported from different parts in Montana. Several whites were killed, and it was only the presence in control force of United States troops in the neighborhood of the trouble that prevented a battle between the settlers and the Cheyennes.

Being seriously alarmed the settlers assembled together, whereupon troops were applied to the War Department through the Agency at Lame Deer, to be protected. This seems to be a piece of diplomacy, as at the time the request was made parties of the Cheyennes were riding around, fully armed and defiant. The more timid settlers removed their families to Miles and the other nearby towns, believing that the usual Spring outbreak might culminate in an Indian war and be disastrous to the scattered whites, before the Government could intervene.

Fortunately, the prompt action of the War Department was the means of quelling the disturbance before it attained serious proportions. Several Cheyenne warriors have been arrested, including a man named David Stanley, known to his people as "Badger." Other names in the disturbances are "White Wolf" and "Low Dog."

Since the United States sent the Sheriff and posse, reinforced with armed settlers, prepared for emergency.

During the past Winter, the Cheyennes have been holding dances in their "dance-houses," at which the old warriors have been rehearsing the story of their old-time wars against the white men, for the purpose of stirring up the young men up to the fighting point. These dances are among the oldest of the Indian tribe and in the campaign of 1863, and 1876 they were sent to the Indian Territory, where they were restless and unhappy there, a



A CHEYENNE BRAVE.

It is probable that the present trouble may result in attracting attention to their condition and that the treatment hereafter may be of a character more in harmony with the nation's avowed policy with regard to its Indian wards. Their reservation needs more of the influences of Christianity and civilization to bring out the better qualities of the tribe. Some of the Cheyennes have been educated at government schools and are capable of a better career than that of painted warriors. It is to be hoped that the case of the Cheyennes will prove to be a turning-point in the history of our treatment of one tribe at least, who have shown themselves by their forbearance and patience under injustice, to be worthy of more humane treatment than they have received. Schools, churches and industrial tools are the true and only means of civilizing our redmen and bringing them up to the standard of useful citizenship.

Gospel Progress in China.

At a recent meeting in England, connected with the London Missionary Society, the Rev. John Macgowan, Amoy, China, related this incident: "A man started off one morning with a load of wood to a town ten miles distant. He sold his burden, and was attracted by a crowd near the market-place. He pushed his way into the crowd and saw that it was a missionary who was speaking. The first thing he heard him say was, 'All the idols of China are false.'"

This sentence was quite a revelation to the man, and he could not believe it, and after listening for some time he proceeded home, pondering over the words all the way. He told his mother what he had heard, and she said, 'My son, don't say that; your father worshiped the idols and so did my father.' The young man added that he had come to the conclusion that what he had heard was true. His mother was much distressed, but he gave up his idol-worship. After conversion he became a preacher of the Gospel in the mountain district of China, and had the joy of leading his mother to Christ."

In one village called San Yuam, which is known as the 'Gospel Village,' the native converts were anxious to secure a room to hold services in, and so they undertook to build a place themselves, and also find the material. A chapel was in this way erected to accommodate 300 or 400 persons, and the cost to the Baptist Society was only £15. When one missionary was returning to England the people presented him with a silk banner, bearing the inscription in Chinese letters, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Training Young Heathen.

Missionary Mary Sharp Writes of Her Experiences Teaching African Children—A Greatly Blessed Work.



ONE of our devoted American missionaries in the African field is Mary Sharp, whose station is Monrovia, Liberia. She writes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

Your letter reached me in twenty-eight days after it was written, and at a peculiar time. I had planned to enlarge my church so as to have seating capacity for about 800, and had commenced gathering material, but the lack of sufficient money and other untoward circumstances made me feel rather discouraged, when your letter came with a check for \$15. The rapidity with which it came, also the route—a German steamer, I had never before received a letter via Germany—made it seem to me that "The King" gave orders to dispatch it quickly. Its coming and the circumstances surrounding it gave a wonderful uplift to my faith. Stone for foundation can be easily obtained, but the lumber! The natives saw it, by cross-cut saws, elevate the log upon something like "saw-horses," one stands on the log, the other below, the one above pulls the saw up, and the one below pulls it down—rather slow work—then it is carried to the river, put in canoes,



MARY SHARP AND HER CLASS OF "KROO BOYS."

brought to Monrovia just a little at a time, as the canoes are dug-outs. The native woods are very hard and durable.

Many complain of the meagre result of missions on the West Coast of Africa, that after all these years they are still an exotic, having no permanent root. Very few missions have been kept up for any number of years consecutively, owing to the deadliness of the climate. For instance, Liberia is the oldest mission field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, established in 1833. The first missionary, Melville B. Cox, lived four months. On the same marble shaft are the names of Rev. Osgood Wright and wife, a young couple from Massachusetts, landed January 4th. (Mrs. Wright lived one month, died February 4th.) He lived until the 28th of March, the same year. In a short time, from deaths, and returning home in broken health, the work would be suspended until others came, and they in turn would succumb to the climate, and longer intervals would occur. Very little work, much less a permanent foundation, could be laid in that way.

Then Africa is divided up into unnumbered tribes, each tribe with a different language,

and none reduced to writing. Some missionaries have spent a great deal of time, taking down words when spoken and reducing them



MARY SHARP, MISSIONARY IN LIBERIA.

to a written language, but the meagreness and poverty of the language fail to express any very exalted or spiritual ideas. It is not easy to teach a class of young heathen where the pupils cannot understand a word that the teacher says, and vice versa. My first attempt was not a success; yet I meant that they should learn English. I went into the heathen town, and found one man who could interpret for me. We went to the Chief's house. He had taken an American name—"Two-Glass." After duly making known my errand to teach the Kroo people "God palaver and him pickanniny book sabee," the boys were called in and sat down on the clay floor. After telling the boys what I intended to do, one bright little fellow said, "Mammy, me sabee English proper. I tell you all dem boy name. My name be 'Jack-after-Supper,' dat be my 'Merican name. Dat boy name 'Flying-jib-and-topsail,' dat toddler boy be 'Schooner,' 'Tea-pot,' 'Two-pound-ten,' next were told off with the astounding information that "dem all have proper 'Merican names."

Next day they came to my room to school. Alas! for me, "Jack-after-Supper," was not there. They rushed in with a hurrah, all laughing and talking Kroo. I said, "keep still." They shouted "keep still," and laughed heartily over the success of their first lesson. I put my hand on my mouth to denote silence; every mouth was covered with a hand. I smiled, they laughed loudly at scoring another success. After several attempts I stamped my foot and made a gesture with my hands and said, "Do hush!" Every one stamped, threw out their hands, and exclaimed, "Do hush!" They went away, seemingly delighted with their first day at school. I had a very poor opinion of my first attempt at teaching heathen boys, but English they must have. Some of that number now talk excellent English, all speak so as to be understood.

Jack-after-Supper was afterward converted, lived a devoted Christian a few years, and died triumphantly. After conversion, he was always grave and serious, would invariably ask that "Down at the Cross where my Saviour Died," be sung at every meeting. He was not much of a singer, but would come in on the chorus, "Glory to His Name!" Flying-jib-and-topsail, was baptized with the name of Wesley Haven and is an excellent interpreter, and always enlivens a meeting with his good singing. A people that know English and can read the English Bible, may be indifferent to the Gospel, even wicked, but can never go back to heathenism. Heathen here, are heathen, not Confucianists, nor Buddhists, but simply without any knowledge of God, the Supreme One; no books, very little tradition even. No religion, not even a false religion. Each has his own fetish, sometimes a pole stuck in the ground with a streamer attached; often a goat-horn with some "medicine" inside. The "medicine" is prepared by the "devil doctor" and is "to keep witch away," "bring them luck," help them to triumph over an enemy, &c. Evil spirits surround and follow them from their birth to the grave.

I find the people ripe for the Gospel, anxious to learn books, and very desirous to know English, which is our open door.

MARY SHARP.



THE FIRST WOMAN.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text, Gen. 3: 6

And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.



It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm recollection of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest, and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there, says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl—"The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting, and tooth and fang. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blasts on the leaves. All the chords of that great harp are snapped. Upon the first day of this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted millions of a doomed race.

Do you not see in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthy curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science, and for religion. It has gone down into

the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheatre. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassoed with resplendent law.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying-glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthy and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day inspired by unhealthy inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the key-hole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthy inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this Goddess of Splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra: good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of French novels, to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them! They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look, and fall into remediless ruin; or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering with curses and groaning ineffectual prayer. By all means

encourage healthful inquisitiveness, by all means discourage illy-regulated curiosity.

This subject also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant she invited her husband also to take of it; but her banishment from Paradise and six thousand years of sorrow, and wretchedness, and war, and woe paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness, afterward. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for awhile, and it fills the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns cheeks which are white red as roses; but what about the dreams that come after, when he seems falling from great heights, or is prostrated by other fancied disasters, and the perspiration stands on the forehead—the night dew of everlasting darkness—and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmares shrieking with lips that crackle with all-consuming torture? "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment!" Sweet at the start, horrible at the last. Go into that hall of revelry, where ungodly mirth staggers and blasphemes. Listen to the senseless gabble, see the last trace of intelligence dashed out from faces made in God's own image. "Aha! aha!" says the roystering inebriate; "this is joy for you; fill high your cups, my boys. I drink to my wife's misery and my children's rags and my God's defiance." And he knows not that a fiend stirs the goblet in his hand and thatadders uncoil from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the froth on the rim. Sin rapturous at the start, awful at the last.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin, you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchres and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud-voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all awrithe and agleam with terror. You are past the "Narrows," and almost outside the "Hook," and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee: "Lord, save me, or I perish." Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous hand-writings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to

the manner. You could add no gloss to the gait, no lustre to the sweetness to the voice. A perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a home, and her entire nature vibrates accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's command, and with the same hand which she plucked the fruit she laid upon the world the crimes, the wretchedness, that have set the universe aflame.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when men and women naturally vulgar sink into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have manners of the ditch; but how shocked when we find sin appended to such education and to the refinements of life! The accomplishments of the Queen of Scots make her patroness Darnley, the profligate, the more appealing. The genius of Catharine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The lations from the Greek and the Latin, Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more glaring her capriciousness of affection, her hotness of temper. The great Byron's mind makes the more all the more his sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement, manner or exquisiteness of taste or ority of education can in any wise gize for ill-temper, for an oppressive for unkindness, for any kind of sin. obedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. A plishment heaven-high is no apology vice hell-deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When Eve with this powerful influence Adam and over the generations that followed, it suggests to me the power all women have for good or evil. I have no sympathy, nor have I with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the press. They mean nothing; they are accepted nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence when I see this powerful influence upon her husband and upon the human race, I make up my mind to frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all the ages down among the dungeons or up to the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined race by one fruit-picking; of Jacob who drove a spike through the head of the warrior; of Esther, who overcame the power of the king; of Abigail, who stopped a quarrel by her own beautiful prowess; of the mother of the world's Saviour; of the mother Lois, immortalized in her son Timothy; of Charlotte Corday who drove the dagger through the heart of an assassin of her lover; or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony her castle quieted a mob, her own the throne of forgiveness and of courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, untiring for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations it will be found that the mightiest grandest influence came from home. The wife cheered up despondency, the figure and sorrow by her own sympathy and the mother trained her child heaven, starting the little feet on the way to the Celestial City; and the sister's gentleness refined the manner of the brother; and the daughters were gentle in their kindness to the aged, the wreaths of blessing on the road that father and mother down the street years. God bless our homes! And the home on earth be the vestibule of home in heaven, in which place we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and mother and grandchild, and the group of precious ones, of whom we say in the words of Charles Wesley

One family we dwell in him.

One Church above, beneath;

Though now divided by the stream

The narrow stream of death;

One army of the living God,

To his command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood

And part are crossing now.

Blessing the Famine Cargo!

(Continued from First Page.)

ment, as she will make a straight which will carry her soon into the following letter from a missionary has been nearly forty years in India, read with interest:

Editor of Christian Herald:
Attention has just been called to a report of Mr. Kittredge, late of Bombay, which he says that not a person in India has died of starvation by the present famine. With any limitations I can think of, I cannot help regarding the statement as conveying a most erroneous impression to the American reader. It has been my

FAMINE INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

DURING the progress of the India Famine Fund, we have received a large number of letters from our readers, inquiring as to many matters of interest in connection with the Fund. As these are of general interest to all who have been associated in the movement, we give space below to a number of the more urgent and important:

Q. Is the statement of Mr. George A. Kittredge, to the effect that no one has died of starvation in India during the present famine, true?

A. It is not. See letter of Dr. Washburn in this issue.

Q. How many deaths from starvation will the present famine result in?

A. It is difficult to give accurate figures, though it will unquestionably be several millions. Julian Hawthorne, who has just returned from the famine districts of India, announces that it is officially admitted that thus far there have been three million deaths from starvation.

Q. Are the pictures of emaciated men and children, which from time to time have appeared on the Famine Fund pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, overdrawn?

A. They are not. Most of the pictures which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were made from photographs taken by Mr. Benjamin Aitken, our representative in India, or by resident missionaries, for the purpose of illustrating the terrible character of the suffering. The camera cannot lie. It will not reduce a well-fed man to a skeleton, any more than it will clothe a skeleton with flesh. Many of the original photographs can be seen in the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The picture representing a dying man surrounded by vultures and jackals, is taken from the Illustrated London Graphic. As we stated when we published it, the artist who drew the picture wrote that he was an eyewitness of the scene he depicted.

Q. Is the famine nearly over, or does it show signs of abatement?

A. If the reports of the government relief works, as published in the London Times, and other official reports in the public prints of England and India, are any indication of the famine condition in India, we should say, in view of the fact that the number of dependants is gradually increasing, that the famine is worse than it was three months ago. Many of the missionaries right in the famine field agree that the famine has not yet reached its climax, and that no abatement must be looked for before December next.

Q. Did a Foreign Missionary Board return to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a large remittance intended for the relief of the famine sufferers?

A. No. One of the Boards, not having any available funds to pay cable charges, wanted to mail its apportionment from the Famine Fund, but owing to the urgent need of immediate help, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD did not consent to such an arrangement, and cabled the money at its own expense. Since then, the same Missionary Board has intimated its perfect willingness hereafter to cable at its own expense any further appropriation it may receive.

Q. I have a dear relative acting as missionary in the Bilaspur district. Can you tell me whether there is any suffering from famine there, as I would like to send some money for relief of temporal necessities?

A. Miss Mary D. Adams, Missionary in charge of the station of the Church of the Disciples at Bilaspur, writes us under date of May 11th:

I send you to-day several pictures of famine sufferers. They tell their own sad story of hunger, some of them being literally living skeletons only. They are typical of many others to be seen all over the Central Provinces and in many parts of India. I should like to show a lot of these poor sufferers sitting at a dinner supplied by Christian America, but for the present I cannot do so. I shall be glad to receive any help you can send to the people and shall regard the work as a sacred one put into my hands by the Father on high, working through his people.

Q. What is the basis of apportionment by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the Famine Fund among the Missionaries in India?

A. We invariably first consult the secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Societies which are represented in the famine districts, and obtain from them the names of the missionaries who are particularly active in relief work. The missionary

boards thus far consulted have been the following: Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Christian (Disciples), Reformed Presbyterian, Woman's Union Missionary Society, Missionary Alliance, and the Salvation Army. In addition to the information obtained from these sources, we are largely guided by reports from the famine field, obtained by our correspondents, and from our representative residing in Calcutta, and by the advice of missionaries now on furlough in this country, who labor in India. We are also aided by the prayerful consideration of letters received from missionaries who have already been helped by the Fund and by direct appeals for help.

Q. Are not the British authorities abundantly competent to meet the situation?

A. All the reports received from India agree that the Indian government is doing everything in its power, and that, but for the very efficient help it renders, the death-rate must have been inevitably higher; yet the mere fact that 3,000,000 people have already died, is the best proof that they are by no means masters of the situation. Lord Dufferin, formerly Viceroy of India, recently wrote:

I cannot conclude without appealing to those who may read these lines, on behalf of the suffering multitudes who, at this very moment are in the throes of as dire a calamity as ever visited the human race. . . . The share still left to be performed by public charity is almost illimitable.

Mrs. Mary S. Winsor, wife of the Rev. Richard Winsor, American Board Missionary, at Sirur, Poona District, writes us under date of May 7th:

Our heartfelt thanks are sent for what you have done; again we pray that you will give us this great blessing—the opportunity to save the children. I write in haste to get this letter off by this mail for parents are dying and children are suffering, and will perish by the hundreds and thousands for the Relief Camps do not save them. Many die in connection with those very Relief Works. . . . Do not let the children die as they are dying all over India all around us. Come to their rescue.

Q. Is there any other agency for the collection and transmission of moneys intended for the relief of the famine sufferers of India?

A. The entire India Relief work of this country is conducted under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A great many agencies have contributed to the magnificent results attained. Readers of the Sunday School Times, Golden Rule, Epworth Herald, and Chicago Advance, and active relief committees in various centres, operating under instructions or in response to appeals received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have largely swelled the Fund sent in by individual contributors. We know of no other paper, or society, or organization operating independently of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In Canada, a fund aggregating \$50,000 has been raised by the Montreal Star, which was the first in the field on this side of the ocean.

Q. What caused the delay in shipping the grain to India, and in the departure of the City of Everett?

A. FIRST: Bad roads, which made it impossible for the farmers to get the corn which they had pledged to the railroad station. SECOND: The difficulty experienced by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy in securing an "AMERICAN" vessel, as required by the provision of the original Bill, granting free transportation.

Q. How much money has THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thus far cabled to India?

A. With the remittance mentioned in this issue of the paper, the sum of \$100,000 free and clear of all deductions, has been sent and is now being distributed in about fifty missionary centres, by over seventy men and women who have consecrated their lives to the Lord's service and who labor unceasingly for the salvation of souls, far away from home and kindred, enduring all sorts of privations for Jesus' sake.

Q. How many people are supposed to be suffering from the effects of this famine in India?

A. Mr. Benjamin Aitken, our representative in India, estimates that 150,000,000 persons are seriously affected, but the Indian Government will not admit that more than 80,000,000 are suffering. But even at the lower estimate, it is safe to say that this famine is probably the worst that has ever struck the earth since the beginning of time.

Q. What is the per centage of expense in connection with the handling of money sent for the relief of India famine sufferers?

A. We cannot give accurate information at this time, but it is infinitesimal. In due time, a carefully itemized and properly audited statement of receipts and expenses will be published, at the close of the Fund, in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Q. I notice in the daily newspapers that you have relinquished the idea of sending a cargo of grain by way of the Red Sea. What have you done with the corn contributed?

The corn sent East has been or will be sold, and for every bushel sold, a corresponding quantity was purchased to complete the cargo of the *Everett*, which has on board 90,000 bushels. Thus, every corn contributor to the Fund is represented in corn, as originally intended, but the corn goes by way of the Pacific, instead of the Red Sea.

Q. Do the great Protestant missionary societies operating in the India field know of the sufferings on their mission fields?

A. The great Protestant Missionary Societies do know, and here and in England are doing their utmost to relieve the suffering. Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the American Board, writes us: "On behalf of the suffering millions of India and our missionaries who because unable to furnish relief, suffer with them, I want to thank you for the liberal contributions which you have raised, and are forwarding to the missionaries." Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says: "This famine differs from all others recorded in history in the fact that it affects almost the whole empire. We already have orphans enough upon our hands to use up all the funds that will have been sent in." Mr. Chas. W. Hand of the Presbyterian Board, writes us under date of May 25, 1897, thanking us for contributions, and telling us that he had received a letter from Rev. H. M. Andrews, one of their missionaries in India, earnestly pleading on behalf of himself and his fellow-missionaries for funds to feed the starving people around their stations.

Dr. Duncan, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, writes: "I am amazed at the extent of your efforts for Indian relief. It is a most blessed work and the Lord will reward you for this service to the sick and starving. Our missionaries will be only too happy to co-operate with you." Dr. A. McLean, Secretary of the Missionary Board of the Church of the Disciples, writes us: "Our missionaries are living on two meals a day, and giving the rest to the starving people. I believe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never did a better work than when it undertook to send relief to the starving people of India."

A Veteran Missionary.

Rev. Geo. T. Washburn, D.D., whose portrait we publish on this page, has done nearly forty years of hard service in the cause of missions in India and few men not actually born in the country know its condition so thoroughly. He with Mrs. Washburn went to India in 1859 as missionaries of the American Board. They joined the Madura Mission and for ten years had charge of a district comprising numerous villages in which there were Christian congregations. The two missionaries entered energetically into the work, conducting schools and evangelistic services among the villagers. At the close of this period there was need of help at Pasumalai, the centre of the educational work of the mission, and Dr. Washburn was invited to take the position. He has remained at that post with occasional visits to the United States to the present time.

FAMINE FUND NOTES.

The details of the \$40,000 just cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to our American Missionaries in India, will appear in next week's issue.

Contributions to the India Fund from people who give neither State nor town, will be acknowledged next week, as in this week's paper we acknowledge only those whose addresses are known.

Among the contributions to India, lately received, is one of \$1,000 sent by a missionary society in the West, with the express stipulation that the names of the givers be not published, and that the gift be cabled to our faithful missionaries in India. Both conditions will be observed, although it would have given us pleasure to name the generous donors.



REV. GEORGE T. WASHBURN, D.D.

live in India for nearly forty years. I have seen two famines, terrible in their results, but neither of them as widespread as the present one, and I have seen just as this one was coming on, and have been in charge of a camp of famine sufferers and an orphanage of orphans, and have distributed thousands of dollars in food, grain, clothing, and other aid. I have seen dead men on the road, starved to death, and I have seen a woman, at least, who was just crawling from her village to my house, where doles of rice and money were being distributed, receive her dole of money, stagger a few steps down the road, and fall, and die before sustenance could be obtained. And yet, neither of these famines was so wide spread in extent, nor so threatening in its approach, and I have no reason to believe, so deadly in its results as the present one.

But the man to report as an eye-witness of starvation, is not a gentleman from the city of Bombay. I can understand Mr. Kittredge, living in Bombay, the centre of government resource, commerce, and where grain is at hand, and where foreign and native community is so stirred to philanthropic activity, to say, should see no deaths that he could attribute to bare hunger and nothing more. The most of those who die of famine are not fortunate enough to escape the intervention of any and every disease that will die of starvation. They die of cholera, dysentery, and fever, and a dozen complaints which unwholesome and unnatural food and reduced food give occasion to. I have nursed hundreds of them die, notwithstanding care and appropriate medication.

Mr. Kittredge had traveled through India, a little remote from railroads, and where food can with difficulty be obtained, he would have been obliged to believe his statement in regard to those districts, or to prove it to the satisfaction of the Indian public, who are giving relief to people whom they believe to be dying of starvation. Native people die for love of giving to Pariahs and other outcasts, among whom the severest famine exists; and yet natives, civilians, Christians, and heathen, all are giving by the hundreds and thousands of rupees, to aid to relieve those whom the Indian newspapers and the government officers tell us are starving.

GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

NEW YORK CITY, June 6th, 1897.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

Sunday School Lesson for June 27. Golden Text: Matt. 24: 14. The Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.

THREE groups of four lessons each are contained in our quarter's review. Of the first four, three are concerned with Peter and his doings, and one with the formation of the Antioch church; the second four are occupied with Paul's ministry and travels; the third four deal with certain ethical and doctrinal matters. The first two groups are historical, and we learn from them how the Church behaved under the storm of persecution which followed the martyrdom of Stephen. One would have expected that the scattering of the first feeble followers of Christ would have extinguished the dim, flickering light of the new faith. Some of the members of the Church had seen the Lord and heard his gracious words, but the larger number had heard of him only through his Apostles. Separated from each other, with no written record of the Gospel, there was a danger that they would lose interest in Christ and his work. Our quarter's lessons are interesting, if for no other reason, because they show how this danger which menaced the infant faith was averted. This light was not to be hid under a bushel. As we read, we accept the test of Gamaliel: (Acts 5: 38). "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." At this day there are four hundred millions of Christians and their numbers are increasing in every generation. That is the issue of the Rabbi's test.

Thirteen of the twenty years covered by the Book of Acts are occupied by the first two groups of lessons. They are historical, but it is history of the Scriptural order. It is not a mere recital of facts and events, but history written with a purpose. There is spiritual teaching all along the course. Luke, who undoubtedly wrote the book, is less concerned about making a complete narrative, than in setting down such facts as will show the character of the Apostles' teaching and the circumstances which were, in his view, most momentous to the progress and development of the Church. We should have been glad to know many things about the period which he does not disclose. We would like to know how the mother church in Jerusalem conducted its affairs, where it worshipped, how it was governed, and many other things about which our historian is silent. But none of these matters could have helped us as the history which Luke wrote has helped us. It would seem as if Luke's design was to leave the future church free to take the form that might suit it best. Uniformity surely was not sought. No directions are given anywhere as to church government, or manner of worship. The Holy Spirit was given; faith in Christ and union with him were insisted upon, and all the details were left to development. The great tree which Christ saw growing from the smallest of seeds (Matt. 13: 32) was not to be fettered in its growth. But it was to grow rapidly. At the end of these thirteen years its branches covered the region of Asia Minor and already the seeds had been carried by travellers who had been converted into Europe.

The first group of four lessons comprises: Peter working miracles; Peter preaching to Gentiles; Peter delivered from prison; and the planting of the Church at Antioch in Syria. The mighty power which Christ had imparted to his people, and which the Holy Spirit had quickened into vigorous life, was making itself manifest. These unlettered, uneducated men were not to stand idle, nor to keep the light to themselves. They had probably not the faintest conception of

what Christianity was to be to the world; but they could testify and this they did. They declared what they personally knew by experience, and there was no ambiguity about their utterances. All the diffidence and uncertainty which had characterized them during the life of their Lord, disappeared and they spoke and acted with boldness and power.

It was, however, in the period covered by the second group of lessons that the era of expansion really came. It is significant that it did not originate in the mother church at Jerusalem, but at Antioch, the youngest and most mixed, racially, of the churches. Not only did Antioch give to the followers of Christ the name by which they have ever since been known, but it initiated the new movement through which it has since developed. Antioch sent out missionaries. That fact reveals the character of the Church. The people there fasted and prayed; and it was therefore a devotional church. The result was not abortive. It did not end only in increased piety, but in a practical, aggressive activity. Here Paul and James

Tongue; Paul's Advice to Timothy; and Personal Responsibility. These lessons shed light on the church life of the period by the glimpse they give us of the questions which were then occupying the Christian mind. Some of these questions have changed their form since that time, but the principles laid down by the Bible writers are so broad that they can be applied to the present situation. They all indicate the necessity of a true spiritual union with Christ and of a broad tolerance as to external rites, ceremonies and observances.

Whosoever believeth. (Acts 10: 43.) Peter had learned his lesson. God had taught him as he admitted not to call anything common or unclean. Having learned this much, "Whosoever" was a good word to use. Sailer, afterwards Bishop of Regensburg, was preaching on one occasion in a country church, the rector of which laid great stress on rites and ceremonies. Sailer preached salvation to all who would repent and believe. The rector, at the conclusion, announced that he would preach himself in the evening as Sailer had opened the doors of heaven much too wide. "He is an excellent hand at bandages," the rector added, "but a poor operator." Sailer was a humble man and took the reproof in good part. "It may be so," he said, "but there are more people cured by the bandage than the knife."

Believed and turned to the Lord (Acts 11: 21). "I remember," says a clergyman, "while at college receiving an invitation from the great man of the county to his house to a dinner, and to see some choice

Napoleonic wars. On the day before Easter Sunday, in 1799, the town of kirche was horror-stricken by seeing a French army of 18,000 men, under Massena, come against it. The town council was hastily summoned to decide what should be done. Some members urged immediate surrender, others urged measure of defence, and others some different, but all were desperate. The meeting broke up with nothing done each member was instructed to be the following morning. "To-morrow said the old dean, 'is Easter Sunday have been reckoning our own streets and have found it to be nothing. I turn to God. Let us have service as usual and beseech God to deliver us.'" Council agreed, and at dawn the bells of every steeple rang out the joyous tones that greeted the Easter morn. Massena heard the joy-bells, and asked what occurred. His officers could not tell but the rumor spread that in the night the Austrians had come to the relief of the town. In alarm, Massena broke up camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing, the French army was in full retreat. God had answered prayer.

To bridle the whole body. (James 3: 7.) "Why do you look so weary?" said a Christian friend, who was addressing a Christian friend, who was saying, "How do you think a man would be for a long time he had been keeping order and taming two falcons, two hawks, a snake and a lion, and I had to wait on a sick man? I should think that a man who had been doing all that, would be very tired." "Duties," said the Christian, "are quite harassing. Two falcons would give me no more trouble than I take to keep eyes, lest they rest on things that would be hurtful to my salvation; two hares need no more restraint than do men that are quick to run after evil; two would not be more difficult to train my hands have been in God's service, a snake could not do more mischief than the tongue would do if it were not kept under guard; and no lion is so difficult to subdue as my heart with which I have waited for years. The sick man I have waited on is myself and I have no ease in supplying my own wants."

How great a matter a little fire kindleth. (Jas. 3: 5.) A newspaper account of a terrible accident at Cincinnati was headed "An inch of iron the cause of fatal terror." The account goes on to describe the accident on the inclined plane at Cincinnati, by which several were killed as many wounded. "The cause of the wreck was a little piece of iron not more than an inch long that became lodged in the cut-off valve, and was found in the morning by the men who took the machinery apart. How it came there, no one knows. It was not broken off from the surrounding machinery, as far as even been ascertained. By occupying space required for the rod to move so disarranged the machinery as to make it impossible for the engineer to stop the steam." So there are momentous actions in life, seemingly small and insignificant in themselves. But the soul started on some downward track; moment the momentum increases; when effort is made, it is found that the power of control over the will is lost and the result is spiritual and eternal disaster.

He that in these things serveth is acceptable. (Rom. 14: 8.) This general rule covering the whole life, find very sincere Christians in the churches. They do not agree as to the form of worship, nor the style of government, nor many other things when their hearts are right with God are accepted of him in spite of their differences. When a governess was wanted for the children of George III. of England, a certain Scotch lady named Campbell, was recommended to the King, sent for her and told her that he proposed to appoint her to that lucrative and honorable position. She was very modest and told the King that the royal chamberlain should be taught many accomplishments about which she was ignorant and advised him to appoint some more learned lady to the post. "Madam," he said, "I wish you to accept the position because you are a good woman. We can hire professors to teach the things you have mentioned, but I want a right-principled person to have charge of the children. I can easily buy accomplishments, but I cannot buy principles."



TARSUS, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

could meet on common ground. Here was the faith Paul commended, issuing in the works that James demanded. This is the kind of revival that brings forth great things.

In the Antioch Church, it was not only the new movement that was momentous, but the character of the men commissioned. Paul and Barnabas were called to the van. The new impetus came from the two men, and finally from one of the two. That impetus was to be felt through the centuries. Modern Christianity is what Paul made it. In him the infant Church found the guide it needed to attain the conquest of the world. He brought to his work intense piety, zeal and profound scholarship. It was he who most fully apprehended the principles of Christ's mission and showed the significance of the record of the Gospels. From him we learn, as the other Apostles could not teach us, how Christianity was the development and the consummation of Judaism. He showed that the old religion contained the kernel which, stripped of its husk, would grow to the tree which should spread its branches through the whole earth. The simple narratives of the Gospel were necessary to give us the portraiture of the Christ; but it is to Paul's epistles that we go for the theology that is the body to the spirit. Our second group of four lessons introduces to us this remarkable man, beginning his missionary career; preaching to the Jews; preaching to the Gentiles; and going to Jerusalem to win for the Church its freedom.

The third group comprises the lessons on: Faith and Works; Sins of the

souvenirs of travel. He had been on a tour around the world, and thinking that we young men would be interested in his curiosities, he sent us a general invitation and added the dinner as an attraction to young men who in those days did not often get a good dinner. There were two parties of us, and some friends had lent us vehicles. We drove away together in high spirits. It was a lovely day and the road led under great trees and through a beautiful country. The other vehicle got ahead of the one I was in and was lost to sight. Presently we met a man who seemed to belong to that neighborhood, and we asked him how far it was to the squire's mansion. He said we were on the wrong road. We should have turned out about a mile farther back. We turned around and drove back, took the turning described, and reached the mansion in due course. But the other party did not come. When we returned to college at night we found that they, too, had met the countryman and had inquired of him, as we did. But they did not turn back. They were enjoying the pleasant drive, and they thought there would be a turning farther on that would lead them to our host's mansion. I have often thought how like this is to the way the Gospel message is treated. There are many who believe, but do not turn, and they never get to heaven."

The Lord hath sent his angel and hath delivered me. (Acts 12: 11.) Deliverance comes in many and strange ways. For God has all nature at his disposal and can use his own means to work his will, when he desires to deliver his children. One remarkable instance occurred during the



GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNT HERMON, NORTHFIELD, MASS.

NORTHFIELD COUNCILS.

Moody's Arrangements for the Entertainment of Christian Young People and Christian Workers During the Summer.

WHAT is an Evangelist's vacation? Ideas differ on the question. Mr. Moody's notion of a vacation may be learned from the programme he has issued of the meetings which are to be held at Northfield during the next three months. For sixteen years past, the summer at Northfield has been a season of spiritual preparation. It has been Mr. Moody's custom to gather around him Christian workers in various fields, and in the charmment of the lovely country-resort to give sweet counsel with them. A man as Mr. Moody usually is during the months of the year, preaching almost every day, and often twice a day, might have expected to spend his vacation in a season of recreation as different as from his ordinary way of life. He would not be happy or contented in any way. He suspends his ordinary life only to get new strength to re-enter it. Especially does he seek in his vacation to be renewed in his spiritual power, and it is to this that his vacation is devoted. There is even in Christ's life when he withdrew to a desert place and rest a while, such an invitation that the great Master addresses to those who, like him, are laboring for the redemption of the world. Many have accepted his invitation in bygone years, who have come to Northfield to find the charming retreat strength-



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of body and soul for their work, with increased faith and their zeal increased. In many far-off cities and country places, the impetus gained under the shade of those Northfield trees has been the source of the unction and power of Gospel ministry and manifold activities. Visitors come to Northfield in response to bring together at the same place workers of the same character. On the part of the group from the colleges will be students from the seats of learning in this and other lands who are preparing for the pulpit, or the learned professors, will meet in conference and Bible study Meetings are held in the Auditorium or in the open air, morning and evening, as in former years, and the afternoon are given to recreation. Among the eminent professors who have promised to join the young men and assist in the

informal discussions that will take place, are: Dr. F. L. Patton, President of Princeton; Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., of Cambridge, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Dr. A. F. Schaffner, of New York. All information about this Conference may be obtained from Mr. H. W. Georgi, 40 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Following this Conference will come an assembly of young women, beginning July 9. The specific aim of this Convention is to train college women for leadership in organized Christian work among their fellow students; to consider the problems of Christian work among city young women; to give practical direction to missionary work, and to deepen spiritual life. Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. R. A. Torrey, Mr. John R. Mott, Mr. R. E. Lewis, of the Student Volunteer movement; Mrs. J. S. Norvell, late of China, and Miss E. K. Price, of the Y. W. C. A., of Chicago, will take part in this Conference. It will continue about two weeks, and inquiries about it may be sent to Miss Carrie B. Wilson, 126 State St., Chicago.

A third Convention, to meet July 29, will be that of Christian Workers, which is one of the oldest Northfield gatherings. In these meetings the major Christian doctrines are presented by able Bible students; plans and methods of Christian work are discussed by the clergy and layworkers; various Christian enterprises are represented, and the promoting and deepening of the spiritual life is especially sought. The following speakers and teachers are expected among others: Rev. Geo. H. C. McGregor, London; Rev. Campbell Morgan, Birmingham, England; Bishop Newman, Washington, D. C.; Mr. W. H. Stanes and Mr. V. D. David, the Tamil evangelist, India; Dr. H. C. Mabie, Boston; Rev. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago, and Rev. C. L. Scofield, Northfield.

Besides these, there will be a Young Men's Christian Association encampment, open during the months of July and



NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM.

August. The camp will be on the lower slope of Notch Mountain, within easy reach of the auditorium. Mr. Moody acts as general host and will participate in all the Conventions. It is impossible to exaggerate the benefits which have been derived in past years from these seasons

of peaceful retirement, when the servants of Christ meditate together on the truths of Christianity and gain new power from the endowment of the Holy Spirit.

Was this the Oldest Sunday School?

It is generally claimed that the first Sunday School, in the modern sense of the term, was that established by Robert Raikes of England. This, however, is disputed by Rev. W. T. Scott in an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He asserts that John Wesley established the first Sunday School at Savannah, Ga. In connection with his other labors, which were indeed prodigious, Wesley soon after his arrival in Georgia, in 1736, began to provide for the Sunday School instruction of the children of the parish. His devotion to children at times almost amounted to infatuation. Children were likewise equally attached to him, as shown in their intercourse with him. Both on week-days and Sabbaths he gave no little attention to educational work. As a preliminary labor on the Sabbath, before the evening service, he required them to convene in the church, at which time he catechised them thoroughly and furnished them with additional teaching from the Bible itself.



AN AIRING FOR TENEMENT BABIES—A SCENE ON THE NEW YORK DOCKS

In the present Wesleyan Memorial Church in Savannah, Georgia, there is a Sunday School room into which hundreds of children crowd for Sunday instruction. The original class was less in number, but it was unquestionably the first Sunday School in the world. When taught by Wesley it numbered between sixty and seventy-five scholars, but from all accounts there were few, if any, Indian boys in his classes.

A very high authority, Sir Charles Reed, M. P., LL.D., of England, is clearly of the

Mont-Lawn Ready to Open.

Its Gates will Swing Wide Next Week for Our Little Tenement Waifs.



HERE are hundreds of pale-faced little children, living in the New York tenements, up hot alleys and in stuffy, ill-ventilated courts, who are counting the days that must elapse before the opening of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Opening day is with them always a big annual event since it ushers in the pleasant season of summer outings, when they can leave the hot pavements and foul-smelling slums behind, and luxuriate amid the flowers, the cool woods and the thousand other attractions of the country. As for the Home itself, it never looked lovelier than now. The surrounding woods are alive with sweet songsters, and the flowers are nodding in readiness for little hands to pick them and weave them into garlands or bunch them into "posies." All the swings are up and the grass on the wide-spreading lawn has been trimmed and looks like a great velvet carpet.

Our little chapel, where the sweet childish voices have been raised so often in

songs of praise, looks very inviting; the dormitories are cool and sweet with their snowy coverlets and pillows, and in the large dining-hall one seems to hear a faint echo of the merry clatter that fills the place when the family of some two hundred and odd boys and girls are at meals. Outside on the east lawn, the great marquee tent has been spread and soon it will be alive with as gay and happy an assembly as ever gathered under the canvas. Matron Collins and her staff of workers have made the Home so bright and cheerful, so clean and wholesome looking that it will cost the little folks many a pang to tear themselves away from it when they set their faces cityward again.

Although the Spring has been a cool one, New York has already had a touch of torrid weather and the usual summer scenes of children crowding about the docks and public squares can already be witnessed. They are glad to go anywhere to escape the close, enervating heat of the crowded tenements. Our photographer has shown (in the illustration on this page), how some of the future candidates for a ten-day stay at Mont-Lawn pass the hot June afternoons and evenings. Once in the country, well fed, well housed and slept, and kindly treated, these little ones will be real boys and girls for a time and will get as near to nature and her joys as it is possible to come. The first contingent will go to the Home within a few days.

The following contributions for the work of the Children's Home have been received:

Prev. acc'd	\$322.70
Chas H Cole	2 50
Mrs M Taylor	2 00
Maellon, Brooklyn	1 00
Kempe Eliza	2 50
Mrs L H Johnson	3 15
Wm Warlow	25
S S Class & Teacher, Grafton	1 10
M C Merryman	2 00
Rollin B Heaton	1 25
Jane St M E S S, New York	13 25
E B Hemingway	1 00
Alma, Poynette	50
Total	\$335.20

opinion that this Sunday School was the first founded in the world, and that it antedates by a half century the secular instruction of Robert Raikes at Gloucester, England, as well as the first school in America upon Raikes' plan, which was established in New York City."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Partnership in Religion.

HUGH MILLER says he wondered how the nailmakers in England could drive the nailmakers of Cromarty from the market, until he found that the men of Cromarty had to compete with the English men and women both; that is, that the women-folk as well as the men-folk were engaged in this manufacture. It is just so in religion; the man who has the help of his women-folk in religion will outdistance all competition not so favored. God made woman to be a helpmeet for man in religion, as Burns expresses it of life: to climb Zion's hill together. It is hard singing alone. In harmony two voices encourage each other. And wife and husband together can always beat the devil, so to speak, as to family religion. They can drown him with singing.

COMMUNITY OF PROFIT.

In partnership, this is essential. There may or may not be community of money, goods, labor or skill. One may give the money, another the plant, another the labor, and a fourth the skill, but whatever the profit, in order to partnership that must be common. It is so with religion in the family: the benefits cannot be appropriated by husband or wife. They are for the family. How often you hear a man say, "My wife does the religion for this family." But, that does not make family religion. There is no partnership, there is no community of profit. Even the children suffer. There cannot be silent partners in this partnership.

SILENT PARTNERSHIP.

This is sometimes attempted in family religion. But, in silent partnership, capital is furnished. What is the capital of the silent partner in religion? Well, the money to pay the pew-rent, the benevolent contributions, any other contingent expenses. This is the usual interpretation. The husband says to his wife: "You create the religious atmosphere, do the praying for the children, bring them up in the adoration of the Lord, and I will pay the bills." But does such capital get into the partnership? Does not gift, money, need to be secured by prayer? Can money be set over a great spiritual vision, a spiritual example, spiritual life? How does God who is co-partner reckon this attempt at silent partnership?

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

Well, this contract implies that each partner shall do his best, and that the two shall stand the storm of fate together.

whatever that may be. It is a contract that closes only with life. Some people select their marriage companions with as much carelessness as they would select a partner in a dance. In the dance of life sometimes the measure is a very difficult one, and the partners do not keep step to it or to each other; sometimes the music stops or changes into a minor. They are no longer partners gliding across a waxed and polished floor, but climbing an uphill road, or even walking together to a secluded spot, where is uttered the phrase: "Dust to dust." That was in the contract: one of its implications. For better or worse!

"JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."

We regard that as about the sweetest love song ever written. The partners have got along into the sixties or seventies. The almond tree is in blossom. The daughters of music are brought low. Those that look out at the windows are darkened. There is rheumatism in the case. But neither wishes the partnership dissolved. They have had children in the home-nest, but these have taken to themselves wings and builded themselves other nests. There is little for them to do. The strong men have bowed themselves. Other shoulders have taken the burdens. Is there still profit in the partnership? Ay, they say to each other with the poet:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The rest for which the first was made.

Executive Good Manners.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY means to keep the peace with the other branches of the Government. We will guarantee that if at the end of his four years of office any member of the House, any Senator is out of sorts with him, it will not be the President's fault. Evidently, he does not mean to make machine appointments. Take the new representatives of this Government to England and France, the best gifts of that kind in the President's power, they had no political backing. And, yet, when first mentioned, they approved themselves as ideal appointments. And when Mr. Platt has a candidate, it is Andrew D. White for Germany. The high tone of the President communicates itself to the political leaders. What do politics owe to Andrew D. White? The country owes him a debt; not a party.

The people who elect the different Departments of Government have a claim upon them, as to good manners. A surly or ungentelemanly official, endangers public interests. The collision between the two great Republican leaders, a few years since, was the indirect cause of the assassination of a President. It is not too much to say, that in the management of public affairs, all personal considerations should be suppressed, or waived. What right has the Chief Executive, or a member of the House or the Senate to allow public business to be arrested or impeded, because he has a personal difference with some other public official? It is just as immoral in him as to allow a battle to fail, simply to spite a brother officer.

Theologians find the need of a Trinity in their systems of theology. This Trinity works harmoniously; each divine person fulfilling his own function in the salvation of men; else, there would be nothing done. There is something like it in human government. The Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary Departments need to work in unity. The people inform the law-makers what laws they want. Their Representatives are elected to make them. The Judges pronounce upon their constitutionality. The Executive sees they are carried into effect. And so we have a government. There is no other way of securing one. The Executive alone is not the Government; nor the Law makers alone; nor the Judiciary. But, the Trinity which embraces them all is the Government.

The Worship of the Serpent.

THE serpent and the tree! That is the conjunction we find in every race and every faith. Indeed it may be safely asserted of all false religions "the trail of the serpent is over them." "Wherever the devil has reigned," says Bishop Stillington, "there also, has the serpent been held in veneration; either as god, oracle, or charm. And as man fell by the serpent, so also by his adoration of it, he has continued to fall, even unto the present day."

It is undoubtedly the oldest of all idolatries. Bel, or Obel, "Serpent Lord" was a favorite god of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Canaanites, and of all the countries lying between the Great Sea and the Euphrates; and the history of Bel and the Dragon, in the Apocrypha, is a vivid picture of the worship of Bel, in the days of Daniel. A serpent coiled at the root of a tree, is the design of the oldest Tyrian medals; and eleven cities of Asia Minor, had the serpent for an ensign. Tradition says that St. Philip killed the great serpent, which the people of Hierapolis worshipped by his prayers; and founded there, one of the earliest Christian churches.

Persian mythology represents the good and the evil principles of life, by two serpents; and Cashmere, had at least seven hundred places where this creature was worshipped; as for China, the serpent, under the name of the Dragon, intersects every phase of religion, politics, social and domestic life. On the sceptre and diadem of the emperor, on the pots and clothing of the humblest citizen it is found.

Hindustan gave to serpent worship a grim and awful power. The merciless Juggernaut is a seven-headed dragon; and the fifth day of the month Sravana is "sacred to the gods in the form of serpents." Coming westward, we find that Egypt, the mother of all superstitions, has always venerated the serpent. Not fifty years ago, Bishop Pococke saw the worship of the serpent "Heredy" at Raigny, in which worship he says "both Christians and Turks believe." If we look through Greek and Roman mythologies, we shall be startled at the prominence given to the serpent, and it is further to be noted, that many of their great men gloried in the idea that they were the sons of serpents.

There is little need to enlarge on the terrible prominence given in Scandinavian mythologies to the serpent. To this god, our own British and Saxon ancestors offered up their bloody rites; and Dr. Deane thinks that it was against serpent-worship rather than serpents themselves, that St. Patrick exercised his apostolic zeal. The royal standard of Denmark was a serpent; and in Poland, the idolatry lingered until Jerome of Prague ordered the serpents kept as household deities, to be burned. In Italy as late as A.D. 688, the Bishop of Benevento melted into a sacramental chalice a golden serpent which the people had worshipped.

In America the traces of this universal idolatry are equally prominent. Mexico had her serpent god, and even the purer Sabianism of Peru annually offered a human sacrifice to the serpent. The great mounds of Ohio and Iowa are really serpent images; and Purchas in his *Pilgrimage*, says he found among the Virginian Indians the snake-head dress of their priests to be almost similar to those worn by the priests of Isis and Bacchus. And anyone who is much among the Southern negroes of this very day may find many traces of this ancient idolatry mingling with the Christian creeds they profess.

In the Old Testament the serpent is too fatally evident. It lies there at the foundation of all sin and sorrow and suffering, and the Jews showed the strangest infatuation for this worship, even though it demanded the sacrifice of their children. Not until the days of Hezekiah did they cease to burn incense unto the memorial brazen serpent; and even during the first centuries of Christianity, there were such frequent blendings of this emblem in religious, sepulchral, and personal adornments, that Clemens passionately reproved Christian women for wearing bracelets and jewels fashioned in the likeness of this creature, a fault that Christians of the present day are by no means guiltless of, and which in some years easily within the memory has amounted to a decided fashion.

The mass of information on this subject is simply stupendous and covers every nation in every era of the world's history. How shall we account for this universal and persistent idolatry of a creature neither beautiful, wise, nor beneficent? Only on the ground that the Mosaic record is a true, a literally true, record. Then the history of serpent-worship is the history of the unity of the human race, the history of that mighty warfare which began when enmity was put between the woman and the serpent, and which shall only end when "that old serpent, which is the Devil, shall be bound so that he deceive the nations no more." The day arrives! For serpent worship has now fled into the darkest corners of the earth, where are still the habitations of cruelty; and the Cross, which is the Tree of Life, has been planted for the healing of the nations.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. S. D. Tonge, of Laconia, N.H., is to acknowledge on his behalf, the sum of \$1000 sent to him for distribution among the veterans by J. A. H., Veteran's Home, Waupaca, Wis.

The attendance of ministers at the Leyland Conference, which is to open in Leyland, on July 20th, is expected to be very large. Some 1,200 applications have already been received.

Rev. F. B. Meyer has accepted the invitation of many ministers to give a series of lectures in New York, Boston and other cities. His lectures, however, will not permit of his return before midwinter.

The California Episcopate is to have a Cathedral, the first steps toward which have been taken in San Francisco. It will be a missionary work, the organization known as the Mission of the Good Samaritan being turned as a nucleus for that purpose.

Mrs. Florence Babbitt, an energetic worker of the Ladies Society of St. Luke's Church, Detroit, Mich., is doing an excellent mission in placing Bibles, prayer-books and hymnals in various spots along the lines of railroad in Michigan, at convenient places where they may be used by waiting passengers.

The permanent Committee on Arbitration appointed by the National Arbitration Commission has issued an appeal to the American people, testing against the rejection by the Senate of the International Arbitration Treaty, and asking labor earnestly to the end that the will of the people concerning arbitration may be embodied in appropriate legislation.

Dr. Lawes, the well-known missionary to New Guinea, gives a most cheering account of progress that has been made in that island the last twenty-two years. "There are no churches and schools in places where the darkness and savagery existed; there are scholars in connection with these schools, men and women are professed followers of Christ."

The opening of the Auditorium at Grove, N. J., for the season, is fixed for July 1st. Holiness meetings will be held daily in the building, led by Rev. J. R. Daniels. The people's meeting will be held daily at 9 A.M. Rev. C. H. Yatman. Dr. Hanlon will give Bible class every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. and man will preach at 7:30 P.M.

The City of Toronto, Can., has now three local battles on the question of Sunday cars. In January, 1892, and August, 1897, Sunday car party won, but last month the car party mustered all their available resources to outvote the opponents of Sunday car travel by 321 majority. The result is said to be a surprise to the advocates of a quick end of the Lord's day in the old Canada.

The Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reports total for the past year as \$478,327, including \$244,400 for foreign missions, an increase of \$7,103; \$1,000,000 for domestic missions; \$18,000 by the Woman's and Home Mission Society, and \$1,000,000 by the Woman's Foreign Mission Board. In foreign fields the Board has 105 missions (including wives); and 268 native helpers.

Judge Sheldon of the Suffolk (Mass.) Court, in rendering a decision on a case in Boston, announced as a dictum of the court that "theosophy is not a religion." This it appears, is accepted by the leaders of the Theosophical Society, one of the foremost of the "new religions." It is not a religion, but a superstition. Having neither form nor definition, both object and classification.

Rev. Alexander MacLaren, the celebrated English divine, has recently been offered the Regent's Park by the co-pastorate of Bloomsbury Church, has, however, refused the tempting honor to continue a life of Christian activity in his present congregation. Dr. MacLaren is highly honored by the Free Church of Scotland in the completion of his half century of ministry.

In a recent statistical compilation, the relative numerical strength of the Protestant denominations, H. K. Carroll gives these comparative figures: Methodists (colored and white), 5,653,289; Baptists, 4,153,387; Presbyterians, 1,400,346; Lutherans, 1,420,057; Episcopalians, 1,003,672; P. E. Congregationalists, 577,000; Last year the gain was: Methodist Baptists, 85,318; Disciples, 80,000; Congregationalists, 20,000; Episcopalians, 19,430.

The Rev. David S. Schaff has been recently elected to the chair of church history at the University of Halle, Germany. He is the son of Prof. Philip Schaff, who was president of the American committee on Bible revision in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The Rev. David Schaff has been identified with his father's literary enterprise as co-editor of Schaff & Herzog's encyclopedia and other standard works.

Rev. William James is opening his new season at Belle Isle, Conn., for Christian work this season. Last year many a tired laborer in city slums enjoyed a one or two rest at this pleasant resort. A cordial welcome, as far as the accommodations and the permit to missionaries and workers who are to pay for their board. Mr. James would receive contributions from friends to enable him to receive many more of these worthy guests. They may be sent to him at Box 61, Belle Isle, Conn.

Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., just returned from a tour in India, in his observations, makes special note of the fact that the harshest criticisms of missionaries come not from non-Christians and not from Europeans and Americans. He says that the most ridiculous appears the claim sometimes made by the Brahman caste, that they are Christians. Have I not seen a Brahman in the bazaars of Benares? Have I not seen a whole row of Christian Brahman preachers of a native church in Ahmednagar, not sat for an hour in Poona with a Brahman told me the story of his conversion to Christianity. Have I not listened to addresses from natives in India, addresses so able and vigorous I longed to have such men and women in our churches in America?

NEW YORK CONTINUED

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 — Highland.
 — Holland Patent.
 — Jewettstown.
 — Kline.
 — Knoxboro.
 — Manchester.
 — Manchester Bdg.
 — Montgomery.
 — Mt. Vernon.
 — New York.
 — Ninebar.
 — Patchogue, L. I.
 — Salem.
 — Sidney.
 — Sing Sing.
 — Sparta.
 — W. Charlton.
 — West Shokan.
 — Wolcott.
 — Clinton County.
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 — N. Y. City.
 — Pleasant Ridge.
 — Scotland.
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 3. — E. Rockaway, L. I.
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 6. — Glensville.
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 — Cold Brook.
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 — Rushville.
 A friend of the cause.
 — H. T. C.
 Friend of Immanuel
 — Bap. cb. Utica.
 Friend of 2d Pres. ch.
 — Lockport.
 Sympathizing friends.
 — Lansingburgh.
 — H. T. C. Cornham.
 I.H.N., Brooklyn.
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 — E. Martinsburg.
 — N. Y. City.
 — Ithaca.
 — Kattelville.
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 — Mt. Vernon.
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Per. Forward

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Creamy, Mrs MRS C	100
Cune, E. J.	500
Cune, R. F.	500
Cune, Mrs Rachel	500
Cutcheon, Mrs Elizabeth	500
Darland, Mrs A. J.	100
Darling, Mrs Eliza	100
Darr, Garry, Rachel	500
Davis, W. P.	100
Dee, D. H.	25
Dee, Mrs H. H.	100
Dee, Lillian	25
Dee, George	500
Dee, Mrs Martha	25
Dee, P. T.	50
Dee, R. F.	25
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Gill, D. S.	500
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Gleason, Mrs A. S.	25
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Gordon, Walter	50
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Lean, A. A.	100
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Gage, Mrs	100
Agness, James	50
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stas, Clyde	10
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oyer, Lidia N.	315
oyer, Nellie A.	600
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yeger, Mrs W. P.	200
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Schenck, F
Pres church
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Schuck, Emma
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Shaw, Mrs Geo
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Sheibley, A Jr
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Smith, Mrs Annie
Smith, Bryan
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Smith, Clarence O
Smith, I Grant
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Smock, Mrs J
Smudski, Stan
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Snyder, Wm R
Solver, F W
Sonder, A K
Sowers, E D
Spaulding, Geo
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Sproats, Mrs Isaac
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Ethel Rogers
Springer, E B
Spron, Mrs Mary
Sprong, Geo
Sprout, Emma C
Squires, A C
Staley, B D
Staley, Mrs Step
Stanford, E
Stanton, Mrs J
Stanton, Mrs John
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Stearns, Mrs John
Steele, A W
Stehman, J G
Stenger, Mr & Mrs
Stephens, Beolia
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Stephenson, Wm
Stevens, Callie
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Stevens, John
Stevenson, Jas
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Stewart, Chas P
Stewart, Geo R
Stewart, Mrs
Stewart, R E
Stillwagon, Mrs
Stillwell, Obe
Stiner, Mr
Stocker, Mrs
Stolzfus, E B
Stolzfus, I K
Stone, Mrs R W
Stover, Nellie
Stover, Rev Hugh
Strain, Mrs Mary
Strain, Mrs Mary
Stratton, Mrs Oso
Strodes, Anna

1.00 Penn. Co. Strong, Sam.

15	Strong, Jenn
15	Strong, Mrs
15	Strong, Wm
50	Strowse, Ann
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1	Sweet, John
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1	Switt, Mrs
1	Taggart, C
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2	Tanfer, Ray
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1	Tay or, John
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1	Thayer, H S
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1	Tobias, Am
1	Torbert, Mrs
1	Torbert, Miss
4	Torry, M L
1	Towers, Mrs
1	Tranch, Ella
5	Tranch, Edw
5	Tranch, Herbert
5	Tranch, Mary
25	Tranch, Sam
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1	Tranger, Mrs
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2	Treston, Mar
1	Trumble, Mrs
2	Trimble, John
1	Tritle, Lath
25	Troxel, Mrs
1	Uhrich, Mrs
2	Vandergriff, M
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1	Van, John
5	Van Yalin, C
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50	Vanghan, Mrs
5	Voise, Mrs E
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30	Wagner, J
1	Wallace, J
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5	Way, Wm
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25	Weaver, A F
12	Weaver, D
13	Weaver, Sam
1	Webster, Mar
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1	Wetzel, R
1	Myrtle
1	Wegle, Mrs
1	Weikel, C A
7	Weinhold, J
1	Weiss, Mrs
5	Weller, Henr
5	Wells, Mrs
1	Wenger, A H
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1	Wenger, Joe
1	Wenger, M
5	West, Ada
1	West, Wm
1	Wheeler, R
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1	Wheaton, S
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1	Whesler, D
1	Whisler, S B
1	White, Mr
1	White, H L
1	White, J C
1	White, Mrs
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1	Whitmore, L
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1	Whitman, W
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1	Wilder, Ann
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THE
BIBLEAND THE
NEWSPAPER

Memorial of a Philanthropist.

WISE, far-sighted benevolence such as Peter Cooper practised in New York could not go unrecognized without ingratitude. The good old man may, as reported, have been content to let his memorial of himself besides the person that bears his name, but the people who were aided by his benefaction would not rest satisfied until a memorial of the philanthropist was made. A committee to receive contributions was organized soon after his death, and it was interesting to witness many of the poor who had profited by educational facilities Peter Cooper's benevolence had provided, came to add mites to the fund. A series of unforeseen accidents delayed the realization of the project, but at last the memorial is in place and has been unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. It consists of a statue of the philanthropist by the sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens, with a pedestal and accessories designed by Mr. St. Gaudens, the architect. It stands appropriately in the little triangular garden on the roof of Cooper Union, where it will be seen by the people whom he loved and whom he planned to help. At the exercises preliminary to the unveiling of the statue many of his descendants were present, and it was announced that by the generosity the work commenced by the founder of the Institute would be continued and extended and that permanent provision had been made for its perpetuation. The well-known story of the foundation of Cooper Union was told anew and the poetic words of the grand old man who had never been able to forget his struggles to get an education told how he had determined that if ever he succeeded in business he would provide for the aspiring poor boys and girls of his native city the opportunity for education so ardently longed in his own life. When wealth came to him, he did not forget his resolve, but planted his personal institution right in the heart of the district where such boys and girls and his later years were gladdened by seeing how thoroughly it was appreciated and how well it was used. When he went to his grave in his ninety-third year, he had proved the truth of the wise declaration as to the wisdom that he sought all his life:

"The end of days is in her right hand; and in her left, riches and honor." (Prov. 3: 16.)

South American Pest.

Entomologists are concerned about the arrival in Philadelphia of a new bug which has been found in their collections and is by all accounts a desirable importation. Specimens were taken from the hold of the steamer Albertina, from Rosario, Argentina, unloading a cargo of bones collected from the great slaughter houses in Argentina. The bugs have several legs, are covered with hair and are extremely minute in appearance. Captain Dill, master of the Albertina, was warned at the last of the destructive nature of the pest, and, acting on the advice of the entomologists, had the hold of his vessel whitewashed, using ten barrels of quicklime, which was stirred nearly a hundred times with arsenic. The officers of the vessel were confident that the woodwork of the vessel would have been so eaten that the vessel would have been lost at sea before reaching this port had it not been for this precaution. This is shown by the condition of pieces of timber which were not treated with arsenic, and which were found to be honeycombed with the pest. The most cases full of the living larvae of the pest. Doubtless, precautions were taken to prevent their spread throughout the country. Everyone understands how much mischief may be done by destructive creatures that can eat bones

and wood. It would be well if we were similarly on our guard against the entrance and spread of pernicious doctrines and books and all forms of sin which destroy the very soul so that their victims cry as did the patriarch:

"I am like a rotten thing that consumeth, like a garment that is moth-eaten." (Job 13: 23.)

Fighting Sailors Forget Duty.

A free fight among a crew on board a wrecking vessel came near causing the death of a diver on June 4, near Beach Haven, N. J. The captain of the vessel put on his leaden boots and his diver's suit to go down to examine the position of a wrecked vessel. He had scarcely reached bottom and commenced his work when a dispute arose on deck. One of the sailors objected to the assumption of authority on the part of the mate, whom the captain had placed in command while he was absent. The two men roundly abused each other, and eventually came to blows. The sympathies of the crew were divided, and while some took the part of the mate, others defended the sailor. Soon all of the crew were engaged in the fight, and even the man who was working the pump which kept the submerged captain supplied with air, took a hand in the struggle. He was fighting as fiercely as the others, when the situation of the captain dawned on his mind. He called on the crew to leave off fighting and help him draw the captain to the surface. They, too, realized the consequences of their inattention to duty and the unfortunate man was drawn up. He was in a critical condition, and for some time it was feared that life was extinct. They divested him of his diving suit and worked over him for over an hour before he recovered consciousness. They say that he was neglected for only a few minutes, but to the captain, gasping for breath at the bottom of the sea, it seemed like an age that he suffered through the cessation of the pumping. It is a mercy that his life was spared. When strife begins it occupies the attention to the exclusion of other people's dangers. Ministers who are fond of heresy-hunting and disputation often forget this and while they are contending over minor questions souls who need gospel preaching suffer.

"The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men. . . . That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil." (II. Tim. 2: 25-26.)

Tired of Exile.

An embezzler for whom search has been made throughout Europe and South America voluntarily surrendered a few days ago to the New York police. Six years ago he was the most trusted employe of a banking and brokerage firm on Broadway, New York. He lived at New Brunswick, New Jersey. His life had been exemplary and his friends in the city and his neighbors in the country all believed him to be a wealthy man. Early in 1891 they were surprised by his suddenly breaking up his home and selling his furniture. It was stated, in explanation, that he was going to Europe for a vacation, and that during his absence his wife and family would board in New York. The man actually did go to Europe, and his employers learned that he never

intended coming back. They received a letter from him which he gave to the pilot to mail and which reached them when he was safe in mid-Atlantic, confessing that he was a defaulter, and stating that he had absconded because his wrongdoing could no longer be concealed. They made an examination of his books but found them in good order and with no sign of a shortage. They were coming to the conclusion that he was crazy, when a discovery was made which confirmed his letter. One of their customers sent them instructions how to invest sixty thousand dollars standing to his credit with them, but they found that he had only twenty thousand dollars to his credit. Then it was realized that although the absconding employee's books were apparently correct, he had been taking the money and stock of customers and converting them to his own use. The police were put on his track and European detectives were set to work, but the man eluded them. Finally, when all hope of arresting him was abandoned, the man came of his own accord and gave himself up. He said he was tired of exile and longed to be once more in his own land. It is expected that he will make partial

restitution and will submit to a term of punishment, but he appears to be relieved by his surrender. Many a man has had the same sense of relief when he has given up his sins and has cast himself unreservedly on the mercy of God.

He looketh upon men and if any say I have sinned and perverted that which was right and it profited me not, he will deliver his soul and his life shall see the light. (Job 33: 27.)

The Yerkes Telescope Wrecked.

News comes from Wisconsin that the Yerkes telescope, the wonder and glory of the American astronomical world, has had a narrow escape of being ruined. The elevating floor has fallen to the bottom of the great dome, where it lies at an angle of forty-five degrees, with one edge on the floor and the other against the guides that carry the ponderous counter-weights. The workmen say that it will take the whole summer to remove the wreck and put in a new floor. In falling the big wreck stripped away the winding stairway from the carrying column, but happily the fall did not injure the instrument, though it will not be possible to use it until the floor is replaced. The acci-

dent is said to be due to bad workmanship in the construction. This is almost inconceivable, as the telescope is of inestimable value, its lens having involved the work of years. That the safety of a thing so precious should have been imperilled by defective work in the flooring on which it rested, is unpardonable. We all realize that the utmost care ought to have been exercised to protect the delicate and invaluable instrument from such a catastrophe, and blame the people who were responsible for the faults of workmanship which made it possible. It is a pity that we do not realize our own responsibility in an analogous case. Although we know how precious the soul is and that its loss is irretrievable, we are at no pains to preserve the body, which is its tenement, from sin which undermines its safety:

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? . . . Therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's. (I. Cor. 6: 19, 20.)

Buried Treasure Unearthed.

An astonishing story of the discovery of buried treasure comes from Jacksonville, Fla. Some months ago a party of men describing themselves as scientists arrived in Florida and settling upon a small island

off the coast, began to make a series of excavations. One of the servants of the party was a negro who overheard conversations among the members of the party which convinced him that the object of the search was not purely scientific. He kept a close watch on the party and one night followed them to the woods where they began digging at a place which had been located during the day. After several hours hard work he saw them lift out of the hole a large iron-bound box which when opened, revealed a quantity of gold coins. The negro's cupiditas was excited and the next day, he stole their charts and disappeared. He remained in hiding until the party, helpless without their charts to continue the search, had left the neighborhood. Then he returned and took service with a lumberman near Jacksonville. He fell sick soon afterward and was nursed by the lumberman who won his gratitude by continued kindness. To him the negro told his story and exhibited the stolen charts. The lumberman was incredulous at first, but eventually became eager to prosecute the search. The two went to the island and dug at various places indicated on the charts. At last their efforts were rewarded by the discovery of another chest full of Spanish doubloons. They were anxious to keep their find secret, and decided not to attempt to turn the ancient coins into cur-



THE NEW STATUE OF PETER COOPER AS IT APPEARED ON DECORATION DAY.

rency in the neighborhood lest other people should be led to search. The negro proposed to go to Savannah, Ga., with the treasure, for the purpose of exchange, and the lumberman agreed. After waiting for some time for him to return and hearing nothing the lumberman grew anxious about his share of the treasure which he said was worth over \$30,000 and told his story, begging that the police make a search for the negro. Suddenly the lumberman, too, disappeared and it is conjectured that by some means he found the negro and secured his share of the money. Since his departure several parties have been digging about the island but being without the charts have not succeeded in finding anything. No one appears to know who buried the money or how the charts were obtained. It is evident, however, that they were prepared by some one who had accurate information and that the only way to find the treasure is to study the charts. It is so with that better treasure which rewards the seeker after spiritual blessings. They succeed who follow the guidance of God's Word:

Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life. (John 5: 39.)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

TRIPOLI AND ITS PEOPLE. A World-Old Seaport that Stood in Patri- archal Days—Its Present Condition.



S Damascus, the principal city of Syria, was a populous and important centre in the time of Abraham—2,000 years B. C.—so several other Syrian cities are of like antiquity. Aleppo, Beirut, Tripoli were all settled early in the world's history. The last-mentioned is a port forty miles northeast of Beirut. Its buildings are mostly of stone, and the town contains many remains of early and mediæval architecture. It is believed to be one of the oldest cities on the globe, having been founded by the Phœnicians. It has witnessed many vicissitudes, having been repeatedly besieged in the early centuries of the Christian era, affording rich spoil to its enemies. In the twelfth century, during the Crusader wars, it suffered greatly by a protracted siege.

Like most other Eastern cities, Tripoli is cosmopolitan as to population. With thirty odd thousand inhabitants, probably a majority are Greeks, with many Syrians and Moslems, and a few Christians. Visitors to Tripoli are reminded of the Crusades by the fact that at different seasons of the year many pilgrims still pass that way, journeying to the sacred places of the Holy Land. There is an old Crusader castle in the place that looks grimly grand amid its setting of lemon, apricot, orange, and apple trees. Another feature—hardly an attraction—that may interest the visitor, is a penitentiary under Turkish military control, in which many of the most violent and desperate criminals have been confined.

Roaming about the streets of modern Tripoli, and noting its comparative insignificance, one can hardly reconcile the present condition of the city with the traditional claim that it once was one of that splendid group of ports which included Tyre and Sidon, the richest of the ancient East. Dull enough and dead enough are all three now, in contrast with any of our stirring American sea-coast cities or those of Europe; yet there once went out from those venerable shores fleets and great multitudes of seamen, merchants and traders to do business with Carthage, Venice, Cadiz, Alexandria, and the ports of the Nile, some of which have long since passed from magnificence to ruin.

Tripoli is an interesting city in many ways. Here one can study human character in the different nationalities to advantage, and here, with the blue water of the Mediterranean lapping the shores, the traveler can rest awhile with a degree of comfort and enjoyment. There are many places well deserving of a visit in the ruined old city; great volcanic ridges, beautiful fertile vales, and cool, inviting groves, with rich and varied combinations of color that delight the eye.

Fidgety People.

With many people, fidgeting becomes a fixed habit, before they are aware of the fact. It is one that often proves distressing to friends and acquaintances and painful to the victim as well, yet it is exceedingly difficult to overcome. On this subject, a thoughtful writer says: Apart from the fretful temper and ill regulated moral temper which it discovers, it exerts physical and mental effects which are deplorable. The life of the nerves is eaten out by this habit, brain power and heart power, which ought to be used to good purpose, are devoured—gradually gnawed away, by the fretting, corrosions of these spasms of fidgeting. The victim of this habit ought, for the sake of himself as well as for the sake of others, resist and overcome it. Especially where this impatient habit of speech betokens a nervous breakdown, in its incipient stages,

it should be remembered that no surer way can be found to hasten the prostration and make it chronic, than through an intemperate and fretful tongue. Time, strength, patience, nerve force, and moral character are all wasted by the fidgets.

Caste Among Christians.

A lady in Centerville, Iowa, writes us: "There is a great deal being said and done in our large cities about poor girls, and homes are opened for them. We wish something could be done to draw out Christian sympathy and respect for those who have to earn their living by sewing or washing in people's kitchens. If these girls who are making an honest effort to support themselves and often to help aged or invalid relatives, could be treated in a way to encourage them in doing right; if they could be made to feel that their work entitles them to the same respect as those that work in other ways, provided they do it well, and that honesty and industry, and virtue are of more value than riches, there would be little need for homes for fallen

of cross, tent and satin stitch, in hem, fell, and overseam,—and indeed in all such feats of the needle as were considered essential to a young lady's equipment for life in the youth of our great-grandmothers,—is proved by the careful instruction in the arts of "stitchery" which she bestowed upon her granddaughters. We may also be quite sure that her manners were unexceptional, as such accomplishments then formed a more important part of the education of a young Virginian lady than the circle of the sciences. The Dandridge and other estates upon the Pamunkey were near enough to Williamsburg to allow their owners to enter into the social life of this place, which shared with Annapolis the honor of leading the Virginia fashions of the day. If the English Surveyor of Customs wrote from Annapolis of the extravagance of its inhabitants and the beauty and grace of its women, another traveler about the same period descanted upon the number of coaches that crowded the deep sandy streets of Williamsburg, while the charms of its daughters have more than twice been "sung in song, rehearsed in story."

Value of Female Education.

In our day, the education of girls has become, in a sense, quite as important as that of the boys. With the extension of woman's field of usefulness and the multiplication of female industries, the necessity has arisen of equipping her for the battle of life in a manner that will develop



THE ANCIENT PORT OF TRIPOLI, SYRIA.

girls. I had a conversation with a young man from a large city. He said if he visited a poor girl who washed in people's kitchens, he could not go with the higher class that separated themselves from the poor. Shame on a Christian nation that looks at things in such a way! If we would all follow the golden rule by doing unto others as we would have them do to us, we would do away with caste in this Christian land of ours."

While what our correspondent writes is unquestionably true in a sense, yet we believe there are very many Christian people in our land who draw no such distinction. They regard all labor as honorable, no matter how humble. It is only among the shallow and worldly portion of society that the poor and uncultured are denied recognition.

Martha Washington's Girlhood.

In her charming volume on *Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times*, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton gives this attractive picture of the youth of Martha Dandridge, the little Virginia maid who was destined in later years to become the spouse of Washington:

That little Martha Dandridge could play upon the spinnet, we know, as she spoke, in after life, of giving lessons upon that instrument to her granddaughter; and that she was an apt pupil in the mysteries

her best qualities. Mary C. Stetson, a leading authority on the subject, writes: "Whatever trains and develops a young girl into a stronger and nobler womanhood will help her in any position which she may be called upon to fill. In childhood our girls should have the same preliminary training as the boys. They should be encouraged to play with their brothers. Boys grow more gentle and considerate by this association, while the girls gain in vigor and force. Indeed, this exchange of courtesies we find all through life, first in play, next in the co-educational schools, and lastly in the new homes that are made."

"If a daughter is delicate, she should not be crowded with work. Let her education take a longer time. There is no need of hurry. Why cannot the truth be recognized that the years of training are the most beautiful years of life? They are full of hopes and aspirations which beautify the soul even if they are never fully attained. The wise mother will do all in her power to extend this delightful period. A thorough education makes it possible for a young woman to enter almost any occupation she may desire. For those who have been brought up tenderly it is not always pleasant to be compelled to care for themselves, but it is a thousand times better to be able to do so in an emergency than to eat the bread of dependence."

GOD'S BLOSSOMS.

GOD lends white blossoms to the land
To beautify and cheer,
For perfumed buds are fair to view,
And birds' glad songs to hear,
But when the blue sky leaden grows,
And frosts of winter come
Should we rebel because that God
Calls his white blossoms home?

God places by our side oft times
Companions who entwine
Soft silken cords of happy love
About your heart and mind
And when the angel Death swoops down,
And softly whispers "Con-
Should we rebel because our God
Calls his white blossoms home?"

CHILDREN AND MONEY.

THE celebrated divine, Dr. T. Bishop of Winchester, has, at certain times, given much wholesome advice to parents concerning the training of their children, but nothing he has ever written could be more pertinent to the present time than these words upon the need of giving children a proper notion of the value and uses of money.

"Where the one aim of the family is plainly seen to be to be rich; and when the constant business of his talk is on the power and importance of money; his children will inevitably be trained for their father's mammoth ship, and the air of filthy lucre that breathe will insensibly impregnate the moral character. If, on the other hand, they see money treated as a matter of utter indifference; if before the day by day expenses are incurred means to meet them, and the last quarter ever asked about anything is what cost, there will be a tendency in the direction to impair the quickness of moral sense in money matters; general habitual self-indulgence will secure the natural order of things, and for anything, will mean instantly to procure it. No doubt in many cases there are what may be called hereditary ideas about money: some are born others extravagant; and be the circumstances of life what they may, the bias will assert itself from the nursery to the grave. But a great deal may be done by carefully educating children in the value of money as means to an end. There are various ways of doing it, some of them will at first be disagreeable. Different characters must be suitably treated, and an age, which is not suitable for one young person to be with money, might be very unsuitable for another."

"The chief thing, however, that parents should din into their children's memory, and impress on their consciences almost from the first hour they are capable of understanding it, is the mischievousness of debt, and even disgrace that comes with debt. Borrowing seems so easy, lending so natural, and youth is so full of hope, and conscious of integrity only for a short time and payment easily be made; and who need not be afraid of a young man's nature with a hot iron. It is a fault which an inflexible sternness is the kindest, and the only effective remedy. An indulgent easiness in the early years may foster a habit which will analyze the sinews of robust action, reduce ultimately its victim to the temptible condition of being either mendicant or a thief."

Facts for Young Bible Students.

We frequently receive letters inquiring as to the number of times certain words and expressions occur in the Bible. These are generally from young people who give the following compact information for their benefit, trusting that they will serve for future reference: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm, the shortest and middle chapter is the 118th Psalm. The middle verse is the 118th Psalm. The longest verse is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "the" 1,855 times. The 37th chapter of the 1st book of Kings is the longest chapter of the Old Testament, and the 19th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings is the longest chapter of the New Testament. The shortest chapter is the 11th chapter of the 1st book of John.

PATIENCE.

Us and Benefits and the Considerations which Tend to Promote its Exercise.

Among the qualities that mark differences of character, that of patience must be reckoned one of the chief. Whether it is shown in the endurance of pain, or in bearing reverses of fortune, or in patient associations and environment, or waiting for some expected advantage—indicates strength of character. It is we who fret and repine and bewail our fate. There are conditions which are right in striving to change. It is always well to remain quiet under yoke and imposition. Our civil liberties would never have secured if our forefathers had submissively to tyranny and oppression even in resistance, it is the man who conquers most surely. The patient in his struggle and is not easily discouraged. True patience does not imply supine inaction. It may be combined with energy and activity; but it is never allied with morose, unavailing complaint, or the still more common fretfulness which wears out so many lives. There are things that are called "trials." Things do not run as our plans go awry, the hopes sustained are disappointed, our plans fail. Then is the time when we can bear the inevitable with unalterable and maintain a cheerful spirit under trial, our troubles do not sting and become a whole new discipline. There are some sicknesses which teach a lesson to all who are afflicted. There is one in New York which for many years a bright, cheerful creature has been lying helpless in gloom or impatience. At night the hours pass, bringing a burden of pain and weariness, yet the cheerful spirit never quails or resents the affliction. The strong and healthy, harried and worried by distractions, go into that room and are amazed by the spectacle they see there. Other homes there are where the scenes are of another order. The widow, toiling to support her feeble children; the drunkard's wife, bringing the daily shame and humiliation of her lot; the helpless, demanding no retort to the capricious shifting of an arbitrary employer; a hundred ways the lesson of patience is being taught and the example of patience is set. It is, however, especially in spiritual matters that the writer of the epistle is insistent on patience in the passage associated with the topic (James 5: 7-20). It is fitting to a people scattered and persecuted and oppressed, and he bids them be patient and not murmur, and he tells them that the farmer who has his seed waits in patience while it is sown by the early and latter rain for a long month the grain springs up and comes to the harvest and he bids them show like patience. He bids them show like patience, for their reward is sure. He bids them cheer themselves with the conviction that all wrongs would be righted, all evils removed, all wrongs redressed. We may build on the same basis. Nothing promotes patience so surely as faith in God. We know that our lives are in his hand, and nothing happens to us without his will, and that no burden will ever be laid upon which will be too heavy for us to bear with his help—this is to have a foundation on which patience can be based. "My grace is sufficient for thee," is an assurance which ought to give us courage in all trials. Like the child at school, in agreeable tasks, the benefit of which cannot understand, but conscious of the kind and wise father has directed him, the Christian may take all the ills patiently, in the firm faith, that they are part of the discipline which God sees necessary for his spiritual development. If our supreme desire is for that which means purity, peace and rest, we shall not be rebellious under the discipline of life, having the assurance that all things work together for good to those who love God.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Some Sweet Morn.

"The morning cometh."—Isa. 21: 12.

Rev. E. P. MARVIN.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Somesweetmorn a - day will o - pen, Nev - er more to close in night;
2. Somesweetmorn the saints now sleeping, In the cold and si - lent tomb,
3. Somesweetmorn the bri - dal cit - y-- We shall see with wond'ring eyes,

We shall hail the ear - ly to - ken Of its ev - er - last - ing light.
Shall a - wake with joy - ful greet - ing, Man - tled with im - mor - tal bloom;
Com - ing down in all her beau - ty, Crowned with glory from the skies;

On that bright and bliss - ful mor - row, Pil - grims rest, their jour - ney o'er;
Then we'll meet the friends long parted, Once on earth a hap - py band;
Then we'll hail the King e - ter - nal, With His saints, a might - y throng,

Hun - ger, thirst, and death, and sor - row, We shall know and fear no more.
Meet and dwell with them for - ev - er, O - ver in the Morn - ing Land.
And, caught up with them for - ev - er, We shall sing the glad new song.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

HIS COMING.

OH, so often we are weary
'Mid the hurry, care, and strife,
And our souls are ever longing
For the higher, better life.
And in prayer and aspiration
Oft we lift our hearts and say,
I am waiting for your coming,
Blessed Jesus, night and day.
For thy glorious returning
With the angels fair and bright;
Oh, our hearts are ever yearning
When our faith will change to sight
Heaven's King and heaven's glory
Coming down to earth once more;
Oh, the sweetness of the story!
Let us read it o'er and o'er.
Like a bridegroom he is coming,
Rescued souls will be his bride;
Are our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That we may with him abide
In the many mansions holy.
Jeweled walls and streets of gold,
Gathered with the meek and lowly,
Safe forever in his fold?
No more going out forever,
No more sorrow, no more tears;
Death and pain can harm us never
Through the glad eternal years.
In the glory of his presence,
Which now lights the jasper sea,
We will meet the long-lost dear ones
Waiting there for you and me.

THE REAL.

(For The Christian Herald.)

WHAT is Life,
And what are the things that are real
In this strife?
It all seems
Like the visions that over me steal
In my dreams.
When I give
All my thoughts to this wonderful strife
That we live,
There are times
When I feel there is more of this life
Than these climes.
In the street
All is turmoil and care; and the face
That we greet
Is a mask.
And the real is unknown—not a trace
Of their task.
When I see
The fat cattle that graze in a nook
Or on lea,
And the birds
When they come down to drink at the brook
With the herds,
I then feel
That the books and the things that we read
Are not real.
But this world
Is the book where we read what we need,
All unfurled.

JOHN CECIL GRAY.

The Prophetic Programme.

The Place of the Present Time on the Prophetic Chart.

BY REV. JOHN JONES.*

STUDENTS of prophecy go to the Bible to find out from the general survey of the world's history from creation to restitution a reply to the two questions: Where do we stand at present in the Prophetic Chart? and is the course of events following the lines indicated in the Bible?

A reply to these questions is found in Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks of years (Daniel 9: 27). Sixty-nine of these weeks, constituting 483 years, were foretold to commence with the rebuilding of Jerusalem and to reach unto Messiah Prince—that is, unto the time of his appearance to Israel; and after the three score and two weeks, Messiah was to be cut off but not for himself. Then ensues a long gap or interval, which has not yet terminated; and the seventieth week still remains unfulfilled, and stands postponed until the latter end of this Gentile dispensation. It will eventually be fulfilled by the Prince that shall come (verse 24), some great powerful Prince making a sort of concession of Jerusalem and Judea to the Jews for a term of seven years; for "he shall confirm a covenant with many [of the Jews] for one week of years, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation." He will undertake to be the friend and guardian of the Jews, to reinstate them in their own land; and they will recommence their morning and evening sacrifices and oblations in a rebuilt Jewish temple; but in the midst of the seven years he will break the covenant and institute a persecution of both Jews and Gentiles alike during the latter three and a half years, until finally "he comes to his end between the two seas upon the glorious holy mountain; and is broken without hand" (Daniel 11: 45; 8: 25).

Hence we now stand very near to the close of the intervening gap between Daniel's sixty-nine weeks of years, and the momentous seventieth week upon the brink of which we tread. And we are advancing onwards rapidly towards the ultimate crisis of this age, which is intimately connected with the restoration of the Jews, the general falling away or apostasy from the Christian faith, and the development of the personal Antichrist or man of sin (II. Thess. 2). I see the gathering forces of this crisis in the active propagandism of the three unclean demon spirits—namely, Antichristian infidelity and spiritualism, lawless democracy, and intriguing Jesuitical superstition, which are predicted to go forth at the present time to gather all people to the war of the great day of God Almighty (Rev. 16: 13). I discern the premonitory seething of its ingredients in the social agitation and internal heaving of the nations, in the tide of moral corruption setting in upon society, in the incurable heresies more and more infecting the various branches of the Church, in the increasing tendency to change, innovation, and unrest that is unsettling individuals, harassing communities, and disturbing entire lands. In the midst of this abnormal and menacing complication of affairs, our first and foremost duty is to expect, and to live in readiness for, the personal coming of Christ to translate to heaven his watching and waiting people, in order that they may escape the desolating judgments and calamities that are to signalize the era of Antichrist. The significant language of our Saviour's repeated injunctions to us to watch for his second advent incontestably implies that certain great privileges will be the reward of those who do watch, but will be forfeited by those who do not.

The warnings and exhortations to watch for the advent of Christ in order to escape the great tribulation, are rendered almost null and void if the unwatchful and unfaithful are to escape by translation, just as much as the watchful and the faithful; and, in fact, such an erroneous notion tends to encourage unbelief and neglect of vigilance in reference to the personal coming of Christ.

* From his article in the *Prophetic News* for May. For sale, price six cents, by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST ENDED.

Names of the Champions Announced and Prizes Awarded—Roll of Honor Prizes—Close of a Remarkable Competition.

AFTER a friendly contest extending over a period of several months, and involving correspondence from almost every part of the United States, our Sunday School championship competition has at last reached a conclusion. As was announced at the beginning of the competition, the 1st of June was fixed as the date after which no new entries would be received. Consequently, with the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the contest may be regarded as at an end. The conditions were these: That each competing Sunday School pupil should send full name and address, and also record of consecutive attendances at Sunday School up to February, 1897, such record to be certified by the Pastor, Superintendent, or Sunday School teacher. A single absence it was explained would vitiate a record; and the attendances must be continuous and uninterrupted.

Hundreds of letters were received and many remarkable records came to light which would otherwise have remained unknown. It is beyond question that the contest has resulted in creating a healthy spirit of emulation among Sunday Schools throughout the land, and that many hundreds of scholars will be inspired to greater zeal and fidelity in their attendance and studies by the example of the splendid records others have made.

In considering the claims of the numerous contestants, care has been taken to do justice to all. A small number of the entries have been disqualified by absences during the five years preceding February 1, 1897, but wherever a doubt has existed the pupil has received the benefit of it. This especially applies to the Honor list. In the Prize Competition for male scholars, the first prize has been awarded to Samuel Winterton, of the First Baptist Sunday School, Keyport, N. J., who has a record of thirty-three years and sixteen weeks, or 1732 consecutive attendances, vouched for by Mr. S. Gilhuly, teacher. The first prize for female scholars has been won by Mrs. Emma Corbett, of Biddle Memorial Mission Sunday School, Carlisle, Pa., with a record of twenty-four years, or 1,248 consecutive attendances, vouched for by Mr. Geo. Bridges, Superintendent. These fortunate competitors will each receive the following valuable prize:

ELEGANT LARGE ART BIBLE (London Edition) with nearly one thousand superb illustrations, bound in genuine seal-Divinity Circuit—kid lining, red under gold edges, with thumb index and appropriately inscribed; Value \$25.00.

The second prize for male pupils has been awarded to George H. Glasgow, of Central Church Sunday School, Rochester, N. Y., with a record of thirty years or 1560 consecutive attendances, vouched for by Mr. John H. Elliot, Superintendent. The second prize for female scholars is won by Miss Martha Givler, of Grace U. B. Sunday School, Fairview, Pa., with a record of twenty-two years and four weeks or 1148 consecutive attendances, vouched for by H. W. Neidig, Secretary. These second prize winners will each receive the following:

ELEGANT LARGE ART BIBLE (general description same as the other Bible), bound in Divinity Circuit, Palestine Levant, Grained Leather Binding, Red Under Gold Edges, not indexed, and appropriately inscribed; Value \$18.50.

Our Roll of Honor is a long one and is given here in full. It will doubtless find thousands of readers, as a very large number of scholars are personally interested in this branch of the competition. Every scholar on the list, which appears in the next column, having qualified in accordance with the terms of the competition, and a clear record of not less than

five years or 260 attendances, will be presented with a superb, illustrated New Testament, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, with red under gold edges. The Honor Roll is as follows:

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Adlam, Lonisa.
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Anderson, S. J.
Ayres, Chas. J.
Baker, Edith M.
Baker, Florence L.
Banks, Henry T.
Barkman, Nellie L.
Bate, Albert.
Becher, Herbert R.
Beery, Wilmet.
Beisel, Gertrude.
Benson, Bertha.
Benson, Minnie.
Berger, Chas.
Beva, Geo.
Beyerle, May A.
Beyers, Maggie.
Bickors, Carl.
Birdsey, Linus.
Bisbing, Albert W.
Bishop, Wm. D.
Bitzer, Florence.
Bliss, Miss.
Bolean, Ada.
Bowman, Dan'l L.
Bowker, Dan.
Boyd, James.
Boyd, Samuel.
Boynton, Geo. E.
Boynton, Mrs. G. E.
Bradley, Fred K.
Bradley, John.
Bradley, Wm.
Bradstreet, Ernest.
Bradstreet, Harlan P.
Brandauer, Ernest.
Briggs, Joseph B.
Brinkman, Allen.
Brook, Katie.
Brooks, Geo. A.
Brown, Henry.
Brown, S.
Bullock, Jasper M.
Bullock, Pearl M.
Burrer, John W.
Bustard, Mary E.
Byram, Edith.
Cannon, Grace.
Carnall, Lottie.
Christina, H.
Clark, DeWitt.
Clark, Emily A.
Clark, Lydia P.
Cope, Joseph.
Cope, June.
Cornman, Grace.
Cornman, H. L.
Cornman, Lizzie.
Crankshaw, Ella.
Crankshaw, Mary.
Crawford, L. B.
Davie, Laurie.
Davies, Thos.
Deare, Lizzie.
Deaver, Clara.
Demarest, Sherman.
Drake, E.
Drake, Jos.
Drake, Maude.
Dunnell, Edith.
Dunnell, Wm.
Eastland, Jr., J. C.
Eba, John H.
Edmonds, Claude.
Edmund, Bertha.
Edmund, Jennie.
Egging, Fred.
Elliott, Esther.
Elvidge, Wm.
Emison, Gertrude.
Faison, B. F.
Falk, Otto.
Fetters, Bruce.
Fetters, Harry.
Fetters, Philip.
Fisher, Fred.
Flinn, Lela.
Ford, John.
Fowler, Gertrude.
Fox, Eljah.
Gardner, John.
Geyer, Lena.
Gingrich, Harry.
Givler, Florida.
Grazier, Sadie.
Glover, James.
Gottwalt, Geo. W.
Gourlay, Henry S.
Graham, Edward.
Grant, Fred K. H.
Gross, Katie.
Gross, Margaret.
Grover, Percival.
Gunn, Horace E.
Hall, Herbert H.
Halsey, Ruth E.
Hammer, Anna.
Handy, Wm. A.
Hardin, Kate.
Jaeger, Helen.
Jaeger, Henry.
Jenkins, John.
Jenkins, Thos. L.
Johnson, Annie P.
Johnson, Carl.
Johnson, Edna.
Jones Isaac.
Keedy, Alex.
Keedy, Maggie.
Kenupf, Chas.
Kennedy, Mamie.
Knapp, C. L.
Koym, Louisa.
Kripp, Frank.
Kulp, Albert.
Leonard, Jas.
Lewis, Robert.
Little, Vernie.
Lockwood, Harry.
Lohr, Albert.
Lohr, Chas.
Lohr, Daisy.
Long, Amanda F.
Love, Blanch.
Lyth, Mary.
MacDonald, Feline.
MacDonald, Sarah.
Mackereil, Chas.
Mackereil, James.
Malsberger, Edward.
McCallough, Jamie.
McCallough, Thos.
McCallough, Will.
McDowell, Maud.
McIntosh, Allen.
McIntosh, Jennie.
McIntosh, John.
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Mahaffy, Lily.
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Owen, Raymond.
Palmer, Chrissie.
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Hergesheimer, Elsie.
Hershele, Lulu.
Higgins, Florence.
Highley, John.
Hill, Nellie.
Hitzel, Alida.
Hoadley, Ruth.
Hogentogler, Jos. F.
Holman, Maud.
Hood, Flora.
Hoyers, Myrtle.
Imel, George.
Imel, Nellie.
Ingram, John S.
Iarg, Frank.
Inrig, Lizzie.
Isle, Kittle.
Isle, Margaret.
Jackson, Lottie.
Jaeger, George.

Stumme, Chas. P.
Surbeck, Freddie.
Swift, Mrs.
Taylor, Alice.
Terry, Clarence.
Terry, Dolly.
Terry, Laura.
Thorne, Belle.
Tolley, David R.
Turner, Adelaide.
VanAtta, Ida.
Walker, Clarence.
Walker, W. A.
Walton, Florence.
Walton, Mrs. Elize.
Weidewelt, Martha.
Weiland, John.
White, Thomas.
Winlow, Geo.
Winlow, Lou.
Witmer, Dr. E. H.
Witmer, Howard.
Witmer, Mabel R.
Witmer, Howard.
Woglom, Geo. T.
Woods, Mary.
Young, Howard.
Young, Jacob R.

This competition has also brought us many letters from superintendents who have sent their records, not wishing, however, to enter the list in rivalry to the Sunday School pupils. The most remarkable of these records is that of Mr. Chas. Phister, Superintendent of the M. E. Sunday School of Maysville, Ky. Mr. Phister is seventy-eight years old, and has attended Sabbath School as scholar, teacher or superintendent for the past seventy years, without a single absence.

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SAPOLIO

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

REDOM FOR MOTHERS.

DAUGHTERS do not mean to be so, but they really are very provoking at times, at least some of them are. They seem very often to forget that mothers like to have their own way in the house to dress as they please, go where they choose, and in a general way to live their own lives. There are, in fact, two types of daughters—one is the type who seems to get beyond childhood, who, far from asserting herself, looks to her mother to the end of the line. I have known women forty years old did not appear able to buy a hat for themselves without their mother's advice, and I remember a set of girls whose ages were between forty and fifty, and who presumed to make the tea or position of a chair, or do any large thing in the house without consulting their queenly old mother, who ruled the house with a rod of iron.

The other type is the opposite of another type of girls who behave in a very different way, and who most lovingly, but at the same time most tormentingly take upon themselves to order all things in life for their mothers. The mother wishes to go to the theatre, but the daughter thinks it is too late, or that mother would not go till to-morrow. The mother has a certain color; the daughter has a different color very unbecoming and she goes to go with her mother's hair and the poor old lady is so upset by the suggestions that she finds no comfort in her life.

There is no doubt, are apt to make mistakes, once in awhile even the most prudent mother may assume an attitude which her daughter resents. There are also those whom their children never seem to think that sons and daughters who are really men and women still under nursery guidance. There are also other mothers who are simply tyrants to their strong-willed children. They take on a note of patronage and an air toward this gentle, self-sacrificing mother. Her little fads are her amusement; her amiable weakness is tolerated but are not treated with respect; and the young people trample on mother's most cherished wishes and her gentleness which is very hateful to the eyes of the observer who knows that the mother is hurt and grieved, though she is loyal to say so. She, indeed, stands for her children, and has a right to be so, but for their sins of omission and commission, an excuse her friends will not accept.

We should remember that we can have no other in this world, and that this gone out of it the most unselfish, most compassionate, the most beautiful love which is refused to a human being will be a blessing to us. Remembering how it bore us in pain, cradled us in its arms, took care of us in the feeblest of childhood, toiled and saved for us day by day, surely we cannot be so ungenerous, and too self-forgetting in our treatment of her.

There are people who are capable of occasional and heroic acts of self-denial and sacrifice in the daily intercourse of life, to be thoughtful about the little things which make or mar happiness. It is a mother's duty to find her children's shielding her from discomfort and pain, and she prizes the shield more if it be tactful and if it be based on that it prevents her from doing things which she desires. Make things smooth and easy in the little things, make it possible for her to carry out her plans, help her in every way you can; and be assured that you will never regret on any day of your life when you have accorded and the mother has shown to your mother.

Where there comes to the mother grown old, the necessity of leaving her own home and becoming a member of another family, making her home, as the phrase is, with John or with Mary, there needs to be the greatest care that she shall miss nothing of the old comfort, and that so far as possible, she shall have the independence of movement which she had while under her own roof. It is always a wrench for a mother, however old or feeble, to give up the management of her own home. It is the more so if she must leave that home and become only one, and a subordinate one, in the household of a daughter-in-law or a son-in-law. In these circumstances let hers be the pleasantest room in the house, let the grandchildren delight in ministries of comfort, let her have the flowers and the books she loves, and let her go about and take up little household tasks as she may choose. If it is her pleasure to potter about in the garden, by all means show her that you love to see her there among the flowers, and if she have a faculty (as no doubt she has) for making pastry and bread and various delicacies in the kitchen, do not prevent her.

Somewhere I read a pathetic story not long ago of an old mother whose children were so determined that she should never do a single thing, but she should simply sit with folded hands in her best gown while they waited on her, that their very attentions made her desperately unhappy. Once they were suddenly called away and obliged to leave home at so short a notice that they could get no one to come and take their place in waiting on the mother. She could hardly restrain her excitement and impatience until they were out of sight, and no sooner had the railroad whistle assured her that they were safe on the train than she hastened to the kitchen as fast as her feet could carry her, made a great fire, and for hours together baked everything she could think of! She staid up all night, and was worn out but perfectly delighted.

I knew an old lady who, at seventy, one day was seen hanging out a large washing in the garden. The neighbors were very much shocked, as they knew that she was considered far too feeble to engage in any work, and especially in work so hard as this. But it transpired that in a family emergency her active daughter had been called in another direction and mother had at once rushed to take a hand in the work she had formerly enjoyed.

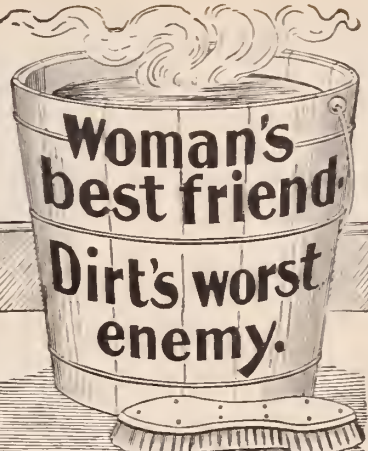
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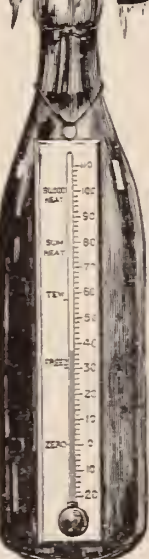
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A STORY
OF THE
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER XIV.
Jessie's Hard Lesson.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

FOR three years there were only such changes in the Lloyd and McAslin families as would naturally flow from the tide of events which had thrown their destinies together. Mrs. Lloyd and Alice remained abroad, wandering at their leisure, from one famous city to another, and doing good in many small, unobserved ways, only known to themselves, and the recipients of their benevolence. For Mrs. Lloyd was no longer solely occupied with her own soul and her own salvation; she had discovered that they who wish to go to heaven alone are not likely to get there. Solitary prayer and meditation on her own spiritual condition, though not abandoned, were subordinated to that active faith in God which proves itself by continual help to man. She had taken into her heart as the ideal Christian life, that little saying of St. Peter's about Jesus of Nazareth—"a man approved of God, who went about doing good."

Alice was her cheerful and ready helper. Her great delight was in the musical facilities offered in European cities, and these very facilities were frequent opportunities for the wisest charity. Through them she was brought naturally into contact with refined and educated people, suffering the straits and pangs of unconfessed poverty—young women, mostly of her own land, struggling bravely against unconsidered necessities—deluded with false hopes—despairing for some slight encouragement—home sick, poor and friendless, and many of such cases found help and hope from Alice Lloyd.

The chagrin and disappointment resulting from her relationship with Lord Medway, had slipped from her mind like a disagreeable dream, and the slow, sweet hours passed in gaining knowledge and in doing good, brought her only that content which is another name for happiness. The one thorn in her heart was her treatment of John McAslin. The wound others had given her was healed; the wound she had given herself still pained her. She felt that she had been unjust to John. She had thrown upon him a faithlessness she alone was to blame for. She had ignored rights John might reasonably have claimed, and then been angry with him for the manly reserve that made him choose to bear his suffering alone. She still loved—for a first true love is not easily slain—but she did not hope. She was sure John had forgotten her, and she never spoke of him, for the feeling that comes with the revelation that all is over, is gathered silently into the heart.

Sometimes there came a letter to Mrs. Lloyd from John, but it was solely on business. He was now Steve's lawyer, and the manager of all his immense property, and occasionally circumstances came up in which it was necessary to consult Mrs. Lloyd, or to obtain her co-operation. These letters had the clear, straightforward tone of John's nature and methods, but they never exceeded the legitimate

courtesy of the position. Every one of them gave Alice pain. For a day or two after the receipt of any missive from John, she abandoned her heart to vain longing and regrets, and to despair hard to control and vanquish. One day while thus suffering she suddenly became very homesick.

"Mother," she said, "I want to go back to America. We have been a long time away."

"Then we will go back, Alice. I, too, shall be glad to return. The wish has been lying in my heart for a long time. I will write to Steve this morning and see if he can come and help us. We have gathered so many treasures, and these it will be necessary to pack properly. Then there are the Custom House liabilities and formalities which I do not understand, and would not dare to face."

"Do you think Steve will come?"

"I am sure he will come if he is able."

"Jessie may stand in the way."

"Not of Steve's duty. And I think Steve will consider our comfort his duty."

So the letter was written, and it reached Steve one morning as he was eating his

(Continued on next page.)

Gail Borden



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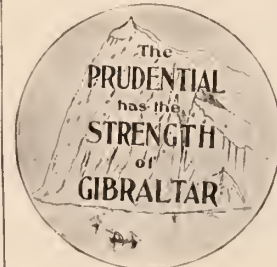
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Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. I. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va. writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the Farmer's Magazine, was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worse in Hay-fever season. Others of our readers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay-fever, write to me to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 111 Broadway, New York, who will prove its power with a Large Case by mail free to every sufferer of The Christian Herald, who sends it. All the yask in the world is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

Just now that tired feeling is overpowering many. All can drive it away or escape it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood and gives nerve strength. Hood's is Nature's co-worker.

(Continued from preceding page.)

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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you are cordially invited to read the following authentic and unsolicited letters. We have many thousand. They come every day. Everybody should use our Hair Brush.

NICE FOR HAIR AND SCALP.

Noblesville, Ind.
Dear Sir: I have used one of your Hair Brushes and I find it to be a great thing to ease headache, it is also very nice for the hair and scalp.
Yours truly,
Mrs. J. H. WHEELER.

IT RELIEVES HEADACHE.

Leipsic, O.
Dear Sir: Your Electric Hair Brush never fails to relieve my headaches in a few moments. I have used one for seven years, and would not be without it.
Yours truly, Mrs. T. J. HARPER.

NOT BEEN TROUBLED SINCE.

Long Island City, N. Y.
Dear Sir: I have used your Electric Hair Brush for the last year; before using it I had constant pain in the scalp night and day, and after using it a few weeks it all passed away, and I have not been troubled since; it makes the hair very soft and glossy.
Yours truly,
Mrs. MARY BURGEN.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

Nervous Headache in 5 minutes!
Bilious Headache in 5 minutes!
Neuralgia in 5 minutes!
Falling Hair and Baldness!
Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp!

Promptly arrests premature grayness. Makes the hair grow long and glossy. Immediately soothes the weary brain



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for six months; then, if not perfectly satisfied that it is exactly what we claim it to be, return it and your money will be refunded.

Prices No. 1 Hair Brush, \$1. No. 2 Hair Brush, \$1.50
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Quality the same in all; the price differs only according to size and power.

CURES NERVOUS HEADACHE.

Gorham, N. Y.
Dear Sir: I was afflicted with nervous headache which caused me trouble with my eyes. I bought one of your Electric Brushes, tried it, and found it relieved me. I continued using it, and it not only relieved me, but has cured me of the trouble.
Yours truly,
Mrs. JAMES MITCHELL.

Months' Trial

IT IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

Boston, Mass.
Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$2.00, for which send me by return mail the Electric Hair Brush of that price. I have been using one of your hair brushes for several years, and consider it a very fine article. It has no equal.
Yours truly,
Geo. F. PAYNE.

USED IT FOR YEARS.

Earlville, Ill.
Dear Sir: Some years since, I used one of your Electric Hair Brushes, and was much pleased with it. I now want one for my daughter, whose hair is falling out badly. Please find enclosed \$1.00.
Yours truly, Mrs. W. K. MANN.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush is for sale at all drug and dry goods stores. Ask for Dr. Scott's, take no other; see that name is on the box, or we will send on approval, postpaid, on receipt of price and ten cents for postage, and if you are not well satisfied with your bargain, write us and we will return the money. We refer you to the publisher of this paper, or to the Commercial Agencies as to our responsibility. "THE DOCTOR'S STORY," a valuable book, sent on request.

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References: First National Bank, Chicago, Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Reports. The editor of this paper knows we are responsible and will do as we agree. This special offer is made to introduce our bicycles and make new customers. Don't delay but order at once.

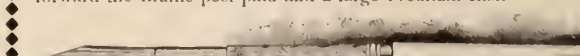
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De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23. 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

What Christian Missionaries have Accomplished in the Shah's Empire in Sixty Years—
Joseph Writes of the Religious and Social Life of the Moslems and Nestorians.



X the letter printed below, from the pen of Hannah G. Yoseph. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S medical missionary representative in Persia, a new and interesting light is shed upon the moral and social aspect of affairs in the kingdom of the Shah. She writes as a careful and judicious observer of the progress her native land is making toward religious enfranchisement. It is a slow process this, of transforming a heathen despotism into an enlightened one, but the progress already made under the influence of consecrated missionary effort encourages the hope that splendid triumphs await the faithful workers for Christ who labor in this most interesting portion of the great Asiatic field:

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, May 3.

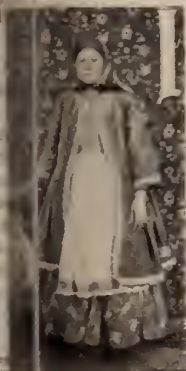


54. MOTHER AND CHILD.

In order to have your readers understand the present status of mission work in Persia. I will ask them to look back sixty years to a time when there were no missionaries among the Nestorians. There was only one woman who could read and write; there were no schools; each clergyman and bishop trained and taught his own successor, who was almost always a relative of his own. Service was conducted in the ancient Syriac tongue which was only understood by the clergy and sometimes even they could not translate it. People were seldom buried in a tongue which they did not know. As a nation, they had, and had no part or voice in government, except in paying heavy taxes. During the reign of their landlords forced them to work in the rice and wheat fields without pay. Nestorians did not dare to use the same cloth for garments that Mohammedans used, for fear of the Mohammedans. Christians used even to wear their new clothes in secret. People were robbed at their own door-step and would not dare to rebuke their robbers glad to escape with their lives. A Moslem would say to a Christian:

Turkish, Armenian, English, and a dialect of Hebrew are read and spoken. What a school for a student of languages! And it is only a sample of many other villages. Zenana work is yet exceedingly limited and dangerous to the workers and attend-

Zenana work is yet exceedingly limited and dangerous to the workers and attendants. Still, there are skilled workers who are watching for every opportunity and are sowing the Gospel seed. Most of the Mohammedans, especially the women, love to hear the story of the Cross. They find it wonderfully fascinating. At these meetings they throw aside their veils, no men being present. They sit on the floor and the "missionary woman" reads "the old, old story." If you watch you may see some crying and some slapping their chests and their faces, as a sign of sorrow, sympathy and wonder at the divine love and its power to heal the sick and to forgive sins. One woman in a corner whispers to one in front of her: "Is it true that Issa (Jesus) died for men and he was so good?" And her friend shakes her head and lifts her hands and face to-



MOTHER AND CHILD.



A FAMILY OF PERSIAN
KOORDS.



PERSIAN PEASANT VILLAGERS, ENGAGED IN WEAVING MATS.

wards heaven and says, "Wallah. I do not know, but that book says so." Christ's teaching that "whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," to them is a stumbling-block, for they have shed the blood of the witnesses of Jesus for more than 1200 years. It seems hard to understand it. Still there are those among them who seem thirsty and hungry for real love and the love of Christ and his suffering fascinates them, and compels them to seek light in secret, like Nicodemus of old. And others come for fishes and loaves and are caught in the net. Today, if there was religious freedom in Persia there would

The trials and difficulties of a Moslem who becomes a Christian are severe. He is an outcast from society: his personal property, his wife, and his children are taken away from him: even his life are not safe and any moment he may loose it. Killing an apostate and confiscating his property is even yet considered a great privilege. A few years ago, when Aga Yan was killed, Mohammedans fought

(Continued on page 504.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

James T., Reading, Pa. Is not New York the greatest city on earth, in point of population?

No. London has about 4,250,000, New York now about 3,200,000, and Paris has probably a million less than New York.

A. G. M., Cornwallis, U. S., referring to the inquiry as to the name of David's mother, writes:

See 1. Chronicles, 2nd chapter, 13th to 17th verse; read Jesse's offspring; then see 11. Samuel 17th chapter, 25th verse. Therein you will find David's mother's (Nahash) name coupled with the sisters of David.

This inference, however, is not quite conclusive, for these reasons: 1. The rabbinical tradition is that Nahash and Jesse were identical and the Talmud so declares. 2. Dean Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church* (vol. 2, p. 50), states that Nahash was the King of Ammon, and that his wife was afterward the wife of Jesse. The name might be borne by either sex. The whole question as to the real name of David's mother is therefore, in the opinion of the ablest commentators, still in doubt.

Mr. J. P. Waterbury, Mass. 1. What was the estimated number of victims who were killed by Turks and Kurds in Armenia? 2. How much does it cost to train, teach, and support an Armenian child in the care of the missionaries?

1. Dr. Grace Kimball, who conducted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's relief work at Van and who is now the resident physician of Vassar College, estimates that 50,000 adults, men and women, perished in the massacres, and that they left 100,000 orphans. 2. About \$25 to \$30 yearly; probably slightly less in some places.

C. A. C., What is the origin of the saying: "Robbing Peter to pay Paul?"

It is a saying which had its origin in an event occurring over three centuries ago, when, in 1540, the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, England, was advanced to the dignity of a Cathedral, and ten years afterward it was joined to the diocese of London and its estates appropriated to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.

F. B., Dalton, City, Ill. Is it right for a Board of Trustees to prohibit entertainments or concerts to be given in a church by home talent when the same wish to charge a door fee?

The Trustees have discretion in all such matters, and it rests with them to decide whether the proposed entertainment is a proper one. There are many reasonable objections to church entertainments which you will find fully discussed in a little book on the subject published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y. It is not to be supposed that the Trustees would decide capriciously and without due consideration.

Reader, Verona, Mo. Who is the "he" mentioned in Acts 7: 38?

Stephen referred to Moses. If you look at the preceding verse, you will see that he uses the same form of expression, merely substituting the pronoun for the name.

S. S. S., Ohio. When, where, and by whom was Paul put to death?

This question has already been repeatedly answered. Dionysius of Corinth (A. D. 170), says that Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom in Italy together. Eusebius repeats a tradition that Paul was beheaded at Rome in Nero's reign. Clements Romanus, Tertullian, Caus and others adopt the same tradition substantially.

F. Hepburns. What are the seven wonders of the world?

The Colossus of Rhodes, Pyramids, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of Jupiter Olympus, Mausoleum of Artemisia, and Pharos of Alexandria.

Reader, Ripon, W. Va. How can a person overcome bashfulness, caused mostly by thinking he is the object of universal attention?

Cultivate the society of persons of your own age and try to have a share in their conversation. A good plan is to join a debating club and become an active speaking member. Theories won't overcome bashfulness, but persistent effort on these lines will greatly aid you in doing so.

"A Minister," Md., writes this on a most interesting question:

I would like to ask a question concerning the Scripture reference used in answering question

No 2, by "One in Sorrow." The question was: "Do our loved ones who are saved really know and see us here? Are they sent to earth on errands of mercy and love?" The reference Heb. 12: 1 seems to teach that the saints in glory are witnesses of the race of Christians for the goal. But is Heb. 12: 1 a good answer to the question, "Are our loved ones sent to earth on errands of mercy and love?" It reads: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The verse above this indicates that "they" refers to the angels and not to the saved of mankind. Our saved ones do not become angels, for they are an order of God's heavenly creation. Christ is said to take on him "not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham."

Rev. R. Ashley Cate, the Life-Saving Station Evangelist of Port Republic, N. J., writes to thank many of our readers for the kind interest they have taken in his work and for contributing toward its support.

Miss L. B., Austintown, O. In a choir of eight, where three or four are unable to read music, and in fact do not know when they make a discord, is it our duty to permit the whole choir to sing at funerals or special services, when we all share the discords, simply because it wounds some of their feelings when only four sing?

No. Let them take the same trouble and pains to learn correctly the music they are to sing as they would take in any other matter

on a single meal by himself alone, and Horace tells us that he had 5,000 rich purple robes in his house. There are many stories regarding his vanity and indulgence of appetite, some of them probably untrue.

Anne B. R., Madison, Ind. Will you please state in THE MAIL-BAG how much money has been sent to India through your paper?

\$100,000 to date, for distribution by some seventy missionaries at over fifty relief stations.

Mary W., Lancaster, Pa. I am greatly interested in your Sunday School missionary work among the children in the West and also in your beautiful Christ-like work at the Home in Mont-Lawn which I see you are preparing to open for another summer. To whom shall I send contributions for these two causes?

TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. All contributions for the causes named will be acknowledged in the paper.

L. C. E., Nyack, N. Y. What did Paul mean by speaking (1. Timothy 1: 20) of delivering certain people to Satan?

It appears that the Apostles possessed some mysterious power, unknown to us, of disciplining unworthy members of the church. There is a still more circumstantial reference to this power in 1. Cor. 5: 5. It appears to have included, in addition to excommunication, some form of physical suffering which it was hoped would operate as a discipline to bring them to repentance. This suffering the Apostle attributes to Satan, as he did his own affliction of the thorn in the flesh which he says (11. Cor. 12: 7) was a messenger from Satan to buffet him.

Believer, Des Moines, Ia. When you speak of no man being able to lead an absolutely sinless life, do you base your belief on the opinion that God is not able to keep from sin those who trust in him?

No that is not our opinion and you must not charge us with holding it. God is able to do many things that he will not do. He is able to keep men from sin, but it is not his

Scripture, both in the Old and New Testament, to worship the Lord in his (See Heb. 10: 25; Deut. 4: 10; Acts and many other passages.) 4. The ordinances and obligations which it is duty of everyone confessing Christ to undertake. Neglect of such ord on the part of one who has the opportunity publicly confess Christ and declare ment to his church on earth is inex (See Matt. 28: 19, 20; Acts 2: 38 and etc.; also, Rom. 10: 9, 10; John 7: 13 10: 33.)

Mrs. E. R., Dayton, O. Is it anywhere in the Bible that the soldier who struck Jesus with the scourge was the Saviour hung on the Cross?

The name is preserved traditionally in the Bible, and it is added that the soldier who struck Jesus with the scourge was the Saviour hung on the Cross.

S. S. Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. What had Paul for claiming to be a Roman citizen? Some places he claims that he was a Jew, some that he was a Pharisee.

His claim was perfectly valid and inherited from his father. (See Acts 22: 28) Jew or a man of any other nationality acquire Roman citizenship by some acquired service or in some cases by birth, as in the passage already quoted. The plenty of men now who could answer inquiry as to themselves that they are citizens, yet as to race are Jews. Roman citizenship was highly valued and it was very useful in protecting a man from what it was in Paul's case.

Student, Adrian, Mich. Was the belief in the immortality of the soul common among ancient Jews?

We do not find it directly and stated, but some passages would be in itself without such a belief. We say, in reading them, that the man who had believed that death was the end of all. Saul appears to have believed that. Samuel still lived when he appeared to the witch of Endor. (1. Samuel 28: 7) The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says (11: 16), that the patriarchs desired a heavenly country, and the Psalms and the prophets there are many passages which show that the belief was prevalent.

Subscriber, Scranton, Pa. Who is referred to in Rev. 17: 1, 3, 5?

Protestant Expositors believe that the Church of Rome is referred to. The reference to the seven hills (17: 9), is quoted in confirmation of this, often called "the City of the Seven Hills." The reference to her being drunk with the wine of the wrath of God is also quoted in confirmation of this. The reference to the persecution of the Church in England, France, and elsewhere, is also quoted in confirmation of this. The allusion to her being a whore, supposed to refer to her alliance with worldly sovereigns, especially the last Antichristian potentate who she will be in league until he is overthrown, is also quoted in confirmation of this. The other ten kings whose power will be cast off, are also quoted in confirmation of this. (See Rev. 17: 16.)

Sufferer, Aurora, Ill. I am much troubled by the refusal of an Episcopal minister to officiate at my marriage. I am a divorced woman, but my former husband is still living. I am sure that my husband is a guilty party as was proved at his trial, but that did not remove his guilt. Do you consider I was wrong in consulting another minister to marry us?

No, we believe that the injured party in such a case is justified in consulting another minister. The misconduct of the other minister, in our opinion, dissolves the marriage. The reference to the man who was of the kind mentioned by Matthew (5: 32) It would be an injustice if a husband or wife were to be married from a new marriage by the misconduct of another. That would be making the innocent suffer for the guilty.

Inquirer, Jersey City, N. J. Why did not the writers of the Bible write in conformity with the rules of grammar? The use of "who" is especially surprising and I retained in the Revised Version.

It was hoped that the Revised Version would have corrected the old fashioned style of the Bible. The Revisers had been instructed to follow the style of language in the Authorized Version and did not feel at liberty to change. The American Committee recommended that it be made. If you have a list of suggestions at the close of the New Testament you will see that seven refers to this change. The conservative objection to making any change was not absolutely necessary as it was in this case unwisely as it appears to be.

Subscriber, Cincinnati, O. No, we do not. Write to the proper parties. Crosse, Wis. Answered the same question. Subscriber, Callaway, Mo. He is replied. H. J. A., Sudley, Springs, Va. It would not be wrong, but somewhat of a mistake to criticize it as had taste. Some might criticize it as had taste. Sherman, Tex. It would be unwise to such a step until you feel that at least income is assured—sufficient to meet your needs. G. A. B., Anderson, Cal. Already in previous issues. A. S. W., Mass. A good exercise of industry and ingenuity too many to enumerate. 3. It is a st. Mrs. E. L., Collins, Winchester, Mo. now supplied. Mrs. A. G. H., Butte, Mont. About forty or forty-five days. E. C. N. V. We do not know them.



DRYING COFFEE ON A PLANTATION AT CORDOVA, MEXICO.

Cordova is a small town of the sister republic, with a population of less than 10,000, and is about fifty-seven miles inland from Vera Cruz. Its coffee lands are among the finest in the country. The neighborhood abounds in antiquarian remains, and some beautiful specimens of ancient carving and pottery have been unearthed there.

of importance. What is worth doing for the Lord is worth doing well, and those of the choir who cannot sing correctly, should be respectfully requested to vacate their seats until they learn to read music correctly, which is an easy matter with a proper instructor.

L. S., Owego, N. Y. Who is the present Emperor of China, and when was he born?

Tsai-Tien, the ruler of 386,000,000 souls, was born in 1871, succeeded to the throne 1875, and assumed control of the government in 1889.

Sister Sarah, Thayer, Kan. 1. My husband holds a position in life which throws me more or less in society. I have a poor command of language, and cannot carry on a conversation intelligently with anyone. Often I cannot think of anything to say, and am so nervous that I sometimes fail to express my opinions for want of proper words, when I do think of something to say. My husband is a public speaker. 2. Should a preacher's wife shake hands every time she meets a friend, if he is as often as every day?

1. Store your mind with information by a course of reading, and then, together with some friend with whom you are at ease, talk of some of the subjects of which you have read. Follow this course patiently and persistently, varying the topics, and soon you will be able to express yourself clearly. To acquire the art of a skilled conversationalist one must give years of effort. It comes as a gift to only a few. 2. No; it is not at all necessary, and would be deemed effusive and in very bad taste.

Jesse P., Paterson, N. J. Who was Lucullus and what was his history? I read of him lately, but cannot find anything about him.

He was a rich Roman soldier (B. C. 110-57) who became noted as a gourmand and glutton. It is said he expended as much as \$8,000

habit to treat them as automatons. He could save the whole world by any act of his will, but he takes the slower, but more noble course of drawing men to himself. He would have men choose him and seek him. As in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the father might have locked his son up and prevented him from going to the far country; but he would not do so with his son. The son might go if he wished and when he wished to return he was welcomed back, but no compulsion was used. God deals so with men. He will not by an act of his power relieve his children of the necessity of watchfulness and resistance to temptation, making them as it were sin-proof. They must watch and pray, and he will help them to resist. The question of men leading a sinless life, is one of fact not of their ability to do so.

Reader, Greensburg, Pa. 1. Must not a person who wishes to be a Christian study the Bible rather than read it? 2. In Exodus it says that if you do certain things you will go to hell, and not in any place in that book does it say anything of forgiveness. The New Testament teaches of such forgiveness. Would you call that a contradiction? 3. Can a person go to heaven if he does not belong to a church? 4. What is the fate of a person when he dies, who was never baptized or confirmed?

1. Mere perfunctory reading will not be helpful. The Scriptures should be studied or "searched" carefully and prayerfully. There are now so many aids to Bible study that the work is made much more simple than it was a generation ago. 2. No, it is not to be taken as a contradiction. The Mosaic dispensation was under the law; that of Christ is under grace. 3. Undoubtedly he can; but that is not to be made an excuse for ignoring or neglecting the ordinances of religion. We are expressly commanded, in many passages of

CUBA'S HOPE UNDIMMED.

The little island still Struggling for Liberty — Our Government may Call Spain to Account on the Ruiz Case.

ALTHOUGH, during the last few months, the announcement has repeatedly come from Spanish official sources that the "insurrection" in Cuba had been effectually suppressed and the actual facts disclose a different state of affairs. Since the death of Meco, the young patriot leader of the Cuban cause has not been mentioned.



Commander of the Cuban forces, has been more active than ever, and despite his many campaigns, seems as vigorous as any of the younger men to command under him. He is a skillful leader, and in view of the overwhelming numerical superiority of his forces, he has conducted a remarkable campaign. His bands have pressed almost to the very gates of Havana, and have carried terror into those cities where Gen. Weyler's troops were expected to be strongly posted. After defeat has been inflicted on the Spanish columns, although no important battle has been fought in many months. The warfare is altogether of the guerrilla order, the strength of Weyler's making this course necessary on the part of the insurgents. Almost every Cuban mail brings to this country some new and startling story of outrage inflicted upon the helpless Cuban by the Spanish troops. The name of military law, which, as unarmed non-combatants are designated, are driven from their homes and across country to territory sought by Gen. Weyler, under the pretence of keeping them out of harm's way and prevent them from aiding the Cubans, they are held as prisoners and subjected to the most degrading indignities. Any attempt to resist this outrageous programme is punished with imprisonment, and many hundreds of cases are cited as attesting the thoroughness and cruelty of Weyler's wholesale deportation of the miserable creatures, who at Havana on summary trial process continue, and any well-known and influential persons have been placed in prison on the charge of being traitors or of actively sympathizing with the Cubans. Several prominent individuals are now incarcerated on these charges, and the probability that all will be sentenced to death, after a farcical trial, is a matter of course. It is intimated that Spain will require the United States Government to trace a number of active Cuban sympathizers who are now in this country, and, it is said, for Cuban freedom, that policy will be pursued by the United States in such a contingency. It is believed that the United States will aid in precipitating a crisis in Cuban affairs, and that a firm refusal to deliver these men to death would be the answer. In the matter of Dr. Ruiz, the American whose life was sacrificed by Weyler, our State Department has made an investigation and procured reports on the subject—one by

Consul-General Lee and the other by the Spanish Consul at Philadelphia. It is highly probable that our government will make this a test case, and insist upon apology and reparation by Spain for the Ruiz affair. Firm action will assuredly be taken; for the purpose of upholding the honor of the flag; at the same time nothing will be done that can be construed as an attempt to unduly coerce a power now involved in many difficulties. Concerning the probable

confidence of the administration on Cuban affairs generally, a well-informed journal says: Whether there will be a display of naval force or a demand for an ultimatum is in doubt. The government would lean toward moral rather than other forces. But the demand will be made and the answer must be satisfactory. The question does not involve a mere individual wrong, but the honor of the country and the inviolability of the flag. The President believes the solution of the Cuban question will be found in granting to Cuba the rights granted to Canada and the Cape Colonies by Great Britain.

policy of Gen. Weyler in preventing the cultivation of the ground. Meat of the poorest quality brings in Havana \$1 a pound, and is exceedingly scarce. Our photographs on this page are of timely interest. The trio of leading spirits in Cuba's war for freedom are Salvador Garcia Cisneros, Marquis of Santa Lucia, President of the Cuban Republic, Tomas Estrada Palma, President of the Junta, and Gen. Maximo Gomez, Commander-in-chief of the forces in the field. Other illustrations present types of the Cuban soldiery.



A GROUP OF CUBAN STAFF OFFICERS.

PATRIOTISM.

Suggestions for the Christian Endeavor Topic for July 4. Deut. 32: 1-18.

WHY should we study the historical books of the Old Testament? The question is often asked and with apparent reason. Seeing that the Hebrews are no longer a nation, but as a race are parts of many nations, their early history does not offer the attractions that are offered by the history of nations which are now exercising a potent influence over the world. But it has a merit of its own, unique and attractive to the devout mind. The historians of the Hebrew people were men who saw God in all the national events. The prosperity or adversity

such interesting and profitable reading. But can there be any parallel between nineteenth century life in the United States and the life of a nation whose besetting sin was a lapse into idolatry? We are never tempted to worship Baal, Moloch, or Astarte. We do not multiply our Gods. The trouble with us is not in breaking the command: "Thou shalt have no other Gods beside me," but rather in having no God at all. Yet our hands are not clean as to idolatry. There are scenes witnessed in the saloons of our great cities that are very much like the worship of Bacchus; in our exchanges, like the worship of Mammon, and in our licentious resorts, like the worship of Venus. To us the old prophets speak as they did to their contemporaries. They warn us that the nation that does these things will have to suffer. God has not changed his nature, nor has he granted to us the immunity he would not grant to the chosen people. The foundations of our nation were laid by men who held the same belief. The Pilgrim Fathers were men steeped in Old Testament lore. They believed that God governed the world in their day as he governed it in the days of Manasseh and Hezekiah. Later generations have put God farther away. Yet there has been enough in our history to prove to us that God still guides the world. If that doctrine is offensive to modern ears we may put it in another form: There is, then, an eternal law that national unrighteousness works its own retribution. The Christian part of the nation in many States held aloof from politics for so long, that the control of the Government fell into the hands of the most unscrupulous element, and things have been done that have made us blush for our land. We have seen our legislators and public men grow rich on bribes and the tribute of vice. We have seen dishonest and unprincipled men in high office, and have learned how heavy is the penalty we have had to pay for our neglect of duty. In many ways we have been punished because we kept silence and allowed evil deeds to be done without daring to protest. If the Christian men of every State insisted on righteous government, if they refused to yield to the party lash and made it known that they would not vote for immoral men, such men would not be nominated. With a very little trouble, there might be organized a religious voice which would be as potent and would command as much respect as the saloon element now does. This trouble we ought to take, and if we are too lazy, or too indifferent, we need not be surprised if there is scandal in our legislative halls and corruption in our executive offices. Our country is worth saving and it can be saved only by good men standing together and insisting that God's will shall be done and God's law shall be the law of our land. True patriotism requires at least this much from every Christian citizen. Our fathers fought and bled to win our freedom; we ought at least to do our part to keep our land from falling under the power of the devil.

BATTLE OF PERALEJO, SKETCHED ON THE FIELD.



ENCAMPMENT OF A REGIMENT OF CUBAN TROOPS.

aim. The President will maintain that in the interest of humanity, of the peace and honor of Spain, and of the rights of Americans, so long in peril of war, devastation and rapine, Spain should in some form, by American mediation or otherwise, end a business which, however we view it, casts a ghastly shadow over the closing century. Late news from Cuba is that the recent operations have been favorable to the insurgents, whose bands are swarming in the Santa Clara province and around Havana itself. Several days ago another large filibustering expedition was safely landed, in the face of a hot fire from a Spanish gunboat. There is much suffering and privation everywhere on the island as a result of the protracted war and the

which by turns came upon Israel were not, in the opinion of these writers, due to the tariff or the currency, or unwise legislation, or to any of the causes to which we look when we try to account for national vicissitudes. They believed that the nation prospered when it revered and served God, and when adversity came upon the nation, they attributed it to the fact that the nation had forsaken God and had turned to idolatry. Probably there were men at that time who could account in other ways for all these calamities, and the Bible writers would know of the fact, but they disdained to notice these minor causes and went straight to the original Cause. It is this which makes their works



VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Esther 5: 3. What wilt thou, Queen Esther?



HIS question, which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of reward, or reverence, or service, of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou, the Queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London day after to-morrow will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth. The celebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in London will be less than the vibration of one harp-string as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest Queen amid many centuries. From five o'clock of the morning of 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost affrighted girl of eighteen years with the startling words, "Your Majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the three hundred millions of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be solemnized in church, or rolled from great orchestras, or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been and is now, "God save the Queen!" Amid the innumerable columns that have been printed in eulogy of this Queen at the approaching anniversary,—columns which, put together, would be literally miles long,—it seems to me that the chief cause of congratulation to her and of praise to God has not yet been properly emphasized, and in many cases the chief key-note has not been struck at all. We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victorian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to individuals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and women who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraeli in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Eliot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's beautiful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African Empire, or kindled the patriotic fervor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the invention of the telephone or photograph, or the building up of the science of bacteriology, or the directing of the Roentgen rays which have revolutionized surgery, or helped in the inventions for facilitating printing and railroading and ocean voyaging. One is not to be credited or discredited for the virtue or the vice, the brilliance or the stupidity, of his or her contemporaries. While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity. Beginning with that scene at five o'clock in the morning, in Kensington Palace, where she asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her and they knelt down, imploring Divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the

sublime Liturgy of her Established Church but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity to-day is the throne of England. The Queen's book, so much criticized at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skilfully done, and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor Castle. Was there ever an explosion of fire-damp in the mines of Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy? Is President Garfield dying at Long Branch, and is not the cable under the sea, reaching to Balmoral Castle, kept busy in announcing the symptoms of the sufferer?

I believe that no throne since the throne of David and the throne of Hezekiah and the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria. From what I know of her habits, she reads the Bible more than she does Shakespeare. She admires the hymns of Horatio Bonar more than she does Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or dissolute woman. All the coming centuries of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had sixty years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England. Compare her court surroundings with what were the court surroundings in the time of Henry VIII., or what were the court surroundings in the time of Napoleon, in the times of Louis XVI., in the times of men and women whose names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alas! for the revelries, and the more than Herodian dances, and scenes from which the veil must not be lifted. You need, however, in order to appreciate the purity and virtuous splendor of Victoria's reign to contrast it somewhat with the gehennas and the pandemoniums of many of the throne rooms of the past, and some of the throne rooms of the present. I call the roll of the queens of the earth, not that I would have them come up or come back, but that I may make them the background of a picture in which I can better present the present septenarian, so soon to be an octogenarian, now on the throne of England, her example so thoroughly on the right side that all the scandal-mongers in all the nations in six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made to stick: Maria of Portugal, Isabella and Eleanor and Joanna of Spain, Catharine of Russia, Mary of Scotland, Maria Teresa of Germany, Marie Antoinette of France, and all the queens of England, as Mrs. Strickland has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes; and while some queen may surpass our modern queen in learning, and another in attractiveness of feature, and another in gracefulness of form, and another in romance of history, Victoria surpasses them all in nobility and grandeur and thoroughness of Christian character. I hail her! the Christian daughter, the Christian wife, the Christian mother, the Christian Queen! and let the Church of God and all benign and gracious institutions the world over cry out, as they come with music and bannered host, and million voiced huzzas, and the benedictions of earth and heaven, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

Another thing I call to your attention in this illustrious woman's career, is that she is a specimen of high life uncorrupted. Would she have lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation and the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birthday, had she not been an example of good principles and good habits? While there have been bad men and women in exalted station and humble station who have carried their vices clear on into the seventies and eighties, and even the nineties of their lifetime, such persons are very rare. The majority of the vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties, and they are exceedingly scarce in the fifties. Longevity has not been the characteristic of the most of those who have reached high places in that or this country. In many cases their wealth leads them into indulgences, or their honors make them reckless, or their opportunities of doing wrong are multiplied into the overwhelming, and it is as true now as when the Bible first presented it—"The wicked live not out half their days." Longevity is not a positive proof of goodness, but it is *prima facie* evidence in that direction. A loose life has killed hundreds of eminent Americans. A loose life is now killing hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. Look! all ye who are in high places of the earth, and see one who has been plied by all the temptations which wealth and honor and the secret place of palaces could produce, and yet next Tuesday she will ride along in the presence of seven million people, if they can get within sight of her chariot, in a vigorous old age, no more hurt by the splendors that have surrounded her for seventy-eight years than is the plain country woman come down from her mountain home in an ox-cart to attend the Saturday marketing. The temptations of social life among the successful classes have been so great that every winter is a holocaust of human nerves, and the beaches of this tossing sea of high life are constantly strewn with physical and mental and moral shipwreck. Beware! all ye successful ones. Take a good look at the venerable Queen as she rides through Regent Street and along the Strand, and through Trafalgar Square, and by the Nelson Monument. What is the use of your dying at forty, when you may just as well live to be eighty? If you are doing nothing for God or the race, the sooner you quit the better; but if you are worth anything for the world's betterment, in the strength of God and through good habits, lay out a plan for a life that will reach through most of a century. How many people are practically suicides from the fact that their gormandizing or their recklessness or their defiance of dietetics and plain sanitary law cuts short their days! Indeed, so great is the temptation of those who have bountiful tables and full wine closets, that Solomon suggests that instead of putting the knife into the meat on their plate they direct the edge of it across their throat. Proverbs 23: 1: "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite." I believe more people die of improper eating than die of strong drink. The former causes no delirium or violence and works more gradually, but none the less fatally. Queen Victoria's habits, self-denying and almost ascetic, under a good Providence, account for her magnificent longevity. It may be a homely lesson for a sexagesimal anniversary in British palaces, but it is worth all the millions of dollars the celebration will cost, and the laborious convocation of the representatives from all the zones of the planet, if the nations will learn the sanitary lesson of good hours, plain food, outdoor exercise, reasonable abstinence, and common-sense habits. That which Paul said to the jailer is just as appropriate for you and for me—"Do thyself no harm." And here let me say no people outside of Great Britain ought to be more interested in this Queen's Jubilee than our nation. The cradles of most of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. They played in childhood on the banks of the Thames or the Clyde or the Shannon. Take from my veins the Welsh blood and the Scotch blood, and the streams of my life would be a shallow. Great Britain is our grandmother. We have read in the family records that without our grandmother's consent, her daughter, our mother, left home and married the genius of American Independence, and for a while there was

bitter estrangement: but the family has ended and all has been for us and we shake hands every day across seas. At this queenly anniversary, authorized representatives will be officiating in Buckingham Palace, and our ships will thunder congratulatory wishes in the waters. They are over there, our bone and flesh of our flesh, our John Bunyan, our Wilberforce Coleridge, our DeQuincey, our John Milton, our John Wesley, our John Knox, Thomas Chalmers, our Bishop Channing, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Walter, our Daniel O'Connell, our Robert Lee, our Havelock, our Henry Lawer, William E. Gladstone, our Queen Victoria. Long live the daughter of the Duke of Kent!

Again, this international occasion presses me with the fact that we are competent for political government. God calls her to it. Great fear has been experienced in this country woman would get the right of suffrage, and as a consequence, after awhile, might get into Congressional chambers, perhaps, after awhile, reach the Magistracy. Awful! Well, better your perturbations, as you look across the sea, in this anniversary time, and a woman who for sixty years has ruled over the mightiest empire of all time ruled well. In approval of her government, the hands of all nations waving, the flags of all nations waving, batteries of all nations booming, here! Men have not made such wonderful success of government that they need be afraid that women should take a turn at power. The fact is, men have made a bad mess of it, the most damnable corrupt thing on earth. American politics after men have ruled all their own way in this country for a hundred and twenty-one years, things being equal, for there are among women as well as among men, say other things being equal, women generally a keener sense of what is right and what is wrong than has men, naturally more faith in God, and a better how to make self-sacrifice would more boldly act against injustice and the social evil, and worse might come to this country than a Supreme Court room and a Senate Chamber and a House of Representatives in which manly voices were sometimes heard. Men had better drop some of the stuff of our pompous gait and with a little of superciliousness thrust the thrust of the sleeves of our vests, and be less presumptuous of the other sex, who see the Lord's favorites from the fact that he has made more of them. If women possessed an influential and controlling vote on Capitol Hill at Washington in the English Parliament, do you think that the two ruffian and murderous men of the earth could have gone on their time with the butcheries in Armenia? Cuba? No! The Christian nations have gone forth with bread and medicine and bandages and military relief. Abdul Hamid would have had no more to sit on, and Weyler, the commandant in Cuba would have been thrust into a prison as dark as that in which the murdered Dr. Ruiz. I am no advocate of male suffrage and I do not know what would be best to have it; but I point to the Queen of Great Britain, a woman over which she rules as prosperously reign. God save the Queen, whether now on the throne in Buckingham Palace, or in some time to come in the American White House.

And now I pray God that day after to-morrow, the uncertain skies of England so economic of sunshine, may pour forth light upon all the scene, and that some day when, in Westminster Abbey, the girl Queen took in one hand the sceptre and in the other the orb of empire, there may have been no day so happy as that one in which she shall receive the plaudits of Christendom, and she be strengthened in her aged years to ride the whirlwind of international movement, and her failing vision be illumined with bright memories of the past, brighter visions of the future, and as she quits the throne of earth to have a throne in heaven, and as the of the Eternal Palace are swung, may the question of the text sound in enraptured ears, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

But as all of us will be denied attendance at that sixtieth anniversary coronation, we invite you, not to the anniversary coronation, but to a coronation of the future, to two coronations. Brought here are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we, living on this side of the Atlantic, cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea, appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the globe you and I are urgently invited. If you have such morbid ideas of death that you think of it as going down to a dark cellar, or out on a barren common or as a flagellation; when, so far from a dark cellar, it is a palace, and instead of a barren commons it is a garden, with the brightest fountains that never rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation eclipsing the one whose sixtieth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little boy who was large enough to thrash Goliath, took the crown at Rabbah—a crown of gold and encircled with precious stones—and the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarca, surrounded by patrician youths clothed in scarlet, and crowned by a senator the laurel crown, the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Mark Antony put upon Caesar the mightiest tiara of the earth, and in honor of divine Caesar had it placed afterward on the head of the statue of Jupiter Olympus. It was a great day when the greatest of men took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a century from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky all with thickest darkness, and on a plain trampled of earthquake, and on a plain with the blasphemies of a crown of spikes was put upon the head of our Lord, and the agonized brow of our Jesus. At that particular coronation, amid tears and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own coronation possible. Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, looking back and inflamed eyes, got the sense of the crown coming to him, and he said to you, if you will by perseverance and faith accept it, and go into ecstasies, and his robes flashed and his crook straightened as he said to Timothy, "There is laid for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes obtain a corruptible, we obtain an incorruptible crown." And the Thessalonians he speaks of a crown of glory, and to the Philippians he says, "My crown." The Apostle catches the inspiration and says, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and St. John joins in theapture and says, "Faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims, "Hold fast, for he that takes this crown." Now, crowns! crowns! You expect, in coming here to-day, to be invited to a coronation. You can hardly believe your own ears; but in the name of a pardoning God and a sacrificing Christ, and an omnipotent Holy Spirit, and a triumphant heaven, I offer each crown for the asking. Crowns! How to get the crown? The prophet Isaiah got her crown, on her knees. The eight duchesses and marquises, clothed in silver, carried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the palace shook with the Te Deum of the organ full diapason. she had to kneel, and she came down. To get the crown of glory and eternal life, you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea! she says that at her coronation not only were assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears of coronation, and you will feel like crying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." Yes, she is sitting in the ceremony seated for awhile on a little stone called the Lia Fail, which, I remember it, as I have seen it again and

again, was rough and not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and if you are to be crowned king or queen to God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation. After all that, she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half done. There are thrones as well as crowns awaiting you. St. John shouted, "I saw thrones!" and again he said, "They shall reign forever and ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightier and the mightiest. In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectation for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his feet, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say he is no Christ at all, and there are tens of thousands of hands trying to push him back and keep him down. But, oh! the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the toy shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath of a summer fan drive back the Mediterranean euroclydon? Yes, when all the combined forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from ascending the throne of universal dominion. David the Psalmist foresaw that coronation, and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon himself shall his crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his head were many crowns." Now do not miss the beauty of that figure. There is no room on any head for more than one crown of silver, gold, or diamond. Then what does the Book mean when it says, "On his head were many crowns?" Well, it means twisted and enwreathed flowers. To prepare a crown for your child and make her the "Queen of the May," you might take the white flowers out of one parterre, and the crimson flowers out of another parterre, and the blue flowers out of another parterre, and the pink flowers out of another parterre, and gracefully and skilfully work these four or five crowns into one crown of beauty. So all the splendors of earth and

perhaps of other worlds will join in a procession compared with which that of next Tuesday will not make one battalion, the Conqueror ahead, having on his vesture and on his thigh written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords;" and when he passes through the chief of the twelve uplifted gates, all nations following, may you and I be there to hear the combined shout of Church militant and Church triumphant.

Until the mightiest Musician of heaven shall compose an anthem worthy of that coronation, an anthem chanted by choirs standing on "sea of glass mingled with fire," accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, the hundred and forty and four thousand joining in the chorus, I say, until that "Grand March" is composed, we had better stick to Isaac Watt's old hymn, which the five thousand natives of Tonga, and Fiji, and Samoa sang when giving up their idolatries for Christianity:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King.
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

STARTING THEM IN LIFE.

The Institution to be Erected at Mayesville, S. C., for Colored Children.

OUR readers who have contributed toward the erection of a building for the Mayesville Industrial Institute in South Carolina, will be glad to learn that the prospects of the realization of this excellent project are bright. The earnest endeavors of the colored people of that section to help the children of their own race to obtain an education, are meeting with general sympathy and encouragement from

who have done so much already in the poor little church, which has hitherto been their only place for teaching, this building,



IMMIGRATION DEPOT ON ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.
SCENE OF THE CONFLAGRATION ON JUNE 15.

plain and unadorned as it is, seems a veritable educational palace. There is something very pathetic in the almost child-like joy with which they look forward to the building of this new hall of learning.

It is estimated that about eight or nine hundred dollars are needed to complete the building fund, so that the Institute may be opened free of debt. This is a comparatively small sum for the realization of so great a blessing. There must be more than a thousand persons who have sufficient sympathy with so praiseworthy an effort to give one dollar each to bring it to successful realization. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has consented to take charge of the fund, and Dr. J. E. Stevenson, the Presbyterian minister of Mayesville, Dr. Mayes, the well-known physician of that town, Dr. Dana of Boston, Mass., and Dr. Asa Blackburn, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York who knows the Mayesville section well and cordially endorses the project, are all taking a deep interest in the enterprise, and will spare no effort to make it a success.

We heartily commend this Fund to our readers. It has in it the best kind of philanthropy, inasmuch as it is designed to help the colored race in that section to help themselves. It originated in the efforts of a few colored people who had managed to get an education, to teach the colored children who were less fortunate than themselves. The response showed how earnestly the little untaught creatures desired such help. They came in such numbers and from such long distances that there could be no doubt of the existence of the need. The work has been done and done successfully; all that remains is to give it permanent shape and a home which shall for generations to come be the starting-point to these colored children of a useful, happy, and prosperous career. Every contribution to the Fund will be acknowledged in these columns, and we trust that in a very few weeks sufficient will have been received to erect the building.

Immigration Depot Burned.

Many readers of this journal are familiar with the missionary work that has been done at the large government immigration depot on Ellis Island, New York harbor, concerning which we have published illustrated articles at different times. In the early morning of June 15, the main building, which was used as a reception hall for the immigrants, was destroyed by fire. There were about 1500 immigrants of many different nationalities but chiefly Italians, on the island at the time, besides a large force of government employees. As the building was a frame structure throughout, it was soon consumed. Many tugs came to the aid of the imperilled people on the island, and soon all were removed to places of safety. Even the hospital patients were taken out safely. The municipal fire-boats poured great streams of water on the blazing buildings but to little purpose, and the local fire department on the island was found totally inadequate.

Ellis Island is a Government station under the direction of the Treasury Department. Last year, 263,709 immigrants came through Ellis Island. The immigration depot will doubtless be rebuilt at once on a more substantial basis than before.



PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE OF MAYESVILLE, S. C.

heaven are to be enwreathed into one coronal for our Lord's forehead—one blazing glory, one dazzling brightness, one overpowering perfume, one down flashing, up-rolling, out-spreading magnificence—and so on his head shall be many crowns.

The world's best music will yet be sounded in his praise, the world's best architecture built for his worship, the world's best paintings descriptive of his triumphs, the world's best sculpture perpetuate the memory of his heroes and heroines. Already the crown woven out of many crowns is being put upon his brow. His scarred feet are already ascending the throne. The grandest throne of all time and all eternity is the one that Christ is now mounting. The most of us will not see the consummation in this world. But we will gaze on it from the high heavens. The morning of that consummation will arrive and what a stir in the holy city. All the towers of gold will ring its arrival. All the chariots will roll into line, the armies of heaven which John saw seated on white horses passing in infinite cavalcade. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and of all islands of the sea, and

their neighbors. A practical evidence of this is that Col. T. B. Johnston, of Sumter, S. C., learning that his land at Mayesville was desired for the site of the new building, spontaneously offered the trustees an acre worth at a low valuation two hundred and fifty dollars, for one hundred dollars. He did this as a mark of his appreciation of their efforts for the elevation of their race, and with sincere wishes for their success. The trustees gladly availed themselves of this liberal offer, and so the first step has been taken toward raising the long-desired building.

On this page we give a picture, from the architect's plans, of the building it is proposed to erect. As will be seen, the trustees have wisely determined to spend no money in ornament, but to have a plain, useful, substantial edifice, specially adapted to educational purposes. The ground plan provides for the main recitation room, a library, a room for the kindergarten class, reception room, matron's office and a number of rooms for the industrial education of both sexes. The upper story will contain more class-rooms and accommodations for boarders.

To the brave, self-denying teachers,

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

First Converts in Europe.

Sunday School Lesson for July 4. Acts 16: 6-15. Golden Text: Psalm 119: 130.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER



I will be remembered that when Paul had appealed to Barnabas to accompany him in visiting the brethren left behind in their first great missionary journey, the strife about Mark had led to the separation of these two brethren who had been called by the Holy Ghost unto this line of service together. It is significant that it is said of Paul and Silas that they departed, "being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God." (Acts 15: 40), while of Barnabas and Mark such is not recorded. Barnabas sailed to Cyprus where they had first commenced, and Paul went by land in a northerly direction, throughout Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches. In retracing the route he had taken with Barnabas, Paul came to Derbe and Lystra, and in the latter city found his beloved Timothy, who from that time became as a dear son, than whom Paul had no man like-minded. (Phil. 2: 20). The fruit of this journey was manifest: "The churches were established in the faith, and increased in number daily." Such is

THE NORMAL CONDITION

of a healthy church. Throughout his former journey, we never read of any difficulty experienced by Paul in obtaining clear and precise direction from the Lord. Now there comes a change, the guidance given by the Holy Spirit is only negative. The chosen witnesses of the Gospel who were under the charge to go "into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16: 15), were now "forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the Word in Asia. . . They assayed into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not." What did it mean? Was the Holy Spirit grieved by the contention with Barnabas, and must Paul be humbled and dealt with as a little child whose guidance by the parents is so largely negative? Or was God exercising his servant's faith, and putting him to a test whether he would obey, and remain quiet and confident in his God, when it might seem to him that precious time and precious opportunities were being wasted? Probably both were true. Strife and divisions are among the works of the flesh (Gal. 5: 19, 20), and even if Paul had been in the right, it would have glorified God more had he left him to deal with Barnabas. And God the Holy Ghost, in his jealous love for the Apostle Paul, may have withdrawn for a time his more positive direction that this precious instrument might learn, through this humiliation, to walk more softly, and in more dependence upon his God.

Paul was loyal: he stood the test; neither his love to souls nor yet his great natural energy of character betrayed him into a step of disobedience. He did not argue that the directions of the Spirit were contrary to the express command to go into all the world, but meekly and lovingly obeyed, and passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. Now he could be trusted again with positive direction. "A vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. Some might think a mere vision too slight an indication to follow in such a crisis. When a man is

SHUT OUT OF GOD,

intently waiting for a revelation of his will, God will show whether a vision is from him, or whether it is one of those dreams which come from a multitude of business." (Eccl. 5: 3). The apostle was no longer in doubt. He had followed the negative guidance which he had received until he had been brought to the seashore. The cry of the Macedonian, from the other shore of the same sea, what could

he do but take ship? Paul and his little company "assuredly gathered that God had called them to preach the Word in Asia." In such journeys we are not told how the apostle and his companions traveled, how their fare was paid, or whether they worked their way. In the work of the first missionaries finances seem to have had no place. The use of the pronouns "us" and "we" lead us to conclude that Luke the physician was with them in this voyage. He probably remained at Philippi, until Paul's later visit, after which again the use of "we" (Acts 20: 6), indicated that Luke left Philippi for Asia with Paul.

God's blessing was on this first missionary journey into Europe. No shipwreck as in Acts 27. Paul's tests just now were on another line. "We came with a straight course unto Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis, (a seaport of Macedonia), and from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia." How should they proceed? What should be the first steps taken by

MISSIONARY PIONEERS?

They were in that city "abiding certain days." What did they do there? We are not told how Paul's company were

was a conversion after God's own heart and after Paul's own heart. It was only a woman, some may say. God knew that: he knew what he did when he chose a woman to be the first European Christian. Lydia has had her sisters in later times, and during the whole history of the Church in Europe there have been anointed women whom the Lord has called, from time to time, to bear witness for him, when their brethren have not been small enough or weak enough for him to use. The foundation of the Church in Europe was well laid, but when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find the faith in Europe?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A MOMENTOUS event is described in the lesson. The introduction of Christianity into Europe has had a more potent influence on human destiny than have battles or revolutions or social convulsions. Whether Paul contemplated taking this step when he started on his journey is doubtful. In his conversation with Barnabas, about it, he merely proposed going over the route of their former missionary tour and visiting the churches already planted. But now that his hands were set free by the council at Jerusalem, and he had no reason for apprehending the silly and vexatious intermeddling of the Judaizing sticklers for the law, he may have cast a longing eye on distant lands. Or it may be, as Luke seems to imply, that the bold project of entering Europe was not in his original plan. His companion was Silas, or Silvanus, one of the two men sent by the Jerusalem Council to corrob-

oration, they received direction as the course and passing the places where the road branches off toward the north, the south, they kept on toward the eastern coast. On their way they left of the decree of the council with the church, so that if any of the Jews should come the people might not be troubled by them. At Lystra, Tarsus, whose conversion we noticed in a previous lesson, was added to the party; and Troas, a town on the coast of the Aegean Sea, about four miles from the site of the ancient Troy and near the Dardanelles, appears to have joined them. They should not directly stated, but as from them, he uses the pronoun "we" instead of "they," we infer that he accompanied three travelers. It has been suggested that Paul was sick and therefore took the company of a physician would be welcome. At Troas a peculiar invitation came to them. Paul had a vision in which a man of Macedonia, a region included in European Turkey, begged them to come there. Accepting this as divine guidance they crossed the sea, a voyage of sixty-five miles, to Neapolis, the port of Philippi. The ruins of the wall and an ancient gate show where Philippi once stood. It was named after Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, but at the time of Paul's visit it was a Roman city. The Jews appear to have had no synagogue there, but were accustomed to meet for prayer at a place outside the walls, as in other Roman cities. Thither, as was his custom, Paul went on the Sabbath, and conversed with the women who made up the congregation. One convert at least was made, and others. Luke's habit was to select incidents, so it may be that the only other converts, but Lydia's conversion is the only one mentioned. She is described as a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, that is to say, Thyatira, her birthplace. She evidently resided in Philippi, as she entertained the missionaries. The incident indicates that in the colony had a more independent position than in Oriental lands. Lydia was in the selling either the dye or dyed fabrics, possibly both. We do not hear a word about her in the New Testament, but conversion is interesting as being the first in Europe of which there is any record.

Whose heart the Lord opened. Dr. S. Robinson, speaking of Lydia's conversion, says: "There were five evidences of its being genuine: 1. A heart: an open mind; an open mouth; an open hand; and an open house." "Wherever Christianity goes it does good, the people are the better for it, and these first missionaries to Europe were their first convert grateful and hospitable, so the missionaries of our day have gratitude in the heathen to whom they have carried the Gospel. When MacFarlane visited New Guinea he brought him a large present of provisions. He asked the meaning of it, an old chief replied, turning to his men: 'Look here! See how we have been changed since missionaries came to us. Formerly when white men came here they had to come armed to the teeth; we can land safely without fear of harm to us. Look at those men of another island swimming to the shore. A few years ago they would have been killed and eaten as soon as they came ashore. Now they are well received, helped by our people. The missionaries have taught us how to live.'

The Spirit suffered them not. Christ promised the Holy Spirit that he would be a guide, and find him guiding these first missionaries to the place where people were to hear the message of the Gospel. Dr. B. Hooker, describing his voyage to the Gulf of Mexico, gives a typical illustration of such guidance. As the ship went down, a cold and furious blast from the north came upon us. The sea became intense. Here and there the shoals and other dangers. Great waves prevailed among all on board. A shout came from the sailor on the deck, 'There's the light!' The sound rang through the ship, to the relief of every passenger. The vision of the steamer was now known, safety was over and quietness in the quiet waters of the river.



RUINS ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF PHILIPPI.

employed, but we can take it almost for granted that it was in prayer. By this time they had discovered a place where prayer was wont to be made, for Philippi being a colony, the knowledge of the true God had penetrated there.

Finding, as it seems, only a company of women, Paul sat down and spoke to them. Was it, could it have been, the prayers of this little group of women which led God to send his chosen instrument so far? Was it the prayers of a few women which first led to the preaching of the Gospel in Europe? Who knows how many important issues for the kingdom of God have hung upon the prayers of a few simple weak ones, unknown on earth but registered in heaven! Lydia, one of this little band of women, was well known as a woman of business, a seller of purple. She was one of the colonists, having come from Thyatira in Asia Minor, where, probably she had met with some disciples of Christ. This woman "worshipped God," and may have stirred up the little group of women around her to cry to God for some one to teach them the way of the Lord.

The words of Paul met the long felt need. God had brought together the earnest seeker and the God-sent teacher, and the first living stone of the infant church in Europe was thus laid. Hers was a simple, but thorough conversion. God opened her heart, she attended to the things which were spoken by Paul, and she was baptized and her household. The Word of God, the things which were spoken by Paul had entered into and taken possession of her opened heart, and at any risk to her business or her personal reputation, she and her household confessed Christ publicly by baptism. This

rate Paul's report of the decision about the Gentiles. He had remained at Antioch after the object of his mission was accomplished, and when the quarrel with Barnabas left Paul without a companion, Silas was ready to accompany the Apostle. It must have caused Paul a pang to separate from his old friend to whom he was indebted for many kindnesses; but he was never so ardent a lover of peace as to sacrifice principle to maintain it. To the last, he had a keen sense of his rights and the disposition to fight to secure them. He who boasted in one of his epistles that he withstood Peter to the face because he was to be blamed, was not likely to yield to Barnabas. He had his own opinion of Mark, a man who had deserted the party on the former tour, and he did not want to have any more to do with him. As Barnabas persisted, apparently having a truer estimate of Mark's character, the idea of a joint tour was abandoned, and Barnabas with Mark as his companion went to Cyprus, his native land, and we hear no more of him in Luke's narrative. Paul appears subsequently to have discovered that he was mistaken as to Mark, for in his letter to Timothy (11. Tim. 4: 11), he expresses a wish to have the young man with him and admits that he was profitable, or useful, in the ministry. This shows that even an inspired Apostle when he found that he had been mistaken was not too great to acknowledge his error.

Setting out with Silas, being recommended by the brethren, (from which we conclude that the church at Antioch took the side of Paul in the dispute), Paul went northward into Galatia, where he turned westward along the Roman road. In some way, either by vision or providential indi-



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.



TWO CHINESE HOLIDAYS.

the Christian, the Other Heathen, and Both Took Place in New York. A Strange Contrast.

THATHER a striking contrast of two widely different phases of Chinese life in America was afforded in New York a few days ago. On a bright and breezy June Monday, shortly after 11, a large party of gaily-dressed Chinese assembled on an excursion dock on East River. The occasion was the picnic of the Brooklyn Chinese Sunday Schools. There are nine in all. Every school was represented by a full contingent of pupils and teachers, the attendance of Chinese being about 600. All the arrangements were in charge of a committee of five, elected by the schools, the committee being Wong Kwong Sing, Liu Chu, Chu Loung K. Kew. Besides the Chinese there were about 300 white persons, men and women, who are interested in the progress of the Sunday Schools, and many of whom are warmly interested in the civilization of the Chinese who come to this country. It was a very merry party that steamed up the Hudson to Hempstead Harbor, and no more enjoyable trip could have been planned. The children, whose employments confine them indoors all day long, were delighted at the outing, and returned to the city feeling invigorated and refreshed, with the memory of a pleasant day well spent. Another outing of a similar character is now being planned by the New York Sunday School Union, which will take out the pupils of the Chinese schools in the metropolis for a day at Long Island. On that occasion the Chinese Consul and staff will honor the excursion with their presence, and the Peilong evangelist band will also be there to assist in the religious service. Every year brings new interest in the Chinese Sunday School work, and it is unquestioned that the spiritual results are even greater than formerly. Quite recently a new mission and Sunday School was opened by native Chinamen for the benefit of their countrymen in Pell street, the center of Chinatown.

During the same week in which the Chinese were enjoying this trip, their heathen fellow-countrymen were making extensive preparations for a celebration of a very different sort. In anticipation of the approaching 1500th anniversary of the birth of Kwan Yung and the Pung, two very celebrated Chinese deities, all the heathen Celestials prepare to visit the "joss house" in Mott street, recast in their finest raiment, and spend a whole day in feasting, incense-burning and making offerings to the gods. Large sums were spent in this heathen celebration, and the Chinese priests must haveaped a rich harvest of gifts through the superstition of their dupes.

What a strange contrast this, between the two holidays; the one a happy, wholesome, innocent outing under pleasant auspices amid Christian surroundings; the other, a stifling, gloomy, heathenish gathering before painted idols in a heathen temple, in the heart of the capital city of Christian land!

Admiring Praise.

There are times when it is wise and best to give a word of praise to a child, rather than such a word the little heart will link with discouragement. A father took up to a map his little son had laid out and pinned on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with his age-old eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the room walked the father, and said

carelessly: "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in." "Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicious listener. "Why, no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it." The unspoken word meant little to the father, but a great deal to the child, whose heart would have been cheered even by a hint that his work was appreciated.

Man's Friend the Horse.

Mrs. T. T., of Marblehead, Mass., writes this voluntary pledge:

I will do all I can to prevent the dumb creatures from being abused. If we see them abused and keep silent we are doing wrong. I believe we should speak a word in favor of those who cannot

and not in the face. One ought to write on tinted paper and to read books only well printed. It is unwise to read in the railway car, in a carriage, in walking, in bed, or when recovering from an illness. Milton is said to have become blind by the excessive use of his eyes during an attack of dyspepsia. The best hygienic conditions are important; damp neighborhoods often produce weakness of vision.

Domestic Points of Difference.

There are in every household, certain topics, which, when they are discussed, always give rise to differences of opinion. This being recognized, it is wise to avoid them, especially if they are not essential to domestic peace and happiness. How foolish it is, says a recent writer, to have these stock subjects of disputation, about which there is always friction and irritation, amounting, perhaps, in the course of years to positive alienation. It is not well to expect too much of others, being mindful of the fact that we ourselves make large demands upon their patience or toleration. Very beautiful is it when two people, after some trifling experimental knocks and jars, have settled down in

OUR NEIGHBORS AND OURSELVES.

O WHAT a selfish, cruel thing This captious old world is! Our neighbor plainly sees our faults, And clearly we see his. We think our neighbor's vision dull, We think our own is keen; We think ourselves so generous While he is small and mean. We've time to see how others err, We've time to criticize; We seize upon each other's "motes," With "beams" in our own eyes. We see the motives of our friends And hastily condemn; They have no charity for us, And we have none for them. We think there's no church quite so good As that where we belong; And others think their own is right And all the rest are wrong. O what a blessed world 'twould be If we should exercise The love that hides another's faults— His good to recognize! How sweet a thing might life become If we could gladly own That other people might be right And not ourselves alone. If we could but unselfishly Acknowledge honest worth— Rejoicing in another's joy— Then heaven would be on earth. If vanity and pride were dead, If selfishness could cease, God's kingdom then would come with power— His reign of love and peace. O God, possess these hearts of ours— Let sin no more benumb— But let thy will be done on earth— O let thy kingdom come!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

SCOWLING.

DON'T scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy.

We should possess our soul in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy's religion be good for anything at all, it is unfeigned, and it will be found in a majority of cases, that it comes from his mother. Every boy needs religion—not a gloomy, morbid religion that makes him moody and nervous and unnatural, but a bright, cheery, practical trust in the Christ of the New Testament, as the natural companion of a boy, as his helper in the struggle with temptation, as the link between the beautiful world without and the heart within, every boy ought to have. When you deprive him of it by trying to teach him theology first, or by requiring that he shall feel—or say that he feels—just the same sort of religious experience at conversion that you went through, you do him untold wrong. A boy's instinct is a pretty safe guide, if you give him the Bible and a Christian mother.



A CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.
(Sketched by a "Christian Herald" Artist.)

When I see a horse being whipped by a man my indignation and pity are aroused and I cannot help speaking. The horse knows more than the man that is whipping him. I have seen men, when backing a team, if it did not go just where they want it, they vent their spite on the poor horse by beating and sometimes by kicking it. Would a man abuse a child when it gets contrary as I have seen them abuse a horse?

Be Careful of the Eyes.

Constant strain in an artificial light is the worst thing for the eyes. In our large cities and towns, the fierce glare of the electric light, indoor or out, is a severe test to the optic nerves, and the general use of electricity for illuminating purposes may not improbably result in increasing the proportion of ophthalmic disorders. Concerning the care of the eyes, an optical expert furnishes these simple hints: Do not write, nor read, nor sew, or do any sort of work which requires an effort from the eyes or in an insufficient light. If compelled to do so, always close the eyes from time to time. The colors most restful for the sight are green and blue. Do not surround yourself by colors too strong. Red is blinding. Prefer the softer tones in textures, in furnishings. A great contrast of color is equally fatiguing. The light ought to come from the side

mutual adaptation and adjustment, having thoroughly learned the art of living together in close accord.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer
Together bound for aye, together blest.
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

"Rose Day."

One of the prettiest features of the Victorian Jubilee in London this week is the universal display of roses, the British national flower. It has been proposed that everybody taking part in the celebration shall wear the national floral emblem, and the additional proposition is made that June 22d shall hereafter be known throughout the Queen's domains as "Rose Day," in honor of the jubilee. In some parts of our own country there is a growing interest in the observance of a "Rose Sunday" in mid-June, when the "American Beauties," "Marechal Neils" and other splendid varieties are in their loveliest bloom.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Victoria's Jubilee.

IT is beautiful to see how many nations join in celebrating Queen Victoria's Jubilee. It is common in our land to deplore the fact that in monarchies the accidents of birth decide who shall reign. But, is that worse than the accidents of politics? Could poorer or more unfit people get office than those who at various times in various departments have held authority in this country? Both republican and monarchical forms of government have their advantages and defects, and which shall finally take possession of the world, or whether neither of them shall become the universal government, is known only to him who is ruler of nations and to whom thrones and presidential chairs are only footstools. May Victoria keep the throne until someone by every qualification of intelligence and virtue and faith in God is prepared to mount it.

Years ago, in a railway train going from London to Liverpool, an Englishman said to me: "I do not see how you Americans endure a change of ruler every four years. I should think it would keep your nation in a state of perpetual uncertainty." My reply was, "The American form of government is not charged with as many uncertainties as the English form. Having elected a ruler, he is sure to stay in authority for four years, if he lives, while in your country any year a change of sentiment on Irish home rule, or a question of war with some foreign nation may throw one administration down and lift another, and now it is Gladstone and now it is Salisbury. Political changes are not so sudden in America as they are in England."

So I answered my fellow-traveler. Still, I think England has the best form of government for her, and the United States the best form for us. If we don't like ours, we can go there, and if they don't like theirs, they can come here. It is becoming quite frequent now for Americans to decry American institutions. These critics have been abroad long enough to get a foreign accent and ape foreign customs, and come home with enough airs to make their presence a disgust, and then ventilate their anti-Americanisms. My wonder has been why they stay here among all our American barbarisms, when transatlantic passage is so cheap, and they could so easily be spared from a residence on this side of the sea. The simple fact is they know there are no skies arched like the American skies, and no land where society is struck through with

such contentment as here, and that the opportunities which open in our country are grander than any other the sun shines on. It is the easiest place to make a living, and more liberty is granted to a man while he behaves and quicker justice seizes him if he don't. Long live the republic!

Need of a Divine Help.

WE do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck bound for Egypt. It was a bright, starry night, and as he paced the deck, thinking of the great affairs of the State and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God, one saying there was a God and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to these men in conversation, and said: "Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God; if there is no God, will you please tell me who made all that?" If we have no God to comfort us when our fortune goeth, and we look upon the graves of our children, and our houses are desolate, what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God, going out to fight giants of trouble; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast. When the swift couriers of trouble are brought up, champing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If having run with the footmen they wearied us, how can we contend with the horses?

Humiliation and Exaltation.

IT is only as we humble ourselves that God will exalt us. The Pharisee whose prayer was self-glorification, how did he go down to his house? He took none of the peace of God down with him. He thanked God for the things he was not; that he did not grind the face of the poor; that he was true to his wife; that he did not collect taxes for the Romans. He found all his satisfaction in this. How was it with the other one who went to the temple, at the same time? He went down to his house justified. God accepted his prayer and said, Go in peace! What was his petition: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

We may approach repentance by calling to mind our own sins. Perhaps that is the more usual way. But, there is another process. "Not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Our meditations on the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, sad though they may be, when we think of what the Saviour suffered for us, are really meditations on God's unspeakable gift. What the Saviour suffered is only preliminary to his present glory, yes, man's future glory, all of which is expressive of his goodness. Our sorrows are to be associated with the goodness of God. In the end, we must take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord!

There are works that are meet for repentance: the repentance of the heart. What I pray, I say to God in words. What I do, I offer to God in deeds. Look over the year since the last season. You have neglected your Bible, your church-services, the prayer-meetings, the weekly lecture, the gift upon the Lord's altar. You have, perhaps, done far worse than this. In covenant with God, as one of his people, look at the manner in which you have kept, shall I not say, have broken your covenant. From this summer how shall it be till the next one? We go into the future world by these annual stages. How many more summers God will grant us none of us can tell. Perhaps this will be the last. Oh what a glorious unfolding would come to the church of the living God, if she came up from the sepulchre, leaning upon the arm of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life!

A BASKET OF BERRIES.

LAST! for those to whom a berry is not a berry, who have no midsummer day-dreams among their vines, who can read no antique poems, or taste no flavor of antiquity, in their plate of ripe red strawberries! No wonder the Latins called them *fragaria*. How fragrant they are! Is it not pleasant to think that they were indigenous to the wild green woods of England, and that our painted Celtic ancestors found them around their wicker huts? Roman soldiers, Saxon thanes, Norman barons, prudent monks, English men and maids of all stations, and all ages, have been familiar with this delicious berry. Ah! memory has no more subtle spell, than we can find in a basket of strawberries! Not only a red, but a white and green strawberry used to grow wild in England. The scarlet strawberry is a native of Virginia and was brought to England in 1625. Chili gave an excellent variety to France, and Alpine Switzerland has a delicious native berry. And here is a hint that may be worth something to American cultivators who live near the sea-shore. In the Isle of Man, they cover the plants in winter with sea-weed, and the result is a prodigious increase in the size of the fruit.

No fruit has so many poetic memories as the strawberry. It is the rose of fruits. Shakespeare frequently mentions them. What American in London, can pass by Ely Place in Holborn, without seeing the street converted into a garden, and the pavement into rows of strawberries.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for some of them!

quoth Richard the Third to the bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. His sending the bishop to get him some strawberries, just before he assails Hastings with furious and unjust abuse, is one of those subtle but natural felicities it took that splendid mystery, William Shakespeare, to think of.

There is no poet that can overpraise them; they deserve all the good things that can be said of them, and the old writer is not wrong when he says, "God has not made a better berry, though doubtless he might have done so." Let us then eat and be thankful! Perhaps in the fields of Heaven and on the hills of God, we may hereafter find our favorite berry, sublimated, and beautified with the taste of Paradise in them.

The raspberry which many think nearly as fragrant and delicious, also grew wild in English woods from the earliest times, but neither Tussar nor Gerard, though familiar with the red raspberry in the sixteenth century, mention the white rasp. This variety came undoubtedly from Antwerp. The gooseberry does not appear to have been known to the ancients. Gerard calls it *feaberry*, a name I have heard given to it, forty years ago in Yorkshire. It received the name of gooseberry from being used as sauce to young, or green geese. It was brought from Flanders in the same year as Henry the Eighth received the title of Defender of the Faith, and even as late as the reign of Elizabeth its leaves were eaten as a salad by those who could not afford to send to Holland for a lettuce.

The blackberry was well known to the Romans. Pliny tells us that the propagation of trees by layers was taught the ancients by the bramble bush:

Some bow their vines which buried in the plain, Their tops in distant arches rise again—*Virgil*. They were also aware of the medicinal qualities possessed by blackberries in all diseases of the mouth and throat. Another wild berry which they shared in common with us was the whortleberry, or bilberry, or huckleberry; to which both Virgil and Pliny give the name of *vaccinium*. The Highlanders of Scotland eat them with milk as we do, but they also make of them a jelly flavored with whiskey, which we do not do. The Duke of Athol, a little more than a century ago, discovered a pure white variety growing in the woods between his seats of Blair and Dunkeld. Cranberries are found all over the world in marshy places. England, which has a small, fine variety, imports them largely from America. She has also of late years cultivated a kind called snowberry, which is pure white, and was brought from Nova Scotia, though it is also found in the swamps of her newly-acquired territory, Cyprus. This cranberry has a perfumed taste like *can-de-noyau*, or bitter almonds.

The mulberry is mentioned several times in the Bible, and Ovid celebrates it, in his famous story of Pyramus and Thisbe. It was introduced into Europe from Persia, and was more esteemed by the Romans than any other fruit. It did not reach England until 1548, but the trees then planted at Sion House are still alive. A few years later both black and white mulberries were growing all over England. James the First greatly favored this tree, and large numbers of it were planted in his reign. One of these old mulberry gardens was the rendezvous of fashion during the Commonwealth, and is now Arlington Street. The mulberry grows well in America. There are immense native groves of it in Texas, and it is worthy of remark, that it breeds no vermin and harbors no caterpillar, except the silkworm.

See then how easy it is to eat our berries to the romance and the fair humanities of the older world: for berries touch our common

history at many points, though haply man or woman who can also link it with their own peculiar idyl—with the idyl of summer holidays and childish friendship and love's young dream. Such can the delicious juices, the days when in sunshine, and they loved to wander and get sunbrowned and eat berries.

Amelia E. P.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. John G. Paton, D.D., sent to the Victorian General Assembly the proceeds of the sale of his well-known "Life in the Hebrides."

The railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem carried last year nearly seventeen thousand freight. It would be interesting to know this was ever exceeded in Solomon's time.

There are now in London seven Young Men's Christian Associations with membership of 13,697. There are now in 6,406 centres—an increase of 234—with ship of 515,000.

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Ph has received a call to succeed the Rev. Pentecost, in the pastorate of the M Presbyterian Church, London.

Mrs. Maggie VanCott has begun a tent services at Catskill, N. Y. The meeting already attracting wide attention, especially the non-churchgoing, and there is good manifest of an early ingathering of souls.

The colored Baptists of this country last year \$41,897 for education, \$35,320 for and \$210,794 for miscellaneous purposes have church property to the value of \$9,7 school property to the value of \$2,028,650.

The different kinds of Presbyteries South Africa have united in one General in which the Free Church, the Unitarian, and the separate Presbyteries of Cape Town, and the Transvaal are represented.

Chaplain Laslett of the State Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa, writes us that he has the numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He says he can send him. There is no paper more for one for which there is so great in the institution. Postage or express always be prepaid by the senders.

A Reunion of the Students of the School at Providence, R. I., is announced. This is the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary in the annals of the institution, with sincere pleasure that the arrangements made for the return of its children to the sports of youth, reminiscences and congratulations.

Evangelist E. R. Nance has been meetings at Monroe, Neb. Sixty persons conversion at the meetings. Nineteen have made a church connection. Twelve of them were received by baptism. Mr. Nance is now at Oconee. Major Cole is still in the State and has had good meetings at B.

Bishop Thoburn of India has suffered a painful accident. While riding a hill, Naimi Tal recently, he was thrown and arm. Mrs. Thoburn, who was with him, a sign-board from the roadside as a sign-bishop was able to return to his home where a surgeon took charge of the case.

A talented Hindoo Christian, Dr. Ramachandraya, of Madras, is now in this country on a lecture tour. Dr. Ramachandraya, equally distinguished as a jurist and author on Missionary Life, Child Life, and Public India. He is associated in his work with N. Thomissen, a missionary of ten years' in India. He may be addressed at 242 West street, Baltimore.

The Annual Report of the British Foreign Bible Society shows an income of about \$10,600 more than that for the year. From the depot in London there were 1,780,993 copies, and from depots abroad making a total of 3,776,133 copies in Bibles and portions. The total issues in the two years of its existence is over a hundred and fifty-one million volumes.

People who are disposed to impute motives to Christian workers will have a cult in accounting for the entrance of Mr. Nettleship, of Newark, N. J., into the field. Mr. Nettleship has just resigned his Assistant Secretary of the Prudential Company of America to become an evangelist, commencing his labors in England and expects to begin work at home after a brief tour on the other side of the Atlantic.

As we go to press the Christian Herald Societies of New York are eagerly watching the *Britannic*, on which Dr. F. E. Clark is homeward. The New York societies at hold their semi-annual rally on June 18, and that by that date Dr. Clark would be Clark has had a hearty welcome during the world tour from Europe, Asia, and Africa in his own land, where he is best known, the warmest affection is felt for him.

The Church Army of England has a year of great prosperity. The number of lists, nurses, and colporteurs has increased to 504. The Army has no shelters, but home work is approved by the Charity Commission and the Prison Commission. The year's income has been over \$360,000, \$30,000 from the sale of property and \$30,000 from the sale of property and \$30,000 expenditure, \$350,000. The year commenced with a deficit of \$10,000, which has been turned into a surplus of about \$23,000.

The United States Consul at Zanzibar home about the recent emancipation of slaves in that country, says: "It was many persons that the effect of freedom would be to throw many thousand negroes upon their own resources, and that great suffering would ensue for three or four years; what I can see not one person will suffer the slightest degree. In my opinion, not one of the present generation of slaves will be masters."

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER

Attempted Assassination.

ARIS was startled on Sunday June 13 by the news that an attempt had been made to assassinate M. Faure, President of the French Republic. The President was on his way to Longchamps, when the attack was made. He was proceeding by the Bois de Boulogne, and had the place where, thirty years ago, shot at the Czar, when a bomb was under his carriage. It exploded and report and for a moment there was general consternation until it was found that no one had been hurt. The President retained his coolness and passed on as if nothing had occurred. The bomb was picked up in the roadway. It was a very small affair, consisting of a pipe about six inches long, two inches in diameter and half an inch thick. It had been loaded with powder and swan shot. The perpetrator of the outrage appears to have made his escape. A detective, who was near the President is said to have seen the bomb-thrower and pursued him: the crowd seeing him run, mistaking him for the would-be assassin, seized him with canes and umbrellas. The other policemen rescued him and bleeding from the angry mob, who would have lynched him. He made three arrests of men who were suspected of throwing the bomb, but gave satisfactory accounts of himself and they were released. An impression prevails that the crime has no political motive, but was the work of a lunatic. Sensational journals unkindly suggest that the whole thing was organized by the President as a stage trick to arouse sympathy: and one journal before the outrage was perpetrated, declared that the police were arranging for some such attack to be made on the President. This however is scarcely credible, as he could no advantage accrue to the Government from such a plot. In former times the President has been imputed to some anarchist or imperialist: but now the political members of both parties agree that the republic is too firmly established to be overthrown by a crime. Nothing could change the form of government but the misconduct of the rulers themselves. It is with governments as with individuals: their undoing does not come from their enemies, but from their own iniquity. To every fallen man, as to every lost man, the same words apply: "Thy doings have procured these things to thee." (Jer. 4: 13.)

Russian Tragedy.

Interesting facts about the recent revolution in Southern Russia are given by a correspondent in a communication to the *Christian Herald*. It appears that in the neighborhood of Tiraspol there is a sect of a strange fanatical sect known as the Askolniki, the leader of which was a beautiful woman named Vera Makarova, who was known to the sect as Sister Vitalia. One of the beliefs of the sect is that the only way to inherit eternal life is by self-denial, the suppression of all physical appetites and desires, by self-torture, and at the end of the process, self-destruction. The existence of the sect came to the attention of the authorities at the last census. The authorities could not obtain any answers from members of the sect to the questions they were required to put. They refused to tell them the number, the ages of their children. Sister Vitalia told them that the Government had ordered the census in order to get the members of the Greek Church, and that if the children's names were entered they would be claimed by the priests of the church, and their souls would be

lost. All who refused the information required by law were imprisoned. Sister Vitalia among them. There another peculiarity was discovered. The members of the sect would not eat. They believed it was a mortal sin to eat out of vessels which had ever been used by unbelievers. They would have starved to death in prison rather than eat the food provided for them, if the Governor, becoming alarmed, had not ordered their release. It appears that the Tiraspol branch of the sect, under the teaching of Sister Vitalia, came to the conclusion that they were ripe for heaven. The survivor of the group, Feodore Kovaleff, says that they longed for the crown of martyrdom, and demanded that he give it them by burying them alive. He was less fanatical than the others, but under their persuasions he



M. FAURE, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE—SCENE OF HIS ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION ON JUNE 13.

yielded. Six persons, including his wife and two children and Sister Vitalia, went down into his cellar, and there Kovaleff buried them alive in the sticky mud. He says that his only regret, as he saw their faces lighted with faith and ecstasy, was that he could not lie down and be buried with them. The police found the dead bodies in the cellar, as Kovaleff said. He desires to die, and hopes he will be executed, but he will probably be sent to an asylum for the insane, although on all other questions but religion he is perfectly rational. But in religion—like those whom at their own desire he put to a cruel death—he is most irrational. If they had understood the character of God better they would have known that it is not by self-torture, or by self-immolation that he is pleased. The prophet's words still need to be proclaimed the dark places of the earth:

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6: 3.)

A Novel Weapon.

The police of Lynn, Mass., are looking for a half-blinded highwayman who has been terrorizing bicycle-riders and pedestrians for some time past on the outskirts of the city. The injury to his eyes was incurred in the pursuit of his business. The proprietor of one of the drug-stores of the city, who is an enthusiastic bicyclist, had occasion a few days ago to visit a friend at Salem, and being detained,

was riding home after ten o'clock. On his way, he noticed some person among the trees by the roadside giving a peculiar shrill whistle which sounded like a preconcerted signal. About half a mile farther, he came to a dark place in the road, where he deemed it prudent to go slowly. He had heard of the attacks on bicyclists, but at that time he was thinking more about avoiding obstructions than of possible attacks. He was just emerging from the shadow, when he caught sight of a figure crouching by the roadside, and the next moment a stout cane was thrust between the spokes of his wheel and he was thrown off. He managed to fall on his feet and was prepared for his assailant who came to him with the gruff demand to give up his watch and his pocketbook. He put his hand in his pocket as if to comply, and drew out a syringe filled with ammonia. He discharged the contents full in the highwayman's face. The man gave a yell of pain and put both hands to his face. The bicyclist jumped in the saddle and pedalled with all his power toward Lynn. He arrived safely without further molestation and reported his adventure to the police who are trying to catch the highwayman, now with the clue that he must be suffering from the effects of the ammonia. Probably no one but a druggist would have thought of this novel mode of defence, but it answered the purpose. So it has been in other conflicts. As David prevailed over the giant with a sling and a stone, so in Christ's warfare no man need think himself powerless against evil: he has some gift, or

kind of metal helium is: the only thing known about it is that it exists in the sun and that no metal on earth known to scientists gives the same lines in the spectrum. It seems probable that this crystalline substance is helium, and if so, the question arises whether the aërolite from which it was obtained was cast off from the sun or from some other planet or star. It may be that all the celestial bodies have the same element in their composition. Of that we cannot be sure, but the presence of this strange metal and its identity in the spectrum with the lines of the sun, show that the stone is not of this world but is of celestial origin. The analysis of the Christian's character should yield an analogous result. It ought always to contain so large a proportion of love and kindness as to prove that it is part of the divine nature:

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another. (John 13: 35.)

Checks in a Junkshop.

A tiresome search has been going on for several days over acres of waste paper in the junkshops of Chicago for some missing checks and drafts worth six thousand dollars. It appears that in packing the safe one night in the county treasurer's office, a basket containing the checks sent in by a number of property-owners in payment of their taxes was inadvertently left outside. The colored janitor found it there the next morning, and concluding that it contained waste paper, emptied it into a sack and sent it away with other waste to the junk shop. It was not long before the loss of the valuable papers was discovered and steps were taken to recover them. A list was made of all the junk-dealers who buy the waste paper from the offices, and two men were detailed to each store to search for the papers. A more tedious, uninviting task cannot well be imagined, but it was prosecuted until one of the searchers in a Desplaines street store fished out the whole of the precious papers. If men will take so much trouble and persevere in disagreeable work to find lost money, Christians ought not to be deterred from seeking in the slums and the abodes of vice and poverty the lost souls which are far more precious.

What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit, will he not lay hold on it and lift it up? How much then is a man better than a sheep? (Matt. 12: 11.)

Insidious Anodynes.

A warning to persons who are in the habit of taking patent medicines and of treating themselves for real or fancied ailments, was issued a few days ago by Dr. George F. Shrady, the famous New York physician. The doctor has found a large increase of late among the habitués of opium, morphine and cocaine and has set himself to discover the cause. He believes that it is not due as it formerly was to the prescriptions of physicians, who have now learned that there is a serious danger in prescribing anodynes for their patients. They know that it is better for the patient to suffer pain than to acquire the knowledge of a drug that may enslave him. But while the physicians have been more careful, the public has gained the knowledge of these dangerous anodynes in other ways. Dr. Shrady says that many of the remedies advertised to alleviate pain induce an appetite which is worse than the pain itself. Multitudes of men and a still larger number of women have in this way become victims of an insatiable craving which demands to be periodically satisfied with ever increasing doses. The remedy gives them relief from suffering and they have recourse to it whenever they have a headache or any trifling malady until they become so accustomed to taking it that they cannot do without it. Many of these remedies contain opium, morphine or cocaine and the patient unconsciously contracts in taking them, an appetite which he cannot shake off when he tries. The last state of that man is worse than the first, and the physicians have acted wisely in keeping from the knowledge of their patients the drugs which, while giving temporary relief from suffering, enslave and destroy them. The faithful minister, too, is often placed in circumstances where his people desire comfort, which it is his duty not to give. He has to tell unpalatable truths and turn a deaf ear to appeals for false hope.

Who say to the seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us: for we speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits. (Isa. 30: 10.)

THESE ALL HELPED STRICKEN INDIA.

Their Gifts of Corn are Now on the Way to Calcutta—A Splendid Record of Christian Generosity—The Corn Cars Received—Bishop Thoburn's Cablegram.



ONE OF MANY CORN CARS THAT CAME FROM THE WEST.



PROBABLY no mission of succor and mercy in which a people ever engaged has afforded more joy and delight in the doing, than has the work of aiding suffering India. Churches, schools, societies, village communities and little groups of Christian men and women all over the land have worked and prayed together, till the result has been a great harvest of help which the good relief ship *Everett* is now carrying over the sea to Calcutta—a city now doubly afflicted, in view of the recent earthquake. The *Everett's* cargo is valued at \$60,000, and it has been insured in the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co., which has generously agreed to reduce the premium one-half, thus practically making a donation of \$425 to the Relief Fund. All who have had a share in the work will watch with interest for news of the food-ship's arrival.

When the decision of the Fund managers to send money, instead of a second cargo of corn, was communicated to the Secretary of the Navy in Washington, that official promptly sent this reply:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
June 8th, 1897.

My dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., and believe that you have taken the right course in sending money instead of grain. Very truly yours,
JOHN D. LONG.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Esq.

This approval has been echoed on every side. Missionaries and others, who have had experience in India, unite in declaring that the delay in securing a second steamship made it inexpedient and even unwise to send a cargo of corn from New York to India at this late season, and that the better course was to send money instead. Letters of congratulation on the change were also received from U. S. Senator Hale, Speaker Reed and others who had helped the work in Congress.

In order that the local appropriations may be made in strict accordance with the necessities of the case, an **Inter-denominational Relief Committee** has been formed in India, under the Chairmanship of Bishop J. M. Thoburn, with headquarters at Calcutta. To this Committee the sum of \$40,000 has been cabled from the Relief Fund, as stated in last week's *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. We had hoped to receive in time for this issue a cabled report announcing just how this money had been apportioned, but the committee, presumably, has preferred the more economical method of sending their communication by mail.

The reasons why we selected this course, in the future work of the Relief Fund in India, were:

FIRST. That at this distance it is impossible to accurately determine the exact extent of the suffering in any one district, and this can be readily done by a Committee on the spot.

SECOND. It avoids duplication, as the Committee organized represents all the American Protestant missionaries in India.

THIRD. It can administer the fund more prudently and judiciously and can therefore achieve better results, than would be possible under any other arrangement; and

FOURTH. The existence of such a

Committee creates a local centre in India, to which all the missionaries operating in connection with the Fund will be directly responsible and to which detailed reports of their work in the various districts will be submitted, these reports, in due course, to be published in the columns of THE *CHRISTIAN HERALD* for the information of the Fund contributors and our readers generally.

The choice of Bishop Thoburn, as head of the Inter-denominational Committee, gives general satisfaction. His cabled message gives evidence of the hearty zeal with which he enters upon the work before him. It is as follows:

"NAINI-TAL, INDIA, June 15.
"KLOPSCH, New York.
"I accept gladly. God bless you!
THOBURN."

Probably no selection that could have been made would have been so cordially welcomed by all the missionaries, both at home and abroad. Rev. Dr. C. C. Creagan, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in New York City, said: "I consider Bishop Thoburn one of the greatest missionaries of modern times—a man who has the confidence and respect of Christian people of all denominations. No better man in all India could have been selected for the work."

As some have asserted that the statements of mortality and suffering received from the missionaries were overdrawn, we give space to this extract from a letter from Lord Radstock, the well-known evangelist. The writer says:

"Some seem to imagine the famine is over; but few seem to realize that at this moment a part of that empire, with a population equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland, are living in districts where there is actually 'not enough food to maintain life.'"

"Nor is this all; for in the Central Provinces there is only one relief station for every 280 square miles, and the weak or those enfeebled by famine cannot get there, while an enormous number of others, from caste feeling, or from unwillingness to abandon their homes, refuse to seek government relief. And house-to-house visitation by the missionaries is the only way of saving life. I have figures which show that over 100,000 died in one district last year of famine out of 2,300,000 population."

"The missionaries in their endeavors to relieve the suffering are battling against overwhelming odds, and are most inadequately supported. Let me give a few facts out of very many. Even one and a-half years ago some parents were selling their girls in one district, and villages were depopulated. In one district this year 200 a month were dying of starvation; in another thirty a day were dying in the Government poorhouse; in another, people who have been living on roots and berries now have not even these."

"Owing to the enormous area (250,000 square miles) where crops have failed, leaving only half a crop, or even a quarter crop, there is a general rise of prices; so that in large districts not reckoned by the Government of India as being in the thirty-seven millions of 'famine area,' prices are 200 or 300 per cent. above the normal. The consequence is an awful lingering starvation going on. Hundreds

of thousands have died. In one district the magistrate said he could collect 8,000 orphans, and this showed that their parents (at low estimate 8,000) must have died; besides many others of the children, who must have died in large numbers, for they die first. In one orphanage, 150 died in three months after they were received, having been enfeebled by previous privations."

"And yet all this must get worse, as there can be no more grain till after the autumn crop is gathered. The rains coming next month will develop fever, smallpox, and cholera later. I believe all the Christian funds together do not reach \$250,000—little more than enough to gather, house and clothe the 8,000 orphans alluded to in one district. Unless speedy help is given much more generously, it is feared that missionaries will have to refuse the orphans who will be offered to them by hundreds next month. And what will become of those orphans? They will die because of the ignorance or indifference of many who bear our Lord's name, and who practically say of their fellow-subjects, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

Special acknowledgment is due to all our friends who took an active personal interest in the movement to send corn to India, all of whose offerings are fully represented in the cargo of the *City of Everett*, which sailed, according to programme, from San Francisco on June 12 for Calcutta.

THE CORN OFFERINGS.

Below is the record of the cars of corn for which bills of lading have been received up to June 12, together with the car numbers and consigners' names. Each of these gifts is represented by a corresponding quantity of corn in the *Everett's* cargo, now on the way to India:

State.	Town.	No. of Cars.	Consigner.
Can.	*Ottawa.	7823.	A. M. Brown.
Del.	*Bridgeville.	1388.	Wilbert Layton.
Del.	*Milford.	—.	B. J. Salvage.
Gal.	*Athens.	19454.	Hodson Bros.
Iowa.	*Ackley.	1751.	John Ratt.
Iowa.	*Bassett.	9826.	John Foley.
Iowa.	*Chicassaw.	—.	Davis W. Hine.
Iowa.	*Cromwell.	1234.	Rev. T. L. Kiernan.
Iowa.	*Des Moines.	30 Cars.	Indian Relief Com.
Iowa.	*Farnhamville.	52916, 3727.	Charles Beasman.
Iowa.	*Ionia.	2379.	Quaife, Hine & K.
Iowa.	*Monica.	65232.	David Smith.
Iowa.	*Orange City.	48374, 35496.	J. W. Muelenberg.
Iowa.	*Prescott.	11415.	A. R. Miller.
Iowa.	*Shenandoah.	13722.	Rev. M. Waddell.
Iowa.	*Shenandoah.	3172.	T. H. Reid.
Iowa.	*Sydney.	3128, 236.	Rev. Julia Jeffrey.
Iowa.	*Vinton.	4507, 2064.	M. H. McNie.
Iowa.	*Van Wert.	1190.	Rev. S. Sampson.
Iowa.	*Winfield.	2397.	Hoyt Sherman.
Iowa.	*Wellsburg.	—.	J. S. Loggett.
Iowa.	*Wilton.	15854, 1290.	C. W. Norton.
Ills.	*Biggsville.	19885.	Rev. J. A. Renwick.
Ills.	*Bloomington.	22337, 4155.	Whitmer.
Ills.	*Bloomington.	3005, 3360.	P. Whitmer.
Ills.	*Georgetown.	1585.	P. H. Smith.
Ills.	*Lansing.	84673.	John Eisingberg.
Ills.	*Leaf River.	5092.	G. L. Wiley.
Ills.	*Leaf River.	24723.	G. L. Wiley.
Ills.	*Marley.	9294.	H. H. Berry.
Ills.	*Martinsville.	7678.	A. E. Keppford.
Ills.	*Medea.	18870.	Albert N. Porter.
Ills.	*Ocoya.	3146.	W. A. Marsh.
Ills.	*Oneida.	32099.	W. S. Pritchard.
Ills.	*Shawneetown.	7465.	Alex. Dunn.
Ills.	*Woodhull.	17463.	Rev. L. L. Lewis.
Ind.	*Carmel.	4878.	John R. Collins.
Ind.	*Curryville.	3261.	Geo. W. Drumm.
Ind.	*Fairland.	66421.	J. E. West.
Ind.	*Kokomo.	77461.	H. W. Vrooman.
Ind.	*Muncie.	848, 3065.	J. E. Haffner.
Ind.	*New Corydon.	772.	G. Martin & Son.
Ind.	*Rockville.	—.	Geo. W. Rohm.
Ind.	*Red Key.	3639.	Jay Grain Co.
Ind.	*Valley Mills.	11503.	J. J. Millhouse.
Ind.	*Waterloo.	16625.	W. E. Ingalls.
Kans.	*Alma.	619.	W. L. Howe.
Kans.	*Burlingame.	19489.	James Oliver.
Kans.	*Dellphos.	5223.	India Relief Com.
Kans.	*Fairview.	38592.	Hurd Clendenen.
Kans.	*Jarbals.	4293.	O. H. Clark.
Kans.	*Lebanon.	16699.	J. H. McCune.
Kans.	*Leona.	2962.	J. T. Hall.
Kans.	*Leonardville.	1414.	J. H. Bingham.
Kans.	*McPherson.	38536.	Rev. M. Manshardt.
Kans.	*Mankato.	19488.	T. W. Cole.
Kans.	*Moran.	51526.	W. G. Howell.
Kans.	*Partridge.	11772.	Mrs. G. Barton.
Kans.	*Seneca.	17914.	L. V. Slusor.
Kans.	*Smith Centre.	27390.	H. W. Kendall.
Kans.	*Stafford.	22394.	S. C. Stephens.
Kans.	*Summerfield.	13631.	D. W. Hills.
Kans.	*Webber.	12895.	C. H. Mitchell.
Mich.	*Brooklyn.	14459.	M. Jennings.
Mich.	*Burlington.	5781.	F. D. Newcombe.
Mich.	*Burlington.	6751.	W. J. Wilcox.
Mich.	*Burlington.	13906.	Mrs. A. H. Holcomb.
Mich.	*Cass.	6590.	F. C. Smith.
Mich.	*Eastville.	19560.	Mrs. S. F. Voorhees.
Mich.	*Homer.	13809.	Amos M. Barker.
Mich.	*Hudsonville.	156.	E. A. Smith.
Mich.	*Marshall.	47061.	P. E. Bergeman.
Mich.	*New Era.	72051.	Frank Veltman.
Mich.	*Salom.	6739.	Thaddeus Leland.
Mich.	*Sundfield.	12012.	N. E. Gibbs.
Mich.	*Tosco.	—.	Rev. A. Abell.
Mich.	*Tosco.	—.	Niel Leersack.
Mo.	*Hatchinson.	416.	J. M. Bird.
Mo.	*Axtell.	20734.	Daniel McRuer.
Mo.	*Grant City.	2368.	Grace C. Antriman.
Neb.	*Avoca.	2470, 4316.	—.

State.	Town.	No. of Cars.	Consigner.
Neb.	*Bellwood.	71520.	India Relief Com.
Neb.	*Bloomfield.	42432.	E. H. J. Jones.
Neb.	*Cozad.	44048.	T. J. M. Jones.
Neb.	*Elwood.	19805.	L. L. A. Jones.
Neb.	*Fustis.	10129.	H. C. J. Jones.
Neb.	*Hansen.	39327.	Mrs. S. J. Jones.
Neb.	*Holdredge.	18810.	C. O. C. Jones.
Neb.	*Lexington.	40410.	George Jones.
Neb.	*Liberty.	321.	J. C. N. Jones.
Neb.	*Loomis.	674.	D. T. C. Jones.
Neb.	*Loomis.	14039.	W. O. Jones.
Neb.	*Palmyra.	18717.	M. D. Jones.
Neb.	*Pawnee.	4634.	Harrington Jones.
Neb.	*Stanford.	21393.	W. C. Jones.
Neb.	*Wilsonville.	26677.	Rev. R. Jones.
Neb.	*Waterloo.	34836.	B. B. Jones.
N. J.	*Blawensburg.	10207.	T. R. S. Jones.
N. J.	*Millstone.	538.	Rev. T. Jones.
N. Y.	*Fort Plain.	44640.	J. H. F. Jones.
N. Y.	*Hector.	50735.	W. B. Jones.
N. Y.	*Middlesex.	61864.	Rev. O. Jones.
N. Y.	*Trumansburg.	7473.	L. S. B. Jones.
Ohio.	*Adena.	3278.	Rev. L. Jones.
Ohio.	*Bluffton.	6311.	A. D. Jones.
Ohio.	*Covington.	891.	F. G. Jones.
Ohio.	*Cadiz.	13205.	J. M. Jones.
Ohio.	*Centerville.	10679.	C. H. Jones.
Ohio.	*Caledonia.	25819.	C. L. Jones.
Ohio.	*Cedarville.	84505.	Andre Jones.
Ohio.	*Forest.	15146.	A. D. Jones.
Ohio.	*Fredericktown.	1664.	L. B. Jones.
Ohio.	*Greenville.	242.	Henne Jones.
Ohio.	*Hicksville.	3572.	Geo. Jones.
Ohio.	*Jamestown.	12140.	David Jones.
Ohio.	*Leipsic.	15984.	Rev. J. Jones.
Ohio.	*Mount Sterling.	36430.	J. G. Jones.
Ohio.	*Marshallville.	10696.	S. P. Jones.
Ohio.	*Mt. Pleasant.	3230.	J. K. Jones.
Ohio.	*Mt. Blanchard.	14746.	Rev. V. Jones.
Ohio.	*Millford.	3853.	M. C. Jones.
Ohio.	*Mount Cory.	6839.	Levi Jones.
Ohio.	*New Carlisle.	1394.	C. D. Jones.
Ohio.	*Nogley.	25440.	W. C. Jones.
Ohio.	*North Lima.	3340.	Rev. H. Jones.
Ohio.	*Orville.	9038, 2159.	Rev. I. Jones.
Ohio.	*Piqua.	70462.	F. G. Jones.
Ohio.	*Plain City.	11753.	E. H. Jones.
Ohio.	*Salem.	5088, 3179.	H. G. Jones.
Ohio.	*Trenton.	10238.	Rev. H. Jones.
Ohio.	*Utica.	44207, 34175.	J. H. Jones.
Ohio.	*Upper Sandusky.	11182.	John Jones.
Ohio.	*Vaughansville.	616.	D. A. Jones.
Ohio.	*Wansee.	5113.	Young Jones.
Ohio.	*Wellsville.	64553.	W. S. Jones.
Ohio.	*Wooster.	71550.	James Jones.
Ohio.	*West Milton.	16517.	J. K. Jones.
Ohio.	*Wharton.	16392.	Rev. I. Jones.
Ohio.	*West Milton.	6173.	J. K. Jones.
Ohio.	*Xenia.	75504.	J. P. Jones.
Pa.	*Allentown.	64055.	J. A. Jones.
Pa.	*Allentown.	4254.	J. A. Jones.
Pa.	*Allentown.	11430.	J. A. Jones.
Pa.	*Berwick.	10619.	Geo. Jones.
Pa.	*Clintondale.	15055.	Mrs. J. Jones.
Pa.	*Fairview.	288D.	Rev. E. Jones.
Pa.	*Gordonsville.	78279.	Jacob Jones.
Pa.	*Mercer.	12110, 15814.	John Jones.
Pa.	*Mercer.	11069, 12865.	John Jones.
Pa.	*Montrose.	9773.	Miss Jones.
Pa.	*New Wilmington.	6322.	Sadie Jones.
Pa.	*Norristown.	1532.	Dr. W. Jones.
Pa.	*Norristown.	2016.	A. W. Jones.
Pa.	*Reedsville.	76691.	Rev. S. Jones.
Pa.	*Transfer.	50450, 90183.	W. G. Jones.
S. D.	*Madison.	32412, 22684.	J. P. Jones.
S. D.	*Pierre.	13358.	O. F. Jones.
S. D.	*Creston.	3577.	B. E. Jones.
Wis.	*Arona.	4878.	Geo. Jones.
Wis.	*Mazomanie.	72862.	V. R. Jones.
Wis.	*Ogdensburg.	4938.	E. E. Jones.

Miscellaneous.
No B. O. L. or Advice Note Received.
Car No. 9826. Car No. 7702.
Car No. 41430. Car No. 228-
Car No. 17832, 5028. Car No. 844.

*These cars have not yet arrived.

India has now entered on her suspense. In a few days it will be known whether the present suffering will continue and increase for another year, whether relief may be expected in the west monsoon brings rain there will be a harvest four or five hence. We are thankful to learn that Madras rain had begun to fall, indications of its spreading northward.

NEW ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

State.	Amount.	State.	Amount.
Alabama	\$ 340.39	Montana	1.00
Alaska	12.00	Nebraska	1.00
Arizona	132.70	Nevada	1.00
Arkansas	96.77	N. Hampshire	54.11
California	1,260.20	New Jersey	100.00
Colorado	503.28	New Mexico	1.00
Connecticut	1,075.48	New York	1.00
Delaware	28.05	N. Carolina	9.00
D. Columbia	169.04	S. Dakota	4.00
Florida	270.50	Ohio	100.00
Georgia	679.81	Oklahoma	1.00
Idaho	43.45	Oregon	1.00
Illinois	4,351.41	Pennsylvania	31.00
Indiana	950.44	Rhode Island	1.00
Iowa	43.34	S. Carolina	4.00
Indiana Ter.	1,802.38	S. Dakota	4.00
Iowa	1,019.35	Tennessee	4.00
Kansas	2,180.49	Texas	97.00
Kentucky	1,389.85	Utah	61.00
Louisiana	124.07	Vermont	5.00
Maine	610.61	Virginia	100.00
Maryland	400.12	Washington	1.00
Massachusetts	2,802.50	W. Virginia	30.00
Michigan	1,839.02	Wisconsin	60.00
Minnesota	801.65	Wyoming	10.00
Mississippi	330.02	Canada	1.00
Missouri	833.70	Foreign	1.00

Remittances received, defective in name and address, acknowledged in this issue.

Total New Acknowledgments \$ 7,871.00

Previously acknowledged \$ 5,500.00

Total to June 1st \$ 13,371.00

*Erroneously reported in our footings \$ 11,866.64.

Miscellaneous Contributions TO THE INDIA FAMINE FUND.

ENG the progress of the Relief work, number of contributions were received, many of which were unaccompanied by the names of the Senders or Town from which the gifts were sent. It was not practicable to classify these contributions and publish simultaneously with others who send with the usual data. We have now these unidentified gifts on a single page, so that the contributions, thus sent, amount to \$2,439.81.

Miscellaneous Continued.	
McCabe, O. M.	5.00
McDowell, M. E.	2.00
McEachron, Mary L.	1.00
McKay, Mary L.	1.00
McKenzie, Mrs. Libbie	1.00
McKinnon, W.	5.00
McLee, Mrs. Geo.	1.00
McMillin, Mrs. Mary W.	1.00
Madill, John A.	5.00
Malory, Mrs. J. Frank	5.00
Marshall, Mrs. F. A.	1.00
Matson, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Matthews, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Maxwell, Willis	5.00
Maylott, Lucy D.	1.00
Merriman, W. M.	5.00
Merrill, Bessie A.	5.00
Miller, Helen W.	5.00
Miller, Henrietta	5.00
Miller, Isabel T.	5.00
Miller, Mrs. John	1.00
Milroy, B. A. J.	1.00
Mininger, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Gibson, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Gilbert, F.	3.50
Gilkey, Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Gill, Mrs. Kate W.	10.00
Glover, M.	1.00
Gooch, Mrs. C. W.	1.00
Goshen, Mrs. A. P.	1.00
Gosling, Mrs. and Mrs. W. H.	1.50
Green, Mrs. I. S. Santa Cruz	2.00
Green, J. J. New Haven	1.00
Greene, Eva G. No Willingham	2.00
Greene, Mrs. L. E. No Willingham	2.00
Gregory, C.	1.00
Gregory, Mrs. C.	1.00
Gregory, Harry	1.00
Gregory, Katie	2.00
Gregory, Maggie	2.00
Gregory, Mary	2.00
Gregory, Tom	1.00
Greiner, A. Hanover	1.00
Griffing, J. C. Gay	5.00
Griffing, Milton, Gay	5.00
Griffing, Mrs. S. F.	1.00
Grover, Eliza H. & S. S.	3.00
Gumpher, Mrs. Mike	5.00
Gandy, Mrs. R. E.	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Hall, Claire	0.10
Hall, Clarence R.	1.00
Hall, Mrs. E. L.	1.00
Hall, Mrs. J. E.	1.00
Hall, L. C.	2.00
Hammond, M. C.	5.00
Hanna, Carman	0.05
Hanna, Murrell	1.00
Hanna, Numa	1.00
Hanna, Ralph	1.00
Hanny, P.	1.00
Hanson, Hans, Willie	1.00
Hanson, Johnnie and Mary	2.00
Harris, F. M.	2.00
Harrison, J. H. and Wif.	2.00
Harsh, Issaue	2.00
Harte, R.	3.00
Harvey, Miriam	1.00
Harvey, John, Morgan Park	1.00
Mrs. G. H. Haven's S. S. Class	1.00
Hay, Wm.	3.50
Hayes, Mr. T. one	1.00
Hazlett, Mrs. C.	7.00
Heron, G. Keota	3.00
Hicks, Carrie A.	1.00
Hilme, C. De Kalb	1.00
Hillary, Mrs. M. J.	5.00
Hinderholtz, M. J. and Family, Woodworth	2.10
Hoagland, Mrs. W. D.	6.00
Hobbs, R. G. Through	38.00
Hodgdon, Mrs. A. P.	2.00
Hogg, Mrs. R.	5.00
Holland, Mrs. E.	1.00
Honck, Minnie	2.00
Howard, Mrs. Abbie A.	1.00
Howyer, R. E. Clement	3.00
Hoyt, Thos. H.	2.00
Hovey, Robt.	2.00
Hubbard, Mrs. H. W.	1.00
Hubbell, Robt.	1.00
Hutchins, E. L.	2.00
Hutchins, E. P.	2.00
Hutson, Mr. & Mrs. F. C.	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Iles, Rhoda	5.00
Iles, Sarah	5.00
Irvine, Mrs. Jno.	1.00
Jackson, Mrs. S.	1.00
Jennings, Mrs. G. B.	1.00
Johnson, Mrs. J. A.	1.50
Jones, Mrs. A. Lipscomb	1.00
Jones, G. L.	3.00
Jordan, E. B.	5.00
Kaler, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Karnes, Owen	1.00
Keenins, Jennie	1.00
Keenins, F. H. Keller	14.15
Kelly, John	2.00
Kemp, Anne	2.00
Kerr, M. & Son	1.00
Kingsley, D. A.	2.00
Kirby, Marv H.	2.00
Kise, J. L.	2.00
Kitcart, D.	4.00
Kroodman, Raymond	5.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Lad, Miss	0.05
Landrum, B.	0.25
Langdon, Florence & Ed	1.60
Langley, Mrs. M. R.	2.00
Lawson, Mrs. S.	2.00
Layman, Mrs. I.	1.00
Lemair, Lillie	1.00
Lemke, Amanda & Aunt Martha	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Leard, Mrs. E.	1.00
Lindgren, John	2.00
Lindgren, F.	5.00
Lichtie, Mrs. C. R.	5.00
Loath, T. R.	2.00
Locke, Mrs.	5.00
Longstreet, Jas. A.	5.00
Londen, G.	5.00
Lonsard, Ida	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
McCabe, O. M.	5.00
McDowell, M. E.	2.00
McEachron, Mary L.	1.00
McKay, Mary L.	1.00
McKenzie, Mrs. Libbie	1.00
McKinnon, W.	5.00
McLee, Mrs. Geo.	1.00
McMillin, Mrs. Mary W.	1.00
Madill, John A.	5.00
Malory, Mrs. J. Frank	5.00
Marshall, Mrs. F. A.	1.00
Matson, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Matthews, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Maxwell, Willis	5.00
Maylott, Lucy D.	1.00
Merriman, W. M.	5.00
Merrill, Bessie A.	5.00
Miller, Helen W.	5.00
Miller, Henrietta	5.00
Miller, Isabel T.	5.00
Miller, Mrs. John	1.00
Milroy, B. A. J.	1.00
Mininger, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Gibson, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Gilbert, F.	3.50
Gilkey, Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Gill, Mrs. Kate W.	10.00
Glover, M.	1.00
Gooch, Mrs. C. W.	1.00
Goshen, Mrs. A. P.	1.00
Gosling, Mrs. and Mrs. W. H.	1.50
Green, Mrs. I. S. Santa Cruz	2.00
Green, J. J. New Haven	1.00
Greene, Eva G. No Willingham	2.00
Greene, Mrs. L. E. No Willingham	2.00
Gregory, C.	1.00
Gregory, Mrs. C.	1.00
Gregory, Harry	1.00
Gregory, Katie	2.00
Gregory, Maggie	2.00
Gregory, Mary	2.00
Gregory, Tom	1.00
Greiner, A. Hanover	1.00
Griffing, J. C. Gay	5.00
Griffing, Milton, Gay	5.00
Griffing, Mrs. S. F.	1.00
Grover, Eliza H. & S. S.	3.00
Gumpher, Mrs. Mike	5.00
Gandy, Mrs. R. E.	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Hall, Claire	0.10
Hall, Clarence R.	1.00
Hall, Mrs. E. L.	1.00
Hall, Mrs. J. E.	1.00
Hall, L. C.	2.00
Hammond, M. C.	5.00
Hanna, Carman	0.05
Hanna, Murrell	1.00
Hanna, Numa	1.00
Hanna, Ralph	1.00
Hanny, P.	1.00
Hanson, Hans, Willie	1.00
Hanson, Johnnie and Mary	2.00
Harris, F. M.	2.00
Harrison, J. H. and Wif.	2.00
Harsh, Issaue	2.00
Harte, R.	3.00
Harvey, Miriam	1.00
Harvey, John, Morgan Park	1.00
Mrs. G. H. Haven's S. S. Class	1.00
Hay, Wm.	3.50
Hayes, Mr. T. one	1.00
Hazlett, Mrs. C.	7.00
Heron, G. Keota	3.00
Hicks, Carrie A.	1.00
Hilme, C. De Kalb	1.00
Hillary, Mrs. M. J.	5.00
Hinderholtz, M. J. and Family, Woodworth	2.10
Hoagland, Mrs. W. D.	6.00
Hobbs, R. G. Through	38.00
Hodgdon, Mrs. A. P.	2.00
Hogg, Mrs. R.	5.00
Holland, Mrs. E.	1.00
Honck, Minnie	2.00
Howard, Mrs. Abbie A.	1.00
Howyer, R. E. Clement	3.00
Hoyt, Thos. H.	2.00
Hovey, Robt.	2.00
Hubbard, Mrs. H. W.	1.00
Hubbell, Robt.	1.00
Hutchins, E. L.	2.00
Hutchins, E. P.	2.00
Hutson, Mr. & Mrs. F. C.	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Iles, Rhoda	5.00
Iles, Sarah	5.00
Irvine, Mrs. Jno.	1.00
Jackson, Mrs. S.	1.00
Jennings, Mrs. G. B.	1.00
Johnson, Mrs. J. A.	1.50
Jones, Mrs. A. Lipscomb	1.00
Jones, G. L.	3.00
Jordan, E. B.	5.00
Kaler, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Karnes, Owen	1.00
Keenins, Jennie	1.00
Keenins, F. H. Keller	14.15
Kelly, John	2.00
Kemp, Anne	2.00
Kerr, M. & Son	1.00
Kingsley, D. A.	2.00
Kirby, Marv H.	2.00
Kise, J. L.	2.00
Kitcart, D.	4.00
Kroodman, Raymond	5.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Lad, Miss	0.05
Landrum, B.	0.25
Langdon, Florence & Ed	1.60
Langley, Mrs. M. R.	2.00
Lawson, Mrs. S.	2.00
Layman, Mrs. I.	1.00
Lemair, Lillie	1.00
Lemke, Amanda & Aunt Martha	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
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Lindgren, John	2.00
Lindgren, F.	5.00
Lichtie, Mrs. C. R.	5.00
Loath, T. R.	2.00
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Longstreet, Jas. A.	5.00
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Miscellaneous Continued.	
McCabe, O. M.	5.00
McDowell, M. E.	2.00
McEachron, Mary L.	1.00
McKay, Mary L.	1.00
McKenzie, Mrs. Libbie	1.00
McKinnon, W.	5.00
McLee, Mrs. Geo.	1.00
McMillin, Mrs. Mary W.	1.00
Madill, John A.	5.00
Malory, Mrs. J. Frank	5.00
Marshall, Mrs. F. A.	1.00
Matson, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Matthews, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Maxwell, Willis	5.00
Maylott, Lucy D.	1.00
Merriman, W. M.	5.00
Merrill, Bessie A.	5.00
Miller, Helen W.	5.00
Miller, Henrietta	5.00
Miller, Isabel T.	5.00
Miller, Mrs. John	1.00
Milroy, B. A. J.	1.00
Mininger, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Gibson, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
Moore, Mrs. E. R.	2.00
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Gilkey, Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Gill, Mrs. Kate W.	10.00
Glover, M.	1.00
Gooch, Mrs. C. W.	1.00
Goshen, Mrs. A. P.	1.00
Gosling, Mrs. and Mrs. W. H.	1.50
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Gregory, Harry	1.00
Gregory, Katie	2.00
Gregory, Maggie	2.00
Gregory, Mary	2.00
Gregory, Tom	1.00
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Griffing, Milton, Gay	5.00
Griffing, Mrs. S. F.	1.00
Grover, Eliza H. & S. S.	3.00
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Gandy, Mrs. R. E.	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
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Holland, Mrs. E.	1.00
Honck, Minnie	2.00
Howard, Mrs. Abbie A.	1.00
Howyer, R. E. Clement	3.00
Hoyt, Thos. H.	2.00
Hovey, Robt.	2.00
Hubbard, Mrs. H. W.	1.00
Hubbell, Robt.	1.00
Hutchins, E. L.	2.00
Hutchins, E. P.	2.00
Hutson, Mr. & Mrs. F. C.	1.00

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Jackson, Mrs. S.	1.00
Jennings, Mrs. G. B.	1.00
Johnson, Mrs. J. A.	1.50
Jones, Mrs. A. Lipscomb	1.00
Jones, G. L.	3.00
Jordan, E. B.	5.00
Kaler, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.	1.00
Karnes, Owen	1.00
Keenins, Jennie	1.00
Keenins, F. H. Keller	14.15
Kelly, John	2.00
Kemp, Anne	2.00
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Lemair, Lillie	1.00
Lemke, Amanda & Aunt Martha	2.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
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Lindgren, F.	5.00
Lichtie, Mrs. C. R.	5.00
Loath, T. R.	2.00
Locke, Mrs.	5.00
Longstreet, Jas. A.	5.00
Londen, G.	5.00
Lonsard, Ida	1.00

Miscellaneous Continued.	
McCabe, O. M.	5.00
McDowell, M. E.	2.00
McEachron, Mary L.	1.00
McKay, Mary L.	1.00
McKenzie, Mrs. Libbie	1.00
McKinnon, W.	5.00
McLee, Mrs. Geo.	1.00
McMillin, Mrs. Mary W.	1.00
Madill, John A.	5.00
Malory, Mrs. J. Frank	5.00
Marshall, Mrs. F. A.	1.00
Matson, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Matthews, Mrs. Sarah L.	1.00
Maxwell, Willis	5.00</

Gospel Triumphs in Persia.

(Continued from First Page.)

with each other as to whose the privilege of inflicting the first dagger stroke should be. A few Nestorian women, who were Mohammedans, through the influence of zenana workers have with their husbands been converted to Christianity.

Of late the Presbyterians have turned their attention to the Armenians and Jews. The mission work in Persia is very slow. One reason is because there is such a wide channel between and not much sympathy among the workers and the natives. If Mohammedans are to be brought to Christ, Christian workers ought to live in closer contact and more sympathy for their nation, customs and habits. The need for workers is great, the encouragement among them is also remarkable.

Socially, the condition of the women of Persia is a most interesting study.

After marriage, they wear the *yashmak* or native veil over the lower part of the face, covering the mouth, as a sign of complete subordination to their husbands under all circumstances, right or wrong. "A woman's voice must not be heard by men or old women," is a familiar saying. If you ask why the *yashmak* was instituted, the answer comes, "because of woman's tongue. She talks too much." On the other hand the women themselves will say: "Because, once upon a time, many years ago, there was a very handsome woman with a beautiful chin and mouth, and for the love of her a monk broke his vow and lost his soul. Since then, the heads of families in Christian communi-

the food to the mouth: but it is quite an art to do this skilfully, without disaster to one's dress.

Our hostess' home is a building of thirty feet by twenty, and only fourteen feet in height. Its board floor is carpeted and serves the three-fold purpose of sitting-room, eating-room, and bed-room. Sometimes it is even used as a kitchen, and there are homes in the mountains which, like the Ark of Noah, use the general room as a place for the fowls and domestic animals. Some houses I have known to contain the beasts of the fields, creeping and jumping creatures, and even snakes find an abiding-place among the beams and pillars, and lay their eggs in the recesses. There are no time-pieces in the ordinary Persian home, but the crowing of the cock wakes the household, and its screeching solo serves as an alarm. Dinner is announced by the lowing of a cow, and supper-time comes when we hear the flapping wings of the flying creatures, as they steal to their night's rest. Most of the houses are built of sun-dried brick and easily crumble. In Persia, architecture, especially in the villages, is far from attractive, and the squat appearance of the houses surprises one who has been used to the sky-scrapers of New York. Suffering and persecution through centuries have aided in producing a style of architecture peculiar to itself, and in some villages the dwellings are so closely set together that one can walk over the roofs from one end of the place to the other. These village homes have no windows; instead the roof is perforated with two or three small round openings, which serve as ventilators. Volumes of black smoke and foul air ascend through these openings, and sunshine, fresh air, snow and rain pour in at them, summer and winter. In winter, the houses are exceedingly cold, but the occupants keep near the *tandoor* as much as possible. People don't have much to do during the winter months—especially the men folks, so they have plenty of time to set their feet against the *tandoor* and enjoy its warmth.

In many houses there is in the wall a *kariy*, or small window, just big enough to admit a man's head. It is five feet above the floor, and is used as a post of observation to warn the inmates of the approach of an enemy or the presence of danger. At the west end of the general room is the kitchen. The *tandoor* is a cylinder of red clay, usually about four and a half feet in length and three or four feet wide on top. This clay, after being

jar on shoulder. She washes her face and hands in the overflow streamlet, comes home, makes a fire, and begins to cook for the day. She makes the dough into small round balls, puts them on a clean cloth near the stove, and next rolls the balls until they become very thin. Then she takes the dough in her hands and very carefully and skilfully throws it from one hand on the other, until it becomes almost as delicate as paper. It only takes a few seconds for each cake to bake thoroughly. Then it is quickly taken off and thrown on a clean cloth, and it is ready for serving. Our housewife then sets her pots in the *tandoor* to keep warm for dinner and supper. She sweeps and cleans up a bit, freshens her own toilet somewhat and then sits down at her spinning machine, or her loom, for she weaves carpet, sews, and embroiders, knits and crochets. During the spring and summer she plants the seed, weeds the cotton fields and vineyards, reaps with her sickle the wheat and barley, picks the grapes and makes them into raisins and molasses, and fills the store-house with good things for the winter.

HANNAH G. YOSEPH.

TRAINING CISAMBA BOYS.

FROM Dr. W. T. Currie, the eminent medical missionary, who is laboring in Central Africa, comes the following encouraging report of his progress in giving technical training to the boys of his station. As will be seen, he hopes not only to teach them how to support themselves and improve their condition, but to present an object lesson to the natives of the effect of Christian association. Dr. Currie writes:

"You will be pleased to know that we are pressing forward steadily, if not as rapidly as we would like. The disturbances in various parts of Africa do not affect us. Our relationship with the Portuguese and natives is very friendly.

"Under the instructions of Mr. J. D. Smith, our young men are sawing good boards, and making them into window sashes, doors and furniture. We have work on hand now, to keep the carpenter department going for one year; and we expect it to be nearly self-supporting.

"The ladies, ever eager to do a little more for Christ, have added to their

other work, a kindergarten for the very young in the neighborhood, and every morning a crowd of as happy little blacks as you will find anywhere, gather in that school.

"We are giving special training to the young men engaged in Evangelistic work, in the hope of fitting them for greater usefulness in the growing work in which they are engaged. As it is, they are now fully able to hold their own with any young men in the country, in every honest and manly calling of native life; and the people know



COMMON MODE OF MULE TRAVEL IN PERSIA.



PARSEE MERCHANTS.

ties have induced their married ladies to veil the mouth and chin." Of course, this is a mere legend, but it is nevertheless true that sometimes for twenty years after her marriage, a woman does not speak above a whisper, and occasionally even whispering is forbidden. They are silent except by signals with head and hands, and it is a wonder that they do not lose the voice and power of conversation altogether. Our educated women, however, don't consider themselves bound by such traditions, and they have more or less disregarded the use of the *yashmak*.

About eight p.m. supper is served upon a wooden table, four inches high and about three and a half feet long and three feet wide. Instead of a tablecloth, flat cakes of bread are laid down, and a bowl of soup and meat with cheese and pickles as accompaniments. We all eat from the one bowl with our fingers, using neither knives nor forks. The thin cakes of bread are so pliable that they can be twisted into any shape desired and used for carrying



A PROCESSION OF FANATICAL PERSIAN MOSLEMS, BEATING THEIR BREASTS.

well burned, or baked, becomes black with a smooth, shining surface. A place is dug in the floor in which the *tandoor* is set and it is then used for baking, cooking, and warming purposes. Near it usually stands the family cradle, an affair of most venerable pattern. Usually the house is in charge of the mother or the wife of the oldest son. She is a good housekeeper, rises betimes in the morning, about five A. M., kneads her dough for an hour and covers it warm by the *tandoor* while waiting for it to rise. She then goes to the well with

it. In the past, many spoke tempt of our school and declared would become old women, the be unable to carry a load, build or trade. This is all changing; the leading native traders put the other day, I thought I ought to boys to school at the coast, and they have come back knowing a Portuguese; but they are drunkards respect their own father; and fools. If I had sent them to they would likely have turned be men. We find great encouragement in this. We firmly believe that can send a band of intelligent manly, well behaved young Christians, in and out among the villages, will do more to lead the people than a dozen foreign missionaries.

Build Up Health

By nourishing every part of you with blood made pure by taking Sarsaparilla. Then you will have mental, bodily and strength. Then you will not fear disease, your system will resist scrofulous tendencies and attacks of illness.

will know the absolute intrinsic Sarsaparilla. Thousands of cures prove the unequalled merit

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best — in fact the One True Blood Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, active. All druggists.

SACRED SONGS

Over 160,000 Copies. 236 pieces. 100 are new and choice selections of hymns. An excellent Sunday School, Young Men's, etc. Issued in Round and Square. \$25 per 100 by mail, not prepaid; 30c. each. THE BIGLOW & NICHOLS, 76 East Ninth Street, Lakeside Building, Chicago.

A Solid

Can be assured on your surplus funds invested in Municipal Warrants. At exceptional facilities for handling them since you that Warrants are the cream of the time paper. Choice State, County and having the same security as Municipal bonds. Robt. E. Strathorn & Co., table Building, Boston.

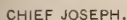
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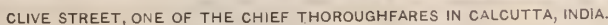
By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. D.D.

His appearance of Chief Joseph, who is perhaps the most famous American Indian now alive, at the recent Grant ball exercises in New York City, really a very interesting personal



sej's father joined with the other in-
dian chiefs in a formal treaty, con-
ceding the Walla Walla valley in 1855.
The Indians gave up all claims to
large tracts of lands. Old Joseph
referred to this contract on the express
claim that the Wallowa and Imnaha
tribes would remain to him and his chil-
dren. Soon the white men wanted
the valleys, and another treaty was
made with several chiefs, but Joseph re-
fused to have anything to do with it, and
has never been present; but these valleys
have been guaranteed to Joseph and

Nothing in the history of modern warfare surpasses in daring, genius, and bravery the exploits of Joseph, the Nez Perce Chief. General O. O. Howard, who conducted the great pursuit, pays the highest



Cable dispatches say that there is scarcely a building which was not injured by the earthquake of June 12.

possible tribute to his generalship. Joseph, after being defeated in a bitterly contested battle, led his great caravan of two thousand horses or more, on which were women and children, the aged, the wounded, the palsied and blind, by a seemingly impossible trail, interlaced with fallen trees, through the ruggedest mountains to the Bitter Root Valley, where with the cool wisdom of a Von Moltke or a Grant, he made a treaty of forbearance with the inhabitants, passing by settlements containing banks and stores, and near farms rich with stock, but taking nothing and hurting no one. So he pushed on; he crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and was within one day's march of Canada when he was taken.

I hope that Joseph may grow old gracefully and that it may be true of him, "that at even-time there shall be light."

Prior to the earthquake the weather was excessively hot and abnormally oppressive, even for India. Towards evening these conditions became more marked and the shock followed. It was one of the most extensive earthquakes India has experienced in many years, and it will be a considerable time before the full results are ascertained. At Manipur (one of the relief stations of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Following close upon the plague and famine, this new disaster is causing additional distress in many parts of India. In Calcutta the condition of many European and Eurasians, as well as that of thousands of natives, is declared to be pitiful. The cable states that thousands of them are homeless and starv-

We are glad to inform the readers that a sure specific cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in the Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery from the Congo River, West Africa. Many sufferers report most marvelous cures from its use. Among others, Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, and K. J. J. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, were completely cured by the Kola Plant after thirty years' suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie down at night in Hay-fever season for fear of choking, and Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from Asthma. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, writes that for eighteen years he slept with his head under the water, worse in Hay-fever season, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly a most wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer would advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1104 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a Large Case, by mail free of cost, to you, and if you do not feel cured, it needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

An extraordinary sunset followed the earthquake—so remarkable, according to the cable, that it amazed even the terror-stricken people of Calcutta, who regarded it with dread lest it should portend another shock. At Jacobabad, near the Beloochee frontier, the thermometer marked 126 degrees in the shade—a temperature, as far as records show, unprecedented in India even during the hottest months of the summer season.



Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

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3,000,000,000 times

is the inconceivable number of beats that the heart makes in an ordinary life-time. To accomplish this enormous task that healthfulness dictates, requires strength and vigor. W. C. Birkhead, Marysville, Mont., says: "For eight years my heart troubled me; I was short of breath, had palpitation, smothering sensations and severe pain in region of my heart; could not lie on left side.

DR. MILES'

Heart Cure

Has Restored Health

and permanently cured my trouble".
Druggists guarantee first bottle
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MONEY MADE IN A MINUTE.

I have not made less than \$18.00 any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Anyone should make from \$2 to \$3 a day selling cream and from \$2 to \$5 selling freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it, and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Anyone can sell ice cream freezers. I sell them for \$10.00. I make from \$1 to \$6 a day. W. L. Baird & Co. Dep't 23, Sta. A. Pittsburg, Pa., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere, as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish, they will hire you on liberal terms,

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER XIV.
Jessie's Hard Lesson.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



"CAN I perform a miracle?" Jessie demanded. "No matter how much will I have, for such an undertaking I have not the strength."

"Then I think I will go for you," said Steve.

"All right! You may as well go there as loaf around John's office."

"Jessie, I must go to Europe next Saturday."

"What do you say?"

"I must go to Europe. Mother and Alice need me."

"I need you, too."

"You can get along very well without me, Jessie. I am only needed to escort you to drawing-rooms, or hold your fan or bouquet. John will look out for a country place if you really wish one, and there you will have no use for me."

"Don't be absurd Steve! And for heaven's sake don't look so lackadaisical and lassorn."

Then Steve shrugged his shoulders, and rose to leave the room, and Jessie set down her coffee cup and looked curiously into the pained, sombre face of her husband. He was going out with the listless trail his thoughts induced when she called him back.

"Steve," she said, "if you see mother tell her I will certainly come to-morrow or the next day."

"I shall not go to see her—I could not give her such a message."

"You are as disagreeable as you usually are."

"Is there any other thing I can do for you?"

"Stop in at Thorley's and order some orchids for me."

"Anything else?"

"Don't get your ticket for Europe. I want you here."

"Mother has asked nothing from me for three years, Jessie. I am now going to Europe to bring her safely home."

"You shall not go."

"I shall assuredly go to Europe on Saturday next, as you will go to the ball to-night." And the declaration was a true one, though neither of them at that hour knew how awfully true it was.

Then Steve went down-town to talk with John about a country place, and to take a passage for England, and Jessie leisurely finished her breakfast and glanced at the headings of the daily papers. Before she left the room she lifted again her mother's letter, and this time read it to the last word. It pained her, and it angered her.

"Why didn't mother put off writing for one day longer?" she mentally exclaimed.

"Then I would have answered her letter in person—I want to do right—but every one and everything is against me. I am sure I have been very good to father and mother, and Steve has done everything in the world to make them happy; mother knows my days are cut into fifty pieces—she is unreasonable—and that is the long and the short of it. Poor father! I am sorry for him! He was always so cheerful and so patient, and so hardworking, so happy to get us any little pleasure; as for Flora it is easy for her to be at home; one place is as good as another to a woman in her position; what disagreeable children she has!"

Then she rang the bell, and ordered her carriage, and went down to Tiffany's to see if her opals had been reset to her satisfaction. She expected Steve to be at home for dinner, but he was not present; so then she concluded he had gone to comfort her mother after all. "It would be just like him," she whispered, and it did please her to think of the duty being done; did please her that anyone would do it for her; for she was not willing in any way to weary or disappoint herself in order to fulfil it. Not was she angry with herself for her selfishness. She was only angry with destiny for not arranging her duties at convenient times, and with

her mother for putting before her as a duty what she wished to regard as a kindness, within her own time and convenience.

It was an unpleasant day altogether. The nurse said the children were cross; the housekeeper had trouble in the kitchen; there were some disagreeable callers, and when her dress came home and was tried on, several alterations were needed. She had determined to rest herself and keep her mind as composed as possible, and after all she was in such a state of nervous tension that she could not begin dressing, until some restorative had been taken. She ordered a cup of strong tea, and poured into it a stimulant. It was not an habitual thing with her; she knew it was destruction to her complexion, and that it always produced in her an exaltation of feeling that approached recklessness, but she considered that there would be plenty of time before leaving home, for this exaltation to become a pleasant languor or high-bred ennui.

But the contradictory, annoying spirit which had dashed all the day was not exorcised by her personal stimulation. Two things were specially aggravating—Steve's absence, and the sick headache of her maid. "Steve," of course "has missed the train," she reflected, "and now he cannot be home until it is full time for me to leave the house. I shall have to wait for him. It is too bad," and just as she came to this conclusion she was told that her usual dresser was "unable to lift her head and that Corinne," the French nurse, "would take her duty at Madame's toilet."

"It is a part of the whole day's misfortunes," she thought, as she gloomily seated herself before the glass—"the Lloyd's coming back just at this time—mother's sickness—father's calamity—Steve's going away when I want him to take charge of our removal to the country—the house in insurrection—sick children—sick maid, and Corinne to dress me for the ball of the whole winter! I wonder what evil star is over me?"

Poor Corinne had a bad hour of it. The beautiful dress on which French modistes had exhausted their taste and skill, was declared to be "an abominable failure." It was too tight. It was not becoming. It was bad style. In vain the opal necklace flashed its sprite-like flames above the gorgeous silk and lace; Jessie was thoroughly dissatisfied with her appearance. However, there was at last one good thing—she heard, through all her grumbling and complaining, Steve's strong, quick step, and she sent Corinne to tell him that she was already dressed and waiting for him.

As the girl hurried on her mission Jessie suddenly remembered that she had not examined "the hang" of the dress. She arranged the glass for this purpose and walked off to see the effect of the long train. The lights were above her head. She wanted light lower down. She lifted two of the wax candles burning at the side of her mirror, and set them on the floor. The next moment she was in the midst of mounting flame. Piercing shrieks filled the house, though she retained her self-control and tried to stifle the blaze. It was impossible. She herself was burning, and with the crazy impulse of unspeakable terror and agony, she fled towards the door.

At that moment Steve came leaping down stairs to her rescue. Once before, in California, he had heard those shrieks of burning humanity, and he divined what calamity had now produced them again in his ears. In his flight he had seized a blanket and in this he enfolded her. Servants were already flying hither and thither for doctors; but it was some minutes ere Steve mastered the flames, and could carry his insensible wife to her bed.

Overwork, worry and nervous excitement are ruining the health of thousands. By its peculiar curative power Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and steady nerves.

His own hands and face were burned, but he knew it not. His suffering was all for the agonized woman, who came but too soon, to the knowledge of the intolerable pain she was enduring. In fifteen minutes there were half a dozen physicians at her side, and she was told that her life depended upon her self-control and resistance to the shock she had received.

Fortunately Steve's injuries were but surface burns, but it was an awful night in that darkened room where the beautiful Mrs. Lloyd lay moaning in woeful agony, the dreadful hours away. The opals had been taken from her scorched throat, and the magnificent dress was now only a mass of burned and torn fragments. But the ball of which she was to have been the particular star, went blithely on. The news of the event spread rapidly, and most of the dancers were well aware of the tragedy. They talked about it in whispers for a few moments. They said "Poor Mrs. Lloyd!" And they waltzed till day-break at the ball for the Princess Kara.

CHAPTER XV.

Coming Back.

There was now no question of Steve's going to Europe for his mother and sister. They left their pictures, bronzes, china, &c., &c., in proper storage, and returned at once to America. But they were not able to give either sympathy or assistance as Jessie positively refused to see any one but her husband and her hired nurses. Her fate remained for two weeks in a balance that the smallest trifle might turn to the grave; but her extreme physical suffering probably saved her life. For pain is a great conservator of nervous strength. It draws the scattered life forces all to the centre of being, and rallies them for a last desperate effort for existence. In Jessie's case, at least, this was the result finally attained; but her convalescence was delayed by a very severe attack of fever.

So that chamber of luxury and beauty in which she had dressed herself so magnificently for admiration and for triumph, became for weeks and months a place of almost inconceivable sorrow and suffering. Ah! If life could throw open to us beforehand its long suites of chambers! If from some secret station we could see the halls of tragedy and the rooms of retribution we should have to inhabit, how terribly the anticipation would haunt us! But there is instead the blessed certainty that God reserves calamities in his own hand to inflict them in due season, and that he never tortures us in advance of the due season.

It was a terrible summer; but Steve bore it with a love and patience that was

almost divine. No fretful reasonableness moved him to a voice was ever the voice of in and affection. His touch was mother's, and deft and easy as man strong to lift, and to bear, the long, hot days, and the sul he sat at her side and ministered smallest want. Only while she leave her for such rest or refreshment he could obtain in those prements. And he did not lose heart at first, she seemed unmindful of tion. He remembered that b is the most exacting of feeling hoped for the hours of rest coming. At length, one night, a messenger to her. It was heavy night, with not a breath stir the lace draperies of the room. The nurse was asleep o Steve sat by the bedside watching the fever had been at its height her wan and weak, and almost hope. As Steve looked at her he doubted whether she lived on she breathed it was not perceptible senses. He knelt down and, hand, prayed inwardly for her's.

Slowly she opened her eyes looked long and solemnly at him turned her gaze with one brim with love and pity, but he did He thought it was her last farewell would not break that sacred speech. He answered her soul. She closed her eyes and opened them. "Steve," she

(Continued on next page.)

Smouldering fire of old disease

lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, if you use the standard remedy of the world,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Consumption

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!



"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for \$1.00 bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE, 150 Nassau St., New York, and London, England.

The above letter from the late preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of the testimonials to the wonderful curative powers of my BALSAMIC ELIXIR, which cures consumption, but gives permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Chest ailments.

It acts like a charm in ordinary Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, &c., and should be kept in every home.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(continued from preceding page.)

moent his ear close to her lips
el am going to live: God has
me."
eshe was stronger she spoke again
omise. It was on one Sabbath
while the bells were ringing for
and the avenue was very quiet.
the verge of life, Steve," she
stood on the outermost shelf of
carrier of rocks and a great abyss
dless water was below. A rush-
pushed me closer and closer to
I was almost over. Then I
voice crying to me: 'Soul! Soul!
passing in thee now?' And I
her: 'I fear to die.' And the Voice
ou shalt not die, but live,' and
was naked and terrified, and I
o: 'Cover me with Thy mercy.
Cist! Then a deep sleep wrapped
and when I opened my eyes I
neeling by my side, and I knew
I come back to you, Steve."
y respects she came back a
woman, though conversion was a
tardy miracle in Jessie's case.
souls God says a word, and they
sensible Presence and feel the
His face on them ever after;
others assurance and obedience
fit of sorrow, and pain, and bitter
e. Jessie had to stand upon
ous, which commands the coun-
both worlds, ere she felt through
shly dress.

ight shoots of everlastingness.
ed to come under that "over-be-
ch we call the supernatural: a
t be revered, and not mocked
at the base of the highest spiri-
tuality, lies always the supernatural
men. She had to accept a lesson that
her to the dust and shook her
tapest, but which also exalted her
euds and steadied her like a frost.
er fore this experience had her love
happiness, for she had never
anything for those she loved:
she spent the days of her con-
science in making plans which rested
her own happiness—but on the
unof others.
est symptom of this change was
her conduct toward Mrs. Lloyd
Ae. When they returned from
and found that their service would
accepted, they retired to Lloyd
I waited there for the issue of
Steve could find no time to visit
at John went frequently. At
hook only messages from Steve,
ay came when Jessie also remem-
d thanked them for their haste to
a their consideration and patience.
er refusal to accept the sympathy
red.

oc the end of September it was
ossible to move Jessie to a beauti-
ry home which Steve had bought
e. She was even then painfully
e, and the bright beauty of her face
urgone the flame and not yet out-
lows shrivelling influence. But her
en had taught her many priceless
und among them, the value of a
d's love. All her vague contempt
Ste was turned into a kind of rever-
e. She remembered her unkindnesses
in her carelessness of his comfort,
ference to his desires, with a re-
e could not look out of her heart.
urstood when too late that he had
m everything to make her happy.
t these rich gifts had only made
se h. Yes, she was forced to admit
in married life a sin against love, is
eins as a sin against fidelity.
and h. how delightful was that day
en could at last escape from that
w house, whose every room held
memories and inaudible echoes of
er. In it Steve's father had stum-
a g dark and dreary road to find
gre, and in its splendid chambers
h gone to the very gates of hell.
ven she had passed out of its wide
alid she feel as if her sentence of
eri had been fully reversed. And
t was the roomy house to which
erried her! It was in the midst
in gardens, and eastward it looked
t ocean. As she approached it
t son and daughter, who had been
y eeks there, came running to meet
all the joyful abandon of their
hd. Her mother and her blind
her tood in the doorway to welcome

her, and Mrs. Lloyd and Alice took her
to their hearts as they had never before
been able to do. Every soul, indeed, that
had walked with her to the shoal of life,
rejoiced to have her back again. They
had bought her with the great price of
their prayers and watching; and they
loved her, because they had prayed for her.

What she said to all whose love she
had wronged and slighted was for God to
hear. Between her and the pardoning
Christ it was a confidential, perhaps a
speechless confession; and on her mo-
ther's breast, and folded in her father's
arms, there was no need for many words
between their hearts and Jessie's. John,
she had already seen often, and he had
long ago forgiven her, both for Steve's
wrongs and his own. He joined the fam-
ily party in the evening, and then Jessie
was not long in discovering that there
was a very sweet understanding between
Alice and her brother. It had been grow-
ing all summer. Old love is a dangerous
thing to touch. It flames at a glance, and
John and Alice had not escaped, nor even
desired to escape this danger. While
Jessie lay so ill, though there had been a
tender renewal of their interest in each
other, there had been no explanations.

(To be Continued.)

Thronging to Mont-Lawn.

Our Children's Home Open and the Ten-
ement Waifs Getting Ready for their
Midsummer Outing.



REPARATIONS for the
opening of our Children's
Home at Mont-Lawn are
now complete, and when
our readers peruse these
lines, the first party of ten-
ement children will be already on the way
there, if not actually in possession. Rev.
Dr. A. D. L. Jewett, the owner of the beau-
tiful property on which the Home stands,
has this year generously renewed the priv-
ilege he has extended to the work during
the last three seasons, and placed the am-
ple buildings and grounds at the disposal
of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as freely
as before, so that our army of children
will be once again provided with a de-
lightful summer shelter and grounds where
they can romp and roam to their heart's
content. It is expected that the number
of wee folks to be accommodated this year
will average as high as at any season since
the work began.

As many of the children who arrive at
Mont-Lawn come in dilapidated clothing
and shoeless, the Matron and staff will be
pleased to receive any gifts of clothing
and footwear that may be forwarded by
friends of the work. These should be
suitable for boys between the ages of six
and ten and girls from six to twelve, and
can be addressed to the Matron of the
Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N.Y.
All money contributions should be sent to
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House,
New York, and will be fully acknowledged
in these columns.

Contributions have been received in aid
of the Children's Home as follows:

Prev. ack'd	\$352.95
—, Meadow Grove	3 00
Alice I. Nichols	1 00
E. V. Hubbard	7 00
Mrs. W. Chanute	0 00
M. L. H. Highmount	1 00
R. G. C. San Jose	3 00
Florence C. San Jose & Florence Brecht	2 00
A Friend of children of Christian Alliance, Greenpoint Branch	5 00
Friend, Chauncey	2 00
S. S. class of girls, Chelsea	2 50
Miriam Myrick	1 00
Mrs. M. Gilbert and daughter	5 00
Y. W. C. A. Kentucky State College	3 00
Mrs. J. C. Clark	5 00
Little Edgar, Springfield	4 00
H. W. R. Struble	2 00
A woman friend, San Francisco	1 00
A King's Daughter, Worby	1 50
Mrs. H. C. Moore	2 00
Mrs. T. A. Murray	2 00
Loyal Circle of King's Daughters, Emanuel Bapt Church, Albany	3 00
M. P. Neal	1 00
C. Meyer	1 00
Mrs. A. J. Godard	1 00
Package of clothing from Loyal Circle of Emanuel Church, Albany	1 00
Total	\$416.95

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NOTICE
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HARTSHORN

A Sufferer Relieved.

A TALE OF SUFFERING AND
SUBSEQUENT RELIEF.

From the Press, Columbus, Ohio.

One of the many persons in Columbus, Ohio, who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is Miss Jerusha McKinney, of 50 South Centre Street. Miss McKinney is well and favorably known, especially in educational circles, as she has been for a number of years, a faithful and progressive school teacher.

For some time she has been very ill and the sufferings and tortures endured by her for months have been unusually severe.

The tale of her sufferings and the subsequent relief and final cure which she derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, aroused considerable agitation among her many friends and others.

A reporter was detailed to obtain a reliable account of this marvelous case, and when he called he found Miss McKinney at her comfortable and cozy home where she cheerfully complied with his request. She said:

"The first indication that I had that anything was radically wrong with me was about three years ago. I suffered the most excruciating pains in different parts of my body and was almost crazed at times. My sleep was disturbed by horrible dreams and I had begun to waste away to almost a shadow. To add to my other afflictions the malady assumed a catarrhal turn and I was soon a victim to that horrible as well as disgusting disease. I consulted the family physician, who gave me some kind of a nostrum and I was foolish enough to imagine that it benefited me. I followed the advice of the physicians but noticed no perceptible improvement in my condition, and was about to despair of ever becoming a strong and well woman again.

"Some of my lady friends were calling on me one afternoon, and before them I hap-
pened to mention my troubles, when one of

them recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never had any faith in medicines of that kind and paid but little attention to the suggestion. It was not long after this, however, that I again heard the pills highly recommended, by several persons, and then it was that I decided to give them a trial and purchased one box of the pills. I soon began to notice an improve-
ment in my condition and before the whole box had been taken my health was so much improved, that I was about ready to begin singing the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was not yet thoroughly convinced and decided to wait awhile before growing enthu-
siastic over the results, and had begun on the second box before I was confident that I had at last found a medicine to meet the require-
ments of my case. I discontinued my calls to the physicians and have left them alone since. I am now as well and strong as I ever was in my life; am entirely free from all pains and never felt better in my life. I eat regularly and sleep like a babe. No more are my slum-
bers haunted with fearful dreams and when I retire at night I go to sleep at once. I regard Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as my salvation, and would recommend them to all ladies troubled as I was. The pills are more than what is claimed for them and any-
one giving them a trial will soon come to the same conclusion regarding their merits that I have."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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COLLARS and CUFFS.

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Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents.
They look and fit better than any other kind.
ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM.
If not found at the stores send six cents for
sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size.
A trial invariably results in continued use.
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colled fingers; no crushed fruit.
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press \$5. Big money for agents.
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Co., 94 Arch Street, Boston, Mass.

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"All About Sewing Machines."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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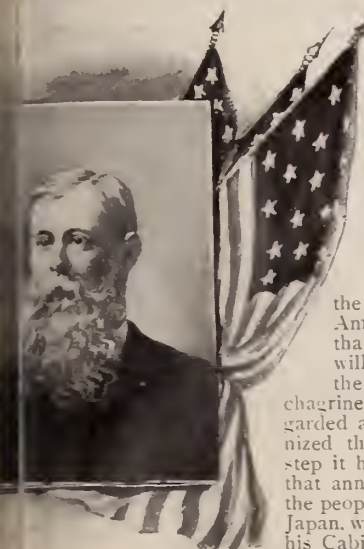
De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HAWAII MAY COME IN.

Of Heathen, Beautiful "Paradise of the Pacific" Seeks Annexation—Outlines of the Treaty—A Land of Great Gospel Possibilities and Material Wealth.



HAWAII, the loveliest of all the island groups of the Pacific, and the most progressive, has sought annexation to the United States. A Treaty of Annexation has been prepared, signed by our Secretary of State and by the representatives of the little island republic, and laid before the Senate with every prospect of ratification. Unless some unforeseen and radical change occurs in the programme, within a very short time Hawaii will be incorporated in the Union and her people be in the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges accorded by the American Constitution. It is not expected that any very serious obstacle to annexation will be encountered in any quarter. Britain, the nation most directly interested, although chagrined at the loss of what she may have regarded as a prospective acquisition, has recognized the right of our government to take the step it has taken, especially in view of the fact that annexation has been repeatedly urged by the people and government of Hawaii themselves. Japan, whose large emigration President Dole and his Cabinet decided to exclude from Hawaii after

PRESIDENT DOLE.

a certain date, has

protested against the adoption of a mid-ocean republic by our States under the protection of Stars and Stripes. This protest, however, will probably be tactically adjusted between the two governments. Countries have made rapid progress in civilization and Christianity in Hawaii. Indeed, the whole group of islands has been the finest mission and educational fields the world has ever seen. Even the arrival of missionaries, in the heart of the century, people of these islands had already heard of the "man's God" and had turned of their own idols



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

wrought a revolution in the religion of the island group, for on an October day in 1819, a great bonfire was made of the images, and idolatry was declared forever abolished from Hawaii.

But though these islanders had thus boldly immolated their once-beloved idols and abjured their ancient faith, they were still in spiritual darkness, for they were utterly without a religion. No one had yet brought the Gospel of Jesus to Hawaii. What they had heard from the traders, while it had doubtless precipitated the fall of the old heathen worship, had not enlightened the islanders, and they were in the peculiar position of a people without a God. They were, however, in a receptive attitude and eager for the truth, and when on March 31st, in the following year, the American brig *Thaddeus*, landed the first Christian missionaries, Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, two devoted men of God, they were heartily welcomed by the simple Hawaiians. Their preaching was blessed beyond all expectation and a remarkable spiritual awakening resulted.

Hundreds were converted and baptized in a day, and soon many thousands of the once savage people became pious and exemplary Christians, sincere in their profession of faith and consistent in their lives. Churches, chapels and schoolhouses sprang up at many different points in the island group, and within a few years, they were conducted partially at least, by native teachers. These have multiplied and now there are many beautiful schools in the islands, besides a number of flourishing churches with good-sized congregations. The Hawaiians, in turn have become missionaries, and have given the Gospel to many of the Chinese and Japanese who have come to the islands during the last ten or fifteen years. It is estimated that the present population of the islands includes 24,000 Japanese, 20,000 Chinese, 15,000 Por-



VIEWS IN HAWAII, THE PACIFIC ISLAND TERRITORY WE PROPOSE TO ANNEX BY TREATY.

THE WATER FRONT OF HONOLULU—FORT STREET, A LEADING HONOLULU THOROUGHFARE—WAILUKU, ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI.



and stone." They realized that their images were impotent, meaningless, the work of men's hands, and that the priests who strove by every means to command to maintain the prestige of the old heathen religion, were impossible. This became a fixed conviction in the minds of the people, and it quickly

tuguese, 3,500 Americans, besides 40,000 native Hawaiians, and many half-breeds. Since that memorable day when Hawaii, having burned her idols, embraced Christianity, there have been two other days in her history almost equally

(Continued on page 511)

HAWAII MAY COME IN.

(Continued from First Page.)

able. The first was that on which the Republic was proclaimed in Honolulu, having at a single stroke abolished the throne and entered the sisterhood of free and progressive popular governments. The second was the day on which the Treaty of Annexation was signed in the name of the United States by Secretary Sherman for the United States, and Minister Francis M. T. and Special Commissioners Lorin



PROCLAIMING THE HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC, 1894.

ston and H.W. Kenney for Hawaii. The gold pen was used for the signature, and then, after all had been completed, a photograph was taken of the scene. The message transmitting the treaty to the United States. President McKinley stated that the incorporation of the Hawaiian Islands into the body politic of the United States was a necessary and fitting sequel to the events which, from a very early period of our history, has controlled the course and prescribed the association with the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. He reviewed the history of that period since 1820, when the first American representative agent was sent there, to name the treaty of friendship and commerce in 1826. In 1851, the cession of the islands was formerly offered to the United States and although not then accepted, this government proclaimed its intention to preserve alike the honor and dignity of the United States and the safety of the Hawaiian Islands. The President

in 1893 the course of the United States policy toward the Hawaiian Islands has consistently favored autonomous welfare with the exclusion of foreign influence save our own, to the extent that eventual annexation as the necessary result of that policy.

The Treaty which has been sent to the United States declares that the Republic of Hawaii cedes absolutely to the United States all rights of sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands and their dependencies, and are hereby annexed to the United States under the name of the Territory of Hawaii, and the latter also cedes all harbors, harbors, buildings, military posts, etc. It is provided that the laws of the United States relative to public lands shall apply to Hawaii, and special laws are to be enacted by the American Congress. All revenue from the sale of Hawaiian lands, other than what is required for governmental purposes, is to be set aside for the advancement of public education in Hawaii. Civil, judicial and military control shall be exercised by the United States, and all the necessary officers are to be appointed by the President in the Hawaiian Islands. Hawaii's existing treaties with other governments cease at once, and her governments are temporarily suspended in force, and the customs system of the United States assumes control. The United States assumes the public debt which is not to exceed \$1,000,000. Chinese immigration under the Hawaiian laws is suspended. Five commissioners, two being native Hawaiians, are to be appointed by the President to consider and recommend to Congress such legislation as may be necessary con-



CAPT. COOK'S MONUMENT.

cerning the territory.

Accompanying the message was a report from Secretary Sherman, opposing the annexation policy. He takes the ground that the act contemplated by the Treaty is not a cession, "but union, involving the complete incorporation of an alien sovereignty into the body politic of the United

States." He cites as a parallel instance the scheme of 1869 for the annexation of San Domingo, which was never completed.

Immediately after the signing of the Treaty and its transmission to the Senate, notification was sent by the government to the British Foreign Office of its action with respect to the proposed annexation. Japan, through its minister at Washington, filed a formal protest against annexation, on the ground that it would operate injuriously against Japanese subjects in Hawaii, would repudiate pending claims by Japan, would affect customs duties secured by treaty, and would revoke perpetual treaty rights. Japan has various claims against the island republic which she does not desire to sacrifice, but it is not probable that her protest will create any complications that cannot be adjusted satisfactorily with the United States.

In the Sandwich or Hawaiian group there are in all twelve islands. They are the most northerly cluster of the great Polynesian Archipelago and extend about 360 miles from S.E. to N.W., lying in the Pacific Ocean between lat. 18 deg. 55 min. and 22 deg. 20 min. N., and longitude 154 deg. 55 min. and 160 deg. 15 min. West. Hawaii, the largest island, contains 4,040 square miles, but Oahu, being more central and having a good harbor, is the seat of government. The other islands are Maui, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau and Kahulawe. In early days these islands had a dense population, and in 1832 a census gave the figures at 130,313, which has steadily decreased. The group was discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and it was through the teachings of Cook and Vancouver that the natives were induced to abandon their idols.

One year after his discovery of the islands, Cook met with a tragical death at the hands of the natives. One of his ship's boats had been stolen, and Cook decided to compel restitution by seizing the person of the king. He landed with a crew of

marines, but the natives attacked so vigorously that the boats were obliged to withdraw. Cook, being the last to retire, was struck down upon the beach and killed in the presence of his crew who were unable to aid him. A monument now marks the scene of this dark tragedy, which seemed to serve as a connecting link between the old and the new order of things on the islands.

Although the Hawaiians are unquestionably of the Malay type, they are among the finest races of the Pacific, physically and intellectually. Since being educated and Christianized, they have shown themselves capable of a high degree of civilization. They are even tempered and pleasure-loving, gentle in manner, and very affectionate in all their home relations. Their language is a soft, liquid tongue, with only five consonants, and an abundance of vocalic sounds. In manners and dress they are rapidly becoming Americanized, and their principal city, Honolulu, is not unlike some of our western seaboard towns. There are nearly 200 Protestant missionaries on the islands, and the total membership of the native churches is about 14,000.

THE BOWERY MISSION

and Young Men's Home.

Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

ONE hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	169
Men Professed Conversion	3,474
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,768
Meals Served in Restaurant	588,321
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary (Opened Aug. 20, 1895)	736
Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured	933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Prev. ack'd.	\$411.80
Mrs L. G. Union Grove	1 00
R. J. H. Monticello	5 00
Jane M. Watters	2 00
Mrs H. A. Bridges	2 00
Mrs H. W. Cork	50
Mrs. Hattie A. Requa	1 00
E. C. Rich	1 00
Miss A. Preston	1 00
Mrs E. M. Phillips & daughter	1 00



HAWAIIAN GIRLS IN FLORAL GARLANDS.

T. H. Mulford	5 00
Invalid, Me	2 00
Pilgrim	5 00
Mrs C. A. Seymour	5 00
A. A. Fordham	1 00
Owen H. Owens	1 00
—, Rochester	1 00
Jane Hore	5 00
S. S. Smith	10 00
Total	\$461.30

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

A Venerable Southern Church.

ONE of the oldest and best known religious edifices in the South is the Episcopal Parish Church of St. Michael in Charleston, S.C. This church was established in 1751, and work on the



OLD ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

building began in the following year. It was opened for divine worship Feb. 1st, 1761. In 1780, it was exposed to the fire of the British artillery on James Island. In the Civil War, the old church was struck four times by the Federal artillery on Morris Island and considerably damaged. In August, 1885, it was shaken and injured by a cyclone and in the great earthquake of August 31st, 1886, it was almost destroyed. Through the generosity of friends in South Carolina and other States the venerable building has been lately restored and is now as shown in our photograph. It is an imposing structure and is specially dear to the people of Charleston because of the many trying experiences it has undergone.

An Aerial Pulpit.

Near Caston, Wirt County, W. Va.,

is a huge rock, known as "The Devil's Tea-Table," which hangs over the river high above the valley. A few weeks ago Rev. John Bonnett, a mountain evangelist, announced that he would preach from this rock, naming a recent Sunday as the day for the service. During Saturday night and early Sunday morning the back-woodsmen and their families began gathering at the foot of the rock, and by eleven o'clock over 1,000 persons awaited the advent of the preacher, who soon appeared on the edge of the rock and delivered his sermon from a pulpit 200 feet above his congregation, his text being, "On this rock I build my church." It was the most unique and impressive service ever held in the State of West Virginia.

From Sea to Sea.

The following message was sent from California to Rev. R. Ashley Cake, the Life Savers' Missionary at Port Republic, N. J. "I am so glad for the good work you are doing, and the sweet light you are carrying and shedding and the souls you are leading into green pastures. Tell the boys for me that I know what the sweet, abiding love of Jesus is, and if they want a contented,

beautiful life and peaceful death to accept Jesus as their Saviour to-day and 'He will never leave nor forsake them.' This message from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast—and Jesus is everywhere." The nautical work conducted by Evangelist Cake is supported by voluntary contributions, and is wholly undenominational. Much good has already resulted and many hearts have been led to Christ.



A TRIBUTE TO LAWYERS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Titus 3: 13. **Bring Zenas the lawyer.**



THE profession of the law is here introduced, and within two days in the capital city 303 young men joined it, and at this season in various parts of the land other hundreds are taking their diplomas for that illustrious profession, and is it not appropriate that I address such young men from a moral and religious standpoint, as upon them are now rolling the responsibilities of that calling represented in the text by Zenas the lawyer.

This man of my text belonged to a profession in which are many ardent supporters of Christ and the Gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator on English law; and Wilberforce, the emancipator; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York; and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar; and Chief-Justices Marshall and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his amazed executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty; my neck is very short; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister, have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the Supreme Court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as "low, ribald and vulgar deism and infidelity;" as when Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures.

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God, and the Church, and the Gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generations among many people an absurd and wicked prejudice against it. So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell, it was decided that lawyers might not enter the Parliament House as members, and they were called "Sons of Zeruiah." The learned Dr. Johnson wrote an epithet for one of them in these words:

God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man!

Two hundred years ago, a treatise was issued with the title: "Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession, these words: "There is a society of men among us bred up from their youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, that white is black and black is white. For example: If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, her horns long or short, or the like." After that they adjourn the case from time to time, and in twenty years they come to an issue. This society likewise has a peculiar cant or jargon of their own, in which all their laws are written, and these they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take twelve years to decide whether the field left to me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to one three hundred miles off."

I say these things to show you that there has been a prejudice going on down, against that profession, from generation to generation. I account for it on the ground that they compel men to pay debts that they do not want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime; and as long as that is so, and it always will be so, just so long there will be classes of men who will affect, at any rate, to despise the legal profession. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man; but if I were on trial for my integrity or my life, and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of twelve lawyers than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, have less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

There is, however, no man who has more temptations or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources, is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have in that profession made eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay before the Judge of quick and dead. Witness Lord Thurlow, announcing his loyalty to earthly government in the sentence: "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meannesses. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George McKenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying:

Bloody Mackenzie, come out if you daur,
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar.

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you now in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate, and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard.

But how is an attorney to decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while, at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's irreligious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him.

To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverential, and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession, you say: "Cite us some authority on the subject." "Well, I quote to you the decision of the Supreme Court of heaven: 'If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.'"

What a scene is the office of a busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for a destroyed house which they burned down with their own hands. Or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape payment of their honest debts. Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement, when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing to dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know through a prolonged lawsuit you could get from him whatever you asked. Under the tremendous temptations that come upon the legal profession, there are scores of men who have gone down, and some of them from being the pride of the highest tribunal of the State, have become a disgrace to the Tombs court-room. Every attorney, in addition to the innate sense of right, wants the sustaining power of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subject. The first of all is scepticism. Controversy is the life-time business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, although not contrary to it, has but little chance with some of you. Oh, men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story, and Kent, and Mansfield became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, O, man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God, and Christ, and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is to Sabbath breaking. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. If he surrenders that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh,

"Poor fellow! it was non-observance of Sabbath." Chief-Justice Hale said: "When I do not properly keep the day, all the rest of the week is unsuccessful in my worldly management." Observance of the law of God, not only spiritually and eternally pays in hard dollars, or bank bill.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to artificial stimulation except those who have a audiences knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes at the temptation to strong drink at the legal profession at that vein. Then, a trial is coming on. The ill-ventilated court-room, the bad health has been depressed for several weeks. He wants to rally his spirits. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulants. It is either to get himself up himself down, that this temptation upon him. The flower of the bar, ruined in reputation and estate, said in his last moments: "The end. I am dying on a borrowed sheet, covered with a borrowed sheet, built by public charity. Bury me that tree in the middle of the field, may not be crowded; I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the duties of the profession to be thoughts of the great future. Very well that you who have so many others, will after awhile be put yourselves. Death will serve as writ of ejectment, and you will be these earthly premises. On that the affairs of your life will be pre- a "bill of particulars." No man from a higher court, for this is the court. The day when Lord Exmouth tried for high treason; the day when the House of Commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovat; the day when Charles I. and Queen Caroline were upon trial; the day when Robert was arraigned as an insurgent; when Blennerhasset was brought to court-room because he had tried to throw the United States Government all the other great trials of the world nothing compared with the great trial which you and I shall appear, Sunday before the Judge of quick and dead. There will be no pleading the statute of limitations; no "turning evidence," trying to get off ourselves; others suffer; no "moving for a new trial." The case will come on inexorably and shall be tried. You, my brother, have so often been advocate for will then need an advocate for have you selected him? If you are a sinner, we have an Advocate—Jesus the righteous. It is uncertain who case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

Lord Ashburton and Mr. Wall leading barristers in their day died about the same time. A few before their decease they happened in the same hotel in a village, the counsel going to Devonshire, the other going to London. They had been seized upon by a disease which would be fatal, and they requested they be carried into the same room laid down on sofas, side by side, to might talk over old times and the future. So they were carried, lying there on opposite sofas, the over their old contests at the table, then they talked of the future which they must soon enter. It was to have been a very affecting and interesting interview between Mr. Wallace Ashburton. My subject to-day is side by side with those men in the profession who have departed this life of them sceptical and rebellious men penitent, childlike, and Christian. Those were wandering stars, for reserved the blackness of darkness ever, while these others went up to court-room of earth to the throne of dominion. Through Christ, these got glorious acquittal; the other case, it was a hopeless case. An unpardoned sinner versus the God Almighty. Oh, what disaster! Behold, he comes! The Judge! the clouds of heaven roll back. The great white throne of judgment. The archangel's voice shall wake the dead; the crier: ye blessed—depart ye cursed, ye quittal or the condemnation. I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened.

A CRYING GOSPEL FIELD.

ated of Evangelical Work among the Indians of Peru and Bolivia—A Dark Nook of "the Neglected Continent"—Dr. Wood's Missionary Tour.

THAT South America truly deserves the title of "the Neglected Continent" in a spiritual and educational way every passing year more thoroughly proves. Protestant missions have comparatively slow progress there, the dense ignorance and superstition a very large proportion of the population—conditions fostered and encouraged by the Romanists, who have held the religious and to a large extent the material destinies of the country for generations.



REV. DR. THOMAS B. WOOD.
DIRECTOR OF THE MISSIONS IN PERU.

We print a most interesting letter from J. M. Spangler, a missionary in which he sets forth in graphic terms the conditions of the Indians of Bolivia, whom the missionaries are endeavoring to evangelize, with the aid and support of friends in the States. This new, most attractive and worthy work is prospering, and deserves the warmest cooperation of all friends at home and abroad to aid in the spread of the Gospel of Jesus among the uncivilized races of the world.

CALLAO, PERU, May 10. The mountain regions of Peru, far from the thoroughness of higher civilization, are a tree million of Indians, in a measure the descendants of those conquered by Pizarro. Taken as a whole, they are perhaps the most backward, easily governed, and industrious. They toil—old and young, male and female—almost incessantly. They live in every nook and corner of the land, producing crops on almost inaccessible and almost an honest living under conditions wherein a white man probably fail.

The women go to and from their fields, knitting in hand, at all times, and at all hours, and at all times. A woman will work all day at hoeing corn, or threshing the harvest, or weaving, knitting, or spinning, or else she knows how to do, for a small sum of ten cents in American money, and the highest wages a man receives rarely ever exceeds twenty cents. These people produce wheat, corn, potatoes, apples, pine apples, raisins, chickens, llamas, vicuñas, and a few cattle and horses. They manufacture woolen cloth, blankets, shoes, hats, pottery, and other articles of commerce. Were they well conducted an honest administration of law and justice: were they well guided by honest teachers; had they anything like the opportunities higher civilization affords men, they would in all respects not doubt rival the Anglo-Americans.

The Indians are sadly misgoverned! The peace, placed over them as a substitute of law and order, often

abuse them, and are said to shamefully rob them. White men have been allowed to sell them strong drink at enormous profits, with the result that a large number of these noble people have become drunken and degraded. The priests, at least in some districts, collect tithings upon everything produced, while there is no law to warrant such taxation. And more: if an Indian has a sick horse, or a sick donkey, or a sick child, or any bad luck, or any ailment of whatever nature, the priest is sure to put in an appearance; and for the consideration of a live sheep, or a vicuña, or something else of commercial value—even for a sheep skin, when he cannot get more—he will mumble meaningless Latin words to cure the disease, or stay the evil. When the Rev. Dr. Chas. W. Drees was passing through Bolivia, he saw a priest sprinkling the Indians with so-called holy water, at the rate of twenty-five cents for each one sprinkled. The priest, on beholding the doctor, gave him a sly wink, as much as to say, "I quite agree with you, my dear sir, that this is a fraud, but kindly keep quiet while I dupe these ignorant people and get their money."

The surface of these mountain regions is of the most wonderful description. After the table-lands of Thibet, these of which I write are the highest in the world. But, unlike those of Thibet, these are studded over with towns and villages having an altitude of from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet. Lying within the tropics, the climate is temperate and delightful. All sorts of cereals and vegetables are produced in abundance.

The city of Cuzco is situated in a region of rare natural beauty, and enjoys a temperate climate at an elevation of 10,380 feet. Here, before Pizarro came with his Spanish cruelty, lived and reigned the Incas—the kindest and the noblest fathers these highlanders have ever known. After centuries of prodigious labor they perfected a remarkable system of agriculture. Not only was the fertile soil cultivated with great care, but the sandy wastes of

ductive fields and rich pasture lands; and the whole coast teemed with a happy, industrious people.

All of this, however, has been destroyed. In the valley of Santa there once dwelt seven hundred thousand prosperous people; now it scarcely supports ten thousand. In the valley of Acullama there were once thirty thousand; now there are only three hundred or four hundred inhabitants.

Evolution in this instance has worked backward. A great government was destroyed and a poorer one supplanted it; and the same is probably true in matters of religion. For under the Incas, the Indians were taught to believe in a Great Spirit, the Creator of the universe, who could not be represented by any image or symbol. They also believed in the resurrection of the dead. But now they are taught to believe in the pope as the viceroy of the Almighty, in the Virgin Mary, and in numerous wooden images. It is true that these Indians formerly worshipped the sun as a secondary deity, and that throughout the land altars smoked with offerings in sun-worship; but now they worship Mary, and they have in their homes, in their churches, and in many other places, public and private, a great array of images, held sacred and bowed down to by all; and on special occasions processions of men, women, and children with uncovered heads and every attitude of reverence and devotion, follow some great images of wood, from which they implore blessings, while the air is made sickening with the fumes of incense. Dr. Wood has recently visited the high-



HIGHLAND INDIANS OF PERU.
A HIGHLAND TYPE—UPPER AMAZON—AN EPAPLIAN FORESTER.

Gospel Wagon Mission.

Gospel Wagons have now been used in city and country, for street services for several years and are regarded by Christian workers as a success in soul-saving. A new departure has been made by Rev. A. S. Orne of Syracuse, N. Y., who after a year's trial declares he believes it to be one of the secrets of success in the modern missionary movement. Mr. Orne and family left Haverhill, Mass., on May 23d, traveling through Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, and arriving in Virginia in November, where they spent 4 months. Every class and condition of humanity were

thus reached from the humble home in the country to the residents at the national capital as well as to prisons and poor-houses, saloons and school-houses, railroad yards, brick yards, hop and harvest fields, state and county fairs, circuses, canals and summer resorts. Hundreds of religious papers including THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and many others, and also thousands of tracts were placed in the hands of eager readers.

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

At Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

GIVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum Children" a ten days' outing every summer. Over 200 beds, chapel, play-room, dining-hall, school-room, baths, lawn, and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and staff of caretakers and medical attendant. Regular religious services held.

2,300 tenement children received, sheltered, fed, taught, and (in many instances) clad at Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost of \$3 per head, including transportation.

This beautiful Charity (which is now open for the summer), costs annually between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support. \$10 pays for a ten days' mid-summer outing for three children. Contributions of clothing and boots and shoes for boys of six to ten years and girls of six to twelve years should be sent to the Matron at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y. All contributions of money can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y., and will be duly acknowledged.

The following contributions have been received for our Children's Home:

Previously acknowledged	\$416 95
Amelia P. Moore	1 00
— Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn	50
An aged sub., Saratoga Springs	5 00
Anonymous	3 00
Mary J. Gates	40 00
Mary Williams	10 00
Friend, Waynesboro.	6 00
For Christ's sake, Lexington	50
— Anaheim, Cal.	1 25
Friend, Morris	6 00
Mrs. E. B. Monroe	50
J. Schoenher	2 00
I. H. N. Manchester	1 00
— Danville	5 00
Mrs. Geo. Irvine	5 00
A. J. Cole	3 00
Theo. Price	5 00
No. Manchester Union	6 00
Mrs. C. I. Bowden	4 00
E. J. Lee	10 00
A. Subr., Turbotville	2 00
Mrs. Hattie E. Grose	1 00
King's Daughter's Mich. Agricultural Coll.	3 00
Mrs. R. S. Gay	1 00
Thos. Buttram	1 00
Mrs. Campbell	1 00
Jane Hope	40 00
Henry G. Meyer	1 00
Mrs. L. A. Bower	5 00
Daisy D. Nettleton	5 00
Mrs. M. E. Watkins	1 00
Mrs. W. L. Agee	10
Clarice Watkins	10
Owen Watkins	10
Daisy Watkins	10
Helen Watkins	15
Janie C. Watkins	1 00
M. C. Birmingham	10
Total	\$589 95



A GROUP OF HALF-BREED PERUVIAN INDIAN GIRLS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

the coast—never visited by rains, and only scantily watered by mountain streams—were made to blossom as the rose, by means of a system of irrigation the most stupendous the world has ever seen. Water was collected in lakes among the mountains, and led down the slopes, by canals and subterranean passages constructed on a vast scale, to sandy wastes which apparently had been doomed to sterility. The ruins of this vast system, as seen at this present day grandly testify to the industry, the ingenuity, and the patience of a great people. Their aqueducts were sometimes four hundred and five hundred miles long. They were tunneled through massive rocks, and carried across rivers, ravines, and marshy wastes of land. They were constructed of large slabs of stone, fitted so perfectly as to require no cement. And by means of these waterways large tracts of sandy wastes were converted into pro-

lands of Peru, where he explained the doctrines of the Bible every night for a week in one of the principle centres. The priest were furious, and did everything they could to prevent him, but in vain. The meetings were well attended and the people were anxious to receive instructions. The Doctor also visited La Paz, the Capital of Bolivia. It is his opinion that these great fields can, with prudence, now be occupied. He is training some very faithful, native, local preachers here in Callao, who, whenever the money is forthcoming for their support will be sent to preach the Gospel to these highlanders.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its progress, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or letters for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul and the Philippian Jailer.

Sunday School Lesson for July 11. Acts 16: 22-34. Golden Text: Acts 16: 31.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



THE house of Lydia had become the little commencement of the Church at Philippi, but Lydia's family and her guests still went to "the place of prayer" (Acts 16: 16, R. V.), by the river-side, where probably other inquirers were to be met with and led to the Lord. A certain maid having a spirit, a Python (R. V., literally a soothsaying demon), met them. Just as in the present day in China, India, and Africa, such a one brought her master gain by soothsaying. The medicine men of heathen Africa, the fakirs of India, as well as many who exercise sorcery in Asia and the adjacent countries, gain much money from the people who in their superstition and fear come to them in sickness and trouble.

The poor girl followed after Paul and his company, crying: "These men are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation. And this did she many days." The evil spirits which came out of many in the time of our Lord, knew him: "Devils also came out of many crying out and saying: 'Thou art Christ the Son of God.'" And he, rebuking, suffered them not to speak, for they knew that he was Christ. (Luke 4: 41.) The Lord Jesus could dispense with such witnesses, and so could Paul, and yet this "Apostle of the Gentiles," was in no hurry to rid himself of this embarrassment; he waited till all was ripe; and many days passed by during which this same strange witness drew the attention of men to the servants of God. Thus the work of God became advertised in Philippi, and the way made for its further conquests. What the Lord may have taught Paul during these days of waiting, or how he could have understood his Lord who had so often been in the same position, we can only know as we ourselves are privileged to enter into fellowship with his sufferings. That beings created for the very purpose of being indwelt by God should become the obedient and helpless instruments of demons, serving them as their voices, expressing in their features and in their gestures the character of these lost spirits must have been a deep grief to the Master. At last the moment was come when Paul was free in his God to go forward. One day, he "being grieved turned and said to the spirit: I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her." And he came out the same hour.

The demon was cast out, but her masters saw all their earthly hopes blighted. Gain was their great end; it was little matter to them that the spirit which possessed the poor girl was an evil spirit, and that she was tormented by it, but they must have their gain whoever might be the sufferer. These men easily persuaded the magistrates and the multitude that these foreigners, Paul and Silas were dangerous to their city; and without any trial or semblance of justice, the magistrates rent off their clothes and gave command to beat them. After this they handed them over to the jailer, who, following in the wake of the magistrates and people, treated them with the utmost severity. How gladly would Satan have extinguished the smoking flax of this little infant church at Philippi! But Paul, seeing things in the light of the Holy Spirit who possessed him, saw his God permitting all, and believed from his heart that all things were working together for good to him and to his companion who loved God (Rom. 8: 28), and that the Church which God had used him to plant would not be rooted up.

How should men of faith act in such circumstances? When a man of faith has

his eyes on God all things take a different color. It was under no tremendous strain of will, but simply the natural outflow of hearts filled by God with joy, even at such an hour, that Paul and Silas "prayed and sang praises to God." Wakened up from their sleep by prayer and praise—unusual sounds where oaths and curses, bitter and angry words were wont to reign—the prisoners were astonished. And how much more so when the walls began to rock, the earthen floor of the dungeon heaved, every bolt fell back, every door was opened, and the galling chains under which they had groaned fell clanking to the ground! What had caused such a subversion? God had heard the prayers of two men who trusted in him! This God then was true. Irrefutable proof that their God lived!

The last to awake in the prison that night was the jailer. The prayer and the praises had not reached his ear, but he saw the open doors and the fallen chains, and that he had lost all his power over his prisoners. Only disgrace and death awaited him by the law if his prisoners should escape. Dishonor was worse than death to him; and he drew his sword to commit suicide. But the very man on whom magistrates and people had heaped scourging reproach and imprisonment, whom he himself had treated with barbarous severity, cried out: "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." This was an earthquake more tremendous in its results than that which had opened the prison doors. The jailer beheld, for the first time in his life, a man who loved his enemies, and who returned good for evil. He saw, in fact the Christ of God dwelling in his servant, Paul, and all the foundations of the man's being shook as those of the prison had shaken. Calling for a light he sprang in, and trembling before his prisoners, he fell down before them; yes, before God in them. Then he himself, forgetting his terror at being found untrue to his charge, brought them out, and from his awakened heart cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." Was this all? Yes; truly, for an awakened conscience; for real faith lets God into the soul. And the jailer's house became a praying-place and these prisoners, preachers of the Word of the Lord, and the night which followed the day of persecution and suffering was turned into day by the light which came into many souls.

At midnight the cry of the awakened jailer went up, and the same hour of the night many things happened; he took them and washed their stripes; and now the life which he had been ready to sacrifice to his pride before was laid on the altar of his God. He was baptized, he and all his straightway; so confessing him who had bought him with his blood. After this Paul and Silas could eat, while the new converts, including perhaps even all the prisoners, for we read of none of them that they escaped, rejoiced believing in God. Thus the enemy was worsted, and the Church in Philippi largely augmented by the very circumstances which threatened to be detrimental to it.

Had the news of what had happened reached the magistrates? Probably this was the cause that they sent to the jailer, not to execute him for failing to keep his prisoners securely, but with the command to let them go. But now it was Paul's

turn to show the very men who had charged him with unlawful conduct that it was they, and not he, who had broken the law. They have beaten us openly and uncondemned, being Romans, have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out. And God ordered that it should be even so. And thus the populace which had been so excited against them but yesterday, had the public proof that the magistrates had been in the wrong. Thus reproach was diverted from the Christians.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE good work so hopefully begun at Philippi by the conversion of Lydia, was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted, and the pity of it was that an act of Christian compassion should have been the cause. One of those wretched creatures known to the people of that day as a demoniac, had been following Paul and his companions about the streets, attracting public attention to them by her cries. She appears to have been of the type mentioned in the Gospels, specimens of which Jesus cured. She had fallen into the hands of unscrupulous men, who made a livelihood out of her affliction. Why she followed Paul is not stated, but she persistently acclaimed him a servant of God. At last, being weary of the annoy-



"Thrust them into the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks."

ance and being sorry for the girl, he miraculously cured her, and as she could then be of no further use to her employers, they held themselves aggrieved. There was probably no remedy for their grievance under the Roman law, but it was easy to incite a popular tumult against foreign Jews. They availed themselves of the common prejudice, and the rulers, supposing them to be common disturbers of the peace, stripped them and ordered them to be publicly beaten, apparently giving them no opportunity of defence. After this they were sent to prison. The jailer receiving special orders to keep them safely, put them in the inner prison, usually a horrible pestilential hole where there was neither good air nor light. Paul and Silas, smarting with their beating, were subjected to this cruel treatment. Their spirits, however, were not depressed. They spent the night in prayer and praise, to the evident astonishment of the other prisoners, who probably had never witnessed such conduct in prisoners before. While this was going on, came the earthquake, the doors of the prison opened, and the fastenings of the prisoners were loosed. The jailer awakened by the earthquake and seeing the prisoners unbound, would have killed himself, knowing that it was a capital offence on the part of a jailer to lose his prisoners. But Paul reassured him as to that danger. But the jailer was concerned about another matter. He wanted to

know what he must do to be saved. It was difficult to understand his putting the question. Possibly the cries of the epileptic girl may have suggested it. Certainly it was his eternal safety that was inquiring about, and Paul gave the answer which has been the many a sermon since that time. The answer was brief and to the point. Paul supplemented it with further explanation. The jailer believed and gave of his sincerity, by trying to undo the mischief that had been done. It is always a good sign. He took the prisoners and washed their lacerated bodies. If he was concerned as to giving account to his superiors of this kind of charging them. Possibly the rule not being beyond superstition alarmed by the earthquake. But he would not accept of the release tendered. He felt the humiliation beating keenly, and indeed he never got it. Writing long afterwards of the time, he said he was shamefully at Philippi (1. Thess. 2: 2.) Some action he could have and he insisted on it. The rulers terrified at what had been done—knowing that to beat a Roman at all was an unpardonable offence and to imprison him without a trial was still worse—were anxious to appease them and prevent their appeal to Rome for redress. Paul accepted the humiliation as an apology and a brief farewell visit to Lydia and

Timothy he left the city. It would appear that Luke probably Timothy rebehind to continue the work for in the further story of the prison, Luke resumes the pronoun "they" of "we," and speaks of "us," and Silas as if the prison. Thus the first step was to hear the reward of those who brought the life-giving message with ill-usage.

All the doors were and every one's bands loosened. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether it was possible for an earthquake to have this effect. Probably, however, witness such results from an earthquake in 1881, while on a tour in Asiatic Turkey. The mode of securing doors was by a bar or staples which were in the doorposts. When an earthquake came, the posts fell apart, the staples to the ground and the doors opened. More than that earthquake so shook the stones were loosened, and the staples to the prisoners were loosened, and the prisoners were freed.

What must I do to be saved? Moody tells the story of a miller who was rowing down the stream when his mill turned his mill. The night was dark and the man tired. He let the boat drift and fell asleep. He was awakened by the roar of the water rushing over the mill-dam. In an instant he realized the peril of his position, and seizing the oars he began to pull for his life against the current. He knew full well that if he over that dam, it was sure and instant destruction. So he tried to swing toward the shore, but nearer and nearer he went to the dam. At last, in a mighty effort he got alongside the dam and rocky bank. He caught a twig and held it up for dear life. He tried to loosen and he desisted, but the twig and while he clung to it the boat was being carried toward the dam. He shouted loudly, "Help! Help!" He then heard a response and a rope lowered to him from the top of the dam. Should he let go the twig which kept him from death and seize the rope? He depended on whether he believed the man who held the rope. He was staking his life on his belief. But he did not hesitate; he seized the rope and drew up. "Now that is what I say, loose everything else and trust to God!"

MISSIONARIES IN COUNCIL.

Annual Reunion at Clifton Springs, N. Y., of Missionaries on Furlough of many Nationalities and Retired Veterans for Conference and Social Intercourse.

ONE of the most interesting and impressive gatherings of the year is that of the International Missionary Union, which has of late made its rendezvous at Clifton Springs, N. Y. Four of these reunions have taken place, each becomes more representative and more delightful than its predecessors. The object of the Union is to bring into communication, and once a year into personal association, missionaries of many nationalities and of different denominations, to unite with them the veterans who have returned from the spheres of labor to spend their declining years in a restful land. To men and women who have the missionary spirit and have dedicated their lives to the missionary cause, these annual reunions are seasons of joy and communion. Here they meet and are like-minded with themselves and with the most blissful of all relations, the companionship of kindred spirits. It

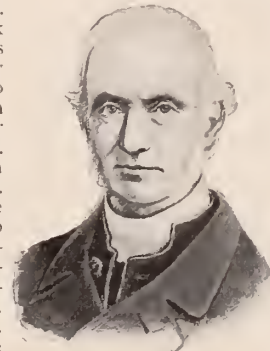
Mrs. Henry Foster, too, are entitled to the thanks of the Christian world for the splendid hospitality which gives free and generous welcome year by year to these honored guests, whose presence is a benediction to their home.

This year one hundred and fifty-five missionaries accepted the annual invitation to the reunion. Representatives of twenty-five nationalities and twenty-one missionary societies were in the gathering, showing how the love of Christ and enthusiasm in his service overleap all lines of separation and produce a common brotherhood in his name. In this gathering, differences of nationality and of sect are forgotten, and brother hails as brother the Christian missionary whose work is a common bond of endearment. For one week—from June 9th to 15th—they were in constant and harmonious association, listening to papers on missionary topics, reports of progress in various fields, and discussing the questions and problems arising in fields of missionary service.

and Dr. Bartlett, of Smyrna of the American Board, long resident in Turkey, threw much light on the Turkish question. Dr. G. W. Wood began his mission work in 1838 at Singapore, and at Constantinople in 1842. Afterwards Dr. Wood was a Secretary of the American Board. Dr. Gulick belongs to the historic Gulick family of Hawaii, but Dr. Gulick was himself for twenty-one years a missionary in Spain. Rev. J. K. Wight belonged to the American Presbyterian Mission in China. Mr. Higgins is about sailing for the Baptist Telegu Mission in India. Rev. E. S. Booth belongs to the Japan Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church. Miss Sites is the daughter of the late Nathan Sites of the M. E. Mission in Foochow, China. Miss Thayer is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Thayer, formerly of Turkey. Dr. Merritt was a medical missionary of the American Board in China. Mrs. Belden is the widow of Rev. W. H. Belden, the late Secretary of the International Missionary Union. Ding Ming Wong, of Foochow, was a delegate, representing the Christian students of China, on his way to the "World's Federation of Students," at Northfield. Mr. Waldemeier belongs to the Friends. He

A Brave Prelate.

THE death of Lord Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin, is a matter of interest to Christian people of other lands and other communions than his own.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP PLUNKETT.

His sturdy Protestantism, his valorous defence of the truth and his manly sympathy with the persecuted and oppressed endeared him to Christian people all over the world. He was not a scholar and was indifferent to the erudition which is the pride of

so many of his brethren on the Episcopal bench, but like his great Master, the apostle of the Gentiles, he preached Christ crucified and gloried in the Cross. Through-



Photographed at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.

In the centre of the picture, near the bottom, is J. T. Gracey, D.D., President of the I. M. Union. Right back of him is Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.; to the right of Dr. Hamlin (as one looks at the picture) is Geo. W. Wood, D.D.; next to the right is Rev. J. K. Wright; next to the right is T. Waldemeier, and next is Mrs. Waldemeier. Next to the right is Rev. W. V. Higgins; next to the right (standing a little above), Rev. E. S. Booth. By the side of Mr. Booth is Miss Sites. To the left of Dr. Hamlin (as one looks at the picture) is W. A. Farnsworth, D.D., and Mrs. Farnsworth. Next to the left is Rev. Lyman Bartlett. The lady standing below, at the extreme left, is Miss Thayer. By her side stands Rev. C. W. Mott, M.D. In the centre of the picture, towards the upper side, is Ding Ming Wong. To his right is Rev. M. P. Parmelee, M.D. To Mr. Wong's left, just above, is Mrs. H. Belden.

and inspiration, too, to look over the faces of men and women whose names are high in the annals of the missionary cause. Men and women who have given their best years to the toil of the service in foreign lands, and are now only waiting the call of their Master to receive their reward in his presence. The younger men, fresh from the field, and the veterans, weary with labor in the field, are inspired by meeting and hearing from the stories of their struggles and triumphs. Dr. J. T. Gracey, who has been a part of the movement, could not have more kindly and thoughtful things to say to the men and women who are engaged in the work. The encouragement they give and the impetus they impart and the holy unction they are the means of bringing from the Source of all grace, are felt for years afterward in the hearts of the missionaries in Africa, Asia, and the Southern Seas. Dr. and

The picture on this page is a photograph of this interesting assemblage, taken at the recent meeting. It is almost invidious to mention a few names out of so many which are deservedly honored in the churches, but a few conspicuous in the picture may be formally introduced to our readers.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who began his missionary life in Turkey sixty years ago, and was the founder of Robert College at Constantinople, was the Nestor of the convention. He was always heard with the greatest interest and attention. His intimate knowledge of Turks, Armenians and other orientals of the Moslem empire, with his keen intellect, makes him an authority among writers and speakers of this country on the "Eastern Question." Dr. Parmelee was an eye-witness of the massacre of the Armenians at Trebizond, and gave to the convention a graphic account of the horror. Dr. Farnsworth, of Cesarea,

has labored for nearly forty years in Abyssinia and Syria. Mr. Waldemeier is a native Syrian. There were also present the Misses Abe and Sudo, Japanese ladies, who have recently taken their degrees of M.D., and are soon to go back to Japan as medical missionaries. No less than eighty of the men and women whose portraits are in this picture are leaving for foreign lands, and at the closing meeting of the Union, Dr. Hamlin gave them a special benediction and farewell.

THE BIBLE CONFERENCE.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Niagara Bible Conference for Bible study will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada, for seven days, beginning July 7th. All the sessions are devoted to study, with devotional meetings. The subjects this year are the Minor Prophets and Paul's Letter to the Churches. Other subjects will pertain to the enlargement of Christian life and to world-wide evangelism. The following teachers will be present: Dis. Erdman, Goodwin and Parsons, Professors Moorehead and Streeter, and Messrs. Howard, Needham and others.

out his life he was identified with the Evangelical party in the church and showed cordial liking for men of other denominations who were preaching the pure Gospel. Born in 1828, he early devoted himself to the service of Christ. For twenty years after his ordination, he was a plain country clergyman, laboring zealously in the ordinary clerical duties of his parish. The confusion which followed the disestablishment of his church in 1869 placed Protestantism in Ireland in peril, and it was mainly through Plunkett's efforts that the cause was saved. He became Bishop of Meath, and was afterwards raised to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In this capacity he incurred the condemnation of the Romanizing party in the church by consecrating Cabrera the Protestant champion in Spain, as a Bishop. Whether Plunkett exceeded his powers is still a question in dispute, among those who are sticklers for the Apostolic Succession.

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Where to Go.

THE question is coming up in many households as to the best mode of vacation. We shall all need rest. The first thing to do is to measure the length of your purse; you cannot make a short purse reach around Saratoga and the White Mountains. There may be as much health, good cheer and recuperation in a country farm-house where the cows come up every night and yield milk without any chalk in it. What the people of our cities need is quiet. What the people of the country need is sight-seeing. Let the mountains come to New York and New York go to the mountains. The nearest we ever get to heaven in this world is lying flat down on our back under a tree, looking up through the branches, five miles off from a post-office or a telegraph station. But this would be torture to others. Independent of what others do or say, let us in the selection of summer recreations study our own temperament and finances. It does not pay to spend so much money in July and August that you have to get pinched and half-clad the rest of the year. The healthiest recreations do not cost much. In boyhood, with a string and a crooked pin attached to it, we fished up more fun from the mill-pond than one summer with a fifteen-dollar apparatus we caught among the Franconia Mountains. There is a great area of enjoyment within the circumference of one dollar if you only know how to make the circuit. More depends upon ourselves than upon the affluence of our surroundings. If you are compelled to stay at home all summer, you may be as happy as though you went away. The enjoyment of the first of August, when we go off, is surpassed by nothing but the first of September, when we come home.

God in the Home.

THE first thing to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet and it will grow unsound; catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose will prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattler. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction.

But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgressions, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work, that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time, and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoestrings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed, and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate, and gladly solemn.

Family prayer also fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behavior. The day when we get thoroughly mad, upsets the morning devotion. The life must be in the same key with the devotion.

Right Side and Wrong Side.

THERE are many persons who from childhood, while they may not be at all petulant, yet show a sad and melancholy turn of mind which seems ineradicable. Although their lot may be comfortable, they have, all their life long, the appearance of having met with afflictions. Others from infancy are light and happy. They romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if they leave you, and wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color go out of the rose, and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed! Ah me! Ah me!

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth, in its revolu-

tions, manages about right; it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China; but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight.

The Bondage of Debt.

SOCIETY slaughters a great many young men by the behest. "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary you must dress as well as others; you must take wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding-house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here a bill from a bundle of bank-bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By this awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is the servant of the lender. It is a bad state when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it.

Death's Terrors.

WITH many of us it is a bright, sunny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his duty to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the columns of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when the soul time ends and eternity begins. This ought not to be a depressing theme.

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the hearth. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist Henry Varley has been meetings in the First Baptist Church at St. Paul, Minn. Rev. W. B. Riley, Pastor, on June 10th union services in St. Paul, Minn.

"The Bethlehem" is the successor of "Berachah," the Christian Alliance Home, 250 W. 44th street, New York, and is based upon the same principles as the elder one. Mrs. McDaniels Wallour is the matron in charge.

Rev. James D. Paxton, formerly of Philadelphia, has returned from Paris, and has little time among his old friends. Mr. Paxton speaks with much enthusiasm of the work of the students of Paris, in which he and his wife were engaged.

After two or three years of effort in government in their city, the Christian Endeavor of Toledo, O., succeeded this year in a resulting in the choice of a Christian majority on the police board, and two-thirds of the aldermen and councilmen.

Mr. Norallah, who is a converted Jew, and a missionary to the Jews, reports numbers of Jews in Persia are selling the land and after converting them into money, are going to Palestine because they believe the time of their Messiah is nigh at hand.

The Bowery Mission dispensary, which has enjoyed the medical assistance of Dr. Marc of Rock Island, Ill., during the past few years, has been moved to New York recently to an extra course of study in the New York and during his stay rendered valuable service to the Mission dispensary.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, late minister to England, has brought back with him extracts of John Bunyan's chair, of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of the writ which led to his imprisonment in Bedford. He has presented these interesting articles to the Second Baptist Church of Wilmington, Del.

The abolition of slavery in Zanzibar put in force. Compensation is to be for slaves legally held, and if Zanzibar to meet the expenditure, help is to be England. The clauses as to compensation to have the Arabs receive it without discount, and there is reported probability of resistance.

Grace Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. W. J. Mosier is pastor, is sending a missionary, Miss Mary Hitchcock, who has just returned from South Africa. Farewell services were held. It will not be long before the church will have a fourth worker to the foreign field, as a been started for Miss Hitchcock's sister, who has also volunteered for foreign labor.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., of the M. of the Presbyterian General Assembly, viewed as to his missionary life, said: "I have organized over one hundred churches. At a Mission station in Minnesota, there were twenty-five. My first communion was just men and myself. Then I went into the the Board on a salary of \$300, on which times suffered."

Dr. T. J. Barnardo celebrated recently thirty-first anniversary of his home. His report showed that the number of waifs during the year had been 14,591; that of children maintained and educated children sent to the colonies, 686. It proved that of the children sent to the those who turn out to be failures do not exceed one per cent. of the whole.

Redeemer Church, of New Haven is conducting foreign missionary work at has erected a building called Welcome Home of a dense foreign population, and annually three thousand dollars to carry on services in different languages, education mothers' meetings for women of various ties, a reading room and boys' clubs are a activities carried on. The hall cost \$25,000.

Professor Gilbertson of the Christ College at Lahore, India, says that out of 300 in the college, thirty-seven are true Christians. Seventeen are pledged to active service, begun this service by taking charge of singing in a public hall where they read, sing. These meetings are well attended last for two hours. The students also neighboring villages and hold services. One cultivated Bengali lady working in La visiting places where it would be impossible for a foreign missionary to go.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at P. Cal. have been largely attended. Eleven were associated in the work. Meetings in various parts of the city for women on other places for children, the latter conducted by Mr. Chester Birch. The evening held in Hazard's Pavilion. The evening were held in the churches in turn, beginning with the First Presbyterian church. An invitation been sent to Dr. Munhall to hold special in the Metropolitan Temple, New York, during the summer, and it is hoped his merits will admit of his accepting.

A remarkable revival is reported at Writing to the Interior from that land, B. Coan says: "In some places audiences of gathered, and in other places 700. In the churches have been crowded, and in great many have been turned away for room. Mr. Shedd and Mr. Labaree have all they possibly could, and the native evangelists have done excellent work. I can safely the accessions to the church should be in the history of this station; I hope that not fall short of five hundred. Some churches already doubled their membership."

Protestant churches in Madagascar are having a hard time under the domination of the French Government. The Jesuit priests are particularly active. A newspaper correspondent from the island, says that he has seen four churches which for twenty years have been well attended. Three of the four are now empty, the natives being afraid to know that they are Protestants, as they charge Protestants with instigating rebellion. The fourth church the congregation was gathered to discuss a proposal to go over to the Roman Catholic faith in a body. The advocates of the frankly declared they had no wish to become Catholics, but as their pastor had been shot, the only way of saving their lives.



THE RECORD REIGN.

NEWS from the other side of the Atlantic for two weeks past has been mainly about the celebration of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, which appears to have attracted the attention of continental capitalists as much as her own. Every one has a distinguished representative in the celebration and personally attend the royal lady on the complete sixtieth year of her reign. Rivalries and animosities appear to have been laid aside for a time, to do the aged monarch, whose peregrinations have always been kindly received by other peoples and their rulers. Amid all the disputes and international complications of the past sixty years, Queen has so conducted herself in her position as to win general respect and sincere esteem. Her influence has been exercised on the side of peace and unity, and to any nation in trouble she has gone out in graceful fashion with a promptness and sincerity that won the public admiration. The result is seen in the cordiality with which foreign courts, which have no English policy, have joined in the celebration. But the most notable feature of the pageant was the rescue from the outlying sections of the empire. The variety of types of people attracted to the ceremony were practical evidences of the extent of British rule. From a compiled statement it appears that the British flag waves over an area of one-fifth of the globe, and that people who acknowledge fealty to her are more than one-fifth of the world's inhabitants. No nation in modern history approaches this rapid development, and it is what this landmark should be celebrated with considerable national enthusiasm. However, says that rumors are current in the past few weeks of Queen's age and infirmities have been upon her more heavily of late. She yearns for the rest and quietude which she cannot enjoy while she occupies the throne. A recent cablegram, which lacks authoritative confirmation, states that the celebration of last year will practically close the Queen's brilliant reign. It states that her Majesty has decided on abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales, and will spend the remainder of her life in retirement. No one would grudge her the well-deserved repose, though it must be said to her honor that her subjects would hear her step with genuine regret. Her reign has strengthened the tie between the British people and given the monarch a new lease of life. It would seem that if her heirs fulfil the conditions, the promise given to David may be fulfilled to the Queen:

Children will keep my covenant and my law, that I shall teach them, their children shall sit upon thy throne for evermore. (1 Sam. 13:14)

Antes of Uniforms.

Reports to the White House recently insisted to see a veteran usher who had his office through many administrations, wearing a uniform for the first time. It is common enough in the private homes of wealthy citizens to have the men and other servants clad in livery. In the White House, the ushers and sentries wore ordinary clothing. The change suggested the question, whether the new President was developing aristocratic tastes and aping the manners and customs of the European nobility. However, elicited the fact that a more practical reason was the basis of the change. Visitors from a distance are often embarrassed in the crowd at the Executive Mansion, not knowing how to reach the President, or the Private Secretary, or members of the clerical staff. Looking around for some one to

whom to address an inquiry, it was difficult to ascertain who had the duty of directing the strangers. The idea of a conspicuous uniform to be worn by the officials was suggested and has been adopted. The result has been satisfactory. Visitors can now see at a glance who are officials, and can apply to them for guidance in reaching the President or members of the Executive staff. When an awakened soul wants to find the way to God, it is an advantage if his servants are so clearly recognizable that an inquiry may be put to them at once without hesitation and be promptly answered. The distinguishing mark of service in their case is not in the garments but in the life.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another. (John 13:35)

A Dog in a Dentist's Chair.

A dentist in New York had a patient that was difficult to manage, in his hands last week. One of the most famous dogs in the city, is a big St. Bernard of pure breed. He is a son of the illustrious dog who won the prize of five thousand dollars and promises to be as famous as his sire. Some few days ago he neglected his food and became sullen and irritable. These are always ominous symptoms in a dog as they are the first signs of rabies. His owner, a well-known dentist, was much concerned about the condition of his big pet, and called in a doctor. The examination of the animal revealed the cause of his indisposition. One of his great teeth was decayed. The dog evidently had the toothache and did not like it any more than human beings do. His owner felt equal to the task of dealing with that malady himself, so he took his pet with him in his carriage the next morning when he went to his office. His assistants held the dog in the chair, while the dentist applied his little whirling excavator. The dog was uneasy, but he submitted without protest until the drill struck the nerve, when with a fierce howl he shook himself free and jumped out of window to the pavement, twelve feet below. Before the dentist could reach the street, the dog was tearing wildly towards his home. The next morning when the carriage came, the dog hid himself under a lounge, but by dint of much coaxing and dragging he was gotten into the carriage and was led into the dental establishment. His master would not take any risks this time, so the dog was put under anæsthetics. The dentist worked on the tooth more at his ease and, before the animal recovered consciousness had the cavity filled with gold. The dog, on coming to himself, felt with his tongue for his aching tooth and was evidently perplexed by the strange sensation, but was apparently greatly relieved. He has resumed his usual meals and seems none the worse for his experience. It was natural for a dog to resist treatment for his cure, because the beneficent motive of his master could not be explained to him, but the Christian ought not to be restive when painful or disagreeable discipline is applied to him for the extirpation of the evil in his nature.

Happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hands make whole. (Job 5:17,18)

Strange False Pretences.

A French medical journal reports an extraordinary issue of a prosecution in Paris. The law in that country is very severe against men who practice medi-

cine without proper qualifications. There are quack doctors there as elsewhere who sell patent medicines, and there is no law against their doing so, but the line is drawn at their writing prescriptions for patients. Recently the police commissary was notified that in an aristocratic quarter of the city a quack doctor was regularly prescribing for the patients who visited him. The officer immediately proceeded to the house indicated and there found the man magnificently installed in a suite of sumptuously furnished apartments. The outer rooms were crowded with well dressed and apparently wealthy persons who were waiting their turn for admission to the consulting-room. He arrested him, and hurried him before a police-court judge. The prisoner asked for a private interview with that functionary and after some hesitation it was accorded. At the close, to the amazement of the policeman who made the arrest and thought he had a clear case, the prisoner was discharged without even being put on trial. A reporter succeeded in solving the mystery. The prisoner had produced a regular physician's diploma from the most famous French University, showing that its holder had received a first-class education, had passed his examination with honor, and had been duly authorized to practice medicine. He said that after leaving college he had established himself as a physician.



ALBERT-EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING.

but no patients came and the doctor was soon face to face with starvation. Noticing that the quack doctors around him were prospering, he joined their ranks, carefully concealing the fact of his holding a diploma. Immediately the tide turned, his rooms were crowded with patients and he was in a fair way of making a fortune. He had begged the judge not to let the fact of his holding a diploma be known. He said that all his patients would desert him if they knew that he was a properly qualified physician. The same perversity characterizes the world in spiritual matters. Men will not go to God for enlightenment, but to spiritualists, fortune-tellers, and other charlatans:

When they shall say unto you seek unto them which have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter, should not a people seek unto their God? (Isa. 8:19)

A Dangerous Quicksand.

Numerous complaints were sent in recently to the Department of Public Works in New York of annoyance from noises at night. Residents on the East side of the city complained that they were awakened at unseasonable hours by workmen employed by the city hammering and clanging on metal in excavations under their houses. A delegation was organized and the irate citizens eloquently laid their

grievances before the mayor. Then the cause of the trouble was explained. In making a sewer in that section of the city a quicksand had been found and it was in activity. The city surveyor feared that whole blocks of residences, some of them being flat houses in which lived many families, would be either swallowed up or overturned. The only effectual way of dealing with the quicksand was to lay caissons at short distances apart. This had been done and the work had been carried forward day and night because the danger to the people was serious and imminent. The facts had been concealed from the public lest there should be a panic. There will be no more complaining of the noise. The people will be glad to have the work go forward in the night, even if it does keep them awake, because they know it is insuring their safety. Perhaps there would be a similar cessation of repining under the dispensation of God's providence, if we knew what dangers to our spiritual and eternal safety they are intended to avert.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. (Heb. 12:11)

Nature's Own Defence.

A remarkable discovery which it is thought will revolutionize the system of medical research is described in the New York Herald.

A physician states that for years he has been grappling with a problem that has taxed all his skill. He found that it was easy to destroy in his laboratory the microbes which are the germs of typhoid and other diseases. He applied the same methods in the patient's body which had been successful in killing the microbe in the laboratory but he was not successful. The patients grew worse and died. There was a flaw somewhere and the physician set himself to discover how it was that a poison which would kill the microbe in a glass tube in his laboratory would not kill it when found in the patient's intestines. He discovered that nature has armed the body with the power of killing, or eliminating, the microbe, or of depriving it of its mischievous powers. The antiseptic administered to destroy the microbe was destructive also of the power of defence which nature had provided. In normal conditions and in a healthy constitution the physical organism might be trusted to deal with the invading microbe in one of its three modes of warfare. It sometimes failed, because the patient was depleted in strength, or because while the battle was raging, he made mistakes in his diet which gave aid to the enemy.

Having made this discovery, the physician tried to ascertain the best means of increasing nature's power of resistance. Concentrating his attention on the typhoid microbe he learned that cold baths and copious drinking effected this result. Neither practice had any effect on the microbe but they strengthened the natural forces and gave them vigor for their fight with this particular microbe. With this mode of treatment the deaths from typhoid diminished from nineteen in every hundred cases to four. The physician states his belief that a similar discovery may be made as to pneumonia, diphtheria, grip, and other germ diseases, and that the true course of medicine is to reach in each case the discovery of the means, not of killing the microbes, but of strengthening nature and enabling her to get rid of the invader in her own way. The treatment of spiritual disorders should proceed on the same principle. The evil thoughts which are the germs of evil life cannot always be excluded, but they need not be welcomed and entertained. They stay to do their evil work only in minds where there is no other tenant to dispute possession with them.

When he cometh he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there. (Matt. 12:44)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

WESTERN RANCH LIFE.

It Has Many Drawbacks as well as Attractions—A Training-School Full of Perils for the Young.

RANCH life on the great grazing grounds of the West, although painted in roseate hues that appeal to and attract the young imagination, has many drawbacks and dangers that ought to be told with equal frankness. It is a great mistake to sacrifice truth for mere picturesque effect, and the writer or journal guilty of so doing is sowing the seed of trouble and sorrow in many homes. We have heard lately of a case where the only son of a very worthy family, after reading a glowing article on the life of a cowboy, determined to sacrifice his education and prospects, and lead the picturesque life of a cow-herd. To the parents, such a decision must prove very painful, as they doubtless had hopes of a brilliant and useful future for their boy, where he would not be thrown into contact with the thousand and one temptations, the vicious associations and the wicked companions he is liable to encounter in such a life as he has chosen. It is undeniable that there is a charm for the youthful mind in the freedom and comradeship of ranch life. Home duties and restraints seem irksome, by contrast with the liberty of the ranch, and the young lad, seeing its attractions but none of its faults, too often throws caution to the winds and leaves his home and friends for the new career. A very brief experience—a few weeks at most—will be sufficient to undeceive him. If he has lived in a quiet country home, in or near some village, beside dear friends and church privileges, he will value them now, if never before, when he is far from home and friends and the sound of church bells. He will soon be ready to admit that ranch life is not the paradise he pictured; that the herders are by no means to be envied, being for the most part drudges, with no opportunities of social enjoyment and culture, seeing little of books, with scant facilities even for ordinary cleanliness and whose duties, lately so picturesque in his eyes, are really limited to "keeping track" of the herd the whole season, and seeing that it does not stray off the land. Indeed, it does not stray off the land. Indeed, it does not stray off the land. Indeed, it does not stray off the land.

Ranch life is beset on every side by vicious influences, and it is not surprising that the herders are, in the main, ignorant and shiftless, though brave and kind-hearted. It is a false glamor that leads young people from good homes and prospects to take up a career from which the bitterness of disappointment will in all likelihood result.

The Value of Concentration.

A distinguished teacher, in illustrating the value of concentration, or "singleness of purpose," used to relate this classical incident to the boys under his charge:

Drono, desiring to test his scholars' use of the bow, prepared an imitation vulture and placed it on a tree. Then calling them all, he showed them the bird, and ordered them to bring their bows and shoot at it. "When I speak," he said, "let the one I command shoot it in the head." The eldest was called first to take aim, and the teacher asked, "Do you see the vulture?" "Yes, I see it," was the reply. "Can you see me, the tree, or your brothers as well?" was the next inquiry. "Sir," the youth replied, "I can see all of you." Displeased at this the teacher then said, "You cannot take aim. Move off." The rest of the disciples, one after another, were thus repulsed till he called Aurjoon and told him to try. Taking aim, he awaited the word of command; but the teacher asked, "Can you see me, the tree, and the vulture, too?" "Sir," he answered, "I can see the bird, but nothing else." Drono was delighted at this, and asked, "How much of the vulture do you see?" and the disciple answered, "Nothing but his head." Then receiving the word of command, he shot the arrow and brought the bird to the ground. The master of archery embraced his scholar, and rejoiced as one victorious in battle.

How to Make a Room Fragrant.

Many housewives do not know what a "rose-jar" is, and still more, perhaps, never

A lady tells how it is made: Take a half-peck of rose leaves and place first a layer of leaves, then a sprinkling of salt, until

THE AGED QUEEN

There must have been general blindness in England when it was rumored



AN ANNUAL ROUND-UP ON A WESTERN RANCH.

you have used the half-peck of rose leaves and a half-pint of salt. After five days have elapsed the leaves will be nearly dry. Then add three ounces of coarsely ground allspice, and one ounce of stick cinnamon broken into small pieces. Then allow it to stand one week, turning daily. After this, place in a permanent jar, adding one ounce of allspice, half a pound of fresh dried lavender blossoms, the rose leaf stock, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, one ounce of ginger root sliced thin, half ounce of anise seed, ten grains of finest Canton musk, two ounces of orris root sliced thin, one ounce of the essential oil of rose geranium, half an ounce of each of the essential oils of jessamine, lavender, lemon, verbena, musk, violet, rosemary, and bergamot. Add from time to time, as convenient, rose water, cologne, extracts, etc.

This is kept in a sitting-room or parlor, or any other room that may be selected.

few days ago, that the aged Queen Victoria had been afflicted with blindness, and that, though she might hear the shout of acclaim from her patriotic subjects, she could never see their faces again. For the reports of her blindness are believed to have been greatly exaggerated. She can probably see as clearly old folks of seventy-eight. Victoria always been a popular personage among the people. Although small in stature, she has a dignified presence and a noble and engaging manner. "I am small for a Queen," she used to say, although courtesy usually named her height as five feet two. The little and a few others in the secret kitchen, she was only four feet eleven inches high. Sir Edwin Arnold quotes the Bishop of Peterborough as saying that Victoria's face has become "almost divine" subjects. Although a rigid disciplinarian in all matters of court etiquette, she was kind at heart and so she seized every opportunity to show her kindness, that this generous affection for her is no wonder at. She had a remarkably fine memory and was able to recall, after the lapse of many years, the names of the Ladies who have been presented at Court, has surprised at a single dropped by the Queen, showed that she remembered them, though she probably had not seen them or heard of them since childhood.



CATTLE HERDSMEN AT DINNER ON A WESTERN RANCH.

saw one. It is an article prepared with very little trouble, which any housekeeper can easily make, which will keep a room sweet and delightfully fragrant for years.

THE CHILDREN UP IN HEAVEN.

"THERE'S a dear little girl coming home to-day!"
Oh, what do you think the angels say?"
Said the children up in heaven;
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day!"
She's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in.
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.
"God wanted her here, where his little ones
Said the children up in heaven. [meet,"
"She shall play with us in the golden street;
She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in;
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,"
Said the children up in heaven.
"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"
Said the children up in heaven.
"My little darling, arise and come,

Put the mixture in a fancy jar with a lid. Keep closed, but open once a day to odorize the room. The perfume is delightful, and will last for many years.

To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
To the home that my children live in;
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome the new little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.
"Far down on the earth do you hear them
Said the children up in heaven. [weep?"
"For the dear little girl has gone to sleep!
The shadows fall and the night-clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl;
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little girl?"
Said the children up in heaven.
"Fly with her quick, O, angel dear!"
Said the children up in heaven.
"See, she is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the Jasper light on her sunny hair!
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Ah! hush! hush! hush! all the swift wings furl;
For the King himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,
And leading her into heaven!"
Jasper, N. Y. —ARTHUR T. BRUN.

A Young Girl's Feather Problem.

Can a robin be talked? We know that the little bird is a clever and exceedingly intelligent creature. This story, which reads from Albany, N. Y., is one that will awaken interest among bird lovers. As far as the robin is concerned, Miss Bartlett, a young woman who lives on Wooster street, that according to a conversation with a talking robin, she was wondering of the neighbor. She found the robin on the sidewalk in front of her home a few days ago. The bird had toppled out of its nest, being too young to fly, was in great danger of being killed by a cat. She caught the bird, took it into her home, and provided it with a cage, and soon tenderly attached to it. The bird thrived, and watched with eager interest all the actions of the family. One day, spring the robin surprised its mistress by imitating speech. Under the teacher's careful training, the conversation, it is now able to say a number of words intelligently. The words are: "Hurry up!" it utters with a whistling sound. The robin also successfully imitates the whistles of a variety of birds. Thus far, however, it has not been able to learn any tunes. We wonder if our readers have ever heard of a talking robin.

A Mother's Prayers.

There is no such time for a mother as when she is in the midst of an impressive display of her love and devotion toward her child as in the earliest years of his life. The recollection of a mother's prayers often has a powerful influence on him which he neither can nor would forget.

MISSIONARY SERVICE.

Responsibility of Individual Christians to the Conversion of the World.

Every Christian ought to be a missionary at heart. Though he may not go out to heathen lands to carry the message of the Gospel, there is an abundance of missionary work to be done within our own land. No one with a heart to work for the Lord will die. In all our great cities there are as thoroughly heathen as can be found in Africa or China. Even in our great towns and in the country there are many who do not know by experience the power of the Christian Gospel. Sometimes greater patience is required to bring them into the Kingdom than it does those who have heard the Gospel message. The Gospel is as precious as the other, and the world is to be won for the Saviour. Domestic heathen must be brought in as those "who are not of this world." There is not the fascination or the excitement about going into a neighborhood, or into a mission service, as there is in braving the dangers of a foreign land, or the terrors of an African jungle, but the one work needs to be done as much as the other. We have a Christian man and his wife stand at the corner in New York speaking to a throng as hard and callous as any promiser as ever assembled on a street preacher in India. They rebuff, ribald retorts, and brutal blows are hurled at them, and that woman, who might have been comforted at home over a book, has taken a stroll through the park to see the work in earning a livelihood out to face that treatment in that some poor lost soul might be turned to God. Others there do a different kind of work as well in its way and as noble. The young children, among the vicious and depraved, discharged prisoners, and among the employees—all this waits to be done by the Christian with the missionary in his heart. It is part of the work of winning the whole world, which is the object that takes the missionary across the sea; the message is the same, and the same power is needed to make the work effective in the case as in the other. The great missionary spirit, the willingness to testify for Christ in the sphere where his lot is cast, is the same. The Christian takes upon himself the work of Christ, he enlists as a soldier in the war. Whether he remains at home or goes on foreign service, his duties and obligations are the same. Whether he may be stationed, his duty is to promote the interests of the Kingdom by every means in his power. If he is in some quiet country village, he is engaged in seeing that the cause of the Lord is prospering there and that new converts are being enlisted to take the place of the veterans who grow old and die. There is in a town many forms of missionary work are open to him. He should see that they ought to have his aid, and he should be the devoted, consecrated man, a woman who have gone out to the ends to preach the Gospel ought to have our sympathy. They should be remembered in our prayers and their work should be strengthened by our prayers. There is scarcely a missionary in the world today that has not offers of service that it cannot avail itself of. Some of the responsibility for the conversion of the world can be discharged by contributing to the treasury and inducing others to do so. Missionaries are crippled and retarded in their work by the poverty of the funds; other missionaries might be sent out if there were only funds to defray the expenses. What must Christ do about that fact? He gave his life for the world, but they do not know of it because they do not have money enough to send the Gospel to the perishing millions. Even in our own land, the plea for money to give an education to colored children is heard, and the south often falls on deaf ears. The need of money is urgent and imperative, and who cannot go to carry the Gospel to a heathen land or to the ends of his own land, may serve the cause by replenishing the treasuries.



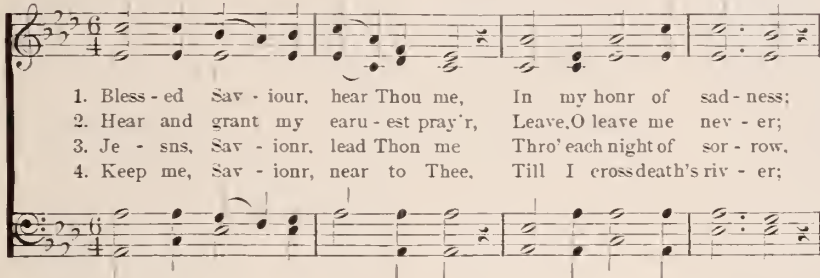
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Hear Thou Me.

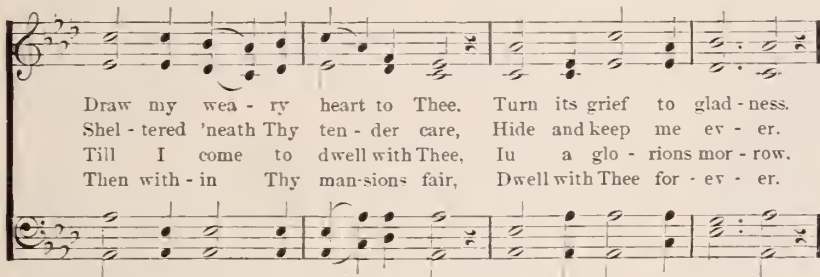
LYMAN G. CUTLER.

"Hear my Prayer, O LORD.—Ps. 143: 1.

IRA D. SANKEY.

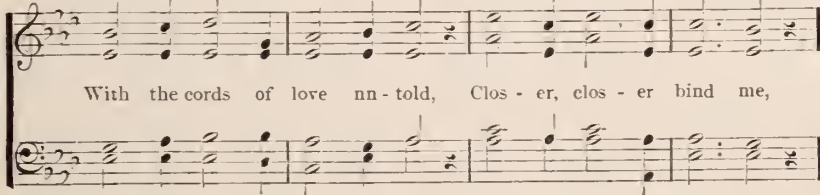


1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, hear Thou me, In my hour of sad - ness;
2. Hear and grant my ear - est pray'r, Leave, O leave me nev - er;
3. Je - sns, Sav - ionr, lead Thou me Thro' each night of sor - row,
4. Keep me, Sav - ionr, near to Thee. Till I cross death's riv - er;

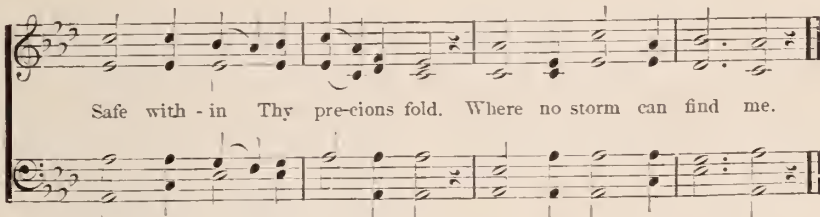


Draw my wea - ry heart to Thee. Turn its grief to glad - ness.
Shel - tered 'neath Thy ten - der care, Hide and keep me ev - er.
Till I come to dwell with Thee, In a glo - rious mor - row.
Then with - in Thy man - sions fair, Dwell with Thee for - ev - er.

CHORUS.



With the cords of love nn - told, Clos - er, clos - er bind me,



Safe with - in Thy pre - cious fold. Where no storm can find me.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

THE PATH.

WITH tear-dimmed eyes and varied fears,
We slowly cross the flood of years—
Till in some rosy sunset glow,
We quit these rugged roads below,
And greet the mount of God.
Could life's sharp crags be brought so low,
And smoothed wherein they bruised us so.

Then heaven's path would be a plane
To easy run without the pain.
And thorns our feet have trod,
Let him be praised who set the stones
And goads of which creation groans.
Some time they'll bring a greater weight
Of glory just beyond the gate.
Where sits the throne of God.

Secor. 1a. —O. M. H.

IN HIS HANDS.

"Though he slay me yet will I trust him."

GOD holds the future in his hand.
Oh, heart of mine be still!
His love will plan the best for thee,
The best tho' light or dark it be.
Then rest thee in his will.

God holds the future in his hand.
Why should I shrink or fear?
Through every dark and cloudy day
Yea, all along my pilgrim way.
His love will bless and cheer.

God holds the future in his hand
And I can trust his love.
The past declares his faithfulness.
His eye will guide, his heart will bless
Till I am safe above.

God holds the future in his hand,
I leave it all to him.
I know one day he will explain
The wherefore of each grief and pain,
Though reasons now are dim.
Bradgate, 1a. —J. J. JOLLIFFE.

THY WILL BE DONE.

THY will be done, thy will, thy will;
Although it may with anguish fill
My heaving breast, I trust and say
Thy will be done, my God, to-day.

Thy will, thy will be done, O God;
Although it hide beneath the sod
The darling of my heart and home;
Thy will, though I be in the gloam.

Thy will be done, thy will, thy will;
E'en though like early frost it kill
The roses of my inmost heart;
I trust my God, while they depart.

Thy will be done, thy will, my God;
I bend submissive to thy rod;
Through scalding tears I look above.
And know, O God, that thou art love.

Thy will be done: my will I yield
Until thy purpose be revealed.
The struggle, now, O God, is past,
And peace abides with me at last.

Submissive to thy will I'm blessed,
For thy will, gracious God, is best.
No evil can my soul betide,
Because in thee, my God, I hide.

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

THE LAST KING.

The Identity of the Eighth King of Revelation Who will be the Last World Ruler Before Christ Comes.

BY GEORGE H. PEMBER.



John's description of the Beast, the seven heads are said (Rev. 17: 10, 11) to signify seven kings, while the Beast himself represents an eighth. Of these eight monarchs, we are told that five had already fallen, that one was in existence when John wrote, and that a seventh was yet to come; and then an eighth, who would be one of the seven, and would be so identified with the World-power, so perfect an exponent of the popular will, that he is not called a head, but rather the very Beast himself. The five kings are said to have fallen. From the use in the Apocalypse of the verb "to fall" we may, perhaps, infer that they died by violent, and not by natural, deaths.

In the description of the thirteenth chapter, we are told that names of blasphemy were upon the seven heads of the Beast. This apparently indicates that each of the seven kings, as well as the eighth, who is the Beast, would set themselves forth as gods to the world. So far, therefore, we seem to have the following data for the identification of these kings: They are all monarchs of the fourth, or Roman, World-power; five of them had already died by violent deaths, before John saw the vision; a sixth was reigning at the time of the vision; the seventh and eighth were yet to come; all were, or would be, worshipped as gods.

Now, so far as we can judge from their history, the five who had fallen were probably Julius Cæsar, Tiberius, Claudius, Caligula and Nero. The sixth was doubtless Domitian, during whose reign John appears to have received the revelation. He was the last of the twelve Cæsars, and directed the second persecution of the Church.

Between the sixth and the seventh it may be that a considerable space of time intervenes; there is possibly a hint of this in the words, "The other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a little while." Perhaps he is still in the future; but there are some reasons for believing that he has already appeared in the person of the first Napoleon.

In regard to the eighth king, we seem able, by putting together the information of the thirteenth and seventeenth chapters, to deduce the following particulars. The seventeenth chapter describes him as one of the seven kings—that is, one of them resuscitated. And, this being the case, there is no mention of an eighth head, but only of an eighth king. In the thirteenth chapter also there is no notice of an eighth head; but John perceived that one of the seven had been slain unto death—that is, had been unmistakably slain—and while he was gazing upon it, the head revived, and thus plainly indicated the meaning of the statement in the later vision that the last king "is of the seven."

Thus the eighth king is one of the seven raised from the dead; and, accordingly, it is said that the Beast which represents him will ascend out of the abyss, or place of the dead. By keeping this in mind we shall understand his ultimate fate, and also that of the False Prophet; for being both of them re-incarnated spirits, and having, therefore, already experienced the first death, they are not, when seized at the height of their rebellion, cast into the abyss, but hurled alive into the lake of fire and brimstone. For it is appointed unto men once to die, and afterwards comes the judgment.

Again: John is told of the Beast which is the eighth king, that he "was, and is not, and is about to come up out of the abyss, and to go into perdition." Or, in other words, he had been upon earth before John saw the vision, was then in the place of the dead, and would in future time ascend therefrom, and head the great rebellion which would cause him to be consigned to everlasting perdition. Therefore, this terrible being, who will a second time trouble the world, cannot be the sixth or seventh king, but must be one of those who had already fallen at the time of the vision.

MISSIONARIES GRATEFUL.

Remittances from "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund Enabling Them to Save the Lives of the Starving People—The Chairman of the Committee of Distribution.



LETTERS recently received from the devoted men and women who are feeding the starving people around their stations in India, with food purchased with the money contributed by our readers, show how grateful they are for the timely aid thus rendered. Many of them have begun relief work on so exten-

sive a scale that they frankly admit that they have no time to write more than a brief expression of heartfelt thanks, as they are so busy in arranging for the relief of the sufferers. Extracts from a few of these letters we print on this page. Our readers will notice with satisfaction that in several instances the money arrived in time to succor Christian people who having been ostracized for confessing Christ, were in dire need. In many instances, the missionaries plead for further remittances—Mr. Powell, the Baptist missionary, especially asks for more help because of the suffering around him—and all are anxious that the good work they have begun should not be interrupted. Long before this, our latest remittance of forty thousand dollars has reached the Inter-denominational Committee for distribution. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons, the well-known tourist agents of Broadway, New York, kindly undertook to cable this remittance at their own cost, thus relieving the Fund of all telegraphic expenses. This generous help should have been acknowledged in our last week's issue.

That the help, thus sent, was badly needed to carry the people over the hard time which must elapse before the crops now being sown can grow and ripen, there is abundant evidence. One convincing proof is that the number of persons on the Government Relief Works is now over four millions, a larger number than have ever been maintained since the beginning of the famine. In spite of this help and in spite of the relief given by the missionaries, large numbers are dying whom it has been impossible to reach. Rev. Robert Wilder of Poona, who is now in New York, says that he has just received a letter from India which says that the people are dying by hundreds.

On this page we print a photograph of Bishop J. M. Thoburn who is Chairman of the Interdenominational Committee which is distributing the fund of forty thousand dollars cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to India. Bishop Thoburn is a native of Ohio. He was educated at Allegheny College and went to India in 1859. During his work as a missionary he edited the *Indian Witness*, and thoroughly familiarized himself with missionary work in all parts of India. In 1888 he was elected Bishop of India

by the General Conference which in that year assembled in New York.

The following extracts from the letters of missionaries in India will be read with interest:

Rev. William Powell, Baptist missionary of Neusarapetta, in the Madras Presidency, writes:

I am very grateful indeed to you, for your kindness in sending this money for our people. I will see that it is spent to the very best advantage of the people and the mission.

On the banks of the river Krishna, near Bezvada, which is a part of my field, about four hundred Christians had their houses and crops washed away by the great floods in August last, and many of them have not been able to rebuild their homes through lack of means. Their crops were so completely washed away that they are now without hardly a meal a day. Neither is there any work whatever to be had at present in these parts. I have appealed to Government for assistance for them, but failed to get any for them, to rebuild their houses. Their wells were also filled up by these floods, and at present they are put to great inconvenience for water.

In the south-west part of my field also, on account of the failure of the rains in August and October, the crops entirely failed. In this part about five hundred of our Christians are really in want of food. These people will hardly be able to get a day's labor until next July, when the rains are expected. The money which you have kindly sent me I intend to use to help those people to rebuild their homes, clean out their wells, and buy seed for the next crop. To the very poor, sick and aged, I will distribute food and clothes, also a little money; but labor alone will be given to the able-bodied, Christians or non-Christians.

Rev. H. Forman, of Fatehpore, in the North-west Provinces, writes:

I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of April 7th, that you contemplated sending a steamship loaded with grain from San Francisco. Help for the people of India could certainly take no more practical form. And beyond this the fact that this is done in the name of Christ, is a testimony which the people are not blind to. An old woman said yesterday, here in the relief camp in our mission compound, "Jesus Christ has our stomachs filled,"—using the causal form of the verb, i.e., that which one does through an agent. I hope to be able to get some of the grain for our poor here. This is one of the sorely stricken districts, and the doctor was telling me yesterday that the death rate per mille is higher here than in any other district in North India. We have almost four hundred persons in the mission compound, whom we are providing for with the money sent out by Christian people. The pressure of the famine is becoming more and more distressing as the hot season advances, as indeed was clearly foreseen must be the case. We are having many applications daily for admission.

The following are the names of those who contributed for the famine-stricken people of India the gifts of corn which were forwarded in cars as per list in last week's issue:

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Reduced Rates to San Francisco via Pennsylvania Railroad on Account of Christian Endeavor Convention.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, for the Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in San Francisco July 7 to 12, it will sell special tickets from all points on its system at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold June 27 to July 2, and will permit of stop-over at Denver and points West. Returning, passengers must reach original starting point not later than August 17, 1897.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, DD

The Birth of Liberty's Hymn.

SHALL never forget an afternoon in the Boston Theatre, on the occasion of an Author's Reading, given in the aid of a fund for the Longfellow Memorial. Of the splendid group that gathered on the platform to read their own writings, three of the stars



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

greatest magnitude have been transcribed the sky above the sky. Russell Lowell was a most striking figure that afternoon, and read in aid of a short poem of his own composition for the occasion. Longfellow's "Song of the Ship." He was not a leader from the elocutionist's point of view, but that splendid head is photogenic on my mind, and the tones of his voice came back as but yesterday. Oliver Wendell Holmes, cheerful as always, shed light from face and eye as a bouquet of sheds fragrance. His reading of "My Q." gave universal delight. William Curtis, the last of that translated literary saints, read from "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with a graceful dignity which seemed like an atmosphere.

Those who still remain none was away with more expressions of pleasure. Perhaps no reading aroused such enthusiasm as Julia Ward Howe and her "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I remember another occasion when I read her own story of how that introduction was conceived. It was the stormy times of 1861, when in prison with Dr. S. G. Howe, her heroic partner whom a more daring and eventful man America never produced.

All Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

As told in the last issue the new botanical discovery, is proving a wonderful curative in cases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the kidneys and urinary organs. The New York World publishes the remarkable testimony of A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel in Constantinople, New York, cured by Alkavis, he says himself, he had lost faith in medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful remedy comes from others, including many suffering from disorders peculiar to woman, such as the Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 118 Broadway, New York, who so far are its only agents, are so anxious to prove its value that for introduction they will send a free treatise prepaid by mail to every reader of the Christian Herald who is a sufferer from any kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Neuralgia, or other affliction due to impurities of the kidneys or urinary organs. Send all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. These wonderful curative powers, it is sent to every one free.

Readers write that they have been given new strength by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a blood purifier, consequently is the true tonic. It gives renewed vigor.

Mrs. Howe was visiting Washington. The city was surrounded on every side by soldiers and they had been compelled to make their way to the Capitol through lines of guarding sentries. One day, in company with Dr. James Freeman Clarke and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Howe were escorted out to the front to see the army, but were driven back by a sudden attack on the part of the enemy. Mrs. Howe was greatly impressed by the long lines of soldiers, and the devotion and enthusiasm which they evinced. They were singing as they marched, "John Brown's Body." James Freeman Clarke, seeing Mrs. Howe's deep emotion, which was evinced by her intense face, said:

"You ought to write some new words to go with that tune."

"I will," she earnestly replied.

She went back to Washington, went to bed, and finally fell asleep. She awoke in the night to find her now famous hymn forming in her brain. It took such tremendous hold upon her that she could not wait until morning, but got up and wrote it down in the gray dawn. What sublime and splendid words they were she wrote. There is in them the spirit of the old prophets. Nothing could be grander than the first line.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

In the second verse one sees through her eyes the vivid picture she had witnessed in her afternoon's visit to the army. I have seen him in the watchtowers of a hundred circling camps:

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps:

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

In the last two verses there was a triumphant note of daring faith and prophecy that was wonderfully contagious, and millions of men and women took heart again, as they read or sang it, and caught its optimistic note.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!

This hymn which was destined to have such world-wide appreciation, won its first victory in Libby Prison. It was printed in the newspapers, and a copy of one containing it was smuggled into the prison where many hundreds of Northern officers and soldiers were confined. Among these was the brilliant Chaplain C. C. McCabe, now Bishop McCabe. The chaplain could sing anything and make music out of it, but he seized on this splendid battle hymn with a frenzy of delight. It makes the blood boil again in one's veins with patriotic enthusiasm to hear him tell how the tears rained down strong men's cheeks, as they sang in the Southern prison, far away from home and friends, those wonderful closing lines:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

While God is marching on.

Our Little Wards at Oorfa.

Miss Shattuck Writes of the Destitute Armenian Orphans for whom our Readers have Provided.

IN a letter from Oorfa, Turkey, dated May 11th, Miss Corinna Shattuck gives these interesting details of the work among the orphan children:

The German friends sent by Dr. Lepsius (two gentlemen and a lady) arrived May 25th. They have been in our home studying the language they will need here in Oorfa, and becoming acquainted with the dear children in the three Orphan Homes; also in every possible way assisting us in the work and care which press heavily upon my associate, Miss Chambers, and myself. We rejoice that these new co-laborers are deeply spiritual and most efficient and practical persons. All have had experience as teachers. Mr. Eckhard

and Miss Patrunke are direct from Germany. Mr. Fallscheer, whose parents have long been missionaries in Nablous, has taught the past three years in Bishop Gobat's school in Jerusalem, and has command of the Arabic language, which is not, however, much used in this city.

More commodious rooms have been rented for the "Lepsius Girls," as the household has been steadily increasing during the winter and spring, and our Harris Girls have taken the former Lepsius Home.

Another house has also been rented with the plan of dividing our much-crowded household of 111 boys. This plan we early decided upon, even while waiting the decision as to whether the Germans should have a share in support of the boys, or whether we retained all for support by American funds. It now seems to us that we shall be able to about equally divide the boys, which will leave a very good number for the capacity of our American Home, with the "Summer Home" additions, and those on the east and west by recent purchase of rooms adjacent to our building.

Twenty of our boys are provided for by funds secured by Mr. Wistar who was here about a year ago, and on his return interested the "Friends" of U. S. A. in our children. We consider the remainder of the household, with the exception of about a half dozen who are supported by individuals in England and the U. S., as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD children, and will endeavor regularly and freely to inform you of these. We are very thankful that so many are likely to remain directly under our care; all have become very dear to us; all are healthy, active children, still only when asleep or assembled for family prayers. A lull occurs three times a day, when they are gathered about the dining-tables. At Easter the people use eggs freely, yet I was surprised when our steward gave 4.800 as the number purchased for the orphans that week. They had, besides these, on the tables as part of the regular food, four each in bright colors to play with, and eat when they pleased. I could but contrast these happy little ones with the general condition of a year before, when we dispensed a very small amount of "yagh" (native butter) to our widows and orphans, feeling they had need of it for nourishment and were unable to buy for themselves. We were almost alarmed then that the bill ran up to £40, and the needy on the list exceeded 2,300. Now most of these are in very tolerable circumstances, through the aid we are able yet to continue in fortnightly dispensings from our "shop" of a few drams of yagh, salt, soap, and a little wheat, with the small sum of cash to get it ground for flour. Then there is the work given in our several industrial departments, by which most of the women and girls can earn a partial support. We have two hundred in the silk embroidery, more than seventy in the handkerchief department and a set of weavers and spinners in the carpet line of rugs and kelims, besides the cotton spinning (that is a standby for such as can do only that simple work their grandmothers and the generations before them did). They are a people most worthy of our aid. I consider it a privilege to serve them personally and to be one with our many American people in the good work.

CORINNA SHATTUCK.

Armenian Aid.

The following contributions to the Armenian relief work have been received:

Prev. ack'd. \$8,318.66	Elsie Wendling..... 50
Y.P.C.E. Courtland 1 25	Willie Wendling..... 50
Mrs H C Moore..... 1 00	John Brown..... 5 00
In Jesus Name.....	John S Murchison..... 2 00
Benton Harbor..... 1 00	Subr. Turbotville..... 2 00
Henry, Esther, Lewis & Baby Ruth, Wash 5 00	Marguerite Stockton..... 12 00

John Weisgerber..... 2 00	Friend, Bedford..... 1 00
Mrs M J Sheldon..... 2 00	Dean, David..... 25
Mrs A S. Portland..... 1 00	Entries in issue of
Mrs F P Halloway..... 1 00	April 7th transferred
Syn's, Woodhaven 1 00	to India Famine



THE BOYS' HOME AT OORFA. WHERE THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S ORPHANS ARE CARED FOR.

S S. Port Gamble..... 5 00	Fund, (see page 481, June 16th issue)..... 50
Mrs A H. Waitsfield 1 00	Jas Binns..... 50
M P E. New Haven 2 50	Gary Lunt..... 50
C T Hawxburst..... 50	Dinah Unthank..... 50
Sch in Normal S S.....	Louis Dysart..... 25 200
cl 1st Pres Ch.....	
Wilkesbarre..... 1 00	Total \$8,364.94

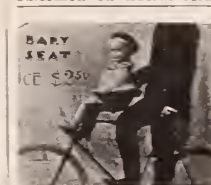
Poor Pilgrarlic,

there is no have for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use

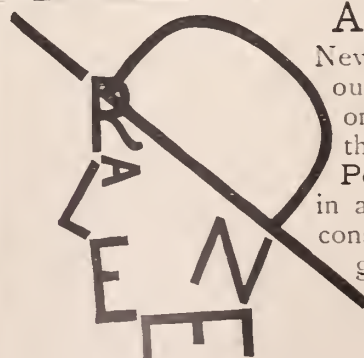
Ayer's Hair Vigor.

WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN CAN MAKE MONEY.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream perfectly instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$2 to \$4 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., Dept. 283, Sta. A., Pittsburg, Pa., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on liberal terms.



KOZY BABY SEAT. Can be readily attached to or taken from any bicycle. Does not interfere with rider. Adjustable for children of all ages. Combines lightness of weight with perfect safety. If your dealer does not have it, order direct, and we will forward express prepaid upon receipt of price \$2.50. GEO. HILSTENDEGEN, Manufacturer, Detroit, Mich.



A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Probably not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate Pearline would claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. But they're not even that. Pearline is today, just as it has been from the first, the best thing in the world for every kind of washing and cleaning.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER XV—Continued.
Coming Back.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

THERE are strong and inscrutable ties that unite, without our seeing how or when, and John's words were not all of their intercourse. For though he said nothing of love, but "dear Alice," his glance prolonged the impression of the simple address, and went where speech could not reach.

To take the heart by surprise! Oh, this is the way of love! There had been no intention in John's mind of speaking to Alice on that day. He thought it was yet too early, but when the hour arrives, the deed set for it is always accomplished. She came into the room just after John's arrival, and her presence affected him with an indescribable delight. Her easy dignified manner had in it something maidenly, impossible to be described, and as she passed John, the air seemed to imbibe that fragrance it does from a swaying flower. He rose to meet her, and she looked at him with eyes of a religious purity and a sunshine on her face that came from a far sunnier glow within.

He was suddenly impatient to know his fate. He asked her to walk in the garden with him, and she went, though she knew well what he was going to say to her. She only wondered that he had not spoken before. Silently, hand in hand, they strolled to the outermost wall, and leaning over it, watched the sea, and listened to its voice among the rocks—deep and melancholy as a page out of Beethoven. The air around them held a caress of scent; their eyes met; their fingers touched, and John said as he interlaced them:

"This little, white, warm hand! Give it to me! I love you, Alice! If you will be my wife, I will love you more and more, as long as I live!"

And Alice answered:

"I love you, John! I have loved you ever since we met. I will be your wife."

All the words they said were these words. Their feeling was too deep and too sincere to need superfluities. It was an hour of perfect understanding and perfect bliss, and they lengthened it until the shadows fell coldly upon them, and the lights shone in the windows of the house, and they knew that inquiry must soon be made for them. Then they went into the midst of the gathered family, and John told the story; there was no need to tell. It had been guessed by every one, and every one was glad in its promise and happiness. Suddenly Steve spoke:

"There is one thing, John," he said, "one thing to be greatly desired, and that is that you should be married immediately and live happy ever afterwards. I think you had better look to this end, and at once; for Alice's fate has a trick of breaking off her marriage."

The words were said in joke, but taken up very seriously. There was indeed no necessity for delay, and many reasons for not delaying. The principal one was a purpose in Steve's mind of taking a long sea journey. This health had been much impaired by his terrible vigil. It was imperative that he should have an absolute change; and the strength of that solitude and sequestration which was his soul's native air. The woods and the sea called him with a voice that he could not deny. They called him whether he was sleeping or waking, and he trembled and pined like a will bird in a cage, for the freedom they only could give him.

Jessie had been the first to urge this change, but when once it was spoken of, every one that knew and loved Steve recognized its wisdom. So it had come to be an understood thing that as soon as the winter was over, Steve should go round the world in such leisurely fashion as might occupy a twelve months if he so wished. Therefore it was quite natural that John should object to a delay so unnecessary. And when lovers have a point

to carry, they generally succeed in carrying it. At any rate, John did. He was of course supported by Steve, and not seriously opposed by either Mrs. Lloyd or Alice. So the bliss that he had not dared to hope for, came by patient waiting, and one bright morning, just before Christmas, Alice Lloyd became the bride of John and happiness.

Early in the following spring, Steve began to prepare for the voyage his soul desired. He and John had many long conferences, and John was much astonished at the care and thoughtfulness for the future the usually careless Steve manifested. He made some remark about this peculiarity, and Steve answered:

"I am not sure, if I shall ever come back home again, John. I wish above all things the continuance and prosperity of the charities we have begun to be assured and placed beyond dispute. It is right also that my own affairs should be put in such shape that Jessie may not have a single anxiety about money matters—or the future."

"What makes you have any doubts about your return home? Have you had any presentiment of death? If so, do not leave New York."

"My death is in the hands of Him who is as much in one place as another. And I am constrained to go. The thought of freedom has become a passion that I cannot control—that I do not desire to control. Only Jessie could keep me here, and Jessie is perfectly willing that I should have that respite from conventional life which is now an imperative demand of my nature. I want liberty. I want to be free. I want it so much that I think the whole world will be too small for my craving. Only eternity can satisfy it. Why, John, if I say but the word 'freedom' my whole nature sings to it."

"A desire so imperative is more than a desire. It is a command, Steve."

"I think so, John."

"Then God go with you!"

"I shall not get beyond his guiding and preserving hand."

So the preparations for this journey went steadily forward and at length the time fixed for Steve's departure arrived. On the night before it, John and he sat together, long after the household were asleep. Steve had been very quiet and thoughtful all the previous week, for grave and momentous questions, relating to the future of his family and his many benevolent enterprises, had been constantly occupying his mind. John, however, understood that Steve had a great nature, never quite at home on this earth. He was at best an exile with the "homeing" passion, stronger than any lure that this life could offer him. Indeed Steve himself was frequently aware of being something of an enigma even to those who loved him best. He had thoughts and feelings often about which he did not care to speak. That very night as he had stood with his family watching the sun set, and listening to their remarks about the beauty of the scene, he had been intensely conscious of what others had not been conscious of. For even to John the setting sun was only a yellow disk, disappearing in a purple and golden glory, but to Steve the heavens had been opened and he had seen a vision in those marvelously tinted clouds, of dazzling temples and the crowded pinions of cherubims, and the multitude no man can number. And this vision though seen "through a glass darkly" had made him homesick and silent, because he feared to be misunderstood.

"What are you thinking about, Steve," at length asked John, "Are you quite satisfied with the arrangements made for carrying on the work in your absence?"

"Yes—and no. Ought I to leave the whole weight on your shoulders, while I seek my own health and happiness?"

"But while you are seeking your own, you will find for others. You intend, do

you not, to examine the charities of the great European cities, in order to adopt any really good idea?"

"I do. And I shall keep you posted, John, for if I find a good thing, you must carry it forward at once. No need to wait for my return. And, by-the-by, I was through a State Institution for the Insane yesterday, and I noticed over all the doors of every department, this admirable motto—'Put yourself in his place.' John, the best of stewards, the most faithful of philanthropic workers, needs such a reminder constantly. Would the men and women we have put in charge, be any worse for such a noble order, ever before their eyes?"

"I think they would be much better. It would help us, every one. Say that an unemployed workman came for money to go to Pittsburg, would he not be likely to get it, more kindly and cheerfully, if our agent 'put himself in the man's place?' I am sure he would. And the same result would follow, in all the branches of 'The King's Highway Fund.'"

"The Unemployed Workman! Oh John, he is as great a tragedy as Hamlet or the Oedipus. How is the Land Scheme going on?"

"Not as rapidly as I wish it was. Men do not want to take the least obligation, and men who do not want to take an obligation so easy, and so self-respecting as you have made it, are not the men who will build up cities in the wilderness, and make the desert blossom as the rose. If you gave them the land absolutely, without pay, or even promise to pay, they would not value it, or cultivate it—yet, that is what the majority want."

"I know," said Steve with a smile as sad as it was merry—

Divide the land among the people,
And give it them quite cost free;
To Bridget ten acres, to Pat ten pole,
And a thousand to Mrs. O'Shea.
Answer me now and say.

What would they do with it, John?"

"Sell it for as much cash as they could get. Still the settlement is growing; and a good charity must grow; it cannot be manufactured."

"Well, don't get discouraged John. It is enough for me to have that failing. So often I say to myself, 'how small a space I fill in this great teeming world of laborers! How little I can do! How marred that little is by my ignorance and inefficiency! And then my soul is weary and hopeless of its work, and only prays to be counted with those worshippers 'who lie before God's altar and are still.'"

"No! no Steve! It is not our duty to weigh our work or its results. When you feel this spiritual lassitude, then is the time to bid your soul arise and join that nobler band whose worship is not idle, and dumb, and fruitless. Neither you nor I would be happy in the passive joys of contemplation; we want no lotos land of musing, mystical worship; we want the wages of going on and of doing good with every sense we have—or shall have. I expect great things from your European investigations."

"You will be disappointed, John. As far as I can read or hear, America is already in the van of charitable Christian work."

"In the van let her always be."

"Yes, in some senses. But the van is not always the best place, because it is not the men who press to the van who are the most reliable and serviceable. Now I should always be there with my unsatisfied ideals and longings and my enthusiasms, urging men to impossibilities; but you, John, you are where the leader ought to be—just ahead of the great central force. From there you direct those that are too impetuous, and draw on those who have become weary."

(To be Continued.)

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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

DISTINGUISHED by a name and a numeral, our American Independence day comes smilingly on to us, in the vanguard of the mid-summer's heat and a

er of the mid-summer's glowing abundant joy. Perhaps we spent a Fourth of July under trees. Until we do, I question we ever realize how unspeakably that bit of bunting, flying from and steamer and borne aloft before men on our gala days, cheers for the red, white and blue, a hundred cheers, men, with leaps faster and the blood with pride and gladness, for, in a land, one's heart remembers and turns to it yearningly and often. Independence Day should serve as a day for revivifying our patriotism, not for nothing that the old He- were accustomed over and over to children the story of how they of Egypt, how they were led the desert, a pillar of cloud before day, and a pillar of fire by night; y were fed with angel's food, the ined on their camp straight from and how at last they were brought the promised land." The competition of the national history an intense national pride and loyalty struck deep roots into the past, the Jew's best inheritance, sent her to son, the long ages through, cannot do better than to imitate the in this, and tell again and again of our country to our children people. A good investment for of growing children is a trust- history of our nation, and around book, as for instance, "The Ameri- cation," by John Fiske, might be the lives of Washington, Lincoln, and other statesmen, the poems of How and Whittier and Lowell, the of Emerson and of Holmes, and fiction is racy of the soil. Where cannot themselves afford to ac- books, they should avail them- the nearest library, and the home ould be nourished on literature spires love of the native land, love institutions which spring from lib- enlightenment, and love of the day.

turn back a leaf in the familiar and read it now on the eve of our Fourth. and that the Declaration of Inde- was unanimously adopted by of the thirteen colonies on the of July, 1776. New York deferred on in the matter until the ninth of en she, too, came into the brave mn league and covenant, by which orted our opposition once and for- taxation without representation, the cords that hitherto had bound a mother country.

ver the country the Declaration ived with bonfires, with the ring- bells, and the firing of guns, and chlight processions. Said Samuel "the people seem to recognize this on as though it were a decree pro- d from heaven."

You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Science at last reports a positive cure a and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola new botanical discovery found on the over West Africa. Its cures are really s. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, writes that it cured him of Asthma of standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Iowa, testifies that for three years he had dropped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, ble to lie down night or day. The Kola ed him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, the Farmer's Magazine, was also cured ould not lie down for fear of choking, be- worse in Hay-fever season. Others of give similar testimony, proving it truly ful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma ver we advise you to send your address to Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, to every reader of The Christian Herald. s it. All they ask in return is that when ells itself you will tell your neighbors about it. ost on nothing and you should surely try it.

No sudden impulsive act was this to which the brave signers of the Declara- tion set their hands. It was the culmination of eleven years of irritation, of struggle against injustice, of resistance to tyr- anny. John Fiske sums up the narrative of these trying times by the observation that "for the dignity, patience and moderation with which the Colonists had borne themselves, history hardly affords a parallel." There are many grand and noble figures on the splendid page which keeps that period green in memory, but foremost on the canvass for all time is that of our heroic George Washington, of Virginia first, next of the Union, next of the whole wide world.

As mothers, we are unworthy our high calling if we fail to impress on our sons and daughters both, the true grandeur of the men who formed this republic, and the true beauty and value of a free land, where the will of the people rules. The day has gone by when an autocracy can flourish anywhere. Waves sweeping upward on the shores of time, are laden with the flotsam and jetsam of outworn despotisms. Republicanism is bound to win all over the globe.

Teach the children patriotic songs. As they gather around the piano, let somebody strike up a ringing strain and let the family join in the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Bring the lads and lasses up on "My Country, 'tis of Thee." A sage said, "Let me make the songs of a nation. I care not who makes its laws!" From the lore of the cradle, and the memories of the hearthstone, and the lips of the mother, and the atmosphere of the home, and the public opinion of a community, where home life is on a high plane, comes a sentiment stronger than mere enactment, a sentiment which makes law powerful and liberty secure.

In my childhood, we eagerly anticipated the Fourth of July. The children went to bed on the night of the third, and the town was like any other town, plain, and pro- saic. But when we awoke in the morning, to the boom of cannons nearby, or the long soft rolling thunder of guns in the distance, lo! flags were floating everywhere, and houses, spires, schools were in bloom with brave, bright color. The drums were beating and the bugles were blowing. Soldiers marched in procession. So did the boys and girls: the girls in white frocks with bright sashes; the boys in white trousers, with blue coats and gilt buttons. We all wore our red, white and blue rosettes. We heard the Declaration read in a so- norous voice by some magnate. Ministers prayed, orators spoke. We sang till the clouds in the blue sky seemed to shake with the choral strains. We ended with "Praise God from whom All Blessings Flow." And the children of to-day could not be better taught, nor more admirably trained than by a similar course of pro- ceedings now. To stimulate patriotism should be part of every parent's, of every teacher's duty, and I rejoice as I see the flag flying from the school-house the land over; I rejoice whenever I hear fresh young voices upraised for God and liberty.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A Castaway Redeemed.

Many striking testimonies are given at the nightly Gospel meetings in the Bow- ery Mission, New York. One evening lately, a young man recently converted gave the following testimony: "My wife on her death-bed made me promise to meet her in heaven. After her death I began to drink and wandered far away from God. I had often read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the Bowery Mis- sion, and I left my home determined to come here and give myself to God. The testimonies at the Mission made me more earnest, and when the invitation was given the thought of my promise to my dear wife urged me forward to the mercy seat.

and kneeling I cried to God for help and strength and power to overcome. I was delivered and have now been kept for three months. My father is a deacon in our church. I managed to keep from him the fact of my drinking; but he is rejoic- ing with me to-night because of my restor- ation to God and my church duties."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Lowly Nazarine: a Story of Christ, by Leroy Nixon. Pp. 322; price \$1. Published by J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co., New York.
The House of Dreams; handsomely bound, gilt top; pp. 257; price \$1.25. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 151 Fifth Ave., New York.
Julian M. Sturtevant; an Autobiography, edited by J. M. Sturtevant, Jr. Pp. 349; published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.
The Stand-By, by Edmund P. Dole. Assistant Attorney General of Hawaii. A story of life in a New England village. Pp. 230; price \$1.25. Pub- lished by The Century Co., New York.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SAVING THE TENEMENT CHILDREN.

Mont-Lawn Home Crowded with Little Weaklings from the Hot City Tenements—Hunch-backed Johnny's First Outing—The Boy who had "Never Seen the Country"—How the Golden Mid-summer Days Pass at our Children's Home.

ON the third floor of a dingy rear tenement in East 75th St., New York, lives John M., a little, deformed boy with his aged grandmother. Johnny's father, mother and grandfather are all dead and the wee, humpbacked lad and the old woman have been left to fight the hard battle of life alone—a strangely assorted pair. Life in that rear tenement home has none of the sweetness and joy and sunshine that are found in happier households, where the parents have been spared to their children. Yet the old grandmother buckles to it with a stout heart and by doing jobs of house-cleaning and "day's work," she contrives to earn enough to "keep the life in" herself and her dead daughter's child, but a full meal or a bountiful table are things the little fellow never sees. He sometimes thinks the old grandmother harsh, because she seems unkind to him and would probably be glad to have him safely provided for elsewhere; but the hunchback, with his pale face and sunken cheeks, is not big enough to realize the terrible struggle the old woman has had all these years. Such struggles

end in pauperism and the City Field. It was by all odds on the most unfortunate day of Johnny's life when he met one of our good

station, where he sat down to wait. There the good missionary found him seven and a half hours afterward, and he greeted her with a smile that showed he had all along had implicit faith in her coming. She brought him with the others to the Bible House, and having no idea of green fields and trees and waving grasses, he thought he had already reached the country. He was nearly famished, and one of the clerks generously gave him her own lunch which he swallowed in big mouthfuls, making appreciative remarks between the bites. In the afternoon, he sailed up the lordly Hudson on the steamer *Chrystenah* with the other children, and his eyes opened wide in wonder and admiration at the sights. Everything was a revelation to this little lad, whose life had been cooped up within brick walls and in hot alleys and court-yards. And when the wagons with the new arrivals drew up before the Home, and the other children ran out to give them welcome, the wee hunchback stood mute with amazement—it was a fairy-land, all so new and wonderful. Several days passed before he became quite accustomed to his surroundings. This poor, lame little boy is a type of hundreds of others who, in the course of the present summer, will be sheltered, fed and cared for by Matron Collins and her staff at Mont-Lawn.

Miss Helen Collins, the Matron of our Children's Home, and who now is serving her second summer in that capacity, is a trained missionary of six years' experience. She has been actively identified with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its charitable work for the last five years. The Matron's staff is a most efficient corps of young women of Christian character, superior education, and practical training in philanthropic work. Several have already been with us in previous seasons, while others are now passing their first summer at beautiful Mont-Lawn. Miss Emma Weidenkoff of Cleveland, O., is now in her second season at Mont-Lawn. Miss Jessie Thomas is a New Yorker by birth and has served two seasons at the Children's Home. The same is true of Miss Lizzie Silvernagle of



WELCOMING TENEMENT WAIFS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

missionaries, who was engaged in caring out the neediest slum children at Mont-Lawn. His poor pinched and misshapen body appealed to her sympathy, and he was soon booked for a ten days' outing. To his amazement, his old grandmother consented, and was arranged that he should be taken down town to the Bible House by the missionary next afternoon at 6 o'clock with a party of other children. That night the little hunchback hardly slept. He was anxious to go to the country—that mysterious place of which he had heard the children speak, but had never seen with his own eyes—that he left home as he was dressed, at 6 A. M., and found his way to the elevated railway

Brooklyn. Miss Lillian Drane is a public school teacher, of eleven years' experience, and is also in her second missionary season. Some of the new members of the staff are graduates of training schools, and several intend to take up the life-work of a missionary in foreign lands. They are Miss Myrtle Higgins, a relative of Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the celebrated evangelist and now a student of the Moody Institute at Northfield, Mass.; Miss Cora Holmes, of Lockhaven, Pa.; Miss Isabel Trowbridge, a student of Vassar College and a member of the famous missionary family of which the late Rev. Dr. Trowbridge, President of the Aintab College, Asia

(Continued on page 527)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Inquirer, Paterson, N. J. 1. To whom can I send verses to have music set to them, so that they will be inserted in the hymn books? 2. Are there any correspondence schools for training young men to become clergymen?

1. Almost any composer will do such work, if the hymns are good. Prices range from \$3 to \$10. 2. Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Moody Institute, Chicago.

Subscriber, Boise City, Va. 1. Do you think a telegraph operator will be held accountable for working on Sundays when, if he had his wish, he would not do so? 2. Do you think it right for a gentleman to call on a young lady Sunday—that is if they are engaged and are very much attached to each other?

1. Your own conscience must decide whether the Sunday work is an actual necessity, and whether it so interferes with your exercise of church and other privileges peculiar to the day, that you would be justified in changing. An outsider cannot advise in such matters. We do not believe in Sunday work; yet we must recognize that certain classes of work may be indispensable as society is now constituted. 2. Merely social calls we should regard as out of place on that day. A call for the purpose of accompanying to church is a different matter.

G. E. B. What is a person to do who has led a wicked life, but has been forgiven through Christ, if he is still troubled by remorse?

Bear the remorse until by God's grace a happier state of mind is produced. You remember that significant record (Mark 14: 72) about Peter's denial of Christ: "When he thought thereon he wept." When you rejoice over sin forgiven, and are overcome with wonder and gratitude at God's magnanimity in forgiving you, it is quite natural and proper that you should grieve that you had ever offended a Being so good and kind. The forgiveness should lead you to love God more than others do, and to rejoice in his marvelous goodness and mercy. It should also lead you to be very watchful against relapsing into sin, and to make great exertions to render service to One who has forgiven you. You should also be very tender and charitable toward others. Do not let remorse incapacitate you for labor, but rather operate as an incentive to service.

J. J. A. Ellenville, N. Y. Is it right for a Christian who has a fair business to add to this a summer boarding-house by which he is deprived of a good deal of his Sabbath and weekly church privileges, being busy most all the while Sundays attending to the wants of his guests?

There must be boarding-houses, and people must eat Sundays as well as week-days; so this being the case, we think it much more desirable that such places should be conducted by Christians, than by non-Christians. Besides being a positive advantage to the boarder, in a moral sense, it affords the conductor a rare opportunity of carrying his Christian principles into practice in a new field. There are places (like Ocean Grove and others), where such businesses are carried on without the slightest interference with the exercise of anyone's church privileges.

A. J. H. Janney, W. I. Should you see one who is a member of the Gospel drinking intemperately, and it has been a known fact for years), should it be wrong for any conscientious member to draw him out on that account?

Such a case should be dealt with by your session or Presbytery. It is hardly possible that any spiritual light can result from ministrations conducted under such conditions, leaving the church to be thought of only when it is necessary to effect a change, including the prayers, prayers, and remembrance of church officers and people, have failed.

S. P. Baltimore, Md. 1. Is it permissible for a pastor, father or father-in-law to appropriate the ideas of another, even though he clothe them in his own language? 2. How far may one borrow in writing the language or ideas of another without being open to the charge of plagiarism?

1. Whoever the same language is employed credit should be given to the original author. There is no exclusive proprietorship in ideas,

but were a speaker to bodily appropriate the line of argument of another, even though he varied the language, he would certainly make himself liable to the charge of plagiarism. 2. This is a question for a literary jury to decide. Shakespeare borrowed and adapted much, and so also did almost every distinguished author, as far as known, including the poets, from Homer down. They took older compositions and imbued them with new artistic life and meaning. The rule seems to have been in such cases, that if a writer improved upon his original, the charge of plagiarism did not lie.

R. A. I., Santa Barbara, Cal. I have read with a great deal of interest the articles published in your excellent paper in regard to "Mormonism." There are at present about five hundred Elders of the Mormon Church, going up and down our beautiful State, trying to convert us to Mormonism. There are two here and they are working hard to prove that they are right and everybody else is wrong. When they called on us, we referred them to the articles published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dec. 23, '96; Jan. 20, '97; Feb. 3, and Feb. 14,

opposition to the warnings of conscience, and with the delusive idea that they can be repented of afterward, when God will surely pardon them. Among presumptuous sins may be enumerated these: to profess religion without principle; to ask God's blessing and yet go on in sinful living; to search out and run into temptation; to be self-confident and complacent concerning one's spiritual condition, though no effort has been made to set the heart right with God, and to arraign the goodness and justice of the Almighty, instead of finding in our own sinful hearts the cause of our misfortunes. Persistent drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and licentiousness are properly classed as presumptuous sins, when the sinner is one who knows the law and willfully violates it, excusing his offense on the ground that God is too good and kind to punish such doings on the part of his mortal children.

S. L. R., Society Hill, S. C. What does it cost to send money to India? It is rumored that it takes nine-tenths to deliver one-tenth.

If the money is sent by mail, the only expense would be the trifling percentage charged by the banking firm for converting dollars into rupees. If sent by cable, it costs considerably more, but on sums of over \$1,000, such expense would not exceed one cent on a dollar, so that at least ninety-nine cents would be delivered in India for every dollar transferred. In the matter of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Relief Fund, we pay all expenses involved in the cabling or transferring of the money, and for every dollar which we send to the missionaries, or to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD International Committee, (under the Chairmanship of Bishop Thoburn), the full equivalent in rupees, without any deduction whatever for cable charges or exchange or

out of their abundance. Such give us the real heartfelt joy that springs from giving, where the gift means *salvation* to the giver feels the draft upon his own resources gives gladly and confidently, knowing God loveth the "cheerful giver." We feel the need, we believe it to be the duty of a Christian man or woman to aid in the hands of our devoted missionaries working there. Your question may be answered by referring to Prov. 11: 24, 25; Lul. Ps. 112: 9; Prov. 14: 21; Col. 3: 14; 7; Prov. 21: 13, and like passages.

George A. F., Hawkesville, Ont. What is the statement that Asa hated God?

The proposed "Greater Republic of America" is the projected union of Malaya, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. The last-named State, is not yet fully won over to the States. There is no central capital of this States.

M. A. S., Evanston, Ill. How can you make the statement that Asa hated God? (1. Kings 15: 14), the heart was perfect with the Lord all

You must remember that Asa had been reproved for taking matters in his hand and showing distrust of God (Chron. 16: 7-10), and had been with the prophet who reproved him in prison and punishing others. He repeated his fault in his sickness, and we know the kind of physician he consulted, we should understand why he was angry with him. As the prophet to the first instance, he of all men, had look to God in an emergency, as God

to his rescue in a sore straits, the king showed proof justifies the statement that he hated God, though in 1 years he had done some good things. The writers of Kings and Kings were doubtless to him for these things in courtly fashion praised his good he had done, and of the evil.

R., Canandaigua, N. Y. 1. Paul's meaning in referring to people eating and drinking? 2. Was the instruction the Lord's Supper a command? Was Luke present at the institution of the Lord's Supper?

1. There seems to be some disorder in the church. We gather that the offices of the clubs and societies become mixed with the ordinances. Rich men were their own bread and wine claiming precedence over poorer brethren. Paul tried to satisfy their physical appetites at home and not come to the table with animal, but with spiritual desires. 2. Paul reminds these verses the circumstances of the institution of the ordinance his words are generally this day as the most suitable of liturgical administration these he adds a warning hypocritical profession, and no others. What anyone else to join in a specially designed to commemorate Christ's death? If you were a memorial service for

loved father, would you not consider outrage for a person to intrude who had spiced and neglected that father all his life? No; only the Apostles were present. Luke was not an apostle.

J. C. The French is Marie, and the same—Tornament wife. Your case is sad one. Why not speak frankly to your band and try to reach an understanding? I decide to take the step suggested in your Sub'r. Jackson Co., O. It seems to be an innocent frolic.—R. B., Manchester, N. H. members are, we believe. 2. It would be a bad taste to do so.—Subscriber Springs, Fla. If what you state be actual is very strange doctrine indeed and very false.—J. R. E. It would be very difficult to do so.—Reader, Holmdel, N. J. See Jewett, Bookeller, Bible House, New York. B. W. Any letter to the composers, you addressed to our care will be forwarded.—J. J., Richmond, Va. We have not the time desired.—Subscriber, Pittsford, N. Y. are certainly not the best selections that made for such posts of spiritual responses. Chas. J., Smith Lake, Minn. 1. The Fund is closed. 2. Paper and Bible together \$3.—S. E. P., Chualar, Cal. Yes, the nine photographs.—A. L. S., Madison nothing wrong in it. Bodily exercise is at times and if it be taken in the form of relaxation, surely it need not be condemned. I. D. F. It means Canticles.—H. E. S., O. It is imagination with a slight historical basis.—Farmor, Geneva, Tex. Write fully to Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa. Talbot's Station, Tenn. Write to the General, Washington, D. C., with all the Miss E. S., Woodbury, N. J., please send to Miss E. A. Ladd, 9 Bowen avenue, D. Mass.—Grace M., Jewell, Kan. We do the concerns you mention.—Subscriber Minn. The whole history of the Annekegation has been published in full in the press. It is a long story, and we have no discuss it here.



A HIGH-CASTE FAMILY OF CEYLONESE NOTABLES.

This photograph represents a family group of a noble Kandian house, the male members being hereditary chiefs of the Singhalese. Their religion is Buddhism. It will be noted that while the women dress like their native sisters in India, the men wear a very peculiar costume; among the oddities of which may be mentioned wide "bishop" sleeves, remarkable head-dresses, and combs of silver and tortoise-shell in their hair, which is worn long and rounded up behind, somewhat after the fashion of a Chinaman's queue. No woman is allowed to wear a comb in her hair among these people, that privilege being monopolized by the other sex exclusively.

also June 2. They said that they were not correct, and were not true at all in regard to their belief. They said that did not teach polygamy, etc. If the statements in your paper are true, these men are the greatest hypocrites I ever met, but they seem very fair indeed and stick close to the Bible and there is but very little difference in their views of religion as set forth by the Bible and our own. The only difference I can find in conversation with them is their Latter Day Prophets, and the laying on of hands after baptism for the reception of the Holy Spirit. Of course they believe in the Book of Mormon but that comes from their prophets.

You need be under no apprehension as to the entire accuracy of the articles published. Their author is Gen. John Eaton, a prominent Government official and educator and for many years resident in Utah in an official capacity. He may be addressed at the Concord, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. C. C., Petitcodiac, N. B. Can. What does the Psalmist mean by "presumptuous sins" in Ps. 19: 13?

Presumption, when having reference to conduct or moral action, implies arrogance or irreverence. When it relates to religion in general, it means a bold and daring confidence in God's goodness, without obedience to his will. Presumptuous sins must not be confounded with sins of infirmity, or ignorance, or of sudden temptation. They are sins committed and repeated in violation of a known law, done with knowledge and deliberation, in

transfer, is delivered into the hands of such Committee.

W. B. R., Perkasee, Pa. What became of Pontius Pilate after he had given Jesus Christ into the hands of his enemies to be crucified?

Josephus, the Jewish historian (in his *Antiquities*, book 18, chap. 4, sec. 1.) relates how he persecuted and defeated the Samaritans, and they complained to Vitellius, governor of Syria, who sent Pilate to Rome to appear before Caesar. Eusebius adds that Pilate soon afterward, wearied with misfortunes, killed himself. There are various traditions as to his death. One is that he was banished to a northern province, and there died; another that he became a recluse on Mount Pilatus, and in despair plunged into the lake.

Earnest Inquirer, Shelton, Conn. What do you think the Judge of all the earth will say to the man who pays two dollars a week for cigars and gives five cents to starving India?

We would not condemn, but rather commiserate such a case. Such spiritual blindness (to say nothing of the lack of human feeling) is pitiful indeed, and would seem to show that the first rudiments of the Christian character—mutual helpfulness, love of our fellow-men—were hardly yet understood. There are many people who, from their youth up, seem to have been accustomed to giving to God's work just as little as possible—a petty coin

Saving the Tenement Children

Continued from First Page.

Mr. was the distinguished head (Miss bridge was born in London, but has nearly all her life in distant Ar- Miss Ella V. Jones, is another



CHILDREN LEAVING THE BIBLE HOUSE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

of Vassar College and a young of beautiful Christian character: slveagh Wharton, a native of Penn- and a fine musician, and Mrs. V. Russell, a young Quakeress from la. Each member of the staff has personal care of about fifteen children are devoted to their young charges are remarkably docile and obedient; visitors are struck by the evident of the youngsters for their gentle ans, who are their companions in their monitors in all matters of be- and their instructors in those sim- denom'national religious duties that an essential feature of everyday life Children's Home.

Is a refreshing sight to watch the of children at play on the great in front of the Home building. hour from sunrise till sunset is a of frolic and healthful amusement. The seventy odd acres of woodland, and greensward afford ample room to enjoy themselves to their heart's out. Wherever one turns, groups of folks can be seen at their games and er is melodious with their innocent er. Here are a score or more at the ings, there a "bakers' dozen" are g at rubber quoits, and yonder a is screaming with fun over "Ring- lvy," Beanbags, marbles, "jacks," all, croquet, "hooples," "ringers," acing, jumping, each have their knots yers, and across the road in the big y the chapel and lavatory, is the ured swimming pool, whence issue us of splashing and floundering, as the bathers make the most of their before the next contingent comes to possession of the pool. The boys rls bathe on alternate days. Then e are other enjoyments, farther afield, the youngsters go botanizing or leaf ing, under the guidance of some eter of the staff, who can tell them all the flowers and leaves they are pick- g. And such posies as the girls can in the Mont-Lawn woodlands! The city children—some of whom, at e have never been in the country in all the little lives—however widely their st may differ on other things, are all in their passionate love of flowers, re armfuls of daisies, buttercups and en with here and there a bunch of wild s or tiny forget-me-nots, or perhaps a elated wood-violets, are to them re beyond all price.

ough there is a doctor within call at e home, for emergencies, the position a cure, for the invigorating breezes at Mont-Lawn and the pure atmosphere of hills banish all sickness. The fare is in but wholesome and nourishing. At e morning meal there is an abund- and of fresh milk, wheaten grits, oat- me or hominy, sweet, wholesome bread and butter, fruit, "cereal" coffee and fresh

eggs. Dinner is served at noon and consists of meat, potatoes, sweet corn or other vegetables, pie or pudding and bread. At six o'clock supper is served with plenty of bread and good, rich milk. Appetites are always sharp, and the clatter of knives, forks, and spoons, is fairly outdone by the incessant chatter of our little guests as they eat their meals. Yet all are exceedingly well-behaved. After the "grace before meat," which is sung by all in unison and with right goodwill, the meal proceeds, and the viands are consumed with a relish that would make a dyspeptic envious. Good food, good air, plenty of exercise and amusement, and sweet, unbroken sleep, work wonders with the slim, pale-faced little tenement tots, who come to the Home. Long before their outing is

ended, the glow of health tinges their cheeks and their little, puny frames are filled with new life and vigor.

One of the pleasures to which our little folks look forward with eager anticipation is a wagon ride. These occur daily, and the big Home wagonette, supplemented usually by a second vehicle, is filled with laughing youngsters, who are driven off some half a dozen miles or more still farther away among the Rockland hills. Each child has at least two such rides during his ten days' stay at Mont-Lawn, in addition to the ride to and from the dock when arriving at the Home and departing.

At the present writing, there are in the neighborhood of two hundred little guests at Mont-Lawn, and fresh arrivals are coming almost daily, while others, having ended their outing, are being returned to their homes in the city.

We would remind our readers that this worthy charity, to which they have contributed in past seasons, is dependent largely upon voluntary gifts for the success of its efforts among the poor children of the slums. Three dollars cover the entire cost of an outing for a little tenement boy or girl, including expense of transportation to and from the Home, and food, shelter, medical attention, and all incidentals while there. To be able to bring a ray of real sunshine into the heart of some of these forlorn little ones—"God's poor"—is a privilege which, when availed of in the Christian spirit, results in blessing to both. We invite the co-operation of our friends in this midsummer benevolence, which in past years has brought joy to thousands of sad little souls and brightened lives that were all too dark and gloomy. Precious memories of these golden summer days and of the kind treatment experienced at Mont-Lawn, will last through the lifetime of many a child, and the Gospel teachings at the Home may, under divine blessing, be made the means of transforming many young lives, and making of these waifs noble Christian men and women.

The following contributions have been received for our Children's Home:

Previously acknowledged	\$589 95
A nite	1 00
Mrs Sarah D Dwyer	1 00
Jennie P Smith	2 00
In the Master's name, N Y City	3 00
Collected through Miss Valentine	2 00
Willing Aid Soc, Bapt S. S., Westfield	3 00

Edna L Murphy	1 00
Mrs Eunice Cooley	5 00
Junior C E Soc, Cranford	3 00
Cora Cunningham	3 00
Clinton Cunningham	3 00
Raised by Edith Wylie, Annie Cornet, Pearl Lang, May Hollahan, Gussie Russell, Bes- sie Seargeant, and Franz Kendrick	14 00
In Memoriam of Louis P Libbals	6 00
Entre Vons Club, Brooklyn	5 75
F E Long	1 00
The Lord's money, Dudley	1 00
Mrs S Hunt	3 00
Proceeds of Musicales by Mrs Henry E Browne	30 50
M O S, Nantucket	1 00
Jr League, Wesley Ch, Bath	3 00
No Name, Belmar	10 00
Justin M. Copeland	10 00
C B Pulver	5 00
Mary W Sargent	1 00
Two Friends, Nichols	6 00
Total	\$729.20

All contributions will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and should be addressed to 92 Bible House, New York. Gifts of shoes and clothing for the children should be sent to the Matron of the Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

BELIEF IN CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 18. John 4: 46-53; Acts 16: 25-34.



Human ideas of the adequacy of a remedy for any given malady or affliction are not always reliable. We can imagine the jailer, in the second of the two passages associated with the topic (Acts 16: 25-34), being disappointed with Paul's answer to his question: "What must I do to be saved?" He was not required to do, but to believe. This way of attaining salvation, is seldom satisfactory to any one at first sight. Whether the salvation to be gained be salvation from the penalty of sin, or from its power, or from its taint, the inadequacy of the remedy appears glaring. It would seem much more reasonable for the sinner to suffer something, or do some meritorious work, that he may win salvation and, to some extent, purchase it. Like Naaman, he turns away from the remedy with the conviction that it cannot be effectual. But is it so inadequate a remedy as it appears? Apart from the fact that it is the divinely appointed way of salvation and as such to be accepted by sinners without criticism, it commends itself on examination and on practical experiment, to our reason. We find that it is true that, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Belief can do more to transform life than action. We know how it is in our own experience. A mother sending her boy to the great city to live, knows that his obedience to her, his regular attendance at

case. The man who believes in a person, or in a principle, is worth more in a political campaign, than a more eloquent



WEE CANDIDATES FOR MONT-LAWN.

hired speaker, who has no convictions. Belief inspires a man, holds him true, makes him consistent, gives him energy, makes him self-sacrificing. It is no unimportant matter. Then, on the other side, when we look at the character of Christ, think of his divine purity, his hatred of sin, his scorn of hypocrisy, his tenderness to the erring, his patience and forbearance, and ask ourselves what belief in such a Being implies, we see how much it means. It does not seem so unreasonable to hear that if we believe on him we shall be saved. Belief on him will make us like him, and being like him we shall be saved from impurity, from selfishness, and shall be worth saving eternally. The fact has been proved again and again in the experience of Christian ministers and workers. After appeals to the reason of men have failed, after a man has shown himself impervious to all considerations, as to his own ruin, or to natural affection, and he continues in sin reckless of all consequences to himself and to his family, the preaching of Christ has moved him and faith in Christ has transformed his life. To those who believe, Christ has proved the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Our Royal Siamese Visitors.

EUROPEAN governments are preparing to give gracious welcome to his Majesty, the King of Siam, who is now on his way to visit several of the capitals. Before leaving their own country, the King and Queen together performed the ceremony of opening the first section of the Korat Railway, which has recently been completed between Bangkok, the Capital, and Ayuthia. It was built by English contractors and is one of the most important lines of Siam's growing railway system. The first sod of the Korat Railway was cut by the King in March, 1892, and the first section measures about four and one-half miles. The opening of this section by the King and Queen was made the occasion of much pomp and heathen ceremony. Bangkok was crowded, and there was a lavish display of decorations. On their arrival at the Bangkok terminus the King and Queen proceeded to the Royal pavilion which had been erected. There the King lit the long wax candles on the altar, and having bowed to the Buddhist priests, proceeded to the rails to fit the spikes and bolts. As he began to drive the spikes the priests chanted the prayers usually recited at State ceremonies. The King drove in two spikes and fastened bolts at the end of the rails, using for the purpose a gold hammer with an ivory handle and a gold spanner with a handle covered with velvet. The Queen then went to the other end of the rail, and was also handed a set of implements, which she used in the same manner.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM AT A RAILWAY OPENING.

church and Sunday School afford no grounds for hope that he will be protected from the temptations that will surround him. But if the boy really believes in Christ and the truths of Christianity, she is at peace. The most blameless life counts for little in comparison with sincere faith. It is so in other matters. A patient may send for a physician, but if he does not believe in him he will get little good from his treatment. A lawyer who has not the confidence of his client is handicapped in the management of his

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR'S HOSTS.

A mighty Gathering Representing Nearly Fifty Thousand Societies of many Nationalities and Aggregating Nearly Three Million Members.

THE date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the red-letter day of the Christian Endeavor year. The great International Convention which this year assembles in San Francisco, holds its first meeting to-day. From all parts of the



PRESIDENT CLARK.

and from foreign lands, delegates are speeding toward the rendezvous. Four hundred are expected from New York, about the same number from New Jersey, about eight hundred from the Pennsylvania section, while Western States will furnish large delegations. The preliminary notices sent to San Francisco, to the extent of accommodations required by the various States, it appears probable that the convention of 1897 will not be any of its five predecessors in numbers. Many, of course, in the various States have been in the habit of attending the Convention of former years, and will be unable to spare the money for the journey to San Francisco; but the places will doubtless be filled by Christian Endeavorers in the West who hitherto have not been able to attend the Boston and New York conventions. Arrangements for the reception of the expected guests have been progressing more than a year, the San Francisco people being hospitably intent on giving their friends a hearty welcome. It is not an easy matter to receive and entertain from twenty to thirty thousand guests, who are about the number of the delegates at recent Conventions. The committees, however, have planned carefully, foreseeing every contingency likely to arise, and are not afraid of more coming than they can comfortably provide for. The plans for State Headquarters are different from those adopted at any previous Christian Endeavor Convention. The Mechanics Pavilion, which will be

one of the principal meeting places, will be the location of all State Headquarters as well. The States have been grouped together in the location of headquarters and each group of States will be the guest of a group of societies.

Upon the arrival of delegates at the San Francisco ferries, they will be escorted by the Reception Committee direct to the Mechanics' Pavilion, where they will register at their State Headquarters. They will then be escorted to their hotels.

The California Headquarters, which will occupy all the north and part of the east gallery of the Pavilion, will be splendidly decorated throughout the Convention. Here, in the intervals of the meetings, receptions will be tendered each day by the California State Union to visiting States.

Two large pavilions have been secured for the meetings. By holding them simultaneously and providing equal attractions the crowd will be divided and none will be disappointed. Mechanics' Pavilion is so large that speakers could with difficulty make themselves heard; but its dimensions have been reduced by partitioning off part of its space for committee rooms, leaving accommodation for about nine thousand persons. Woodward's Pavilion will hold about seven thousand more.

The programme for the Convention promises to be one of the best ever provided. Its chief features are as follows:

The Convention will open on Wednesday night, July 7th, with meetings in eight of the largest churches of San Francisco and one meeting each in Oakland and Alameda. The topic for these meetings is, "The Life Filled with the Spirit."

and twenty or more of the churches of San Francisco will be used for these important meetings. On Thursday evening the general topic of Christian citizenship will be presented in addresses upon the following subjects: "Christian Endeavor and the Saloon," "Christian Endeavor and Social Purity," "Christian Endeavor and Sabbath Observance," "Christian Endeavor and Political Righteousness," "Christian Endeavor and Good Literature."

On Friday morning the programme provides for practical addresses and open parliaments on fundamental principles of Christian Endeavor. In Woodward's Pavilion the general topic will be, "Loyalty to the Church." In the Mechanics' Pavilion the following topics will be considered in addresses by practical men: "Christian Endeavor Extension in Country Districts," "Christian Endeavor Extension in Large Cities," to be followed by a symposium on "The Essentials of a Model Christian Endeavor Society." On Friday evening the general subject will be, "Christian Endeavor Fellowship."

On Saturday morning, in Woodward's Pavilion, the State secretaries are to be heard from in a symposium on the topic, "How May We Make the Committee Work in Local Societies More Effective?" In the Mechanics' Pavilion, State presi-

sessions at the two auditoriums, the Endeavorers will proceed to Van Ness avenue, where an open air demonstration



MECHANICS' PAVILION CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HEADQUARTERS.

will take place. Four speakers' stands will be erected, one in each of four connecting blocks.

On Sunday the Endeavorers will attend the regular church services, and the pulpits will be occupied by visiting clergymen.

In the afternoon there will be three meetings of great importance—in the Mechanics' Building an evangelistic meeting for men only, to be addressed by evangelists and ministers; in Woodward's Pavilion a meeting for women only; in the First Congregational Church a meeting for ministers and church officers, for the deepening of the spiritual life. In the evening will be the regular Christian Endeavor prayer meetings, to be followed by the preaching services in all the churches, addresses to be delivered by visiting delegates. Special care is being taken in arranging for these meetings.

On Monday morning the time will be given to the evangelistic and missionary influences of Christian Endeavor. There will be addresses upon the following topics: "Home Missions," "Foreign Missions," "Systematic and Proportionate Giving to God," "City Evangelization," "The Claims of the Ministry Upon Young Men." The afternoon will be given up to a second "school of methods." Never before have two afternoons been given over to committee conferences. It is done this year so that all the various committees' methods may be carefully discussed and that such advance movements as the possibilities of the Juniors, the Intermediate, the Mothers', the Senior societies may be brought before the delegates. At these times the work among the sailors and soldiers, light-house keepers and life-savers will be thoroughly presented. The Junior rally will be held on Monday afternoon in the Mechanics' Pavilion. The closing sessions of the Convention will be held on Monday night in the Mechanics' Pavilion and Woodward's Pavilion. Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., will preach one of the Convention sermons, and President Clark and Secretary Baer will preside and conduct the closing consecration meetings.



OFFICERS AND CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

- | | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|--|--------------------------------|
| GEO. P. LOWELL, PRES. ALAMEDA CO. UNION. | A. M. BENHAM, MUSIC. | PURCELL ROWE, PRES. GOLDEN GATE UNION. | C. B. PERKINS, DECORATION. |
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| | G. B. LITTLEFIELD, PRESS. | A. S. JOHNSON, RECEPTION. | |

On Thursday morning, simultaneous meetings will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion and in Woodward's Pavilion. At these sessions, besides the addresses of welcome and suitable responses, President Clark will deliver his annual address and General Secretary Baer will present his annual report. Thursday afternoon will be given up to denominational rallies,

delegates will be invited to offer brief practical suggestions on "How Can We Interest the Young People and Pastors in the Organization of Junior and Intermediate Societies?" In each auditorium Treasurer Shaw will speak on the topic, "The United Society of Christian Endeavor: What It Is and How it Works."

At the adjournment of the morning



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FAMILY LOYALTY.

QUITE apart from household love, which is taken for granted in every family, is a certain quality of loyalty which holds kith and kin together. While human nature is what it is we need never expect that people of the same family living together in the intimacy of home will always escape friction and irritation. The very candor and unreserve of home life leads people to speak hastily, puts a check upon politeness, and has as its result domestic jars. They are to be regretted and even deplored, for it is a strange weakness of human nature which makes possible the seamy side in so many of our closest relationships. Brothers and sisters are very apt not only to see faults in each other, but to speak of them plainly. Even mothers and daughters do not always live in perfect amity and agreement, and in the most affectionate households there will now and then be a little breeze of ill temper or a break in the perfect harmony.

All this, however, may go on and yet may be pardoned if there is a high ideal of loyalty which leads those of one blood to stand firmly for each other in the face of the world. The old proverb has it that "blood is thicker than water," which being translated simply means that those of a family or clan are bound by their relationship to make common cause against all outside disturbers of their peace and stand firmly together for the one roof tree.

A high ideal of family loyalty will preserve us from ever telling disagreeable family secrets. If there is some member of the household who yields to temptation or whose ways are trying, the rest are bound to conceal his faults so far as they may from those beyond their gates. To speak of the faults of a person's own family, or of any member in public, is to do a decidedly ungenerous as well as underbred thing. We ought to maintain the family honor, and to defend everyone belonging to us with all the power we possess.

The greatest tenderness should exist in our minds with regard to the impression our dear ones make on those who know them but slightly. Great injustice is done to children by the thoughtless retailing of their faults to outsiders by persons within the home. I have known an instance in which a young man arriving at full age has been embarrassed and hindered from securing a good position in business simply through thoughtless speeches made about him in a somewhat irresponsible childhood—made, too, by a member of his own family. A child may pass through a phase of untruthfulness, of jealousy, possibly of dishonesty, and yet outgrow those faults and if properly trained and treated reach a useful manhood. But the fact that his family have bruited his errors far and wide will act very unfavorably in his case.

There may of course arise occasions when it is necessary to tell the absolute truth about people, even those belonging to us, but ordinarily the mantle of silence and of charity should be thrown over all failings so far as the world outside is concerned.

One sometimes sees in a family a queer streak of loyalty towards one member. Sometimes the mother, again the father, again a brother or sister is the object of passionate devotion on the part of all, and whatever this favored one may do he or she is quite safe and may expect to have the best construction put on everything and the best treatment in the eyes of everybody. Singularly, it is not always the sweet and amiable person who is thus selected as the object of loyal love. Ill temper is quite often at a premium in this world, and you will find that the one in the family who really rules is the one whom it is rather unsafe to stir up, because she will make it very uncomfortable for the others if she does not have her own way. This is all wrong, and should not be for a moment tolerated, but while homes are what they are we shall find that

the most aggressive personality in the family is the one which carries all before it.

Sometimes there is one person in a set of brothers and sisters who seems fated never to get on, through some incapacity or eccentricity. While others succeed he always slips a little way back and never is able to secure that safe foothold which means in the end success and substantial advancement. Let the others rally round such a one and help him to the utmost extent of their ability. The family bond demands this. The family bond demands, too, that every member of the circle shall be insured so far as possible against unkind criticism; that one shall never be ashamed of one's own flesh and blood; that one, on the contrary, shall always to the end of time uphold the family honor.

Should it chance that some member of the family makes an unfortunate marriage—and this happens sometimes—the fact being accomplished the wise and judicious way is to adopt the new member into the clan, not making a break, nor holding aloof, nor in any way showing one's distaste for the new relationship. This is a hard doctrine and many do not

Three Months Waiting for Harvest Still to be Borne—Can the Stricken, Suffering Survive?—The Testimony of Missionary Eye-Witnesses.



HOPEFUL as are the reports of harvest prospects, which come from famine-stricken India, it is evident that the missionaries and philanthropists dread the crisis which must come before

the harvest can be gathered. The number of sufferers increases daily, recruited from classes which had some savings on which they had lived hitherto. These savings are now exhausted by the long pressure of famine prices, and now the well-to-do classes are timidly and reluctantly asking for help. They shrink from applying to the government, knowing that it will offer them nothing but toil of a kind peculiarly offensive to a self-respecting native, and in associations that to them are worse than death. The missionaries know of multitudes of such cases, and many of them are in Christian homes. These have a strong claim upon them, and the missionaries feel it incumbent to help them and do it with more pleasure than they feel in relieving the improvident class. It will be very gratifying to our readers to realize that through their liberality, the American missionaries have the means of engaging in this Christ-like work. The forty thousand dollars now being distributed by our missionary committee, will aid many of these sufferers

very great, and though the Government working wisely and earnestly, it is to reach all who require aid. I have seen famine sufferers in British and native territory and can assure you that the money we can send them, **sands are dying** and there is no possibility of a harvest until September or October.

"You are wise in distributing through missionaries, since there have been sad cases of fraud at Government relief camps in spite of the watch of Government officials. The missionaries and native Christians will see distribution of funds personally and demonstrate to the sufferers that the Father of Christ are interested in the bodies as well as the souls of men. There has not had such an opportunity in the past to reach India with the Gospel, faithful now we shall soon reap a harvest of souls.

Yours in Christ's Service
ROBERT P. WILSON

Rev. C. Harding, the American missionary at Sholapur, writes:

The blessing of many who are ready will certainly come upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and upon those who have sent such donations to India through your agency.

In the great famine twenty years ago, works were delayed until multitudes were dead and too far gone to be brought back to life, as I remember those days, like a nightmare, for the dead and dying were everywhere. The government now is wiser and more humane, at least in our region, for in the present, relief works were opened as soon as distress began, and thus in the Sholapur district more than 100,000 people have been kept some months past. Many of these are now doing such work as is now offered to them in the exposure in the hot sun, with the temperature frequently at 110 degrees, and the extra night of bringing water and fuel, often for a distance, and of grinding the grain for bread—all these things are telling upon the health of these people. And since most of the work will be closed early in June, if the rains come, it seems certain that a time of suffering is just upon us, and I expect to spend some of my time during the next three months in cases of extreme want.

The earnings on the relief works are sufficient for daily food, and we have given the money sent us for clothing, where it is needed. Others who have work which they leave, and which only partly supports their families, are helping to a small extent, and thus they live. Besides these, there are about two of our Christians in a native State eight miles from Sholapur, and the native Government supplies no relief work for the famine-stricken Christians naturally look to us for help. It is a great joy that we, through your agency, are able to supply their needs. I intend to visit these Christians shortly, and I am sure that the knowledge that kindred hearts ten thousand miles away have been moved to send them relief will awaken their gratitude. And those who have given so liberally to this fund will hear the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Carrie P. Bruere, of Coonoor, tells the following history of some of the sufferers she is sheltering:

A boy of the farmer caste, aged about years. Before the famine, his parents were well-to-do, as they owned cattle. The famine came, and this boy with his father and mother were obliged to go out begging for food. The father became reduced to a skeleton and died. The mother, who was weak and old, died after eating leaves and fruit of the trees. The boy then tried to steal grain, but was caught. Through the kindness of some man he was released and sent to me.

Another boy belongs to the shoemaker caste, about seven. His father died in his home. One of the sons ran away, and this boy was brought by the mother and given to me. The boy says his mother is dead. He asked how he knew, he says, "Because I have not seen her since." A third boy, about six years old, lost his father and mother. Both died of starvation. When he came to us he had been found on the streets. A fourth belongs to the shoemaker caste. He is nine years old. He died of starvation, when his father died and his brother and sister. The sister brother to some Sahib. He was sent from Mahabulnagar, Central Provinces. These are specimens of the thousands of all are much the same. Most lost both father and mother.

Rev. J. O. Denning, Narsingpur, writes: Thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their donations. May the Lord bless them! I expect to put a part of the money in relief and part on the care of orphans. I think it agreeable to the friends who sent it. I am acquainted with Dr. R. G. Hobbs, of India with corn. I hope he will use the money that can be sent us will be need various objects of relief.

Rev. J. Lampard, writing from Tal, on May 13, says:

The famine increases in severity as time goes on. I believe that between three and four million are receiving Government relief. Sickeningly increasing. The short water supply is causing outbreaks of cholera, especially on relief works. Large numbers are gathered together and aggregate very large numbers of people dying weekly.



POST-OFFICE SQUARE IN SIMLA—INDIA'S ARISTOCRATIC SUMMER RESORT.

accept it. Probably more family feuds occur through discontent with the new element brought into this connection than in any other way.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

and this all-round fancy may very easily fall upon some girl whom his mother would not have chosen for the youth. The old cry of Rebecca, "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth," is repeated over and over again in our modern lives. But after all a man chooses his wife for himself and not to please his mother and his sisters, and if he have arrived at full age—and equally if a daughter being of age, decides on a certain man for her husband—both son and daughter must be allowed to act according to individual judgment, and the courses they pursue should not be allowed to bring alienation and discord into the family circle. Mr. Stowe used to tell of an old deacon who said that he had assured his wife once for all that he loved her, and therefore there was no need of his ever repeating it. We are all better for being told over and over again that we are loved by those who are around us, and the home in which there is no demonstration but only icy reserve and an absence of tender words and caresses is a very desolate place.

Margaret E. Sangster

and enable them to survive the weary months of waiting for the harvest.

On this page we give a picture of a scene in Simla, the summer resort of the official and wealthy classes which at this time of the year is crowded by a society beyond the reach of famines. It should be said to their honor that in this time of trouble, they have given both in money and in personal labor with unprecedented liberality for the relief of the afflicted people.

On the next page are a number of photographs recently received from our missionary almoners, every one taken during the past three months. They refute, as the camera only can refute, the wicked stories which have been circulated by people who sought to find excuse for not helping to relieve the fearful suffering. The pinched faces, the bare bones and the distended stomachs of people who, to allay the pangs of hunger, have eaten earth and weeds which they could not digest, tell their sad story with a force beyond the possibility of contradiction. To these we add the following letters from Christian men who have been eye-witnesses of the suffering:

INDIA'S GREAT NEED.

Rev. Robert P. Wilder, of Poona, India, who is attending the Northfield Conference, writes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I am very glad on reaching America to see that you are raising money for the famine sufferers in India. The need is



MISSIONARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FAMINE SUFFERERS OF INDIA.

The realistic productions of the camera are the answer of the devoted American missionaries to those critics at home who have charged them with exaggeration, and who have denied the existence of famine in India. These glimpses of suffering justify all the sympathy and help that have come from Christian America. We have reproduced only a few of many photographs of the same tragic character received by late mails. The scenes depicted above are: 1. Newly arrived famine children at the Meerut School. 2. Famine children at Meerut. 3. Some of the Meerut children after being cared for. 4. Famine children at the M. E. Mission Orphanage, Allahabad. 5. A pitiful group from Bilaspur. 6. More famine objects at Bilaspur. 7. In the last stages of famine. 8. Famine adults and children. 9. A sufferer supported by Salvation Army officers (too weak to stand to be photographed).

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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Hawaii and Cuba.

WE hate jingoism and spirit of conquest, but annexation we believe in. Our United States Government has two big pockets not yet filled. The Sandwich Islands may be put into the one and Cuba in the other. The time will come, perhaps not this year, perhaps not next year, but nothing can hinder the consummation. Cuba was once a part of this Continent and was snapped off by a great convulsion of nature. By great political convulsion it may again become a part of us. The prominent men of Hawaii are the sons of American missionaries. That which was planted by those missionary ancestors is now coming up. The four million dollars of indebtedness we assume will be of little importance compared with the hundreds of millions of value annexed.

No one who has not visited them can appreciate the luxuriance of those islands. Enough palm leaves to crown all the world's victors, enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages, enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit-baskets, enough cocoa-nuts to powder all the world's cake, enough pomegranate to crimson all the world's hedges, enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty. We do not invite the Sandwich Islands or Cuba to become a part of this nation, but when they knock at our door let us in good Christian neighborhood say, "Come in!"

Preliminaries.

BY common consent the exercises in the churches going before the sermon are called "preliminaries." The dictionary says that a "preliminary" is that which precedes the main business. We do not think the sermon ought to be considered the main business. When a pastor at the beginning of the first prayer says, "O God," he has entered upon the most important duty of the service. We would not depreciate the sermon, but we plead for more attention to the "preliminaries." If a minister cannot get the attention of the people for prayer or Bible-reading it is his own fault. Much of the interest of a service depends upon how it is launched. The "preliminaries," are, for the most part, the time in which people in church examine their neighbors' robes. Milliners and tailors get the advantage of the first three-quarters of an hour. The "preliminaries" are the time in which to scrutinize the fresco, and look round to see who is there, and get yourself generally fixed.

This idea is fostered by some elocutionary professors who would have the minister take the earlier exercises of the occasion to get his voice in tune. You must not speak out first. It is to be a private interview between you and heaven. The people will listen to the low grumble, and think it must be very good if they could only hear it. As for ourselves, we refuse to put down our head in public prayer until we find out whether or not we are going to be able to hear. Though you preach like an angel you will not say anything more important than that letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, or that Psalm of David which a pastor may read to the backs of the heads of the congregation. Laymen and ministers, speak out! The opening exercises were not instituted to clear your voice but to save souls. If need be, squeeze a lemon and eat troches for the sake of your voice, before you go to church; but once there, make your first sentence resonant and mighty for God. An hour and a-half is a short time anyhow to get five hundred or five thousand people ready for heaven. It is thought classic and elegant to have a delicate utterance, and that loud tones are vulgar. But we never heard of people being converted by anything they could not hear. It is said that on the Mount of Olives Christ opened his mouth and taught them, by which we conclude that he spake out distinctly.

God has given most Christians plenty of lungs, but they are too lazy to use them. There are in the churches old people hard of hearing who, if the exercises be not clear and emphatic, get no advantage save that of looking at the blessed minister. People say in apology for their inaudible tones: "It is not the thunder that kills, but the lightning." True enough; but I think that God thinks well of the thunder or he would not use so much of it. First of all, make the people hear the prayer and the chapter. If you want to hold up at all, let it be on the sermon and notices. Let the pulpit and all the pews feel that there are no "preliminaries."

Sabbath School Workers.

THE present generation is very nearly being given up to money-making and indulgence. Our chief hope of the redemption of the world is in the coming generation. They are as splendid a collection of boys and girls as ever skipped and romped, trundled hoop and played ball. But they will go right along in the footsteps of their predecessors unless a strong tide shall set in from the Sabbath Schools. The churches do not reach the young to a very great degree. We ministers have to be learned and profound and mysterious in order to keep our reputation, and get the anticipated Doctorate. Consequently the children sleep in church, or kick the foot-stool, or snicker right out in uncontrollable mischief.

To the Sabbath Schools we look for the redemption of the children. Light them up with song and anecdote and good cheer. Let not the male teachers spend the hour of Sabbath School in stroking their whiskers, nor the female teachers in arranging their back hair, nor the librarian in casting languishing glances at the young ladies who take half an hour to find a book that they do not want, nor the superintendents in violent ringing of the bell and scolding for order, themselves most needing to be called to order. When teachers or superintendents lose patience till they are red in the face and are snappish about the Lord's work, they had better go home. Let us have our Sunday Schools aflame with love and zeal. Our recent Sabbath School competition showed how earnest, how faithful and devoted these children are, their attendance records eclipsing anything that could have been anticipated. Let us garner these young souls for God before Satan comes along. Get the chickens under warm sheltering wing, for there are hawks in the sky.

Ought we to Wear Mourning?

THIS is a question that from the earliest days of Christianity has, at times, agitated the Church. It was specially dominant in the first centuries, when every divergence from Jewish or Pagan rites was almost an act of faith. Now the Jews, after the death of their relatives, wore sackcloth during their time of mourning, which lasted from seven to forty days. They sat on the ground, and ate their food off the earth; they neither dressed themselves, nor made their beds, nor went into the bath, nor saluted any one. This excess of grief rarely lasted long; then a great feast was made for the surviving friends of the dead; or the bread and meat were placed upon his grave for the benefit of the poor. (Tobit 4: 17; Eccles 3: 18 and Baruch 6: 27.)

It was natural for the Christian, with the hope set before him, to oppose this despairing sorrow, and we find St. Jerome praising those who partially abandoned it; while Cyprian declares he was "ordered by Divine revelation to preach that Christians should not lament their brethren, delivered from the world, nor wear any mourning habits for them, seeing that they were gone to put on white raiment, nor give occasion for unbelievers, by lamenting those as lost whom we affirm to be with God."

As the Church lapsed from its simplicity into forms and ceremonies, vestments of all kinds, and for every purpose and occasion, gained importance; and the first serious protestation against mourning garments came from the Quakers. To these spiritual men and women it seemed absurd to wear black garments for those whom they believed had put on everlasting white. The majority of the early Methodists held the same opinion, though in a less positive form. It is remarkable, however, that Christians alone assume the woeful, despairing black garments which seem to denote not only the loss of life, but the end of hope. Ancient Egypt wore yellow in memory of departed friends; the Greeks and Romans used white garments for mourning; the Chinese also consecrate white to the services of death, and the Mohammedans wear blue because it is the color of the visible heavens.

Therefore I ask, if we must wear a distinct dress to typify our sorrow, why black? Black has now become objectionable, from having lost all the sacred meaning it once possessed. It is no longer the livery of grief. The blonde belle wears it, because it sets off her fine complexion; the brunette, because it admits of the vivid contrasts, so suitable to her brilliant beauty. The prudent wear it, because it is economical and lady-like; and all women know that it imparts grace and dignity, and drapes beautifully; so for these and many other reasons, it has within the last fifty years become an every-day dress, one just as likely to express vanity as grief.

The reasons set forth by the Quakers for its abandonment cover the ground, and are at least worthy of our consideration. They are: First, that mourning had its origin in a state of barbarism, and prior to the revelation of "Life eternal through Jesus Christ" and is therefore not to be observed in civilized and Christianized countries. Second, that the trappings of grief are childish, where the grief is real, and mockery where it is not. Third, that mourning garments are absolutely useless, for if they are intended to remind us of our affliction, true grief needs no such reminder; if to point out our grief to others, they are an impertinence, for true sorrow courts seclusion; and if as a consolation, they are only powerful to remind of an irrevocable past. Fourth, their inconvenience. Too often the house of death is turned by them into a busy workshop; and the souls bowed down with grief, made to trouble themselves about mourning ornaments and becoming weeds. Fifth, their bad moral influence; the gracefulness of the costume stills the grief that ought to be stilled by religion; and as in a large family there must be many mourners in form only, the equivocation of dress, is a sort of moral equivocation. Sixth, their expense. This is really a great item in the resources of the poor, and often straitens for years; besides causing them in the hour of their desolation, to be so worried and anxious about the robing of the body, as to miss all the lessons God intended for the soul.

The advocates for mourning plead the veiling of the heavens in black at the death of Christ; and the universality, and continuance of the custom, in all ages, all countries and all faiths. I am aware that the subject is one in which strangers cannot intermeddle; the question when it arises must be settled by every heart individually. But at least, if mourning garments are to be worn, let us not defeat every argument in their favor, by fashioning them of the richest stuffs, and in the most stylish manner. This is to tickle them as the thinnest of mockeries. And after all if we approve mourning, and wish our friends to hold us in remembrance after death, can we not find a better way than by crape and bombazine? Yes, crape and bombazine wear out, and must finally be cast off; but the "memorial of virtue" is immortal. When it is present, men take example of it, and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

Two French Protestant missionaries, Escande and Minault, have been brutally murdered in Madagascar.

The \$236,000 necessary to secure Mr. Teller's gift of \$350,000 for the liquidation of the Baptist Missionary Societies, almost made up as we go to press, and it will probably be pledged before the date of Mr. Rockefeller.

The two hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the Presbyterian Church of New York, N. Y., was celebrated on June 25, 1878, service was held in 1609. The first church was a very rude structure, was built in 1603, present edifice has been in use since 1803.

Bishop Tucker, of Central Africa, who just returned from his diocese for the first time of some business, says: "I have been a year for twenty years. In Africa a teetotaler is fitted to cope with the climate than even a moderate drinker."

The camp meeting at Sing Sing, N. Y., commenced Thursday, August 5th, and continues. The Rev. Thomas Harrison and the C. Morehouse are to have charge of the Bishops Andrews and Newman and other moderate preachers are to be present.

Hon. John G. Brady, the new Governor of Alaska, was formerly a Presbyterian minister. He subsequently severed connection with the Board of Christian Missions. Dr. Sheldon Jackson and other missionaries speak very highly of the result of Brady's mission work.

At a recent meeting in London at speaker delivered an eloquent address on "Worship and Suffering." Ireland, described the terms of the poverty of the people, speaker rose and remarked incidentally that a brewery in Ireland had divided among its holders as the profits of the year no less than a half million dollars.

An outlaw who was hanged in Pike County, Mo., much of his time since he was hanged in making a striking cartoon of his ruin. It represents a number of sitting playing cards at a table on which liquors of various kinds are in bottles and under the sketch are the words: "This is my message to all my friends. Beware!"

The first instalment of the million which the Baroness de Hirsch has promised to the Jewish fund, for the benefit of the poor of New York, has been received. It is one-fourth of the whole gift. It is expected that it will be some way to promote the removal of the city to the country, either by aiding rent and stock farms or in some other way.

Dr. William H. Whitsitt, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary, whose article on baptism has stirred up his brethren requested by the Kentucky Baptist Association to resign his office. In the course of it Dr. Whitsitt stated that English Baptists springing prior to the year 1641, it is known whether the trustees of the Seminary yield to the vote of the Association.

An effort is being made to raise \$15,000 for the purchase of a large tent, or movable building, in which to continue in New York the religious meetings commenced by Mr. D. L. Moody and continued by Dr. A. C. Dixon and others and evangelists. It is estimated that ten thousand dollars will be needed. Dr. A. C. Dixon, South Oxford street, Brooklyn, will be glad to receive contributions.

The Ritualists are making progress in their efforts to Romanize the Episcopal Church. The High Church, in its annual report, shows that the daily Eucharist is celebrated in 500 churches, that increase is 337, and that ritualistic vestments are worn in 1,337. It says that a large advance in the Episcopal confessional is reported; but regret is expressed that prayers for the dead and extreme unction are not making the headway that could be wished.

A Paris dispatch from Georgeot says that the General Association of Baptists there, adopted a resolution declaring one engaged in the liquor business or saloon-keeping should not be retained in fellowship, and that the churches retain members should be denied representation in the association. As there are a great many stillers and wholesale dealers in the Baptist Church in Kentucky this resolution is in the nature of a bombshell.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's meetings at Va., were remarkable for the number of conversions and for the benefits to church-members. A journal says of the results: "Many were adjusted and many hearts made lighter for this reason. There was a general upswing in all religious work. Every pastor, who was in town, worked shoulder to shoulder with the evangelist; and those who sent urged their members to be earnest in assistance."

"The most subtle and deceitful horror ever existed, and one which wrecks the life of many a young girl's life," was the subject of a sermon by Rev. J. L. Moody, in the June 18th, *London Journal*. "It is the common delusion that a man best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blind. Hundreds of cases in every community where homes have fallen and innocent lives been wrecked, because some young girl, seduced in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of him, I have never known such a union, a seen hundreds of them, result in anything but ruin and disaster."

The ladies who were elected last year to the office of Mayor of New York, Kan., to fill all the offices of the city, have had to use violence to get their pledges. They promised that if elected they would rid the town of saloons, gambling-houses. After a legal fight of months, they had to confess themselves that line. One notorious saloon was closed. The women armed with hatchets, and demolished the building. The furniture were chopped to pieces and liquors emptied into the gutter. A notice was posted on the ruins of the threatening similar vengeance on any who run another saloon in the town.



MENELIK'S RECEPTION.

HOW far Menelik, King of Abyssinia, is able to appreciate the tributes paid to him by the European powers, is not known, but if he does understand the meaning of the visits he is receiving, he must feel flattered by the attention. A short time ago distinguished envoys from Russia waited upon him; and in the person of Prince Henri of Orléans, has gone to his court to tender friendship; and now England has sent an embassy, escorted by imposing personages, to her tributaries in India. Menelik considers himself a person of importance. It is not long since European envoys were speaking contemptuously of him as a bare-footed negro; but now he is treated with respect as "the Negus," "the King of the Kings of Ethiopia," and "the Emperor." So much has come from his victory over the army of Italy at Adwa, and the dignity with which he conducted the subsequent negotiations with that government. Menelik has given ample proof to all whom he meets, that he is in no way deficient in that peculiar kind of "dignity" which European powers are so ready to give to other potentates on the African Continent. Menelik appears to be able to protect himself not only against his enemies, but against what African kings would regard as necessary, as well as against his friends. He receives the diplomats who come to him with courtesy, and is not overawed by the condescension of the powers in thus courting him. The English mission, received by him at his residence at Addis Abbaba. Its members were taken into a large hall, the ceiling of which was of thatch, supported by wooden chairs were brought for their accommodation, the king having learned that Europeans use those articles. For himself, he prefers the simple attitude, but as he sits on a kind of high dais approached by steps, and overhung by a gorgeous silk canopy, there is no humility about his stature. He was dressed in a black silk burnous, embroidered with gold thread, and his head was covered with a white turban in the manner of Hindoos, but the covering was far less voluminous and elaborate than those they wear. Around him stood warriors and high functionaries; his court were picturesquely arrayed, all showing him the utmost respect. The embassy had brought a letter from the Queen, which was handed to him by the chief of the mission, Mr. Rennell Rodd, with a courtly speech, translated by an interpreter accompanying the embassy. Menelik replied in his native language, which was translated into French by his own interpreter. After the formality, the king talked freely with his visitors about their journey, and asked many questions indicating intelligent interest in European affairs. He is reported to have expressed a wish to negotiate a treaty with England, which he said should be ratified by Prince, Germany and other governments having interests in his neighborhood. It was not pleasant, Menelik said, to have hard parties carving up his empire without consulting him. He impressed his visitors with a shrewd, good-humored, capable man, not likely to be easily outwitted. So long as the European powers maneuver to get possession of the largest part of Africa, that Menelik has need of his wisdom to keep his country out of their clutches. He has good reason to distrust their proffered friendship, and to

be cautious about accepting their advice. It is a pity that it should be so, for it may cause him to distrust the counsels of the envoys of the King of kings, which are disinterested, and, if he accepted them, would tend to the highest welfare of himself and his people.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. (Ps. 33:12.)

To Reach the Pole.

Lieut. Peary has secured from the Government five years' leave of absence for Arctic exploration. In talking with a New York reporter last week, he gave a rough sketch of his plans. He proposes to start next week on a preliminary excursion to give notice to the Esquimaux to lay in an extensive store of walrus-meat for the dogs, and skins, and furs, and other necessities. He will return in September and then begin collecting the provisions to last five years, organizing his party and getting together the scientific instruments that will be needed. By March of next

year he hopes to be at the head of navigation with his vessel and to land his supplies. A village will be established at the point of landing as a base and thence the march northward will begin. A whole year will be occupied in transporting provisions and supplies on this march, forming depots at various stages, so that when the time comes for the final march to the pole there will be no need to carry provisions for the return journey as the explorers will rely on finding at the depots the supplies that will be deposited in advance. The Lieutenant expects that at the end of the year he will have his last depot within 360 miles of the pole fully provisioned. This will be March, 1899, if his present plans are carried out. From that point he intends to carry forward supplies by short stages on a single sledge, returning to camp and removing it piecemeal until a point is reached from which a dash can be made for the pole. He feels confident of success and his hope is based on the fact that he will not be hampered on his final march, by having to take with him the supplies for a long journey. He will rely on the provision that he will deposit beforehand. The Christian in his journey through life may take a hint from the explorer's plan. His needs have been foreseen by his Heavenly Father, and at every stage of his journey he will find ready for his use not the supplies that he

has laid up, but the grace which God will give for his daily need:

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. (Matt. 6:34.)

Sued Her Father.

A remarkable suit was tried last week in the Second District Civil Court in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was brought by a married lady of that city against her father, to recover a bicycle. It appeared from the evidence that her marriage was opposed by her father. Finding that his parental authority did not prevent her keeping up the acquaintance with her lover, he tried the effect of bribes. He offered a gold watch and chain and one of the best bicycles in the market if she would finally discard the young man. She agreed and gave her promise to see him no more. But as the novelty of the gifts wore off, she regretted giving the promise and, after a few months renewed the engagement, and finally married him clandestinely. She left the bicycle behind when she went away to be married and her father kept it. He would not be reconciled to his daughter and when she sent for the bicycle he refused to let her have it. Thereupon, she entered suit to recover it. She was obliged to admit under cross-examination that the gift had been conditional and that she had not fulfilled the conditions. In view of that fact her suit was dismissed. She probably

stealing Arabs. Baron Dhanis appears to have left a contingent of these picked men with others in each of the stations he established during the past year. Many of them still remained with the advancing main column, and for some reason not yet made known, they grew discontented. On February 15, while the force was at Dirfi, they rose in mutiny and killed Captain Leroy and every white man in camp. They then set off southward toward their homes, picking up on their way their fellow countrymen at the various stations. At every station there was a fight, in which the white commandant and his men were killed. News of this series of massacres was slow in reaching headquarters and when, at last, Baron Dhanis heard of what had taken place, the mutineers were fifteen hundred strong. Collecting all the faithful troops at hand, he immediately hurried forward with all speed toward Stanley Falls to intercept the revolting column. It now appears that he and his troops have also fallen victims, and the mutineers flushed with victory are calling other tribes to their help and threatening the Congo State. As it will be several weeks before reinforcements can reach the field, there are grave apprehensions of the mischief that may be done in the interval. The danger arises from the fact that the mutineers are drilled and armed with European weapons. It is a pity that the Belgians took that method of civilizing the natives. If they had adopted the methods of the missionaries and had taught them to love instead of to fight, this danger might have been averted. They are learning by sad experience the truth of our Lord's warning:

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. (Matt. 20:32.)

A Cripple's Race with Fire.

A local journal publishes a matter-of-fact story of an act of heroism performed on a mountain on the Virginia line. The Richmond, Va., reporter says that a boy named Tim Ofin, who lives high up on the mountain, is well known among the scattered inhabitants through a misfortune which some years ago deprived him of both legs. His courage and cheerfulness in his crippled condition have made him a favorite everywhere he goes. He hobbles about on his artificial limbs, always ready to do a service or to do any kind of work that he can get. About three weeks ago his work took him to the top of the mountain and he stopped on the summit looking down on the other side. As he gazed, a fire commenced in the woods far below him. It burned rapidly and spread with fearful velocity. The boy knew that directly in its path there was a large frame house in which the only inhabitants were two old women and their blind brother. There was little probability of the old people knowing anything of the danger which menaced them. Without considering what pain and weariness the journey would involve to his mutilated limbs, the boy set off down the mountain side in the hope that he would reach the house before the fire cut off the escape of its inmates. Nerved by the danger and stimulated by the sight of the approaching fire which seemed to get fiercer every moment, he hurried on. It was a race with the flames and he a cripple. Twice he fell, but he was up again in a moment and hurrying on. The flames had reached the edge of the farm when he entered the door, almost fainting with fatigue. He aroused the old women and helped them harness their horse. In a few minutes the blind old man was brought out and the poor frightened creatures were flying before the pursuing fire. They reached a place of safety where the old women told how they had heard of their peril and leaving all their property had saved their lives by the flight. The poor boy's effort had not been in vain. If every Christian was as much in earnest in warning people who were in danger of eternal destruction, how many might be saved!

If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand. (Ezek. 33:5)



MENELIK, EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA, RECEIVING QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER FROM HER EMBASSY.

thought her father would not defend the suit and that she would get the bicycle as well as have her own way about the marriage. There are many people who act in the same way about religion. After renouncing the world and accepting Christ, they long for the pleasures they have given up, and try to make the best of both worlds—an attempt doomed to failure.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. (Matt. 6:24.)

The Belgian Disaster.

Ominous news of a massacre in the Congo Free State is published by the Belgian journals. They report that an expedition under Baron Dhanis which left Matadi in July of last year for the hills, has been utterly destroyed and that Baron Dhanis and all his officers have been killed. The expedition comprised, beside the white men, about two thousand armed natives. They were to establish stations along the boundary of the State, which runs from north to south, to build forts and garrison them, hoping by that means to prevent the incursions of the Mahdists into the Congo State. Among the native forces engaged in the expedition were a number of men of the Batetela, or Balussu, nation, who were esteemed as brave fighters and had done good service in engagements with slave-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul at Thessalonica and Berea

Sunday School Lesson for July 18. Acts 17: 1-12. Golden Text: Acts 17: 11.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



HE god and prince of this world did not allow the invasion of his kingdom by God's "chosen vessel" Paul without raising all the opposition possible. As with his Master before him, so with this Apostle, the chief opponents to the Gospel were the religious people of the day, the leaders of the Jewish synagogues. In Philippi, as we have seen, this was not the case; the enemy came more openly to the front in the case of the possessed girl, now that he saw the Word which he so hated, and which had vanquished him in the wilderness, penetrating into a new quarter of the world. He was permitted, however, to succeed in driving Paul and his companions out of Philippi, but the church which was founded there remained, and the living stones which had there been quarried were lost to the enemy forever.

Passing through Amphipolis and Apollonia, the missionaries arrived at Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews, and Paul, as his custom was, went in unto them and for three Sabbath days reasoned with them

FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

opening and alleging that it behooved the Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead: and that this Jesus, whom, said he, I preach unto you, is the Christ. (Acts 17: 1-3, R.V.) The matter of Paul's discourses, as well as his authority, was the Word of God in the Old Testament. Jews were supposed to know the Scriptures. "Ye search the Scriptures and in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me" said our Lord. (John 5: 39, R.V.) Paul opened them, and on the ground of Scripture illuminated by Scripture, as the Holy Spirit lit it up, he alleged that the Christ, whom they all expected to be a reigning Christ, must suffer and rise again from the dead. Having clearly proved this, he pointed to him as the Christ who had suffered and risen again.

The evidence to honest, unprejudiced minds was incontrovertible, and there ran from heart to heart of those that were "persuaded," in that European synagogue, the glad consciousness, "We have found the Christ." "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write" (John 1: 41, 45) "Some of these were Jews, 'a great multitude' were Greeks, 'of chief women not a few.'" The Gospel came to these "not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. 1: 5). The very description implies that there is such a thing as the Gospel coming "in word only." There were, even in Paul's day, some unsatisfactory conversions. Perhaps they were the exception then; are they not in these days of a backsliding church rather than the exception? Why should missionaries work have born such fruit then? The messengers were men full of the Holy Ghost and empty of themselves. Their hearts were virgin soil. This point is not to be feared, as many in our socialistic Christendom have learned, to hear the Gospel without accepting it, to know the Christ without walking in it, and the Thessalonians had seen no such thing. Christlike Christians. Paul could testify of these converts: "Ye became imitators of us and of the Lord. And this from the outset of their putting faith. This was

NORMAL CHRISTIANITY.

They began not only to make use of Christ for their soul's salvation, but to imitate him. No less a model would serve for these healthy babes in Christ. They saw Paul, Silas and Timothy walking in the way they taught, they saw that following Christ was not simply a doctrine, but a

life and a power. They saw it could be done, and they gave themselves up to the Holy Spirit to work in them conformity to Christ. The purpose of their life was no more to do the best for themselves. They had "turned to God from idols (their own self-life included) to serve the living and the true God and to wait for his Son from heaven." (1 Thess. 1: 9, 10). Many of the modern hymns which are full of the peace and joy which they make the end and aim of believing in Christ, would have shocked these early believers; self seeking was foreign to them, they lived not unto themselves but unto him which died for them and rose again.

The power of God manifested in Paul's ministry these three Sabbath days in Thessalonica moved the envy of the Jews. Their Bible readings and exposition produced no such effect. Wherefore? Just because they brought their own wisdom to bear on the truth of the living God instead of yielding themselves up to it. It became a thing outside of themselves, instead of being "spirit and life" (John 6: 63) within them. When men yield themselves up to the spirit of jealousy, it becomes a possession, they are no longer their own masters, Satan deceives them: the god of this world blinds the minds of them that believe not (2 Cor. 4: 4), and they see

take up their cross and to follow Christ, (Matt. 16: 24), they did not in any way pity themselves or think a strange thing had happened unto them. (1 Pet. 4: 12), when they were persecuted. They received the Word in much affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost, so that they became an example to all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia, and paved the way for the preaching of the Gospel in all the country round. Meanwhile, Paul and Silas, no way disconcerted by the persecutions at Thessalonica, did in Berea as they had done there. But in this city they found a ready mind in the Jews themselves.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



HEROIC Christianity has had its examples in every age, and not the least in these early days of persecution. The great Apostle, accompanied by Silas and perhaps by Timothy, went forward when driven out of Philippi. Bruised and beaten and imprisoned, we might have expected him to turn back in discouragement, but he was not the kind of man to give up a mission because it was dangerous. Keeping his face westward and travelling about thirty miles a day, he went on to the beautiful city of Thessalonica, which, now known as Salonica, is built on the side of a hill overlooking the Archipelago. There was a Jewish place of worship there and so Paul halted. There would be an audience there which would understand his message. We infer from his remarks in his epistle to this church (1 Thess. 2: 9), which is probably the oldest book in our New Testament, that his funds were exhausted. He evidently found work at his

not show their envy in their accusation. They became very loyal on a sudden, pretended that Paul had been persecuted. That is a very common thing. To this day the opponents of the Gospel do not show their true motive. They usually concerned about liberty, or the workingman having his Sunday rest and pleasure, or some such plea is likely to attract public sympathy. They gave security, that is, became bail missionaries, apparently undertaking that they should quit the city. This they did in the night, to avoid attack from the Jews. They went on, still westward, to a distant about fifty miles and a town, where they would be protected. There they went into the synagogue, usual, though one would have expected that their experience would have led them to avoid these places of worship. They said the people were more noble, less prejudiced, than those of Thessalonica. They listened and tested the statements of the Apostle. Paul evidently liked that course. He was much afraid of honest investigation. Some modern teachers are, who in people accepting their doctrines or. They made many converts here, their enemies from Thessalonica, of their success, followed them and Paul had to be hurriedly sent away. It was humiliating to follow his history. Think how often good men such as have like him, been driven away from people whose welfare they sought. As great writer has said: "No matter how quiet a city was, when they entered it, was sure to be in an uproar when they left." There was valid reason for the accusation that they turned the world side down; but, then, it needed to be

Searched the Scripture daily, and those things were so. Dr. Tyndal's story of the singular conversion of a Jew. He was called to visit a dyer in Philadelphia and found her singularly calm and even joyous in her faith. Her husband was an infidel. Just before she took a little well-worn Bible under her pillow and put it in her husband's hands. She asked him, "I know what I am doing?" He said, "You are giving me your Bible." She said, "not my Bible, your Bible." "Soon afterward she breathed her last. A few days later the widow's band called on Dr. Tyndal. 'I want to read the Bible,' she said, 'I have been reading my Bible. I never read it before. It is a wonderful book. It seems to be expressly for me. It must be, otherwise it could not have told me so much about myself. I want to be a Christian.'

Another King, one Jesus. On the day of that must have been a large charge looking very much like soldiers, but if Paul's teaching were properly understood Caesar himself would not have objected to it. A king could have no other subjects than men who owe allegiance to Christ. A young man came to Paul from England to establish a factory. The employer unhesitatingly placed in his hands a large sum of money. "I am not running a great risk?" one of his friends asked. "When that young man gets on the other side the Atlantic there to hinder his starting in business his own account with your capital? I have taken any security for his being to you?" The employer said: "Bless me, I never asked him to be loyal to me. I doubt if he would have promised if I had asked. I have better security than that. He is a sincere Christian and will be loyal to his Lord. That is enough for me. Following Christ, as I am sure he will, he will never defraud me."

These that have turned the world side down. What a tribute that is to the power of a few uneducated, spicuous men. It is a well-known fact that in nature the most powerful are those which work quietly. Professor Tyndall, describing the chemical action of the waves of ether mentioned the remarkable fact, that the waves which up to this time been most effective in shaking asunder the atoms of compounds are those of least mechanical power. "Billows," he instructively said, "are incompetent to produce effects are readily produced by ripples." In the sphere of morals. The influence of a woman or a child has often surpassed that of a man, where eloquence and learning have failed. God has chosen the things to confound the mighty.



THESSALONICA, NOW KNOWN AS SALONICA, IN ROUMELIA.

all things through the color of their own self interest and self-worship. The Jews felt injured that while they had not spiritual power, this man Paul who came among them should have power to transform lives. If such lives were the true samples of godliness, then their own lives and teaching were a failure. This they would not admit. When men yield themselves up to an extraneous influence, they lose control of themselves. Where was the dignity of these representatives of Abraham when to accomplish their purpose of silencing and bringing trouble upon Paul, they "took unto themselves certain vile fellows of the rabble, and gathering a crowd, set the city on an uproar? God permitted that they should go so far as to assault the house of Jason, where they expected to find the missionaries; instead of which Jason and some of the new-born Christians were already privileged to bear the brunt of persecution and to suffer for the name of Christ.

The charge against the foreign teachers was characteristic. "Men which have turned the world upside down are come hither also." Would to God the Christians of to-day were turning the world upside down! Alas, alas, it is the world in this day which turns the church upside down. The old plea of danger to the Roman government, urged in the accusation of Christ, was brought forward again here. Security was taken of Jason and the rest and then they let them go.

But the brethren had managed to send away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea. This early test of their faith was a great strength to the infant church at Thessalonica, only three weeks old. Understanding their calling to deny themselves to

trade as a weaver and the people of Philippi twice sent him a present. (See Philippians 4: 16.) On the Sabbath he went to the Synagogue and proclaimed his message. It was his usual argument, when addressing Jews. The prophecies, properly understood, indicated that Messiah would be a sufferer, and that Christ had fulfilled them. "Opening and alleging," Luke says. Bengel paraphrases the phrase as "cracking the nut and producing the kernel." He appears to have won some converts among the Jews, principally women, and a much larger number among the non-Jewish people. His epistle refers to the number who had turned from idols (1 Thess. 1: 9), from which we conclude that his work was most successful with the Gentiles. This was to be expected, as by this time the pagan world had become disgusted with the absurd and incredible mythology which was the prevailing religion. But the Jews who did not believe, grew envious and stirred up a riot, calling in the aid of the loafers in the market-place, with whom usually they would not associate. The opponents of the Gospel often find themselves in degrading company. Paul appears to have been staying with Jason, who was a relative of his, and the mob attacked the house. Failing to find Paul, the mob took Jason and made a complaint against him for harboring the Apostle.

Incidentally, it is worthy of notice, that complaint was made to the *politarchs* (translated, rulers). It is an uncommon word, but recently an ancient arch was found at Salonica, bearing an inscription which refers to the rulers as *politarchs*. This shows how accurate and circumstantial Luke was. The complainants did

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Cuba's Hapless Children.

Thousands of them Orphaned by the War
Many Coming here—Christian Work
among the Spanish-speaking People.

ONE of the saddest results of the long war in Cuba is the unfortunate condition of thousands of children whose parents have perished in the protracted struggle. At a point where the conflicting armies met, the greatest sufferers have been the *pacíficos* or non-combatants—the large peaceful and industrious agricultural whose homes have been desolated, fields ravaged and their belongings destroyed. While many who formerly *pacíficos* have been forced into the Cuban ranks and fallen in the hands of others have met a cruel fate at the hands of the Spanish soldiery, the policy of Gen. Weyler's grim policy of exterminating the rebels. In many cases the women have not been spared and the little children, orphaned and helpless, are now a spectacle of the pity of the civilized world.

Letters from Cuba and reports brought by the Captains of the steamers, state that the condition of the poorer class of Cuban is a sad one. The wasted towns and villages are a scene of desolation, and that women and children in great numbers are in a state of destitution. Sickness in all forms is also ravaging the country, and the lack of food, clothing and medicine is adding to the general misery.

Thus far the Spanish authorities seem to have taken no measures to relieve the distress. Our own people, however, have taken pity on the afflicted ones and no little aid has already been sent to them from the United States. Besides this, aid has been afforded to many in the country, and a refuge has been opened to all who have thus succeeded in coming to American shores. In Florida, and especially at Tampa, in that State, many of the Cuban have been received and kindly cared for. Rev. Mr. de Cova, a missionary at Tampa, has interested himself in the Christian people in the refuge, and is now conducting an excellent and profitable work among them.

Christian ladies, Mrs. C. M. Selden and her sister Miss Strong, who have had many years' experience as missionaries among the Spanish-speaking peoples in Mexico, are now conducting a most efficient religious and educational work in Tampa, mainly among these Cuban refugees. In 1886 they began work alone in Tampa, by house-to-house visitation among the Spanish-speaking people. Later the work grew, a committee of Christian ladies organized "The Medical Aid Society for Spanish work in New York and Brooklyn" with Mrs. Selden as superintendent and Miss Strong as secretary, and with headquarters at 126 West Street, Brooklyn. Gospel meetings were held for the "strangers in a strange land" and a Sabbath School was opened for the children. Later, this work has been largely Cuban, many refugees from the "ever-faithful isle" being sent to Tampa by persons who knew of its needs. During the past year, a number of Cuban orphan children have been brought to the Society for support and relief, and the work of the Society has been greatly broadened in consequence.

Classes for the orphan children have been opened. At the present time there is a large training class of girls whose ages range from five to sixteen. A number have been baptized and made confession of their faith in Christ since entering the class. With three exceptions all in the class are Cubans. Nearly all have eventful histories. One girl was taken by her mother to Gen. Weyler in Cuba to plead

for the liberty of her uncle who was in prison. Her pleading was in vain. She is a child of unusual promise. She and six others in the group were destitute refugees from Cuba. Two girls are the daughters of a Dr. Gaston who was active in a former revolution in Cuba. Another is a daughter of a Cuban for whose head a price was offered by the Spanish government. The group of boys shown in our photograph, with one exception, are children whose fathers at one time could have provided liberally for their education, but the war made them penniless. One is a boy who, with his five orphaned brothers and sisters, was without a friend in the world. He is a boy of great promise and intelligence, yet at times a sadness painful to see in one so young oppresses him, as he remembers the awful scenes in his own country—the beating of women and children by the soldiers and his own parents' terrible fate. A score of other boys, now in the Society's care, have similar stories.

Every week brings new applications to

five miles in a straight line from his door without reaching the boundaries of his estate. Mammoth driveways and cycle roads run everywhere, and there are miles of them, carefully graded and kept smooth. There are no little children in the Biltmore home, for its owner is a bachelor; no motherly or sisterly society to give it brightness and sunshine. Yet it is a lovely place, and in its grand and commanding situation might have been, in some earlier age, the castle of some stern, feudal lord. It is a centre of attraction for all who happen to visit Asheville or its vicinity.

Mourning Etiquette in Japan.

In the Mikado's country, the ceremonials incident to court etiquette are so numerous and exacting as to be monotonous. It is learned that a recent unconscious infraction of the laws of Japanese etiquette, committed by several European governments, had caused the Mikado much sorrow and no little chagrin. Some time ago his esteemed mother, the Dowager-Empress, died, and the fact was duly communicated to all the courts; yet the only courts which took the trouble to express condolence with the Mikado were those of Spain and Belgium, which ordered court mourning for ten days. Neither Emperor William, Queen Victoria, Emperor Franz Josef, King Umberto, nor even the Czar sent any expression of sympathy to the Mikado for the loss of his imperial mother. The Japanese court,

"THE OLD BOOK ON THE STAND."

I LOVE it, the beautiful, dear old Book
As it lies on the stand in my study's nook.
With its promises sweet and its visions grand,
The beautiful, dear "Old Book on the Stand."
'Tis my mother's Bible—this Book so dear—
On its leaves are traces of many a tear.
'Tis worn with use, and 'tis yellow with age,
But every page is a sacred page.

For her own dear hands turned them to and fro,
In the far off years of the long ago.
Precious indeed is that Book divine,
And precious memories round it twine.
And though its covers are broken and worn,
And its pages soiled and defaced and torn,
It has done its work for a hundred years,
It has lifted our sorrows and calmed our fears.

And the Chart by which mother sailed out to
Is certainly good enough for me! [sea.
Sailed out to sea, with the sails all set,
And the light on her face—I can see it yet!
Radiant and sweet—as she sailed away—
To the harbor safe of eternal day!
Do you wonder I touch with reverent hand
The beautiful, dear "Old Book on the Stand?"

Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. AUSTIN SHAW.

SPOILING CHILDREN.

IT isn't a difficult task to spoil a child. No great art is demanded to accomplishing this result. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding, writes Dr. Talmage. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obedience and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster which with his knife he will proceed to open. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing. Never withhold due meed of praise.

The Desire for Amusement.

There is in every good thing a right use and an abuse, says a writer in *The Religious Telescope*, and in amusement it is the abuse that is to be condemned because it is harmful. The thirst for amusements which causes the husband to spend his evenings at the club, while his wife is left to watch over his children in loneliness at home, is a crime against the home and an insult to womanhood. A few years before, this man forsook all other society and devotedly spent his evenings in the company of and wooing her who in her unsophisticated innocence supposed that he was sincere and really did and always would prefer her company to all others. Now he leaves her alone through the long, lonely evenings, while he finds amusement with "gay fellows, well met." Is such a one a manly man? Are his amusements innocent? In selecting his society and amusements the man who is truly a Christian will be careful not to go where he cannot ask God to go with him. Where amusements are wisely chosen by young Christians (and there are plenty of such amusements and associations), they can as cheerfully pass into glory amid the merry ring of laughter, as from the solemnity of a prayer-meeting, or the calm and quiet of a sick chamber.



YOUNG CUBAN EXILES, MADE ORPHANS BY THE WAR.

the Society for the admission of other Cuban orphans, robbed by the war of their natural protectors, but the work is already overtaxing its resources. With sufficient aid from those interested in the welfare of these unfortunate Cuban children, it would be practicable to extend the work so as to receive many more orphans to be educated and trained for Christian service. Any reader who desires to learn further of this deserving organization can do so by addressing Mrs. Selden, the Superintendent.

A Palace in Sky-Land.

Such is, in truth, the new residence of Mr. Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C. It is situated in the mountains, and one might almost add, among the clouds. Its millionaire owner allows the public to visit his grounds and admire the palace, though it is not everyone who gets a glimpse within the chateau where he has stored many treasures of art and history. No king, nor queen, nor prince, nor lord, on this earth has a more magnificent palace than this young man has built for himself high up among the mountains. He has spent more than \$4,000,000 on it, and intends to expend \$2,000,000 more, and if he lives to enjoy it, it may cost him all of \$10,000,000 before many years. He has 180,000 acres, and can travel thirty-

since 1881, has carefully gone into mourning for two German Emperors, for two Czars, for a King of Spain, of Portugal, and of Holland, for a Dowager Empress of Germany, an ex-King of Spain, and even for Prince Henry of Battenburg. Naturally the Mikado thinks that Japanese courtesy has been ill-required.

A Wise Princess.

Among the many anecdotes of Queen Victoria, recalled during the Jubilee, there is perhaps no one more beautiful or instructive than this, which is related of her childhood. From early youth, she seems to have been possessed of the noble, sensible, conscientious characteristics of her mother. It is said that while quite young she discovered, by examining a genealogical table, that she was heir to the throne of England, and that when she realized the fact she said to her teacher, "There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility;" and then she added, in a solemn tone, "I will be good." It is said that during her public career she has never been known to shrink from a duty. Once when urged by her ministers to sign a document because it was expedient, she replied in her quiet, firm way: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I wish neither to hear or understand."

A Shelter Amid Strangers.

The "American Girls' Club in Paris" and its Surroundings—Spiritual and Material Comforts for those who Need them—A Worthy Institution.



It is but a few years ago since an American clergyman, Rev. W. W. Newell, called the attention of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the then American Minister to Paris to a number of particularly pitiful cases of want and distress among the American female students residing in the French capital, and these two warm-hearted Christians thereupon combined their efforts to provide against future emergencies of the kind. The result of the labors of the one and of the generosity of the other took the form of what is now known as the "American Girls' Club" in the Rue de Chevreuse, a veritable god-send in many ways to our young countrywomen whom the love of art or the ambition to secure an independent competence has impelled to settle in the great *Ville Lumière*, the City of Light, as the Parisians fondly love to term their native place.

How many an American girl reaching Paris with the scantiest means has decided to "do in France as the French do," or rather to do in the Latin Quarter as the Bohemians do! Instead of taking quarters among her own people or even in an inexpensive French boarding-house where at least her meals would be served hot three times a day, she has preferred to settle down in the *chambre garnie* or furnished room in some rookery, devoid of all comfort and home-like appearance, and for her food she has started to frequent the neighboring restaurants. Naturally enough she speaks no French and so everybody takes advantage of her, and soon she finds expenses ahead of her allow-



AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

philanthropic but not a charitable one in the ordinary sense of the word. The whole object of its founders would be set at naught if the accommodation it affords were gratuitous and the very class they desired to reach would hold itself aloof from its portals. For let me say at once that the bevy of bright young women whom I encountered on the day of my visit to the institution last week, as a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, were not of a kind to accept charity from anyone. Without belonging to the exaggerated type of American girl student described above, they are independent enough to pay their way under all circumstances.

The headquarters of the Girls' Club has a forbidding aspect from the outside. Like most houses in old Paris it is grimy with age, smoke and dust, but within its doors, the whole scene changes. We find ourselves in a quadrangle, on three sides of which arise the stately, though irregular buildings of the institution, on the

fortable reading-room is stocked with the best American, English, and French publications, and on a large board between the two windows are daily attached numerous announcements and advertisements of washerwomen, etc., etc. There is, moreover, a "red room" and a "blue room" for whiling away spare hours, and a fine large reception room for receiving visitors. The little chapel, a few yards away, was constructed in 1891, as an outcome of the joint action of the Rev. Mr. Newell and the Rev. Dr. Morgan, rector of the handsome American cathedral in the Avenue de l'Alma, and it has so far proved a great success in attracting the American girls, and even the male students of the Quarter. The present rector, the Rev. Dr. J. Van Winkle is a newcomer, but an apparently earnest worker and certainly a man of sympathetic personality, who has already endeared himself to many of his flock.

It would be unjust to conclude this article without mentioning Mesdames Monroe, Lamson, and Luckmeyer, three prominent members of the American colony in Paris, who compose the Board of Trustees, for it is to their indefatigable endeavors and liberality that the present prosperity of the institution is in large part due.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

Paris, June 10.



AT THE GATEWAY OF THE AMERICAN GIRLS' CLUB, PARIS.

ance. As her means decrease, she has to devise new methods for making extremes meet, and as her rent cannot be cut down further, the pruning process has to be performed on her expenditure for food. She now has to be satisfied with a trip to the *charcutier* or delicatessen dealer from whom she obtains a few cents' worth of sausage or potted meat; and occasionally she buys a cake at the baker's. These meals so partakes of in her own dreary attic, where the wind and the rain of times penetrate the crevices of the walls, adding to the general desolation and discomfort. But what matters all this to her, for the *maison* she is independent. While her head holds out under these distressing circumstances, the poor girl manages to stifle the situation. It is only when lack of proper nourishment and exposure to elements, added to overwork at the *atelier*, bring her down and stretch her on her back that she ceases her forlorn and helpless condition, surrounded by strangers in a foreign land, and unable to make her wants and sufferings known. It was just such cases as these that touched the heart and opened the purse of the American wife, causing her to lay the foundation of the institution of the Rue de Chevreuse which at the present day has within its walls many female students from the other side of the Atlantic.

The institution, I should explain is a

fourth, an old-fashioned gateway with an iron-bar railing. Everything is bright and cheerful here, the pretty bed of flowers in the centre of the yard and the creepers and exotic plants around the gateway and on the balcony imparting a veritable charm. Outside is another garden with a swing in the centre, and a few steps further stands the little American house of worship built of corrugated iron and known as St. Luke's Chapel.

It was the time for afternoon tea when I arrived at the institution and the amiable superintendent, Madame Cressoniere, an Anglo-French woman of distinguished mien ushered me into the tea room on the ground floor. Here, around a steaming samovar, they sat, our girl workers from the great Western republic, the nervous and alert Southerner, the self-confident and progressive maiden from the West, the practical, positive, somewhat hard-headed New Englander. It was a refreshing sight in this strange land; for the moment one could fancy one's self back in America. The tea with the dainty slices of graham bread and fresh butter is served gratis daily at five. This feature the institution also owes to the generosity of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. The other meals are charged for at very low rates.

The housing of the inmates is excellent, and the rental far lower than in any lodging house. The spacious and com-

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Palpitation of the Heart—All Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was troubled with a dull aching pain in my right kidney, and I also had palpitation of the heart. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and since then I have never been troubled with either of these complaints. Hood's Sarsaparilla is also helping my wife very much." H. B. SCOTT, Marlboro, New York.

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EX-LIBIT GOV. JONES, of Binghamton, N. Y., perhaps best known as the great scale man who "pays the freight," was nearly blind for eight years. On May 15, 1897, the Thermo-Ozone was applied to his eyes. At that time he could see only five inches. On June 13, after a course of applications, he reported that he could see eighty inches. For the first time in years, Ex-Libit Jones walks on alone.

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there is a remedy in which you can safely place confidence as being a scientific, and successful cure for all diseases of the nervous system. Having been tried and successful in the private practice of one who has cured such diseases a specialty for many years, the phenomenal success, its efficacy stands out question. So confident are the rulers of its success in the cure of nervousness, sleeplessness, mental exhaustion, headache, nervous prostration, dizziness, blue eyes, etc., that all druggists are authorized to

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In the River of Silver.

Triumph of Beautiful and Prosperous Argentina and Buenos Ayres, its Capital City.

FROM Rev. W. P. McLaughlin, D.D., one of our leading missionaries in South America, now stationed at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, we have received the following very interesting letter describing "The Golden City of the River Plate," and the beginnings of Gos-

work there: "Were in our prosaic days can city so rich in country so mythical exist? On the banks of the River Plate, so close to a swift steam launch takes three hours to pass from shore to shore. Here is a magnificent city which now is approaching 800,000 and in less than a century will have 1,000,000 souls. Argentina is the 'Silver Land,' and Rio de Janeiro is the 'River of Silver,' and Buenos Ayres is the 'City of healthy breezes,' with its docks, its public palaces and private mansions, its colossal banks and its enormous commerce is indeed a Golden City. A hundred years before the Pilgrims, its foundations were laid. In the wilderness, as by magic almost, a magnificent city has risen. Now you see its avenues, brilliant with the electric light, as spacious and splendid as those radiating from the 'Arc de Triomphe' in Paris. It is a cosmopolitan city, a city of tongues. You hear the dialect of Tuscany, the polished French of Paris (for it is claimed that in Buenos Ayres they do not speak French), the guttural of the Rhine, the tongue of Shakespeare spake, almost all other languages of earth, and on every side of the city the rhythmic dialect of Spain. Steamers arriving and departing keep the city in close touch with the thought and movement of the world. The great daily papers are admirable for their full cable service and in their editorial tone. The public school buildings of the city are many of them palaces with marble floors and finest architectural details. Speaking of splendid buildings, the city is somewhat of a digression, the city is a masterpiece of architecture. Its grandeur should be mentioned. Its magnificence can be judged when you know that on the adornment of the city alone \$500,000 in gold was spent. The National University is strongly established while a flourishing system of Normal schools exists in the city and the suburbs. There is a great National Library open daily to all for consultation, and the majority of the books are French,

American Church,' which is one of the oldest and most flourishing in the city, the membership is almost entirely composed of English and Scotch people. The English-speaking element deserves great credit for its public spirit in all things. There are first class schools denominational and private for English children, the British Hospital is an institution which will compare

Episcopal Church is doing a great work among the Spanish-speaking people. It has an extensive system of schools supported mainly by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. In Argentina and the neighboring Republic of Uruguay it has sixty congregations. There is no limit to the possibilities of Protestant work here. Religious liberty is guaranteed by



THE NATIONAL BANK, BUENOS AYRES.

with any hospital in the world. 'Prince George's Hall' is the finest in the city, with its marble stair-cases, its frescoed walls, its soft electric lights—a veritable fairy palace. There are two large musical societies among the English people. They render every year the great Oratorios and other classic music. Lately, all were astir with preparations for the 'Diamond Jubilee.' The 'American Church' will have a celebration which will equal any of the rest. The English press must not be forgotten, there are three dailies, and a score of weekly and monthly publications.

"In the city and suburbs there are twenty English speaking churches, all self-supporting. The First Methodist Episcopal Church is commonly called the 'American Church.' It was founded sixty years ago, the first pastor being Dr. John Dempster, renowned in his denomination later for being the pioneer in founding its schools of Theology. The pastor preceding the present incumbent, Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, died here five years ago after a pastorate of nine years. He was the son of Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, the noted pulpit orator, once chaplain of the United States Senate. The 'American Church' is a handsome structure in the centre of the city. It cost with the ground \$125,000 gold. Nearly all the material in it (all of the wood) came out from the United States. It was built mainly by its own members and is en-

the constitution and expression of opinion is as free and safe as in the United States.

W. P. McLAUGHLIN,
American Church, Buenos Ayres, S. A.

Naked Pills

are fit only, for naked savages. Clothes are the marks of civilization—in pills as well as people. A good coat does not make a good pill, any more than good clothes make a good man. But as sure as you'd look on a clothesless man as a mad one, you may look on a coatless pill as a bad one. After fifty years of test no pills stand higher than

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that our Hair Brush will do all we claim? Give it a trial. If you do not find it to be all we represent, after six months' use, send it back to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded. You risk nothing.

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Quality the same in all; the price differs only according to size and power.

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"The Doctor's Story," a valuable book giving information concerning all our goods, sent on request.

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THE RIVER PLATE.

Spanish volumes out and all other languages are found. The most numerous in the city is the Italian. After that come the Argentine, the French, after that the English and German, in about equal numbers, then a sprinkling of all other nations. The English-speaking element is the most prominent in colossal numbers. It has engineered and built the great docks, it controls and runs the great railroads, it owns the colossal bank and ships to all quarters of the world the live-stock and produce of the Argentine.

The American element is small. English and Scotch predominate. In the 'Am-



AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN ARGENTINA.

tirely supported by them. It has one of the finest pipe organs in the city run by a Lundell electric motor. The church is noted for its music. Bishop Vincent when here a few weeks since said the singing was 'glorious.' The church and parsonage are both lighted by electricity, being the only church so far in the Republic so lighted. The Methodist

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To the Readers of this Paper.

For Rheumatism

that foe of mankind, I have a simple remedy which has proven its wonderful curative power in thousands of apparently hopeless cases, in fact, so pronounced have been the cures, that multitudes of former sufferers consider it nature's antidote for rheumatism. Many a bedridden person, also some, who walked on crutches regained their health through this marvelous cure and in order that every similarly afflicted reader or their friends may learn about it, I will gladly mail them a Trial Package with directions for use and information Free, even if more than 15,000 should apply. Distressing cases of rheumatism from 20 to 40 years standing yielded to the benign influence of this remedy of which I mention a few: In Pittsburg, Ind., it cured a druggist whose rheumatism dated back as far as the civil war. In Kenterville, Idaho, it cured a man who was bedridden for 15 years. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured a man who suffered for 33 years notwithstanding employing 7 physicians. In Seguin, Texas, it cured a man who was afflicted for 41 years. In Amsterdam, N. Y., it cured a lady (Mrs. P. Persohn) who nearly became insane from pain. Mrs. John D. Engel, 1316 Patterson Ave., Baltimore, Md., was cured after suffering for 9 years, of which she spent 2 years on crutches. Mrs. M. Uebe in Windom, Minn., writes: I am 62 years old and was cured after suffering for 22 years. The original letters of above cures, besides thousands of others can be seen at my office. No one should despair but write for a Free Trial Package and other information. Address:

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A new and beautiful design set including pair of faille and rigid link cuff buttons, 2 studs, 1 collar button and new patent belt retainer. In 14 K Roman gold or sterling silver. 1 extra heavy plate. Worth 25c in any store. To give you an inkling of our 1,000 Fashions we send complete set and large catalogue postpaid ONLY 10 CTS. 8 for 25c. Ingersoll & Bros., Dept. 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.



A BOON TO THE AFFLICTED! HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA Cured to Stay Cured by Using DR. RIGGS' MARVELOUS CAPSULES. NEVER FAIL. No Opium or other Narcotic Result of 35 years medical practice. At druggists or by mail, box 121 ap-sms 25cts J. V. RIGGS, M.D., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



CHAPTER XV—Continued.
Coming Back.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.

"JOHN," continued Steve, "this very afternoon I got a new idea, and whatever comes or goes, it is to be carried out. No man is better fitted to carry it out than you are, and I am much amazed you have not long ago suggested it to me.

"What is, then, this new idea that I ought to have suggested long ago?"

"I want us to own and publish a newspaper—a good paper that will represent God and the people. I want a paper that can go where the preacher cannot go. Have you considered what a power a few sheets of well-filled paper may become? Why, John, there is no earthly, moral power equal to it."

"The preacher—"

"I do not underrate him; but you have to go to the preacher and the paper comes to you. If the weather is stormy and the church is far away, the congregation consider that they must dress for church, and get their best clothes spoiled and a cold perhaps into the bargain. The paper preaches to them at their fireside and in their six-days' coat. The paper permits them to talk back to it. They say to one another as they read it—'Listen to this, mother,' or 'What do you say to that, father?' They discuss its theology and ethics freely among themselves, and everyone feels interested in a sermon they have a share in. Again, the preacher gives us the truth through one man's heart and mind; the paper speaks to us through a great many hearts and minds. The preacher is very much restricted as to subjects; if he goes too far afield, he is afraid to offend; the paper speaks out boldly, and 'stop my paper' won't stop it from speaking the truth. John, we must have a paper. Call it *The King's Highway* and let it tell us all that is being done on that great thoroughfare—good and bad."

"Have you thought of the expense?"

"To be sure I have. You know something about publishing a paper. You know what backing it will need. The Lloyd estate is good for it."

"Amen! Now what is to be the spirit of this great paper?"

"It is above all things to be tolerant, and to be the organ of the poor and the needy. It is to speak for the oppressed and the suffering in all lands. If there is a wrong or a sorrow at our antipodes, it is to point out the wrong and comfort and relieve the sorrow, and that without regard to race, creed or color."

"Amen! What else?"

"Give the people a good sermon and a good, clean love-story. Men and women never tire of either."

"A love story?"

"Yes. Old and young read love stories, nor will they ever tire of them until they tire of April's ever-returning mystery of daffodils and crocus buds. Women especially will read love stories; give them pure sweet tales of home and home affections, and say a word or two specially for the women, something that has grown out of woman's joy and sorrow and manifold trials and experiences. John, I am astonished we have not thought of this wonderful paper before!"

"So am I. Now about the price, Steve?"

"Make it so good that every one must have it, but so cheap that every one can pay for it."

"You will lose money—lots of it in that way."

"The same thing was said when cheap postage was proposed, but cheap postage has not yet ruined the Government. But suppose I lost money in this way, it would not be lost. No, sir! It would be money out at the best interest ever humanity pays."

"Is it to advocate any special creed?"

"God forbid. Unless it could show to all mankind how every cause and creed might be combined by love:

Yet not long
The fountain whence they rose,
As if with many a rivulet
The lordly flood on flows.

Steve was by this time in a fever of enthusiastic foreseeing. He would hear of no such word as "failure," and when John reminded him of the large sums already disbursed and the large sums necessary for carrying on all his plans, Steve was in no way disconcerted.

"I have to give for two," he said, "for I am sure, if my father could come and speak to me now, he would say, 'pay all that I owe to the poor, Steve. Pay it with both hands.' I have five millions left, and you tell me it is increasing. I cannot use it myself. My wife and children cannot use it. Do you want me to bury it in a napkin, and add dollar to dollar, until its very weight will sink me to the lowest hell?"

"God forbid, Steve."

"Then help me to do good with it, John."

"Have you fully told me all your mind; is there no lingering wish or even fear?"

"I was wondering to-day, if we had given prominence enough to the Locomotion Fund. I am sure, John, that speedy locomotion for the unemployed is as necessary as hospitals for the sick."

"I think you are right. I will have more said about it."

"Get the paper to talk as quick as you can."

"I will. Anything else? You know we may not have another opportunity for this discussion in many months."

"We may never have another opportunity. I have been much struck with the power of music and song over those poor fellows in the Bowery Mission. Into all our charities, John, get as much music as you can—psalms and hymns and holy songs. I think, myself, that even in heaven, King David must remember 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and be happier for having sung it."

He rose as he spoke, and John rose, and the two men went to the window and looked out over the tossing ocean. There were tears in both their eyes, and Steve passed his arm round John's neck, and John looked into his friend's bright, eager face, and then broke quite down.

"Oh, Steve! Steve!" he cried; "do not go away! do not go! I cannot bear to lose you! Oh, my friend! my dear, dear brother!"

And Steve embraced him, and with great emotion said softly, "I am so glad to hear you speak thus, John. I knew you felt it, but oh, it is good to hear it said. I wish men were more often able to throw aside all restraint, and say the kind and noble things they feel." And then both remembered at the same moment, the same words, and smiling, said them softly together—

O God! That men would draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer thee;
And understood.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

Before noon next day, Steve was out on the sea, and his family had to take up

Asthma and Hay-Fever Cure.—Free.

We are glad to inform the readers that a sure specific cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in the Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery from the Congo River, West Africa. Many sufferers report most marvelous cures from its use. Among others, Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, and Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., were completely cured by the Kola Plant after thirty years' suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie down at night in Hay-fever season for fear of choking, and Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from Asthma. Hon. L. C. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, writes that for eighteen years he slept propped up in a chair, being much worse in Hay-fever season, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly a most wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer would advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1161 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a Large Case by mail free to every reader of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Boils, pimples and other eruptions mean bad blood and bad blood means danger. Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in such a condition means good health, a keen appetite and sound sleep.

their life and order it to his absence. That sense of the irrevocable which always depresses those whom the ocean sunders, paralyzed the day of parting. No one could do anything, yet all made it a point of honor to affect a feeling of pleasure in Steve's holiday. Even Jessie bravely fought back tears, and showed Steve a parting face radiant with smiles. But in spite of this assumed satisfaction—perhaps because of it—the reaction was a definite depression. It was the middle of the week, but John could not buckle to work, and the whole family went back with Jessie, and gave the day up to conversation and speculations about Steve.

The first two weeks were the hardest. After they were over, letters began to come with an unexpected regularity, and the lassitude of regret grew rapidly into an enthusiasm of expectation. Every one wished to do something great and unusual before Steve's return. Jessie resolved to build some additions to the house, and to make her flower-garden a wonder and a delight. When Steve came back it should be to a home that would make him forget all other homes—a home such as she had heard him long for, with rooms large, sunny and airy, and without too much furniture in them, and a garden full of solitary walks, redolent with fruits and flowers and musical with bees and birds. She recalled all his desires, and was determined to bring them to pass.

John had the paper on his mind. There
(Continued on next page.)

The Spreewälderin Costur.

seems quaint and curious compared with the American woman's dress. Every stitch and frill of these quaint costumes, and every bit of dream-like art in modern woman's attire, can be made on the

SINGER

Sewing Machine



OFFICES IN EVERY CITY.

8%

Absolutely Safe Municipal Security largely by best Banks and Trusts. Write for details. ROBERT E. F. & CO., Equitable Building, Boston.

Hay= Fever



CHANGE OF CLIMATE as a means of relief from this distressing malady is, at best, **uncertain, annoying, and expensive.** It never cures, and the relief is but temporary. Year by year the benefit is less, and new places have to be tried. Business interests suffer because of enforced absence; your family may have to suffer because deprived of necessities in order to pay your bills; you suffer yourself if you return "ahead of time."

NOT SO with our patients. They can stay at home in comfort, carry on their usual occupation, and perform their duties; have relief from the terrible itching, burning, sneezing, coughing, wheezing, and distress for breath; can sleep sound, and awake refreshed; and best of all, can be

CURED TO STAY CURED.

"Having suffered acutely from Hay-Fever for twenty years, and finding relief only in Europe or the mountains, it needed only ten days' trial of your treatment to find perfect relief. I took the medicines six weeks last season and their effect upon my system was constantly beneficial in every way. I sleep, eat and work better than ever, my complexion is clearer than for years, and during the past winter, although the weather has been very trying, I have been absolutely free from any colds or coughs."

RALPH EMEISON, 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

"I did not send you a report of my condition because I felt so well that I discontinued the use of the medicines. I scarcely know how to thank you for the good results your medicines produced in making the dreaded Hay-Fever and Asthma bearable to me. Every year during the Fev season, I have had to leave the city at great expense and inconvenience to myself and then suffered from the Asthma on my return. I tried every remedy suggested by friends, had operations performed upon my throat and nose, but to no purpose. Since I started to take your medicines, August 7th, I have been absolutely free from Asthma and I remained quietly at home, happy and grateful. If you desire, you may publish this in order that your medicines may do for other sufferers what they have done for me."

Respectfully yours,

REV. M. MESSING,
No. 285 N. Delaware St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Send for Examination Blank and 136-page Book on Asthma and Hay-Fever, with 2,000 references. Address

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from preceding page.)

enty of journalist talent in New York and money enough to buy it, and the weeks, *The King's Highway* as reflecting on paper, the work done, and be done, in order to drive Apollyon to great thoroughfare, and prepare it for the coming of the Lord of Hosts. He was sitting at breakfast one morning in the Salutation Inn, at Ambleside, the first number came to him. He was proud of it, that he could not eat with mouthful, and instead of loitering in the lovely land a week or two, as he intended he was moved to go at once to Edinburgh, and see what he could find worthy of its pages. After all, his own forecast was in vain only too true. Go where he would he was dashed by the spirit of economy observable in all European cities. It seemed to him that they had a and that their service was chilled and cramped by this necessity. In all his life John, he magnified the charities of his own country. Putting them against the older lands, he felt compelled to think that they had nothing to learn in them, and a great deal to teach, in a rendering of theories.

"And," he wrote, "that charitable ear hard to enter, and when the ear is surmounted, I have only a deep pity and disappointment. In respects, I think the criminals of our age are better cared for than the and I have come to the conclusion, that at the charities of any land should be ingenious, should spring from its conditions and necessities. I think I could go through Europe and many ideas worth appropriating; for we could not go through the best New York with our eyes and ears, and not find more good roads of charity than we could possibly obtain of experience led him very far in this estimate. He spent some time in Norway, Sweden, Germany and after leaving England; but was impressed with the bitterness of the struggle they had to struggle with, and the scarcity of their resources for such a struggle. Asia saddened him still more, was sufficient for such widespread misery he asked despairingly. Finally, he decided to return to his own vineyard, and to the centre of his labors and to begin his "beginning first at Jerusalem" at New York—and yet not forgetting those whom it was possible to help in New York.

Dealing with his charitable investigations had been many sweet retirements to solitude he loved. The lonely and mountains of Scotland, the canyons of Norway, the deserts of the isolated stations of India, and the cherry gardens of Japan, had all with some sweet, secret place of reflection. These experiences, his soul grew to perfect stature of the sons of God, and as solitude was to him, he still felt, the low, sad music of humanity as he rose from the plane of what I do to be "saved," to the far more of "Lord, what wilt thou have of me?" What is it that thou requirest of me?

One day while sitting in a very room of beauty and sweetness near the city, suddenly felt that he must arise to a sensuous dream, and go forth there to, and for what purpose, he knew not, only that his days of rest were over. Then he started for San Francisco immediately, and as soon as he the stress of civilization round him, to his spirit. A telegram to Jessie his first thought, and he found the bill of telegrams and railways to be sent. This telegram brought a life to Steve's home; the glad news of his speedy return rang through the grounds, and stirred every one to bound and delight. How eagerly then he watched for the letter sure to follow the telegram. It came as quickly as possible word in it glowing with love and expectation.

When he took the first train home, my wife Steve wrote, "but there are many of our people in this vicinity, I see. They helped me in my illness and nursed me when I was sick and helpless. I may never get so far from home, and at any rate, dear wife, I shall come here and not remember

them. And alas! I have already heard, that one good woman needs my remembrance sorely. Since she watched me through a severe fever, her husband has died, and she is now making a hard struggle to find bread for her children. But oh, Jessie, my darling, after the joy of gratitude, the joy of seeing you! The joy of the children! The joy of home and work and friends! I am so happy, I cannot say how happy I am!"

And Jessie was not much disappointed at the delay. "It is just like Steve," she said, between laughing and crying, "and Steve is right, is he not, John?"

"I am sure he is, Jessie," answered John. "Steve may never be in San Francisco again, and it would wound these old friends, if he did not call on them. And if they need his help, the sooner help is given, the more welcome and gracious. At the very longest, Steve should be home in nine or ten days."

Everything in life now worked to that happy expectation. In nine or ten days Steve would be home. The spring was in all its glory, the shrubs just budding, the tulips and daffodils getting ready to blow open, and in nine or ten days the fruit trees would be like great white bridal bouquets of blossoms. Jessie was satisfied with the garden, and she went through her house, room by room, adding a touch of color, hanging a picture in a better light, filling the vases with fresh flowers (for in her heart she expected Steve much earlier than John said) and watching the children, lest they should do anything which might mar the spotless beauty of their appearance.

Neither did she neglect herself. She desired, as every good wife does desire, to be fair in her husband's eyes, and there were still some traces of that terrible ordeal by fire that she had undergone. Her fine coloring had never returned, and perhaps never would, and she was yet a little lame, and perhaps always would be so, but apart from these drawbacks she was a handsome woman. True religion makes women handsome, for nothing is surer than that a lovely soul illuminates and makes beautiful the body it dwells in. Jessie also knew the value of becoming costumes, and her fresh spring toilets of green and white, with little suggestions of amber or pink, carried out that symphony of color in which Nature had clothed the whole world around her.

In Jessie's heart there was a faint disappointment, when on the evening of the eighth day Steve did not appear. But she was far from acknowledging it. Steve's last letter to her had said he might leave on the following day, and so he could have reached home. But he did not, and there was no letter or telegram to explain the delay. Two more days passed to the same disappointment and silence. Jessie was now angry, and a little fearful, the more so, as John came out to ask her, if she had received any word from Steve. He affected a cheerful confidence in "all being right," but Jessie had a sickening dread that something was wrong.

The dread grew and spread. Mrs. Lloyd and Alice came to inquire of Jessie the next day, and John, now really anxious, followed them. He cautiously admitted that Steve might be sick, and he thought some telegraphing ought to be done, if it was only to satisfy themselves that there was nothing seriously wrong, and as all urged this method of relief, John immediately put it in practice. The hotel from which Steve had written was first interrogated, and the answer was perplexing. "Mr. Lloyd was here for four days. His trunks are still here and await orders." A great terror spread swiftly from heart to heart. Telegrams flew to and from every station on the route home, but no information was obtained. Then John went West to make such search as love and gold could make.

In the meantime, Jessie was nearly frantic with a thousand fears. She tried to pray and could not. She had made John promise if he found Steve sick, to telegraph for her, and she walked restlessly about the room, with her bonnet and cloak lying on the table, ready to start for her husband's side at a moment's notice. But John could not find a trace of Steve. At the hotel he was well remembered, but from the moment he passed out of its doors, no sign of him could be discovered. Fear deepened into despair, and the awful silence of uncertainty and suspense, nearly broke their hearts.

(To be Continued.)

A PIONEER SHOEMAKER.

WORKING AT HIS TRADE ALTHOUGH EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

Mr. James McMillen, of Champaign, Has Followed the Shoemaker's Trade All His Life—Every Day at His Bench Working with Apparently the Same Vigor as a Young Man—A Sketch of His Life.

From the Gazette, Champaign, Ill.

At the advanced age of eighty-five years, James McMillen, of 112 West Washington street, is one of the most active men in Champaign, Illinois. Mr. McMillen is a pioneer citizen of the city, and his form is as familiar on the streets as that of any citizen of the town. All his life Mr. McMillen has followed the trade of shoemaker, and every day finds him at his bench, bending over his work with apparently the same vigor he commended when he was a young man.

He has a little shop on North Wright street, in the vicinity of the University of Illinois, and he is the official shoemaker, as it were, for the students of that institution.

About a year ago Mr. McMillen was absent from his bench for several weeks, and his familiar form was missed along the streets. The local newspapers announced that he was dangerously ill. For months he was a sufferer, but finally he appeared again at his shop, and has lost but very few days since then and none, perhaps, on account of sickness. His friends were surprised to see him out again, and they were more surprised when he told them the cause of his recovery.

There was no small amount of local interest in his case, and a reporter visited him, to have him relate the story.

"I feel," said the spry old gentleman, "that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something like a year ago it appeared to me that I was almost a physical wreck. I was suffering from a disease of the kidneys. A thick scurf had formed on the bottoms of my feet and my ankles were terribly swollen and inflamed. In fact, they reached such a condition that I could not walk, and it looked as though my days were numbered."

"I read in the newspaper testimonials from people who claimed to have been cured of kidney trouble by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thought that it would do me no harm to give them a trial. I bought a box of them at the drug store and began taking them according to directions. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that I felt the benefit of them almost as soon as I began to take them. After I had taken a few pills my urinal discharges became almost as black as tar and I noticed at the same time that the pain and soreness were leaving my kidneys."

"A few days later the swelling began to go out of my ankles, and at the end of five weeks it had entirely disappeared, taking with it that terrible scurf which had formed on the bottoms of my feet and caused me so much trouble. I continued to gather my lost strength, and at the end of six weeks I felt entirely recovered and resumed my work at the shop. I think I took from four to five boxes of the pills and have taken none since."

Mr. McMillen's residence on West Washington street, is more than a mile distant from his shop, but nearly every day he walks the entire distance, morning and evening, and he could not do this if that swelling still existed.

Mr. McMillen has no backwardness in talking of the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



STAMPED ON THE TOE

Remember that no Stocking will wear well or look well that does not fit well.

The SHAWKNIT is the Best-Fitting.

It is the only Stocking that is Knitted to the Shape of the Human Foot.

The Trade-mark Shawknit is stamped on the toe.

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THE LADIES' DELIGHT.

THE "HOLDFAST"

ALUMINUM HAIRPIN.



Pronounced by all using them the Best Hairpin Made. Curved to shape of head and locks in hair, so it Cannot Fall Out. Smoother and lighter than Tortoise Shell or Horn, and many times stronger. Will not split or break; size, 2 3/4 inches, polished or in black. Also 3 3/4 and 4 1/2 inches, with heavy prongs, for braid or bunnet use. Apply to dealers or send 10 Cents for sample of 6 small or one large.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO., Box 10, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Also Makers of STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PIN.

LINE REVERSIBLE COLLARS and CUFFS.

ARE NOT TO BE WASHED.

Made of fine cloth in all styles. When soiled, reverse, wear again, then discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents. They look and fit better than any other kind.

ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM.

If not found at the stores send six cents for sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size. A trial invariably results in continued use.

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THE PEERLESS EGG COOKER.



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THE BUCKEYE RIVETER.



The handiest tool ever made for mending harness, belting, trunks, etc., indispensable for farmers, liverymen, teamsters, etc. Reliable agents wanted. One agent made \$90 first week. Ebony Finish, \$1.50; Nickel, \$2. Address: THE TUSCARAWAN MFG. CO., Canal Dover, O.

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Buy them of your dealer. He has them, or can get them if you insist. Send for our descriptive lamp catalogue. Mention this paper.

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The "Quad" Camera.



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Size of Picture 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches.

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and the careful housewife assures herself that every pie plate and cooking utensil she buys has this trade-mark on the bottom—



It is a guarantee that the utensil is made of "AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE," and contains no arsenic, antimony, lead or other poison. It is safe to cook rhubarb pies in pie-pans, or tomatoes in stew-pans made of this ware. Acidulous vegetables do not affect it. Handsomest, strongest and best wearing. All high-class dealers sell it. Write for our free booklet, containing guarantees of eminent chemists.

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can be fixed to the wall without searching for beams, can be transferred from place to place without defacing the plaster; exceedingly ornamental; superior to any picture nail. Guaranteed to bear 100 pounds weight. Send 10 cents for sample; 50 cents per dozen.

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SPENCERIAN PEN

WRITE WELL WEAR LONG
ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USE

Samples sent on receipt of return postage—2 cents.



ESTABLISHED 18

A Cure For Rheumatism

DR. J. G. CONNER, IONIA, MICH., writes:

Dear Sirs:—An old friend of handed me a couple of small vials of Tartarothine some time ago and I on myself, having suffered from matism for several years. I assured was so pleased with its effects that I cured a full sized bottle, and since it I have been entirely free from matism during the past year. I observed that it is not surpassed by other preparation as a PROMPT EFFICIENT diuretic; besides it is pleasant to a minister. Please send me bottles for use among my patients with Rheumatism.

Pamphlet on the cure of Rheumatism by Tartarothine sent free by

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Sole Agents for

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No trouble to make \$18 a week as quick, you will be surprised at how easy. Send us your address any way. It will be to investigate. Write today. You can positively make \$18 a week easy. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box A-1, 100

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We will mail on application information how to grow hair bald head, stop falling hair, move scalp diseases. Address: Attenheim Medical Dispensary, Dept. N. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio

500 Celebrated "Syracuse" Cycles

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ON DEMAND.
If presented on or before January 1, 1912.
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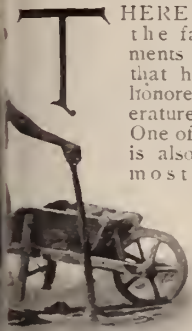
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W. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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AN ORIENTAL LABORER.

under cultivation after the Flood. What implements were employed by the ancients, from the time of Cain, who was "a tiller of the ground" (Gen. 4:4), and succeeding generations, up to the time when the Ark rested upon Ararat, and

HUSBANDMEN OF THE ORIENT.

Their Implements and Methods but Little Changed in Many Centuries—
The Egyptian Plough and that of Other Eastern Lands.

agricultural contrivances, and although the improved modern plough is vastly more efficient than the old, the same principle that was characteristic of the plough of earlier times in the East, is found in the very latest product of our great agricultural implement manufactories, whose output reaches almost every part of the civilized world.

Egypt, the mother of science and invention, claims the honor of being the first nation to use the plough, and it was undoubtedly one of the first countries to be reclaimed after the Flood. What implements were employed by the ancients, from the time of Cain, who was "a tiller of the ground" (Gen. 4:4), and succeeding generations, up to the time when the Ark rested upon Ararat, and

being a cross-bar of wood about five feet in length, and padded at either end where it rested upon the withers of the animals. Ploughs almost identical in construction are seen to day in many parts of India, in Arabia, Persia, Asia Minor (among both Turks and Armenians), and even in China. In Palestine, the plough in common use differs very little from that of Egypt, and both bear evidence of a common origin.

Our photograph shows an Egyptian husbandman at work in the fields. It is the season of ploughing, and the laborer hitches up his ox-team to the quaint wooden plough, almost under the shadow of the pyramids—the oldest of earthly monuments. Along the Nile are many villages like that shown in the illustration—low-lying, flat-roofed huts, largely of mud. An old historian has written: "The river of Nile is the happy genius of the Egyptian soil," and the great fertility of the country along its banks and in the lowlands enclosed by its branches, has brought together a scattered population of agriculturists who dwell in these mud-villages in apparent



Specialty for "The Christian Herald."

A PLOUGHMAN OF THE VALLEY OF THE NILE, EGYPT.

and it is now impossible to determine, although it is not unreasonable to conjecture that, even in those days, a rude form of the plough may have been in use. The ancient Egyptian plough was made wholly of wood, and was of the simplest form. It consisted of a "share," two handles, and a pole or beam, which was inserted into the "stilt," or base of the handles, and was strengthened by a rope con-

contentment, cultivating crops of maize and other grains, besides onions and garlic. Effective missionary work has been done among the dwellers along the Nile by the United Presbyterian Church of America, and also by the Charismatic Missionary Society, the former having stations as far up the Nile Valley as Assuan. Through these efforts, many of the natives have been brought into the Gospel fold.

A black and white portrait of an elderly man with a long, white beard and wild, white hair. He is wearing a dark, heavy coat and holding a long, thin staff or walking stick vertically in front of him. The background is a plain, light color.

Minn. Yes.—W. J. T. F. Russell, K
Jewish book of doctrine. 2. Certainly
scheme for a universal language which
was deemed impracticable. 4. Questio
derstood. 5. Turkey India. Arabia.
Rev. G. A. B. Bedford, Mass. The same
sometimes be used two or more times
word.—W. A. B. Locust Street. Subscri
swore in a recent issue.—Subscri
Michigan. We have not his address.—
dalla, Mo. Her family name is Guelph
husband, Wettin. —Subscriber St. I
The best aid to Bible study is the *Help*
with the International Teacher's Bib
can supply. These *Helps* combine *Har*
cordance, Biblical Gazetteer, and *HF*
in one and are invaluable to the student

NEW YORK'S EARLIEST CHURCH.

Nicholas, within "Fort Amsterdam" and its Offspring—The Dutch Reformed Church in America—A Venerable Denomination and its Progress.



REV. JAS. M. FARRAR, D.D.

of earnest men, gathered in that place and there, under the leadership of the Michaelius, organizing the pioneer church, which was destined, in after years, to exert so great an influence on the religious life of the nation. In 1633, Rev. Everardus had succeeded in gathering a substantial congregation and a plain church building was erected on the banks of the East River, on the site now occupied by No. 33 Pearl street. In 1642 the little colony had so increased that a new church was built of stone with "a roof of split oaken shingles, a tower and a steeple." This edifice known as St. Nicholas Church, accommodated the people for over half a century and was often used



INTERIOR OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM.

meeting-point and a refuge in many an alarm of an attack. Situated within Fort Amsterdam, this stone church forms a prominent feature in the old prints of New York in the early days of Dutch occupation. The historian proceeds:

The early settlers brought with them the Bible, the psalm and two persons called *Xrank bezekers* or *vroeters* (consolers of the sick), viz: Sebastian Groenland and Jan Huyck, who, in the absence of a minister, gathered the people together and read to them passages of the Scripture, suitably arranged for consolation and comfort. But in 1628, the Rev. Jonas Michaelius arrived, and in the summer of that year organized a church which has had continual existence to this day, and is with reason supposed to be the first Protestant church on this continent. In 1664, the colony was surrendered to the British, and New Amsterdam was renamed New York; but this fact did not affect the rights of the church, which under the new government, retained its former privileges. The conquerors required that the people should have worship in their own tongue, and accordingly, the chaplain of the English forces officiated; but he had no proper place in which to celebrate divine service, an arrangement was made by which he could officiate in the "Church in the Fort." After the Dutch had ended their own morning worship, the Church of England minister was read to the Governor and the garrison. This custom continued for more than thirty years. In 1672, churches were organized in 1642, at Fort Oranien (now Albany), and in 1654 one at Flatbush, and another at Brooklyn, L. I. Others were afterwards established along the Hudson River and in the Mohawk Valley, as well as in New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and by 1771, the number had reached seventy. The growth of the denomination was retarded by its dependence upon Holland for ministers, and by the retention of the mother country's public service when English was generally and more freely spoken. Up to 1772, the churches had been under the control of the ecclesiastical authorities in Holland, but in that year the connection severed and the American Church was made independent and self-governed. While the Church accepted the standards, polity and usages derived from Holland, she has always made additions to her ministry or membership from other evangelical bodies. Not a few of her members have become strongly attached to her character and order, and by their loyalty have increased her strength and influence. Her chief characteristics have been and are, her uncompromising adherence to doctrinal truth, insistence upon an educated ministry, unyielding attachment to

her own views of faith and order, and a large charity for all others who hold to Christ, the Head.

Since those early days, the progress of the Dutch Reformed Church in America has been steady and uninterrupted. It is one of the most influential of all the Protestant denominations. At the present time it maintains the following institutions:

Theological Seminaries: 1. At New Brunswick, N. J.; 2. at Holland, Michigan; 3. at Arcot, India. Colleges: Rutgers College (formerly Queen's), at New Brunswick, New Jersey; 2. Hope College, at Holland, Michigan; 3. North-western Classical Academy, at Orange City, Iowa; 4. Pleasant Prairie College, at German Valley, Illinois.

In the year 1655, the First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Brooklyn was regularly organized simultaneously with one at Midwout or Flatbush. Governor Petrus Stuyvesant designated Dominie Polhemus as minister, and the people pledged him a salary of 1040 guilders (\$416.66), a year. The preacher undertook to conduct alternate services at "Midwout, Amerstoort, and Breuckelen," but the people of the latter place demurred, complaining that they had only a fifteen-minute service once every two weeks. A separate church was accordingly organized at Breuckelen, in 1660, with Dominie Henricus Selyns as pastor. The first church there was erected in 1666, in the middle of what is now Fulton street, and the Dutch West India Company presented it with a bell.

During the period from 1666 to 1802, much progress was made and a long line of faithful pastors filled the colonial pulpits. A Second Dutch Reformed Church was built in 1766, and, in 1792, Dominie Schoonmaker delivered the first sermon ever preached there in the English language. The third edifice was erected in 1807 and the fourth in 1833. In 1863, the words "Dutch Prot-



A PIONEER DUTCH CHURCH ON LONG ISLAND.



PULPIT OF FIRST REFORMED CHURCH.

estant" were dropped from the denominational title.

At the present time the largest, most spiritually active and vigorous Reformed Church in Kings County is that on Seventh avenue and Carroll street, Brooklyn, of which Rev. James M. Farrar, D.D., is now pastor. Dr. Farrar was pastor of the Fourth United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, where for six years he conducted a most successful pastorate, before being called to Brooklyn.

He began work in his new field in September, 1890. In eight years the entire character of the membership has changed and almost every Protestant denomination is now represented on "common ground." Broad evangelical methods of Gospel teaching have been introduced and the result has been a wider measure of usefulness than ever before.

Rev. Dr. Farrar is a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1853. He studied at Westminster College in that state and also at Princeton Theological Seminary and was ordained in 1878. His church is a very beehive of Christian activities and its large Sunday School, its societies, circles, fraternities and other auxiliaries, inspired by his example, are full of zeal and energy for the Lord's work.



FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Our photographs of the beautiful building which is now occupied as a Temple of worship by Dr. Farrar's congregation are interesting as showing the architectural progress of the Dutch Reformed Church, since the early days of the denomination. It is one of the grandest religious edifices in the City of Churches, its main auditorium, chapel, organ, memorial windows and general decorations being finished in a style that harmonizes well with the sacred purpose for which the building was designed.



THE SECRET OUT.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: I. Sam. 15: 14.

And Samuel said, What meaneth then this
bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the
lowing of the oxen which I hear?

THE Amalekites thought they had conquered God, and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. For four hundred years this had been going on, and they say, "God either dare not punish us, or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see. Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel, and ass. Hark! I hear the tread of two hundred and ten thousand men, with monstrous Saul at their head, ablaze with armor, his shield dangling at his side, holding in his hand a spear, at the waving of which the great host marched or halted. I see smoke curling against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the whole city rising in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow peal on peal, and there is a death-hush. Then there is a signal waved; swords cut and back; javelins ring on shields; arms fall from trunks, and heads roll into the dust. Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites, and to slay all the beasts in their possession; but Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekite king, and five drove of sheep and a herd of oxen that he cannot bear to kill. Samuel comes and asks Saul the news from the battle. Saul puts on a solemn face, for there is no one who can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite, and he says, "I have fulfilled the command of the Lord." Samuel listens, and he hears the drove of sheep a little way off. Saul had no idea that the prophet's ear would be so acute. Samuel says to Saul, "If you have done as God told you, and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?" Ah, one would have thought that blushes would have consumed the cheek of Saul! No, no! He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—had saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice; and then they thought it would be too bad anyhow to kill Agag, the Amalekite king. Samuel takes the sword and he slashes Agag to pieces; and then he takes the skirt of his coat, in true Oriental style, and reads it in twain, as much as to say, "You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire, and torn away from your throne." In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep but lost a kingdom.

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul pretends he has fulfilled the divine commission by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story, and practicing the deception, the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not, or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, when he prays, and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the light of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterward, as though he had committed

some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance, he prays twenty minutes in public, and when he exhorts, he seems to imply that all the race are sinners, with one exception, his modesty forbidding the stating who that one is. There are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps.

When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has, the more comfortable he will be; but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on being uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the Church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The Church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of more damage to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. Oh, we cannot deceive God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain; he sees everything inside out. A man may, through policy, hide his real character; but God will after awhile tear open the whitened sepulchre and expose the putrefaction. Sunday faces cannot save him; long prayers cannot save him; psalm-singing and church-going cannot save him. God will expose him just as thoroughly as though he branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, amen." "Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When, in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being tremendously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. Standing there, you would think they were ready to go right up into glory, and that nothing kept them down but the weight of their boots and overcoat, when suddenly the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

Oh, my dear friends, let us cultivate simplicity of Christian character! Jesus Christ said, "Unless you become as this little child, you cannot enter the kingdom of God." We may play hypocrite successfully now, but the Lord God will after awhile expose our true character. You must know the incident mentioned in the history of Ottacas, who was asked to kneel in the presence of Randolphus I.; and when before him he refused to do it, but after awhile he agreed to come in private when there was nobody in the king's tent, and then he would kneel down before him and worship; but the servants of the king had arranged it so that by drawing a cord the tent would suddenly drop. Ottacas after a while came in, and supposing he was in entire privacy, knelt before Randolphus. The servants pulled the cord, the tent dropped, and two armies surrounding looked down on Ottacas kneeling before Randolphus. If we are really kneeling to the world while we profess to be lowly subjects of Jesus Christ, the tent has already dropped, and all the hosts of heaven are gazing upon our hypocrisy. God's universe is a very public place, and you cannot hide hypocrisy in it. Going out into a world of delusion and

sham, pretend to be no more than you really are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; profess no more than you have. But I want the world to know that where there is one hypocrite in the Church there are five hundred outside of it, for the reason that the field is larger. There are men in all circles who will bow before you, and who are obsequious in your presence and talk flatteringly, but who all the while in your conversation are digging for bait and angling for imperfections. In your presence they imply that they are everything friendly, but after a while you find they have the fierceness of a catamount, the slyness of a snake, and the spite of a devil. God will expose such. The gun they load will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell will break their own teeth; and at the very moment they think they have been successful in deceiving you and deceiving the world, the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

I learn further from this subject how natural it is to try to put off our sins on other people. Saul was charged with disobeying God. The man says it was not he; he did not save the sheep; the army did it—trying to throw it off on the shoulders of other people. Human nature is the same in all ages. You cannot throw off the responsibility of any sin upon the shoulders of other people.

Here is a young man who says, "I know I am doing wrong, but I have not had any chance. I had a father who despised God and a mother who was a disciple of godless fashion. I am not to blame for my sins—it is my bringing up." Ah no! that young man has been out in the world long enough to see what is right, and to see what is wrong, and in the great day of eternity he cannot throw his sins upon his father or mother, but will have to stand for himself and answer before God. You have had a conscience, you have had a Bible, and the influence of the Holy Spirit. Stand for yourself, or fall for yourself.

Here is a business man. He says, "I know I don't do exactly right in trade, but all the dry-goods men do it, and all the hardware men do this, and I am not responsible." You cannot throw off your sin upon the shoulders of other merchants. God will hold you responsible for what you do, and them responsible for what they do. I want to quote one passage of Scripture for you—I think it is in Proverbs: "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

I learn further from this subject what God meant by extermination. Saul was told to slay all the Amalekites, and the beasts in their possession. He saves Agag, the Amalekite king, and some of the sheep and oxen. God chastises him for it. God likes nothing done by halves. God will not stay in the soul that is half his and half the devil's. There may be more sins in our soul than there were Amalekites. We must kill them. Woe unto us if we spare Agag! Here is a Christian. He says: "I will drive out all the Amalekites of sin from my heart. Here is jealousy—down goes that Amalekite. Here is backbiting—down goes that Amalekite; and what slaughter he makes among his sins, striking right and left! What is that out yonder, lifting up his head? It is Agag—it is worldliness. It is an old sin he cannot bear to strike down. It is a darling transgression he cannot afford to sacrifice. Oh, my brethren, I appeal for entire consecration! Some of the Presbyterians call it the "higher life." The Methodists, I believe, call it "perfection." I do not care what you call it; without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I know men who are living with their soul in perpetual communion with Christ, and day by day are walking within sight of heaven. How do I know? They tell me so. I believe them. They would not lie about it. Why cannot we all have this consecration? Why slay some of the sins in our soul, and leave others to bleat and bellow for our exposure and condemnation? Christ will not stay in the same house with Agag. You must give up Agag, or give up Christ. Jesus says, "All of that heart or none." Saul slew the poorest of the sheep and the meanest of the oxen, and kept some of the finest and the fattest, and there are Christians who have slain the most unpopular of their transgressions, and saved those which are most respectable. It will not do. Eternal war against all the Amalekites; no mercy for Agag.

I learn further from this subject that it

is vain to try to defraud God. He thought he had cheated God out of sheep and oxen; but he lost his crown and lost his empire. You cannot cheat out of a single cent. Here is one who has made ten thousand dollars of fraud. Before he dies every dollar will be gone, or it will give him unrest. Here is a Christian who has been largely prospered. He has given to God the proportion that is in charities and benevolences comes to the reckoning, and he is all away from you. How often have been that Christian men have had estate, and it is gone. The Lord came into the counting-room and said, "I have allowed you to have all the property for ten, fifteen, or twenty years; you have not done justice to your children. When the beggar calls you, you hounded him off you when my suffering children appeal to you for help, you had no mercy. You asked for so much, or so much, did not give it to me, and now I will take it all."

God asks of us one-seventh of us in the way of Sabbath. Do you we can get an hour of that time fully away from its true object? God has demanded one-seventh of time. If you take one hour of that time to be devoted to God's service instead of keeping his Sabbath, the purpose of writing up your sins, or making worldly gains, God will hour from you in some unexpected way. God says to Jonah, "You go to Nineveh. He says, 'No, I won't. I'll go to the sea.' The sea would not carry him; God's sea. The winds would blow him; they are God's winds. Let him attempt to do that which God forbids to do, or to go into a place which tells him not to go, the natural result is that God is against him. The angels are ready to strike him, the sun will burn him, the sun to smite him, the wind to drown him, and the earth to swallow him."

Those whose princely robes are out of heart's strings; those whose houses are built out of skulls; those whose springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations—have they succeeded in cheating God? The last day will expose it—it will be found out on that day that God vindicated not only his justice and his mercy, but his power to take of his own rights and the rights of the Church, and the rights of his own children. Come, ye martyrs, awake! and come up from the dead, where folded darkness hearsed you, the chains like cankers peeled the skin, and wore off the flesh, and gnawed on the marrowless bones. Come, ye martyrs, dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm upturned in mercy fell into the ashes, and the body was drowned in the snapping flame and the howling of the mountains of Piedmont and the valleys of Market, and London Tower, and the lands of Scotland. Gather in the procession, and together clap your hands, and together stamp your feet, and let the chains that bound you clank at once, and give the flames that burned you in one arm of fire, and plead for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept, and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest, until the piercing chain-clank, and the tempest and the thunder-groan, announce, and hell and heaven a judgment! On that day God will vindicate his own and vindicate the cause of the oppressed! It will be that day that though we may have robbed God, we never have succeeded in robbing God.

My Christian friends, as you go into the world, exhibit an open-hearted Christian frankness. Do not be hypocritical in anything; you are never safe. At the most inopportune moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Drive out the last Amalekite of your soul. Have no mercy on your sins. Down with your sins; down with your pride; down with your worldliness; know you cannot achieve this by your own arm, but Almighty grace is sufficient—that which saved Joseph; that which delivered Daniel; that which shielded Shadrach from the fire; that which cheered Paul in the wreck.

A CHURCH ON THE WAVES.

Paul Floating Bethel and its Noble Work for Christ—A Centre of Gospel Activity—How its Work has Expanded.

WO or three minutes walk from the Union Depot in St. Paul, Minn., brings you to the Floating Bethel, a large boat anchored on the Mississippi river. The St. Paul Bethel Association was organized in December, 1872, as a result of several conferences held in St. Paul of the Y. M. C. A., to consider the question of reaching the unchurched. Rev. Robert Smith was elected pastor. He had devoted his time to preaching on the levee, visiting the river and lumber camps, and holding religious services as opportunity offered. Wimbear, Assistant Superintendent

Bethel many are now interested in missions which have been started nearer their homes. The Boys' Brigade, under the direction of Mr. James Smith, numbers seventy members, who meet once a week on the Bethel to drill. When recruited they take a three-fold pledge, promising to abstain from tobacco, intoxicating liquors and profane language. Since its organization, boys who formerly spent their Sundays on the streets or in places of sin, are now attentive scholars in the Bethel Sunday School. It is believed that by thus interesting the boys and teaching them to be quick to think and act and to promptly obey, much good has been accomplished among them. The Christian Endeavor Society numbers twenty-seven members, with Mr. Geo. Engel as leader. They have a fine record and their efforts have resulted in the conversion of many. The Junior League, with the Misses Fletcher as leaders, is also a brave, earnest little band. Temperance meetings are held every Friday evening with good results, many having signed the pledge, while many more have promised to live Christian lives.

The Bethel Industrial School is an other excellent feature of the work. It has a very large attendance, the young girls meeting once a week through the win-

ter months. They are taught to sew and model articles of clothing, and on payment of five cents the article upon which they have worked becomes their own. There is also a sewing day for the mothers, which is carried on in much the same manner, the women being taught to cut and make and remodel clothing.

twice in two for a night's lodging, or a meal. Good wholesome food, and as much as is desired, is furnished. This has been a very successful manner of working, and it has been extended to the unemployed of the city. Over a thousand were thus helped. Lodgings are furnished at ten cents a night or fifty cents a week and meals at seven cents.

More room is needed in all departments of the Bethel as its work broadens. Many thousands more may yet come under its helpful influences.

YOUNG PEOPLE IN COUNCIL.
Two Great Conventions in Session this Week in Toronto and Chattanooga, Tenn.

THIS is celebration week for the young people in two great denominations. On July 15 the Epworth League begins its convention at Toronto and the Baptist Young People's Union begins its convention at Chattanooga, Tenn. In both cases the meetings continue until Sunday, July 18.

The League has grown with marvelous rapidity, and its Convention will undoubtedly show the excellence of its work. Beginning on the lines of its elder sister, the Christian Endeavor Society, it has developed in its operations with the originality and energy peculiar to the Methodist Church. Its philanthropic extension is particularly notable, and has proved, as such work always does, a blessing to those who do it as well as to the beneficiaries. Like the Christian Endeavor Society, the League has also given special attention to foreign missions, and this subject occupies the most prominent place in the programme of the Convention. Besides this, the Departmental work is to have a more conspicuous place than heretofore. Eight conferences are to be held simultaneously on Friday morning in Massey Hall, the chief auditorium. The Theatre of the Normal School, and in six churches to take up the various phases of this work. Each will doubtless attract the delegates who in their home Leagues serve on these respective Committees. The subjects are Spiritual Work, Literary Work, Social Work, Finance, Mercy and Help, Correspondence, the Juniors, and Missions. In each practical papers



GIRLS AT WORK IN BETHEL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.



KIDS OF BETHEL CHILDREN.

of the West-Seaman's Friend came to St. Paul, outlined a plan of work on the river, and as a result of his visit the Bethel was organized.

Fourteen years later, Rev. Robert Smith was elected pastor. He had devoted his time to preaching on the levee, visiting the river and lumber camps, and holding religious services as opportunity offered. Wimbear, Assistant Superintendent



THE ST. PAUL FLOATING BETHEL.

ter months. They are taught to sew and model articles of clothing, and on payment of five cents the article upon which they have worked becomes their own. There is also a sewing day for the mothers, which is carried on in much the same manner, the women being taught to cut and make and remodel clothing.

The Mothers' Afternoon Tea has proved a blessing and a help. Many hundreds of women have come under the influence of good at these gatherings. None are so fallen that the Bethel is closed to them. The invitation to all is "Come!" The meeting is opened at 2:30 p.m., with singing and the Lord's Prayer. This is followed by a practical talk upon some one of the many topics of interest. Short addresses on the duties of motherhood, the training of children, on temperance, and on helpfulness to others, are a few of the topics touched upon at these meetings.

An artesian well supplies water for the Bethel, for baths and a swimming pool, and Wednesday afternoons and Friday evenings the baths are free. At other times the charge is ten cents. As soon as the "Friendly Inn" was opened many of the tramp class flocked to it, expecting to be housed and fed free; but it was deemed unwise to give strong men food and lodging, and it was decided that twenty sticks of maple wood should be sawed

cupies the most prominent place in the programme of the Convention. Besides this, the Departmental work is to have a more conspicuous place than heretofore. Eight conferences are to be held simultaneously on Friday morning in Massey Hall, the chief auditorium. The Theatre of the Normal School, and in six churches to take up the various phases of this work. Each will doubtless attract the delegates who in their home Leagues serve on these respective Committees. The subjects are Spiritual Work, Literary Work, Social Work, Finance, Mercy and Help, Correspondence, the Juniors, and Missions. In each practical papers

The results of Conventions such as these must be as far-reaching as they are beneficial. Young people attending them come in contact with fellow-workers, who are fighting the Lord's battle in their respective neighborhoods, and learn from them how the great war is being prosecuted and gain new inspiration for service in their own fields.

The business of the Convention will include the presentation of the Prize Banners for excellence in the Christian Culture Courses of the Union; the presentation of reports from the officers of the Union and the conferences of State, Provincial and Associational Officers, of Junior Leaders, and of Christian Culture graduates, and the announcement of educational plans for the ensuing year. On Friday and Saturday there will be Sunrise prayer meetings in five churches and on Lookout Mountain, and the whole Convention will conclude with a great mass-meeting at which Rev. C. E. Woelfkin, of Brooklyn, will deliver a Consecration Address, and there will be a Consecration Service with roll-call of States and Provinces.

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A VIEW OF YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul Preaching at Athens.

Sunday School Lesson for July 25. Acts 17: 22-34. Golden Text: John 4: 24.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE brethren from Berea, who had succeeded in saving Paul from the persecuting Jews who had pursued him from Thessalonica, brought him by sea to Athens. This was a soil unlike any other in which he had been sent to sow the seed of the Word. Beautiful, artistic, refined, graceful, cultivated Athens! So sees man! Full of idols! So saw the man of God. The Apostle had sent word to Silas and Timothy to come to him with all speed, and while he waited for them his spirit was stirred within him when he saw, not the exquisite beauty of the statuary, the perfect proportions of the architecture, the perfection of the painting, in form and color, but the stamp of the world and the flesh and the devil upon all that met his eye. A city, the renown of which for learning and art had gone out into the whole of the known world, was in the eyes of Paul,

WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY.

What should Paul do? How attack this fortress of the enemy? He "disputed in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him." At Thessalonica Paul had reasoned with the Jews out of the Scriptures, and a great, deep and lasting work was done in only three days of such ministry. At Berea again it was the word which had been the power of God to convince the Bible-searching Jews and Gentiles in the synagogue. There at Athens no mention is made of the Scriptures, no quotation from them is recorded. Did Paul in some measure come under the power of the intellectual atmosphere in which he was placed, and substitute at Athens disputing and arguing about the truth for the plain unvarnished Word of God which it was his wont to use as his one weapon, his strong sword of the Spirit? Certain it is that the results of his work in Athens were the least remarkable in the whole of his missionary work, and we are led to conclude that this may be accounted for less from the difficulty of the circumstances than from the absence of the Word of God, the entrance of which brings light.

The most cultivated and learned of men are not won to God more easily by learned and cultivated Christians than by those that are simple and untaught. It is the spirit of God who does the work, and he knows how to choose his instruments. He can make use of the power of adaptability which some possess by nature, but the same power, used by man, is powerless to do the work of God. Possibly Paul thought he must meet the Athenians on their own ground. He learned once by the Spirit of God a divine adaptation in the spirit of a servant. (See 1 Cor. 9: 19-23.) Like his Master Paul came down to what he might lift them up. Put in our own case, we do not come down, we meet them on their own level.

In other places Paul had always seen some persons open to Christ before the spiritual darkness, and true proof of his reality was present as evidence of the power of his message. It was not so at Athens. But here, as elsewhere, the Gospel met with stout opposition. Certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. The pride of the heathen temple led Paul always to disputation with those who met him. "What will this fellow say? We heard him remark when he began to preach, that he seemed to be a teacher of strange deities." They brought him before the Court of the Areopagus, and Paul addressed this renowned assembly. It was

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

But it would seem as though, when he

human adaptation, learning against learning, and philosophy against philosophy, characterized his speech: there was something of an appeal to man as man, it was a splendid argument, but it was not so much, as in most of his discourses, the authority of a man sent from God. The Apostle commenced by commenting on the worship of the Athenians, saying that they were "too superstitious." He had noticed among their altars the inscription, "To the unknown God," and taking occasion by this he said, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, I declare unto you." Thus paving the way, he told them of the living God. "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things." It was one of the strongest arguments which could be addressed to human reason. Thousands of missionaries are continually using it. Yet when the heart is not gained, however much the mind may be convinced, the man remains an idolater still. If I acknowledge this true God, says the natural heart, I must bow to him, and it suits me better to have a god who is dependent upon me, on whom I can confer what gifts I will, to whom I can pray when I am in trouble, and whom I can set aside when I will. I cannot have a god who is to be really my master. How do I know it he would treat me well? The superstitious heathen fear their gods, but have no respect for them as being superior to themselves; all their worship is degrading, there is nothing elevating in heathen worship.

Paul went on to say, God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed for their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord." Here is the purpose and vocation of man's life that he should seek the Lord. God has created man with possibilities of intercourse with him. A man who does not seek the Lord is no more than an intelligent animal; the most noble part of his being has not come into play. But how is a heathen to seek the Lord? Paul shows "that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." Instances of this feeling after God, this recognition that there is one true God, and this intense cry after him, have been found by missionaries in many parts of the world in isolated cases among the heathen, showing how the Spirit of God works even among them.

And now Paul, instead of quoting, as was his wont, from the Word of God, quotes from the Greek poets. "For in him we live and move and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring." How likely it would seem to us, would such words be to convince these Greeks; they would see that Paul had been a student, and that he was familiar with their literature; he was not a base fellow, as they had thought. He appealed to them on the principles which they professed to hold; can they remain unconvinced? Alas! for the most part they did. All this human power did not bring them into the presence of God, those strong words of Peter did the Jew, when, on the day of Pentecost, he

had brought up Scripture after Scripture, and then showed the assembled company their guilt in having crucified the Christ. Then men were "pricked to the heart;" now, in Athens, it was otherwise; little heart work was done.

What followed? "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." But no church was founded at Athens. God, however, did not leave his Word without witness. Certain men came unto him believed. One of them was "Dionysius the Areopagite." It was something that one in that august assembly should be on the Lord's side, "and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." The converts were so few that the names of two are mentioned. This was not so elsewhere.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A NEW view of Paul's wonderful personality is presented in the lesson. His behaviour when brought face to face with idolatry in its most cultivated form; and his oration when hurried, without time for preparation, into the presence of the most learned and critical audience of that day, are alike interesting and instructive. Art had reached its highest

Jewish monotheistic doctrine. But there were other opportunities of delivering his message. The market-place in Athens was a common meeting-place where philosophers and teachers were wont to go, to talk in Socratic fashion with the people. Thither Paul went with the statues of the gods around the temples open on every side, with the people he met, doubtless pointing out to them the absurdity of their worship. How long this continued we are not told, but at last his teaching became known to the leading philosophers of the city, Epicureans, who lived for pleasure and self-indulgence, and the Stoics, who professed to despise outward conditions, expected as their highest attainment absorbed after death into an impersonal godhead, were the chief schools of philosophy. To them Paul seemed a babbler—a splitter of hairs, as we say, but he might be worth hearing, perhaps he had stumbled on some new truth. So they courteously invited him to the Areopagus, the chief council city. His address was the mastery of a Christian orator. We have only a line of it in our lesson, but it is consummate tact and skill. We have expected Paul to be out of element in addressing an audience composed of men so different from those whom he usually spoke. It would

have been useless to quote the Jewish Scriptures to an Athenian audience, which had never heard of them, and which have derided him and his teaching. But, taking his text from Cleanthes, one of the Stoic poets, he preached to the God to whom they ascribed divinity, as he reminded them, he built an altar—the altar to the unknown God. His sermon was a new word to preachers of the Gospel. It began as Peter began his sermon at Pentecost and, as all the world knows, Paul's preaching must have been with something the same result. He believed and then he went to higher truths. He believed that man was the image of God, then he went to the father from whom he should not think of himself as an insensate marble, but as a being who might be worshipped an unknown God, and it was he that preached. In this way he avoided the offence of preaching strange gods, which was a capital offence at Athens. By well chosen words he led his hearers to the point of righteousness, judgment by Christ's death. So long as the course dealt with the things they listened, but when he began to show them the accountability they gave offence and the audience broke up. But Dionysius, the Areopagite, and his judges were won to Christ.

considering the dignity of an Areopagite, was no small triumph. In Athens, only one convert, a woman, is mentioned by name, but there were others. Eventually a church was founded, and it became influential and did valuable service to the cause of Christ.

Certain of your own poets have said. It would have been worse than to quote Scripture to the proud Areopagite who despised the Jews and their prophets. Paul enlisted their attention by an authority they did respect. The poet Cleanthes who wrote:

All things that we are greet with praise
It is meet that mortals call with one
For we thine offspring are, and we all
Of all that live and move upon this earth
Receive the gift of imitative speech.

In quoting from these lines Paul showed his heaven-given wisdom, as the how illogical it was for men to think that they had made with their hands.

Certain men came unto him and believed. In the year 125 the church which Paul planted at Athens became a vigorous church. Some of the most noble books on Christianity emanated from members. Tradition says that Paul became the pastor of it and that faithful even to death. His name is among the early martyrs.



RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

SHELTERING INDIA'S STARVING WIDOWS.

Institution Established by Pandita Ramabai Crowded by Widows and Little Girls—
Ramabai's Early Sufferings—Letters from Grateful Missionaries.

EXT to the children, the greatest sufferers by the famine in India have been the widows, whose lot under the most favorable circumstances is always pitiful. Prejudice is strong against their contracting a second marriage, even when, very often happens, their deceased husbands were boys of six or seven years old died before married life began. Early widows cast themselves into the river, which their husbands' bodies were found, believing that only in that way they rejoin them in the next life. So severe was this practice that in the year 1817, when public opinion was stirred up, it is on official record that seven hundred widows thus perished in Bengal. In 1829 the British authorities passed an act by statute, thereby causing a great opposition from the religious fanatics of the people. They persisted, and a further statute provided for the trial of any person assisting or interfering at such a sacrifice of life, on a charge of culpable homicide. Since then the widows have been permitted to live, but their heads are shaven and remain a burden on the hands of their relatives. In time of famine these widows were the first to feel the pinch of poverty. Their lot aroused the sympathy of that noble lady, Pandita Ramabai, who during her education in England won respect and admiration for her many noble efforts to return to her native land and there devote her life to the education of the poor. The number of widows who have applied to her for help during the last few months have been so great that she has received all the help she can give, relying on God to supply the means. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent her a thousand dollars from America, which would do much to relieve her anxieties. On this page we give a portrait of this brave lady with a group of her widows. Two appear in the vignette. Second, the intelligent woman on the left, wearing a white sari, is Ramabai's chief assistant, whose serious and educational work has been most valuable. With her we give also two pictures of "Famine widows." The first is the name, the first as she is, most unclothed, with her head and attenuated body so miserable that she lamented that her death would come after the famine. Then death by fire would have put a speedy end to her sufferings; the other is of the same woman after she had enjoyed a year of Christian care and kindness. Ramabai's work is a kind of transformation, and its beneficence is to the most sceptical. Ramabai was herself a famine child. At the great famine in 1877 she was a child of her teens the youngest and best of her parents who were of the caste. Gradually all their money went for food, the famine prices being then, as now, advanced beyond the

reach of the poor. She saw her father die of starvation; then her mother fell with the fever that comes of hunger and died pitifully pleading for only a morsel of bread. Then her elder sister died of the same awful want and Ramabai and her brother wandered through the country seeking work. Finally they reached Calcutta where the brother obtained employment; but the months of cruel suffering when he and his sister often were unable to get food for four or five days at a time had undermined his constitution and he too died. Ramabai was left alone, but her beauty and still more the learning, which had won her the coveted title of Sarasvati, brought her friends who cared for her. Ultimately she married a Bengali gentleman and for about a year and a half she tasted the sweets of domestic happiness. A baby girl came to bless the union, but sorrow seemed reluctant to relax its grip on the devoted woman. After a brief illness her husband died and again Ramabai had to face the world and support herself and child. Through the kindness of friends she was enabled to go to England, where, for a year or two, she supported herself at a college at Cheltenham by teaching Sanscrit. Then she came to America and spent five years in practical work. Her heart was set on giving relief to the widows among her people, and her pathetic story of their lot won the sympathy of Christian people wherever she went. When she returned to India she took with her sufficient funds to establish the home, the name of which, Sharada Sadan (the abode of wisdom), became dear to many a hopeless widow. Chiefly through American gifts Ramabai has been enabled to carry on this home to the present time. Again the country is passing through the horrors of famine, and Ramabai has, with the sympathy born of bitter experience,

ine. Pandita Ramabai says: "It is impossible for the Government officers alone to look after the little children and to protect the virtue of young women and girls. There is a large field of work for me and for you, if only we undertake to do it. Old people and middle-aged persons and delicate women who are unable to break

T. S. Johnson, of Jubulpur, who has been thirty-five years laboring in India under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Board. In acknowledging its receipt he says: "In all the thirty-five years of my work here I have never seen anything to compare with the present condition. We are right in the very worst part of



TARA, A FAMINE WIDOW, BEFORE RECEPTION.



TARA, AS SHE LEFT RAMABAI'S HOUSE.

twelve baskets of stone, and carry it to the appointed place, and who cannot get their wages at the Relief Camps unless they do so much work every day, need our help. The sad sight of aged men and delicate women stretching forth their sore hands and begging you to help, them, pouring out their sorrows into your ears, and lamenting over their hard fate, while their tearful eyes look straight into yours to find out if there were a particle of sympathy for them, is altogether too much to bear for a person having a heart of flesh.

"Why do not good Christian people in England and America send money to the missionaries in this country, who are so anxious to help the poor people, and are trying hard to do as much as they can for them, but cannot do more for want of means? The great motherly heart of missionary ladies is yearning for the dying children and other poor of the Central Provinces. Let benevolent people send generous donations to them for feeding and caring for the Lord's little ones. Men can do much, but all goodly women must come forward at this time, and care for little children and protect young women whom the Government officials are not able to help and care for. It is woman's work and cannot be left to the officers and their subordinates. My sympathies are excited by the needs of young girl-widows especially, at this time. To let them go to the Relief Camps and Poor Houses, or allow them to wander in the streets and on the highways, means their eternal destruction. I humbly request you to pray for me and mine, that we may be made strong in the Lord, and walk by faith and not by sight."

Rev. Robert W. Der, Presbyterian Missionary at Poonah, to whom we are indebted for the photographs of Pandita Ramabai, and her widows, speaks in the highest terms of her character and work. He has personally witnessed her efforts on behalf of her unhappy sisters, and has seen the results. He says that the training she is giving the poor girls fits them for useful careers, and that many who have heard of Christ through her will become missionaries to their Hindoo sisters whom American and English missionaries could never reach.

At the same time that help was sent to Ramabai, a remittance was sent to Rev.

the famine: the crops in these parts have been almost a failure for four years and great numbers had perished from starvation before it was recognized that we were famine-stricken. In parts of the district the death rate is 626 out of 1,000 for the year, where the average rate is 50 to 1,000 for the year. The distress is beyond description.

"Beside being associated with Relief Committees in general relief work, we are doing what we can to give homes to orphan children. We have provided for several hundred of them; and many hundreds more right around us must be provided for or perish. To provide premises for and to undertake the support of these helpless ones a great financial responsibility must be assumed. Our missionary society is so heavily burdened that it cannot authorize additional expenditure and a great question now facing me—as well as others—is, shall I personally assume this additional responsibility or let the helpless children at my door perish? I have already assumed a great deal and must confess I do not now know what to do. Merciful Father, direct me!"

Bishop Thoburn writes: "I called a large committee of eighteen missionaries in order to get the fullest possible reports and to provide for a wide and careful distribution of the funds. As the famine fluctuates, growing worse in some districts and abating in others, I have called a second meeting for next week in order to revise our basis of distribution and provide for new contingencies which have arisen. The prompt and very generous help sent to India by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been fully appreciated, and I need hardly say it has been most timely. The reports received late last night indicate that the number of starving people receiving relief from Government had increased over 150,000 during the week. We are now watching with intense eagerness for reports of the coming rains, which usually begin in Southern Ceylon about this date, and slowly work their way along the Southwestern coast of India. We cannot hope for any abatement of the famine until these rains begin, but after they fully set in we must wait four months until seed can be sown and the various crops grow to maturity and be harvested. You will thus see that at the very best the situation is still extremely grave."

Col. Ishwa Das, of the Salvation Army, writes: "We have received the remittance of \$500 and thank you for the same. Our command in North India comprises the North-West Provinces and Oudh and the Punjab, and, as you are probably aware, they are the parts of India most affected by the present famine. To see the famine at its worst, it is necessary to go into the valleys, amongst the agricultural classes. This explains why some newspaper reporters and artists come out to India, visit the large cities and see so little of the famine."



PANDITA RAMABAI AND HER CHIEF HELPER—TEN OF RAMABAI'S WIDOWS.

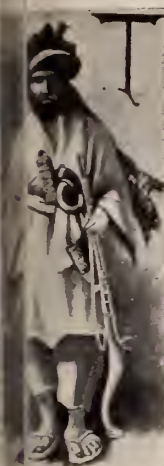
held out her sheltering arms to women and girls who are suffering as she suffered. We are sure that our readers will be glad that a portion of their gifts has gone to so good a woman to help her continue and extend her beneficent work.

Writing of her work in the present fam-

The International Christian Workers' association will conduct a summer assembly of the Bible and practical methods of work, at Mountain Retreat in the mountains of Western North Carolina, a short distance from Asheville, for ten days beginning July 1st. Held several years since, and is a favorite known throughout the South. A section the larger number of delegates will attend the assembly are expected. Rev. Tomkins, Jr. rector Grace Church, D. R. I., is President of the association, other officers are, Rev. David Allen Springfield, Mass.; Charles N. Crittenton, New York; John S. Huxley, of New York; William Chapman, D.D., pastor of Bethany Philadelphia; Weston R. Gales, evangelist, Va., and Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.



SLAIN BY TREACHERY.



WAZIRI WARRIOR.

THE cable brings news of a disaster to a British force in that wild and half-civilized region lying between British India and Afghanistan, which is inhabited by the Waziris. A political officer of the Anglo Indian Government was sent last month into the district to select a site for a new outpost and to collect a fine due for some misconduct on the part of the local government.

He was escorted by native troops with British officers. They were cruelly received by the Waziris and ended at the village of Maidda Khan the chief man, a scribe, spread luncheon for his visitors. The officers, who had just finished a meal, when a number of them opened fire upon them from numerous small towers erected for the protection of the village. So short was the range and so well directed the fire, that six of the officers fell dead as they lay on the other three were severely wounded. The escort of Medani Sikhs was at the same time cut off by about a hundred members of the tribe. One officer and twenty men were slain and twenty others were wounded. The British succeeded in escaping from the village, but were followed by the tribesmen. The Medanis behaved with cowardice. For about four days they continued to retreat into open country, carrying their wounded comrades, their enemies, under cover of the night, poured a galling fire upon them. The Waziris, reinforced as the retreat went on, were about fifteen hundred strong against the little Mohammedan force. The latter would have been crushed if it had not been for help from Datta-khel, where the sound of firing had given warning of the disaster. The appearance of this help encouraged the Waziris; and a detachment, which was coming over to cut off the retreat, returned to firing a shot. The little force and its retreat without further delay, and reached Datta-Khel in the night. The Waziris are a warlike race who have never been brought under subjugation, but operated with equal readiness against the Afghans on the west and the British on the east. Nominally they were under the government of the Amir of Afghanistan, but he had never been able to subdue them, and was in continual dispute with the British on their account. Some time ago he made an arrangement with the Anglo-Indian Government by which he was relieved of responsibility for the unruly Waziris, and the British were to take the charge of them. Probably the Waziris were unaware of the change. We were surprised when, after one of their raids, they were required to make amends. The insignificance of the demand may have misled them as to the power of their enemy and led them to the consequences to be meted out to them for an act of treachery. They

are probably now congratulating themselves on their prowess, little knowing how severe will be their punishment. The situation is plain enough to us to induce a feeling of pity for the men who have thus provoked a power capable of inflicting a terrible punishment. It is so that the Christian regards the reckless and persistent offenders against God. He knows how awful must be the doom of those who defy him and despise his government.

Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as myself: but I will reprove thee. . . . Consider this ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces and there be none to deliver. (Ps 50: 21.)

Finding Egypt's First King.

From M. de Morgan's story in the New York Herald, it would appear that he has found the body of the first king of that first dynasty of Egypt, who reigned about 6000 years ago. M. de Morgan's success in finding the mummies of King Amenemhat II. and Princess Naub-Hatep two years ago, encouraged him to make further search in the neighborhood of Abydos and along the Nile valley between the ancient city and Thebes. His search has been rewarded by the discovery of a tomb which he believes to be older than any yet

have been expended in the preservation of the body by the fact that it remains intact at the close of nearly seven thousand years. The Egyptians thought that immortality depended on such preservation. They had not the better hope which supported the great Apostle and made him indifferent to the disposal of his body.

For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. (1. Cor. 5: 1.)

An Unwelcome Tenant.

A lady who lives a few miles from Binghampton, N. Y., has had an unpleasant experience. She is a maiden lady who takes a great pride in the immaculate cleanliness and tidiness of her home. A few weeks ago she went on a visit to her sister who lives in another town, and locked up her home. Shortly after her departure, a tramp passing, noticed the unoccupied appearance of the house and effected an entrance. He made himself quite at home, built a fire in the kitchen, killed and cooked the lady's chickens, smoked in her parlor, and slept on her best bed. He found plenty of household stores, and there were vegetables and fruit in her garden which he used freely. For two weeks he lived in the house unmolested, dirtying and defiling the rooms and the furniture which were the owner's pride. The whole house reeked with his tobacco smoke, which is the lady's special abomination, and the signs of his foul presence were everywhere to be seen. His stay, however, came to an abrupt end when the lady's brother, calling to see her, found him there and handed him over to the police. The lady was sent for and was

his skill from surgeons all over Europe. We may hope that a youth who has had his life saved by having his heart washed, may have his soul saved by the cleansing of his heart from moral impurities, so that he may enjoy eternal life. This he may have by offering David's prayer:

Create in me a clean heart, O God. (Ps. 51: 10.)

Eophones for Revenue Cutters.

The appropriation by Congress of twelve thousand dollars for supplying revenue cutters with eophones, concedes the practical value of those instruments. The eophone is a sound-catching device, its purpose being the determination with accuracy, in a fog or darkness, of the location of sound, both as to the direction and distance. It is formed of two bell-mouthed receivers, placed one on each side of a sheet of metal or other material, extending some distance in front of the receiver. A tube from the left-hand sound receiver is placed at the left ear of the person operating the eophone, and a tube from the right-hand receiver at the right ear. When the sound is heard with equal plainness in both ears, the instrument is pointing in the direction of the sound; when, however, the sound is heard with greater plainness in one ear than in the other, the instrument is pointing at an angle with the direction of the sound. The sensitiveness possessed by this peculiarity of construction is said to be very remarkable. The instrument is attached to the top of the pilot house, the tubes from the receivers being brought inside the house for use by the pilot. The eophone warns the pilot of the approach of danger and of its location. That is all that is necessary, as he will shape his course to avoid it. Unhappily, so much cannot be said of moral and spiritual dangers. Men do not avoid them, though they know of their existence and have been warned against them.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy. (Prov. 29: 1.)

Asleep at His Post.

A singular escape from accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near Cumberland, Md., recently. A locomotive was in use near some brick-works shifting freight. Two cars, one of which was a caboose and the other laden with lime, were run on to a siding while the locomotive went to bring up other cars to make up a train. While he was attending to his duty the engineer saw, to his consternation, the two cars glide slowly along the siding on to the main line where there is a steep grade. When they reached the grade their speed rapidly increased and they were soon flying at a furious rate toward Cumberland eighteen miles away. The engineer put on all his steam and started in pursuit. He knew there was a flagman in the caboose, so he whistled for brakes, but there was no response. He continued the pursuit until he reached a sharp curve, which the runaway cars passed safely, but the engine was derailed and went some distance ploughing the track before it could be stopped. Happily no one was hurt, and the runaway cars came to an up-grade which brought them to a standstill just outside Cumberland. It was almost the only hour of the day when such an accident could have occurred without involving a deplorable loss of life. As it was, a work-train on the line had been side-tracked only a few minutes before the runaway cars went flying along the track. A subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that the flagman in the caboose had fallen asleep and had not been awakened by the wild ride, or by the whistles of the locomotive. He may be thankful that his nap did not cost him his life and the lives of others. He doubtless thought himself secure when he went to sleep, as many who travel the downward road of sin. They, too, are often unconscious of their peril and heedless of the warnings of those who would save them. There are many who are in need of the Apostle's solemn warning.

Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light. (Eph. 5: 14.)



BANNU, IN WAZIRISTAN, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE.

opened. It was covered deep with the sand of ages, but when that was cleared away a huge quadrangular elevation was laid bare. Prying out one of the huge stones, an opening was disclosed, through which a subterranean passage was reached. M. de Morgan and his party descended a long gloomy tunnel from which galleries turned out at intervals. Pursuing the main tunnel, the walls of which were elaborately carved with figures of fishes, turtles, and birds, they came to a suite of twenty-one large rooms. The central room was evidently the most important. A beautifully carved statue in wood stood at the head of the sarcophagus, representing a man of fine proportions. On the walls were inscriptions and pictures cut deep into the stone, portraying the king's life from the cradle to the grave. The inscriptions on the sarcophagus were in figures much older than any others yet deciphered, and their shape, and especially the lines enclosing the name of the king, which are usually oval, but in this case were square, indicated that the king belonged to the first dynasty. It, as seems probable from the position and grandeur of the chamber, it was the tomb of the founder of the dynasty, the body must be that of Mena, who, according to Manetho, reigned nearly five thousand years before Christ. He reigned sixty-two years and was if we trust the pictures, a king mighty in war and magnificent in peace. We may judge what care must

be almost distracted by the spoliation of her pretty home. Her annoyance can easily be understood, but she will soon restore her house to its former condition. It is not so easy to rid the heart of its bad lodgers and remove the signs of their stay. When evil thoughts and passions take possession of the soul, it is difficult to eject them, and their pollution is too often permanent. They who have once been delivered need to exercise constant care lest they return.

When he cometh he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there. (Luke 11: 25, 26.)

Novel Surgery.

A medical journal publishes the report of an extraordinary surgical operation performed at Parma, Italy. This operation was nothing less than the washing of a patient's heart, removing from it impurities which would in a short time have caused fatal disease. The operating surgeon used a new apparatus, recently invented by Professor Riva. After making the necessary incision, Professor Verdelli first cleaned the pericardium of the patient, a twelve-year-old boy, of the pus which had there accumulated, and then proceeded to wash the heart with a strong solution of borax. The operation was entirely successful. No such operation has ever been attempted before, and the eminent physician has received numerous appreciative communications relating to



HAPPY GUESTS

AT MONT-LAWN.

How the Glorious Fourth was Celebrated at Our Children's Home—"Little No. 6,000."



INDEPENDENCE Day is always a joyous occasion at Mont-Lawn, and this year it was celebrated in truly patriotic fashion. Immediately after breakfast on the "glorious Fourth," the children—considerably over 200 strong—gathered around the Liberty Pole and sang with sturdy enthusiasm, "The Star Spangled Banner," while a beautiful new silk flag, the gift of Dr. Klopsch, was raised, its graceful folds floating out on the breeze that came up from the valley of the Hudson. At ten o'clock, the youngsters assembled in the chapel, where for an hour patriotic exercises were held, consisting of readings, recitations, and the singing of patriotic songs. Then came the distribution of firecrackers to the boys and torpedoes to the girls, and the rest of the forenoon was an uninterrupted carnival of pleasure for the children. At noon a special dessert of good things was served in honor of the day, and the afternoon was devoted to games, which occupied the hours pleasantly till the early evening meal. This was supplemented by a dish of delicious ice-cream for every one of the children, and then, with the approaching dusk, came the great event of the day, to which the little folks had been looking forward with eager anticipation for over a week past—the fine display of fireworks which Dr. Klopsch provides for the Home children every Fourth of July. This year the show was especially brilliant, with a number of combination exhibition pieces, including the "Fire Fly Dart," "The Peacock's Fan," "The Merry Frolic," and a dazzling assortment of pin-wheels, colored sky-rockets, roman candles, mines, bouquets of flowers, and vari-colored lights. There were many exclamations of wonder and delight as the Mont-Lawn heights and the entire valley down to the river, were illuminated by the alternate glow of green, red, blue, yellow and white. Several hundred spectators witnessed the exhibition, a number being guests who had come to the Home during the early evening, while others were residents of the surrounding country, who had been attracted by the pyrotechnic show. By one o'clock the last firework had been exploded, the visitors had gone, some in carriages, some on foot, and the peaceful calm of a summer night prevailed. In the moonlight, the tired but happy children, having had their good night prayer, were snugly tucked in between cool, white sheets, and all were soon fast asleep and dreaming over again in their dreams the pleasures of the day.

There are wonderful possibilities for the artist or photographer at Mont-Lawn. The groups of merry children at their sports, racing over the grass, swimming or picking wild flowers; the juvenile procession as it forms on the lawn and marches to the little chapel for the ritual of the drum; the "trooping of the colors," a pretty semi-military manoeuvre in which both boys and girls join, on their way to the big tent, all carrying American flags and shouting "Old Glory" as they file past the flag pole—these are scenes worth the

highest art of the painter. But what camera or brush can reproduce the sparkle that dances in the eyes of the children, the sweet cadence of their voices in hymn and song, the pealing laughter such as one cannot hear in city alleys, but which wells up naturally to the lips of even the children of the slums when they are amid green woods and flowery lanes? If the patrons who contribute to the support of the Home could but see the children to



AT THE SWINGS.

whom they have given such a pleasant holiday—little waifs like Johnny M—the hunchback, and wee, lame, barefooted and ragged tots, who are simply wild with delight every waking hour of the long summer day—they would utter a prayer of thankfulness as they recalled the Divine words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye did it unto Me."

Among the arrivals at the Home during the week was one who had the distinction of being the six thousandth child received at Mont-Lawn since the Home first opened in 1894. Little Rachel K. is a sweet and gentle child, pleasing in disposition and with a bright intelligent face. She is not yet thirteen, but her heart has already been given to Christ. She declares with childish determination that she means to be a missionary and work for the Master. Rachel, who is the eldest of a family of six poor tenement children, is a prime favorite with all at the Home.

During the last two weeks, the intensely hot weather has caused much sickness among the poor tenement children of the city. Scorching sidewalks, oven like alleys and close courts are not conducive to either health or happiness, and the little ones are more the victims of such conditions than the adults. Their poor,

weakly bodies, and their wan, pinched faces, must touch the heart of anyone who visits in a tenement quarter at this season of the year. To save the lives of as many of these little ones as possible, and to give them a brief season of happiness such as only a few of them have ever known, is but a part of the mission of our Fresh-Air Fund. At Mont-Lawn the children are in a Christian home, where, in addition to grand physical advantages and healthful recreation, they are taught to understand simple spiritual truths; and the seed of true religion thus prayerfully sown, influences the whole life and character afterward.

We trust, with the aid of our readers, to be able to send a large number of needy tenement waifs to Mont-Lawn this year and with that object in view we invite all who have the cause of the helpless little ones at heart to contribute as liberally as possible. All gifts will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Drawn by a Mother's Prayers.

In a well-known church (so the pastor relates) a new convert lately came to confer with the session, and he was asked



LITTLE JOHNNY M., THE HUNCHBACK.

(Who had never seen the country till he went to Mont-Lawn.)

what sermons were the special means of his awakening. He answered very simply that his change was not due to any sermons or recent means, but to his mother. She had been in her grave more than forty years. She had died in the bloom of her beauty and maternity when he was a boy of six. But, he explained, she was a Christian woman, and she had begun, when he was a mere child, to instruct her eldest born in the truth. It was the power of those teachings over his infant mind, and especially of the dying scene, which were the instruments for bringing him back to God. When this young mother was about to die, she had gathered her little flock at her bed-side,

she laid her dying hand upon his head, and had charged him, her first-born, his mother's God and remembered instructions. That hand had been laid ever since, through the long years of his worldliness; he had felt it always, and it was this which brought him back to God.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

BURSTING from the school of Trooping, crowding, big and small. On the threshold, in the hall, Joining in the constant cry Ever as the days go by—

"Where's mother,"

From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again From the boy with sparkling eyes, Pleading home his earliest prize; From the bronzed and bearded Perils past and honors won—

"Where's mother"

Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace, Let us love her while we may, Well for us that we can say—

"Where's mother"

Scrap Books for Children.

THERE are times, in every home, when the little folks, grown weary of their playthings, doors and out, cast about for some new amusement. These hours when the thoughtful mother draw the youngsters to herself a pair of old scissors, some picture old illustrated papers, and several of good stout manila paper, show how they may compile such a book as will afford many hours of Mary J. Strayer, in *The Home Companion*, gives a few simple rules for the making of a child's scrap book. She says:

"A shoe box will serve nicely as a receptacle for the pictures. Now, cut a tablet of the heavy paper, if possible, six inches in length by six in width. Then, fold the leaves and fold them in pairs. Sew these inside a strong paper cover cut the same size. Buy little books containing ten pages each, made, and if sewn with bright colored or worsted, are made still more attractive. Supply the child with smooth paper, a small brush, and teach him to paste neatly. Show him the importance of placing the picture straight, and in the middle of the page. He will learn a lot more about playing the

thing else, than he will from his first book be 'Decorative Book.' Decorative cover to (rather than it under reaction) the name of that of in ink. A him to his tale judgment lecting the est and is tective ions, tall over as pasted afterward may in many lessons. 'Work may be pictures children in any oc

Naturally follows 'Book' and valuable in importance of quiet. An 'Exercise' may also be made. The time the little work become quite profitable. Let him illustrating the three kingdoms, him with an old geography or two occupations of men, queer people, babies, odd vehicles, bridges, etc. visits a menagerie or show, he has a book containing pictures of a saw. These cannot fail to please



WEE FLOWER-GATHERERS.

TRUE WORSHIP.

Worship Acceptable to God and Beneficial to the Worshiper.

Nothing is more remarkable in the history of religion than the tendency to artificiality and the mechanical. It appears through the ages like the action of a powerful spring, or the gravity of a heavy stone. Prophet after prophet uttered his denunciation of it, yet no man was his voice silent in death, than the people turned from heart religion to creeds and rites and ceremonies. Orthodoxy was held in higher esteem than sincerity. The stamp on the face of more importance than the metal. If the man observed forms, was regular in attendance at worship, if he could use the current phrases of theology correctly, was in his opinions, and especially if his sermons were punctuated, his place was secure in the roll of religious men. He inquired as to his private life, his domestic life, and his personal purity was important. Christ found these conditions and came and pronounced woe upon them. He set no limits to his denunciations. The men who were in the high places were whitened sepulchres, beautiful but full of death and corruption. Their long prayers, their endless fasts, their ostentatious almsgiving were disgusting to him, and he who had only a heart of tenderness and affectionate solicitude for the open sinner who repented, had only a withering scorn for these sinners who concealed their wickedness beneath the cloak of punctilious observance. He did the same work in his day, and vicious men trying to compound with God, by offering him the mass and the sacrament instead of the clean life and a pure heart. Wesley and Whitehead took up the burden; and in our day, the same teaching has to be given from many a pulpit. In spite of reiterated warnings, there are multitudes who with incurable perversity misinterpret the service God requires of his people. It is not long since a traveler in Tyrol found bandits who lived by robbery and murder, yet were very particular not to eat meat on Fridays. Among these there are many whose hopes for a better life are based on the fact that the priest has sprinkled them and some who have confirmed them, or that they have been baptised by trine immersion, backward or forward movement, or that they have kept the seventh day instead of the first day of the Sabbath, or that years ago, they have passed through an agony of contrition at the altar, and found peace. To suffer, or to suffer, is always easier than to do right. Opinion and orthodoxy and observance are so much less costly than character. Men could be saved by attending to ecclesiastical building where "divine service" is performed, no one need be troubled to go through prescribed forms and take part in ancient, time-honored ceremonies may be conducive to right living, and no one should utter a word against them. Christ had nothing to say against prayer, or fasting, or almsgiving, but if he supposed that merit was to be gained by them, or that God would accept of them in the place of heart-religion, they were making a fatal mistake. In the passage referred to for the topic (Matt. 6: 1-15), Jesus referred to a class which left God out of their consideration entirely in their observances. They did them to be seen of men. In some of our fashionable churches and in some that are unfashionable the same class may be seen now. As he said almost scornfully, "they seek their reward." They are seen of men and are respected for their piety; they have the thing they sought and nothing more. The thing they were supposed to be seeking—the approval of God, they forgot. We realize the fact in our lives in the family and the home. The father would be satisfied with a son who said words were respectful and who obeyed the rules of the household, if there was no love in his heart and if his life was not pure and his disposition coarse and unkind. How much more is character essential when we approach One, to whose thoughts and intents of the heart are laid open! The service of the lips alone without the service of heart and life can never satisfy God.



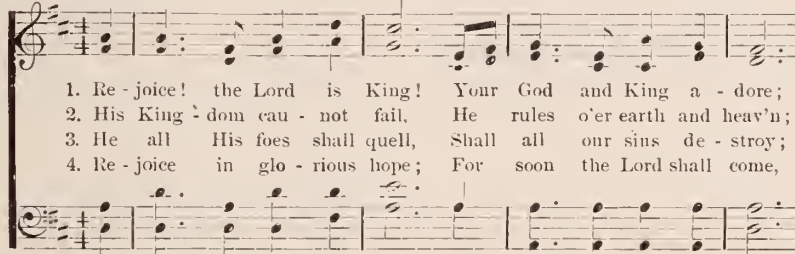
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Rejoice! the Lord is King!

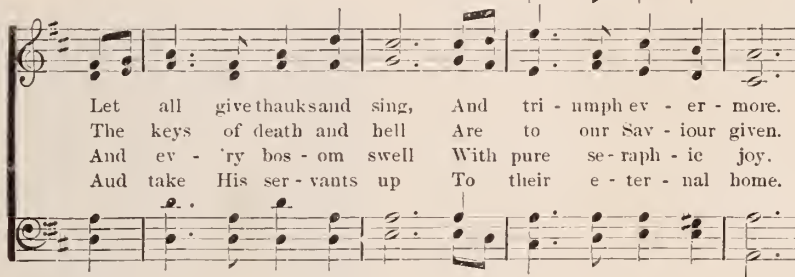
C. WESLEY.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

J. H. BURKE.

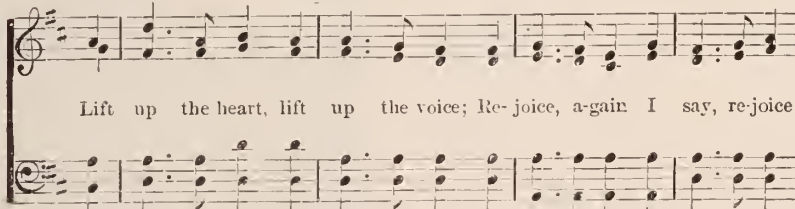


1. Re-joice! the Lord is King! Your God and King a-dore;
2. His King-dom can-not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
3. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de-stroy;
4. Re-joice in glo-rious hope; For soon the Lord shall come,

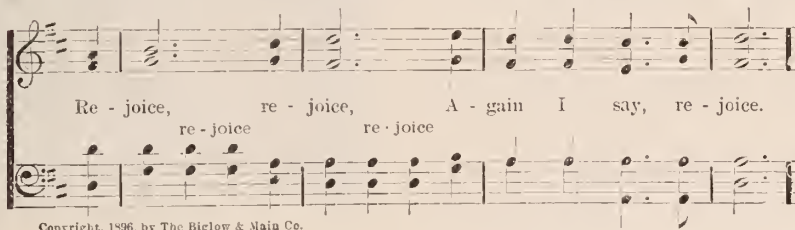


Let all give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev-er more.
The keys of death and hell Are to our Sav-iour given.
And ev-ry bos-om swell With pure se-raph-ic joy.
And take His ser-vants up To their e-ter-nal home.

REFRAIN.



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice; Re-joice, a-gain I say, re-joice;



Re-joice, re-joice, A-gain I say, re-joice.
re-joice re-joice

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

MY TRYST.

"O that I knew where I might find him."

FAITHFULLY keep my tryst with God,
And softly steal up the stair,
And ponder a page of the blessed Word,
And cast at his feet my care.

I seek the place where the faithful few
Are gathered for praise and prayer,
No voice from heaven, no cloven tongue,
Yet the Lord himself is there.

I set apart his holy day,
Barring out the great world's din;
And the Lord fulfils his promises,
The opened door entering in.

For my heart cries out for thee, O God,
And I long for the living bread;
For the seed thou didst sow in my stony heart,
Is a growing thing, not dead.

So I see my God in moon and star,
He shines on me through the day;
I hear his voice in the passing wind,
And the waves that plash in the bay.

I see my God in my daily lot,
As I follow the path he trod.
To live and love reveals his face,
For life and love are God.

—MRS. MARY W. BOARDMAN.

SEEK THE LORD.

SEEK the Lord while he is near thee,
Seek him while he may be found,
Seek the Lord while he will hear thee,
Let his grace to you abound.

Seek the Lord, O, early seek him,
Now his loving call obey;
He bestows abundant pardon—
Seek the Lord to-day—to-day.

Seek the blessings of salvation,
And you shall not seek in vain,
'Twas for you from earth's foundation
Christ, the Lamb, for you was slain.
Seek the Lord, your sin confessing,
Seek the path the Saviour trod,
Seek the Lord and know the blessing
Of a soul at peace with God.
Seek the Lord—O, now believe him—
Seek the way to heaven above;
Seek the Lord, no longer grieve him,
Do not slight his dying love.

—MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

FAINT not, the miles to heaven are few,
Short is the onward way,
Until we reach the bound of life
At close of earthly day.
Many the weary heads that lie
Upon the Saviour's breast,
But there is room for all who come,
For yours, among the rest.
Beloved, when you reach life's end,
Death's valley dark to sight,
You'll find the shadows flee away—
At eventide 'tis light.
"A light that ne'er on sea or land"
Shone with its pure sweet ray,
Fills all the vale with wondrous charm,
The dawn of heavenly day.
The Saviour's face, Death's waters gilds
With—His own glory bright,
It is the shining there because
The Lord himself is light.
No night shall follow this sweet morn,
There shall be no more pain,
No aching heart—earth's notes of woe
Lost in joy's long refrain.
—PHILIP A. HOLDER.

Our Closing Dispensation.

Indications in Scripture that this is the Last Age, and that it is Nearing its Close.

BY REV. FRANK WHITE.

Considering this subject I have taken the term dispensation in its popular or true sense, yet not excluding its more Scriptural use of economy, or a particular form of the divine administration, ordered with a view to the fulfilment of his purpose "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, to whom be glory forever."

The Jews divided all time into "this age" and "that which is to come," the advent of their Messiah marking the transition from the one to the other. This twofold division is expressly sanctioned by the Scriptures. Both our Lord and his Apostles observe the same distinction. (Luke 18: 29, 30.) "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife or children for the Kingdom of God's sake, but he shall receive manifold more in this present time and in the world [age] to come life everlasting." (In Eph. 1: 20, 21.) The Apostle Paul speaks of Christ as "raised from the dead and set at God's right hand in the heavenly place, far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named, not only in this world [age] but also in that which is to come."

So in Titus 3: 1, 2: "For the Grace of God, that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world [age]."

This last Scripture is one of the very many which determine the future limits of the present dispensation. It is in harmony with the Jewish belief that the conclusion of this age and the commencement of the age to come are inseparable from our Lord's revelation in glory. It also shows that no intermediate object of hope is presented to a suffering and expectant Church.

Our honored brother, Dr. Saphir, compared the several periods preceding Messiah's advent to so many bridges under which the stream of time ran to finally meet in the fair Millennial Waters. Within the span of this bridge are several successive arches, each complete in itself. The first arch extends from Adam to the flood. The second arch, from the flood to the call of Abraham. The third arch, from Abraham to Moses. The fourth arch, from Moses to Christ. The fifth arch, from Christ to the first Resurrection, and the time when he shall come to be glorified of his saints, and admired of all of them that believe.

We are living under the last arch, widened, may I so say, by Israel's rejection of Messiah. On us "the end of the ages"—and may we not say the end of the end of ages are come—not only the last days, but the last hours of these last days. We say this, not from chronological comparisons but because of the rapid development of significant events, and the presence, so strongly marked, of those moral features, which from the word of inspiration, we are told, must characterize the time of the very end.

In the last days, perilous, difficult, embarrassing, times shall come, says the Apostle Paul; and then follows a description of these times—and a fearful picture it is. But study it, look not only at its general outlines, but its minutest details and then say, Is not the professing Christianity of our day surely, rapidly, developing into its exact likeness? The increasing spirit of opposition to a distinctive Christianity—the systematic substitution of a lie for every precious Gospel truth, betokens the time of the end and the hour of the manifestation of that wicked one whom the Lord shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.

Equally express is the teaching of II. Thess. 1: 1, a portion full of consolation to afflicted and persecuted saints; for it reveals, as their ultimate portion, rest, sweet rest—rest in the sense of complete exemption from tribulation and suffering. But when? That is the question. Mark the answer: "Rest with us when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven [not sooner, not later] with his mighty angels in flaming fire."

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A STORY OF THE BROADER CHRIST-LIFE

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHAPTER XVI Concluded
Thy Kingdom Come.

BY

AMELIA E. BARR.



FORTUNATELY there were late photographs of Steve, and John gave these to men who were familiar with the country, and lavished gold in searching every foot of ground in the city and in the adjacent towns and villages. Nothing came of the quest, and finally John was compelled to return home. Still he would not give up hope. He reminded Jessie of Steve's erratic impulses to seclusion, and of that habit he had of sinking his identity in some workmanlike disguise; and he thought it probable that he had done so, in order to visit his old friends, and that while in this condition, he had fallen sick in some out of the way place, unable to communicate with his friends.

But even this hope died as weeks and months went by, and no word or token came from the lost man. Jessie utterly succumbed to the long strain of suspense and despair. She lay prostrate and speechless, while forgotten days and forgotten opportunities of loving-kindness called to her in sad remorseful repenting. Oh, if just once more, she could hear Steve's strong, rapid step coming towards her! If just once more, she could see him open the door, and look at her with his smile so full of love and truth! Only once! Only once, that she might tell him how dearly she loved, how sorry she was that she had ever grieved, or under-valued him! For now bygone hours tortured her. They showed her what they had expected from her, and what they would have given her. And it was too late! Steve's face, as she had often seen it, with a longing disappointed look, haunted her desolate heart. He would come back no more. She had deceived his hopes so often, and now death, in some form or other, had taken him away forever! She recalled times when she might have made him so happy, and she had doled him out the poorest kind of compensation. She remembered times when she had profited by his generosity, only to protect her own selfishness. He had loved her, and she had wounded him cruelly. Twice she had made him weep. Certain words she had said, certain looks she had given, secret forgotten unkindnesses, all at once became alive, and all said to her "Too late! Too late!" Alas! the irreparable has this magic freshness, and the soul compelled to remember the love it has wasted and wounded, suffers from such refinements of tenderness, real heart-rending. One hour! Jessie prayed for. One hour, of the many hours, in which she had made Steve unhappy. Only one hour, to tell him how sorry she was, to ask his forgiveness, and kiss her pardon from his lips. No! No! Neither to-day, nor tomorrow, nor throughout eternity, would she find one of the many hours she had spent in making miserable the heart that loved her so truly and so unselfishly.

Thus full of wretched remorse and anxiety, the months went by, and it was again spring. Then one day, a dark, rough-looking man entered John's office. He sat down in a chair opposite him, and looking calmly into John's face, said:

"I was with him to the end. I saw everything. I heard the last words he spoke."

"You mean Mr. Lloyd?" asked John, looking at his visitor with sorrowful fear.

"I mean the man I called Steve. He called himself Steve—Sandy McLaurin, of San Francisco, told me you wanted to find him. Well, you can't find him, and I am glad of it. He is far beyond the law and the lawyers. He is at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, and he is better there than in your cities and more. I wouldn't believe Steve ever did anything wrong, not if you swore yourself black and blue over it."

"Stop, my friend!"

"I am Steve's friend, not yours."

"I am Steve's friend. I am also his brother."

"Oh! that's it!"

"If you believe that Steve Lloyd is wanted for anything but love and honor, you are much mistaken. And if you are telling me that Steve is dead, thinking to lead me on a wrong scent, let me tell you, it is a great cruelty. His mother and wife and sister and children and I, myself, still keep a hope of his return. Do not for God's sake kill that hope, unless you have sure and certain knowledge of his death."

"I have."

"What is it?"

"I saw him die."

"Where? How?"

"I'll tell you. I met Steve when I was second engineer on the *Alaska*. We were mates and friends and I loved him. Who could help loving him? I don't take to people in general, but I took to Steve, and I loved him. It is no matter to you what fortune took me to 'Frisco, but I was there looking for a job, when one morning I saw Steve on the street, and he was so bright and handsome that I could not help but say, 'God bless you, Steve! I'm out of luck and very shabby, and you needn't speak to me; but I am glad to see you looking like the gentleman you are and always were.' Well sir, if I'd been the richest man and the greatest man in the world, Steve couldn't have been more set up to meet me. He asked me where I was staying, and I said at Sandy McLaurin's, and he said, well then he'd stay there, too. We talked a bit, and then agreed to meet at Sandy's for supper at six o'clock, and I never thought for a moment that he was going to quit the first hotel in the place to come to me."

"Stay. Do you remember the date of this meeting?"

"To be sure. It was on May the sixth of last year."

"Yes," said John, sadly: "the proprietor told me that he paid his bill on the afternoon of the sixth, and said he would come for his trunks later."

"Well sir, he intended to do so, no doubt; but just after I left Steve, the captain of a coast steamer stopped me, and asked if I would run his engines down the water about thirty miles the next day. He was going to take a party of women and children on a picnic to some big orange grove. I said I would go and I begged Steve to come with me; and I begged him so hard that he finally consented, though I could see he didn't want to go. And he told me he intended taking the ten o'clock train at night for the East, but I assured him we would be back by eight at the latest, and so he would have two hours to come and go on. He thought it would be enough and so went with me."

"Do you remember the name of the place?"

"San Justa, but it is nothing of a place, only some big gardens and a grove and a few houses. All went well enough, the women had tea-parties under the trees, and the children ate fruit and danced and played; but the captain spent the day in a drinking house, and when he came aboard he was reckless and quarrelsome. There was a full moon though, and it was light as day, yet I felt in myself that something was going to happen. I told Steve so, and asked him to keep the captain in sight. Half an hour afterwards, a big steamer struck us, and went straight ahead."

"But she stopped to see what damage she had done?"

"No, she didn't, and I can't blame her much. She was badly hurt herself, and our captain gave her such blaspheming ill-words as were not fit to get help with; and very likely they thought, if we needed help, we would have found decent language to say so. Any way, we were left alone, and I knew what was coming. I went on deck, and the first thing I saw was the cowardly captain and crew putting off in a boat, and Steve standing by

the gunwale, with an iron bar in his hand, threatening to brain any man who got into a boat, while there was a woman or a child to save. I saw him standing on the sloping deck of the fast-sinking ship, helping them into the boats, while the water rose to his knees—and higher—and higher—but he got every woman and child safely off; and he went down with a blessing on his lips."

Both men were weeping, and John could not utter a word. The stranger continued, "I had stood by him and helped him all I could, and he saw me in the water just as he was sinking, and he called out: 'Good bye, David! God help, and save, and bless'—that is all. But it is enough to comfort you I hope." Then seeing John take out his check book, he added, "Stop that. I heard about the reward, but I wouldn't touch a penny for nothing in the world."

"Take your expenses at any rate."

"I will not. I was coming to New York on my own affairs. While Steve was living I would have done anything for him heart and hands could do free and welcome. It isn't likely I'll pocket money for a kindness to the dead. What do you take me for? I am sorry enough for those who loved him, but he died a good death. No man could die better than Steve did. Tell them that; and good bye, sir!"

Then John sat still with his eyes covered, but seeing the whole tragedy. He understood the situation, the strong arm which would work miracles of salvation, the kind encouragement to the weak, the sunny trust that at the last moment could pray for help for another rather than for himself;—and he could weep no longer. He thought of his friend as knocking all his life long at a door not opened—longing and wistfully watching—and then suddenly—a door opened into heaven, and a Voice heard saying, "Come up hither." No, he could not weep for Steve. The long yearning of his heart for freedom was stilled. His soul had slipped the bonds of its incarnation. Steve was forever among the Freedmen of God.

So the agony of the long waiting was at last over. The grief not sure was now certain. And in spite of his grief he found grace to say, "Thank God for a death so noble." It was best now, that all who loved Steve should know the truth. He went out at once to Jessie's home and found Mrs. Lloyd and Alice sitting with her. She had not been expecting John, and the moment he entered she divined the news he brought.

"What is it, John?" she asked in a whisper. "Is Steve dead?"

"Steve is alive forever!"

Then sitting down by the three women, and mingling his tears with theirs, John told the story of Steve's heroic death. "He gave his life a ransom for many lives, for the helpless women and children who would have been left to perish if Steve had not stood at the sinking gunwale for them. There is nothing to weep for in such a death," and yet John bowed his head and wept bitterly.

Then a marvellous thing took place. Jessie, who had been prostrate in a silent despair for weeks, suddenly rose to her feet, and with clasped hands and uplifted

(Continued on next page.)

Troublesome Pimples

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from preceding page.)

a rapture of rejoicing, gave God for Steve's glorious discharge from sorrows of mortality. "I can weep no more. There is a better way before me," she cried, stretching out her arms to him. "Show me how to stand in his place. You know what good he planned. I will carry them out toward. I consecrate my life to this man. As Steve's wife, I too often as Steve's widow I will pay to the Lord as long as I live, the debt of love I owe him. Steve, I know, has left me all his money. I give with all my heart the dollars of it as a thank-offering for the love he gave, and for the fact that he has taken away—blessed be the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" were his joys and triumphs for those moments. With heart crushed, and on the borders of despair, Jessie found it to say, "Thy will be done," and in the moment the song of the redeemed in the Lord made her glad, keeping she turned to work, from the thought of herself and her own sorrow to the thought of others, and the sorrows of the world.

In as far as she took Steve's labors on the King's Highway, she gave with a hand; and not money, but time, influence and all her charities, as she had of before. Her day—like an ever stream among the shadows—from her tired hands—hardly giving for their own nameless, little trials of wife and motherhood.

First she worked for the thought of her soul; but she rose higher, to the thought of God; and sometimes disdained, when every errand drags, the thought of God steadies her heart.

Her strength was helped by Mrs. Grund Alice, who with her right hand left, the three are constantly preparing the way for the Lord, and lifting the gates of holiness that the King may come in, and fill the whole with righteousness, and peace, and joy.

"Good day is coming! Coming in the face of all oppositions and discouragements. The work Steve and John began is going on steadily forward. The nations soon became too little for its scope, and Mrs. Lloyd and Alice and others have added to the fund. The gates of sin are being broken down, through places of suffering smoothed and edged over; and the day of the Lord is at hand! John knows it, and he wears no weary nor falters in well-doing, inspires him, and humanity inspires him; and if his heart ever fails him for a moment, he has but to cast his eyes upward and around. For all around—over the earth and on the lintels of the door, the seal of their work, and on the pages of every paper, is the grand picture of Steve chose for it: "Thy Will Be Done." It is even carved on the line of the exquisite portrait of Steve which Mrs. Lloyd has given to the charities he founded; and it is but to gaze on that radiant face and virtue from it. Often he whispers the words before it:

"You have been a pillar of fire, still I can hear you say, 'Be strong, be strong, and again, be strong.' Be, kind soul, by what shore tarriest thou?"

In some far shining sphere Conscious or not of the past— Still thou performest the Word Of the Spirit in whom thou didst live."

And to this joyful certainty, all who love Steve still work, having in their hearts a sure and certain hope that he "in some far shining sphere" is working with them in the great end towards which all creation travaileth together—

Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth, as it is in Heaven.

THE END.

A Jewish Massacre Feared.

A recent cable dispatch from Teheran, the Persian capital, brings the startling rumor that the Mollahs, or Persian Mohammedan priests, are urging a general warfare on the Hebrews in the Shah's dominions. "Sayid Rayhan Allah (the Mollah) has planned the extermination of all the Hebrews in Persia," the news declares. "He has summoned the chief rabbi and informed him that Hebrews must accept the Mohammedan faith or he will do all that he can to oppress and exterminate them." The dispatch adds:

"He has formulated a series of restrictions, directing that every Hebrew must have all his hair cut off, must never ride an animal throughout the city, must wear European dress, and must wear a mark to distinguish him from the Mohammedan. Hebrew women



PERSIAN MOLLAHS OR PRIESTS.

must veil. A Hebrew must not build a house higher than his Mohammedan neighbor, and the entrance to the house must be distinguished from the Moslems'. He is not to come out of his house on a rainy day, and is not to touch certain food. When a Hebrew dies any relative who is a convert to Mohammedanism may possess all his property. A Hebrew who, having once accepted Islam, renounces it, will be put to death.

"Fanatical Moslems attacked the Hebrew quarter on May 9, and pillaged the houses, dragged every Hebrew inmate out and brutally beat them, and cut off their hair, and put red patches on their clothes. Many Hebrews have accepted the offer of Islam in order to save their lives. Hebrews cannot leave their houses, and Hebrew women have been assaulted and their houses plundered. A final attack for the extermination of all the Hebrews is feared.

"The Hebrew quarter is guarded by soldiers, but the persecution is so terrible that it is almost beyond the power of the government to protect. The situation is so grave that the Shah has abandoned his intention of going to Europe. The government has ordered a mark, with the word 'Moosaih' (a follower of Moses, a Hebrew), to be written on it, to be worn by every Hebrew to distinguish him from a Moslem."

The Mollahs are expounders of both civil and criminal laws and of the religion of the state. Under them are the cadis or judges. The "sadr" or chief of the Mollahs, is a sort of Mohammedan pope, and if he should be disposed to heed the clamor of the fanatics, the worst fears of the Hebrews may be realized. Persia has been tolerant to its subjects in matters of religion of late years, and the new complexion of affairs may indicate a serious change of policy throughout the empire.

A Famous Hymn Recalled.

Quite recently a writer in an English publication called attention to the fact that Toplady, the author of the world-famed hymn, "Rock of Ages," became editor of *The Gospel Magazine*, in 1775, and that the hymn appeared in its pages in March 1776 under the expressive title: "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." It was the favorite of the late Prince Albert, and Mr. Gladstone has exercised in connection with it his powers as a translator. Replying to a query as to where Toplady got the expression "Rock of Ages," the Rev. J. Noyes writes that he must have taken it from Isaiah 26: 4 (see the margin A. V.).

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Men Professed Conversion 3,474
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House 40,768
Meals Served in Restaurant 588,321
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Number of Men and Boys for whom Employment was Secured 933

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

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Friend, Soudan.....	1.00
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Grace A Graham.....	5.00
Mrs Amoret Lewis.....	1.00
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Two friends, Nichols, N.Y.....	2.00
The Lord's money, Dudley, Mass.....	2.00
Total.....	\$501.65

All contributions for the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him." Psalm 147: 18.

CAN it be true, I wonder,
As true as it is sweet,
That God, the great All-Father,
Will come if I entreat?

That neither sin, nor weakness,
Will keep him from my side,
But 'neath the wings eternal,
In peace I may abide?

And e'en if death should rob me
Of all I love the best,
The "God of comfort" near me,
I surely still am blest.

His ear is ever open.
He hears the faintest cry;
To all who call upon him,
The Lord our God is nigh.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Heroism of the Pastor.

THE life of a true Christian minister is like an iceberg at sea, in that by far the largest portion of it is hid from the public gaze. When one thinks of the heroism of a minister, he is likely to think only of his faithfulness to conscience and the Gospel, in his public



THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

sermons or addresses. There is room enough for heroism there, and there have been many conspicuous examples of such courage in the past, and despite occasional criticisms, I do not believe there is any reason to fear that there is a letting-down in courageous fidelity on the part of the Christian ministry.

The greatest temptation that comes to the minister to be easy and indulgent, and lacking in heroic faithfulness, is in the opportunities of pastoral work. More souls are won, or lost, in hand to hand or face to face struggles, than in the public congregations. The temptation to be a pleasant friend, a genial companion, a good fellow, and nothing more, to the members of his congregation, is a most insidious one to many ministers of the Gospel. One may be all these things that have been mentioned, and yet have added to them the crowning grace of heroic loyalty to the great mission of his life, to save the souls of his people, and win and keep them to personal fellowship with Jesus Christ.

One of the most honored and conspicuous examples of such heroism is witnessed in the career of that Nestor of the American pastorate, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. This is the more marked in Dr. Cuyler's case, because he had all those qualities which would be likely to tempt him away from what many men regard as the drudgery of pastoral work. His brilliant service in the Christian press is known and read of all men. He is at once the most voluminous and brilliant of all the contributors of religious articles to the newspaper press of the past generation. He has always been in great demand as a preacher and platform speaker, and that in the face of all this he should have held himself steadily day by day through his long pastoral career, to faithful pastoral visitation, in which he sought with infinite tact and sympathy, and yet with fearless honesty to Christ, to advise and rebuke, and win men to Christ is an illustration of the highest heroism.

The result is that there is many a home in Brooklyn today where the family altar is established, and where Christ reigns supreme, that never could have been captured even by Dr. Cuyler's vivid and forceful sermons, but were stormed and won by that persistent personal visitation, their door being again and again, and reinforced the truth proclaimed on the Sabbath by pungent, heart-searching conversation. Many and many a young man in the "City of Churches" has said to me, while his face glowed with a tender light, "I am one of Dr. Cuyler's boys;" and when these

"boys" have come to be gray-headed grandsires, long after the good doctor is wearing his crown in heaven, they will still recall with loving reminiscence the pastor who knew all their names in the big church, and made all the children feel that they were his boys and his girls.

The good doctor once said to me in a conversation about pastoral work, that while a sermon scattered like a shot-gun, private conversation could be sent straight to its mark, like the ball from a rifle. He relates how he once spent an evening in a vain endeavor to bring a man to a decision for Christ. As he was about to take his departure, the gentleman whom he had been seeking to win, took him upstairs to the nursery to show the faithful pastor his beautiful children in their cribs. This was the doctor's golden opportunity. After looking on the little sleepers with loving admiration, for a moment, he turned to his host and said tenderly: "Do you mean that these sweet children shall never have any help from their father to get to heaven?" The arrow went straight to its mark. The man was deeply moved, and in a few weeks became an active member of the church.

Another instance shows his mingled tact and courage in seizing upon an opportunity to carry his point for the good of a man's soul. Dr. Cuyler had called on a rich merchant in New York, on a very cold winter evening. As the door opened for him to leave, the piercing wind swept in to the hallway, and he said: "What an awful night for the poor!" The merchant shivered at the remark, and asking the doctor to wait a moment, stepped back to his library, and bringing a roll of bank bills, he said: "Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know!" A few days later Dr. Cuyler wrote to the merchant the grateful thanks of some poor families whom his bounty had relieved in their great distress, and added: "How is it that a man who is so kind to his fellow-creatures, has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?" That single sentence was blessed of God to the merchant's salvation. He immediately sent Dr. Cuyler to come and talk with him, and at once gave his heart to the Master. He has been a most valuable and gracious Christian man ever since. He assured Dr. Cuyler that he was the first person that had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. The heroism of the pastor did more than a thousand sermons had been able to do to win him to open loyalty to Christ.

The best part of it all is that this kind of heroism is within the reach of every living ambassador of the Lord.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Myths of Israel: by Amos Kidder Fiske; pp. 355; price \$1.50; published by The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Old Testament under Fire: by A. I. F. Behrends, D.D., S. T. D., an answer to some of the Higher Critics showing that the attacks on the authority and genuineness of the book are unwarranted; pp. 246; price \$1.50; published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

A Sunshine Trip: glimpses of the Orient: extracts from letters written by Margaret Bottoms; pp. 215; price \$1. Published by Edward Arnold, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

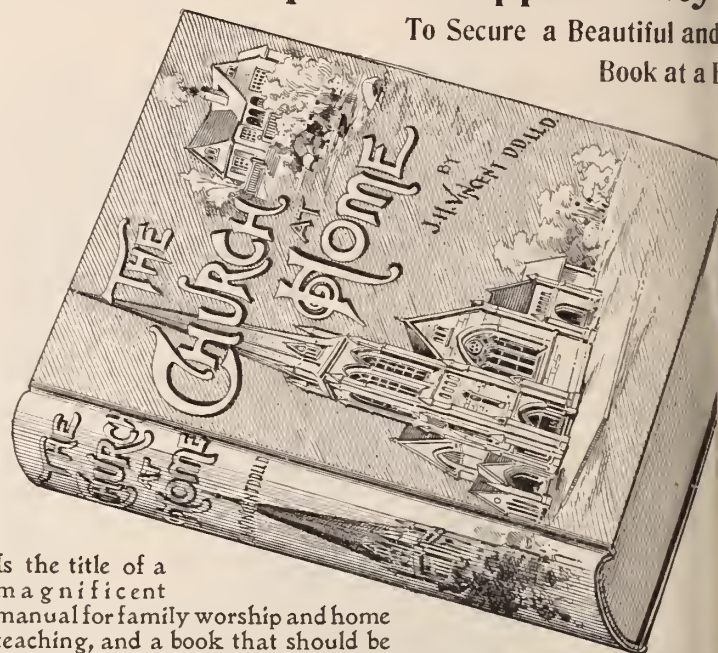
Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worse in Hay-fever season. Others of our readers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay-fever we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 115 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a large case by mail free to every reader of *The Christian Herald*, who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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other, our eggs are beaten. our meat is minced. our potatoes are pounded. our grain is reaped. our newspapers are printed on machines. of which we knew only the merest alphabet when the youthful Queen began to reign.

Our ocean-travel a matter of weeks sixty years ago, is now a scudding over the Atlantic's ferry at race-horse speed, and the fine steamers are palaces replete with every luxury. Our land journeys are no longer cold in winter and scorching in summer, for our parlor cars are home-like in their appointments and we may go where we will with little inconvenience, and great pleasure.

As for house furnishing it has increased in tastefulness since Victoria's early days when at least in this country gloomy hair cloth and solemn rep maintained funereal state in everybody's parlor. Indeed everything has advanced in elegance and beauty since the little lady took the sceptre into her dainty hands.

But it is as wife, most loyal to that good and tender husband who too early passed away, Albert the Good, who bore so well "that fierce light which beats upon a throne," that we admire Victoria. And next as mother, so gentle, so devoted, so wise, so benignant, that as mother and grandmother nearly all the royalties of Europe revere her. Somehow her motherly character looms largest before us, and we feel that in the great Jubilee, all English speaking peoples had taken part, either as spectators or sympathizers, and they honored the great lady not only but also the dear loving mother, whose sons and grandsons and sons-in-law and cousins and nephews surround her in a brilliant and stately body-guard as she went on her regal way, in the pleasant light of June. Queen's weather was hers, the fine sturdy old gentle-woman that she is, full of grace and full of pluck, and still holding her own in the end of the century as in its earlier days.

The mother-country has had three long reigns in which women bore rule. Queen Anne, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, all had reigns of exceptional magnificence. It would seem that the womanly distinctions of patience, of attention to detail, of good sense in choosing counsellors, and of knowing when to let well enough alone have stood the royal ladies in good stead.

In literature, what pomp of names we find adding lustre to Victoria's reign. What great statesmen have aided her, what great soldiers have fought for her, what great preachers have spoken in her pulpits, what a galaxy of famous men, still here, or gone to the majority, add splendor to her record! Across the seas we reached our hands in loving congratulation to Victoria of England and of India, and said of her on her Diamond Jubilee, we American mothers and daughters, "God save the Queen!"

The sixty years, two full generations pray observe, have brought about a great change of feeling between England and America, and a better understanding the one of the other, though still it is not sufficiently strong to have made possible the

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We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorders of the Kidney or urinary organs. It is now known that Kava-Kava is a part of the same well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten year's standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are The Church Kidney Cure Co. of 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepared by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who sends a notice of their name and address to the publisher, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Pain in Back, Female Complaint, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

great forward step in civilization which we had hoped for, when we still thought "Arbitration" would become a fact, instead of a vision. But bitterness on the one hand, and scorn on the other have passed away, and we seldom see or hear expressions of animosity once commonly heard in public speech, and familiar on the lips even of childhood. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the swing of the pendulum is a bit too far in the other direction, and we notice a silly imitation of things and ways that are English, when our own American ways are really better. It is no credit to anybody to adopt a transatlantic method of pronunciation, or affect a transatlantic fashion of any kind, unless there is improvement in the first, and progress in the second. So must conservative people think, and among them we are enrolled.

Margaret E. Sangster

Sad Orphans at Van.

Dr. G. C. Reynolds, American Missionary at Van, Armenia, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following interesting description of a recent event among the orphans at the mission: "On the first of May (O. S.) the teachers arranged a little festival in the enlarged school room, and the orphans and day pupils together nearly filled the room, their number amounting to over 600. The teachers of two other schools were invited and a number of essays were read, with the intention of making it a happy and even gay occasion, but the shadow of the terrible scenes, now so near their first anniversary, still rest so heavily on the whole people that they could not be thrown off, and even the essays called forth more tears than smiles."

"Last Saturday we put the boys into their Sabbath clothes (neat suits made of blue mixed cotton cloth manufactured and made up in our own shops), and they look very well and were truly thankful. Just before time for our Sunday morning service, I heard multitudinous footsteps coming this way, and looking out saw that the boys were being drawn up under my window, and so I opened it and sat in it, while they sang a hymn composed by one of their number, giving expression to their thankfulness. Each boy had a flower in his button-hole. It was a very gratifying sight and touched us deeply."

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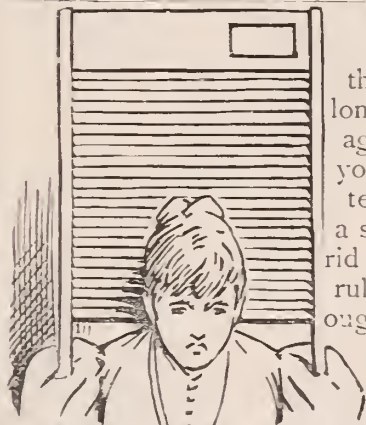
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the burden of the wash-board any longer. Hasn't it caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get **Pearline**—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that **Pearline's** easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for the clothes and better for you.

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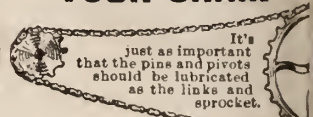
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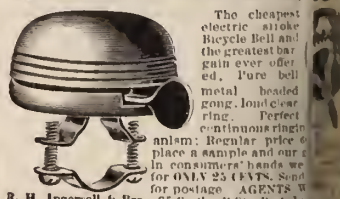
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 29.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ABDUL HAMID DEFIES ALL EUROPE.

He Threatens to Re-open the War Against Greece, and Refuses to Give up Thessaly—
The Powers to Take Coercive Action.

THE Autocrat of Turkey, Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose reign has already passed into history as the worst known to either Europe or Asia in a century, has once more assumed an attitude of contemptuous defiance of the powers.

For months he has been laboring to arrange for a permanent peace between Turkey and Greece. He has overrun the right of the Greek government to the occupied territory in all opposition to the European governments. He apparently refuses to prevent the result is a complication of the Constantinian government and the European embassies. He has far the hope of the European Cabinets. He has permitted the Sultan to be unchecked is a question which any solution may not be the first note of a war in history will repeat itself, and all the powers will be once more arrayed against



SULTAN ABDOUL HAMID.

Moslem race from European soil to their natural habitation in Asia, and the ridance of an evil potentiality, which has blighted civilization in a very large part of the whole world for over a thousand years.

At the close of the late war with Greece, and when the victorious Turks had entered Thessaly and driven the disheartened and outnumbered Greeks to their last stand near the ancient pass of Thermopylae, peace negotiations were begun. King George's government voluntarily submitted its case to the powers to make terms with the Porte, but during the months that have elapsed since Edhem Pasha's armies halted, the Sultan has opposed every proposition advanced by the Council of Ambassadors who represent the European Concert, looking to the arrangement of a lasting peace. It had been announced by the powers, at the beginning of the war, that neither Turkey nor Greece would be permitted to benefit territorially by the result. In accordance with this declaration it was agreed, after the war, that Turkey should have an adequate

the war, that neither Turkey nor Greece would be permitted to benefit territorially by the result. In accordance with this declaration it was agreed, after the war, that Turkey should have an adequate

senting to the rectification of the Greco-Turkish frontier. To this Turkey promptly demurred, declaring that it would consider no frontier north of the Salamvria river—a boundary which would add to the Sultan's dominions the greater part of the occupied province. This conclusion was formally announced by the Turkish Ministerial Council in a report to the Embassies, to which was added the conviction that it was impossible to come to terms with the powers, and that the sooner hostilities were resumed against Greece, the better.

Such an attitude on the part of Turkey was not wholly unexpected by the powers. It is known that the Sultan's armies in Thessaly have been receiving constant augmentations in artillery, cavalry and infantry, and that Edhem Pasha had been advised from Constantinople to hold himself in readiness for the resumption of the war at a moment's notice. This he has done, and his troops are prepared to advance instantly on the Greek position at Thermopylae, should such an order come from Constantinople. This is the Sultan's threat: to reopen the war, and after forcing the last position held by the Greeks, to march with his triumphant

is being strongly urged by the rampant military party in Constantinople, who will hear of nothing short of the thorough humiliation of the Greeks, and who hold that Turkey should not submit to any interference designed to deprive her of the spoils of conquest—as Japan was robbed of the fruits of her victorious campaign against China.

This defiance of European authority by the Sultan's Government is well understood in Constantinople to have the open approval of Abdul Hamid personally. He has repeatedly declared that Edhem Pasha should have been in Athens long ago, and added that if concessions "are not made (by the powers as representing Greece), I shall give the order to advance, and dictate my own terms from the Acropolis." He believes he has "nothing to fear from the powers." He has trifled with and even snubbed their ambassadors. In view



THE IMPERIAL CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS—THE MOSQUE OF YENI DJAMI.

the intel Moslem power. Should such come to pass, the result would be the sweeping back of the

indemnity, and that the Sultan's troops should be withdrawn from Thessaly, the united powers, in behalf of Greece, con-

legions upon Athens and dictate his terms of peace from the Greek capital and from King George's palace. To this course he

of this state of affairs the six powers—Russia, Germany, Austria, Britain, France

(Continued on page 339)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Reader, Medina, O. 1. What is the distinction between a Jew, and a Gentile? 2. How old was Daniel when he was led into captivity?

1. The word "Gentile" (*goyim*), was applied by the Jews to other nations than themselves, to imply that all such nations were more or less barbarians, and foreigners, and to distinguish them from the "specially favored people." Originally the word was used to refer to any nation, including the Jews themselves. 2. Jerome says he was a boy when taken to Babylon, and Ignatius asserts that he was twelve years old when he entered the king's service.

W. D. G. Riverside, Cal. 1. Do you know of a single instance of a person being cured by Christian Science as practised by Mrs. Eddy? 2. If Christian ministers were as consecrated and devoted now as the apostles were, could they not work miracles?

1. We do not happen to know of such a case, but we have no doubt that there are many such cases. The connection between the mind and the body is so close that it is possible to affect the body through the mind. If the body has all its organs, but is suffering because one of them is not doing its work, or because it is doing it inefficiently, it may get relief if some strong mental emotion can quicken or stimulate that organ. You may have read of cases of utter helplessness, where at the cry of "Fire!" the patient has risen from his bed and walked, after years of incapacity. 2. We believe there are many Christian persons fully as consecrated and devoted as the Apostles. The Apostles did not receive the power to work miracles because of their devotion, but to enable them to do a work requiring superhuman power. When you consider that the commission to make Christianity known throughout the world was given to such men as they were, you will see that they needed special gifts and credentials, and these Christ conferred upon them. If an emergency arose in our day, Christ might confer the power again, but he now prefers to have men use the ordinary powers of human nature. But he gives spiritual power, and you may see men whose natures are transformed under preaching that seems to us by no means extraordinary. The change of the drunken, vicious man to a sober, virtuous man is a greater miracle than the healing of the lame man by Peter (Acts 3:1-9).

Anxious Inquirer, Philadelphia. 1. What is meant by being in the vine and not bearing fruit (John 15:2)? 2. If, as stated in the fourth verse of that chapter, the branch cannot bring forth fruit of itself, why should it be threatened with being taken away in the second verse?

1. Do you not know persons whose religion seems genuine, yet whose lives do not recommend the Gospel, and who make no effort to win souls for Christ? Christianity was never intended to be a selfish religion. The man who is simply content with the conviction that his soul will be saved and is careless about the souls of those around him is a fruitless branch. 2. God does not operate by compulsion. The most successful soul-winners know that the power is not in themselves. But they seek to win souls and God uses them. Even the graces of the Christian character—another kind of fruit—are not self-produced; but the man who makes the effort to attain them finds himself divinely helped. He does not and cannot bring forth fruit of himself, but if he does not bear fruit it is his own fault, because God will help those who long to bear fruit. The parging is a painful process, but it is necessary to avoid the worse fate of being taken away.

Miss Lida F. Hewett, Leslie, S. C., writes: With a Christian's love and gratitude, I thank your readers for the many responses to the appeal for liberal aid in the Wallis Ranch Sunday School, De Witt county, Texas. I have received valuable papers, cards, lessons, etc., from Illinois, Wyoming, New York, New Jersey, Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Montana, New Hampshire, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

B. W. R. Wabikon, Ia. 1. Can a person be a Christian and use liquor moderately? 2. Should a man going into the ministry have always possessed the highest character or does it matter what he has been?

1. Liquor, like everything else in this world, poisons included, has its uses, but these are mainly medical. It is not an article of food nor a necessity, and there is no excuse for the indulgence of a habit which, even in its most temperate aspect, is pernicious, morally and physically, like all other sinful indulgences. The Bible admonishes us to avoid all such practices, and especially to avoid drink. The "temperate drinker," who believes he is doing no wrong in tampering lightly with this great

evil, should remember that he is incurring a double responsibility—risking the wreck of his own soul and body, and also leading others by his bad example, to a like fate. (See Cor. 8:9 to 13; and 10:21, 31, 32; Rom. 14:21; Matt. 18:6, 7, and other passages.) 2. The Lord chooses his own instruments, and sometimes makes what seems to mortals a strange choice. Saul was a persecutor and "the chief of sinners," before he became Paul the faithful apostle. Thousands have been taken from the ranks of sin and after undergoing a change of heart, have become valiant captains in God's army. John Bunyan, the converted tinker; John Newton, once infidel and libertine; Richard Weaver, the drunken pitman, and thousands on thousands of others have been called from the depths of sin to become active workers for souls. Every mission in the land can point to once notorious sinners now reformed and laboring as preachers and evangelists, and not a few as regular pastors. The



SPECIMENS OF ORNAMENTAL POTTERY OF THE ANCIENT INCAS.

These remarkable relics (called "Huacas" by the Peruvians), were unearthed at Cuzco, Peru, and the originals are now in the National Museum, at Lima. They are ornamental domestic jars or vases, of the latest Inca period, and are probably about 400 years old. The finest specimens were taken from the ruins of the "Temple of the Sun." Various animals are represented: the dog, the parrot, frog, swan, fish, pig, &c., and one vase is a grotesque delineation of a mother and children. These are among the most perfect examples of ancient art yet found in the Western Hemisphere.

fact that some of our ablest spiritual leaders, in all ages, have been thus chosen, demonstrates that a man's past sins, when pardoned through redeeming grace, should not weigh against him among Christians, since all are sinners and under condemnation by law.

J. H. H., Repanpo, N. J. What was the names of Cornelius' two servants and the soldier he sent with the message to Peter who dwelt at Joppa? Their names are nowhere mentioned in Scripture nor in any of the earlier writings.

G. A. H., Winchester, N. D. 1. Is it possible for a person to become so indifferent to the Holy Spirit's influence as to hear the Gospel every Sunday and be unmoved by it, being quite satisfied owing to his conscience not troubling him? 2. If a man leads a good, clean life and is kind and benevolent, but does not accept Christ, will he be saved?

1. It is quite possible. Paul describes such people (1 Timothy 4:3) "as having their consciences seared with a hot iron." They are people very difficult to win, because their armor of self-esteem cannot be easily penetrated. 2. It is not for human beings to set bounds to God's mercy, but it seems to us that mercy has not been promised to such a man. Christ said, "no man cometh to the Father but by me." Peter said, (Acts 4:12), "neither is there salvation in any other." He is like the man in the Parable of the Wedding Garment (Matt. 22:7-13) who refused the dress provided by the king. He prefers to plead

his own merits at the bar of God, rather than the merits of Christ and we do not think much of the value of the plea. God having provided a way of salvation, is not likely to approve a man who "climbs up some other way." (John 10:1).

M. H., Udora, Okla. If a man takes up a serpent and it bites him, must he conclude according to Christ's words (Mark 16:17, 18), that he is not a true believer?

No, he should draw no such inference from the fact. A serpent will bite a believer just as readily as an unbeliever. Christ's promise was kept (see Acts 28:3-6), but gradually as the necessity for signs and wonders ceased, the power was lost. All through Christ's life he insisted that the miracles were merely his credentials. They were merely to convince the people that he had divine authority for his teaching. They were worked not as an end in themselves, but that people seeing them might believe in his teaching. As the child age, for which such wonders were effective, passed away, the value of miracles ceased and men came to understand the spiritual nature of Christianity and to learn that safety and helpfulness in spiritual things were the fulfilment of the promise.

F. E. L., Jefferson, Me. Will friends recognize each other in heaven? 2. Do you think little children will grow up in heaven? If so, how shall I recognize my little child who died recently?

1. There is very little revealed on which to base an answer to your question; but our faith in a loving Father leads us to believe that this universally coveted power will be granted to us. Paul's assurance of companionship with each other and with Christ (1 Thess. 4:17), would be meaningless if we were unable to

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We cannot supply to new Subscribers Margaret E. Sangster's "Home Life Made Beautiful."

We cannot supply to new Subscribers Harland's "Home of the Bible."

Of the above three books we have enough left to meet, for the balance of the year, the requirements of our own Renewing Subscribers, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always makes an effort to protect its subscribers first. Therefore, the above propositions are still available for present Christian Herald Subscribers renewing in the year, but we cannot fill orders for subscribers for any of the above premiums.

Premium Propositions Still

Until further notice the following are open to both old and new Subscribers:

1st. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library, 1897—ten beautiful and exceedingly voluminous aggregating 3,200 pages, in handsome bookcase,—and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for \$3.

2d. The International Self-Proclaiming Teacher's Bible with red under gold leather-bound, silk-sewed and leather together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at \$3; and, of course,

3d. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the Premium for one year at \$1.50.

How to Get Premiums For

We are frequently in receipt of communications from persons who desire to obtain Premiums, but who cannot afford to pay them, yet who would be willing to risk new subscribers in payment if such a condition would commend itself to us.

Now, if any of our friends who desire to cure either the 1897 Library or a Thumb-Indexed Bible will send us Three New Subscriptions, Premium or non-Premium, return therefor, we will present them their choice of an 1897 Library, ten volumes aggregating 3,200 pages and handsome case, or a Thumb-Indexed, Silk-sewed, pronouncing Teacher's Bible, with non-gold edges.

Three to One.

Please bear in mind that it takes three subscribers, with or without Premium, to earn either one of the two Premiums mentioned, and that the offer will hold good only as long as our stock may last.

It is almost needless to add that commissions can be allowed under this other Premium offer.

We beg especially to direct the attention of all our friends who contemplate availing themselves of this opportunity to the fact that we cannot supply new subscribers with the plain gilt-edged Bible, or "Home of the Bible," "Home Life Made Beautiful," as has been set forth at the beginning of this notice.

W. P. L., Hampton, N. H. How long do the Children's Home open?

About twelve or possibly thirteen from mid-June to mid-September.

Subscriber, St. Anne de Prescott, W. D. kindly give name of a book that is studying the Bible—a good Bible help.

The best in existence is the Bible bound in with the International Bible which can be secured by readers of the journal, at \$3.00 with subscription for one year included.

R. A. McP., Harrisburg, Pa. I see in many daily newspapers, that Victoria is the oldest monarch who ever sat on the throne. What are the facts?

The oldest Queen, but not the oldest monarch. George III was 82 when he died. George II was 77. Victoria is 78. King or queen of England has exceeded 75.

C. H. Barnes, Arkansas, Ont. There is a story told which runs something like this: A certain monarch at one time met a man under which, if broken, the criminal would lose both his eyes. It so happened that the monarch broke the law and rather than become blind he had one of the eyes destroyed and one of his own. Where is the story?

Possibly some of our readers can discover the source of this legend.

W. H. Bussow, missionary to W. I., for whom copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and aid was asked, gratefully acknowledges replies from the readers of the paper. He will explain the need to write him at Dabadai, Trinidad.

LIGHTING TEPEE AND CABIN.

How the Devoted American Sunday School Union Missionaries are Carrying forward the Gospel amid the Mountains and Valleys of Oregon.

ONEER work, in many of our Western States, has already lost much of its attractiveness, and all of its perils, owing to the rapid settlement of the public lands and the extraordinary increase of population. There are still many localities, however, where the wild woods and virgin soil have not yet attracted the adventurous immigrant and in such sections — often amid scenes of the wildest grandeur imaginable—he has

and organized a Sunday School in the neighborhood. The country is a very rough one."

Concerning one of the illustrations on this page the missionary tells this incident:

There is a passage way back and the dark place in the foliage is the opening to it. The nearest regular preacher and preaching-place were forty miles off. The people had not had any opportunity to have several of their children baptized, and asked me to baptize them, which I did. We organized a Sunday School there. It is at the mouth of the South Fork of the John Day River. At the head of this South Fork is a place called Izee. It is named,

post-office and all from the letters I and Z, with which a stockman used to brand his cattle. For intelligence and refinement its young people are beyond the average for such isolated and back-woods places. In going my rounds, a good old Presbyterian lady with trembling voice if not tears, told me how anxious she was that somebody would come there and do something. Her boys had promised her a new calico dress, but she would do without her dress

another year if they would pay some preacher to come there and preach.

Another missionary, Mr. Thomas Lain, located at Muscogee, Indian Territory, gives us this glimpse of border experiences:

Rock Grove Sunday School house was built last summer purposely for the Sunday School which was organized in a grove nearby. Not more than two religious services had been held in the neighborhood, previous to my meeting. Rock Grove is in the Cherokee nation, Indian Territory. At another place named Kelleyville, in the Western part of the Creek Nation, Indian Territory, I addressed the people, and organized a Sunday School in the street, while men sat about with their Winchester rifles, in anticipation of outlaws. But a good work was begun.

Rev. W. H. Gill, another of the A. S. S. U. faithful workers, is laboring among the Salt River Pima Indians, in New

Dear Friends: Brother Gill, the missionary, left home with his Mexican helper on the 2nd inst., expecting to be gone a month. We hear of him on the Santa Cruz River. He is afflicted with a severe carbuncle on his right wrist, making it painful to write, and he has asked me to write you a letter. I am an Indian girl who came to aid Mr. and Mrs. Gill in bringing these Salt River Pimas to the

to white settlement. Sunday Schools and churches have been established among whites and Indians alike, from New Mexico to Oregon, and thousands bless the day when the missionary comes in Jesus' name, to preach the Gospel to the dwellers in Indian tepee or white man's cabin.

Every passing year sees hundreds of new centres of Gospel activity founded by these tireless workers, who (like our own Sunday School missionary in the Southwest), deem hardship an honor, and privation pleasure, when they are endured for the Master's sake.

We heartily commend the support of the American Sunday School



LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS IN OREGON.

extend with difficulties and dangers very similar to those encountered by the early pioneers of twenty-five and fifty years ago. But even in such remote settlements the red man is no longer feared, as he is savage ancestors. Homes and farms in those lonely localities, are some-where far from the nearest church or any school, but very many of them are visited by the energetic missionaries of the American Sunday School Union. In the letters written by these missionaries tell most interesting stories of their experience in spreading the Gospel among the Indians and whites in the Western States. Rev. W. R. Winans, who is laboring among the Indians of Oregon, writes: "Most of the Indians in Oregon are on reservations; but there are a few scattering ones who live where and as they can in different parts of the State. There are five reservations: the Grande Ronde, the Siletz, the Umatilla, the Waiilatpu, and the Warm Springs. They are in different parts of the State, and quite a distance apart, except the Grande Ronde and the Siletz. The two are on the coast and the other three are in the Cascade Mountains. I have visited all five, except the Grande Ronde, but not all with the same equal care. I have preached to the Indians at all I have visited, except the Warm Springs. The reservation has religious services carried on within its bounds more or less continuously.

The Indian's eye, taste and fancy for beads, and trinkets, and images of bright colors, and blankets, and at once take up the same barbarous and idolatrous forms, fancies and presentations which are prominent in Rome, and this makes it hard for Protestantism to compete with Romanism in gaining the attention of the Indian. Not long ago I was at the Government school on the Siletz reservation where the teachers is a nun, who goes about dressed in her Papal garb. On this reservation there are perhaps 300 Indians, and possibly 100 of them belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This reservation now has a minister living there, who divides his time between the Indians and the white people who are situated about eight miles away. He is the only Protestant minister, and at present has no church building. I expect to have one as soon as funds are available and the building can be erected.

In another letter, Missionary Winans gives some details of his Sunday School work. "In one typical farm house which I visited (nearly in the centre of the State of Oregon), I urged the occupants to start a Sunday School, but I found that my presence was not welcome. I slept by a straw stack that night, among the thrashers. Afterward I preached

Mexico. The spiritual interest increased so greatly that Mr. Gill and his family found it best to go out and make their home among them, where he could carry on more effectually the work of teaching them. A church is being built, and a few acres of desert put under irrigation for their home. At present they are living in a tent, but hope before winter to be able to build a small adobe house. One of Missionary Gill's converts and helpers is a young Indian girl who writes this remarkably interesting letter:



A VINE-SHELTERED HOME

white people's way of living, and above all to bring them to Christ. I came here on the 29th ult., and the following day was Sunday, and about 10-30 A. M. we had our meeting under an arbor. On our way to the arbor I was asked if I could interpret, and I said "I'll try." So when the Pimas were seated on the ground and the white people on a seat made of a long board, we sang some familiar hymns. Mr. Gill preached and the Pimas listened attentively.

A few days after I first interpreted, two old men came to our tent and were talking about me, and finally they said that some English words expressed the meaning differently from Pima language, but yet mean a right thing. They hope they can get much good, even if not plainly said in Pima. They said they understood me when I interpreted, but one word did not seem to be used right. It was where we speak of the heavenly home where all who strive to do and bear things for Christ will live and be saved.

Pimanam, one of the chiefs, who is about ninety years of age, says he thinks many will accept Christ. He is one of the men who did not quite understand how we could be saved after we die. He seems to understand now. One day he came to our tent and asked me to tell Mrs. Gill that he wished to talk to her.



AN OREGON FARM-HOUSE.

work to our readers. It is a most worthy cause, and one that should not be neglected. Any inquiries or contributions sent for that purpose to the Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 111 Fifth ave., N. Y., will receive prompt acknowledgment.

Abdul Hamid Defies all Europe.

(Continued from First Page.)

and Italy—are now considering the adoption of coercive measures. Lord Salisbury is said to favor peremptory action, which would compel the Sultan either to abandon his purpose of resuming the war, or of confronting the fleets and armies of united Europe. Russia, too, is said to be disposed to energetic measures, and so also is France. The Austrian Ambassador, acting for all the foreign ministers, has presented a note to Tewfik Pasha, the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, stating that unless the Porte consents to discuss the strategic frontier proposed by the powers, the ambassadors will join in requesting their governments to take steps to compel Turkey to listen to the voice of Europe. To this note the Sultan has replied with a contemptuous silence. He has, however, appealed individually to France and Austria requesting their aid and influence in securing Turkey's interests, and both governments have replied, urging him to accept the terms of peace proposed by the powers.

Meanwhile, the greatest activity prevails among the European navies, and a grand naval demonstration in the Bosphorus at an early date is expected. There is much apprehension felt in Constantinople, whose Moslem population is so excited against all Europeans, that a wholesale massacre might be precipitated by any movement looking to the coercion of Turkey by the European navies. It is undoubtedly true that a very large proportion of the Turkish people inflated by their recent military successes in the field, confidently believe that the Sultan's armies are able to fight all Europe, and this opinion seems to be shared even by the advisers at the palace. Europe is far from desiring war; but the strain is so intense at present and the whole situation so critical, that a day might precipitate a crisis such as some of the powers at least have long and earnestly striven to avert.



AN INDIAN TEPEE AND A MISSIONARY'S CABIN AS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS IN OREGON.

He said he had never killed a white man, had never stolen anything and had not drank for three years. He now accepts Jesus and believes he will be a very happy man when he dies. Pimanam prayed that God might be in the home of every Indian, and that many might accept Christ. Others have talked to me in the same way.

EFFIE COOK.

When we consider the blessed results that flow from the ministries of these zealous workers for souls, it is not difficult to understand why they are so warmly welcomed in the newer sections of those States and territories most recently opened



SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN.

A Sermon by
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Acts 16: 14 and
Prov. 22: 29.

And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple,
of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard
us: whose heart the Lord opened.
Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall
stand before kings.



HE first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. "It will turn down." The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor, and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to Church or State who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores, and shops, and banking houses of the country.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am now addressing people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice might "change" standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forward with their millions to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable, goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated,

The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employees are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employees do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but should his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again, I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the veracity of a

customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too: "Stop thief!"

Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies—proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember, that if the prices are high and your purse is lean, that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid those perplexities of commercial life, and such a one comes home all worn out, be lenient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seven-times-heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder-showers of scolding. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you." Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful; but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in the value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since.

Then, there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, than go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in his way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your ever-

lasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back forty or fifty years to a Tappen's store in New York—a store whose worst enemies never questioned honesty. Every morning, he brought the clerks, and the accountants, and neighbors into a room for devotion. Monday morning the clerks were there where they had attended church the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strange that voice of praise along the streets of the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, a Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he did the peace of the Gospel, and that before the throne of God to-day—blessed. If that be failing, I wish might all fail.

There are a great many young men and young women who want a word of encouragement—Christian encouragement—smile of good cheer would be worth to them to-morrow morning in their business than a present of \$15,000 years hence. Oh, I remember the tension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical with the tip ends of the long fingers of his left hand; and I remember the other who took my hand in both of his and said: "God bless you, my brother; have entered a glorious profession faithful to God and he will see through." Why, I feel this minute thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian greeting been in heaven twenty years. There are old men here to-day who can look back forty years ago, when some one said kind word to them. Now, old men say back what you got then. It is a great word for old men to be able to encourage young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties, from the granite hills of North, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West. They come here to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

My word is to all clerks: Be mighty than your temptations. A Sancha Islander used to think when he saw an enemy, all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I want to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own power. With omnipotence for an arm, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the curse of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain-drops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into pearls, then dropped to the bottom. I want to tell you to-day, that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the bottom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Washington and New York, and London, and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Tyne and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the judgment have tolled at the burning of a world, that day, all the affairs of banking-houses and stores will come up for inspection. What an opening of account books! By the way, the clerks and the men who employed them. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; I want a mansion in which to live, and a real light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up on glory to glory, and from song to song from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glowing, flaming casket.

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

JERUSALEM, A CITY OF GRAVES.

Its Vast Silent Population—Burial Customs of the Various Nationalities and Creeds.

[URING my long residence in Jerusalem I never became reconciled to the Oriental method of conducting funerals. I never saw one without feeling in a degree shocked at the haste

son, while they are never used by the Mohammedans or Jews. Thus, ordinarily, no time is required to get ready a coffin, for none is needed, and a shop where undertaker's supplies can be bought is a thing unknown. Whatever crape or black cloth is needed can be purchased at one of the small dry goods stores, and whenever a coffin is to be used, a carpenter can in a few hours put the rough boards together.

A singular thing among Orientals is their indifference to disease. Measles which sometimes carries off hundreds of children, fevers of various kinds, and even small-pox, which is very prevalent and to a large degree fatal, are thought as lightly of as ordinary colds are with us. A person dies of small-pox in the room where the family live; his body is handled and his clothing divided and worn by the friends without its being cleansed. Such cases I have known. But no one thought that anything improper had been done. In case of death by small-pox, there is no privacy in the funeral; the body is carried exposed through the streets, and is considered just as harmless as if the person had died of old age; at least no one ever thinks to the contrary. In the long list of human sicknesses, the only one that Orientals are afraid of is the cholera. Let a rumor be started that cholera is approaching from Baghdad or elsewhere, and the entire native population becomes panic stricken at once.

When a coffin is used, the lid is removed so that the body is exposed as it is being carried to the grave. The body, when no coffin is used, is carried on a bier, and, in case of Mohammedans, is always covered. At the head is a post a foot or more in height, fastened to the bier, on which is placed the head-dress, red fez, or turban, white or green, as the case may be, of the deceased. If the deceased is a woman, her veil is tied over the top of the post and a small colored scarf is wound about it. The Jews have a sort of stretcher, a piece of canvas fastened to two long sticks with no crossbars to keep the sticks apart. The

slowly to the grave, and never in a straight line, but always zigzag; their idea is that the spirit of the deceased wishes the body to be kept back from burial as long as possible.

The Jewish burial committee hire a man to dig a number of graves, say a dozen or more, by the job, and as persons die they are buried in these graves in the order of their death, with no reference whatever to families or family lots. The last part of this statement is true likewise of Mohammedans and Christians, although they do not contract for a number of graves to be dug at once.

Until about six years past, the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians buried in different parts of an open field on Mount Zion, south of the south wall of the city. The American cemetery, in the same field, was the only one that was inclosed by a wall. As these graves became crowded, the plan was adopted of digging up the bones of recent interments, levelling the ground, and starting afresh. A large section of the Greek ground was thus remodelled, and a ghastly pile of skulls and bones collected, of which, before they were finally removed, I took a photograph. This, of course, is not the place to exhibit such a picture. A very few bodies were reinterred, but in the great majority of instances all signs of burial places were wiped out. On the new ground they began to bury in order, one body next to another, as soldiers are buried on a battle-field.

The same thing was done by the Latins. A few faint voices said it was not right, but the only vigorous and effective protest was from a high-minded Catholic who had resided twelve years in England and had there learned something about liberty of action and what the sacredness of burial-places meant. He was so eloquent in his denunciations of this outrageous sacrilege that the high officials of that Church stopped their work of desecrating graves. This man had a true Lutheran soul, and the few Protestants who were cognizant of the facts wondered at his boldness.

Our American cemetery on Mount Zion



A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL.

Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, and Syrians. On the east slope of Mount Zion there are a few graves of Karite Jews, but with this exception the Jews bury on the western slope of the Mount of Olives. This graveyard covers eighty or perhaps one hundred acres, and the area is increasing year by year, for the death rate among this section of the inhabitants is unusually high. All these myriads of graves face the Temple and the Holy City. The Mohammedans have a cemetery under the east wall of the city, another small one on the top and north slopes of Calvary Hill, and a third called "The Turkish Cemetery," west of the city around the Upper Pool of Gihon. The Germans bury with the English, except those belonging to the German colony about one mile from the city, who have a *Gottesacker* of their own.

The Pauper Tomb on Calvary Hill, of which an illustration is given, is wholly unlike anything that exists with us. One notices a curious, oblong, rounded place, formed of earth and stones, rising three or four feet above the ground. At one end it appears simply like a pile of stones and a person might pass it without observing that it was different from hundreds of other heaps of stones with which the country abounds. But this arch-shaped mound is really the roof of a pit



THE JEWISH CEMETERY ON MOUNT OF OLIVES.

holding the dust of some of the earliest missionaries of the American Board to that country, among them the wife of the Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, the mother of Wm. H. Thomson, M.D., of New York, was purchased and occupied upwards of sixty years ago. The soil to the depth of six feet is composed of

which is the burying-place of paupers. But what a vast graveyard is Jerusalem itself! Sometimes on Sunday afternoon I have gone to the city wall above Zion Gate, whence a wide view over Jerusalem and the surrounding country is obtained, and tried to picture to myself the scenes of other days, when great multitudes were gathered round these walls, bent upon destruction. Many times this has been true during the thirty centuries since the Jebusites held the place. How many soldiers have been slain in the shock of battle! How many people have died in the twenty-six sieges Jerusalem has undergone! That under Titus, in the year 70 of our era, cost upwards of one million lives. Where were all these myriads upon myriads buried? Or was the work too great for the living to accomplish, so that the bodies lay and perished where they fell? Out of the earth itself, army after army seems to rise and pass before me, till all these sacred hills are covered with living men. What a place of the dead! Is there any other cemetery on earth like it? Yet not a trace of these countless hosts remains.

SELAH MERRILL.

with which the body, after the breath had left, was taken to the grave, and at the lamentable lack of quiet and order which attended the burial. My previous ideas of moderation and solemnity on such occasions, of respect for the living and the dead, were wholly at variance with all that I saw or heard. At such times we, (i. e., Americans), are slow and deliberate in all our movements; the Oriental is quick and hasty. After death we wait considerable time before burying; the Oriental buries as soon as possible. We are quiet in our expressions of grief, while the Oriental is loud and boisterous. For example, a person dies in the early part of the night, he is buried as early the following morning as possible. If a person dies before daybreak, he is buried before noon, although occasionally there is a delay till afternoon. If a person dies in the morning or before noon, he is always buried before night. The burial follows the death as soon as the grave can be made ready. Let my readers imagine what a shock it would be to them, were they to leave home in the morning, having said good-by to a certain neighbor and on returning in the evening be told that that neighbor is dead and buried! Such an experience is not infrequent in Jerusalem. When the funeral services are over, just a few hours only after a friend or a neighbor has ceased to breathe, much of the solemnity of death is taken away. I am sure that this was the effect on myself of the hasty funerals.

Only the Protestants that invariably bury their dead in coffins. In recent years the Latins have done so as a rule, with very many exceptions, but it is the rare exception where the Greeks use a coffin—say the case of some distinguished per-

body in its every-day clothing is laid on the stretcher, and frequently without any covering is carried to burial. Both Mohammedans and Jews always carry the body on the shoulders, while Christians carry it in their hands. It is very common for Jews to bury their dead at night, which other sects do not do. When Christians carry a body to the grave they chant music in low dull tones, while the Mohammedans have hired mourners who cry aloud and shriek as the procession passes along. The body of a Moslem is carried very

rubbish which in former times was carted there and dumped, perhaps after some battle, for this deposit is full of human bones.

At first the English buried their dead (this was when there were very few foreigners in the city), with the Americans, but for many years they have had a burial-ground of their own, a beautiful place under the south brow of Mount Zion. The American cemetery is, as I have said, on the top of Mount Zion, and there also are the cemeteries of the Greeks, Latins,



THE AMERICAN CEMETERY ON MOUNT ZION.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Solution of the Labor Question.

It is not a question which can be solved. Or, if solved to-day, like Banquo's ghost it comes back for solution to-morrow. When we used to ride on steamboats they carried barrels of ballast which were rolled from one quarter on deck to another, according as necessity required. It is so with the labor question. There would be no labor question if the condition of laborers and their families in the United States were not better than their condition anywhere else in the world. The question is, how to make wages which are sufficient for the absolute wants of nature meet the demands of advancing civilization. The laboring man in the United States has to educate his children. They want what other children have. Perhaps they are smarter—an American word—than the children of his neighbors. Their schools have introduced them to the treasures of literature; so they want Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning, Bryant and Longfellow; they want Scott and Dickens and Cooper on the family bookshelves. Well, they want tennis rackets and cycles—things not absolutely necessary, but good for their unfolding; good to help them keep pace with their associates. This laborer had no such wants in his boyhood. The children of his native land to-day, of England or Ireland or Germany, who are growing up there as his children are growing up here, have no such wants. The labor question here is different from what it is there. The American laborer is bringing up children in a new atmosphere, surrounded by new environments. He must have more wages. The barrel of ballast must be rolled to a new quarter on the deck.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in his recent address at Dartmouth College, puts it all in a nutshell, thus:

"There is no solution to the labor question. It means the struggle for a higher standard of living. It always has existed, and it always will, so long as ambition lasts. It doesn't mean how wages are going to be increased or hours of labor shortened.

"The labor question changes as conditions and environments change. Under the iron law of wages, as announced by Ricardo, it is a struggle simply to secure barely enough of food, raiment and shelter to preserve the working physical machine, the rule being that wages ought not to be paid over the bare necessities.

"To-day the standard of living of the ordinary wage receiver involves margins above the iron law of from ten to fifteen per cent,

out of which margin is to be found what are now called spiritual necessities, means of leisure, reading, music, recreation, etc., so that the demand of the worker in all civilized countries is for expansion of their margin. He feels entitled to this because society has insisted upon educating him, giving him a taste for higher things, making him a social and political factor; in fact, fitting him for membership in a democratic community."

The Nineteenth Century Woman.

GOD'S idea of woman is that of a help-meet for man; humanity crowned, completed by the union of husband and wife. And yet only a part of the female sex ever can participate in this divine consummation; only a part can know the sweet and elevating discipline of home-life. Because of this, in part, at least, has come the modern determination of woman to be more independent of man; the tendency toward self-help. What will be the result of this upon woman's character, upon man's character, upon social questions—industrial questions, too—it is difficult to anticipate. Probably there will be no general modification that can be foreseen, perhaps none that is distinctly indicated. There will be sporadic cases that seem to prove something, without proving it.

It does not make woman any less a woman to ride a cycle, to steer a yacht, to row a boat, to ride after the hounds; nor does it make her any less a woman to graduate at Wellesley or Smith or Radcliffe. We met a young lady educated at Oberlin, who married a lawyer who was her classmate in college, and though she rides a tandem with her husband and drives a carriage loaded with guests, does it seem to affect her ladylike bearing, her ease or her grace in her own home. Her mother had been warned that such might be her fate, if she went to an institution where young men and young women were educated together. Her reply was, "What of it? Marriage is of God. Home-life is the best life. God's idea of woman's sphere is the true one. Let her have a chance to see what men are and to compare them in the class-room. It is a better place than the ball-room. Can he think? Can he hold his own in a class of a hundred young men and women who are pursuing college studies?" Sensible, Christian mother. And the kind of match made shows that Oberlin is a good place to find a good and sensible husband. Let us not be afraid. This larger liberty and larger culture of woman may surprise us, and set us to conjecturing. But He who made woman for man made no mistake, and knows how to secure the best results.

The Third Time.

IN Matthew we read, "And he prayed the third time, saying the same words." This threefold prayer indicates the perfect humanity of our Lord. In flesh and blood as he was, he accepted human conditions. One human condition in prevailing prayer is perseverance; perseverance in saying the same thing.

If you have watched the history of successful legislation in Congress, of successful suits in the Courts, it has this peculiarity. One failure is not accepted as defeat. When the prophet said to the king, "Smite upon the ground," the unuttered condition of success was not in the smiting alone, but in the repeated smiting. He was to have victories to correspond to the number of his blows. The Saviour, who is the model in prayer as well as action, says, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Notice the change of word, but still the exhortation repeated three times. "And he prayed the third time."

We are in the days of our flesh. Let us not be surprised, if it is our lot also, to offer up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears; to watch thereunto with all perseverance and supplication; to come under the obligation. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

Trees of Wonder and Worship

THERE are no objects in nature that blend so wonderfully in the spiritual aspect of our humanity as do trees. Of an elder creation, they were present at the birth of man, and their green shadows and protecting foliage were both the home and the temple of Eden. That trees should have been objects of idolatry is not remarkable, it is even wonderful that their worship did not altogether supersede that of images. For there is something infinitely more suggestive of Deity in the stately trunk and bending boughs, life-like motion, and whispering leaves, than in the uncouth idols made from the mutilated wood.

The prominence given in the Bible to trees, from the first of Genesis—where we are introduced to that wondrous Tree in the Garden—to the sealing of the Apocalypse, and the revelation of the "tree of healing for all nations" is a very remarkable one. Most famous of all is the Apple tree, the fruit of which "brought death into the world and all our woe." I have pointed out in a previous paper, that not only Scripture, but universal tradition, assert this fact; that not only the Greek Aphrodite but the great Northern deities lie under it, and that still further back, among the primeval races of Assyria and Egypt, the same tradition is written on their vast monuments. In Arabian tales, it has the gift of healing; and the Mohammedans place it in the hand of Azrael, the angel of Death, that its perfume may separate the soul from the body. Both Jewish and Mohammedan legends assert, that when Adam was dying, he received a branch of the tree of which he had eaten, with directions to plant it, and a promise that it should bear fruit of healing. From this tree came Aaron's rod, and the pole on which the serpent was lifted in the wilderness. For centuries it lay in the pool of Bethesda, imparting to the water its healing properties; but rising to the surface before the Crucifixion, it was taken by the Jews for the Cross of Christ. Another common opinion is that the Cross was made of aspen wood, and that ever since the Crucifixion her leaves have shivered with horror at the awful weight she had to bear.

In the Old Testament the Oak has a very interesting history. Under this tree, or a Terebinth, Abraham received his heavenly guests on the plain of Mamre. Jacob hid his strange idols under an Oak at Shechem, while he went up to Bethel to build an altar to God, who had "answered him in his distress," and it was probably under this very Oak, Joshua set up a stone to commemorate Israel's promise "The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey." Under an Oak in Ophrah, an angel communed with Gideon and "did wondrously." Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Hosea all reprove Israel for making idols of Oak, and offering burnt incense under these trees; indeed all through the historical and prophetic Scriptures, there is a constant protest against the idolatry connected with Oak trees.

In Grecian and Scandinavian mythologies the Oak is equally sacred. The dark, dense groves of Dodona, in their dusk and silence interlarded, gave out their mystic sentences; and there are in various parts of England, at this day, remains of the thick groves of Oak in which our own ancestors cut the sacred Mistletoe, and offered sacrifices to Thor and Woden. Indeed to the ancient Briton the Oak tree was inexpressably sacred; and St. Augustine took advantage of this feeling, and first preached "Christ crucified" to the court of Ethelbert, under the shade of one of these sacred trees.

The Olive had early a peculiar sanctity. God might have sent an angel to Noah with a pledge of a restored world, but he sent an Olive branch. The Cherubim that overshadowed the Sacred Oracle in the Temple, were of this wood; and among the Olive groves shading Gethsemane, Jesus wrestled with the anguish of his approaching sacrifice.

The Cedar with its "fair branches," and "shadowing shroud," its "high stature," and its "top among the thick boughs" is described by Ezekiel in some wonderful verses, chapter 39, verses 3-10. It was the chief wood used in building the temple; and Job, David, and Solomon, and all the prophets, speak of it in terms of praise and honorable comparison.

I have not left myself space to write of the Willows, the White Thorn, the mysterious Ash or the lovely Myrtle; a branch of which Adam is said to have brought in his hand out of Eden; for I desire to close this paper with the Palm; the tree that has been for centuries the emblem of victory and rejoicing. The very mention of it recalls Elim, and Jericho and the shadowing fruitful trees on Mount Ephraim, where Deborah dwelt. It figured largely in all Jewish festivals, and its carved image beautified both the early and the latter temple.

When Zion's King came to her, and that "very great multitude" went out to meet him with hosannas, then the Palm spoke for all the trees of the forest, and shouted "Victory!" The peculiar species so honored was doubtless the date palm. The Church in all ages has sanctioned this opinion; and Christians buy the leaves in the spring for Palm Sunday, and Jews buy them in the autumn for the Passover. Where no Palms are procurable, humbler trees often supply their place; thus Goethe says:

In Rome upon Palm Sunday, they bear true Palms; The Cardinals bow reverently, and sing of psalms.

Elsewhere the psalms are sung, mid olive branches: The holy tree supplies their place, among the avalanches.

And to the Palm tree is added one grace to its fellows—it is planted for eternity. St. John, in the Apocalypse, shows us the redeemed, in all nations, clothed in the garments of beauty and holiness, and waving the palms of triumph.

This subject is by no means exhausted indeed I have but introduced it. Trees bear in the most wonderful manner with the Oriental and Scandinavian mythologies; and may be traced in the ever-recurring union with the Serpent, not only throughout the Bible, but in the sculptures of all times, and all nations.

Amelia E. Pa

BRIEF NOTES.

Out of ninety missionaries sent out by the Congo by the Baptist Society, thirty-two are in the Congo district.

The smallest diocese in the world is that of St. Helena. Besides the Bishop Thompson E. Welby, whose salary is \$500, only three clergymen.

Two Chinese women educated in the Mission Schools of Peking have been elected to the International Council of Women to be held in London next year.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, has made two of the nine languages spoken by the people of his diocese. It is about fifteen hundred miles and contains nearly fifteen million persons.

Protestant workers report that in parts of France a spirit of inquiry is abroad among Roman Catholics and notwithstanding the opposition of the priesthood, the people are turning to the Bible to find out the truth.

The Board of Church Erection of the Presbyterian Church, since its organization, has distributed \$3,500,000, and has aided in building more than 5,000 churches. The whole number of churches, as given in the Assembly's Minutes of last year is 7,575.

At the recent commencement of Franklin College, New Athens, O., there were two graduates in the Classical, Philosophical and scientific courses. It is worthy of notice that the whole number not one uses intoxicants or tobacco. Fourteen of the graduates have given themselves to the ministry.

The Church Zenana Mission in China has two valuable workers by the recent wreck of the *Aden*. Miss Weller and Miss F. M. Lloyd, who were on their way home for rest after six years' toil, they were lost in the wrecked steamer. Miss Weller had been working at Ku-Cheng, the town loved by the blood of the missionaries martyred about two years ago.

Taylor University, at Upland, Indiana, has recently taken in charge the Chinese Seminary, the largest Methodist school in Japan. It is an associate college of Taylor University. Dr. Reade, in communicating this news, adds: "We shall graduate two Japanese students this year. Taylor University deserves hearty congratulations on its enterprise as well as on its excellent work."

A beautiful Long Island farm has been opened for the exclusive benefit of the women of the Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association. This opportunity for a summer outing is provided by Mrs. Kate A. Jamieson, sister of the late Chas. Arbuckle, into whose hands the farm fell on her brother's death. The farm is situated a short distance from Brentwood, L. I.

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom, a new denominational order of men who are pledged to the promotion of religion in everyday life, held its annual conference at Marlborough, N. Y., Monday, August 2, to Friday, August 6. Rev. Williams, Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, Ernest Crosby, and a number of other well known Christian workers took part in the proceedings.

A company of Christian Endeavorers from the Broadway Baptist Church, Cambridgeport, Mass., held weekly meetings in a rescue mission in Boston, providing a free lunch for the men in position to a free-lunch saloon in the neighborhood. These meetings have resulted in many conversions and in several cases accessions to the church. The Endeavorers make it a practice to secure a new convert for the converts when possible.

Major D. W. Whittle has returned from the other side of the Atlantic and is in Boston again, conducting a series of noon meetings at the Broadway Church. He speaks daily upon evangelistic themes, and goes into churches as opportunity offers to gather evening audiences interested in Moody's colportage work among prisoners. On June 27 he supplied Park Street Church in Boston and evening.

Dr. Harry Guinness, speaking at a very interesting meeting, characterized as "influenced by the administration by the Belgian Government of the Congo State, where the Congo Rolo is at work. Forced labor traffic, he said, is the condition of the natives hardly distinguishable from slavery, and he earnestly wondered at the gallant treatment to which they were subjected precipitated a revolution.

Japan has, according to the Protestant report of a census of Christian charities, 11,000 February, twelve theological seminaries, 11 students; twenty-nine boys' schools, with 1,100 students; ten women's training schools, with 1,100 students; fourteen kindergartens, with 32,000 poor; fifty-six day or night schools, mostly for poor, with 2,788 scholars; ten orphan asylums, with 664 inmates; thirteen homes for various classes, with 235 inmates; fifteen hospitals and dispensaries.

The method of dividing the instruction at the Chautauque Summer College into sections will be continued during the coming season of 1907. More than a hundred courses are offered in all departments of collegiate instruction under professors from Yale, the University of Chicago, Johns Hopkins, University of the Northwestern University, University of Michigan, Ohio, Kenyon Hamline and other institutions. Harper will continue in charge of the literary work, and will give a course of lectures, beside regular instruction in the Sacred Literature.



ESUVIUS DISTURBED.

ABLE dispatches from Naples report ominous disturbances from the great volcano, which at various periods of the world's history, has overwhelmed the surrounding country with destructive fires. For some weeks earthquakes have been felt in widely scattered places, the most serious being at June 12, in Calcutta. It is significant that such seismic disturbances have preceded or accompanied an outbreak from Vesuvius. There is consequently all the more uneasiness about the signs of activity in the volcano. We can foresee from one hour to another when there may be an eruption. It can be said, is that the volume of smoke which rises from the crater, is increasing and convulsive throbs have been felt as of subterranean explosions. Of late years the eruptions have been more frequent than in earlier years, but of far less intensity. Nearly all eruptions have been chronicled in the past two and a-half centuries, though none of them attained the proportions of the outbreak of 1631, when the lava destroyed several villages and caused the death of eighteen thousand persons. Nor was this so great as the famous eruption of 79, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. In the latter eruption, however, the remarkable feature was its suddenness. The molten lava poured down the sides of the mountain without the usual preliminary escape of smoke and noise. Then, as now, the base of the volcano was bordered by an almost continuous line of populous towns and the inhabitants were surprised by the inundation of lava due escape of many of them. Prior to that time there was an eruption on an average once in a century, but since then, scarcely a period of twenty years has passed without an outbreak of greater or less intensity. One of the most remarkable was the eruption of 1882, which did little damage but caused a panic among the people of the vicinity. An American traveler who happened to be

contains nothing reassuring to the imperilled people, who if they were better instructed would cease appealing to the saints and address their prayers to God for protection:

He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills and they smoke. (Ps. 104: 32.)

A Tree Walled Up.

One of the most remarkable attempts to preserve a tree has been made by a citizen of New Jersey. Outside his home is a fine elm tree which tradition credits with the age of two centuries. A few years ago he noticed that some insect was at work on the trunk, and in spite of his efforts to protect the tree from its tiny enemies, they succeeded in eating its heart. On the following Fourth of July a spark from the fire-works set fire to the dry interior and destroyed much of it. But the fire was extinguished before it spread to the branches, and it effectually cleared the tree of its insect devourers. Only a thin shell of bark remained on one side, and only a small thickness of wood and bark on the other. Before the autumn winds the tree shook, and it seemed cer-

This was at Mamaroneck, N. Y., where a dog has made an enviable record. He arrived in the town with a tramp about ten years ago and has since made it his home, boarding at the hotels in town. He patrolled the streets at night and actually caught a burglar who was robbing the savings bank and held him until the constable arrived. Twice he discovered fires and alarmed the inmates of the burning houses, in one instance only just in time for them to save their lives. Three times he has rescued children from drowning and has done other valuable services. Recently an ordinance was passed by the trustees condemning all unlicensed dogs to be shot, but when it was pointed out to them that it would involve his death, as he had no owner to pay for a license for him, they added a clause to the law, specially exempting this particular dog, specified by name, from the operation of the law. Thus even a dog may have a character entitling him to grateful recognition. Young people who are ambitious may learn a useful lesson from it. The sure passport to honor is in service. Neither beauty nor wealth can win favor so surely as self-sacrificing effort for the benefit and the advantage of others.

Do they not err that devise evil? But mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good. (Prov. 14:22.)

A Double Identity.

Physicians are taking a deep interest in a patient who is undergoing treatment in a hospital at Binghampton, N. Y. The patient is a tall, beautiful, golden-haired girl, thirteen years of age, who recently

terms the duality of spiritual life, in which there are not only two distinct entities but entities inimical to each other:

I delight in the law of God after the inward man, but I see a different law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity. (Rom. 7: 22, 23.)

A Baggage Lottery.

The sale of a quantity of unclaimed chests, valises and parcels by a railroad company is recorded in the New York Sun. It is a curious commentary on the credulity of people who attend such sales that they are willing to buy old bags and bundles that, as far as they can see, give no indication of being of any value. Unclaimed baggage is sold in this fashion every year by some of the railroads and express companies, and the total receipts of such sales are as a rule much in excess of the real value of the articles sold. It occasionally happens that a man buys a trunk for a small price and finds inside of it jewelry or money, and such luck always spurs on a lot of people, each of whom expects to find something of value. In one of these sales of unclaimed baggage the fiercest bidding was over a prosperous looking trunk. It was strongly made and although not heavy the speculators who examined its exterior concluded that it contained articles of value. One of them finally secured it for \$55 and promptly pried it open. His disgust was only equalled by the glee of the unsuccessful bidders when he found within it a disjointed human skeleton, undoubtedly the property of some medical student. It is easy to understand the chagrin of the purchaser when, instead of the gold and jewels he hoped to find, he found only these relics of death. Multitudes have experienced a similar disappointment, but infinitely more disconcerting, when they discovered the real nature of the prizes which they gained by sin.

He knoweth not that the dead are there. (Prov. 9: 18.)

A Glove Marriage.

An extraordinary ceremony which took place in Amsterdam, with a counterpart in Africa is reported by the New York Herald. It appears that a young man left Holland some years ago to serve in the telegraphic department of the Transvaal. It had been his ambition to make a certain young lady in Amsterdam his wife if he ever attained to prosperity. But when success was achieved, he was unable to leave his work for a journey to Holland. In this difficulty a marriage by proxy—known in Holland as a glove marriage—was suggested. The details were all carefully arranged, the difference of time exactly calculated, and continuous cable connection between Pretoria and Amsterdam secured.

The bridegroom and his friends assembled in the Hotel Kruger. An operator using a wire from the cable notified the lady's family in Holland that all was in readiness, and the reply came that the ceremony would then begin. In the Amsterdam mansion a friend of the bridegroom made the responses, and when the time came to clasp hands, produced a glove belonging to the bridegroom, which he had worn. The proxy holding one end of the glove and the bride the other, the promises were exchanged and the ceremony completed. A cablegram from the bride to her husband, six thousand miles away, gave him her wifely greeting, to which he responded. There was a wedding feast in Pretoria and another in Amsterdam, and the cable was kept busy with congratulations. Then the bride said farewell to her family and went on board the steamer to begin her voyage to her new home. The custom of the glove marriage dates back to old Dutch colonial days, when they were more common than in these times of rapid and cheap journeys. But there is a contract far older that resembles it in many of its particulars. Many a tearful farewell to mourning loved ones assembled around a death-bed, is like that bride's good-bye to her family, merely the parting with one who goes to Him who has long been loved, and to enter the mansion prepared before the foundation of the world.

In my Father's house are many mansions... I go to prepare a place for you... that where I am ye may be also. (John 14: 2, 3.)



THE VOLCANO VESUVIUS, NOW THREATENING ERUPTION.

Notes at the time, took advantage of a gust of wind, which blew the smoke and ash seaward, to crawl up to the edge of the crater and look in. He says that the sight was terrifying in the extreme. The surface of the molten rock was like a horrible sea, tossing in fury and torn twice in a minute by exploding gases, which hurled dust and pellets to a height of several hundred feet. Some of the fragments a foot or more in diameter exploded as they rose and made a great rent as they fell on the mountain side. When there was a momentary cessation of the eruption, the hot vapor struck the spectators producing a scalding sensation, like that caused by steam, and almost suffocated him by their sulphurous fumes. Meanwhile, the sides of the crater palpitated and throbbed, so he grew alarmed and should be shaken from the side and hurried away from the scene in alarm. That was about fifteen years ago and since then the activity of the volcano has increased, but is now again gathering itself as if preparing for another outbreak. Special prayers are being offered by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the city, to St. Januarius and St. Agatha, who are superstitiously supposed to have power to prevent an eruption. Scientific observers, on the other hand, explain that the channels leading to the crater are clogged with molten lava, which prevents the imprisoned gases harmlessly escaping and is their struggle to find a vent that causes the explosions now heard. That is doubtless the true explanation, but it

tain that in some winter storm it must fall. It was then that the citizen, whose house it shaded, made his original device to preserve the tree. He set a mason to line the trunk with bricks, and fully one-half of its thickness is now solid masonry. The tree flourishes around its brick heart, and this year seems to have taken new life. As it was not in human power to renew the living wood that the tree had lost, probably no better course could have been pursued than this of giving it stability. It is well for us that when the evil in our natures has been removed by the Holy Spirit, as the insect pests were removed by fire from this tree, we are not left to human devices for the renewal of our hearts. God fulfils his promise:

I will put a new spirit within you I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh. (Ezekiel 11: 19.)

Dogs Provided For.

A press dispatch from Chicago reports the contents of a will in which a dog is legatee. The testator is a retired sailor. He instructed his lawyer to make a will leaving \$1,700 for the support of his dog, and constituting a Guarantee Company trustee for the amount. The dog is to be properly cared for out of the income from the money, and at his death the principal and any unexpended income are to be paid to the testator's sister. The old sailor said: "I do not mean, after my death, to have my dog kicked and cuffed about the world as I have been." By a curious coincidence, public provision was made for another dog about the same time.

recovered from a severe illness. After her recovery, she was afflicted with hysteria and gradually a peculiar mental condition developed which, so far as is known, is without precedent. There is a duality of consciousness, making her mentally like two persons. She can read and memorize at the same time, and can recite verses which she declares she does not know. The two parts of her mind appear to act independently of each other, and one is not conscious of what is done by the other. She said she could not see out of her left eye, and experiments proved that she could not. Yet, there was nothing abnormal about the eye, and the physicians who attend her found that the eye did see, though one part of the brain received no impressions from what the eye saw. She frequently writes sentences while engaged in conversation on a totally different topic, and is not aware that she has been writing at all. The two parts of the brain act simultaneously on different lines and appear to be entirely independent of each other. The girl appears to be wholly unconscious of the operations of one part of her mind, and to be incredulous of what she has said or done by that part. The doctors think that further study of her case may give the clue to the action of some notorious criminals, whose crimes are inconsistent with their ordinary disposition and conduct. This is a new mental phenomenon, but Christian men have long been familiar with a similar spiritual condition. The Apostle describes under very similar

STILL SUFFERING IN INDIA.

An Appeal by Cable for More Help for India's
Starving Millions—Dr. Bryan's Experience

MADRAS, India, July 10, 1897.
"Wire more famine relief. NEWCOMB."

THE above urgent appeal for help reached THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office on July 10 from Rev. John Newcomb who with his wife is laboring under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Union at Cumbum in the Madras district of India. As Mr. Newcomb had already received five hundred dollars and



A BUNYAH'S STORE.

as we had been confidently assured by Baptist publications that there was no famine, nor likelihood of any in the fields occupied by missionaries of the American Baptist Union, his cable-message is distinctly ominous. It shows that the area of the famine is extending and is reaching districts which were supposed to be safe from its inroads. It is gratifying to think that this journal was not misled by optimistic opinions and had already provided Mr. Newcomb and his devoted brethren in that district with the means of grappling with the dread monster at its first appearance. Another five hundred dollars has already been sent to the missionary whose need of further help must have been very pressing to cause him to go to the expense of a cable dispatch.

A pathetic story of sorrow and suffering is told by Miss M. E. Bryan, M. D., who called at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on July 10, to express her thanks for the help rendered to her in her work in India by its subscribers. Dr. Bryan has been laboring for five years past, at Bareilly, in the North-western provinces, and has just returned to her native land for a brief period of rest and recuperation. The greater part of that time has been spent in the Hospital there, for Dr. Bryan is fitted by ability and training to minister to the body as well as the soul. Her work brought her in contact with some of the worst cases of suffering, which, she says, bad as they were, and numerous as they were, did not approach the horrors seen in the Central Provinces. Referring to a picture of a skeleton of a man supported by two Salvation Army officers, which appeared in this journal on July 7, she said: "I saw just such a man near the railroad station, the day I came away. They are on all the roads on their way from their villages to the cities in the hope of finding employment. The farmers who employ them in the good times have no work to give them, their ground is parched, their seed is eaten, their cattle are dead and these poor helpers must either starve at home, or wander away to the cities to get work. Many of them die by the way. Some are brought by some kindly person to the hospital, but very often when they arrive, they are beyond human help. Gangrene of the stomach sets in as the result of the decay of the structure of the stomach. Having no nutriment it shrivels and decays and when that stage is reached there is no remedy."

Dr. Bryan was one of our missionary distributors. "We were enabled," she said, "to take care of over a hundred famine children. Some are orphans, some had been turned out of doors by their parents when all means of supporting them failed. They were poor, listless little creatures, when they came, and it was necessary to feed them very carefully. They were so ravenous that they would have over eaten and died if we had not restricted them. It was necessary to put them in a part of the compound apart from the other child-

ren, lest their pitiful condition should lead the well-fed children, in their kindness, to give them their own portions of food. It is marvelous to see how soon they change. In a few days they look well, and you can hear them laughing and singing at their play. There are any number of these children who might be rescued. I have seen them on the streets and in the bazaars searching among the dirt for a stray grain that has been dropped. Many of them contract disease by eating offal or anything that will alleviate the awful pangs of hunger. It is a grand work to take them and give them food and Christian teaching. They will grow up to carry the Gospel to their race. The Mohammedans and Hindoos have realized this fact, and have protested against our taking any more orphan children from the relief camps. They have made so much disturbance about it that in many instances the superintendent of the relief camp has forbidden the missionaries taking in more children. The Mohammedans and Hindoos who are protesting would rather the children died of starvation than live to become Christians. Though we are thus debarred from succoring those children, there is no lack of supply. Parents often bring their children themselves, and there are many without parents who are wandering about half-starved."

Dr. Bryan has had very pleasant association with Mrs. Lawson, of Alligarh, and Mrs. Jackson, in Bombay, who are both engaged in this work among the children, which is really the most hopeful department of Christian missionary work in India. She believes that if money were given freely to those ladies and others doing kindred work, Christianity would make great advance through the children. "The poverty of these people," says Dr. Bryan, "is extreme. A man who becomes a servant to a white family often receives the equivalent of only one dollar a month as wages, and he frequently has a wife and children to be kept out of it. The woman sometimes contributes a little by weaving or some such occupation, but that help is very precarious. Where the income is so small, you can easily see that when he goes for his supply of grain to the banyah, the retail grain merchant, and gets only fifteen pounds for his rupee when he has been accustomed to get forty-five, or at the worst thirty-six, the man and his family must be in sore straits. There is no doubt that the banyahs have raised their prices more than was justifiable. It is their opportunity of making a fortune and if their customers starve to death, they are not worried over it. I believe the corn you have sent will be heartily welcome. It may cause the banyahs to reduce their prices. Many of the people know how to use it, as it is the equivalent of their maize. They will need your help for at least a year yet, as even if the rains come, as we hope, there are so many farmers who have no seed to sow nor any cattle left alive for ploughing."

Rev. W. O. Ballantine, the American Board's missionary, at Rahuri, India, writes: "I have pleasure to acknowledge the receipt through the treasurer of our Mission of another \$500 from your subscription list. I am very thankful for this, and shall spend the money in addition to the ways already mentioned in my last, in taking care of homeless and friendless boys and girls. As the famine increases in severity, many are in great distress and straits about their children, and come to us begging us to take their children, and thus leave them free to earn a bare living for themselves. The fathers and in some cases the mothers of some of these children, have died from overwork and starvation, and these children we feel especially called upon to help, if possible. The rainy season is now close upon us, and is much longed for and prayed for by all classes of the community. But with all its desirableness, it will undoubtedly be also the means of great suffering for many, as they have no means of shelter, and the rain will cause much discomfort as well as disease. All cases that come to us we are trying to relieve to the best of our ability, and are thankful enough to you and the Christian public of America, that we have the means at our command to enable us to do so to some extent, although to attempt to relieve all the distress in this whole region would be a matter requiring more than human effort could accomplish."

AWAY FROM THE
KILLING HEAT.

Hundreds of Tenement Waifs Enjoy Life-Giving Breezes at our Children's Home.



EARTH is reaping a wide swath among the little tenement children of New York, these sweltering July days and nights. As the mercury reaches up toward the nineties, and streets and sidewalks radiate intense heat, life in the more thickly populated sections of the metropolis becomes almost intolerable, and everybody who can do so, tries to get away somewhere, to a region of cooler and purer air and comparative comfort. But what of the quarter of a million of tenement children, who pass year after year of their young lives in the same annual mid-summer torture—a fiery furnace, indeed, and one from which there is, for the majority, no escape." The few thousands who are taken to the country every year form only a fraction of the great army of "the children of poverty," to whom every summer means a struggle against sickness, if not with death itself. To such little ones, the comfort and the joy of a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn rob the summer of most of its terrors, besides strengthening the frail bodies against becoming sick and enervated by the torrid heat.

It is astonishing to witness the transformation a vacation at Mont-Lawn produces in the little tenement children. Once in the country, and far from the hot, sickly, foul-smelling rookeries which many call "home," they throw off all care, and with it their listlessness and pallor also disappear. The photographs on the next page will interest our readers, as showing, more faithfully than mere words can do, how our little guests pass the time at Mont-Lawn. Usually the sail up the Hudson River, from the hot city to the cool, verdant country, awakens all the latent enthusiasm of the children. An animated group is seen (in one of the photographs) viewing the noble scenery from the awning-covered deck of the steamer *Chryse-nah*. Another picture shows the little folks already absorbed in the delights of country freedom and innocent play—at the swings, tree-climbing, and the game of "cane-ring." These and many other sports provided for the youngsters, are all prime



FAMINE SUFFERERS WAITING RELIEF.

favorites. One photograph presents, with spirited effect, a section of the "grand march" from the chapel, or, it may be, to the big dining tent, where keen appetites never fail to do justice to the wholesome food.

Little Rachel K—, the six thousandth child at the Home, was the happiest of girls last week, for she had secured not only a delightful holiday for herself, but for her brothers and sisters as well—all being found eligible as candidates for a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. They make together a very pretty group—the

six children, with thirteen-year chael as the "little mother." The are Isabel (11), Morris (10), Lily tilda (6), Sarah (fifteen months), all live in Henry street, in the populous East-side of New York, who is a very bright talker remarkable story. Her parents are liavers, and, much against their she some time ago began to attend services at the Mariners' Temple York, where, after a time she g heart to Jesus.

She listened to the testimonies of and older converts, and with the enthusiasm of childhood, she took one day, to stand up and tell, with eloquence that touched all her own change. The face of the brightened as she spoke, and she heard her felt that the words cal her heart. Rachel never tires of ing of Jesus and the happiness in his keeping. She visits the Mission, the Mariners' Temple, different missions in New York Brooklyn to tell of her love for and his wonderful goodness to her graduated from Grammar School in June, and will now attend a school, as it is her purpose to be a medical missionary to Jerusalem, may work among her own race, and labor for their conversion. I is beautiful and might well put many an aged Christian to the "When graduation day came," plained, "I had not received a dress as I expected, and was comp appear in my only dress—this you wearing now. Besides, I didn't prize I had striven for. These may seem little to others but to meant a great deal; and it was thought of Christ's love for me abled me to bear the disappointment to feel satisfied that he knew w best."

For one so young Rachel has responsibilities. At home she cooking and helps otherwise, worked very hard to prepare her brothers and sisters for Mont-Lawn she wished to have them look n clean. The story of little Rachel that should be an inspiration to people everywhere.

Contributions in aid of the world Children's Home will be gladly and all will be promptly acknowledged these columns. The following sum been contributed:

Previously acknowledged.....	23
Eddy J.....	
Morley, Mrs E.....	
Anaheim, Cal.....	
Joslin, Mrs E W.....	
Meyers, Miss Mary.....	
Miss Ronnd's S S class.....	
M M B. Brooklyn.....	
M G. Portis.....	
Van Zandt, M M.....	
Subr, Morrison.....	
Mother and daughter, Clyde.....	
O M D. Ala.....	
I H N. Lancaster.....	
Read Mrs E E.....	
Mary I. Wright.....	
Mrs Ann Fuller.....	
S S Birthday box, Ft Calhoun.....	
M A H. Brooklyn.....	
Miss Tompkins.....	
Miss Gilliam Farley.....	
C E C. Hudson.....	
C C & B B H. Mercer.....	
B G Bryan.....	
Mrs Hargrave's Class.....	
Mrs S Z Bean.....	
A Friend, Lafayette.....	
W J Flinders (through).....	
Mrs A B Harlow.....	
Mrs Edwin Fonda.....	
Friend, Waddington.....	
Rachel M Huston.....	
Mr & Mrs T R Pearson.....	
R Kneustler.....	
King's Daughter, Mercer.....	
Rev Wm Gay.....	
—, Hackensack.....	
Friend, Tarrytown.....	
Well-wisher, New London.....	
Friend, Newtown.....	
M A Hines.....	
Friend, Dawson.....	
R P R. Binghamton.....	
The Pansy Club, Cambridge.....	
Miss J A Wright.....	
Mrs C L Walker.....	
Mrs Emma Batchelor.....	
Mr and Mrs J W Godbold.....	
Golden Rule Circle of K D, Mariners' Har.....	
Girls' Mission Band Presby Ch, Succasun.....	
Charlotte, Elizabeth & Willie Emma, Ruthe.....	
Total.....	

Contributions of Clothing.

A package clothing from Mrs. Robert ham; In His Name, Painesville, 23 dresses; old lady In His Name, package; Mrs. E lock, box of clothing; Lydia Hinkamp; clothing; Whatsoever Circle of K. D.; box; Ruth Hall, Grace and Helen Slep Ginton, Maud Ramsey, and Maggie St box; Friends, Grafton, box; Mrs. E. 18 gingham dresses and 13 skirts; Mr Brager, package.



LITTLE TENEMENT GUESTS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME AT MONT-LAWN.

1. THE SWINGS. 2. ASSEMBLING FOR THE GRAND MARCH TO THE DINING-TEXT. 3. A SHADY NOOK ON THE STEAMER "CHRYSTENAH." 4. PLAYING AT "CANE-RINGING." 5. IMPROVISING A SWING.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul's Ministry in Corinth.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 1. Acts 18:
1-11. Golden Text: 1. Cor. 3: 11.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



HOW unlike are God's ways to those of men! Man would have judged that the learned disciple of Gamaliel was far more adapted to deal with the cultured Athenians than with the commercial Corinthians or Ephesians or the barbarous people of Melita. And yet it was in Athens that the record of results is the smallest perhaps of all the labors of this Apostle of the Gentiles! He left Athens for Corinth, the great commercial city of Greece, and here, in accordance with his usual custom while in Europe he sought for and found work whereby he might support himself that he might "make the Gospel of Christ without charge." On the Sabbath days, as he had done previously at Thessalonica, he went into the synagogue to teach.

In Athens there was no persecution, but no sooner did Paul begin to preach in Corinth than persecution broke out. His appeal now was directly to the Jews. "And when they opposed themselves and blasphemed, he shook his raiment and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads. I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." It will be remembered that in his first missionary journey, at Antioch in Pisidia, Paul and Barnabas had said to blaspheming Jews: "It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." But now a second time the truth entered more deeply into Paul's heart that God had called him to bear his name before the Gentiles. (Acts 9: 15.) This time Paul took

A NEW STEP.

Dear as were his people to him, and ready as he was, if it could have been, to be even accursed from Christ for his brethren, (Rom. 9: 3), he did at this time just what would be calculated to injure his prestige with the priestly powers at Jerusalem and with the rulers of the synagogues wherever he should travel. He departed from the synagogue as his place of teaching and went into the house of Justus close by. This could only look like opposition, but Paul may have learned a lesson from his comparative want of success at Athens which bore fruit now, for he afterwards wrote to the Corinthians speaking of this time, and said, "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of man but in the power of God." (1. Cor. 2: 3-5.) In such a spirit it was not difficult for him to brave all the misconception and contempt which might come upon him from the scribes and Pharisees, that he, a Jew, should open a kind of rival synagogue to teach the Scriptures in a way unauthorized by the powers.

God honored him in this, for his time for such a step had come, and one of the first fruits of this move was the conversion of the ruler of that very synagogue which he had left. "Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house, and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." Paul was more and more laying down his own life, and as he taught others he was himself learning in the school of Christ; his own wisdom was once his very life, now he would know it no more. His prestige as a Jew had been his very life, now the cross of Christ had crucified to him both his own wisdom and his religious reputation. But God was with him and his life in God deepened: it was life out of death; the life of God out of death to his own life.

It was just at this juncture that the Lord "spoke to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." And in face of all it cost him and the continued opposition of the Jews, he continued a year and a half teaching among them.

But this was not going to last much longer. The prince of this world will not relinquish any part of his dominions without a struggle. The jealous Jews were an easy prey, and the great adversary stirred them up to make an insurrection against Paul so that they apprehended him, and brought against him the indictment that he "persuaded men to worship God contrary to the law." Gallio was a just judge; in his eyes the law was not made to distinguish between creeds, but to judge of good or evil deeds. Thus Gallio declined to be judge of such matters, and he "drove them from the judgment seat." "But they" (R.V., that is the Jews, or A.V., the Greeks) took Sosthenes, the present ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat. Thus we learn that yet another ruler of the synagogue had be-

with a price," to be a temple of the Holy Ghost (1. Cor. 6: 19, 20.) He shows the wonderful independence of the members of the body, and how the whole body, head and members, is Christ (verse 12.) Wonderful truths are given in this Epistle. Then the teaching of the resurrection and the transfiguration of our bodies in a moment, in the "twinkling of an eye at the last trump." (1. Cor. 15: 51, 52.) Then his wonderful look into the future where he sees, beyond the millennial reign of Christ, the conquest of "the last enemy," death, when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



WHEN we read that Paul, the energetic, restless missionary, stayed a year and a half in Corinth, we naturally inquire what there could have been in the city to hold him there. It could not have been the natural beauty of the place, though it was singularly beautiful. It stood on a level plain, at the foot of a mountain, on the narrow neck of rocky land which unites Morea to the northern part of Greece. It was an ideal situation for a commercial city, accessible on both sides by sea and on the great highway of traffic by land. The Romans had destroyed it with all its art treasures about two hundred years before Paul's visit, and after allowing it to lie desolate for a century, had rebuilt it with great magnificence, and had peopled it



THE SITE OF ANCIENT CORINTH.

come a believer in Jesus, else he would not have been persecuted.

But the time of Paul's ministry at Corinth was drawing to an end, he had done there the work which God had given him to do, and the Lord whose he was and whom he served, wanted him elsewhere. His epistles to the Corinthians are clear evidence of the condition of this Church of Corinth. Having learned his lesson, he teaches the Corinthians how God sent him to preach the Gospel, "not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none-effect" (1. Cor. 1: 17), and after showing how it is "the foolishness of preaching" which saves them that believe because "the foolishness of God is stronger than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men," he tells them that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

In his own humiliation, as crucified with Christ, Paul laid the foundation, Jesus Christ, deep in this Church of Corinth. He could build upon this foundation the expectation of the Lord's coming. He could bring out the wonderful teaching of the Body of Christ (chap. 12), after having first shown that our human body must take its rightful place as a living sacrifice. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought

with a colony of merchants, freedmen and slaves. Its unrivalled opportunities for trade had attracted capitalists and manufacturers and workmen of all crafts. There was a resident population of about four hundred thousand, and a floating contingent of visitors who came for business or pleasure. The city was as famous for its wealth as Athens was for its learning; but it was famous, too, for its immorality. Nowhere, probably, on earth at that time, was there a city in which so much money was spent in vile orgies. The very religion of the city was vicious. There was a temple there to Aphrodite, the Greek Venus, the worship of which was shamelessly corrupt. Merchants who came there and sold the cargo of a ship have been known to spend the whole proceeds on the wicked women who officiated in the temple. Not a promising field we should have thought for the Apostle. But he settled down there, and, hearing in a vision that there was much people for the Lord there, he stayed to bring them in. The possibility of winning souls was the attraction which kept the Apostle at Corinth. In addition, there was a special need for his stay in the condition from which his converts were won and the temptations which surrounded them. They needed his oversight and the fortitude which his continued presence gave them. We know, from the letters he wrote them how much anxiety and distress some of them caused him, and how deeply grieved he was by the scandal which soon after his departure disgraced the church. Paul, as usual, began at the synagogue, but his work there seems to have been brief. The Jews op-

posed him and he ceased to argue with them, and commenced meetings in his own house. He was gradually winning that his most hopeful field was the portion of the synagogue congregation which consisted of proselytes, i.e., Gentiles who had been a part of the surrounding heathenism and had been purified by Jewish monotheism. They were less prejudiced than the Jews, and accepted a faith better than heathenism. They were prepared to accept a still better in Christianity. Justus was probably one of these, and Crispus may have been another. The latter as chief ruler of the synagogue was an important convert. It appears to have been deposed from office, as far as the church was concerned, is mentioned as holding it, probably being elected to succeed him. Paul departed from Athens, and his hearers had said, "We will be again of this matter," but there were two parties to such an arrangement: never know when our last opportunity of accepting the Gospel may come. A legend that when the Magi were way to worship the infant Christ, expressed a wish to accompany them. They consented, but she wished her house in order first, and as she did not wait for her, it was arranged that she should follow them when her work was done. But when she was ready they were out of sight and she overtook them. So she missed the opportunity that only came once in the history of tendering homage to the Son of God.

He was of the same craft. A father, however wealthy he might be, expected to have his son taught handicraft, by which in an emergency might earn an honest livelihood. Paul was taught the art of making tents, which, to this day, are used for various purposes and by travelers in that region. The cloth of which they are made is woven from the hair of the Cilician goat. Whether Paul was a weaver of tents or made the tents from the cloth is not told. Perhaps he may have done so. When he learned the art, he probably not expect ever to maintain himself by it, but in Corinth he found it useful. Silas and Timothy came, when it seemed that he was able to give himself entirely to preaching. They brought him help from the other converts. "How much are you paid for this work?" a sceptical cynical man asked one of the speakers at a mission, recently. "Not a cent," was the reply. "How do you live?" "The same way that you do—by work." "Then, why do you come here if it is not to earn money?" The answer was significant: "Because I love my low men and want to give them something there is in the world."

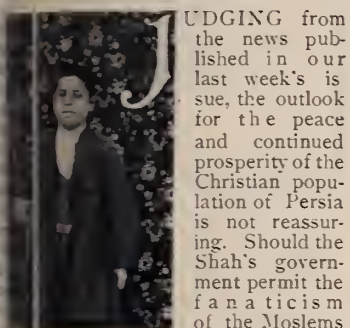
A certain Jew named Aquila, in the presence of Aquila and his wife in Corinth was due to one of the caprices of the imbecile emperor Claudius. This was not permanent. When Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans shortly afterwards, Aquila and Priscilla had returned (see Romans 16: 3). Perhaps the people thought themselves hardly treated by this peremptory edict expelling them from Rome; but what a blessing it brought to have the daily companionship of the Apostle Paul for a year and a half! A magnificent compensation. When the missionary, was on his way to New Zealand home, his ship was caught at the Isle of Wight. Marsden, never over the delay, but he went ashore and preached. The sermon was the means of converting one hearer. She afterwards came the famous "dairyman's daughter" whose biography written by Legh Richmond has been blessed to many souls.

No man shall set on thee. These words must have been very comforting to Paul and it is remarkable that Corinth was one of the few places that he left so peacefully and in peace. He generally fled to save his life. Inglis describes a incident which illustrates the kind of protection that God can interpose for his servants. A lady was aroused from sleep by a pecking at her window. Going for the cause, she saw a beautiful butterfly fluttering inside her room near the glass. Outside, was a bird making darts at it. The butterfly was annoyed and the bird was puzzled. She understood the sheet of plate glass between them which kept the butterfly as safe as the bird was a hundred miles away.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

MOTHERS OF PERSIA.

Belot Not Likely to be Improved Under the present Shah—The Persecution of the Nestorians and Hebrews.



DR. JOSEPH.

JUDGING from the news published in our last week's issue, the outlook for the peace and continued prosperity of the Christian population of Persia is not reassuring. Should the Shah's government permit the fanaticism of the Moslems to run unchecked, we may soon

chronicle accounts of the persecution of the Persian Nestorians and Hebrews as distressing as any that have come from other Moslem-ruled lands in centuries. Our readers have a special interest in the Gospel work that is now being carried on in Persia at the present time. In the letters that have appeared on these pages from the pen of Dr. Joseph, our special correspondent and medical missionary, some very graphic and instructive incidents of that work have been given.

As to the women of Persia that Dr. Joseph's efforts are specially addressed—the Nestorians, but the mothers of the Moslem and Jewish children as well. With her message of healing to the sick body, she also conveys a message of love and encouragement of every soul. In the Christian households that she visits in our photograph, she is seen seated in the centre of a group of Nestorians; she is warmly welcomed but she finds many opportunities to do Zenana work in Mohammedan households where the story of "gentle Issa" is told to women and girls, to whom it is all new and strange and wonderful.

A medical missionary who has labored among the Mohammedans said: "If there is any Christian influence among Mohammedans it is due to the Christian doctor. Mohammedans ever expect to convert Mohammedans to Christ, it will have to be the tough Christian medical men and men of iron doors of caste, society, religion, personal and national ill-will melt away before a physician as warm as a summer sun. His office is regarded as sacred and honored as that of a priest, and his influence is immense, even the highest and greatest in the land.

First, in the interest of Christianity and humanity, that the impending persecution of all non-Mohammedans in Persia is averted, and that the comparative tolerance which marked the reign of the late Shah may be continued by his predecessor, thus assuring the peace of the homes of Persia and the progress of the Gospel in that ancient land.

Wise and Economical.

There are many economies that can be classified as absurd, and on the other hand, there are economies that seem to be based as a pretext or justification for the contemplated extravagance. It requires an exceptionally judicious mind to know where to economize and where to spend. It is frequently the way of thrift that melts away before a physician as warm as a summer sun. His office is regarded as sacred and honored as that of a priest, and his influence is immense, even the highest and greatest in the land.

had better be devoted to dustcloths or to some other purposes of cleaning where a soft, old rag is required. The picking up of pins is certainly a doubtful economy. Almost all of us have some pet economy. Some people will hoard old dresses of wool which they have no time to clean, and which would not be fit for wear if they were cleaned. The result of this hoarding is an interesting collection of mothballs. The hoarding of newspapers may be classed among the same extravagant fancies. They merely collect dust. The saving of fruit and vegetable cans, except to paint and use for flower-pots, is absurd. An old tin can is usually a menace to health. A hundred such petty economies are indulged in by thoughtless women, who imagine that thrift can come from such foolish hoarding.

The Value of Laughter.

Laughter has an important place in hygiene. Learn to laugh and smile. Have a cheery word for all comers and you will be liked by everybody. Laugh out loud, if you please. It may be artificial at first.



DR. JOSEPH SURROUNDED BY A GROUP OF PERSIAN PEASANT WOMEN.

but it gets to be natural after awhile. Hide your pains and aches under that laugh. The world has troubles of its own and can't stop to coddle yours. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is considered a public nuisance.

The Old-fashioned Garden.

There is something very pleasing in the recollection of the old-fashioned gardens of our own childhood, especially at this season, when every garden and woodland bank is ablaze with color. The writer of these verses will awaken many precious memories:

Oh, for the dear old-fashioned posies,
Growing close by the kitchen door;
Poppies soft to bring forgetting,
Balm and mint for a spirit sore.
Heart's-ease, sweet for hearts that are aching;
Ragged robins and four-o'clocks;
Marigold and wealth uncounted,
Cabbage roses and hollyhocks.
Sunflowers tall, that turn their faces
Out to the west as the sun goes down;
Morning-glories that close and cower
Under the rays of his burning frown.
Oh, for the dear old-fashioned posies,
Growing close by the kitchen door,
And for the loved familiar faces
Gone from our gaze forever more.

Music and Worship.

There is a very wide distinction between music and worship, which it would be well for us to recognize. When we go to church or to any service in which praise forms a

part, all voices should join in the strains. An old legend relates that a band of monastics who had no voices and no idea of music, were filled with regret that their service was so imperfect. One day they found a little boy lying outside of the chapel door. They took him in and educated him and to their joy they found that he had a splendid voice. In due course he was ready to take part in the service, and the old men thought that it was the most glorious they had ever attended. That night their spiritual leader asked why they had forgotten their evening hymn. The old men replied that they had not forgotten it; on the contrary, they had had a most magnificent service. "Magnificent it may have been," said the leader, "but not one sound of worship has entered heaven this night." In listening to the singer they had forgotten the object of the service. Let us take the lesson to ourselves, lest in our admiration of the beauties of the material world we forget the spiritual, and so grasp the bubble and lose the crown.

Disappointments.

"I do not pretend to be a superior scholar in the school of providence," said Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, "but many of the best lessons of life have been taught me by disappointment. One lesson we have all learned is that this world was not made and is not managed only for us. If it were, then the sun would shine just when we wanted a fair day, and the rain would fall when our garden needed to be watered. But we have found that God goes right on and orders things as pleaseth

THE OLD PATHS.

Ask for the old path, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Jer. 6: 16.

ASK for the faith of my fathers,
I ask for the paths that were trod,
By Abraham, Moses, and David,
And all the old prophets of God.

I seek not a plan of salvation,
Where merit of mine hath a place;
I want the old-fashioned salvation,
That saveth the sinner by grace.

I ask for the God of my fathers,
Whose promise forever is true;
The God of my only salvation,
A Refuge for me and for you.

I ask for the path of my fathers,
That leadeth to heaven's bright goal
The old way of life everlasting,
Where I may find rest for my soul.

I ask for the God of my fathers,
Who comforts in time of distress,
Who liveth forever and ever
The hearts of his people to bless.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Happy Children.

ONE of the secrets of happy childhood is occupation. In dealing with our children at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh Air Fund Home at Mont Lawn it is aimed to keep them always busy at something. There are no children to be found there standing about listless and unemployed. Recreation is occupation, and whether they are playing at any of their child-games on the lawn, flower-gathering or leaf-picking in the woods, or singing in the little chapel, the visitor is always sure to find them occupied.

Froebel long ago discovered that occupation was the key-note to a child's happiness, says an observant writer. Bearing this in mind, a mother may help herself almost unlimitedly in the care of her children, particularly on a journey, which restless children often make a serious trial to their guardians. A pencil and a pad of paper have proved the best sort of nurse-maid to one mother on many an otherwise difficult railroad trip with her little son. In a Hudson River train lately another mother was noticed converting the restless fatigue of her young pair, a boy and girl, into contented and happy occupation with the aid only of a time-table map. It was a sufficiently large affair, when opened, to show a dozen States, and the ingenious woman improvised a game which completely absorbed her charges. Each in turn selected a city, the other endeavoring to discover its whereabouts, the mother letting the child who had not chosen guide her pencil as a pointer over the map, the other child following its course with the significant words "hot" or "cold," as the location of the place selected was approached or receded from.

For an hour and a-half the game was kept up with unabated interest on the part of the children. Peals of laughter and exclamations of eager excitement greeted the halting progress of the improvised pointer. It is safe to say that the mother will see that a time-table map is in her traveling-bag every time she sets out on a journey with her active youngsters. The same principles can be profited by for rainy days in the summer outing. Some simple, easily carried games or devices for children's entertainment will be found invaluable.

The Queen and the Children.

One of the prettiest sights of the recent royal Jubilee in London was at Constitution Hill where were gathered 10,000 children associated with the public schools, under the care of some 2,000 teachers. The children in their many-colored clothes, with the trees as a background, afforded a most picturesque scene. Several hours elapsed when the cry was raised "The Queen!" First came an escort of Indian Princes, and then the royal carriage, in which was seated the Queen, the ex-Empress of Germany, the Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught. A halt being made there was a momentary pause, and the leading representatives of the schools were presented. Each in turn was introduced by the Duke of Connaught to the Queen, who bowed her acknowledgments. Then came the national anthem, Victoria being moved almost to tears by the singing of the fresh young voices. It was a scene to live in the memory of the ten thousand children who were present.

"Sense Games" for Children.

That lover of children, Froebel, laid great stress on "sense games" in his book for mothers, writes Katherine Beebe. He would have them train the senses of their children to acuteness and discrimination by means of play. In one kindergarten this idea was carried out last fall by means of the fruits so abundant at that time. A number of these were provided, the number suited to the ages and abilities of the children, who named them and counted them, and also drew them with colored chalk. One child's eyes being blindfolded, another child hid one of the fruits. It was then the turn of the blindfolded one to guess which fruit was missing, and if he guessed correctly he was "heartily cheered"; if his guess was wrong he tried again another time. This was played as long as the children were interested, and on another occasion a game of guessing by feeling the fruits, filled a merry half hour.

"GOD'S PORCELAIN."

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

Author of "A Princess in Calico," and other Stories.



THE sultry day had burned itself out and the sun was slowly dying in a mass of purple clouds. Down near the river the heat had blazed with a scorching glare that made the pavements feel

like red-hot plough-shares, and now hung in heavy, stifling waves over the crowded tenement houses. Out in Lincoln Park the tigers lay panting, and the polar bears plunged up to their necks in their ponds or kept up a weary march around their enclosure in the vain hope of escape.

On one of the benches fronting the water a woman sat knitting. The large bundle of denim trousers on the bench beside her was tacit evidence that she belonged to the mighty army of the unknown who drag out a livelihood beneath the grinding curse of the sweat shops. A dress of rusty black, in which she had mourned for her mother three years before, an old felt hat which did duty summer and winter, and a pair of stout boots, guilts of any attempt at shape, completed her attire. Her hands were large and bony, the knuckles swollen and red from years of incessant toil, and the deep seams in her fingers cried to heaven for vengeance on the system which grows fat upon the life-blood of the poor. Her hair, of a dingy straw color, was drawn into a tight wisp at the back, her sunken eyes were faded and almost colorless from their efforts to follow the lines of countless button-holes by the light of a wretched lamp, and her jaw bones stood out from her hollow cheeks with startling distinctness. She was bent and misshapen, and rheumatism had laid its relentless hand upon her so that she limped painfully as she walked. She was old and poor and homely. The world crushed her beneath its iron heel, the boys jeered after her in the streets, and she had once overheard a medical student describe her to his fellows as an anatomical monstrosity, but her soul was filled with the peace which passeth knowledge, and on her heart was graven the hidden name God gives to his chosen.

She sat drinking in the beauty and the freshness while her practised fingers tossed off unseen stitches on the sock of coarse blue wool which she was knitting for the only relative she possessed—her father. An afternoon in the park was the one treat which she allowed herself. She did not count it a lost day, since she had to break into it to go to the shop for a fresh supply of garments, and she lived on the remembrance through the rest of the week, when the tenement seemed unbearable and she felt weak and ill. She had always had an unconquerable longing for the country, with the dim cool shadows among its forests, its rippling brooks, the fragrance of its meadows, and the sweet breath of the coo, as she remembered it in the far distant past, before her parents had forsaken beautiful New Hampshire for the hurry and bustle of Chicago.

Suddenly her knitting dropped in her lap and she leaned forward breathless. A vision had blazed upon her beauty-loving soul. A young girl and her lover stopped near her to admire the view. "Lizer Ann had never even dreamed of such loveliness before. She gazed at it all in her quick, comprehensive way. The dress of soft, rich silk, shot through with flashes of light which glowed and shimmered in the sun, the suede gloves of delicate pearl, the dainty shoes, the hat with its graceful tangle of cream-colored plumes, and the

rich lace parasol. She laid these away in her memory. She would take pleasure from them later on; they were only the accessories, what she wanted was the face. Was there ever such a face! So sweet and rich and tender in its ever-changing expression, with great brown eyes which glowed and sparkled until Lizer Ann's heart melted within her with a keen aesthetic joy that was almost pain. She watched the play of the exquisitely-curved nostril, the curve of the lip over the dazzling teeth, the bewitching, dimpled cheeks and the perfectly formed ears, like tinted shells, about which the brown hair clustered lovingly in curling waves. A subtle perfume smote upon her senses. She was seized with a sudden fit of trembling. Then the vision passed and she was



"GOD WILL HELP, FATHER," SAID 'LIZER ANN, SOOTHINGLY.

left alone with her blue woolen sock and the denim trousers on the bench beside her.

She watched lovingly as the beautiful girl strolled along the broad paths and finally was handed by her lover into a handsome carriage in waiting and whirled away. There was no touch of envy in her grand, sweet soul.

"She's a bit of the Lord's porcelain," she murmured; "twas good of Him to let me have a look at it."

Her eye was caught by a glimpse of white under a shrub near by. She went over to it and picked up a fragment of gossamer and lace, filled with the same subtle perfume that had overpowered her a moment before.

"Why, it's her's!" she cried softly—"her hankercher, and she's dropped it!"

She held it reverently in her toil-worn hands, while the delicious fragrance rose about her and intoxicated her with delight. She caught sight of a name and bent her head to spell out the delicately traced letters.

"Muriel Hazelton." Yes, that was she of course. How the name fitted her! Muriel Hazelton. She whispered it lovingly as though it belonged to her. Then she contrasted it with her own. Muriel Hazelton; Eliza Ann Hobbs.

"I said she was a bit of the Lord's porcelain!" she cried exultantly. "And I'm an old piece of delft, full of cracks and chips; but then He's made us both, and He makes no mistake in His patterns. I'm a Hobbs and a hobbler," she continued with a soft merriment that had no bitterness. "And she, she walks as I think the angels must when they're not using their wings."

The shrill scream of a steam whistle brought her back to the present. She

must hurry or her father would have to wait for his supper. She folded the handkerchief as well as she could with her roughened fingers and put it safely in her bosom. She could not hope to return it, she could find no trace and the idea of the city directory or an advertisement was beyond the limit of her thought. Then she lifted her heavy bundle and limped slowly out of the Park, counting herself richer than when she had entered it—richer by the memory of a face.

Her father was late, and the scanty supper of dried fish, weak tea, and bread was ready before she heard him coming slowly up the stairs which led to the wretched place they called home. He sank wearily into a chair near the door. She noticed with a pang how old and feeble he looked.

"It's all up with us, 'Lizer Ann," he said in a low, hopeless tone; "they've given me the sack at the wharf."

"Father!" she cried. "Why, father, you can't mean it!"

"Old men don't count nowadays. They've ben a cuttin' me down for awhile back, and I knew when they giv' me this job of watchman they couldn't git no lower, but I didn't think it of 'em to turn me off so!"

"They say they've only ben keepin' me on out of kindness—kindness—after me a workin' faithful for 'em nigh on to thirty years! God help us, 'Lizer Ann, whatever will we do?" He burst into tears—pitiful tears, which a man only sheds when his heart is breaking.

She crossed the room to where he sat, put her arms about him and laid his head against her brave, true heart.

"God will help, father; don't hurt Him by doubting. Come and have your supper and you'll feel better."

"They said they caught me napping," he broke out again, "that was the excuse. I do feel powerful drowsy some days, but they might have passed it by, after me a workin' faithful for 'em nigh on to thirty years!"

She stroked the white hair with a strange new dread in her heart. The rough hands were wondrously tender.

"Poor father! It's no wonder you're tired! You've had a hard life. You shall stay home with me and there'll be no one to find fault with you for sleeping. Don't you fret. I can put in some extra time on the pants and there's plenty of work at the shop now. God is good, father."

That night 'Lizer Ann did as John's disciples of old—she "went and told Jesus." She had made light to her father of the loss of his wages, but only God knew what it meant for them both. She worked to the limit of her strength as it was. Would it be possible to do any more? And if her father fell sick!—she shut her eyes then resolutely, with the tears still upon the lashes—

"God never asks us to do impossible things. We're His sparrows; He knows when the trees grow bare;" and so she fell asleep.

Her father fretted a good deal. He had never expected to be a burden on her, he said.

"Don't!" she answered, gently. "Think (Continued on next page.)"

Scrofula Cured

Hood's Sarsaparilla Just Was Needed.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula troubles and it has given me relief. I find it drives away that tired feeling and it is just what is needed when the system is run down. I gladly recommend Hood's." CHARLES A. BAKER, Little Utica, New York.

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Pamphlet on the cure of Rheumatism with lithine sent free by

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists. Pamphlets on application. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, N. Y. Springs open for guests June 15 to Oct. 1.

GOD'S PORCELAIN."

(continued from preceding page.)

years and years you have worked
 inexorable conscience rebuked her
 lie. She could not remember
 when she had not worked for
 weeks slipped by. Autumn had
 and winter was approaching. 'Lizer
 led unceasingly from dawn till mid-
 night. Her father went out occasionally
 for odd jobs, often bringing back
 some starving soul he had met
 on the way. There was always enough
 more with 'Lizer Ann; if there was
 none knew it but herself. But he
 st to stay with the brave daughter
 always a cheery word to drive
 the shadows. He slept a great deal.
 her at first, but she grew accus-
 to it. The poor have no time for
 it.
 One Sunday they spent at the mission.
 Her enjoyed the singing and for
 it was a taste of heaven. Her
 numbered peacefully beside her,
 she carefully brushed blue coat he
 had from other days, giving voice to
 "hallelujahs" during his rare in-
 stants of consciousness: their meagre
 posed under the seat in a card-
 shoe box, but 'Lizer Ann felt no
 physical food: she had meat to
 which the world knew nothing, her
 given softly, fed by the sunlight in
 and her face was touched with a
 tle of the glory which Moses' wore
 came down from the Mount.
 eergyman in charge of the mission
 her out to a friend one day.
 face is my standing argument of
 ur of the Gospel of Jesus over the
 us of environment," he said.
 understand," answered his friend, "it
 without words."
 ever forgot Muriel. She carried
 akerchief always in her bosom,
 pain a piece of silver paper which
 at had picked up in his wander-
 seemed to keep her warm. She
 tender thoughts of her beautiful
 o the seams of the denim trous-
 every night the toil-worn, hunger-
 child of the people knelt in her
 otatic to plead for heaven's rich-
 ings on the girl who was clothed
 r and fine linen and who fared
 ussily every day.
 a bitter winter. Out in the sub-
 uth-snow lay piled in high drifts and
 of coals went up. 'Lizer Ann
 every nerve to meet the added
 en f expense, for her father must
 ne. Long hours after he had gone
 she sat stitching, till the needle
 from her benumbed fingers and
 eong chill struck to her heart. At
 came a day when her father
 attempt to leave his bed. She
 angements with a neighbor to
 n him occasionally and then start-
 ook for a physician.
 u you tell me who is the best doc-
 tory city?" She put the question
 y a policeman whom she knew by
 t. Randolph," was the prompt reply,
 is waste time going to him, he only
 st quality."
 e tried on unheeding. Her father
 ve the best.
 eys breathless when she reached
 his Central Station. Dr. Ran-
 led out of the city. The train
 s leaving. She sank into a seat.
 le in her body ached with a dull,
 n pain: a mist came before her
 and numbness seemed to be creep-
 eter limbs. She started forward,
 u keep well for her father's sake.
 about her. A fat woman sat in
 er with three children and a seat
 eels. How happy they seemed!
 ay he legs of a turkey protruding
 n their baskets. Everyone seem-
 o erriment. They all had furs and
 ck wraps. She was the only
 ivered. She thought of Muriel
 a tender smile on her pinched face.
 ay she must be to-day! Then
 k out of the window. The sky
 ean grey, stray whiffs of snow
 in the air and close beside the track,
 e Migan fumed like an imprisoned
 dling great sheets of spray in
 er; futile wrath against the mas-
 ces which were piled in rugged
 dew along the shore. Then the

train slowed up and the conductor called her station.

She was shown into a handsome recep-
 tion room filled with people, waiting, as
 she must wait, to catch the ear of the cele-
 brated physician. Abashed she sank into
 the nearest chair. All the occupants of
 the room had greeted her entrance with a
 silent stare—cold, contemptuous, quizzical,
 supercilious, wondering. Every face ex-
 pressed one or the other of these, and
 'Lizer Ann, with her keen intuitions, read
 them all and sat looking down at her pur-
 ple, swollen hands, while a surge of crim-
 son flooded her cheeks and a confused
 singing sounded in her ears.

"They think I've no right here," she
 said to herself, "he's their doctor and they're
 all rich folks." She remembered the warn-
 ing of the policeman. "He only tends the
 quality." "Perhaps I was wrong to come,
 but I'll do the best I can, for father's sake.
 He can only say 'No,' and that won't hurt
 me." She shivered with dread at the ap-
 prehension. It was a terrible ordeal, for
 she was naturally timid.

After a long time she gained courage to
 lift her eyes. No one noticed her in the
 least. Dr. Randolph's patients prided
 themselves on being perfectly well bred.
 Three ladies sat at a table writing; the gen-
 tlemen were buried in their newspapers;
 on a sofa at the end of the room two col-
 lege girls kept up a merry conversation in
 whispers, while their aunt smiled indul-
 gently behind the covers of her book. A
 very young woman sat beside a colored
 nurse, who held her baby, its little body
 strapped on a board in the first long mis-
 ery of spinal disease; a young man was
 amusing a little fellow of four with a pic-
 ture book; while just near him sat a beau-
 tiful child of eight—her golden curls fell
 in happy contrast over her rich fur cape
 with its hood of crimson silk, but the dark
 shadows under the blue eyes and the tiny
 crutch at her side told their own pitiful
 story. Her face was full of a patient sad-
 ness which made 'Lizer Ann's heart ache,
 and a great longing came over her to take
 the little creature in her arms and give
 her the love which she felt sure she looked
 for in vain from the haughty mother, who
 shook her royal sables so impatiently and
 glanced with such an air of ennui at her
 diamond-studded watch.

At intervals a servant opened a door
 which led into the doctor's consulting
 room and the patients entered in order of
 precedence. At last her turn came and
 she rose trembling.

The room was large and lofty, several
 fine pictures hung upon the wall, a magnif-
 cent St. Bernard lay stretched upon a rug
 in front of the fire, which snapped softly,
 a table of plate glass in a mahogany set-
 ting was covered with rows of shining in-
 struments and at a desk a fair-faced girl in
 the costume of a nurse was busily entering
 names and data in a large record book.

Dr. Randolph was too thorough a gen-
 tleman and a physician to evince any sur-
 prise at his humble visitor. He would
 simply tell her he never paid any visits
 except to a few special patients.

"What do you wish, madam?"
 He had a kindly face, though people
 called him reserved and cold. They said
 he had lost his heart to his profession and
 cared nothing for men or women, except
 as they became subjects for his skill.

"It's father, sir," cried 'Lizer Ann through
 quivering lips, while the tears glistened in
 her faded eyes. "Could you spare time to
 see him? I know it's asking a favor, but
 I'm afraid he's dying!"

Something in the pathetic figure and the
 trembling tone, so full of love, checked
 the words which were upon his lips. He
 took her address and asked the nature of
 her father's illness.

"I will call," he said, "at three." Then
 he held the door open and bowed her into
 the hall.

"Just as if I'd been a princess!" said
 'Lizer Ann to herself as she hurried home,
 happy in the thought that her father would
 have the best.

(To be Concluded.)

Mayesville Industrial Institute.

The Board of Trustees of the Industrial In-
 stitute of Mayesville, S.C., has elected R. H. Dana,
 Esq., and Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston, and
 Dr. Asa Blackburn to membership. The interest
 these gentlemen have taken in the effort to give
 the Board a new building thus receives recognition.
 The colored people of Mayesville are doing a noble
 work under great difficulties and any contribution
 sent to the fund will be given to a deserving cause.
 Subscriptions sent to this office will be acknowl-
 edged in these columns.

Hay=
Fever

CHANGE OF CLIMATE as a means of re-
 lief from this distressing malady is, at
 best, *uncertain, annoying, and ex-
 pensive.* It never *cures*, and the relief is but
 temporary. Year by year the benefit is less, and
 new places have to be tried. Business interests
 suffer because of enforced absence; your family
 may have to suffer because deprived of necessities
 in order to pay your bills; you suffer yourself if
 you return "ahead of time."

NOT SO with our patients. They can stay
 at home in comfort, carry on their usual
 occupation, and perform their duties;
 have relief from the terrible itching, burning,
 sneezing, coughing, wheezing, and distress for
 breath; can sleep sound, and awake refreshed;
 and best of all, can be

CURED TO STAY CURED.

"Having suffered acutely from Hay-Fever for twenty years, and find-
 ing relief only in Europe or the mountains, it needed only ten days' trial
 of your treatment to find perfect relief. I took the medicines six weeks
 last season and their effect upon my system was constantly beneficial in
 every way. I sleep, eat and work better than ever, my complexion is
 clearer than for years, and during the past winter, although the weather
 has been very trying, I have been absolutely free from any colds or
 coughs." RALPH EMERSON, 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

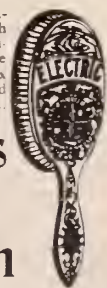
"I did not send you a report of my condition because I felt so well that
 I discontinued the use of the medicines. I scarcely know how to thank
 you for the good results your medicines produced in making the dreaded
 Hay-Fever and Asthma bearable to me. Every year during the Fever
 season, I have had to leave the city at great expense and inconvenience
 to myself and then suffered from the Asthma on my return. I tried
 every remedy suggested by friends, had operations performed upon my
 throat and nose, but to no purpose. Since I started to take your medi-
 cines, August 7th, I have been absolutely free from Asthma and re-
 mained quietly at home, happy and grateful. If you desire, you may
 publish this in order that your medicines may do for other sufferers what
 they have done for me." Respectfully yours,
 Oct. 9th, 1896. REV. M. MESSING,
 No. 235 N. Delaware St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Send for Examination Blank and 136-page
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 will cure them. We are so posi-
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IS WARRANTED TO CURE

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 in 5 minutes! Neuralgia in 5 minutes! Dou-
 druff and diseases of the scalp! Prevents
 falling hair and baldness! Makes the
 hair grow long and glossy!

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 No. 3 Hair Brush, \$2. No. 4 Hair Brush, \$2.50
 No. 5 Hair Brush, \$3.

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BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Taking Summer Boarders.

HERE are still in this busy age and in this hustling period—when business goes on with rush and bustle, and men and women alike have forgotten what repose means—there are still quaint places in the country where there are silences that may be felt. In the sweet summer weather when the roses are in bloom, and the daisies “peep up here and there and everywhere,” there are old farm-houses, white, with green blinds, with trees tapping in a friendly way against the panes, and sociable little wrens flitting about the porch and the eaves, and a grey cat purring and blinking in the sun, ready to pounce on the birds if she get a half chance.

I never see the stealthy feline manner of suddenly seizing the prey, which the velvet-footed, claw-sheathed creature of the cat tribe has in common with panthers, tigers, lions, and other savage animals, without a wonder that so many people love cats. For nobody is indifferent, you know, to this mysterious, familiar personage who dwells within our gates. People either like or dislike a cat, and you often see a house divided against itself, solely by reason of the witcheries of Madame Puss. A mother may shudder and shrink from a cat, a daughter may worship the same being, with the fervor of an ancient Egyptian.

One woman gathers up her skirts and jumps on a sofa whenever a cat walks into the room. Another sits comfortably at her sewing machine with one cat on her work-basket and another on the skirt of her dress. I am speaking of real people, not imaginary ones, and I aver that a cat has something uncommon about her, to have the queer influence she has on the human race. She is, of course, a hunter, and she cannot help her instinct to catch birds, but she is thwarted in this when I am around, unless she is too quick for me.

This is a digression. We were talking about pleasant homes in the country where such women live as I have in mind, and it occurs to these women that, as times are hard, and money is slow to come, they may as well eke out an insufficient income by taking summer boarders.

It is a perfectly natural thing to do. The house is large. You have plenty of milk, and eggs, and vegetables. You will have to work harder than you usually do, for six or eight or ten weeks, but that you will not mind, when you take into account the nice little sum you will have in the bank at the end of the season. City people with children to bring up; young married people who do not wish a gay place where they must dress and be always in public, and quiet old ladies who like seclusion, are on the look-out for exactly such accommodations as you have to offer.

Mother talks it over with father, who sits down in the back kitchen, listens and reserves his opinion. He knows it will be settled in the end just as mother has meant it should be from the first, yet nevertheless she enjoys a discussion, and is happier for feeling that she has gained her point over a little good-natured opposition. Sissie and Mary have something to say, too; the whole family are drawn into the conversation before early bedtime arrives and “night pins her sable curtain with a star.”

The girls will have the heavier end of the work, for mother is not so strong as she used to be, and she must be spared. An advertisement is put in the paper, and letters come in reply, and one day father harnesses up and drives to the station, and returns with the jolly load of boarders bent on having a good time.

In the first place if you do take outsiders into your home, remember that it is a commercial transaction, and you must give a fair return for the price on which you insist. Ask a fair price—you should not be underpaid. Then, in essen-

tials, see that your inmates are made comfortable. Determine for one thing to eliminate flies and mosquitoes of which twin pests flies are by far the worst. Flies on the table, flies in the bedroom, flies processioning about the walls, and, horror of horrors, dropping into the milk or the tea, are a sign of poor housekeeping, and are enough to drive a fastidious person into a lunatic asylum.

Screens in every window and in the outer doors, care to dispose of every fly who creeps in when a screen is out or ajar, and you can successfully fight against and overcome this plague of summer living. Do not make light of it. Flies are a dreadful pest and clean people cannot abide them in the house. In a mosquito haunted region, have wire nettings around your verandas, as well as screens in your windows.

Provide lamps in profusion. Send your guests big pitchers of hot water in the morning for their baths, and see that they have ice water in their rooms at night. Let the beds be as good as possible and do not be economical with towels, of which there should be plenty, with fresh ones every morning to replace those which have been soiled. Avoid new towels, stiff, slippery things which are a weariness to the flesh. Have the toilet appointments as tidy and complete as possible, and in the every-day care of rooms see that nothing is overlooked or neglected to which attention should be given.

About the table. Notice that city people who go to the country, leave behind them the cream of the markets, and are used at home to vegetables and fruit freely used at every meal. The charm to them of your garden is that things are so fresh, that they have not lost by packing and transportation the dewy sweetness of mother earth's last kiss. Have vegetables, and berries, and fruits freely, and set the table with daintiness as to dishes and linen. Desserts of pies and cakes may be omitted, if you have always fruit in some form.

Another caution. If you live in a part of the country where you can procure help, be sure that the better wisdom will be in paying a strong woman to assist you than in doing everything yourself. I have seen the roses fade from a young daughter's cheek, and a stoop come into her shoulders from the heavy work and long strain of a housefull of boarders all summer, often with the addition of her father's hired farm-hands to cook for besides. It is poor policy to kill one's self over a cooking stove if it can possibly be avoided.

Margaret E. Sangster

Turkish Ignorance.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a more densely ignorant people than the Turks. In many parts of the Ottoman

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER TOURS.

Two Tones to the North via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the convenience of those who seek the most attractive way of spending a Summer holiday, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged two delightful tours to the North, under the personally-conducted tourist system, July 27th and August 17th. The points included in the itinerary and the country traversed abound in nature's beauties. No matter how much may be expected, one cannot be disappointed in Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, or the Highlands of the Hudson.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unaccompanied ladies.

The rate of \$100 from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor-car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, carriage hire—in fact, every item of necessary expense.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 116 Broadway, New York; 86 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Empire, the people have not the slightest knowledge of the affairs of the outer world. *The Haik*, an Armenian journal published in New York (in the English and Armenian languages) by Dr. M. S. Gabriel, a scholarly Oriental, relates this incident illustrative of Turkish ignorance: “Dr. Trowbridge, the lamented president of the Central Turkey College at Aintab, told me that, in 1862, while going from Trebizond to Constantinople, he made, on board of the steamer, the acquaintance of a notable Turk, who, on learning from Dr. Trowbridge about the civil war in the United States, asked him whether the kings of America had got permission of the Sultan to wage war.” Turkish ignorance is dense beyond Armenian belief.”

MY REFUGE.

ORD, when my spirits are depressed,
When tempests rage within my breast,
I look to thee, my one true Friend,
On whom I always can depend.

Naught else can comfort in my grief,
Nor give my breaking heart relief;
But Jesus, Thou art my retreat,
I find in thee my comfort sweet.

Deprived of friends or faced by foes
To Jesus I my heart disclose;
In every need to thee I fly,
And thou, my Friend, art ever nigh.

So come what may of trouble here,
Deep wound of heart or scalding tear,
I fly to thee, O Christ, for peace,
And at thy feet my troubles cease.

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

In India, translated from the French of Andre Chevillon, by William Merchant; pp. 265. Published by Henry Holt & Camp, New York.

Castle Meadow. A story of Norwich a hundred years ago, by Emma Marshall; pp. 286; price \$1.25; published by The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

In this Present World, by George Hodges, author of “Christianity between Sundays,” “The Heresy of Cain,” etc. Pp. 223; price \$1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Mischievous Goodness, and other Papers. A series of articles on difficult passages of Scripture, by Charles A. Berry, D.D. Pp. 114; price 50 cts. Published by Thos. Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

History of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, by Rev. Daniel Berger, D.D. Pp. 682; with portraits and illustrations. Published at the U. B. Publishing House, Dayton, O.

The Modern Reader's Bible; the Chronicles: Ezekiel, Jeremiah. Bound separately, fifty cents each. These handy little volumes are part of the series which when completed will contain the whole Bible with some of the Apocryphal books. Each volume contains an introduction by the editor. The text is practically that of the Revised Version. Published by Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

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To the Readers of this paper

For Rheumatism

that foe of mankind, I have a remedy which has proven its powerful curative power in thousands of apparently hopeless cases, in cases pronounced have been the cause of multitudes of former sufferers on its nature's antidote for rheumatism. Many a bedridden person, a man who walked on crutches, regained health through this marvelous remedy in order that every similarly afflicted reader or their friends may learn it, I will gladly mail them a Trial Package with directions for its use, information Free, even if more than 15,000 should apply. Distressing cases of rheumatism from 20 to 30 years standing yielded to the benign influence of this remedy of which I mention a few: In Pittsburg, Ind., a druggist whose rheumatism dated as far as the civil war. In Ketchikan, Idaho, it cured a man who was ridden for 15 years. In Four Corners, Wis., it cured a man who suffered 33 years notwithstanding the efforts of physicians. In Seguin, Texas, it cured a man who was afflicted for 10 years. In Amsterdam, N. Y., it cured a man (Mrs. P. Persohn) who nearly became insane from pain. Mrs. John E. Patterson, 1316 Patterson Ave., Baltimore, was cured after suffering for 10 years of which she spent 2 years in the hospital. Mrs. M. Uebe in Windsor, N. Y., writes: I am 62 years old and have been cured after suffering for 22 years. original letters of above cure can be sent to thousands of others can be sent to my office. No one should doubt the efficacy of this remedy. Write for a Free Trial Package and other information. Address:

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No. 188 Summerfield Church, Ind.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Grandpa Sampson's Mail-Bag.

More than twenty years, the Rev. William Sampson has been the Chaplain and Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society and Industrial School and Home, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. He was an old man when he came out these twenty years of caring for the children have freshened him and renewed his youth, so that though the alma-



REV. WILLIAM SAMPSON.

He is eighty-three, the glow of his youth is on his heart and in his

There is no work more fascinating, nor more full of promise and hope for the future, than that which ministers to the poorest and homeless children. The little child that comes into a home is a treasure. It has some interesting story. Its parents and other evils degraded it. Many families to poverty and distress. Although surrounded with material misery, the child is not to blame. In many cases the mother dies and the father is unable to keep the children together. From such sources and many other sources, the child is thrown out like the waste who loves them, without a place to live. In his spirit, in his dear heart, William Sampson glows with a tender love over every such child. With as much eagerness as a gold miner has found a precious nugget. In his home they are taught habits of cleanliness, civility of manners, respect for the sanctity of religious worship, and the sanctity of religious work. Together with such industries as are appropriate to their capacity. Over five hundred children have received instruction and help in the years that are gone. Of twenty-six hundred of these boys and girls have been placed in good homes in different parts of the country, where they had a fair chance for noble lives. The boys and girls, happily placed in the homes, out on the farms and in the cities of the great West, shower their letters on this good man who has sent them a benediction to them. I have been entering into this mail-bag, and the letters so fresh and redolent of breezy life, and sincere childish affection, that I cannot wonder that Grandpa Sampson renews his youth as he reads them. Here is one from a boy, from Chicago, who takes these lines: "I had a swamp of potatoes, and had fourteen bushels and twenty bushels of potatoes." Then he adds something about the pure country settlement. "I want to tell you about my surroundings. There is not a man in this locality who has any of the vices, such as drink and profane language." Not a bad place that for a boy of fourteen.

There is a little girl who bubbles over with joy. She is happy as a bird, and I go to her every day, and I have such a good time. I sold my lamb and I got three dollars for it, now I have got four dollars and fifty cents."

Here is a pathetic little touch, in a letter from a little colored boy: "How many children have you? How many colored boys and girls? I am trying to be good, grandpa, so that when I die I may meet you in heaven." All through these letters and at the close of every one of them there are expressions like these, "Love to you, grandpa," "I love you and would like to have your picture," "I shall always have pleasant memories of you, you dear grandpa Sampson," "Thank God that he raised up grandpa Sampson," "Lots of love to grandpa!" and so on with ever varying phrase, but breathing the same spirit of gratitude and love.

This mail-bag is Grandpa Sampson's constant garden of delight. I never see him, but I think how happy this old Christ-like hero will be in heaven, where so many children are gathering every year.

"Sayings of Christ" Discovered.

A remarkable "find" appears to have been made by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt (of the Egypt Exploration Fund), while excavating on the edge of the Libyan Desert. It consists of a papyrus leaf five and a-half by three and a-half inches in size, remarkably well preserved, and clearly written in uncial characters of the ancient Greek. It dates about the year 200. The leaf contains eight sayings, each beginning with the words "Jesus saith." Following is the translation as cabled to the New York Sun:

The first saying is: "Jesus saith: And then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

This is identical with Luke 6: 42.

The second saying reads: "Jesus saith except ye fast to the world ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God: and except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father."

This being at variance with the accepted teachings of Christ, it is suggested that it is perhaps a Jewish forgery committed with a view to supporting the Jewish Sabbath. Perhaps it is an erroneous report.

The third saying reads: "Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken and none found I athirst among them. And my soul grieved over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."

The fourth saying has perished, "only one word remaining. This is the Greek word for beggary. As this was not used by Christ in any Gospel, the logion if we had it would be new.

The fifth saying, which contains certain gaps, reads:

"Jesus saith, wherever there are [there occurs a gap] and there is one [gap] alone I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there I am."

The latter part is entirely new, and it is expected that it will arouse controversy.

The sixth saying coincides in part with Luke 4: 24:

"No prophet is accepted in his own country; neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

The seventh saying is similar to Matt. 5: 14, but is incomplete, and reads:

"Jesus saith: A city built upon the top of a high hill and established can neither fall nor be hid."

The eighth saying is undecipherable.

Asthma and Hay-Fever Cure.—Free.

We are glad to inform the readers that a sure specific cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in the Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery from the Congo River, West Africa. Many sufferers report most marvelous cures from its use. Among others, Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmers' Magazine*, and Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., were completely cured by the Kola Plant after thirty years' suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie down at night in Hay-fever season for fear of choking, and Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from Asthma. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, writes that for eighteen years he slept propped up in a chair, being much worse in Hay-fever season, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly a most wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer would advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a Large Case by mail free to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Persons who are afflicted with scrofula, salt rheum, boils, and pimples, will find an absolute cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

A Life Saved.

A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Narrative.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unsupported. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away."

"When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anæmia. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we had could help her, and we concluded ourselves, we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day."

"We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily

and looked brighter. Every one noticed the change, and I bought two more boxes for her."

"When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since."

"I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to our neighbors, and sent a few to another young girl who seems to be in the same condition as my daughter. Had not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my daughter's life, I would not recommend them to any one. I know they do all and more than is claimed for them, and I am glad to recommend them to the world. I know Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my daughter's life, and that is enough for me."

F. B. TROUT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of March, 1897.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan.

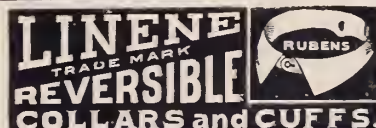
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"I had been in very poor health for 2 years," says Mr. N. Laz-

elier, of Romeo, Mich., "the result of LaGrippe. Had faint, smothering, dizzy spells; dull pain in head, and stomach was also deranged. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nerve cured me."

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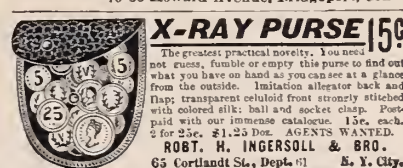
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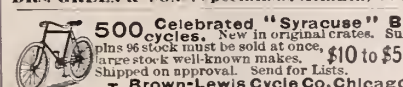
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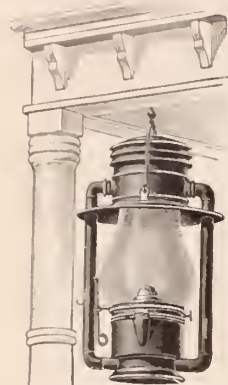
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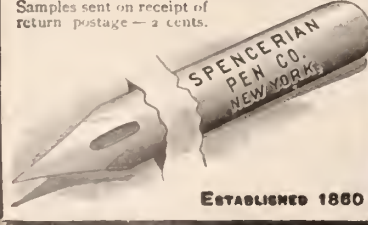
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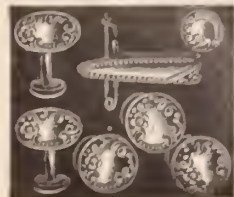
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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OUR ORPHANS AT OORFA.

Sixty-five of the Armenian Massacre Children, Miss Shattuck Writes, Owe their Rescue and Support to our Readers—A Work Rich in Blessing.

NEARLY a year has passed since the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD became specially interested in the noble rescue work conducted among the Armenian orphan children by Miss Corinna Shattuck, the American missionary, in the venerable city of Oorfa. It will be remembered that Oorfa (the ancient Edessa, and traditionally claimed to be identical with Ur of the Chaldees) was the scene of one of the most appalling massacres of modern times, nearly 5,000 Armenian Christians having perished there by Turkish and Kurdish swords two years ago, at a time when the whole country was deluged with Christian blood. Miss Shattuck at that crisis bravely stood between her mission students and the persecutors, and they were divinely protected. After the massacre the defenceless orphans of those who had been left to Moslem hands, and it was estimated that thousands of Christian children had been taken into Mohammedan homes, and forced to abjure their parents' faith. Miss Shattuck, and the other good Samaritans in Armenia have since been able to rescue many of these helpless little ones, and in their support and education she has been greatly helped by our readers, who have contributed liberally to her work through the Armenian Relief Fund. The letter from Oorfa printed below, will be read with keen interest by those who have had a share in this blessed work of rescue, and specially welcome will be the news that fifty-five of the orphans now in her care at Oorfa are known to us as "CHRISTIAN HERALD Children"—little angels, saved from misery and worse than death, by our friends' generosity. Miss Shattuck writes:

"OORFA, TURKEY, June 25, 1897.
 Dear 'Christian Herald' Friends:—I cannot give you a full letter to-day, but desire to keep you all in sympathy with our state. We have within a week, given over to the new Lepsius Home fifty of our household. We were surrounded by a great crowd, and the orphans were not in order for any. With the exception of a few provided for by English friends, and the twenty orphans of Wistar and his Friends (see page 10), the remaining sixty-five are all our 'CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans.' I will endeavor to make you well acquainted with them. I enclose a photograph of a group of orphans, just as they came to us in the village of Severek. This is a representation of all as they have come in from the villages. We have urgent letters from the three towns, Sevan, Adayaman, and Birjik, asking us to take more. We have received forty-six from Sevan, twenty-seven from Adayaman, and twelve from Birjik. These are scattered in our four Homes, but attend the school-yards daily. I have thought you would be interested in knowing something about our teachers, and also regarding our School Committee. One young man, a member of the Committee, was in general charge of our work in the American Home, and brother of our pastor. Our member of our committee has recently left as Government clerk, which he has held for fourteen years, to take the place of our brother. His good wife was equally ready to undertake the responsibility, though she has two little daughters she must leave them to the crowded home. We rejoice that so good a father and mother

have been found for these boys. The German friends are also all we could desire for those in general charge, their own home being next door to that of their



CORFA RELIEF COMMITTEE—MISS SHATTUCK IN CENTRE.



boys. Many of the little orphan boys are yet under the care of the female teachers, two of whom are married and have had several years of experience, while three are 'massacre widows,' dependent on their earnings for support; the betrothed lovers of two others were killed, the father of another, and the mother of one, and all are in some degree bereaved. These teachers and the Relief Committee were invited by us to a mountain picnic soon after the arrival of our German co-laborers, and during Easter vacation. We were puzzled to know what we could do with our boys, all but six being mere children, and too young for the long tramp. Then, too, we wanted the house-mothers to come together for a day of rest and relief from the care of the children. Girls we arranged for in their homes, under the care of responsible assistants, and sending salaams to the aged bishop in the monastery, asked if he could endure the noise of our boys for the day in his yard. Gladly he received our children, and very safe we felt about them in that enclosure. One of our teachers was invited to take along his camera, and we present you the party seated for lunch before the cave on the mountain side.

"As it was the first occasion of our going out for such a purpose since the disturbances, we could not properly go without guards. The Pasha pleasantly granted our request for the 'regular' soldiers, who were so long with me during our besiegement, and who were so faithful during the awful days. Our six oldest boys served as waiters at table, and the day was greatly enjoyed by us all. "I enclose a view of the city, in which is plainly seen the great church where the thousands perished. It cannot be used in its present state, and the Armenians have not means to repair it. It is a monument of their sorrow and distress. Meanwhile the temporary arrangement for worship is inadequate, and many are hungry for the Word of comfort. We assemble one group of our children every Thursday and Sabbath morning for worship after the custom of the fathers of those who are of Gregorian parentage. All attend regularly with us also in our church. In both they hear God's Word, and in both places is true heart worship. We rejoice in the rich spiritual blessing which is the outcome of the terrible sorrow. We expect our children—yours and ours—to grow up to be good Christian men and women prepared for the work God gives them.



OUR RESCUE WORK AMONG THE ARMENIAN ORPHANS. A GROUP OF ORPHANS FROM SEVEREK, AS THEY APPEARED AT THE CORFA HOME—A MOUNTAIN PICNIC.

Your continued sympathy, aid, and prayers are invited. Schools soon close and vacation work and play must be systematized. I must tell you later how we succeed in working out the problem. Sincerely yours, CORINNA SHATTUCK.

(Continued on page 375.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Constant Reader, Kittery's Point, Me. Can you give me the number of Sabbath Schools and Sabbath School scholars in United States, in England, and also in the world at the present time?

In 1896 in the United States 121,797 schools, and 9,688,566 scholars; in 1897, 132,639 schools and 10,890,092 scholars. In England in 1896, 37,201 schools and 5,976,537 scholars. In the whole world in 1896, 223,186 schools, and 20,239,007 scholars.

W. E. K., McZena, O. What should a man do who sincerely desires to be a Christian and enjoy the peace that passes understanding, but who is afraid of failure and is distressed by doubts as to his state?

He should direct his thoughts, away from himself, to Christ. No man is healthy who is continually feeling his own pulse and watching his own symptoms. Perhaps he is too anxious about his own peace and happiness. If he were more anxious to do Christ's will and made more efforts for the good of other people, he might make more progress. Peace and happiness are not ends to be sought in the Christian life; they come through faith and love when they are not sought. He should study Christ, try to realize his nature and what he did for him, and how he wants the men whom he saves to live in the world and try to do that. His good deeds do not save him; it is Christ who saves him, but good works are required of him and in doing them for the love of his Lord and forgetting himself he will get peace and happiness.

Henry T. C., Phoenix, Ariz. Would you give as much information as possible about the stone in the English coronation chair, called the "Stone of Destiny," or "Corner-stone of Nations," said to be the one Jacob used for a pillow? (See THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 2d, page 443.) Those who recognize in the great Anglo-Saxon race the ten lost tribes of Israel, see in the occupancy of the English throne the fulfillment of the promise to David found in Psalm 89: 3, 4.

To this letter Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has furnished the following reply:

"The Stone of Scone." On this famous stone all the kings of Scotland were crowned for a thousand years. But before it was carried to Scone, it was an ancient stone of record, and most solemn designation. It stood first in Argyshire and it was King Kenneth in the Ninth century who took it to Scone and enclosed it in a wooden chair. Its form is flattish, two feet long, one broad and six inches thick. It is without form or beauty, jagged in every direction and of darkish color. The tradition that it was Jacob's pillow and came to Scotland by way of Spain and Ireland is well known. Its removal to England was by the hands of Edward the First who brought with it the whole of the Scotch regalia and offered crown, sceptre, rings, etc., and the holy stone at the shrine of Edward the Confessor. The gold and silver and gems have long since disappeared; the stone has been made a part of the British Coronation regalia. A lengthy and most curious investigation into the whole history and wanderings of this famous stone may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vols. 51 and 52). It is, however, too long to transcribe here.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Subscriber, Davenport, Ia. 1. How do you designate nationality, by birth or by the government which protects one? 2. Is a German, after he has been naturalized here, a German still, or is he an American? 3. Does our government protect our missionaries' children who are born in heathen lands as well as the missionaries themselves? 4. Are children born to our American missionaries in China called Chinese, or are they Americans born in China?

1. One's nationality (i. e., connection with any particular nation) may be changed, but a German, or Frenchman, or Briton by birth, though he might change his allegiance from one government or nation to another, may still be recognized by the country of his birth, thus a German-American, French-American, &c. 2. He is a naturalized American citizen. 3. Certainly, the children of American citizens born where parents temporarily reside abroad, are American citizens also, and entitled to full protection. 4. Americans born in China.

W. G. H., Greenwell, N. Y. Is there any authority in the Bible for bringing into the Church of Christ those who are members of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League?

The object of those organizations is to cultivate piety in the members, to save young people from temptation, to give them the support of companionship in the Christian life, to encourage active and aggressive Christian work and other most desirable objects. All these things are directly in accord with the Word of God. Any means to promote those ends are legitimate. Both those societies have been blessed of God to the conversion of many. Ministers have testified that their churches have been strengthened by the soci-

eties. For each and every part of their work they can find Scriptural authority. The captious critics who opposed them at the outset have been put to shame by the good accomplished through their means.

J. E. D. G., Raymond, Minn. 1. How is 1. Samuel 27: 11-21, describing Saul's visit to the witch of Endor, to be understood? 2. Do the spiritualists of modern times have the same power? 3. Could not a better plan be adopted for the selection of the Sunday School Lessons? 4. Is there any possibility of overcrowding the mind with spiritual things on Sunday? 5. Is any plan possible for bringing about a union of Christian sects?

1. It cannot be understood, at this distance of time. The woman may have been a deceiver.

means for reaching the unconverted and preaching the Gospel to them, to give so much attention as was done some fifty or a hundred years ago to the unprofitable subjects of Divine sovereignty, election, etc. 2. No, he should draw no such inference. There are many people who from their childhood were so near the kingdom of God that they do not know when they crossed its boundaries. Men of depraved habits and strong sensual passions, living lives of sin, would know the day of their conversion, because the turning to God worked so great a revolution in their lives, but happily their experience is not the rule for all. Many very eminent Christians have been unconscious of the change of heart, so gradual was it.

B. F. W., Baltimore, Md. Can you inform me where I can find the following story: A king once sent a number of small children to wash their hands. The girls washed up to their elbows, the boys only washed their hands. As they were all dressed alike, that was the way he took to discover their sex.

It is one of many legends told concerning the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and of the methods she employed to test his wisdom. These legends are found in the ancient Jewish writings.

Reader, Camp Verde, Ariz. Can a person who has taken the Christian Endeavor pledge consistently join in dancing?

There is no explicit prohibition of dancing in the Christian Endeavor pledge, but we think that a person who earnestly and honestly tries

part of the sufferer. You may have a boy at school, in spite of all warnings and advice, neglect his lessons and give time to play and idleness. Can he blame teacher or his parents, if at the school life he is ignorant and is unfit for profession? If a young man voluntarily associates with men of foul life and coarse manners and acquires their habits, do you blame a lady if she excludes him from her home? If a child who has been warned against using a hot stove and has had the consequence explained to him, avails himself of absence of his mother to lay his hand glowing metal, he must not blame his mother when he suffers. If he is so badly burned he loses his hand, he goes through life because of that momentary act. We blame the mother, or charge her with inconsistent. All her love cannot save from the consequences of his own per. When a man deliberately chooses sin being warned of the consequences, he refuses the offer of pardon and regeneration what can God do with him?

Miss Bessie L. J., Chatham, N. Y., writes:

I have seen several articles in your *MAIL-BAG* about the wearing of birds' feathers. A leaf from the Massachusetts Audubon Society gives statement of the case. There is also a Society in New York, and any who help in the bird protection are invited to join. Miss Emma H. Lockwood, 243 West Street, New York.

J. H., Strayhorn, Miss. Can a man or woman live a more consecrated life single or married? Can he do better service in the cause of Christ single than married?

The answer to both questions must be upon circumstances which the writer does not seem to have taken into account. Men and women might be able to do more effective Christian work singly than if married, while a married man might be energized to greater activity by the association of a Christian helpmeet. Both conditions have their advantages and drawbacks, but there is no evidence that Christian marriage ever prevented the development of Christian character and work. Spurgeon, Moody, Gordon, and many others eminent in the Lord's work not mentioned in support of this view. It is probable that those cases in which, on peculiarities in temperament, &c., one would operate as a hindrance to spiritual growth form a very small minority of the whole.

J. B. T., Milford, Ill. I belong to the Christian Church, but am so far out in the country having no way to go am not able to attend services there, so I go to the Methodist Church being close to me. When they administer the Lord's Supper, I go forward, kneel with them and join their endeavors. Am I right in doing?

Entirely right. You would do well to neglect the opportunity, since all are children.

Mrs. M. D. F., Middletown, N. Y. writes this interesting letter regarding the mother of a Christian and missionary household:

Mrs. Densnap was my mother and she lived in heaven March 25th. She was very fond of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and her paper was the last thing she asked for. She was a few days of seventy-eight years. She was a devoted Christian and church-goer. When sixteen years old, she joined the church. William R. Williams, a sketch of whose life was published some time since. Mr. Williams married her in 1838 to her husband, Geo. Densnap, who died in 1873. There were nine children of whom reached maturity. The oldest daughter died in 1881, in Gaboon, Africa, where she labored as a missionary for six years.

Subscriber, Milo, Me. 1. Should a teacher of Sunday School class continue to teach if there has been no conversion in ten years that he has had charge of it? 2. Should the teacher to know whether it is his duty to continue the work or resign it to others?

1. We would rather advise greater earnestness and more prayer for the conversion of each individual scholar, than giving up the work. We do not believe that the necessity and efficiency of the teacher can be accurately estimated by results. A great deal of good may have been done, owing to home influences or social relations, the work may not have come to the teacher. The good may be seen later. 2. In the same way as he learns his other duties. If he needs to be done and he is willing to do it, way seems to be open. God does not hold us responsible for results. He holds us responsible for doing our duty and using all the means which he has endowed us with. If the results may be left to him. We have in some cases labored for many years without a conversion, and then the door has come suddenly, and it has been found that the past years were not so ineffectual as they seemed.

W. Van H., Avenue, Pa. The Bible is the Fourth Avenue, between Eighth and Ninth Streets. Subscriber, Peck's Run, W. Va. No one heard of it, and it sounds nonsensical. There are too many such organizations and societies. Subscriber, Brooklyn. We know of no schools. Vermont Reader, St. John's, N. B. Yes, to all three questions. A. M. C. Falls, Me., writes to thank the *SHUT-IN* for sending her THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. New York City. Esther, we believe. Newark, N. J. Even conceding the claim, we still regard the character of Victoria's reign and influence as justified in missionary enterprise and Gospel propagation. earthly government is perfect.



ON THE TRAIL TO NEVADA FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

This striking photograph presents one of the many similar scenes of natural grandeur, that attract the tourist in "America's Wonderland," as the Yosemite region has been justly called. At this season of the year the Yosemite is usually full of visitors, many of whom will see the original of our illustration, as they pass through the canyon to the falls beyond.

You must remember that Saul did not see the apparition, and had only the woman's word for it. 2. We do not know what their methods are. Some of them have certainly been detected in trickery. 3. Most people think so, and new men have been put on the Committee in the hope that they will be able to suggest a better plan. 4. It is certainly possible, but we do not think many people are in danger of it. 5. Several have been suggested, but the sects show little disposition to accept them. An organic union seems impracticable, but perhaps they may eventually co-operate in Christian work. That appears to be practicable, and may be a first step toward closer union.

J. W. G., Kill Creek, Kans. 1. Do Presbyterians or members of any other church believe, as a minister I have heard declares they do, that there are infants in hell a span long? 2. If a person cannot name the day or year of his conversion, must he conclude that he has not been converted?

1. We do not know of any church that believes in so horrible a doctrine. The Assembly catechism does not teach it. Happily, of late years, Christians of all churches have been too busily engaged in planning ways and

to live up to it, will have no inclination for dancing. The object of the pledge and the spirit it is intended to promote, is to raise the member above such amusements. No person who is seeking spiritual development would think of dancing. It is an amusement fit only for worldlings, and it often debases them.

M. M., Millersburg, Ill. Does not it appear inconsistent with the character of God that he should condemn his creatures to eternal punishment? Is it not more probable that he will give them another opportunity?

Do you not think that question may be left for the future to determine. We have no ground given us for expecting that God will give another opportunity. He may do so, for there are no limits to his mercy, but it is an awful risk to run. Our duty is to accept the opportunity that is offered now and not to speculate on the possibility of there being another. The terms of the offer read to us like those of a final offer, and as if there would never be another. We cannot conceive of God being inconsistent. The punishment of the impenitent seems to be not so much an infliction by God, as the result of choice on the

OUR SWEET BLIND SINGER!

See Fanny Crosby, in her Old Age, Tells of her Life-work for Christ—Author of Four Thousand Hymns—Her New Book Just Issued.



FANNY CROSBY.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the grandest of all Christian newspapers, and am glad to be able to speak through its columns. It is as if I were speaking truthfully were I to say that the talent for versification has been mine ever since earliest childhood and I have the genius of poetry was born in me. At eight years of age, I began writing, my first poem being a simple little thing, dealing with my own condition.

What a happy soul am I! Although I cannot see, I am resolved that in this world Contented I will be; How many blessings I enjoy That other people don't! To weep and sigh because I'm blind, I cannot and I won't.

My youthful declaration of principles—though others may smile at it—I have kept steadily in view, and I suppose the dominant key-note of my character has been cheerfulness throughout. At all times, my friends who know me best so regard it.

During the first part of my poetic experience, I wrote on a great variety of subjects, but my recollection is that they were principally merry ones, reflecting the lightedness within me. When I was fifteen years old, I entered the New York Institute for the Blind, where I remained a pupil for twelve years, becoming a teacher there in 1847, and held that position until 1858. These years were the developing years of my life. My poetic instinct and vivid imagination found ample room for expansion and exercise, and my teacher, Mr. Hamilton Murray, a finely educated man, with much literary taste, aided me in this development. It was a part of my daily exercise to make poetic paraphrases of selections taken by my instructor from some of the old, standard poets, and I can safely say that in the course of these exercises I became thoroughly acquainted with the works of Milton, Addison, Pope, Dr. Young, Cowper, Wordsworth, and a score of other famous poets. I learned to recognize and analyze their peculiar style and treatment and to paraphrase them with a skill that was highly appreciated. Apart from such exercises, I engaged in other compositions, many of them designed to be humorous, and all of a light and agreeable nature. Some were with my immediate surroundings, my associates, and other familiar topics; even in those early days, I found my mind soaring cloudwards, and it was very difficult to keep it down to earth. One of my compositions, I remember, excited no little interest and amusement. I entitled it, "Musical Sounds," and it was descriptive of the various calls of the New York street vendors. Some of my poetic effusions written in the Institute were a sort of poetic persiflage, which I would compose while combing my hair in the morning or performing some other duty that did not of itself require a mental effort. Occasionally I would soar into blank verse. Yet it was an indulgence, but I was very fond of writing blank verse at that time, and still think that some of my best work in a purely literary sense, has been done in that form.

I collect on one occasion that Mr. Murray, my teacher, had set me a task to paraphrase some verses on "Morning" by S. J. Willis. I had somehow failed to respond to this demand, not feeling any inclination to write. About noon, my instructor called me: "Fanny, have you written those verses?" "I have not, Mr. Murray," I replied quietly. "Well, Fanny," said he, "you understand no verses, no doubt. It is now fifteen minutes to twelve." At twelve o'clock I had my

paraphrase complete and the task was finished to Mr. Murray's entire satisfaction. I can repeat it even now, word for word, as well as the lines of Willis on which it was based, and some of my friends have been kind enough to say that they preferred mine to the original. It was a task in which my fancy, once let loose, had wings enough to expand at will. As I have before stated, I was fond of ascending to the stars, and once there, it was not an easy matter to get me down again to our common-place, everyday, literal world.

After 1851 I wrote a number of pieces for Dr. George F. Root, the celebrated musical composer, and in his autobiography he has generously expressed his indebtedness to me for these contributions. Besides well known hymns, I wrote for Prof. Root also many songs that were at one time sung everywhere. Among them I may mention "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Hazel Dell," "Proud World, Good-by, I'm Going Home," "Music in the Air," "Never Forget the Dear Ones," etc.

But there came a time when I began to write more seriously and with higher purpose. All my life a Christian, from my earliest conscious moment I had been impressed with the beauties of nature, as I understood them, with the love that surrounded and kept us, and with the goodness of our Heavenly Father. Besides, this spiritual tendency has been fostered and strengthened by the instructions of my teacher, who, in his selection of poets for me had chosen those whose writings possessed the highest spirituality. The Bible to me was my most familiar book. I had committed to memory the first four books of the Old Testament, also the four Gospels, and these doubtless influenced my poetic career to a greater extent than all other literature combined.

In 1863 I was requested to write a poem

counted among my warmest friends nearly all of those who have been foremost in the field of religious musical work: Philip Phillips, Theo. E. Perkins, T. F. Seward, C. G. Allen, Hubert P. Main, John R. Sweney, W. J. Kirkpatrick, Silas J. Vail, Geo. C. Stebbins, and the sweetest of all our Gospel singers, Ira D. Sankey.

One of the precious recollections of my life is an episode which brought me into contact with that bright and shining spirit, Frances Ridley Havergal, whose genius had long held my admiration. In the "Poet's Corner" of one of my books, I had expressed a wish to meet Miss Havergal, to clasp her hand and to kneel together at the same shrine. Her reply came to me, over the Atlantic, a sweet surprise. One of her verses reads:

Sweet blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant; how can it be
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
As if they fell from the evening star,
Are the notes of one who never may see
"Visible music" of flower and tree,
How can she sing in the dark like this?
What is her fountain of light and bliss?
Her heart can see, her heart can see!
Well may she sing so joyously!
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of His face;

I presume that I have written in all between 4,000 and 5,000 hymns. If I were asked to indicate which of my poetic children I preferred—which of all the thousands is the most attractive—I would have no hesitation in saying that I con-

OUR ORPHANS AT OORFA.

(Continued from First Page.)

One of our godly American missionaries, Rev. W. C. Dewey, who was at his post in Mardin, Mesopotamia, during the series of terrible massacres by the Turks and Kurds in 1895-96, is now on a visit to his home and



TEACHERS OF THE ARMENIAN ORPHANS AT OORFA.

friends in the United States. Dr. Dewey's station at Mardin was the scene of an outbreak early in the recent troubles, and his life was repeatedly in peril, but he was divinely protected through it all. Before leaving the East, he visited to Oorfa, and gives this interesting and encouraging account for the information of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I reached Oorfa Friday morning. We were there until Saturday afternoon about two o'clock, that is, a little more than twenty-four hours. We had heard a good deal about Miss Shattuck's heroism and pluck in the terrible massacre that had taken place there, but had no conception of the magnitude of the work she was doing. Miss Shattuck herself took me around, but first Miss Chambers took me to visit the school. They have 1,800 children in the school, without distinction as to creed, and the teachers also, I believe, are employed whether they are Protestant or Armenian. These schools are all under Miss Shattuck's direction, or perhaps now under Miss Chambers' direction, as Miss Shattuck has been turning over some of the work to her, and the Gregorians, as well as the Protestants, accept anything that these ladies consider best for the interest of the school, and so, generally, they are working in hearty sympathy and accord. Services are held in the Gregorian Church at which the Protestant preachers take part, Protestants and Gregorians attending; and the same way with the Protestant Church. I saw the great church, in which it is supposed that at least 3,500 people were killed, with its burned and blackened pillars. An Armenian priest showed us over the waste places, and we saw where the bodies were buried after the massacre. They were all put in a large pit and covered over. The women have made it a weeping-place. They came there to mourn, and finally they allowed the missionary ladies to cover it with flowers.

Then Miss Shattuck took me around to where she had women at work. Some were weaving rugs of different grades, sizes, and qualities; others were learning to make a new kind that might be profitably disposed of. Some were embroidering, manufacturing handkerchiefs. She is doing a large work in manufacturing rugs, handkerchiefs, and embroideries of various sorts. She sends them to Mrs. Bowen at Constantinople, who disposes of them at various places in Europe. They are trying to make the work self-supporting, to put these widows and orphans in the way of supporting themselves. She also took me to a little room where her Committee-men meet, to show me something of the way the accounts are kept, and I am sure everything is most carefully looked after. Accounts are kept with scrupulous exactness, and I believe she is able to tell you just what she has spent in any one line of her work.

Then in the evening, three young Germans who have recently been sent out by Dr. Lepsius' Committee to take care of certain orphans, came in. They seemed to be efficient workers. After dinner the boys living in the same yard were called into the sitting-room for evening prayers. They came filing in until they were squatted on the floor before me. An Armenian teacher conducted the devotions, the children joining in the singing with hearty good-will. Then I had the privilege of saying a few words to them, after which they came up in line, shook hands with me, and bade me "good night" in English. It is very touching to see these little fellows appear before a large company, after the terrible experiences they had been through, and to see them so cheerful, contented and happy. The next day we saw them playing in the yard, and wondered how Miss Shattuck was able to stand so much noise, but she seemed not to mind it at all.



THE CITY OF OORFA, FROM THE EAST.

1. GREGORIAN CHURCH. 2. PROTESTANT CHURCH AND ORPHAN HOMES.

for the Rev. Peter Stryker, the famous evangelical preacher of that time, and I composed "The Old Year." Mr. Stryker was so pleased with what I had written that he gave me a letter to Mr. W. B. Bradbury, who was then having musical services for the young, and I wrote for Mr. Bradbury the first of that long series of hymns which I have been composing during the last thirty-five years, without intermission. Mr. Bradbury, I should explain, was the leading writer of Sunday School song music in the United States, being the pioneer in that particular field. Our acquaintance was a most agreeable one, and while it lasted I became more and more drawn to the writing of spiritual songs exclusively. On his death in 1868, by a strange coincidence, the hymn selected for the funeral was the one I had first written—my earliest Gospel hymn:

We are going, we are going
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies;

After the death of Mr. Bradbury, I became associated in similar work with Robert Lowry and W. H. Doane, and subsequently with Biglow & Main, for whom I have written during many years past a long list of Gospel hymns. I have

sidered that, for all the purposes of the Gospel hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is the best I have written, or ever will write. It is a heart poem—a simple and direct expression of absolute faith.

Four volumes of my poems have now been published, the first, issued in 1844, being, "The Blind Girl and other Poems," the second in 1849, called, "Monterey," the third, "A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers," and the fourth (just published by The Biglow & Main Co., New York) called, "Bells at Evening."

I leave to others a critical characterization of my work. It is sufficient for me to say that I prize, as a great privilege, the opportunity the Lord has given me, through the exercise of my peculiar talent, to reach so many hearts. I shall always be grateful that He led me to that special work, and gave me a share, however humble, in the harvesting of precious souls.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Bells at Evening and other Verses," by Frances J. Crosby, is the modest title of the new volume of poems by this most gifted and spiritual singer. It is a volume of 192 pages, and contains two excellent half-tone portraits of the author. The book is neatly bound in cloth and copies will be supplied at 50c. postpaid by Biglow & Main, publishers, Ninth St., New York.



RETURNING PROSPERITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Wherefore doth a living man complain the Text: Lamentations 3: 39, - - - plain?



CHEERFUL interrogatory in the most melancholy book of the Bible! Jeremiah wrote so many sad things that we have a word named after him, and when anything is surcharged with grief and complaint, we call it a jeremiad. But in my text, Jeremiah, as by a sudden jolt, wakens us to a thankful spirit.

Our blessings are so much more numerous than our deserts that he is surprised that anybody should ever find fault. Having life, and with it a thousand blessings, it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

While everything in our national finances is brightening, for the last few years the land has been set to the tune of "Naomi." There has been here and there a cheerful soloist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation, accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufactories, unemployed mechanism, and all those disorders described by the two short words, "hard times." The fact is that we have been paying for the bloody luxury of war, more than thirty years ago. There were great national differences, and we had not enough Christian character to settle them by arbitration and treaty, and so we went into battle, expending life and treasure, and well nigh swamping the national finances; and North and South, East and West have ever since been paying for those four years' indulgence in barbarism. But the time has come when this depression ought to end—yea, when it will end—if the people are willing to do two or three things by way of financial medicament, for the people as well as Congress must join in the work of recuperation. The best political economists tell us that there is no good reason for continued prostration. Plenty of money awaiting investment. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet we go on groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon gruel, and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six months. The fact is the habit of complaining has become chronic in this country, and after all these years of whimper and wailing and oburgation, we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

There are three prescriptions by which I believe that our individual and national finances may be cured of their present depression. The first is cheerful conversation and behavior. I have noticed that the people who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads against these times, and I have asked them: "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation and coughing and clearing their throat three or four times, they say, stammeringly: "Y-es." So that with a great multitude of people it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they cannot make as much money as they would like to make. "Oh! say, for a one," are you not aware that there is a great population out of employment, and there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn? Yes, I know it better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my eye and ear. But who is responsible for this state of things?

Much of that responsibility I put upon men in comfortable circumstances who, by an everlasting growling, keep public confidence depressed and new enterprises

from starting out and new houses from being built. You know very well that one despondent man can talk fifty men into despondency, while one cheerful physician can wake up into exhilaration a whole asylum of hypochondriacs. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed for you to join in this deplored. If you have not the wit and the common sense to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent. There is no man that can be independent of depressed conversation. The medical journals are ever illustrating it. I was reading of five men who resolved that they would make an experiment and see what they could do in the way of depressing a stout, healthy man, and they resolved to meet him at different points in his journey; and as he stepped out from his house in the morning in robust health, one of the five men met him and said: "Why, you look very sick to-day. What is the matter?" He said: "I am in excellent health; there is nothing the matter." But passing down the street, he began to examine his symptoms, and the second of the five men met him and said: "Why, how bad you do look." "Well," he replied, "I don't feel very well!" After awhile the third man met him, and the fourth man met him, and the fifth man came up and said, "Why, you look as if you had had the typhoid fever for six weeks. What is the matter with you?" And the man against whom the stratagem had been laid went home and died. And if you meet a man with perpetual talk about hard times and bankruptcy and dreadful winters that are to come, you break down his courage.

Some people are so overborne with the dolorousness of the times, that they say we shall have communistic outrages in this country such as they had in France. I do not believe it. The parallel does not run. They have no Sabbath, no Bible, no God, in France. We have all these defenses for our American people, and public opinion is such that if the people in this country attempt a cut-throat expedition, they will land in Sing Sing, or from the gallows go up on tight rope. I do not believe the people of this country will ever commit outrages and riot and murder for the sake of getting bread. But all this lugubrosity of tone and face keeps people down. My hearers and readers, representing as you do all professions, all trades, and all occupations, if you should resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about the money markets, but by manner and by voice and by wit and caricature, and above all by faith in God, to try to scatter this national gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and wide-spread? The effect would be felt around the world. For God's sake, and for the sake of the poor and for the sake of the employed, quit growling. Depend upon it, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining, God will blast your harvests, and see how you will get along without a corn crop; and he will sweep you with floods; and he will devour you with grasshoppers; and he will burn your city. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining, God will give you something to complain about. Mark that!

The second prescription for the alleviation of financial distresses is proper Christian investment. God demands of every individual, State, and nation a certain proportion of their income. We are parsimonious! We keep back from God that which belongs to him, and when we keep back anything from God, he takes what we keep back, and he takes more. He takes it by storm, by sickness, by bankruptcy, by any one of the ten thou-

sand ways which he can employ. The reason many of you are cramped in business is because you have never learned the lesson of Christian generosity. I am in sympathy with the man who was to be baptized by immersion, and some one said: "You had better leave your pocket-book out, it will get wet." "No," said he, "I want to go down under the wave with everything. I want to consecrate my property and all to God." And so he was baptized. What we want in this country is more baptized pocket-books.

I had a relative whose business seemed to be failing. Here a loss, and there a loss, and everything was bothering, perplexing, and annoying him. He sat down one day, and said: "God must have a controversy with me about something. I believe I haven't given enough to the cause of Christ." And there and then he took out his check-book and wrote a large check for a missionary society. He told me: "That was the turning-point in my business. Ever since then I have been prosperous. From that very day, aye, from that very hour, I saw the change." And, sure enough, he went on, and he gathered a fortune. The only safe investment that a man can make in this world is in the cause of Christ. We often see men who are tight-fisted who seem to get along with their investments very profitably, notwithstanding all their parsimony. But wait. Suddenly in that man's history everything goes wrong. His health fails, or his reason is dethroned, or a domestic curse smites him, or a midnight shadow of some kind drops upon his soul and upon his business. What is the matter? God is punishing him for his small-heartedness. He tried to cheat God, and God worsted him. So that one of the recipes for the cure of individual and national finances is more generosity.

Once the man finds out that secret, and he goes on to fortune. There are men whom I have known who for ten years have been trying to pay God one thousand dollars. They have never been able to get it paid, for just as they were taking out from one fold of their pocket-book a bill, mysteriously somehow in some other fold of their pocket-book there came a larger bill. You tell me that Christian generosity pays in the world to come. I tell you it pays now, pays in hard cash, pays in government securities. You do not believe it? Ah, that is what keeps you back. I knew you did not believe it. The whole world and Christendom is to be reconstructed on this subject, and as you are a part of Christendom, let the work begin in your own soul. Strike, then, a balance for God. Economize in anything rather than in your Christian charities. There is not more than one out of three hundred of you who ever give enough to do you any good, and when some cause of Christianity—some missionary society or Bible society or Church organization comes along and gets anything from you, what do you say? You say, "I have been bled," and there never was a more significant figure of speech than that used in common parlance. Yes, you have been bled, and you are spiritually emaciated, when if you had been courageous enough to go through your property and say: "That belongs to God, and this belongs to God, and the other thing belongs to God," and no more dared to appropriate it to your own use than something that belonged to your neighbor, instead of being bled to death by charities you would have been reinvigorated and recuperated and built up for time and for eternity. God will keep many of you cramped in money matters until the day of your death unless you swing out into larger generousities.

People quote as a joke what is a divine promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days." What did God mean by that? There is an allusion there. In Egypt, when they sow the corn, it is at a time when the Nile is overflowing its banks and they sow the seed corn on the waters, and as the Nile begins to recede this seed corn strikes in the earth and comes up a harvest and that is the allusion. It seems as if they are throwing the corn away on the waters, but after a while they gather it up in a harvest. Now says God in his word: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall come back to thee after many days." It may seem to you that you are throwing it away on charities, but it will yield a harvest of green and gold—a harvest on earth and a harvest in heaven. If

men could appreciate that and act on it we would have no more trouble about individual or national finances.

Prescription the third, for the cure of all our individual and national financial distresses: a great spiritual awakening. It is no mere theory. "Well," you say, "what has spiritual improvement a revival to do with monetary improvement and revival?" Much to do. The religion of Jesus Christ has a direct tendency to make men honest and sober and telling, and are not honesty and sober and truth-telling auxiliaries of monetary prosperity? If we could have an awakening in this country as in the days of Edwards of Northampton, as the days of Dr. Finley of Basking Ridge, in the days of Dr. Griffin of Boston, the whole land would rouse to a higher tone, and with that moral tone the business enterprise of the country would come up. Godliness is profitable to the life that now is as well as for which is to come. But, my friends, not put so much emphasis on worldly success as to let your eternal affairs loose ends. I have nothing to say about money. The more money you get, the better, if it comes honestly and goes usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies, medicine, and hunger find its coffin empty bread-tray, and nakedness for clothes and fire. All this cant is made against money as though it is impractical use, when I hear a man in it, it makes me think the best use for him would be an everlasting money! No, there is a practical use of money; but while we admit that, we also admit that it cannot satisfy the thirst that cannot pay for our ferrage; the Jordan of death, that it cannot open the gate of heaven for our immortality. Yet there are men who act as though of bonds and mortgages could be taken off for a mansion in heaven, and as though gold were a legal tender in that land, it is so common that they make pavement of it. Salvation by Christ is the only incorruptible treasures. Have ever ciphered out that sum in loss and gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his soul?" He may wear fine apparel now, but the rags of death will flutter it like rags. I have spun and a threadbare coat have many times been the shadow of robes white as the blood of the Lamb. All the mines of Australia and Brazil, strung in one canet, are not worth to you as much as the pearl of great price. You remember, some years ago, the shipwreck of the *Central America*? A storm on that vessel. The surges tramped the deck and swept down through the hatches and there went up a hundred-voiced shriek. The foam on the jaw of the vessel. The pitching of the steamer, as though it would leap a mountain. The glare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam-pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave. O, it was a stupendous spectacle. But that ship did not go down with struggle. The passengers stood motionless trying to bail it out, and men used to toil tugged until their hands were bled and their muscles were strained. After awhile a sail came in sight. A few passengers got off, but the most of them went down. The ship gave one lurch and was lost.

So, there are men who go on in life a fine voyage they are making out of it. Well, till some euroclydon of business disaster comes upon them, and they go down. The bottom of this commercial sea strewn with the shattered hulks. But because your property goes, shall you go? O, no! There is coming a stupendous shipwreck after a while, the world—God launched it six thousand years ago, and it is sailing on; but day it will stagger at the cry of "wreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned because your fortunes go, because your property goes, because all your earthly possessions, do not let your soul go! May the Lord Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save your souls

Little Waifs at Mont-Lawn.

Flocking Away from the Heated City to Our Children's Home.

THESE sultry midsummer days, when all humanity seems melting, and when the little children of the tenement seek the sickly shade of the foul



A MERRY GROUP AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

and close courtyards as a playground, it is a pleasure to look around at the company of happy youngsters at our Children's Home. Mont-Lawn's pure trees and abundant shade put all idea of mid heat out of the question. The little ones who romp and play there all day long and sleep in sweet deep sleep of tired mood at night, forget for the moment at least, the hot streets and the ill hotter rooms whence they

One of our poets in sympathetic verse (which we publish on this page) has made eloquent appeal in behalf of the children, and no word of ours is needed to do the force of his language. It is remembered that for a trifling sum of three dollars, a child can be made absolutely happy for ten days, besides receiving lasting physical and moral benefit, the opportunity for a Christian service to "one of these ones" seems golden indeed.

There are at present nearly 200 guests in our Children's Home, many of them orphans, and most all "children of poverty" in the absolute sense. They are among them little toddlers who, incredible as it may seem, are to a large extent, the "short" of their widowed mothers, every penny they earn always being duly turned in to their slender home purse. Shoeless, coatless and sometimes even hatless, they come to us with faces running over with singleful anticipation of a ten days' stay. There are little girls too, who have since learned the meaning of toil, and even children must work, to keep their wretched home. And there is besides, a contingent of weaklings, who have been crippled in life handicapped by sickness or malformation. To all such the out-look is a rare and a very highly valued one.

Our artists have given us two scenes in contrast, both from the life. The first of tenement children playing in the reeking gutter of a hot street, and the merry ring of youngsters on the green at Mont-Lawn tell their own story. We every day of the seven has its pleasures for our wee guests at Mont-Lawn. Special delights are reserved for today, when the little ones join with the eldest and unanimity in the simple exercises of the day. These consist of the singing of hymns—all the children joining—and short, entertaining games suited to the mental capacity of the hearers and calculated to be helpful and stimulating to all. The fact that the children join so heartily in these exercises is the best evidence that they enjoy themselves to the full.

Some of the addresses delivered are special, and nearly all contain moral lessons more or less simple and attractive. One of the Home Missionary last week, in a short talk, told the listeners all about five different kinds of people we meet, viz: Mr. Always-to-be-depended-upon, who was represented

by a phial full of pure crystal water; Mr. Most-always-to-be-depended-upon, whose phial had a little sand and grit at the bottom that caused it to be a trifle mixed when shaken; Mr. Sometimes-to-be-depended-upon, whose phial (the phials representing the hearts or natures of the individuals) held a dingy mixture, but would clear up after awhile; Mr. Hardly-ever-to-be-depended-upon, whose phial was muddy and full of dirt, and lastly, Mr. Never-to-be-depended-upon, whose phial was choked with a black, inky ooze, and hopelessly opaque. From these phials the speaker drew illustrations of character, as to temper, honor, piety, truthfulness, etc., showing that total cleansing could only be effected by emptying out all the contents of the foul phials and filling them like the first, with pure, limpid spring water, emblematic of the regenerating power of Divine love and grace in the sinful human heart. It was an illustration readily understood by the little ones, and keenly appreciated.

One day lately, amid the sweltering heat, there came to our Home at Mont-Lawn thirty little tots whose ages varied

THE TENEMENT WAIFS.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

Oh, send them away from their want and despair,
Oh, let them enjoy God's free sunshine and air,
Oh, let the fresh breeze fan each feverish cheek,
Oh, help them, for oh, they are helpless and weak,
In their loathsome prison, oh, why let them stay,
From want and from wretchedness send them away.

Oh, send them away from the foul, stifling air,
To fields that are fragrant, to woods that are fair;
Oh, why let them perish when help is so nigh,
Oh, help them or, oh, they must suffer and die,
Oh, they are so helpless, oh, send them away,
In want and in wretchedness, why let them stay.

Oh, send them away from their sad cruel fate,
Oh, why let them suffer, oh, why let them wait;
Oh, send them away for they sickened and die,
Oh, help them, oh help them, as helpless they lie,
Oh, fly to their rescue, oh, do not delay,
From want and from wretchedness send them away.

DAVID W. HINE.

from the two-year-old toddler to the little maid of seven. They are all children from the poorest homes of the lower East Side; mere babies, most of them, the sons and daughters of mothers who go out to wash or scrub or sew by the day, and who are compelled to leave their little ones at the Catharine Mission Nursery. There they are put in cool cotton pinafores and kept safely till their mothers call for them at night. As the heat has been specially hard on the little ones, the good nurses were glad to take advantage of the kind invitation to send them to Mont-Lawn. Contributions in aid of the work at our Children's Home are acknowledged on page 587 of this issue.

Their's the Martyr's Crown.

Two Knights of the Cross Lay Down their Lives in the Master's Service—Escande and Minault the Victims of Religious Intolerance in Madagascar.

FRENCH Protestant society has been stirred to its very depths recently by the terrible news from Madagascar—the brutal and mysterious assassination on May 20th of the two well-known and distinguished evangelical missionaries, Benjamin Escande and Paul Minault, in the mountainous regions of Ankaratra, twenty miles south of Antananarivo. Aside from the personal loss to their large circle of friends, and to the Christian cause, there are circumstances connected with the sad event that place it beyond the category of ordinary tragedies of the kind.

I have before me some documents obtained from the French Missions Society which shed a curious light on the conditions prevailing in that far-off island. For the reader's general information let me say that in consequence of Jesuit intrigues and machinations and the resulting disturbances among the native population last fall, the French resident general, a Protestant named Laroche, was recalled by the government, and the whole country was placed under military rule, General Gallieni being appointed governor. Of this official, it must be averred, that although an Anglophobe, to the point of laying hands on the property of numerous British missions and of endeavoring in every way to thwart and molest the English as such, in matters of religion he has shown himself to be both fair and impartial. To maintain the principles of liberty of conscience was no easy task, as the reader will judge for himself, by the following extracts which I translate in condensed form from the letters received by the Missions Society shortly after the General's appointment and before he had had time to interpose his authority. The writer is Benjamin Escande, one of the victims of the late tragedy.



THE GUTTER AS A PLAYGROUND.
A SCENE FROM LIFE IN AN EAST-SIDE NEW YORK STREET.

I was called to Fenoarive the other day by certain events of serious import, (says he), to wit, the imprisonment of five Protestant boys, who were only released upon agreeing to become Catholics, also the Kabary (official declaration) of a French Lieutenant

with a Jesuit father by his side, acting as interpreter to the effect that all the children of the district must be sent to the Catholic schools! . . . In many villages threats of death have been made against Protestants who refused to be converted, and at

Ambodiatoty, the emancipated slaves have been menaced with a return to slavery in case they attended the Protestant services. Two native evangelists, admirable Christians, were thrown into jail on the false accu-



REV. B. ESCANDE.

sation of having expressed the hope that the English might return. At Antananarivo, things are in a bad state, owing to the violent hostility of Lieut. Col. X, who stands in with the local Jesuit father and helps him all he can. He openly proclaims that although lib-

erty of conscience may exist for all, those who desire to please the French should embrace Catholicism! Recently he wrote a letter of congratulations to the inhabitants of a village who had followed this advice. This letter the Jesuit father read in public on market-day with a lieutenant standing by, as if to give official countenance to the proceeding.

Here we have an extract from a letter written by the Norwegian pastor, Engh, from Betafo, in the province of Betsileo, which has been largely evangelized by the Norwegian missions.

We are passing through troublesome times, (he writes); messenger after messenger brings us the worst of tidings. I never entertained a very high opinion of the Jesuits, but I never thought them as bad and as violent as I see them to-day. The natives are positively terrorized by them and by threats of what will occur if they do not rally to the orders of Father Felix. One day he says publicly that if they do not join his church they will be shot down by the soldiers; another day he holds out threats of imprisonment in irons and of the confiscation of their goods. Hardly had M. Alby (the Government Agent) left than the followers of Father Felix began a tour of the villages, entered the houses and declared that they had been commissioned by the government to enter all the children upon their registers as Catholics . . .

Such was the situation in Madagascar only a few months ago. It has not bettered much since, in spite of Gen. Gallieni's laudable effort to put an end to this unheard of regime of religious intolerance. The growing exigencies of the situation made it an exceedingly imperative necessity for the French Missions Society to take up the waning cause of Protestantism, and the first step in this direction was the departure at the end of March for Madagascar of five missionaries from the home country, Messrs. Mondam, Ducommin, Delord, Meyer, and Minault. All these were tried men, most of them having seen service in other parts of Africa or elsewhere in the colonies. The missionary party arrived at Tamatave, the seaport of Madagascar, on April 15th, and reached Antananarivo thirteen days later.

The last news from them prior to the terrible tidings of their death is contained in a letter written by M. Escande to his cousin, M. Elisee Escande, a clergyman of the Reformed Church in Paris. It is dated May 11.

M. M. Minault and Escande whom General Gallieni has himself described in a personal dispatch to the Societe des Missions Evangeliques in Paris as "dying as soldiers, victims of their devotion and their zeal," were never destined to reach the end of their journey. The details of their assassination are very meagre as yet. The first dispatches stated that the murderers were *fahavalo*s, or rebels against the government, but it is well known that the Betsileo has been free of these depredatory bands for some time. The poor mutilated remains were recovered two days after the tragedy by a detachment of infantry guided to the spot by some of the native carriers who had fled at the commencement of the attack, which was undertaken in an ambush carefully prepared by them. There is little doubt in the minds of Protestants of France that Jesuitism is at least morally responsible for the terrible event. Paris, July 2. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 8. 1. Thess. 4: 9-18; 5: 1, 2. Golden Text: John 14: 3.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



THE Apostle Paul preached a full Gospel. It was not only the pardon of sin, free justification by faith in the blood of Christ (Acts 13: 38, 39; Rom. 3: 24, 26), but also freedom from the dominion of sin (Rom. 6: 1-14), and from self. (1. Cor. 5: 15). He preached also, and practised healing for the body (Acts 14: 8, 10); the impotent man had faith to be healed when he heard Paul speak. And that he taught the expectation of the Lord's coming, and the need to be blameless before him at his coming, his two epistles to the Thessalonians, as well as many of his other writings, abundantly testify. The Thessalonians from the very first understood the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ: they "turned to God from idols to serve a living and a true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." (1. Thess. 1: 9, 10).

Paul, in writing to them, appeals to them as those who are looking for the Lord; he appeals to them to walk worthy of God who hath called them unto his kingdom and glory (1. Thess. 2: 12); he calls them his joy and crown of rejoicing . . . in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, and prays that God may establish their hearts "unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints." (3: 13). This church was yet young; devoted indeed, whole hearted and consumed with zeal. But young churches are like young Christians, they need balance. While they "sounded out the Word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia but also in every place [their] faith to Godward was spread abroad," (1. Thess. 1: 8), yet they needed Paul's exhortation, "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." (1. Thess. 4: 11, 12).

How many young Christians who are full of zeal for souls fret against the precious, needful discipline of daily toil, working with their hands; and they think that since God blesses them to souls, they ought to be released from secular occupations which necessarily take up so much time and strength, that they may give all their time and strength to the evangelistic work, into which they put all their heart. They think they are important to the cause of God, and that the more they are freed from the drudgery of ordinary work, the better it will be for the cause of God. There never was a greater mistake. Paul the apostle, who certainly was not behind any of our modern evangelists in zeal or in spiritual power, "for the Gospel's sake," lest he should "hinder the Gospel of Christ," that he might "make the Gospel of Christ without charge" and "abuse not [his] power in the Gospel," (1. Cor. 9: 23, 12, 18), worked with his own hands for his daily bread.

It is also highly significant that our Lord himself, until he was thirty years of age, worked steadily at the carpenter's bench; and certainly the time was not lost, for he did always those things which pleased his Father (John 8: 29). It is just the very tests of ordinary daily life which afford continual proof of the reality of the life of Christ within us. If such tests were needed by our holy and beloved Lord, that it might be proved undeniably that in his human life the very divine life of God had been perfectly manifested, and the human will continuously laid down, how can the same school be dispensed with in us his followers? If he who was "without sin"

(Heb. 4: 15), and yet possessed of a human will (John 6: 38), must needs have such an exercise for thirty years before he was perfected (Luke 13: 32; Heb. 2: 10; 5: 9), who are we, if we think we need a less discipline than the Lord Jesus himself?

Another danger was threatening this young church. Intense in their expectation that the Lord might come any day they feared that those amongst them who died in Christ would be losers. Paul, in leading them to look for the coming of the Lord, had said nothing about death, because the Lord had left no message about it. He had said on the contrary, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself," (John 14: 3). Thus this church, intent on the expectation that he would come, were in a hopeless state of sorrow over their believing friends who had died. And the apostle writes them, "Sorrow not even as others who have no hope of our Lord's return; as surely as Jesus died and rose again, so surely will they who sleep in Jesus rise again. That which happens to the Head of the body must happen to his

and be sober." If ever there was a time when this is needed it is just now, when so much strange fire is abroad in the churches. "Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet the hope of salvation" (his coming). He has appointed us to obtain this salvation; he "died for us that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him," sharers of his life in time and in eternity.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THE letter to the Thessalonians, from which the subject of the lesson is taken, is interesting as being the oldest Christian writing of which we have any record, with the possible exception of the message from the Jerusalem Council described in Acts 15. Paul had gone to Thessalonica—which under its modern name of Salonika, was frequently mentioned in the dispatches during the war between Greece and Turkey—direct from Philippi. Still suffering from the beating and rough usage he had received there, he no sooner entered Thessalonica than he began to preach. How long he stayed we do not know, but evidently some time beyond the three Sabbaths to which Luke refers. When he was driven away by persecution, he left behind him the nucleus of a church, one which, next to his beloved church at Philippi, held its place in his heart. He was anxious about the young



A CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

members—God will bring them again when he comes.

Do not sorrow for them, for "this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall in no wise precede (R.V.) them that are fallen asleep." Paul writes, "But of the times and seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord (not the coming of the Lord to them that wait for him unto salvation, Heb. 9: 28), his day—which includes his coming for his own, the great tribulation and his millennial kingdom,—so cometh as a thief in the night." A thief comes when he is least expected; "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them and they shall not escape." When in the history of the world, was there ever such a time of saying, "Peace and safety" as just now?

Meanwhile let us take the encouragement which God gives us through the apostle: "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness." That which we know is coming and for which we are looking, cannot take us unawares; if our treasure is in heaven, that day can rob us of nothing. The day which brings destruction to the world brings deliverance to those who have lived as "pilgrims and strangers" (1. Pet. 2: 11) in the world, and whose citizenship is in heaven, our "redemption draweth nigh." (Luke 21: 28). But therefore let us not sleep as do others, let us be never off our guard; let us "watch

converts, fearing they might give up their faith in the storm of persecution which raged about them. He tried to visit them again, but something prevented him. Finally, unable to bear suspense any longer, he sent Timothy to them and went on to Athens alone. Timothy visited them and then rejoined Paul, who by that time, had gone on to Corinth. The report that he gave the Apostle relieved his mind on some matters, but occasioned him anxiety on others. He therefore wrote them, praising and encouraging them for their fortitude and energy and giving them cautions about certain dangers which, as he perceived from Timothy's report, menaced the church. This is the letter, written about the year 50, which we know as the First Epistle to the Thessalonians.

One of the dangers against which he cautioned them was a misapplication of his own teaching. We gather from Luke's account that Paul had made the kingdom of Christ more prominent in his address than the Cross of Christ. The people heard him and became so much absorbed in the idea of Christ's return that they neglected their business, ceased to work and became a burden on their brethren. Paul deprecated such results from his teaching. He tells the people to go quietly on with their work, supporting themselves, as they had seen him do. The idea of monasticism was repulsive to this active, energetic man. The notion that a man must withdraw himself from secular affairs in order that he may live a life acceptable to God was in his opinion a mischievous blunder. Christ at his coming could not find them ready for him in any better way than in doing honest work. A second mistake

which Paul sees it necessary to caution against, was the way in which they mourned for the dead. The Thessalonians grieved over their friends because they feared that in dying they would miss the glory of Christ's coming. They need not worry about that, Paul tells them. They will be raised before the living are formed. The dead in Christ have nothing; their immortality is as sure as that of those who are alive when Christ comes. As to the time of Christ's coming there is no need to write anything. Let us be precisely at the time when people are least concerned about it. But their impression his readers got from his words as one of the Lord's coming being very near, and they evidently thought it useful to begin any important work. Paul therefore wrote them a second time. The dead in both letters was clearly to turn minds from vain speculation and waiting, to practical work and purifying life. The same lesson needs to be taught now as has been proved repeatedly in the history of the church.

Concerning them which are asleep, phrase became the common method of describing the dead. It occurs frequently in the inscriptions over the resting of the dead in the catacombs, "He is in peace," "The sleeping-place of Elia." "The sleeping-chamber of Aurelia." Such inscriptions are found everywhere in those subterranean chambers of the One of the inscriptions bears a date more than twenty years after Paul's to the Thessalonians was written. The catacombs consist of chambers from ten to seventy-five feet underground, connected by long passages varying in height from six to twelve feet, and in width from four to six feet. In their rocky walls, as the walls of the chambers, niches are hewn out, one above another, in which the bodies of the dead were laid. Under the Roman Campagna there are forty such catacombs. In all it is estimated that the passages measure from eight to nine hundred miles, and afforded places for over seven million people. Many martyrs were secretly buried there and the inscriptions in their case noted the sufferings and dangers of the survivors.

Will God bring with him. These words turn our attention away from the actual death of the individual to the resurrection. If God is going to bring the dead in with him, it follows that they are not in the grave, otherwise they would be already. He will bring them to a glorious reunion. In the *Life of Faraday* there is an interesting incident mentioned as a symbol of the difference in the physical and spiritual life. It is a spectacle witnessed in the churchyard of Oberhofen, Switzerland. The friends of some one buried there had been too poor to get a gravestone, or even to affix a tablet to the wall; but they could not be content with their beloved dead should have no name over the grave. They had therefore written name and date and a loving testimonial on a piece of cardboard and fastened it to a piece of wood. But they knew that rain and sun would soon obliterate the record, so they fastened a little row of caterpillars to the wood. Inside the roof a caterpillar had taken a corner in which to go through its various stages. There it had burst its way through the body and had flown away a butterfly. The empty caterpillar skin had been left behind, but the butterfly was gone. Beneath the sod was the human shell, which the spirit had flown away. The one was a counterpart of the other.

To do your own business. A man calling one morning on one of his customers who was a miller, found him covered with dust and his hands so soiled that the miller would not shake hands with the visitor. The visitor apologized for his condition but, as the miller said, he did not know of his condition. "True," said the pastor, "I took it as a surprise, there is no need to apologize only hope my Master, when he comes, will find me in the night, will find me in the condition, going about my work. A similar spirit was the old Puritan minister of Stamford, Conn., who, when one of the legislators alarmed by sudden darkness which overspread the sky during one of the sittings of the legislature proposed that the house adjourn, seemed that the day of judgment was come. Davenport said that if as league thought, the judgment day had indeed come, he would like to be found in his place doing his duty and then moved that candles be brought.

FEEDING INDIA'S MILLIONS.

The "City of Everett" at Manila—Bishop Thoburn's Relief Committee at Work—The Viceroy's Ominous Report—The Salvation Army's Distribution.

NEWS has come of the safe arrival at Manila in the Philippine Islands, of the *City of Everett*, the steamer laden with the corn given by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for the relief of starving India. On July 16, Rev. R. G. Hobbs sent a cable message to this office giving the

in a week. Our own Methodist missionaries have been organized for two months or more, and their part of the work can quickly be adjusted. There will be delay, however, in the case of others, owing to the wide distribution of the missionaries. I have only time this morning to send you a line, as the mail leaves in an hour, but will write more at length.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. THOBURN.

We are indebted to Rev. J. F. Holcomb Presbyterian Missionary at Jhansi, for a photograph which is reproduced on this page. Mr. Holcomb is seen sitting in front of the hut and the native preacher—a fine Christian character who accompanied him on his relief tours—is standing under the tree. He was rescued in a famine when he was a child, and was brought up in the Mission. The other natives in the picture are a group of Saharayas, the poorest of the poor, of whom there are about ten thousand in Mr. Holcomb's district. When it was known that he had relief to distribute, the famished crowd surrounded him "like a pack of hungry wolves." He adds, "On our last visit to Ranipur so rapacious was the crowd of hungry people that we almost despaired of being able to control them long enough to enable us to complete the distribution of aid."

Very effective work is being done by the Salvation Army in the relief of the famine sufferers. Miss Catherine Bannister, one of the officers of the Army, to whom a thousand dollars from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was sent, sends us with a photograph of a group of sufferers, a letter stating that the relief works in the Poona and Satara districts, under her supervision, are now feeding from 1,800 to 2,000 starving persons weekly. There are in all ten relief stations, employing between 500 and

for Iowa deserve special recognition. Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Chairman of the Commission, is a brother of Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of State. Major E. H. Conger, one of the members, is the newly-appointed Minister to Brazil, and Rev. L. A. Harvey, Mr. J. D. McGarrah and Mr. G. L. Godfrey are all well-known and influential in their respective circles. Mr. Godfrey is Secretary of the Commission. Chairman Sherman recently forwarded a report to the Governor, showing that the Commission, within a period of about four months, had received from all sources and forwarded to India through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, \$5,415.72, and had, besides, shipped 9,318 bushels of grain west (for the California cargo). Right nobly has Iowa done her duty in behalf of famine-stricken India. In next week's issue we shall take pleasure in laying before our readers a more extensive outline of the Iowa report, which will be found of general interest.

A VETERAN FALLEN.

The Death of Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., the Famous Leader of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered a bereavement in the death of Dr. Stokes, of Ocean Grove, N. J., which will be mourned in many a home beyond the limits of the church. Dr. Stokes was known and respected by Christians of all creeds with whom he came in contact at the famous resort by the sea. He was the recognized host of that great gathering which assembles annually to gain physical and spiritual recuperation on the New Jersey shores. Of late years he had given all his time and energies to perfecting the advantages of this Mecca of Methodism and had enjoyed the gratification of seeing the realization of his great project, the completion of the vast Auditorium which involved an outlay of \$70,000. That was the crowning triumph of more than a quarter of a century of able administration. He witnessed this year the arrival of the usual host of visitors and took part in the inauguration of the season. He was present at the Independence Day celebration, when his nephew, Senator Edward Stokes of Millville, delivered the annual oration, but at the close of that day, he was stricken with illness and was unable to leave his house afterwards. For the first few days of his sickness little alarm was felt, but before the close of the week it became evident that there was danger of collapse. On Sunday, July 11, petitions were offered at all the meetings for his recovery, but there was no improvement. He continued

to learn the trade of book-binding, he attended the Sunday School connected with the Union Methodist Church. He was early converted under the preaching of Rev. Charles Pitman, and at once entered upon Christian work. He became a



THE LATE REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

class leader subsequently in his native town, and in 1843 received a local preacher's license. He continued to work at his trade up to that year, but in April, at the suggestion of Presiding Elder Charles T. Ford, he bade farewell to business and entered the ranks of the ministry. At the next conference held at Trenton, he with several others, only two of whom survive him, were received on probation. His first charge was on the Medford Circuit, and he afterwards held important charges in other parts of New Jersey. He organized the Pitman Grove Camp Meeting Association; and in 1869, the Ocean Grove Association of which he was elected President and held the office until his death.

The funeral on July 19 was a most impressive spectacle. Fully ten thousand persons were present, and there were few dry eyes in the assemblage as Bishops Fitz-Gerald and Newman spoke of the character of the dead veteran. At the conclusion of the services the audience passed in single file by the casket to take a last look at the familiar features. The body lay in state until midnight, a guard of honor composed of members of the Camp Meeting Association surrounding it. The interment took place on July 20 at Haddonfield in Dr. Stokes' family plot.

Free to all Subscribers.

For twenty-five names with full post office addresses, carefully written on one side of the sheet, each name representing an adult Protestant Church member, we will send, free of all expense, a beautiful Lily of the Field, grown in Galilee, Palestine, gathered there last spring, and pressed and mounted by Rev. Harvey B. Greene, who personally superintended the work while in the Holy Land.

The names sent in under this offer must be new names, must not have been sent in last year, and must each represent a different family, no two living in the same house.

All the names must reach THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, before August 31.

On the face of the envelope the words "For the Million Edition" must be distinctly written on the lower left hand corner, and no other business of whatever nature must be referred to in communications which contain these lists of names, as they are handled in a separate Department.

The "Lily of the Field" will be promptly forwarded on receipt of the names, and special attention is directed to the fact that these names must represent Protestant Church members of different families, no two living in the same house. We prepay all expenses.

elme intelligence that the vessel had reached that port all well. So large a part of a long voyage had then been so successfully accomplished, that we may hope that by the time these lines are in the hands of our readers, the vessel will be safe at Cutta and the corn will speedily be in the hands of the missionaries for distribution.

How welcome this gift will be, we may judge from the ominous news cabled by the Viceroy of India on July 13. He reports that the monsoon on which the crop of harvest depended had died away on the 25, and that the weather throughout the country had then become fine, and that the country was enjoying a good supply of rain. Since then rain has begun falling again on the west coast and in Southern India, and Mysore. The Viceroy adds: "A fair amount of rain has fallen in the last three days in the Central Provinces, and in Bengal, and the North-West Provinces, but Bombay, Madras, and Madras are still without rain."

As the monsoon again advances the damage will not be very great, but the situation is serious where large areas have been sown. Elsewhere the work of sowing has been suspended, and many persons are returning to the relief work. There is a great scarcity of fodder in Bombay, Madras, Hyderabad, Berar, and parts of the Central Provinces, and prices are gradually rising. When we consider that the districts the Viceroy describes as being without rain contain fifty-four millions of people, it is easy to see how serious this report is. It is evidently not yet given up, but the situation may well excite the deepest anxiety.

We are glad to learn that thorough measures are being taken by the Inter-denominational Committee under the presidency of Bishop Thoburn for the systematic and careful distribution of the money contributed by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following letter just received from the Bishop shows that no time has been lost in getting the committee organized and finding out the relative proportions of destitution in each field:

NAINI, TAL., June 22, 1897.
Dr. Dr. Klopsch:—I received your cablegram in due time, and cabled, saying I would gladly accept the duty of organizing a committee as you requested. I have already written to parties representing various missions and hope to have the work completed

and 600 persons. Much apprehension is felt, as no grain can be harvested until September. She writes:

The famine, as you will doubtless be aware, is not so acute at this side, as it is in the C. P. and N. W. P., yet it is certain that without the timely help received, our people would many of them have died of want; and whole communities have been broken up, through wandering away in search of help. The coming two or three months will probably be a season of great strain, until the approaching harvest can be reaped.

Among those who have rendered signal service in the India Relief movement, the members of the India Relief Commission



WOMEN AND CHILDREN WAITING THE DAILY DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

(AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES)

LOUIS KLOPSCHE, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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God's Choice of Things Despised.

GOD takes his good things out of Nazareth. His best speakers are Galileans. His sons of thunder are fishermen. They draw their nets in the Sea of Galilee, and then are sent to Rome, to fish in the Tiber, to London, to fish in the Thames, to New York, to fish in the Hudson, to Washington, to fish in the Potomac. God takes unlearned and ignorant men. A few years they company with the great Teacher, and then men take knowledge of them. They have caught the art of arts: how to save souls!

Why is this? That no flesh may glory in his presence. God does not divide his glory with another, even the best of men. Not even with Jonathan Edwards or Thomas Chalmers, or Melancthon, or Calvin, or Saul of Tarsus. It is enough for man that God uses him. Simon the Sorcerer wanted to buy into God's kingdom; to have a material interest in the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Apostle pronounced him still in the bonds of iniquity. The man who would have God use him must walk humbly; must not be exalted above measure; must expect some thorn in the flesh to keep him in his place.

What's in a Name.

THE cruiser *Marblehead* lately received especial honors from the town, after which she was named; the little old-fashioned port, built upon the rocks, that make the ribs of New England. The name is worthily bestowed. For, when we had no nation and no navy, *Marblehead* was alive. The large mansion on Prospect street where Commodore Tucker used to live is still called by his name. It is said that when the express came with his commission rode up to his door the gallant seaman with ravened eyes and tarpanin on his head, was engaged in doing "chores" around the house. This was the greeting at the messenger: "Hello, fellow, can you tell me where the 'Honorable' Samuel Tucker lives?" "Honorable, honorable! The 'honorable' Tucker lives in Salem, I am the only Samuel Tucker here." The messenger delivered the commission to him. Commodore Tucker commanded the sloop of war *Thorn* and the frigate *Rioson*. It is said he took more prizes, fought more sea-battles and gained more victories, than almost any loyal hero of the period. This heroism of Commodore Tucker and Captain James Mugford Jr., and others makes it especially appropriate

to attach the name *Marblehead* to this graceful cruiser, within a few years constructed by the government.

Value of Education.

THE speeches now made by the young men at commencements are far superior to those of our boyhood. The old humdrum about Greece and Rome has been exchanged for harangue about things of here and to-day. The sylphs and dryads and naiads and the gods have gone out of business. Longfellow turns out to be a better poet than Homer, and Bancroft a better historian than Herodotus, and we have fifty orators who can beat Demosthenes. The absurd halo has melted from the brow of the ancients, and the old philosophers could not keep up with a class in our Polytechnic or Packer. College education has been revolutionized and the mind of the student is not so stuffed with the heavy baggage of Latin and Greek that he has no room for practical every-day information. Look at the graduates of this year and last year and next year, and you will find vast improvement in physique. By regatta and baseball and gymnasium and military drill, a class of healthy men is launched for the voyage of life from the dry dock, instead of those crazy crafts that were loaded to the water's edge with physical infirmities enough to sink them before they get out as far as quarantine. In many of the institutions a great advancement has been made in the fact that male and female education go side by side, just as God intended it. He put the two sexes beside each other in Eden. He puts them beside each other in the family, and why not in the colleges? Besides, judging of old times by the fashion plates of other centuries, the granddaughters are far superior to the grandmothers, and the fuss which they used to make a hundred years ago over a very good woman shows us that feminine excellence, which is common now, was rare then. At the beginning of this century a woman was considered well educated if she could do a sum in rule of three. Algebras and geometries were to her inaccessible heights. Now look at the books in all departments of knowledge under the arm of the school-miss. This land will not be what it ought to be till woman has equal opportunity for thorough education with man.

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

NOT long ago in the heart of the highlands of the Hudson, we saw a most beautiful wedding ceremony. On the landing of an immense staircase in a splendid mansion, as at an altar, beneath a huge wedding-bell shaped out of roses, two young people who had been attached to each other since childhood, plighted their vows in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. A special train ran from New York up to the locality. A vast assembly of people, including a distinguished preacher, a singer who was as pure as she was distinguished, and a group of young men and women who had officiated as groomsmen and brides' maids, then repaired to a tent on the lawn to partake of refreshments. The bride's grandfather, a clergyman of eighty-seven years, had pronounced the young couple husband and wife, and the old-time Washington pastor of the bride's parents, the minister who had twenty-six years before united them in marriage, and who had assisted in the ceremony, were there. Down on the Hudson, with gala-day streamers, floated the beautiful yacht that was to bear away the bridal pair. It was all like a beautiful dream.

There were certain prerequisites to presence there. First, there was the invitation. Amid many thousands who might have been invited, only a few hundreds were selected. Old friends and tried friends, friends who had long been family friends, young friends who had grown up from childhood with the nuptial pair; the friends of that venerable grandfather, in

whose experience was fulfilled the promise: "With long life will I satisfy thee and show thee my salvation." Then, there was the acceptance of the invitations. The abbreviation: R. S. V. P., was appended to all the invitations. For provision has to be made for all the guests. Then, there was the effort to come. That special train that pulled out of the Grand Central carried no one who had not accepted the invitation and taken his seat in the elegant Wagner.

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb; to this we are all invited. Still there is room. Have we accepted the invitation? Have we received that return-card—the witness of the Spirit—which signifies that we are regarded a guest? And when the King comes in, shall we be found having on the wedding-garment?

A Nation's Ebenezer.

THIS nation, thus far, has had help from God. It records its "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." He helped us when as yet we were no nation; when we stood December 22d, 1620, on the wintry shores of New England, half of our number to disappear within the next half of a year. We have just received back from England the log-book of the *Mayflower's* voyage. It belongs to us and to our children forever. All our progress from that date to this is the nation's log-book. It is well that the idea of the nation is becoming more and more emphatic. The story of our own history is what the nation needs. God is in this history's heroic manhood, heroic womanhood. We have had great crises. We have emerged from them in safety; yes, in triumph. George Washington was the culmination and product of our Revolutionary period.

America has given history a new conception of patriotism. The old Roman type was still selfish. Caesar was willing to become Emperor. As Shakespeare puts it in the mouth of Casca: "He put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and every putting-by my honest neighbors shouted." We had no such leaders in our Revolutionary times; least of all our Washington. If such a man as Aaron Burr was a possibility, it was only to make his infamy greater by the contrast. The American type of patriotism is pure. Our public men have always risen to the greatness of the occasion. In 1861 we did not know that we had such men as crowned the Colonial period, in all our borders. But the occasion brought them to the front. And, five years later, we saw Lincoln taking rank with Washington.

The present period is still a period of anxieties. But there are great and good men in the seats of power. Indeed, to put American responsibilities upon Americans makes them walk more circumspectly; makes them shape themselves symmetrically and after the great American type. Washington and Lincoln are to live forever as the American ideals. For this we can say as a nation:

Here we raise our Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come.

The Patriarch Khirmian, though persecuted and disgraced by Turkey, was beloved and trusted by the Armenians; the Patriarch Izmirlian, favored by the Porte, was almost universally regarded with distrust by Armenians. Izmirlian's former private secretary has lately been preaching in New York City, and those who knew his antecedent associations were not surprised that he should violently attack the missionaries and accuse them of responsibility for all of Armenia's troubles. Rev. Dr. Markarian's tirade will find no sympathetic echo here. Any Armenian, prelate or layman, who stands out as the apologist of that monster assassin, Abdul Hamid, and endeavors to cover up his crimes by attacking the missionaries, is false to the interests of his own nation and to humanity at large.

BRIEF NOTES.

A further wonderful discovery of papyrus announced, ranging from the first to the sixth century A.D., four thousand in all, which it was years to decipher.

A census of the Russian Empire, lately taken with official authority has just been completed. It states the entire population as 113, of whom 64,016,280 are males, and 49,000,000 females.

Reports received by the Immigration Bureau show that the number of immigrants arrived in this country during the eleven months ended May 3, 1897, was 210,271. This is a decrease compared with the same period last year, 105,038.

Another Social Settlement is to be opened in New York. It will be under the charge of a very Protestant Episcopal Church. A building on East Twenty-second Street has been purchased and will be remodeled for the purpose. It is expected to be ready for occupancy about November.

The United Brethren, representing a Russian body, has assumed charge, by arrangement with the London Missionary Society, of a mission in German East Africa as a mission center in an important field, there being no other Protestant mission nearer than Utengule and Kungu of Lake Nyassa and eighty miles away.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mission, recently held in Paris, the welcome announcement was made that the fifteen thousand dollars, which had so long been the committee, has been practically cleared through the generous help of friends in Britain, France, America and other countries.

Official reports show that the number of marriages in France decreased from 280,691 to 282,918 in 1895, the number of births from 3,811,773 to 3,811,773, while the deaths increased from 1,834,986. It is now proposed to offer assistance for the encouragement of marriage and the term of army service for married men.

The first summer assembly projected for Jewish people is now in session at Atlantic City, N. J. It began on July 23 and continues until August 8. A Jewish Chautauqua Society is in existence for three years, and in this summer assembly its aim is "the presentation to Jews of others of Jewish thought and Jewish teaching."

It is estimated that fully twenty-five hundred Epworth Leaguers attended the convention in Toronto. The report shows that the aggregate membership is now a million and a half. Among the speakers at the convention were Hon. A. S. Hardy, Attorney-General of Ontario, and Hon. J. H. Ely, Sing Sing, N. Y.

The report comes from Japan that a temple is being made there to follow the set by India in the Brahmo Samaj and to form a new religion which shall be a combination of elements from Christianity, Buddhism and Jainism. It is to omit the divinity of Christ, to venerate him as a Great Teacher, to discard the doctrine of the Trinity and the Trinity.

We are asked to remind our readers of the sixty-sixth annual camp meeting will be at Sing Sing, N. Y., on August 5, and will continue ten days. It is in charge of Rev. Thomas I. and Rev. A. C. Morehouse. Among the speakers who will take part are Bishop J. P. N. Bishop E. G. Andrews, and Mrs. Maggie V. All information may be obtained by addressing Mr. W. H. Ely, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Mr. H. Arzamanian arrived in New York last week from Armenia. He has been a teacher in Persia and Russia, and is well acquainted with five languages. He had a narrow escape from death in getting out of his native land, and his wife and two children. He has reached country in a needy condition, and would be glad to find some occupation in which his education could be of use, and whereby he could maintain himself and family.

The fourth biennial convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet in Toronto, Canada, Oct. 22 to 28. The arrangements for this meeting of the representatives of many lands are progressing rapidly. The interest and enthusiasm are deepening in all lands. Miss Slack, Secretary of the Union, has sent out her official call for the convention, and delegates' names are coming in from all parts of the globe.

The Japanese Christian Endeavor Convention met again at Kobe, where the first one was held. In five years the number of societies doubled and 20 out of the 60 sent delegates to report. Resolutions were adopted looking to more energetic extension of the movement and the holding of a special meeting in the autumn. A very pleasant gathering at the Kobe College for Girls closed the meetings of the convention.

The Chautauqua Assembly has received a thirty-two page pamphlet giving full and detailed information in regard to the course in the various schools, and a handsome picture in the form of the advanced number of "The Chautauqua Assembly Herald," containing a programme for the season and information in regard to the various clubs and classes opening during the summer. These will be sent upon application to the Secretary, Mr. W. A. Duncauqua, N. Y.

A glowing description of Zionism is given by Rabbi Rosenberg in printed by the *New York Sun*. Quoting Dr. Herzl, he says: "Jews who are willing to have their State to have it." He points out that no nation has been able to assimilate the Jew, though good citizens of every country where they live, and that there is no just or rational basis for their condition but that of restoration to Palestine, which, the promises of the Bible phatic on the subject.

Christian Workers have been holding Convention this week at Bell Island, Conn. William James, whose work at Elm Island we have described in former number of this journal, has erected a large tent in a shady spot, which three meetings were held each day. The first was Christian Endeavor Day, July 21; the second was Temperance Day, July 22; the third was Schools, Monday, July 20, was the closing and was devoted to Foreign Missions.



RUSSIA'S GUESTS.

VISITORS of illustrious rank are expected by the Czar in the near future, and rumor is busy with the difficulties he is grappling with in arranging for their entertainment. The King of Siam, who has been making the tour of Europe, is to St. Petersburg before returning to his own land. Although it is ostensibly a personal and friendly visit, the reason to believe that the king is to enlist the good offices of the Czar in the relations of France and Siam, is that the king keeps in touch with European affairs and is well aware that the Czar's influence is all-powerful with the French government. If it could be exerted to the advantage of France still further diminishing the influence of the king would be very desirable. It will be easy for the mighty monarch to deal with his Asiatic sovereign, but he has a more difficult task in receiving another guest of such rank as is being arranged. The French Parliament has voted a large sum of money to the President of the Republic to Russia in a manner which has excited his illustrious position. The susceptibilities of the French people will be hurt if the French Emperor is not received with the honors usually accorded to sovereigns of the first rank. It is expected that the Czar will appoint the most distinguished colonel of a crack regiment, and will select for his entertainment a magnificent scale. St. Petersburg and Moscow, according to rumor, are preparing an unprecedented festival and the reception is to be a most interesting lesson, to all who may concern, of the value of friendship which the Russian Empire to the Russian Czar. A third visitor whose arrival is anticipated is the Emperor of Germany. His arrival, as originally planned, would have coincided with that of the President, but has required some modification of diplomacy to prevent an embarrassing meeting. The Emperor himself is credited with desiring the meeting, in the hope of bringing about a closer relation between France and Russia, but the French Emperor would have resented it, and there is no prospect of a becoming interval between the visits. The Continental journey is an interesting object to the Emperor's visit also. It is alleged that the Emperor is anxious to arrange with the Czar a plan of mutual agreement for Russian policy in the Orient, and to pledge Germany's support to the Czar in the Egyptian question, in return for Russian support of German designs on the East. Whether or not the Emperor has such a scheme in mind may be doubted, but it is significant that the public should suspect these potentates of designs against each other. One might wish that their deliberations a word of counsel from a great and good king might be of service to them.

Therefore, O ye kings; be instructed and blessed are all they that put their trust in the Lord. (Ps. 122:10.)

Rays in the Custom House. The French government has been utilizing the newly discovered light as a device in the custom-house. It has long been suspected that articles which should have been smuggled into France were being smuggled out. Every package required to be labelled with a statement of its contents and a declaration as to

their being duty-free. The government officials decided one day recently to make an experimental investigation with the Roentgen rays. Thirty packages, all declared to contain no dutiable articles, were put aside for examination. It took only fifteen minutes to examine them all, and twenty-seven of them were condemned. In some instances the package was marked "lingerie," but the under-clothing formed an unimportant part of the contents. Carefully wrapped inside were watches, or jewelry, or cigarettes, or matches, or gloves, or some other dutiable articles. Some of the articles were in packages said to contain only fruit, or cake, or books. Proceedings were ordered at once against the senders, as smuggling is a very serious offence in France. It is safe to predict that these smugglers will not try any more such tricks in France, now that they know what means have been adopted for their detection. Yet men are slow to learn the same lesson in dealing with God although they know that his all-seeing eye pierces the covering of sancti-

monious observance with which they cover their sins. Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord and their works are in the dark and they say: Who seeth us? and who knoweth us? (Isa. 29:15.)

Diamond Making.

An explanation of the process of making artificial diamonds is given to the New York Herald by Prof. William Crookes, the inventor of the Crookes tube which is used in the production of Roentgen rays. The plan adopted is to take a small quantity of pure iron and pack it with pure charcoal in a carbon crucible. The crucible is then put in the body of an electric furnace. A powerful arc, absorbing a hundred horse-power, is formed close above it between carbon poles, causing the iron to melt and mingle with the charcoal. After a few minutes' heating at an inconceivably high temperature, the glowing crucible is plunged into cold water. In solidifying, the iron is subjected to enormous pressure, under stress of which the dissolved carbon separates in a transparent crystalline form. This is the diamond. The diamonds hitherto made by this process are microscopic in size, but their nature is precisely the same as the diamond of the mines. Prof. Crookes thinks that the process was similar in the case of the natural diamond. He says, in some far distant epoch, in some convulsion of nature, there must have been the heat and

pressure and then the eruption which brought the jewels near to the surface. The professor appears to have discovered a process of nature in learning how diamonds can be made. The experience of some Christians seems to teach us that God's jewels are made in a similar way. In the intense fire of temptation and the crushing weight of sorrow and care, the soul is evolved which God will treasure.

They shall be mine saith the Lord in that day when I make up my jewels. (Mal. 3:17.)

The Submarine Boat.

A successful test was made July 11 of the *Holland*, the new submarine vessel. Commander Kimball of the Navy Department, came to Elizabeth, N. J., to witness the test. He and Inventor Holland and a few volunteers entered the turret, and the water-tight doors were closed. The sinking tanks were opened and the water was let in. The vessel gradually sank out of sight. She went down and rested evenly on the bottom. After a short stay the compressed air was released and the water which had sunk the boat was blown out through the wonderful valves which are the peculiar feature of the boat. The *Holland* rose gracefully to the surface as her inventor predicted, and proceeded on a short trip as if she had never been under water. The men who went down in her say that the machinery worked perfectly. A further test is to be made in a week or two, when the *Holland* will make a voyage under water. If

was to come back for the others, but its crew were informed that there was no need to do so, as the remainder of the castaways preferred to wait for some other vessel. The captain of the *Brightwell* sent the boat back to give them another chance. But it was useless; the men refused to be saved. Being pressed for their reasons, they said they believed it would be certain death to sail with the crew of the *John Carey* whom they had rescued. They said that men who had been twice wrecked on the same voyage were Jonahs, and would never reach land, and would bring bad luck to any ship that took them on board. The notion was ridiculed, but the men were obstinate, and there was no alternative but to leave them on the reef and return to the ship. The event proved their folly. The doubly-shipped men reached port safely, while those who were afraid to sail with them had not been heard from when the mail left. There is sometimes the same prejudice against companions in the voyage of the Christian life; but it is not excited so often by ill-luck, as by self-righteousness or differences of doctrine, or social condition. Christ's warning to the Pharisees should never be forgotten:

Verily, I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. (Matt. 21:31.)

The Alaska Eldorado.

Intense excitement has been produced in the mining regions by the reports sent during the past few days from the Klondike Camp, on one of the tributaries of the Yukon river, in Alaska. The news that gold had been discovered in large quantities was published last December and miners from all sections made a rush to the district. It looks now as if all who went will make fortunes. The reports describe a ravine thirteen miles long and not over a thousand feet wide at its widest part which is rich with gold. The coarse gravel varies from fourteen to twenty-five feet in depth and every pan of it, according to the report, contains gold, the lower depths, those near bed-rock, being the richest. One report sent from St. Michael's Island, near the mouth of the Yukon, says that a vessel had arrived there bringing forty-five miners each of whom was bringing as the result of his work gold dust and nuggets, varying in value from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. There was over a million dollars in the party. Other vessels which wintered up the Yukon are coming down with passengers in similar circumstances. One has twenty-five miners on board who have half a million dollars

in nuggets among them. The largest nugget yet found is one worth \$257. Several have been found worth about two hundred dollars. About seventy-five miners had reached St. Michael's Island with their treasure when the mail left. It is estimated that fully five million dollars worth of gold has been taken out during the past season. The district which has been worked is near the sixty-fifth parallel of north latitude and has an Arctic climate. The miners say that the hardships of life there are terrific. The rush, however, is so great in spite of this warning, that there are doubts whether there will be provisions enough to sustain life. The voyage up the Yukon has to be made before September, as the river in its higher reaches is closed by the middle of that month. The journey by land is extremely difficult and full of danger. It is feared that the excitement produced by the news will lead to many wild ventures which will make this the most disastrous of gold crazes. Many are sure to go who will perish by the way, or die of starvation and hardship after they get there. When there is the prospect of getting rich, men are deaf to the warnings of people who know the difficulties and hardships involved, as they are deaf to other warnings on still higher authority.

But they that will be rich, shall lose all, and a snare and into many tools shall they fall, which drown men in perdition. (Matt. 13:12.)



A SCENE IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.

the vessel bears that test as successfully as this, it will be an enemy to be dreaded by a hostile fleet, as its approach cannot be detected. In the Christian warfare his most dangerous foes are temptations of that kind, which come suddenly and unseen. He alone is safe against them who has divine protection.

Be not afraid of sudden fear neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh; for the Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken. (Prov. 3:25.)

Would Not Sail with Jonahs.

A curious instance of superstitious belief in luck is reported from Australia. It appears that the *John Carey*, a trading brig with a crew of six men, was caught in a storm and sprang a leak. The men worked hard to save the ship, but were finally obliged to abandon her. Only one boat was left uninjured, and in this the six men rowed away. They were seen by the *Ladybird*, another trading vessel, and were taken on board. But the next day the weather grew foul again and the *Ladybird* was cast on a reef a total wreck. It was two days before a sail was seen. This proved to be the *Brightwell*, which also was engaged in trading. The signals of the castaways were seen, and a boat was sent to the reef to save them. It would not hold more than half the shipwrecked men, and those who got in were the crew of the *John Carey*. The boat

BIBLE COMFORT.

the Provision Made in God's Word for the Afflicted and Sorrowing who have Faith to Use it. (Isaiah 12: 1-6.)

There is no need so universal as the need of consolation. Even those who have the comforts of life in abundance, often need consolation. Into the rich man's home sorrow comes and his riches are inadequate to console him. Sorrow comes with every comfort that this world can give, he has the same need of consolation that the poor man has, and he gets it from the same Source. In the palace and the hut, in the home of the nobleman, the business-man, the working-man, the pauper, trouble of one kind or another makes its presence felt and the need of consolation is experienced. The loss of property, the loss of friends, the loss of reputation, the disappointments of life—by these and many other avenues, the iron enters the soul and the cry goes up for consolation. Does a man bear trouble? When he is in trouble, we know his character. He is crushed by it and becomes dejected. Some rush to pleasure or to distraction that they may forget it. Some turn to their aid a stoical philosophy, which accepts the event as one to which man is liable and which must be met with what equanimity can be attained. It is only the Christian that really bears, when trouble besets him. If he is fast to his faith, he has an invincible reserve of consolation. The Lord covers his life by the one promise which explains the purpose of the Christian's life. He knows that every event that befalls him is known to his Heavenly Father and that without his consent no evil can befall him. He knows, too, that discipline is the condition of sonship and when he is able to regard his trouble as discipline, its sting is removed. In the promise he has, that blessing which turns the trouble into a stepping-stone heavenward and he receives the new power that he derives from it. He feels the sorrow; God does not exempt him to be callous; but like an obedient, docile child, he trusts his Father and acquiesces in his will. There is no consolation like this faith. The Lord's encouragements to the exercise of faith are given in God's Word. The Word glows with promises, as the windows glow with the light of the sun. Whatever the trouble may be that befalls the child of God, it has been foreseen and an appropriate consolation has been provided. In every age and in every circumstance, men have turned to it for comfort and have found it. Its writers are that they might be enabled to add to the consolation. In personal and in affliction they learned the bitterness of sorrow and they knew whereof they wrote. The Lord himself was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" and it was he who said: "Let not the heart be troubled; ye believe in God, ye also believe in me." Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, all went through sorrow and their testimony to God is "Thou dost keep him in perfection whose mind is stayed on thee, because thou trusteth in thee." The New Testament writers were men of trouble, and they heard the Voice saying: "Peace is sufficient for thee," and they knew it was so. Out of the darkness of their lives, voices came to us, pointing us to the Source of Consolation and assuring us that there are no circumstances, nor even in death itself, in which it is not possible for the poor, they speak of riches which may be enjoyed; to the rich, they describe the refuge of the "strife of tongues;" to the sick, they promise access to the tree of life, and leaves are for the healing of the soul; to the sorrowing, they tell of the "God will wipe the tears from their eyes;" to the tempted, they speak of the "touching with the feeling of the Father;" to the bereaved, they tell of the "God who is the Father of the fatherless;" to the fallen asleep, they tell of the "God who will bring with him;" and to the weary, they hold forth him who said: "I will give you rest, and the life; he who is weary in me, though he were dead, shall be alive." It is no empty boast to say when he says: "Wherefore sorrowest thou with these words."

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Let us Sing Again.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."—Ps. 95: 1.

LYMAN G. CUYLER.

RIAN A. DYKES

1. Let us sing a - gain the praise of the Sav - iour, How He
2. Let us praise Him for the words full of com - fort, That He
3. Let us praise Him for the soul - cheer - ing prom - ise, Of the

died that we might know the Fa - ther's love; Let us tell to all the
left for us re - cord - ed long a - go; He is near to ev - 'ry
man - sion that our eyes shall yet be - hold; When we gath - er with the

world His com - pas - sion, How He ev - er lives to plead for us a - bove.
one that be - liev - eth, And His mer - cy to the faith - ful He will show.
blest, in His king - dom, Where the rich - es of His grace can ne'er be told.

REFRAIN.

Let us tell, Let us tell, the won - drous sto - ry, How He

died up - on the tree; Un - to Him be all the praise, and the
How He died

glo - ry; He hath suf - fered that from sin we might be free.
we might be free.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS No. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co

WHEN THOU ART SAVED.

WHEN thou by grace hast been
From darkness won,
And purified and cleansed from sin
By God's own Son.
Tell the precious news to others;
Tell to all thy suffering brothers
What Christ hath done.
Spread the glad tidings 'round,
And make it known,
That Christ new life hath found,
The way hath shown.
Tell to souls that need salvation,
Of the grief and tribulation,
He bore alone.

Say it was all for them
He bled and died;
And that he rose to be
Their Friend and Guide.
Say the barriers have been broken,
And the pearly gates are open,
Are open wide.
So walk that thou might'st be
A source of light,
To those who cannot see
The wrong from right.
Let thy life be pure and holy;
Serve thy Master, Jesus, solely,
The Lord of Might.

FLORENCE L. GRAY.

SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Indications National, Political, and Social of the Approach of the End.

BY REV. G. H. PEMBER, M. A.



WHEN the blue-grey clouds begin to gather in the sky and move towards each other, though we may as yet have perceived neither flash nor sound, we know that a storm is impending, and that the quiet hills and valleys will soon be startled by the forked lightnings and by heavily pealing thunder. "Ye hypocrites," said our Lord to the Pharisees, "ye can discern the face of the sky and the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?" He spoke thus of his first coming, the signs of which are not nearly so fully depicted in Scripture as those of his second.

What, then, will he say to us if we fail to discover the secret of God in the things which are taking place around us, when we have so wonderful a commentary whereby to explain them? Even the statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers of this world are expecting great changes in its social and political condition. Surely, then, it becomes us to search and see whether the ceaseless preparations which are everywhere apparent, the tendency of opinions in matters civil and religious, and the generally unsettled and frequently lawless state of Christendom, do not show that the last times of our age have come: that the world will shortly be confronted by her despised but rightful and all-powerful King; and, therefore, that his Church—the living and the dead alike—no longer may but must, be speedily summoned to meet him in the air.

Were we floating on a broad river which at no great distance was hurling itself in mighty cataract to a lower level, what should we infer when we found that we were being borne along more swiftly by the quickening stream, when we perceived an ever-increasing agitation in the waters around us, and began to hear mingling with their tumult the sound of a deeper roaring? Should we not at once understand that we are already in the rapids caused by the terrific fall?

And have we not exactly described the present condition of the stream of time? For both the prophets and the Lord himself foretold a mighty catastrophe which would usher in a new age; a season of perplexity and trouble immediately preceding the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; a general disruption and disintegration of society, amid wars, tumults, and the most appalling calamities, to be followed by the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace.

And are not signs of approach to these predicted days of terror continually multiplying around us? Do not events, which were wont to float by in slow procession, now chase each other before our bewildered eyes with such rapidity that they pass away in months, or it may be even in weeks, instead of years? Have not the currents of public opinion ceased to originate merely in the schemes of a few princes and statesmen—and is not every country torn by antagonistic factions which drag the State, now in this direction, now in that? Nay, are there not also multitudes of private individuals, who have each his own nostrum for divers ills, ever agitating society by thrusting themselves into notice?

Doubtless one chief cause of all this dire confusion has been that very thing which the world regards as a cure for every evil—the spread of knowledge. Education of a certain kind has indeed become general; but, alas! not with the expected result, since morals seem at the same time to be degenerating in inverse ratio. For how common is the lack of truthfulness, and that not merely in commercial life, but in all ranks of society! And this evil does not only exist, but is recognized as a venial fault, if not an absolute necessity. The law, "Swear to thine own hurt and change not," has no popularity in the present age, and he who breaks it will find many defenders. The world has yet to learn that the solution of its difficulties is not in education.

(To be Concluded.)



"GOD'S PORCELAIN."

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

Author of "A Princess in Calico," and other Stories.

(Continued from last week.)

DR. RANDOLPH came as he had promised, and with a fine instinct, charged her a dollar for the visit. He knew she would like it better so. His regular fee was ten. The next day he came again as a friend and great would have been the wonderment of his fashionable South Side patients had they known that their lionized Doctor made time every day, in spite of his rush of engagements, to visit an old wharf porter in a tenement near the river.

He was very patient with the childish old man, telling him bright stories, until 'Lizer Ann began to wonder whether the rich people really knew him as he was.

By degrees some comforts found their way into the tenement. She guessed the donor but she did not attempt to thank him. She prayed for him instead. He treated her with the same fine courtesy he would have shown the wife of the President. That was Dr. Randolph's way.

At last he told her she must hold herself prepared for the ending. "I can save him from pain," he said gently, "but I can do no more."

She thanked him brokenly. He had already done so much. When he had gone she fell on her knees beside her father in an abandonment of grief. He was all she had in the world, and he was dying!

Then came the end and darkness! When she grew a little stronger she went to see the undertaker. She must beg his patience. She could only hope to pay him by degrees. The man handed her a receipted bill.

"A gentleman paid it," he said, "the day of the funeral."

"God bless him!" she cried softly. After that Dr. Randolph's name was always linked with Muriel's in her prayers.

The days and weeks kept on their ceaseless march towards the sleeping centuries and 'Lizer Ann adjusted her new burden of living to her tired shoulders. She was very lonely. As far as acts of kindness went she was neighborly, beyond that she had nothing in common with the other occupants of the tenement.

One morning she heard Dr. Randolph's well-known step upon the stairs and hastened to the door. He looked worried and anxious.

"I have a bad case of smallpox," he said, "a lady. My best nurses are all engaged. Will you come?"

"I am not fit," she said, humbly, "I am so ignorant."

"Nurses are born not made," he answered briefly. "You can obey me and your touch is tender. She is very young," there was a strange huskiness in his voice. "Will you do this to please me? I do not want to force you against your will."

"Why, doctor, if you think I can; I will be proud to please you."

"I knew I could count on you," he said with a rare smile, "and so I brought this." He pointed to a bundle he had laid down as he entered the room. "It will be better fast they should think you are a professional. Can you be ready in an hour? Very well, I will call for you at twelve."

When she opened the bundle she found a nurse's outfit, complete in every detail. "Its just like him," she whispered, as she hurried her preparations; "he knew I had no clothes that were fit."

It did not seem strange to her that she should be sitting beside Dr. Randolph in his luxurious carriage. Her whole thought was one of gratitude for being permitted to serve him in his need. The carriage drew up before one of Chicago's palaces, and 'Lizer Ann ascended the broad stone steps. She noticed that a massive silver plate bore the name Waldorf, then she followed the doctor into the hall and up the low stairway with its carpeting of velvet pile. They were met at the door of the sick room by a young man whose hag-

gard, handsome face told 'Lizer Ann it was his wife she had come to nurse. Where had she seen that face before?

"I have brought a nurse," said the doctor, introducing her.

Gerald Waldorf bowed and motioned a servant to show her to her room, then he and the doctor went into the sick chamber. She laid aside her cloak and bonnet and followed them. She did not know that she was treading on carpets brought at tremendous cost from the most famous looms of Europe nor that on every hand she was surrounded with the treasures of art; she only realized that she was there with the doctor, who had been her friend, to help him fight the enemy who laughs at social barriers and casts his dread shadow alike over hall and hut. There was a pathetic youthfulness about the figure on the handsome bed. As she came forward, the housekeeper, who had been sitting beside it, arose and left the room. She could not see the face, it was turned away from her and the room was dark. She listened intently to the doctor's directions. She would obey him to the letter. The young husband accompanied Dr. Randolph downstairs.

"Your nurse seems rather old," he ventured, "are you sure she is capable?"

"Perfectly. Otherwise I should not have brought her," said the doctor curtly. "I will not disguise from you, Waldorf," he added more gently, "that this is a dangerous case and likely to prove a tedious one. What we need is not so much skill and brains and beauty but a woman with a heart."

The patient moaned and turned her head upon the pillow. 'Lizer Ann gave a cry of dismay. It was the face of her dreams—her beautiful vision!

Could it be possible that this was the radiant creature she remembered, tossing to and fro in weary misery, racked with pain, scorched with fever, with the wild mutterings of delirium beginning to break from her lips! She looked about the room anxiously. Was there no clue—nothing to tell her she was mistaken—that this horrible thing could not be? She lifted the silver trifles upon the dressing table but nothing save bewildering monograms met her unpractised eye. She caught sight at last of an ivory covered prayer book and with trembling fingers turned to the fly leaf. Just the name written in a clear, bold hand—Muriel Hazelton!

The second stage of the illness had come and passed. The greatest experts in medical science that were accessible had been summoned by telegraph to a consultation, everything had been done that wealth and wisdom could do, but wealth and wisdom were alike dumb be-

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT BUFFALO.

Half Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, August 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 21 to 23, and good to return not earlier than August 24 nor later than August 31, 1907.

Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worse in Hay-fever season. Others of our readers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay-fever we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a Large Case by mail free to every reader of *The Christian Herald*, who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

for the mighty power which wove its mystic meshes about the patient's brain and held her spirit sleeping betwixt the earth and sky.

Gerald Waldorf stood by his wife's bedside the picture of abject misery. His face was worn and his eyes heavy for want of sleep. He looked like an old man. The Doctor put his hand upon his shoulder.

"This is killing you, my boy," he said kindly, "I insist upon your lying down. Come." He led him to a sofa in an adjoining room and made him comfortable, then he came back to the bed and looked long and mournfully at the unconscious sufferer. For a moment he relaxed his iron mask of reserve and the strong face worked pitifully. He never dreamed that the homely nurse sitting on the opposite side of the bed, with her hand over her tired eyes, had read his secret, and, with innate delicacy, would not look upon his grief.

She went over to him at last.

"Is she much worse, doctor?"

"She is dying!" he whispered hoarsely.

'Lizer Ann shrank back as if he had struck her, then stood beside him cold and still. At last she touched him gently on the arm.

"We both love her," she said simply, "let us pray," and Dr. Randolph, a member of the most fashionable church in the city, knelt humbly beside her as 'Lizer Ann, heart to heart with God, pleaded for Muriel's life.

"Take me instead, dear Lord," she cried softly. "I am old and worn out and lonely, and she is so young and her life is so full, and everybody loves her! Take me, dear Lord! She's a bit of thine own porcelain and I'm only an old, cracked piece of delft."

When Dr. Randolph rose to his feet there were tears in his deep-set eyes.

"God bless you!" he said, huskily.

"I leave her in your hands. I will be back as soon as possible."

'Lizer Ann spent the night upon her

(Concluded on next page.)

HAVE DONE WONDERS

Was Able to Do No Work—Liver in Bad Condition.

WOODHULL, N. Y. — "I was all run down in health and hardly able to do any work, except a few chores. My liver was in a bad condition and my head ached constantly. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am now entirely well. I have also taken Hood's Pills with benefit. These medicines have done wonders for me." H. J. MARLATT.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

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GOD'S PORCELAIN."

(Continued from preceding page.)

...watching the face which had no strangely dear, moistening the lips or stroking with gentle, reverent hands which lay upon her forehead. All night she was praying. The fever had gone, leaving a weakness which seemed to be life away.

...the lashes, which had lain like rings upon the pallid cheeks, lifted her eyes looked up at her with clear light and the sweet voice softly, "Have I been ill?"

...Ann's heart leaped within her but she was absolutely quiet as she said: "Yes, dear, but you're going to rest and then take a nice, long sleep." She supported her gently as she gave nourishment, arranged her pillows, smoothed her hair with the mesh comb born in all true nurses. Slowly the hand passed to and fro, sped altogether. Muriel had fallen deep, refreshing sleep.

...days that followed were full of joy. Ann. She never left her patient to snatch a little needed sleep, and made of iron. She would sit, soothing Muriel into a delicious sleep by her soft touch upon her forehead in a comfortable position, the agony in her own cramped, almost unbearable.

...never saw such devotion!" said she. He accompanied the doctor to alter one of his evening visits. The antithesis of one's idea of a nurse. If Muriel's own mother had she could not have done more!" "One of God's elect," said the doctor—she rarely touched upon things—"The soul is in a rugged state it is one of the whitest souls I

...in the spacious chamber Lizer Ann, speaking softly.

...ord has been so good—you'll be yourself away to him now?" she said wistfully.

...do you mean, Lizer Ann?" "You gave yourself to your husband, body and soul, to have him live and speak through you. There is no work in the world for you. No beautiful, people will listen." "Here only half as good as you. At!" Muriel laid her soft fingers on her coarse red hands. "You must," she said humbly.

...Ann," she said again after a moment. Waldorf declares you shall be us. He thinks, next to Doctor that we owe my life to you. I'll be satisfied to make this your

...a's eyes filled. "What do you are!" she cried. "Its the home, you know, its the bed!"

...out to her room in a silent ecstasy. Waldorf had insisted upon relieving her (at night watches.) She felt dizzy and sick, but she lay in a peacefulness, forgetting the pain. It was possible that her old, hard life, forever, that she should see every day, should have the joy of

...so much, dear Lord!" she cried. "I'll that thou shouldst bless me when, towards morning, she fell

...like with a raging headache and fever in her veins. She went at patient. Never had she waited carefully though she was patient. The horror of a great seemed to be settling down upon the first time she shunned Doctor's keen professional gaze. In the afternoon Muriel slept a good deal, sat watching her with hungry eyes and with a great pain surging

...time came for Mr. Waldorf to linger lovingly over her. She smiled up at her. "I'm not made of glass."

...de, you're a bit of the Lord's own. "You'll let him paint his own name on you where everyone can see?" "You are so beautiful, people will

...at your hands are!" said Muriel, only sobbed. "You are not well,

"Lizer Ann! You must take something. I will tell Gerald—"

"No, no," said Lizer Ann, quietly. "I will be better soon."

When all was finished she gave her a long yearning look, then she lifted one of the little hands, fresh from its bath of perfumed water, and kissed it humbly.

"The Lord keep you under his shadow," she said gently, and then she went away.

She staggered blindly on the way to her room, but there was no one in the corridor. When she reached it she fell on her knees—for the last time. It was one of the battle-grounds where God's saints win their laurels. The howling waves seemed to bear upon her soul, and through the roar of the tempest she heard the devil's mocking whisper, "Is this the best your God can do?"

She lifted her swollen, tear-stained face, over which the light of a hard won peace was breaking.

"Thou knowest best, dear Lord. I am thy child. Thy will, not mine, be done."

She crossed the room with uncertain steps to a writing desk, took a sheet of paper and wrote in a cramped, stiff hand.

"I have got the sickness. Don't try to find me. It will not take me long to die."

She directed it to Mr. Waldorf. Then she crept painfully down the broad stairs, opened the front door and let herself out into the night. She cast a lingering glance at the room where Muriel was sleeping, then turned and fled like a hunted creature through the silent streets.

Great was Gerald Waldorf's consternation when a servant brought him the folded paper from the deserted chamber. In spite of her injunction, he did all in his power to find her, but beyond her nurse's costume, he had no clue. Dr. Randolph had been called away on important business the night before. In vain his agent searched the registers of the hospitals and the nurse's homes—Lizer Ann was gone.

On Dr. Randolph's return to the city, he found the news awaiting him. He, too, began the search. When the next morning Gerald went to meet him, he saw he had been successful.

"You have found her?" he asked eagerly. The doctor bowed his head.

"She was right," he answered gravely. "It did not take her long to die."

Muriel Waldorf lay back among her cushions, awaking slowly from one of her frequent naps. She was still very weak.

"Oh, Gerald," she cried softly. "I have seen her!"

Her husband, full of a new reverence for the treasure which had been given back to him from such deadly peril, kissed her tenderly.

"Seen whom, my darling?"

"Our angel, you know—Lizer Ann. It seemed to me as I dreamed that the old world had passed away, and we were in such a wonderful place! Oh! I cannot

describe it, it takes my breath away just to remember! Everything was bathed in such transcendent glory I could hardly look. Suddenly I heard a voice, oh, such a voice, saying, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.' After the voice, there came a hush and a silence, and then Lizer Ann—our own Lizer Ann—clothed in eternal youth and radiant with the beauty of her Lord, swept up through the hosts of shining ones and knelt at the foot of the throne."

THE END.

An Armenian Preacher's Exile.

Hambartsum Arzamanian is an Armenian teacher and preacher, a native of Elysabadopol, in the Russian Caucasus. With his wife and two little children, he was driven by religious persecution to leave his native home and seek an asylum in the west. He is a graduate of the American Presbyterian Mission School at Tabriz, Persia, and for thirteen years has been a licentiate of the Presbyterian Church. For several years he taught school in the mission at Tiflis. Mr. Arzamanian is twenty-eight years of age and is an earnest and willing worker. He is master of four languages—English, Persian, Armenian and Russian. He is now seeking an opening for service in this country and will be glad to hear from any one with that view. He can be addressed in care of this paper.

A Generous Ruler.

The late Rev. A. J. Gordon once related this beautiful incident: A Russian officer could not make his accounts come right: there was a heavy balance against him. In the rigid despotism of the empire he feared the consequences and the severe penalty if he could not make it good. Poring over the figures at his table one day, in his worry and despair, he began scribbling. He wrote on the paper before him: "Who will make up this deficit?" He fell asleep. The Czar passed; he saw the officer, and, curious, read the scrap of writing: he seized the pen and wrote underneath, "I, even I, Alexander sin? 'I, even I,' said Christ on the cross."

SHE FLED LIKE A HUNTED CREATURE.



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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOT WEATHER ETHICS.

HOT? Well, yes; we expect hot weather along by this time. We always have had more or less of it in summer, and though old people insist that the seasons are changing, they are quite unlikely in our day to change so much that we will see snow flying and ice forming in July in our latitude. I have experienced intensely cold weather in July and August myself, and very probably some of my readers have, but it was not at home: it was on the very top of Mount Washington, with a great fire roaring on the hearth, and the wind raving and howling like a hungry wolf outside, and as far as the eye could see, the great mountains tossed up in blue rounding waves, like the billows of the ocean.

But that was on Mount Washington! In our ordinary days, and our ordinary homes, about this season, the almanac tells us we may look for heated terms and humidity, and sultry nights and thunderstorms. And all over the land the fruit is growing ripe and sweet in the orchards, and the mower has cut down the fragrant grass, and the farmers have been busy in the broad meadows, and nature has been as energetic as a notable housewife in the fulfillment of her world-old, yet ever new, housekeeping for the generations who walk the earth.

The farmers' wives have reason to dread the summer, which often brings them larger families to toil for, hired people to cook for, hungry boarders to feed, and all sorts of added tasks. Often they have the minimum of help when they have the maximum of toil. They may well be worried and wearied when they must rise early and work late, and when seldom comes a respite till the summer is past.

But neither they, nor any of the rest of us, will make the time easier by scolding or fussing. Complaint furrows the brow, and seams the cheek, and puckers up the eyes, and purses the mouth, and harrows the soul, and makes you old while yet you are young. Do not suffer yourself, dear lady, to murmur if you can help it. The very effort to repress the fretful exclamation, to shut back the cross word, to look pleasant, will induce the beatific state of mind, when cheerfulness and courage come to the front. I know what I am talking about.

I know, no one knows better than I, what it is to feel that the day is asking too much, that strength cannot be equal to the demand. And I know that with a calm and resolute acceptance of the situation, a quiet going on with the work which is to be done, and an ignoring of discomfort, there comes to one the needed vigor, and the day goes by, and the night returns, and you lie down with a joyful sense of tasks accomplished and difficulties surmounted.

Nothing which comes into a woman's life from pie-crust to poetry is insignificant, and if it be taken in the right spirit, there is nothing which will not bring her occasion for thankfulness.

It is never best to get angry in warm weather. In a way, it is best not to get angry at all, although there is such a thing as indignation, which one ought to feel even, for instance, she sees cruelty to a child, or any animal. God forbid that any of us should ever be indifferent to harshness or violence shown to little children, to brutality exercised toward our dumb friends, the horse, the cat, the dog. But, as a rule, patience and not passion would best dominate our moods during the summer solstice.

We may also as well go to church and Sunday School, and attend to our usual church and congregational duties during hot weather with faithfulness and without shirking. It is a fallacy to suppose that staying at home and tanning yourself will make you cooler, and more comfortable than you will be if you attend church. There, the windows will be wide open, the pew will be restful, there will be

quietness and content in the atmosphere, and the service will lead your thoughts to elevated themes. You will forget the weather. You will go home stronger in spirit and in body for having worshipped God. And the same will result from your attendance on prayer meeting or on your class. You will feel the heat much less, if you will put it aside as a mere adjunct not worthy your thought, and go on with what you ought to be doing. "Wist ye not," may each of us say, as did the Boy Jesus in the temple, "That I must be about my Father's business?" With that high thought, why should we care for such details as heat or chill, wet or dry? We have our work to do, and God will bless us in its doing.

Where one can manage it, change of scene, a journey, a new abode for awhile, a visit to dear relatives, a slipping of the cables that bind us to routine, is very desirable. But there are always those who must tarry by the stuff, and there are worse places than our own homes for hot weather. Keep the house dark, and after the early morning keep it closed till the sun goes down. Exclude dust and flies. Do not drink too freely of iced or cold well water when you are very warm, nor overeat when you are very tired. Try not to carry too heavy loads. Roll off the burdens of anxiety which you must carry, and leave them at the dear Lord's feet. Do not depend on fans so much as on a quiet mind. If you cannot go on long journeys take little trips near home. Try to enter more than you have lately done into the joy of childhood and the serenity of old age. Accept the beautiful bright summer as a divine gift, and as the roses open and the lilies pour their incense, and the whole world is glad and alive and thrilled with music and perfume, let your hearts lift up a song to the Giver of all good.

I want the daughters to look out for the mothers in these summer days. Do not let them lose the chance of an occasional outing. See that the summer merry makings, the picnics and the drives include the parents as well as the young people. Mothers are so self-forgetful that they sometimes make daughters self-indulgent.

And, mothers, dearly beloved and honored, do not cloud life's sunshine for the juniors by fretfulness or vain reprimands, or by yielding to moods of depression. For all of us, the motto should be, "Serve the present age," and "Be of good cheer."

Margaret E. Sangster.

Poles in America.

In a recent address by Dr. H. A. Schauffler (Congregationalist), Superintendent of Gospel work among the Slavic population, of Cleveland, O., the speaker made some interesting statements. He said: "The Poles are coming to this land by tens of thousands. I have the list of seventy-nine Polish colonies in fourteen

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States of this Union. They are found in large numbers in many of our great cities. In Milwaukee, out of a population of 200,000, there are 20,000 Poles. The Detroit Congregational churches were the first to take up missionary work amongst the Polish people. This work has proved an undoubted success. How gladly some Poles receive the Gospel is illustrated in the case of a woman of whom Miss Ella Hobart, our Polish missionary in Cleveland, writes. Miss Hobart found her reading her Testament aloud with a little girl every day, and pointing out the specially fine places she had found in St. Paul's Epistles. The same woman had only fifteen cents in the house, and her husband had been out of work for several months. She insisted on spending seven cents of this for tracts, though assured that they would be loaned to her. She said, "No, they seem to speak to my heart better when they are mine." Another Polish woman grasped Miss Hobart, pulled her into the house and burst into tears, not being able to pay a priest three dollars for the confessional. She had, therefore, been driven away, and when asked what she would do if three dollars were loaned her, she replied that she would never go back. "If all he wants is money, he can never save me." From that time she has never been in a Catholic church, but reads her Testament earnestly and with great comfort to herself.

SALVATION AND HEALING.

TO-DAY I rejoice in a Saviour of love, Who showeth his mercy to me, Who bringeth his wonderful life from above, Salvation and healing so free. The Lord in compassion gave sight to the blind, He comforted all in distress; And still he is healing—he still will be kind—His suffering children to bless.

"He bore all our sickness," he "carried our grief," Our strength and our life he will be; He knows every sorrow to give us relief, Salvation and healing are free. Praise him who delivers the sinner from sin, And giveth the captive release, Who tells of a kingdom where all men may come in, The kingdom of health and of peace.

CHORUS.—Salvation and healing are free. Salvation and healing are free. God is ever the same, and his truth I proclaim, Salvation and healing are free. Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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Beautiful Charity (which is now in the summer), costs annually between \$1,000 and \$3,000 for its support. For a ten days' mid-summer outing for three children. Contributions of clothing and boots and shoes for boys of 10 years and girls of six to twelve could be sent to the Matron at 101 Lawn, Nyack, N. Y. All contributions can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y., and be duly acknowledged.

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A MISSION TEACHER'S PERIL

In a letter from Mrs. Mary B. Kilbon, a missionary at Adams, Natal, South Africa, to Dr. Frank E. Caldwell, 151 Henry street, Brooklyn, a very exciting incident is related, which Dr. Caldwell



ELIJAH AND THE EIGHT-FOOT SNAKE.

has communicated for the benefit of our readers. Mrs. Kilbon tells of the remarkable adventure of a young Zulu named Elijah M. Hlanti (who has been educated under the care of Rev. C. W. Kilbon, at the expense of Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell. Mrs. Kilbon writes:

"I send a photograph of Elijah holding a huge snake at full length. It is a black mamba, eight feet long, and was in the umbrella of one of our lady teachers one noon, when she picked it up to go from the school-house to Jubilee Hall. The umbrella was left standing in the hall of the schoolhouse at the beginning of school. She thought it rather heavy, but providentially did not trust her hand down to open it, before the head of a snake appeared, when she threw it from her and called two of the young men, who killed it. We feel that she had a narrow escape, as the bite of this snake is always fatal."

Writing further of the mission and its work, she adds:

"Each cottage has two tenements of two rooms each. Every man with a family is expected to build his own kitchen of bush timber. A glimpse of one shows at the right of the picture. The little chap looking on belongs to one of the students who has recently lost his wife. We have been greatly interested in the way in which he with the help of a young sister—a mere girl—looks after his children. I wonder if Mr. Kilbon has ever told you of the school here for native girls who have run away from their heathen homes, some seeking instruction and some to escape forced marriages. To me this seems one of the most needy objects in our work. The school numbers eighty-five, and all have thus far been accommodated in a house designed for a private family. Mrs. Ireland, who has charge of the school, feels that she cannot get on in such contracted quarters any longer. She wants three rooms, but feels that two she must have. More girls constantly come for admission, who cannot be received for want of room, and it is hard to send them away."

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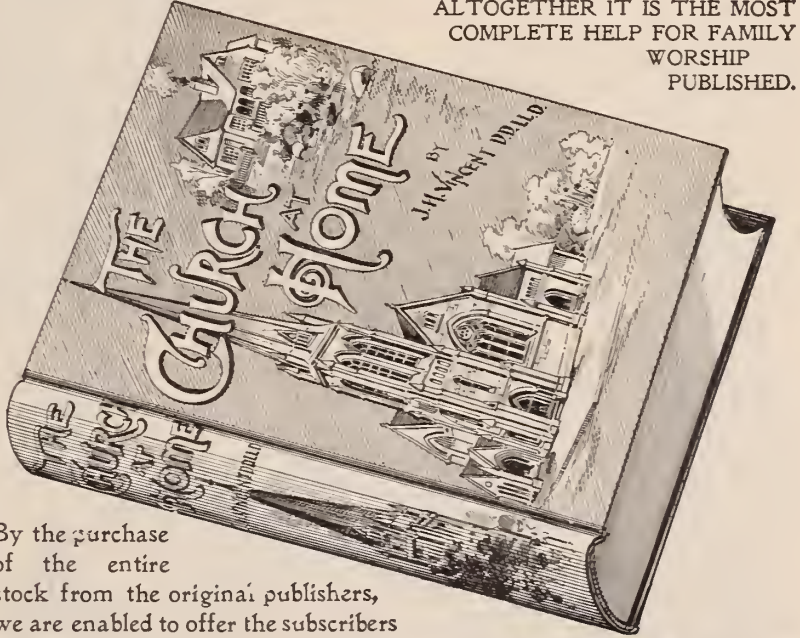
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ALASKA'S GOLDEN FIELDS.

Thousands flocking to the Frozen Eldorado of the Northwest—Untold Wealth in Sight—Perils and Privations to be Endured on the Journey and at the Mines.

NOT since the days of the great gold discoveries in California, now nearly half a century ago, has there been such excitement as that which now prevails in this country and Canada, in consequence of the astonishing developments in the Alaskan gold fields. For many weeks past, the gold fever has been extending throughout Washington, California, and Oregon, and bands of adventurous men have penetrated the little known section of Alaska, near the boundary line, in the search for gold. Up to June last, little was thought of Alaska's mines by the public, although encouraging reports had been received from the gold-seekers from time to time. It was not until July that the news began to come which set the pulses of a nation throbbing with the gold fever and attracted thousands

of fortune-hunters to the new Eldorado. At the present moment, a frenzy seems to have seized a portion of the population, and the ex-

us from the various States to the gold fields threatens to equal the great rush of 1849. Many of our readers, who have already become acquainted through the daily newspapers with the stories of the wonderful riches of the Alaskan fields, will be interested in knowing something concerning the region where these remarkable finds have been made. The present centre of excitement, Klondike, is about as far from San Francisco (reckoning the present methods of transportation), as the latter is from New York. It is reached by a journey of Juneau, the chief port of the northwest territory, the steaming across plains and rivers, and through two moun-

Beaver, Salmon, and other tributaries) changes its course to almost due north on reaching a natural gorge in the McMillan mountains, and again to northwest as it approaches the boundary line that marks the division of American and Canadian territory. Near this point are the Klondike mines, where the extraordinary gold finds have been recently made. Across the border, on American soil, is Circle City, where there are also rich diggings, and the gold fields stretch out on both sides of the line over an area as yet undetermined, but which expert miners say will extend hundreds of miles in every direction, with the boundary between Klondike and Circle City as the centre. Prospectors who have been working on the American side assert that the indications point to the presence of gold in as great abundance upon our own territory as on that of Canada, and by following the course of the Yukon as it

passes through the great Alaskan mountain ranges, it will be found to be the richest mineral field the world has ever known. Up to the present time, however, the richest finds have been taken from the Canadian fields, and principally by American miners. Some of the stories of sudden wealth acquired in the mines read like romances. Only a few hundred miners in all have returned from the Yukon,



YOUNG NATIVES OF ALASKA.

but the fortunes they have brought back in gold dust and nuggets have dazzled the multitude and inflamed the popular imagination. One steamer brought to Seattle \$1,500,000 in Alaskan gold; another is said to have carried between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. Individual miners are reported as returning with fortunes ranging from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and many have smaller amounts down to \$5,000. Hired labor in the gold fields costs \$15 per day, and food and other necessities are very dear. The



GENERAL VIEW OF JUNEAU CITY.



INDIAN RIVER.
(Where rich finds were made.)



AN ALASKAN MINING PLANT.



STEAMING AMID ALASKAN ICE-FIELDS.

whole life of the men on the Yukon is one of hardship, peril and privation, all energies being concentrated on the work of digging as much gold as possible out of the ground, and getting rich quickly. Returning miners state that the first great "strike" in the Klondike field was made by George McCormack on Bonanza Creek on August 12, last year, and in one week seven claims were filed in that region. Forty Mile and Circle City, two other mining camps, soon heard the news, and a three-hundred mile stampede to the new mines was the result. Of the first two hundred claims staked on Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks, not one proved a blank, and Indian and Dominion Creeks nearby have proved almost equally rich. Single "pans" have yielded as high as \$500, and nuggets, ranging from \$15 to \$230, have been found in greater abundance than in any other gold field in the world. One miner who returned to San Francisco displayed nearly \$100,000

(Continued on page 591.)

THE ALASKAN GOLD EXCITEMENT—SCENES ON THE WAY TO THE NEW GOLD FIELDS.

pages—the Chilkoot and the White—fifty miles apart. This route, except during the four months of the brief Alaskan summer, is exceedingly tedious, and in midwinter impassable owing to the deep snows. In the cold, the drifts frequently running from fifteen to eighteen feet deep, and the thermometer varying from thirty to sixty-five degrees below zero. There is also a water route (navigable eight months a year) up the Yukon river, which involves traveling a much longer distance. It is well known for upwards of twenty years that the valley of the Yukon, the most famous of the northern rivers, was rich in gold. Surveys made by Canadian and American officials have established this beyond perad-

from \$15 to \$230, have been found in greater abundance than in any other gold field in the world. One miner who returned to San Francisco displayed nearly \$100,000



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber, Clarion, Ia. 1. Is it customary for the pastor of a church to vacate his pulpit for one or more Sundays, without furnishing a supply, and without the consent of his congregation, when he has already taken his yearly vacation? 2. Has he any right to expect his regular salary for the time he has thus taken? What should be the reduction, if any, for lost time? At the rate of salary paid, or what a supply could be obtained for?

1. It is quite unusual; yet there may be circumstances that would be accepted as a satisfactory explanation. Such a proceeding, without good and sufficient reason, would be inexcusable. 2. An equitable arrangement would be for him to pay the cost of the supply, but all such matters could no doubt be arranged between preacher and trustees.

F. R. Honeywell, Carwood, Kans. 1. How are we to know that the King James Bible is the Bible originally inspired of God? 2. How long were Adam and Eve in Paradise after their transgression?

1. No one contends that the King James Bible was originally inspired of God. The translators were as liable to err as other men of equal erudition. But their work can be judged and it is remarkable that it was done so well. Although the ablest scholars of modern times have examined the original with minute care they have found no vital error in the King James translation. They have been able to amend it in many places, but it was substantially accurate. The most uncompromising advocates of inspiration, however, do not claim inspiration for it, but for the original. 2. The book of Genesis does not say and there is no other book professing to give authoritative information on the subject. Does it signify how long it was?

Rev. Charles F. Richardson, Ogden, Utah, writes:

I was exceedingly interested in your articles on Mormonism (written by General Eaton), and so far as I have the facts, I wish to endorse every statement in them. I enclose a pamphlet which is causing a great deal of interest on the part of the Mormons. If R. A. L. will send address, I will be pleased to send additional information.

Mr. Richardson's pamphlet is entitled: "Christian Fellowship: Ten reasons why Christians cannot fellowship the Mormon Church." It is a notable addition to our Anti-Mormon literature.

Anxious Inquirer, West Grove. 1. When Christ said (Matt. 18: 6) that it was better for a man to have a millstone tied around his neck and be thrown into the sea than offend one of his little ones, did he refer to preachers? Is it so terrible to offend a preacher? I have heard the text so applied. 2. What is the unpardonable sin and where is it mentioned? 3. If a person commits a sin when his conscience tells him plainly that he is doing wrong, is that unpardonable?

1. The warning was as you will see by referring to the Revised Version against causing Christians to offend, not against offending them. It applies to persons who tempt young Christians and lead them to forsake Christ and give up their faith. Offending a preacher is not so heinous an offence as to call for such a warning. 2. The unpardonable sin is mentioned in Matt. 12: 31-32. It is generally believed to consist in ascribing to Satan the power which comes from the Holy Spirit. When Christ uttered the words he was indignant at the charge that he was in league with the devil. 3. No, that sin is not unpardonable. When a man sins, he generally knows that he is doing wrong, unless he is stupid or ignorant.

A. J. C. Lewis, Wash. I have been much distressed by the conversation of an infidel who makes statements I am not able to disprove. Please say if it is true that the Bible was given to us by Roman Catholics; that Christians do not do so much as models to help the fallen; that Christ approved of people hating their own parents?

You must not expect to be able to disprove all the statements made by an infidel. Nothing is easier than to make false statements which from the nature of the case cannot be susceptible of refutation. There is no need to be distressed about it. There are many things in every-day life that you know to be true, but which you cannot prove, nor even explain. Neither you nor your infidel friend understands what light is, nor could explain the mystery of electricity. You have the broad

fact that wherever the Bible goes, it brings liberty and righteousness and a better condition of society. The more a man governs his life by the Bible, the better man he is as a citizen, a husband, and a father. When you get such invariable results from a book, you are justified in believing it to be good and true. And when you recollect the assaults that have been made upon the Bible, and remember that it survives and is more read and studied than ever, you are justified in believing in its divine origin. As to the questions you put: The Bible was written before there were any Roman Catholics, and our translation was made by Protestants. Your own observation must convince you that the work infidels are doing to save and raise the fallen is infinitesimal compared with what is being done by devoted Christians. The directory of missions, hospitals, and orphanages in any city would furnish proof. Christ never approved of children hating their parents. The words on which the misrepresentation is based are in Luke 14: 26. Christ was speaking to people who could not follow him and obey their parents at the same time. He warned

flicted the penalties on law-breakers to speak of him as angry with them. He might, so far from being angry with them, be sorry for them. You must have known a father who suffered more than his son when he punished him. The father might wish he could pass over his son's fault, but yet feel that in justice he could not, and he punishes him in sorrow, not in anger. If there was any way of avoiding it he would be glad to avail himself of it. When the human race transgressed, God found a way. He "so loved the world that he gave his Son." Christ did not die to appease God's anger but to save the world. 2. That all men are sinners and that no one can stand before God in any other light. No man should take credit for not committing murder as if he has stolen or coveted, he is a law-breaker just as much as the murderer. He has broken one law and the murderer has broken another. Both are sinners and are in need of mercy.

Reader, Deemston, Pa. In the community in which I live the young folks have what they call "play-parties." These are always attended by respectable young folks and often largely by church members. Some persons (who are rather extreme in their views) condemn the parties, saying that the games played at them resemble dancing. Others whom I believe to be sincere Christians, attend and defend them. What do you advise me to do in the matter? I do not care much about the parties, but do not like to offend good friends who invite me to them by not going.

Young people need amusement, and provided the amusement selected is of the proper character, there should not be any unnecessarily hard restrictions imposed upon them. You have not stated specifically what the character of the amusement is, but the general attitude of the Christian church is one of opposition to all dancing, card-playing, gambling, and theatricals. On these there should be no compromise. We advise you to

ceased to love his father and believe and had lost all regard for his home, asked your advice about renouncing his right and going forth among strangers? you not tell him he was foolish and condemn him to go to his father and condemn wrongdoing and remove the alienation? is our advice. And one thing more: you do not say so, we believe some is the root of the matter. Give that up: yourself in the way of forgiveness: practically showing repentance. This is a great deal better for you than quitting church.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. A man preaching in a tent here is warning us that we are committing sin by working on a Sunday, and says that we are breaking God's command. Is it possible that Christendom is offending God in this matter, as he says?

Pay no heed to such preachers. You are sure that God will not be offended by people honoring the day on which the redemption was completed by the resurrection of his Son. The ridiculous literalism would have us go back to the observance of the seventh day, on the plea of celebration on which God rested from his work, does not deserve consideration. Who believe that the world was made in seven days of twenty-four hours might to such a plea, but not intelligent men, it would be difficult to absolute which is the seventh day. The inhabitants of one of the Pacific islands were observed Saturday as the Lord's day, the impression that it was Sunday. I kept faithful tally of the days on their thither, but had failed to take account of difference of longitude, and were consequently a day out. The essential feature of the command is the setting apart of a seventh of our time for the Lord, and even Talmudical law, the strictest of all law, was absolved from all being on a journey, he lost the seventh day as the Sabbath, long as he kept one day in seven, the Rabbis said that he was blameless. The new dispensation has a new day of observance, it appropriately keeps a day of greater significance to Christ than the day which commemorates God's Sabbath rest.

A. B. C., Muscatine, Ia. 1st. Is anything in the Bible about signs or signs of planting of a tree? Any signs in regard to the moon to plant in?

Under the general designation "grass" and "green herb" tables are frequently referred to in the Bible. The word "grass" is used in many passages where it may be translated "herb" or "thing," and in many passages. Gen. 1:30; 9:3; Psalm 37:1; 119:26. There is reference to planting, but the sole reference to the moon's influence on vegetation is in Dent. 33:14.

A. H. B., Baldwin's Mills, Va. The editor kindly expresses his opinion of the effects of reading novels. One pastor from the pit has denounced the novels as the best novels, saying that they are unprepared young people by presenting life in an ugly and He especially condemns "Hur," and would not admit the excellence of such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

To condemn all fiction or imagination because some of it is bad, is like the gift of imagination is God-given. When employed in a proper spirit and for the highest purposes, may be enjoyed by a painter, poet, sculptor, novelist, and with pure aims all can contribute to the happiness and betterment of the world. The condemnation you mention is altogether too sweeping and indiscriminate. We fear that such a critic would have found even Bunyan's famous allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*, as a work of the imagination. While novel reading may, as you does, become a crying evil through idleness or the wretched selection of literature, there are many excellent fictions whose moral helpfulness and educational value cannot be denied.

In a recent issue we published a very interesting statistical and biographic for Bible Students. W. A. S. (a Faling, England) sends us this note, we give space with pleasure:

May I add a few more interesting facts in the article on page 486, June 16: 1. "reverend" occurs only once, in Psalm 138:1. There are no words over six syllables. 2. There are all the letters of the alphabet except

John Bennett. We have read lately the great trade depression in South Africa might be a very unwise thing for you to step you contemplate without securing reliable information.—Subscriber, Japan. Yes. 2. The time is uncertain, but probably less than half a century.—W. H. S., Blank. She has no right to marry, to do so would commit bigamy.—W. O. W., Johnson. A suitable subject for discussion here. And it fully explained in the encyclopedia. Annie E. P., Boulder, Colo., and Mattie Ham, N. C. Your letters have been read with interest and sympathy, but the great volume of correspondence prevents personal answers.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

One of the most interesting incidents of the great London Jubilee was the greeting of the aged Queen by ten thousand Sunday school children on Constitution Hill. As Her Majesty's carriage drove past, the great army of children sang, and the cortege halted an instant to acknowledge the greeting. It was a scene worth preserving, and this was the moment chosen by the artist for the illustration, which we reproduce from the columns of the *London Illustrated News*.

them that natural affection and family ties would come in conflict with fidelity to him and that wherever they were opposed, his claims must be paramount. It was a strong expression justified by the circumstances of the time. It was necessary that the people should understand that his service required them to be prepared to sacrifice property, family, and even life itself, rather than be false to him.

W. T. Heistand, Delaware, O. Cards are the implements of the gambler, just as much as dice, roulette, and *rouge-et-noir*. No Christian should touch them for two very sufficient reasons: 1. They have been a step to ruin for countless thousands and their use has caused widespread sin and suffering. 2. Because of the example to others who may be weaker than ourselves. There are many excellent games, like chess, draughts, etc., purely games of skill, and which may be enjoyed without the evils attendant upon games of chance, to which category all card games belong.

Subscriber, Lakewood, Colo. 1. Do you believe that Christ's blood was shed to appease the anger of God against sinful humanity? 2. Please explain the meaning of James 2: 10, 11, where he says that whosoever offends in one point is guilty of all.

1. We do not agree with that way of defining the doctrine of the atonement. The word "anger" is capable of being misunderstood in this case. If the Governor of a people made a law which the people admitted to be just and right, and provided penalties for those who broke it, it would not be fair when he in-

read a little book entitled, *Church Entertainments*, by Rev. B. Carradine; published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Edith M. Kilbuck, a missionary and occasional correspondent at Bethel, in distant Alaska, writes us as follows:

Your favor of March of this year came to hand with our yearly mail, and the order for \$10 to be used in our work. Our work is a very trying one, but it is interesting and to those who give themselves and all to the work it is a promising and desirable field. My husband and I are happy in the work. We have learned to love the people, speak their language, and the Lord has blessed the efforts of his servants on this river so abundantly that we can but wonder and praise his name for his great goodness and favor. Many are the faces that shine with God's love, and many hearts and voices are raised to God in prayer, where a few years ago all was black darkness, superstition, and sin. My heart is happy and hopeful and my trust is strong in him who has been my stay all my life long.

Reader, Eagle Mills, N. V. If a man is a backslider in heart, ought he not to discontinue attending church and going to sacrament? Would it be honest and right of him to sit at the Lord's table when he knows himself to have lost his faith? May he not serve Christ outside the church?

If he intends to serve Christ, his place is in the church where his services will be more effective than outside. To leave the church would be, in our opinion, to make a bad matter worse. As "a backslider in heart," he is in a miserable condition, but his interest and his duty are to seek forgiveness and restoration and to plead with Christ for an increase of faith. What would you say to a son of a kind and indulgent father who told you he had

Alaska's Golden Fields.

(Continued from first Page)

in slinging yellow nuggets of various sizes, and so in gold dust on a table in his room at a hotel. Some had their wealth in boxes, others in sacks of stout cloth or canvas, and a few, who had used up all other available means, carried the yellow dust in double paper packages in their pockets. The mines from which these fabulous "finds" came are described as gaped together in a valley or ravine some fourteen miles in width and about seven miles in length, walled in by rocky cliffs, in many places 3,000 feet high. For his locality hundreds of great fortunes have already been dug, and the yield is unlimited. The work is all placer mining, and much of the gold has been



SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION.

run if they attempt to go there before next spring. Although the steamship companies have taken in large quantities of food, it is feared there

will be much suffering at the mines next winter, and that many of those who have ventured there without due preparation and with insufficient means will succumb to direst want. No man, say the veterans, should venture there, unless he has "a ton of food and plenty of warm clothing." A temperature ranging from fifteen to sixty below zero is not to be successfully endured except by those who are well-fed and clad. Besides in winter, mining work is practically at a standstill, and there can be no prospecting, the creeks and gullies being filled with snow. With the opening of next spring, the influx of gold-seekers both by way of the Yukon

the gold fields, nothing is told of the great army of the unfortunate and disappointed. For one who grasps the glittering prize, a hundred go unrewarded, their arduous labor and long exposure in a bitterly cold climate bringing nothing but disappointment. Riches are not for all who go to Alaska and while we would not dissuade any from going who are able financially and physically to stand the strain, we believe those who, lured by the glitter of gold, leave home and friends, good prospects and pleasant surroundings, are very likely to have many regrets. Wealth, honestly acquired and properly used, may be a potent agent for good, but it can be secured at too great a sacrifice.

Our photographs of Alaska, in this issue, are peculiarly timely in view of the prevalent gold excitement. Juneau City and Sitka will doubtless both become traffic centres of considerable importance. An interesting view is that on Indian River, where some very rich "finds" have been recently reported. The Treadwell mine, on Douglass Island, is well known. Some of the other views afford glimpses of the characteristic Alaskan scenery—wild, rugged, mountainous. It is now twenty-one years since the first Alaskan mining camp was established at the mouth of the Stikine river, the next being located near Juneau in 1880. Other good mines, both quartz and placer, were found and worked on the Koyukuk river, at Anvik on the Yukon, on the Tanana, and Kuskokwim rivers and elsewhere, but those were insignificant in comparison with the magnificent yield of the newly-discovered mines in the interior of the country, which seems to be the richest and greatest auriferous basin on the globe.

The Czarina's Wish.

It is recorded in European journals that while the Russian imperial family was celebrating last Christmas, the Czar according to an old custom, desired the Czarina to express a wish that he might have the pleasure of gratifying it. She did so, and said she wished there might be more religious toleration in the empire. The Czar answered, smilingly, "That will come by and by." He did not forget his promise, but has issued an ukase cancelling that of his father, Alexander III., which ordered that every non-orthodox person in Russia who married an orthodox person, should sign a document declaring that he would baptize and educate his children in the orthodox faith. The ukase of Emperor Nicholas permits chil-



THE TREDWELL MINE, DOUGLAS ISLAND, ALASKA.

and through the passes overland from Juneau will be so great that populous mining towns will soon spring up everywhere. Present transportation facilities too will be quickly improved and the journey will be made quickly. About \$600 is required to defray the expense of transportation and equipment of one person to the Yukon mines, and this fact will necessarily prove a stumbling-block to thousands who are eager to go there. This includes the coming to Seattle, from Seattle to Juneau (725 miles), up Lynn canal (75 miles), and all other traveling expenses, including clothes, food, dogs, sled, tools (for boat-making), and general outfit. The distance from Juneau to the mines is 600 miles overland.

While we hear of the hundreds of miners who have reaped sudden riches in

dren of mixed marriage to be educated in the religion of their parents, sons in that of their father, and daughters in that of their mother.

VEILED ANGELS.

UNNUMBERED blessings, rich and free, Have come to us, our God, from thee. Sweet tokens written with thy name, Bright angels from thy face they came. Some came with open faces bright, Aglow with heaven's own living light, And some were veiled, trod soft and slow, And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veiled angels, pardon! if with fears, We met you first, and many tears. We take you to our hearts no less; We know ye come to teach and bless. We know the love from which ye come; We trace you to our Father's home.

—E. R. CHARLES.

COREA COMING TO CHRIST.

Wonderful Growth of Mission Work—Forty New Mission Stations Opened and Many Conversions Reported.

REV. MALCOLM C. FENWICK, missionary at Wonsan, Corea, whose letters have appeared from time to time in these columns, writes us this most encouraging letter, describing the spread of the Gospel in the Hermit Kingdom:

WONSAN, COREA, May 24, 1897.

It will cheer your heart, I know, to learn something of the results of Dr. Hall's life-offering, so far as we can realize them at present. You will remember the persecution that took place in Pyeng Yang the second night after Dr. Hall, with his wife, child, and household goods moved into the house previously purchased, in May, 1894,—how all the believers previously gathered were arrested, beaten, and threatened with decapitation, if they did not recant and deny Jesus,—how nobly Kim Chang Siky and Han Sak Chin, confessed the Christ,—how Kim was stoned all the way home after being released, falling exhausted into Dr. Hall's house bleeding of the brand-marks of Jesus,—how, after the battle, he was the only person, native or foreign, to minister to the wounded and dying, and how nobly he considered not himself. How Dr. Hall went into the West two weeks later with our beloved Moffett and saintly McKenzie, to minister to the suffering and dying. How gladly the natives welcomed the missionaries whom a short time before they threatened to kill. How Dr. Hall contracted fever on the battlefield and died. This much of the endurance of hardships of these good soldiers of Jesus Christ you have heard. It remains for me to tell you some of the results of the surrendered lives and preaching of the cross of Jesus.

News comes across country of thirty preaching stations opened in the surrounding villages, each assembly contributing its quota of sincere believers. Two weeks later another dispatch announces the opening of ten more stations. Thus the seed of the kingdom sown in the lives of Dr. Hall, Rev. McKenzie, and Mr. Han is yielding a goodly harvest. Of its genuineness character I do not propose to testify, but let others speak. It, however, has been my privilege to know something of the workers.

Dr. Hall's noble life is before us unsullied by unpleasant memories of any kind, beckoning us on. Mr. McKenzie's name still lives in the hearts of Coreans, and the church he gathered is still reported faithful. His refusal to accept offer after offer of salary, selling his library to procure passage money to the people he realized God would have him witness to, and steadfast perseverance to the end to lean only on God and encourage others to do likewise, are fresh in the memory of many, but perhaps the best proof we have of the germinating power of this "seed of the kingdom," is the tender affection the people for whom he labored and died continue to cherish for him. Of the trio who founded this great work in Pyeng Yang, only one now remains.

Corea's condition, Corea's sore need, Corea's opened door has come before you time and again in these columns. Not only does the province I have been writing of require many more workers, but in this province doors are open on every hand, and no one to enter them. We have only one missionary living outside of the port for any time, and he is besieged night and day with enquirers. Others would hail the privilege of going as a great joy, but are tied here. The province to the south has only one missionary up to the present advice, and he only studying the language. The province south of that has three men missionaries and two lady workers, the largest and most densely populated province in the country still less, and two others still more meagerly supplied.

The missionaries are now received all over Corea with marked hospitality and given a careful hearing. I believe God has been leading and preparing the writer for the past seven years to enter upon a much larger campaign than is possible single-handed. The time has now come to act. Accumulated knowledge of the country and people, and the "tricks of the natives," as Corey used to say, enables me to state publicly that God has been pleased to place me in a position to build a comfortable reception home, large enough to accommodate eight workers for \$500. Out-buildings and fences for \$200. Seven years careful study and practice also enables me to state that a missionary can live comfortably and healthily in Corea for \$300 per annum. The passage and outfit of each missionary would be about \$400. I have done all I can single-handed to reduce the cost of living to enable the church to multiply workers here with the talents committed to her charge. I earnestly crave for you the great blessing of entering this open door. Let this be your prayer: "I ost thou want me in Corea, or is it thy will that I should send another, or engage in a ministry of prayer?" The Korean Itinerant Mission, Box 342, Toronto, Canada, will receive applications for workers. Pray for Corea, work for Corea and for the whole world—for the workers engaged and those whom God will send. MALCOLM C. FENWICK.



A CART-ROPE INIQUITY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } Woe unto them that sin as it were
on the Text: Isaiah 5: 18, - - - - } with a cart-rope.



HERE are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected, and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart-rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox, or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart-rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers, and brothers, and sons, be interested in such a discussion, but that wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted.

No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing upon my life;" for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds—earth, heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about five thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the *roulette* table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the river.

You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse;" and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle," and mounting that

"gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange;" a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace, and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cart-rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is, in many, a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking, "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filled and accelerated by skating very near an air-hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are five hundred dollars. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns, I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office, or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?" When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, that man is bound to go on.

This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum, and flaunt the flag, and gather their recruits with wild huzzas, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much sound as the click of a dice. Oh, how many have gone down under it. Look at those men who were once highly prospered. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go out. In their souls are plunged the beaks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and you see a coil of adders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you to forget it.

The most of this evil is unadvertised. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tell of it. Once in awhile, however, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens, from the first merchants on State street to the low Ann street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of

the Central Railroad of Georgia was found to have stolen one hundred and three thousand dollars for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young man in one of the savings' banks of Brooklyn, many years ago, was found to have stolen forty thousand dollars to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen one hundred and eighty thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. But that is exceptional.

Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gamster's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of business life. Men go into the excitement of stock gambling, and from that they plunge into the gambling-houses, as, when men are intoxicated, they go into a liquor saloon to get more drink. The agitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announces the word "North-western," or "Fort Wayne," or "Rock Island," or "New York Central," and the rat! tat! tat! of the auctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "pools," and "carrying stock," and a "break" from eighty to seventy, and the excitement of rushing around in curb-stone brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Buyer three!" "Buyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How many?" and the making or losing of ten thousand dollars by one operation, unfits a man to go home, and so he goes up the flight of stairs, amid business offices, to the darkly curtained, wooden-shuttered room, gaily furnished inside, and takes his place at the *roulette* or the faro table. But I cannot tell all the process by which men get into this evil. A man went to New York. He was a Western merchant. He went into a gaming-house on Park Place. Before morning he had lost all his money save one dollar, and he moved around about with that dollar in his hand, and after awhile, caught still more powerfully under the infernal infatuation, he came up and put down the dollar and cried out until they heard him through the saloon: "One thousand miles from home, and my last dollar on the gaming table."

Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the Chief of Police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men in mid-life, well-dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming-table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the *roulette* table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked bankers and brokers and money-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh! there was something awfully solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None get in here except by police mandate, or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the *roulette*-table, and lost; put more money down on the *roulette*-table, and lost; put more money down on the *roulette*-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead near one of the clubs of London; his body was carried into the club-house, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming-houses of our cities, men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out,

some of them to drown their grief in drink, some to ply the counterfeiters, and so restore their fortunes, some to the suicide's revolver, but all down, and that work proceeds day and night by night. "That cart-rope," says some young man, "has never wound around my soul." But have some threads of that cart-rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities, which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Ever you get, young man, in such a case, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul and robbery of the community. Yet, I am appalled to see men who have been in other enterprises go into gift enterprises where the chief attraction is not the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the attraction is not the book, but the price that goes with the book. Some of these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity; and some of you remember at the close of our Civil War many gift enterprises were on foot to proceed to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of these enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have wanted them to freeze to death upon their benches. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young men, have nothing to do with these things. They only open your appetite for games of chance, one of two things; be honest or die.

I have accomplished my object in you on the look-out. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up. The trouble is that when men beg to be astray from the path of duty, they say, "There's no use of my trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability; can't return;" and they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, friends, that God this moment, by His Spirit, can change your entire nature, that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want—what is it? Money? Higher social position? No. I will tell you the great want of a man, if he has not already obtained it, is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that has been reprehending? You are in a sin. You rush against the wall of this sin and try to get out, and you fail; you turn around and dash against that wall until there is blood on the ground, blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that will unlock that prison-house. It is the house of David. It is the Lord Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus.

Oh, unhappy prodigal, what business this is for you, feeding swine when your father stands in the foreground straining his eyesight to catch a glimpse of your return; and the closer you get, the more you realize that you are all strung, and the feet free, and you are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the baize of their billiard-saloon. Into the arms of God's forgiveness they washed their sin. They quit trying for riches. They tried for heaven and won. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clenched as if to smother, outspread as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and a fathom, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron-bound sea confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. It is the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor amid the thundering salvo of eternal glory. But alas for that man who has come down to the final game of life and lost his immortal soul on the ace, while the God keep the tally-board; and the kings and queens, and knaves, and aces are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending to discover that he has lost it, the face of eternal darkness clutching down its wallet all the blood-stained wages.

OUR FUND STILL HELPING INDIA.

Another Fifty Thousand Dollars Sent in Response to Bishop Thoburn's Earnest Appeal—
Julian Hawthorne's Graphic Story of Misery.

A CABLE message received July 24 from Bishop Thoburn contains the welcome intelligence that rain is falling generally throughout India, ex-



T. S. JOHNSON, OF JABBALPUR.

ception in limited sections in the west and south, and that consequently the harvest prospects are considered good. To this, however, the Bishop adds the warning that the famine must necessarily continue until the seed now being sown can be harvested. The extent of this need must be enormous, as the Bishop reports that the money already sent has been distributed in fifteen missions and fifty thousand dollars more are needed at once. This sum was promptly cabled by the proprietors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the devoted missionaries are now fully armed for their fight with the enemy.

Ever thankful they are for the welcome aid thus rendered them, they send abundant proof. The *Examiner*, a Baptist journal, published last week a letter received from Mrs. Newcomb, the wife of the Baptist missionary at Curnam, to whom two remittances of \$500 each have been sent from our fund, in which she describes the bitter suffering around the station, especially among the Christians, and speaks gratefully of the great boon it was to them when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD remittance arrived. The *Examiner*, commenting on this and other reports, says: "There may be a difference of opinion as to the action required of American Christians toward these famine sufferers of India; but there is no doubt that there is great distress in many districts, and the accounts, given by Pandita Enabai and others who have visited these stricken people, are heart-rending. We may throw the responsibility on the English government and refer these starving ones to the Foreign Relief Works, but these are proven to be in some cases inadequate, we rejoice with the missionaries in their timely aid from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund. There can be no difference of opinion concerning the need of the world for the Bread of Life, nor is it doubtful that the Church of Christ is the centre of relief for this famine which ever confronts us."

Finally the difference of opinion of which our contemporary speaks has not manifested itself among the readers of

this journal, who, with one accord have given generously in the name of Christ and in his spirit to feed this afflicted people. Everyone who has given, however small the sum, must rejoice that he aided in this noble work as he reads the pitiful stories of suffering which continue to pour in. One of the most thrilling is contributed to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who has recently returned from India and who describes scenes, not heard at second hand, but seen with his own eyes. Mr. Hawthorne was the guest during a part of his visit of Rev. T. S. Johnson, Methodist missionary at Jabbalpur, who is one of our missionary distributors and whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Johnson has been nearly forty years in India and is the Presiding Elder of the Central Provinces.

Mr. Hawthorne writes: "Mr. Johnson drove me to the relief camp and poor-house where there were scores of figures upon which I could scarcely endure to look. The fat of their bodies had first been consumed, then the flesh, leaving only gristle and sinew. Finally (what I should not have supposed possible) these also were attacked; there are left the shrunken veins, the nerves, which now but imperfectly transmit the impulses from the brain, which is itself anæmic and scarcely human; the wasted internal organs, and the skin, which is shriveled, cold, and dry to the touch. The abdomen, especially in children, is often largely distended, and tight as a drum, as if overloaded with food; and I have heard persons, looking at photographs of such, remark that these, at any rate, must have had a hearty meal. But it is not food, but the lack of it, which causes this distention. A child who reaches this condition hardly ever survives. The contrast between this abnormal rotundity and the emaciation of the limbs, chest and back,

thalmia, which is among the consequences of starvation . . . Well, this is starvation. "I thought of my own children when they were this age. Hindoos love their children, perhaps as much as we do. Hunger and hopelessness have brought them to the state where they will eat the food that might keep their children alive, and when that is gone, abandon them. We can comprehend what this means of suffering only by supposing ourselves doing the same thing.

"The overseer told me that the number of persons on relief would be largely increased when the present rabi harvest was over. There had, it appears, been a small crop in this region, and all who were able to do so had gone to help harvest it.

"As we stood there talking, outside the neat little bamboo-and-matting huts which serve as offices for the overseer and his assistants, the sun set, and the multitude, parti-colored, ragged, naked, was drifting away over the dark plain, interweaving, streaming, murmuring and chattering. Some of them built little fires among the rocks to cook the grain. It was a strange scene—this homeless, gaunt, doomed throng, departing over the desolate wilderness in the gathering dusk. Many of them who lay down to sleep to-night would never arise again. I went home with the good missionary, who had invited me to spend the night at his bungalow; and when, before we went to bed, he knelt down and asked God to bless the poor heathen, I silently joined in the prayer with all my heart."

THE SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

The Newly Discovered Papyrus Leaf Containing Eight Alleged Sayings of Christ Written in the Third Century.

THE mail brings the fuller account of the discovery, already cabled, of the precious leaf containing the "Sayings of Christ," of which a translation appeared in this journal on July 21. We are now enabled to give our readers an exact

was among a large quantity of other papyri, all of ancient date, most of them from sixteen to seventeen hundred years old. This is proved by the style of the writing, the shape of the letters, and the kind of contractions used, fashions not in vogue after the year 300.

The page was apparently torn from a book, as there is a folio number on it. It is written on both sides and is frayed at the bottom, showing that it contained originally one or more lines that are lost to us. It is evident, too, that the preceding page of the book contained more of the "sayings," as the first saying on the page we have is clearly a continuation and incomplete. In all there are forty-three lines on the two sides of the leaf, each line containing about four words. In some places the writing is obscure, and in some it is entirely obliterated. Two of the eight sayings it has been impossible to decipher, though on one of them the single Greek word for "beggary" remains, which indicates that it is a saying new to us, as there is no utterance of Christ in the Gospels containing that word. Of the remaining six, two are similar to passages in the Gospel of Luke, and one which is given in Matthew and nowhere else.

Interest, of course, concentrates on the three new sayings. The first of these reads:

"Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

This, if genuine, is possibly one of the expressions Christ used like those in Matt. 5: 21-44 to show the spiritual meaning of the commandments. The fasting of the Christian was to be from all worldliness, and the Sabbath to be observed was the Sabbath of faith described in Heb. 3: 1-11. Another of the new sayings is the third, which is a summing up of Christ's experience with mankind. It reads:

"Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them; and my soul grieved over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."

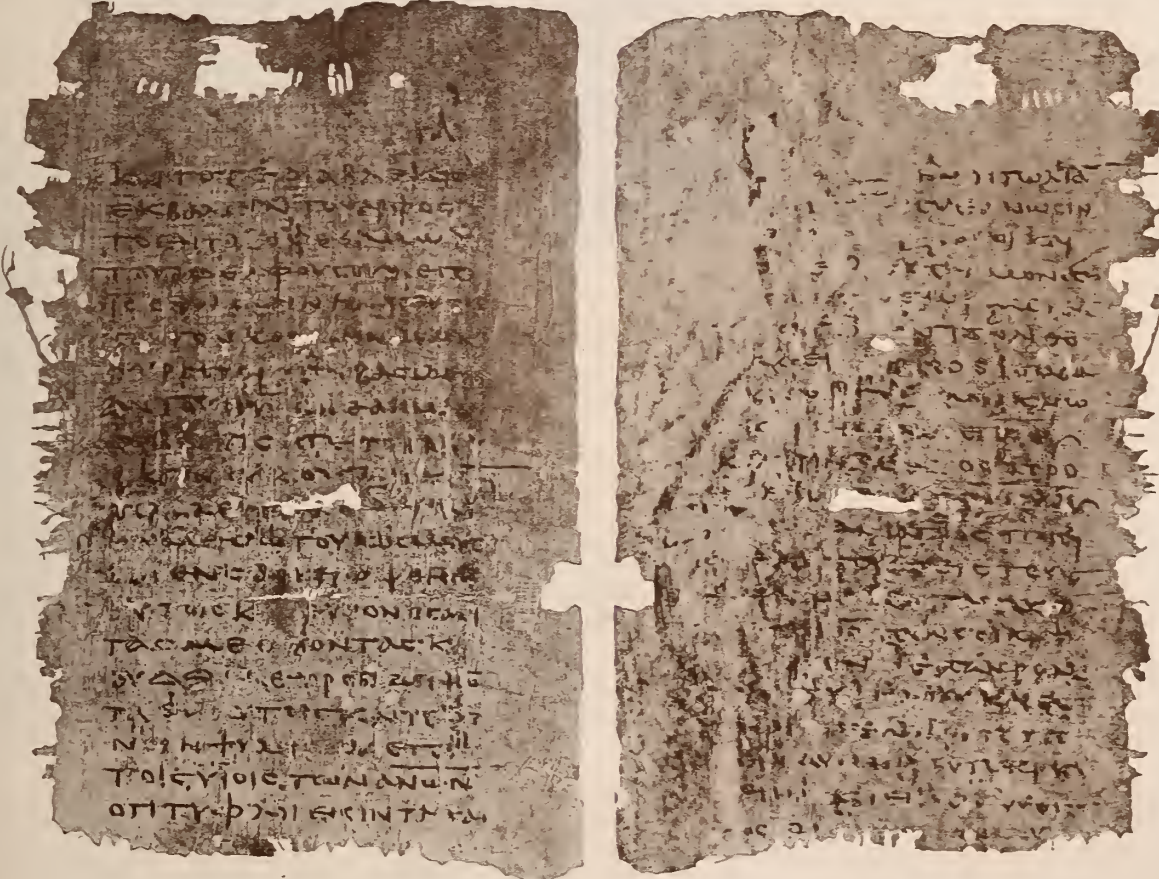
The unusual use of the past tense in this saying suggests the thought that it may be an extract from one of the apocryphal works, which purported to give a report of conversations held by Jesus with his disciples after his resurrection.

The third of the new sayings, which is the fifth on the leaf, is imperfect, several words being undecipherable. It reads:

"Jesus saith, Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood, and there am I."

At first sight this saying looks like the work of a believer in pantheism, who wished to have some confirmation in reputed words of Christ. It has, however, been suggested by Prof. B. W. Bacon, in an article in the *Independent*, that we must look to Abraham building the altar of unhewn stone and cleaving the wood for the offering of Isaac (Gen. 22: 9), as the clue to the meaning of the saying.

Many interesting questions are raised by this important document. That it was written by a believer in Christ is probable, but on what principle of selection he made his collection of sayings and whether he knew of the existence of any of the Gospels that have come down to us is uncertain. Possibly a further search may bring to light other papyri which will furnish a clue to the character and associations of the writer, and so we may learn the motive which guided him in the selection of these sayings. Until then, ancient as they unquestionably are, their authenticity must be regarded as doubtful. At present there can be no test of them but that of agreement with the Gospels.



THE NEW "SAYINGS OF CHRIST."

(Photographs of the Two Papyrus Pages Recently Found in Africa by Grenfell and Hunt.)

is grotesque and horrible. I can compare these little creatures to nothing so well as to beetles: their legs and arms are like the legs of insects, and their movements slow. "As for the faces of these children, nothing childlike remains of them. The dark skin is stretched on a fleshless skull; the lips are mere skin, and shrink back from the teeth; the eyes glimmer dimly in hollow sockets, unless, as is often the case, they have been eaten away by the oph-

reproduction of the photograph of both sides of the leaf as furnished by the discoverers, Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A. In the story they publish of their discovery, they say that while exploring, under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, on the site of the ancient African city Oxyrhynchus, which stood on the edge of the Libyan desert, about 120 miles south of Cairo, they found the leaf in a rubbish heap. It

of the Gospels that have come down to us is uncertain. Possibly a further search may bring to light other papyri which will furnish a clue to the character and associations of the writer, and so we may learn the motive which guided him in the selection of these sayings. Until then, ancient as they unquestionably are, their authenticity must be regarded as doubtful. At present there can be no test of them but that of agreement with the Gospels.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 15. 1. Cor. 8: 1-13. Golden Text: Rom. 14: 7.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



OUR human nature fulfils "the desires of the flesh and of the mind" (Eph. 2: 3). The lust of the flesh is to please ourselves and to seek our own life. This is, Paul tells us, "according to the course of this world" [or age]; not only so, but also "according to the prince of the power of the air; the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. 2: 1, 2). The Divine nature, which was manifested by the indwelling of God in the human body of Christ, was the exact contrary; Christ pleased not himself (Rom. 15: 3); he did always those things which pleased his Father (John 8: 29). Far from fulfilling the desires of his flesh and of his mind, he sought not his own will, but the will of him that sent him (John 5: 30). The cross which he accepted voluntarily, and where he laid down his own life for every man, was but the crowning act and consummation of

A LIFE OF CRUCIFIXION

to his own will, which he had practised from the moment that he came into the world (Heb. 10: 5). By his wondrous life on earth, our beloved Lord proved that it was possible while in a human body, and subject to all the conditions of our human life, to live a life which is superhuman, a life of God in man. "He died for all, that they which live should live henceforth, not unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15). If the Holy Spirit reveals to us this wondrous possibility, and he will always reveal it to those who are teachable, and who will to do the will of God (John 7: 17), the whole tenor of the life will be changed. In such a life, abstinence and all other such questions remain open questions no more. It becomes impossible to weigh in the old scales; "What would I like?" is a question of the buried past. "What would Jesus like?" and "What would serve him and my fellow creatures?" become the absorbing themes of a Christ-filled life.

The Apostle Paul was writing the Corinthians regarding things sacrificed to idols. Should Christian men and women, who were bought by the blood of Christ, and filled with the Spirit of God, eat things sacrificed to idols, when by so doing others might be stumbled and think that thereby they were countenancing idolatry? Some had evidently argued: "An idol is nothing; I know there is but one God, and I eat this food, looking upon it as I do upon other food; it can do me no harm." Paul's answer was: "We know that we all have knowledge. Knowledge puffeth up, but love edifieth (or buildeth up). If any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." These are great principles; and they touch all our life. Knowledge which does not bring forth love has nothing solid in it, it only inflates, and every inflated thing must collapse sometime. Supposing in a heathen country, a Christian can sit down at a heathen feast, perfectly untouched himself by all the idolatry around him but, by his example, strengthening hundreds of heathens in their miserable superstition, is he guiltless? He dishonors God by his knowledge and ruins his fellow creatures. Paul says: "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we for him (man in R. V., unto him), and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him (R. V., through him). How be it there is not in every man that knowledge: for some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience being weak is de-

filed . . . For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols; and through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?"

Now let us apply this principle to the drink question, which in many countries cannot but be a burning question. And we might add the questions of smoking, light literature, indulgence in amusements, and any other things in which men in this age fulfil the desires of the flesh and of the mind. We take the drink question as a sample of the others, on account of the gigantic proportions to which it has extended. You are, you say, a Christian man. If so you are a Christ man, a living temple of God, you are "a new creature in Christ Jesus." You see all around you men, women, and children ruined soul and body by the drink because they have fulfilled the desires of the flesh and of the mind, until they have lost all control over themselves and have become slaves to the lusts they have fulfilled, and you say: "Well it is no temptation to me, there is no law against it. I drink moderately. I think it does me good, the doctors prescribe it, and so I think I have a right to take stimulant." And the poor slave who is tempted, who has no power in himself to resist that temptation, is emboldened by your example to take that which brings him under an awful power of the devil. Satan suggests to him: "Can you be wrong to follow the example of such a good Christian man?" And so he hurries his victim to hopeless perdition, making use of you as his abettor in the murder of a soul! Christian brother, are you guiltless? Would Christ in your circumstances have done this? You may never have thought of the weight of your influence upon others, but "none of us liveth to himself."

We are bound up with the lives of others voluntarily or involuntarily. Many eyes are watching us, our lives tell more than we know on others. But in the measure that Christ's life slays and supercedes ours, life from heaven flows through us to others, and in the measure that our own self-life gains the upper hand, death and corruption flow through us to others.

Oh, the responsibility of being a follower of Christ! But, oh, the unspeakable privilege! God seeks to find expression through our human lives, and to breathe out his wondrous life of love and self-surrender through us upon a world which is enslaved. If he has our whole heart, it will be life to us to live, not unto ourselves, but unto him. But just in the measure in which our self-life takes the precedence, God cannot find expression through us; self finds expression, and we become ministers of death. We are "for him," or unto him (I. Cor. 8: 6). Made in his image, with the glorious possibility of being forever one with him as the Father and the Son are one, shall we, for the fulfilling of the lusts of the flesh, in so miserable a thing as eating and drinking, forfeit such an inheritance, and injure our fellow creatures?

Our rights, our personal freedom are the poor arguments urged by many against denying ourselves in these unnecessary and baneful things. True Christian freedom is explained by the Apostle Paul to be the liberty to serve. "Brethren, ye have been called into liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another" (Gal. 5: 13). The Apostle Paul was free from all men, yet he made himself servant unto all, that he might gain the more. (I. Cor. 9: 19.) All things were lawful to him, but all things

were not expedient. (I. Cor. 13). But Paul did not consider himself or his rights, but Christ and his cause in a lost world for which he died. Is the following of Christ one thing for Paul in the first century and quite another for us in the nineteenth? It is a grave responsibility which the apostle lays on those who, without any consideration of others, eat meat in an idol's temple, "Through thy knowledge shall thy weak brother perish for whom Christ died," and he adds, "When ye so sin against the brethren and wound their weak consciences ye sin against Christ."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

CHRISTIAN ministers and teachers are often asked whether it is wrong to go to the theatre, to play cards, to buy ice-cream on Sunday, and about other practices, and to explain why it is wrong to do these things, if it is wrong. The Apostle Paul appears to have had similar questions addressed to him by his converts at Corinth. One question particularly perplexed them, and though it does not trouble us in this day, it is of special interest to us, because in deciding it, Paul laid down a principle which applies to the questions of our lives. It appears that when a man brought a beast to one of the idol-temples in Corinth and offered it as a sacrifice, only a part of the animal was consumed on the altar. The other part belonged to the temple and the priests. Some of this part was used in the temple feasts, but most of it was sold to the butchers, who put it in their stock and retailed it in the markets. A dispute appears to have arisen in the church about



BAS RELIEF IN THE TEMPLE OF DELPHI.

the consequences of eating such meat. Some regarded it as a deadly sin, and they were supported in their contention by the action of the great council at Jerusalem, described in Acts 15. That council, while agreeing to receive Gentile converts without circumcision, and declaring that they need not be subject to the Jewish ceremonial law, had expressly required of them that they abstain from eating meat that had been offered in sacrifice to idols. Others, who had more sense and no great respect for the Christians at Jerusalem, who had not been able to shake off the ceremonies of the old religion, appear to have contended that as an idol was nothing, the whole ceremony of sacrifice to it was a meaningless performance and need not be regarded at all. The meat was just as good as if it had never been used in sacrifice and no harm could come of eating it. The question was submitted to Paul for his final decision. There was one element in the case that weighed with him, which they had overlooked. This was brotherly love. Paul recognized that there were people in the Church who believed it was a sin to eat the meat and they were evidently sincere in the belief. The position of these people must be taken into account. If they ate the meat while their conscience condemned them, they might go farther and do other things which their conscience condemned and so a general laxity might ensue. No man can violate the dictates of his conscience without impairing the strength of his character. He feels that if he has done wrong in one matter he will not make his guilt much worse by doing wrong in other matters. Now lest such a result should ensue, Paul advises them to respect the prejudices of these weak brethren. The meat matter is

of small account, but the fall of a brother would be a very serious thing. Therefore speaking for himself, he says if meat use his brother to sin, he would eat no meat while the world stood. The gratification he might enjoy was of no account when his brother's welfare was involved. His principle is the logical basis of Christian Temperance. There are some men who cannot drink a glass of wine without becoming another and getting tipsy. The safety lies in not touching it at all. If they alone abstained, it would be a concession of weakness very painful to a respecting man. There would be a stain on him of which he would be ashamed. But acting on Paul's principle, the Christian man who is in no danger of getting tipsy says: "I will abstain, too; it encourages my weak brother to take the same course. I will share the odium with him if there is any, and do all I can to help him." It is a noble thing to do, Christian, and it is a duty.

Shall the weak brother perish? A man is affected by others and others in his turn. When one falls, he drags down others and the sin spreads. Society is like the party that climb the Alps. A rope is tied around the waist of the guide, and from him to the waist of a traveler, and from him to the waist of another member of the party, and so on until all are tied by the rope. So if one climber slips and falls, he is held and saved from rolling down to crevasse. An American writer describes an ascent, says that a Western man was third in the file of a party ascending Matterhorn. As they were going, he saw the guide slip, and in a moment he was descending the slippery path between the guide and the Western man was a Frenchman, who was a knife to cut the rope and bound him to the guide. Instantly the Western man struck the knife from his hand with his alpen rod and digging his heels into the ice, braced himself for the strain until the guide could regain his feet, and saved his life. That is the principle of Christian temperance. In view of the thousands drifting to destruction there are some who cut loose from them. Let them go; but the Christian course is to stand firm and hold the weak brother by the force of consistent abstinence.

This liberty of yours come a stumbling block A worthy Baptist deacon, the father of four bright boys, was the only Christian man in his town who opposed the temperance movement. This was twenty years ago, and temperance then was so strong as it is now. "I remember," says a friend of the family, sitting at the deacon's table and hearing his talk, "he had just signed the pledge and the boys had disapproved of it. 'Why do you make yourself a slave?' he asked. 'You are your hands by the pledge and surrender your liberty in a manner unbecoming an intelligent man. The manly course is to do as I am doing:—drink moderately. I would not bind myself so that I could never drink if I wanted to.' I kept the pledge, however, and the deacon let his moderate drinking and, I suppose, the day of his death, he was never tempted. But the boys! Their stories were sad ones. They heard their father talk about manliness and, of course, none of them wanted to be a slave, as the deacon called pledged abstainers. But none of them had the father's strength of character. One of them is washing dishes in a cheap restaurant, a drunkard who is intoxicated whenever he has enough money to buy the liquor. A second was thrown from his horse and killed after a drunken debauch. The third is serving a term in the State's prison for manslaughter committed under the influence of drink. The fourth alone escaped by signing the pledge. He was arrested for being drunk and was persuaded to sign the pledge. His worse evil should come upon him. He was saved, and is leading a responsible life. The deacon's protest against his liberty was to my personal knowledge the stone over which three sons stumbled to ruin."

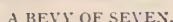
What Iowa Did for India.

LAST week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contained a brief reference to the report of the Iowa Indian Relief Commission, recently presented to

Willie was washed up and dressed in clothes that were not "broken," so that the others hardly knew him as the "little ragged boy." His poor mother who came from Germany only a year ago and is trying to make a home for her children in the basement of a tenement house, was most grateful for what had been done for him.

Another photograph is that of Rachel K—the “little mother” of a poverty stricken home in lower New York. Rachel who is the oldest of six children, was overjoyed when she found she could have her little brothers and sisters at Mont-Lawn for an outing and the others were no less delighted. They are now back in their home again, having with them the pleasant memories of the golden days they spent at the Children’s Home. The third photograph—a bevy of seven little tots—shows a typical eastside tenement group, but far brighter and happier than before they came to Mont-Lawn. They are Lena (the eldest, a girl of 12), Sophie, Rachel, Esther, Louis, Willie and Maggie.

Many of our little guests, after a stay at the Home, show a strong disinclination to go back to the hot and sickly city. They have learned to love the hills and woods, and above all the freedom they enjoy so much. They do not want to go home and resume the old dull, monotonous tenement life that is so deplorably unattractive. Of course, this resistance has to be gently overcome, and at last they depart to make room, amid tears and smiles, for new arrivals. Some of the letters the children write from the Home to their parents and friends are very touching. One



Geo Rank	2 40	Corry	5 00
A B Meyers	3 00	Mrs R S Gay.....	1 00
Mrs Mary Platt	4 00	Total.....	\$1,796.61

Contributions of Clothing, etc.

Ladies Aid Society, Jamestown; A E Atherton; Miss Hullskamper; In as much Circle of K D. 2d Reformed Church, Hackensack.

A New Religious Sect in Persia.

Within the last two or three years a new religious sect of Moslems has arisen in Persia, known as "Babees." Rev. J. G. Wishard, an American missionary, writes concerning them:

"The thing, however, which impressed me most here was the large number of Babees who came to discuss 'The New Faith,' as they call their religion. In Resht and in other places I found these people in great number, and I am told that even in the sacred city of Mashad, under the very shadow of the great shrine, are not less than 4,000 Babees. It is certainly reasonable to suppose that the rapid growth of the sect in Persia will have a direct influence of some sort upon the propagation of the Gospel. Will it retard or advance the Lord's work? The opinion

is held by many of our friends that anything that will cause a disintegration of the orthodox faith, or in other words, that will break the power of Islam, must advance us toward religious liberty. Its tenets seem to be broad enough to admit into its fold almost any one who is ready to revolt against the power of the high ecclesiastics of Islam. This is well illustrated by the fact that no Jew would be permitted to enter a coffee house kept by a true Moslem, yet here in Teheran, it is well-known that the Babee Jews frequent the coffee houses of Babee Moslems. This, by the way, is doubtless one of the causes of the recent persecution of the Jews here in Teheran."



little tot of seven (Josie McC.), writes to her mother:

I hope you are feeling well. Emma and I are well. I get better food than I ever get home. Emma and I have good times. We all feel happy. Saturday we went picking raspberries. I picked over sixty and ate about ten. We did not get sick on the boat. I hope I can get leave off of Miss Collins to stay till the country is going to close. I hope I can be the last one, or next to the last one, who comes home.

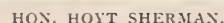
A little lad (Willie K.), writes bluntly:
DEAR FATHER: I like it very much at the
swings and in the lawn and all over the holl
contry.

Willie's spelling may not be perfect, but his heart is in the right place.

Clothing and shoes are greatly needed for the boys—and garments and footwear

The following contributions have been received for our Children's Home:

Prev. Aik.	\$1,530.21	Mrs H M Eddy.....	3 00
Wm Woodside.....	2 50	King's Dam Circle.....	
W D Craig.....	3 00	Amagansett.....	6 00
Setauket.....		In His Name, E.....	
Mrs L C Holden.....	5 00	Orange.....	3 00
A E Brown.....	5 00	Myra E Cornforth.....	3 00
Mrs J J Murray.....	9 00	Mrs P L Burrows.....	1 00
Friend to the cause,		Subr. Adairville.....	3 00
Brandon.....	3 00	, Louisville.....	3 00
Friends of little ones		Mrs H H Hill.....	5 00
.....		E M Hill Gre.....	1 00
..... Allentown.....	6 00	Children's Friend	
Lawrence G Spencer;		Soc, N Y.....	3 00
One of His children,		Miss C Weiler.....	3 00
Empire.....	1 00	Ruby Giffin.....	75
Master's Helpers circle		Ryan T Edward.....	1 00
K D D, Newark.....	18 00	Saved by Thomas	
K, Pawtucket.....	1 00	& Walter.....	3 00
Kate S and Mrs Al-		Friend, Soudan.....	3 00
fred.....	5 00	2 Passes, Long	
One who loves little		S Methuen.....	3 00
child N W Charlton;		Friend, Bridgeport.....	3 00
C P, Sandusky.....	3 00	In Memory of Mild-	
Ansel Vincent.....	3 00	red, Somerville.....	6 00



Gov. Drake of that State. The report, which is signed by Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Chairman, and Messrs. G. L. Godfrey and J. D. McGarraugh, members of the Commission, sets forth in detail the work that has been accomplished for India. We make these extracts:

With the aid of members of the legislature, we secured the addresses of over one hundred persons resident in sixty different counties who would co-operate with us in collecting donations of both money and corn and forward to proper destinations. Very unfortunately for the cause, as well as for ourselves, we discovered very soon that the quality of the corn grown last season was much of it poor, and in order to prepare it for a long and trying sea voyage through the tropics and in the hold of vessels without possible ventilation, and even for shipment on cars, we had to pass it all through a dryer. The only machine of the kind available was located at St. Joseph, Mo., and every pound of corn donated in Iowa for the relief of famine-stricken India, no matter from what point in the State it was received, had to be transported to that point for the necessary preparation for a sea voyage.

Every railway in the State proffered the use of their roads for a free haul of all grain donated. The railways of Iowa have responded freely and promptly to all calls for free haul made upon them, and their generosity and liberality enabled the people of the State to contribute in such large amounts to this worthy cause.

After referring to the obstacles the Commission encountered in securing transportation on the Santa Fe and the Pacific roads, and to the fact that after forwarding 9,575 bushels West, the balance of the corn on track and in elevator had to be sold, the report continues:

In making that sale, the Commission had to agree with purchaser to accept Chicago weights and inspection. The delay caused was very aggravating, though drafts were made against the sale and shipment at three different dates, amounting in all to \$34,36.52 in favor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor), and all the balance realized from that sale (and from commissions) will be sent to the same party for transmission to India. The balance of the sum due from the Chicago firm being \$321.92, subject to adjustment and correction of errors in weights and prices for grain below grade in quality.

The attached list shows whole number of cars received from all points in the State with donations of grain, 79, containing in pounds 2,650,310.

"Several sums of money, small in amount, are due from parties to whom corn was sold, but it was thought that it would be better to close up accounts, and forward all money on hand so that it might reach the famine sufferers as soon as possible, leaving for a future date the collection and remittance of the small sums still due. Carrying out this plan, news came to all Dr. Kiopsch, CHRISTIAN F. TRALD, New York City; DR. JAMES H. BAKER, Buffalo, N.Y.; and

Draft remittance from Bartlett, Frazier & Co., Chicago	\$488.08
Draft remittance from Harroun Bros., St. Joe	415.44
Draft Col. G. L. Godfrey, Treas. of Com	1075.68

Total remittance now.....	\$1979.20
To this add remittance made during last month to Dr. Klopsch.....	3436.52

Making a total cash remittance from Iowa for the relief of starving India \$5415.72

This cash contribution is in addition to the grain forwarded directly to San Francisco, and sent from that city in a steamer (*The City of Everett*), chartered by the general government.

Nearly every dollar expended is for drying and preparing grain for shipment, the other expenses for postage, stationery, and printing being merely nominal, and not one dollar of it for clerical or other personal work.

Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Chairman of the Iowa Commission, is a brother of Hon. John Sherman, present Secretary of State. Major E. Conger, another member of the Commission, is the newly appointed United States Minister to Brazil. Altogether, Iowa, through its great-hearted people, has done a noble work for India and one that deserves the widest recognition.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPP, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Policing the Bicycle.

THE bicycle has brought with it new conditions. It gives the mischievous man new facilities for working mischief. That mischief can be traced and punished only by policing the machine; only by a knowledge who owns a machine and what he does with it. In this country, there is little protection against the careless or irresponsible bicyclist. He can do a deed of mischief, commit a felony, even take the life of another, intentionally or by accident, and there is very little remedy or relief. We knew a lady, visiting in Washington city within the last two years, who was run over and left insensible upon the streets. The accident was fatal. The author never was discovered. We commend to our legislators some such police regulations as, according to an American correspondent of the New York Evening Post, prevail in Munich:

Every bicycle in Munich has to carry two metal numbers, one fastened to the handle bar and the other behind the saddle. These numbers are issued by the police authorities, and cost five marks (\$1.25). They enable the police to identify and fine a rider who breaks a rule. If the rider runs over and kills any one, any person witnessing the act can take his number, go to the police office, and find out who he is, thus permitting the friends to begin suit for damages. Every one desiring to ride a bicycle must have a license, of course, and he has to pass an examination before it is given him. The numbers must be plainly in sight; no bundle on the machine is allowed to obscure them. The police instantly arrest a man who disregards any of these requirements. There are more than 15,000 licenses in Munich, and the utmost care as regards the safety of others must be used if they are to be saved from being forfeited.

Horatius Bonar.

IT is a suggestive fact that some of the most useful hymnologists have not been among the greater poets. And yet there is no worthier ambition for a poet, than to be permitted to voice the praises of Christian people. They are the people who will live forever.

I have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, the most conscientious of all English hymn writers is James Montgomery. And yet, probably, he would not be ranked by anybody as a great poet, the man who wrote, "Songs of Praise the Angels Sang," "Angels from the Realms of Glory," "Go to Dark Gethsemane," "Stand up and Bless the Lord," "Forever with the Lord," and some half hundred others of the best hymns now used by the Christian Church. Among all the great poems of

Tennyson, you will scarcely find more than two or three that are suitable to sing in sacred worship; not more than one or two of Wordsworth; not one of Browning, only a single one of Mrs. Browning. And yet, as we have said, the enduring literature must certainly be Christian; Christian literature must have a large share in the life of the new heavens and the new earth.

Horatius Bonar, also, was content to devote the productions of his muse to the uses of the sons and daughters of God Almighty. He thought in verse, he felt in verse, he prayed in verse, Christian verse. Perhaps he was not so great a poet even as James Montgomery, but he has given the Christian Church: "I was a Wandering Sheep," "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," "Calm me, O God, and Keep me Calm," "Go, Labor on, Spend and be Spent." Horatius Bonar's daughter, Mrs. Dods, has recently published an article on the habits of her honored father in hymn-writing. The article appeared in *The Sunday Magazine*, has been copied by *Littell's Living Age* of July 10th, and will be eagerly read by all his friends in this country, as well as England.

Woman in Hebrew Literature.

THE Bible is unlike all other literature in its exaltation of woman. The usual treatment of woman even in the best of literature, uninspired, is depreciatory. As compared with man, she is the subject of various slurs and innuendoes. Even Shakespeare, who gives us two Portias, one from romance and the other from history, who gives us Desdemona and Miranda and a hundred other beautiful women, has given us Katharine in the "Taming of the Shrew," just as he gives us Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," as though the first were in a sense typical of woman, as the last of the Jew. He has made them both very unattractive.

Queen Elizabeth herself was not an ideal woman like the good Queen Victoria. And the difference between the two queens is largely the result of Christianity. Queen Victoria has changed the ideal of the queen in literature. As the ideal hero is now George Washington, so the ideal woman on the throne is a woman true to all her religious and domestic duties; a reverent and affectionate wife, a mother careful of the ways of her household, as well as a sovereign meeting all the obligations of empire. If we read the annals of history and story, we say of her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Occupation as a Protection in Grief.

IN her Journal of life among the highlands of Scotland, Queen Victoria remarks upon the frequency of calamities during the season of recreation. She had just heard of the death of the Prince Imperial of France, and she thus expresses herself: "To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus is too fearful, too awful!" And then she writes: "Always at Balmoral, in May or June, dreadful news, or news of deaths of royal persons comes, obliging the State parties to be put off." It is implied here that calamity fixes upon the season of recreation to do its special work. The truth is that absence from scenes of active labor makes affliction more severe, because we have no relief from it, through preoccupation of mind. Death has all seasons for his own; has not much respect for State parties or royal personages. It is, doubtless, a blessing, when afflictions are sent to us at a time when we cannot realize their full force; when we are so occupied as to be protected against them.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

AN ENGAGEMENT FOR LIFE.

"NOT weary in well-doing." What a hard charge this would be, if it were not for the promise which lightens its conditions! For in what war do the soldiers never grow weary? never faint? never become discouraged? And there are peculiar discouragements in the Christian warfare. We have to fight enemies so cunning, so powerful, so numerous, so malicious that we may well tremble and exclaim, "I shall one day surely perish." Ah, but how many do we count Christ our Captain for? And the legions of angels? And the immortal God who has promised never to forsake us?

Still the service is long and strict, and our engagement is for life. We can have no furloughs, we can have no truce; and after every action our dead must bury their dead. Sword, helmet and shield have been given us, but we have no armor for our backs and no scabbard for our sword. If for a moment we should look behind us the enemy is ready to take advantage and wound us, so that we may fall; so night and day, in sickness and health, in joy or sorrow we must "watch." Is such a warfare possible? Yes, through Christ strengthening us; and "We shall reap if we faint not."

It is not only for our own sakes we must not weary in well-doing; there are many watching us, and our influence is contagious. The world is watching, not for something to admire, but for something to blame. We cannot give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to mock, we must let our constancy under adverse circumstances, "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

The children of the King are watching us; and some of them are very "little ones." Some also are weak, and woe to those who lay a stumbling-block in their path. The punishment for a soul-murder we know not, but the pitiful Christ said it would have been good for such an one never to have been born. Even if the children are poor and ignorant, we are told not to "offend against the generation of the upright," for who has made us to differ? We must make allowance for the unreasonableness of the ignorant, and still more for the fretfulness of such as are suffering the stings of poverty, or the pangs of bodily suffering.

Angels also are watching us. We are a spectacle unto them as well as unto men. A great cloud of these witnesses is watching us. And suppose there should be some of these angelic observers compelled to testify against us at the Day of Judgment! For they do watch us, though we see them not. Therefore, let us not compel them to become our accusers.

Above all these considerations there is another infinitely awful and solemn. "Thou God seest me." With that eye ever upon us, with that presence besetting us behind and before, dare we to say that his warfare is a weariness; his poor a burden too heavy to be borne; his word of none effect, his promises of reward either doubtful or worthless?

Christ might well have been wearied. Indeed, he did perhaps know something of this despondency of spirit, for he was touched with a feeling of all our infirmities. "How long shall I bear with you?" "Could you not watch with me one hour?" are questions having all the languor of heart-weariness in them. But though want of sympathy depressed, it did not restrain him, for it was not gratitude or appreciation of the present which enabled and strengthened endurance; it was "the joy set before him."

And God is so patient with us. He never wearies of our cry for help. Every day of our life he renews our mercies. No upbraidings accompany his forgiveness. No stipulations clog the free bounty of his gifts. Cannot we emulate such divine generosity in our dealings with those we seek to benefit? Say they abuse our kindness; have we not often done likewise? How much of the money which God gives us is wasted on the follies of fashion or the gratification of extravagant tastes? Say they do not improve the opportunities offered them. Are we so guiltless in this matter as to be able to cast a stone? Are all our hours improved? All our advantages accepted? Alas! there are many of us who think ourselves good Christians, who on sincere reflection would not tremble to say, "Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive," or even because "I forgive them who trespass against me."

Without faith, the most absolute faith in the promises of God, there is no work in this world so heartlessly discouraging as Christian work. The seed is cast, and the heavens seem as brass above it. But went not the sowers forth with prayer? Then it is not in vain. Tears shall soften dull, cold eyes; there shall be light on darkened brows; from mocking lips shall come smiles of peace and prayer-

ful sighs. The sower may not see the grain growing, but the summer of his life shall come. He shall keep "harvest home" in the place where sower and reaper shall rejoice together. So, then, be not weary in well-doing; we shall reap if we faint not!

Amelia E. Poir

BRIEF NOTES.

The number of missionaries of the Missionary Society is now 723, an increase of the number at this time last year. Of this are men and 252 women.

At the beginning of the century the population of New York was only one-fifth of the population. Now it is translated into a world which make it accessible to nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants.

A communication to the New York City says that the sum of \$6,500 has been raised by subscription among the men of Chicago and Northwestern railway toward a building which will probably cost \$35,000.

There is an odd love letter in the Museum—a proposal of marriage for the an Egyptian princess, made 300 years ago in the form of an inscribed brick, and the oldest, but the most substantial love existence.

Of the eight preachers at Westminster during July, five were American: Episcopal bishops, namely, Potter, of New York; Walker, of New York; Thompson, of Mississippi; Whipple, of Minnesota; and Sey, of Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. Saunders of Melbourne, the mother of the two lady missionaries who were killed in China, two years ago has offered to the Church Missionary Society as a memorial gift a large number of Bibles, and the fact that they were called to lay down their lives for Christ has not changed her determination.

Cheering news of Christian progress from Korea. Bishop Joyce of the M. E. reports that "all Korea is open to receive the Gospel." Villages and larger communities are now open to missionaries and other Christian workers in the divine truth. We shall have seven new men."

Christian Endeavor Societies in several States are taking a decided stand against the celebration of the Lord's Day. The *Advocate* reports that the State Christian Endeavor Convention at New York City, last week, was presided over by a large majority vote to listen to who had taken a Sunday train to meet his position with the Convention.

It is interesting to learn that among \$23,031 contributed to take advantage of Rockefeller's offer and deliver the Baptist Boards of their burden of debt were subscriptions from foreign missionaries themselves. They gave \$2,293. When men are giving themselves to cause their gifts of money are doubly honorable.

A manual of Baptist Home Missions just prepared by Rev. H. L. Morehouse states the force of missionaries and teachers maintained by the society for 1897 was 1,064. These represented seventeen nationalities, and educational work they control twenty-nine for the colored people, four for the Indians, two for the Mexicans.

A clergyman in Indiana administered the Lord's Supper to the members of his choir recently. He had sat silent when he gave out the first hymn, the service, being offended at some fanciful song. The congregation sang it alone. The clergyman changed the second hymn, substituting one originally chosen. "Let those refuse to never knew our God."

The conversion of a Buddhist in Japan is reported in a Boston journal. The priest had been bitterly hostile to the missionaries deriding them and their work. He led him to read the New Testament. He himself unreservedly to Christ and is now living as a weaver, having renounced his priesthood with its emoluments.

Mr. Wishard is authority for the statement that Young Men's Christian Association has been formed in twenty-five colleges in England. Christian conferences have been held at which delegates have been present from one hundred colleges to study the methods of evangelizing in England and America. More than a hundred young men have become Christians at these conferences.

The Northfield Training School for Women has just completed its seventh year. Its object is to train young women for home-mission work as pastors' helpers, evangelists, etc. Besides Bible-study, which is the principal feature of the course, instruction is given in music, singing, domestic science, cooking, making and nursing, thus giving the pupils training which will fit them to become welcome in the homes of the poor. Inquiries as to terms, etc., may be addressed to Miss Alice B. Northfield, Mass.

Ominous news comes from China of missionary disturbances. The old liabao, the missionaries with child-stealing and other crimes, are again being circulated in the country. At Yu Chen the premises of the missionaries conducted by the Brethren was attacked and utterly destroyed. The missionaries were to the hills but were pursued. By the aid of converts they eventually got away but they were slightly hurt. The names of the missionaries are not given in the dispatch at the riot.

Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology holds its third annual session August 3-10. E. Price, the Dean, has arranged a brilliant series of lectures. Prof. J. C. McCurdy, of the University of Toronto, will lecture on the Old Testament. Dr. George C. Purves, of Princeton, on the New Testament. Dr. Charles J. Little, of the General Institute, on Historical Theology. Dr. North Rice, of Wesleyan, on Physical Theology. Dr. George H. Morris, of Boston University, on Pastoral Theology; and many other preachers have promised to deliver addresses. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Dr. E. Price, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE RACE FOR THE POLE.

Polar exploration is again arousing public interest, but this time in a new form. The long-talked-of balloon voyage of Prof. Andree, the Swedish



PROF. S. A. ANDREE.

front, has at last been attempted. On the professor with two companions made an ascent in his balloon from Spitzbergen. The wind carried the balloon in the direction of the Pole, and when out of sight it was moving apparently at a rate of twenty-two miles an hour. It was known that the professor had a number of carrier pigeons with him, and that when a few days after he set out, the pigeons were found bearing in upon their wings to the effect that the professor had been passed, it was thought that had achieved success. His friends, however, declare that the pigeons are a trick and were not the pigeons Andree took with him. News of the explorer is expected and it may come either from Siberia or Alaska. He would have traveled about seven hundred miles to reach the Pole, and a still longer distance on the other side before reaching any place from which he could send news. The venture is full of danger, but it has many elements favorable to success. One of them is, that as there is no night in the summer of the Arctic regions, there is no opportunity for uninterrupted observation. The air-currents, too, are much less variable in the far north. The meteorological conditions which have prevailed since his departure, are said by his friends to encourage the hope that the balloon will carry his balloon directly to the Pole, but they do not expect to hear from him for several weeks yet. News might come at any time, if the plans were realized. Andree's companions were Dr. Strindberg and Herr Erikell. They took with them provisions sufficient for four months, besides instruments, and a boat to be used in the event of the balloon descending to the sea. The balloon would not be at the mercy of the wind, as it was equipped with an adjustable sail, which could give the explorers the power of directing its course at an angle to the direction of the wind. It was estimated that the balloon could be kept afloat for thirty days, and that with a favorable wind more than six days would be required to reach the Pole. The explorers believe that they have foreseen every difficulty that could arise and have provided for it. Just before starting, they telegraphed to the King of Sweden, who had taken a deep interest in the enterprise, and this was taken to Tromsø in preparation for transmission to Stockholm by the vessel which had carried the explorers and their air-ship to Spitzbergen. They are in excellent spirits at the start,

and were confident of success. The region they hoped to cross is utterly unknown to man. Formerly it was believed to be open sea, but of late, scientists have formed the opinion that it is covered with great hummocks of ice, and utterly desolate. The attempt to explore it began two hundred and ninety years ago, and has cost many lives. From the time when Henry Hudson set sail in 1607 "to find the North Pole," but could not get beyond Spitzbergen, to the present, the solution of the problem has been the dream of explorers. After the ineffectual attempts at the beginning of the seventeenth century, no efforts to penetrate the mystery, of any importance, were made until 1773, and little actual progress was accomplished until 1875, when Captain Nares reached a point about five hundred miles from the Pole. In 1882 Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, crawled about eleven miles nearer. But last year Nansen distanced all previous explorers by penetrating to within two hundred and fifty miles of the goal. Several expeditions are now preparing to start, and among them that of Peary has good prospects of success. If Andree has succeeded in surveying the region from his balloon, he will be able, even if he has not reached the Pole, to give information which will help some other explorer to reach it. At present the explorers do not know what difficulties lie between them and the goal of their ambition, but if Andree can tell them, they may be able to prepare for them and overcome them. They will heed his story and will not act toward it as men too often act toward Him who can show them the way to heaven:

Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which teacheth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. (Isa. 43: 17.)

A Remarkable Memory.

Two opinions about the memory of a shoe maker in California were expressed recently by two of his friends, and each of them quoted a fact in proof. One of them said that the shoemaker had never been known to make a memorandum of the measurements of a foot. He would take the measure and make a pair of shoes that fitted perfectly, and still more remarkable, if the customer wrote him after an interval of years, ordering a pair of shoes, he could make them exactly, without measuring the foot again and without any memoranda to guide him. There was no question as to the fact, for the test had been made repeatedly and the shoemaker never failed by a hair's-breadth. The other friend, however, told a story of the shoemaker which showed that his memory, so good as to his trade, was unreliable in other matters. He said that he had met him on one occasion at the railroad depot at Dixon, Cal. and seeing that he was bewildered, asked him where he was going. "That is what I cannot recollect," said the shoemaker. "I know I have to go somewhere but I cannot remember where." He took out of his pocket a number of letters and read them over to see if he could find any clue, but none of them called for him to make a journey. He was just returning home to inquire where he was going when he came across a paper in his pocket which refreshed his memory. It was a subpoena, and in order to obey it he was obliged to

order a carriage as the train had left which would have taken him to the town where the trial in which he was a witness was to take place. There can be no question as to the wonderful power of his memory, but he did not use it in all matters. The possession of a faculty is not always a guarantee that it will be exercised when it ought to be. Christ reproached the people of his day, not for being without perception, but for neglecting to use it in matters of infinite moment.

When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather; for the sky is red; and in the morning it will be foul weather; for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times? (Matt. 16: 2.)

Spiritual Telepathy.

Several remarkable instances of inexplicable impressions are given by Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) in an article in the *Independent*. He describes one case in which in spite of a letter received in the morning from a sick friend announcing the abatement of his illness, he was so impressed with the imminence of his death that he traveled that night from Liverpool to Glasgow to have a parting interview with him. His impression proved correct; his friend had suffered a relapse and was dying. In another case, Dr. Watson while passing through a city street seemed called to go down a side street in which lived a family belonging to his church. There was no reason for him to call on the family, and as he approached the house he revolved in his mind an excuse for the visit. But the family had left the house and the new occupant could not tell him the num-

acter have occurred in his experience, and he says that he does not remember one in which he was misled. Psychologists explain such monitions on telepathic principles, but there is Scriptural ground for a different explanation:

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left. (Isa. 30: 21.)

Scaling the Enchanted Mesa.

Many romantic myths have been disproved by the daring feat of Prof. Libbey of Princeton in climbing the enchanted Mesa of New Mexico. The Mesa is a huge rock rising abruptly from the desert to a height of seven hundred feet. So perpendicular are its sides that no one until now has ever been able to scale them. All kinds of legends were told about the enchanted mountain. One was that the flat summit sixteen acres in extent was once the abode of the ancestors of the Acomas. It was said that they grew so numerous that it was necessary to cultivate land at the base of the mountain to support the tribe. The young men descended every day by a natural stairway consisting of a detached pillar like an obelisk which in some natural convulsion had fallen against the great rock. But one day while the young men were toiling in the fields below and only the old people and the children were in the home on the top of the rocky fastness, a great storm came up and washed away the sand from the base of the slanting pillar and it fell. The young men were never able to ascend to their homes and they built themselves houses in the valley and became the tribe now known as the Acomas. Nothing, it was said, was ever learned of the old people, the women and children on the Mesa. Gradually the faces that looked wistfully



MAP OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

Showing the Farthest Points North Reached by Various Explorers.

down from the summit grew fewer and at last none were seen any more and the Mesa was sacred to the dead. Even people who did not credit this wild story, believed that traces of ancient Aztec civilization would be found on the summit of the rock by any daring explorer who succeeded in climbing it and there were legends of vast treasures of gold accumulated there by the ancient people. There was, therefore great curiosity about the results of Prof. Libbey's adventure. His first attempt was made with gigantic kites but this failed. Then a brass cannon, borrowed from a life-saving station, was used and eventually a conical shot to which a rope was attached was shot over the Mesa. A steel rope fifteen hundred feet long was then drawn over with a pulley attached. A roughly constructed chair of boards was made and drawn up by means of the pulley block. A rock the weight of a man was sent up first to test the strength of the chair and the ropes and pulley. That being satisfactory, Professor Libbey was drawn up and reached the top safely. The remainder of the party followed and spent the day in exploring the great plateau. No remains of a village could be found and there was no relic to show that any human beings had ever lived there. Monuments of rock were seen resembling those raised by Indians ages ago, but it was uncertain whether they were not natural formations. There was no treasure, no archeological remains. The labor and expense and danger were fruitless. The stories which had been told of the Mesa were all fables. There are sceptics who tell us that a similar disappointment is in store for those who look for heaven at the end of their lives, but the Christian has no cause for apprehension. He can trust Him who said:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." (John 14: 1, 2.)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

THE HOMES OF ASSAM.

A Country Known to Few, but with Many Attractions for the Traveler.



NE of the least known of the provinces of British India is Assam, which embraces the upper valley of the Brahmaputra river for a length of over 500 miles from the point where it enters the north-eastern frontier. On the north are the sub-Himalayan mountain ranges, on the east the forests and mountains that separate the Indian Empire from northern Burmah, and on the south and west are still other mountain chains. It has a total population of about 4,500,000 souls. In former times, the Assamese were Buddhists, but some two hundred years ago they adopted the Brahmanist system, with its divinities, its caste, and its idolatry. Christian missions have made some progress among them, and there are now probably two or three thousand Christians in the country. The climate is temperate, and were it not for the fever-breeding marshes, might be healthy; as it is, the valleys are fatal to Europeans or Americans. The fertile soil (much of which is peculiarly adapted to tea-culture) supports a large agricultural population, and valuable crops of rice, cotton, mustard, &c., are raised.

The lives of the people, almost without exception, are very simple; their natural wants are easily supplied and their little holdings of land produce for their families all the necessities for the average household. Our photograph on this page presents a scene that recalls those pioneer days in our own land, when the housewife and her help dressed, spun, and wove the flax with their own deft fingers, and fashioned it into garments for the household and into bed-sheets and table-linen. For many, many generations the brown-skinned housewives of Assam have been doing the same thing, with never a thought of any better implements than the rude spinning-wheel and the heavy, lumbering loom, with its weary shuttle forever passing from hand to hand. There is little doubt that the Assamese loom is older by many centuries than the looms of Europe, and that it probably came originally either from India or China.

Indolent and good-natured, the Assam peasants would, on the whole, be prosperous, were it not for the curse of opium, which has infected the country. They are lighter in complexion than the Bengali, and their black hair, flat faces, and high cheek-bones, carry a suggestion of Chinese physiognomy. Many of the younger women are strikingly handsome, but, as in other parts of the East, feminine beauty in Assam is short-lived, especially among the lower class. In their domestic relations they are gentle and affectionate, and it is pleasant to witness the universal respect paid to the aged, who are kindly cared for by their relatives and never allowed to become a burden on the community.

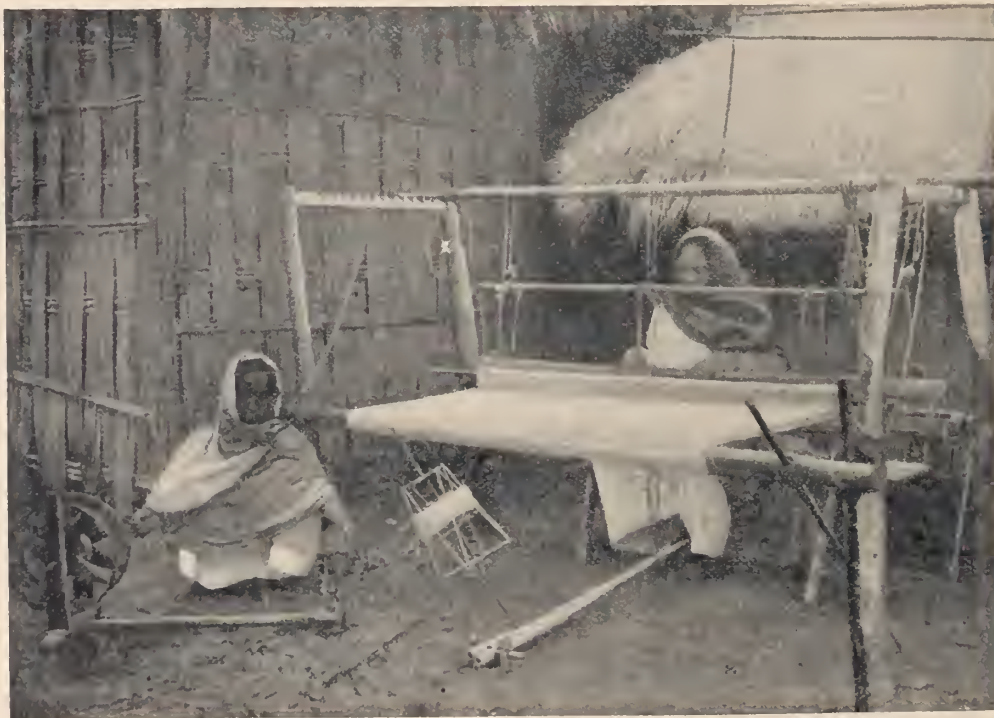
The Children and the Leaves.

When the leaves begin to fall, playthings are literally showered on those children whose eyes and hearts true sympathy has opened, writes Katherine Beebe. It is a commonly pathetic sight in autumn days to see a little child gathering the bright leaves with a wistful what-can-I-do-without-expression, only to throw them away. If he brings them into the house, they are often unnoticed and uncared for, and the most he can expect is to have them put

into a glass of water and forgotten. Kindergarten children bring leaves to their teachers by the bushel, and the wise use made of them in the child-garden can also be made of them at home. The names can be learned; guessing games can be played with them; they can be traced, drawn, and painted; beautiful borders and patterns can be laid with them; tea-tables can be decorated with them; wreaths and festoons can transform the child into an autumn picture for his father; they can also be pressed, varnished, and waxed. In our kindergarten the waxed leaves of last October decorate our tables during the rest of the year for birthday or other parties. Baskets of acorns will be gladly gathered if they can be used, and in many a city kindergarten they would be treasures indeed. The double acorn cups can be strung by slipping the string between the two cups. These productions give much pleasure to the children who have to find the double acorns to string them, as well as to the baby-brother, sister or neighbor to whom they can be presented.

Family Prayer Not Declining.

It has been the custom of irreligious people lately to assert that family worship is declining. A discussion of the subject



AN ASSAMESE HOUSEWIFE AT HER LOOM.

recently led to a test, nineteen representative men being interrogated on the question; and the result has been to show that while in the busy money-making cities family prayer is more or less neglected, there is yet a great multitude of conscientious right-living and right-thinking people, who begin and end the day with God. On this subject the *Christian World* says:

Common worship, to be real and helpful, requires a common consent, and this is, too often absent in the family circles of to-day. The householder is often driven to ask himself whether he is justified in imposing in this way his own ideas on people who do not want them. That Christian people, whether heads or members of households, should do their best to permeate their circle with a Christian atmosphere is as obvious now as it ever was. What is not so obvious as of old is the method of doing it. Those in responsible positions should see to it that the religious expression of the family life should be very bright and helpful, and that the endeavor to secure the influence, in the home, of the law and mind of Christ, be without arbitrariness, or interference with the rights of the individual.

A Midsummer Hailstorm.

One of our readers, Miss Lida Macferan, of Topeka, Kan., sends us a most interesting photograph, which we repro-

duce on this page. She writes that the photograph was taken during the hailstorm of June 24 last. These hailstones, she adds, "are some picked up in our yard, and taken by time exposure as it was 6.30 P.M., when the storm was over. The bowl in the picture is over eighty years old. The average size of the hailstones was from eight to ten inches in circumference." We doubt whether much larger hailstones have fallen anywhere, during the present summer, at least. Exposure outdoors, during the fall of such missiles (each as big as a fair-sized orange), might result in serious injury to man or beast.

During recent thunderstorms in the Eastern states, hailstones as large as hickory nuts fell at Flemington, N. J.; and at High Bridge, in the same state, windows were broken and trees stripped of their leaves by hail. Nowhere, however, did the size of the hailstones equal that of those shown in the photograph. In New York City, also, during a recent thunderstorm, hail fell for several minutes, flattening themselves against window-



MIDSUMMER HAILSTONES (8 TO 10 IN. IN CIRCUMFERENCE) PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER A STORM AT TOPEKA, KAN., JUNE 24.

ALD—in responding to Mr. Hoar's recent appeal in behalf of the feathered songsters of that State. But, in enthusiasm over the birds, we should overlook the claims of our dumb creatures upon our sympathy and protection. Letters have already been sent to this subject, and we give space below one just received from Mr. W. T. Wisner, of Boston, N. Y., who writes:

So much might be said in behalf of our dumb friends there is such urgent need of reform in the care and treatment of these creatures, many of whom seem so absolutely indistinguishable to us, that one hardly knows where to begin. Man is cruel, in many ways, upon animals; the animals depend upon man for food, drink and shelter. How faithfully the noble creatures fulfil the tasks required of them. But are not their value and services often required without treatment, cruel blows, insufficient food and proper care? How small a number of horses we see, have the chance of being properly cared for, and how many show signs of neglect when they are justly and kindly and thoughtful care. The cruel check-rein, and the lashing whip could be replaced by much more gentle treatment. The horse is well fed and cared for, he will not need the whip. It is important that children should be taught to be kind to animals. The boy who is so kindly to his horse is not far from being kind to all animals, and if the horse is badly treated, a few kind words from his master he has learned to trust. Many times prevent a serious accident. It is a serious matter to allow a child to torment a dog or a cat, for the creature soon grows to be the creature of the child. If we would have our children

panes and sky-lights and amusing pedestrians, but the hailstones were small compared with the Kansas product.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WHEN summer days are long and warm, I steer my course so true, To where the mist-wreathed hills and lakes seem ever dim and blue. For there, amid trees and blooming flowers, and rich and fruitful lands, The quaint, old house where I was born, a quiet homestead, stands. I tread a well-worn path once more, where heath low mounds so green, Lie "Father," "Mother,"—so it reads—and "George, aged just nineteen." The rest of us throughout the world, are scattered far and wide, But in this quiet, lowly place, they're resting side by side. I count full many a well-loved name that I have known of yore, Of those who long have "fought the fight," but who have gone before. And when my time on earth is done and I am called to go, Just lay me in this dear old spot, with those I used to know. —ELIZA CARR.

noble, useful men and women, we must it that they are early taught kindness to all God's creatures. Surely, there is true nobility of character without these special elements, gentleness, love, kindness, tender mercies are over all his world "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Royal Little Worshipers.

Queen Victoria regarded the religious instruction of her children as a sacred duty to be delegated to no one else. Of the Princess Royal she wrote in a memorandum: "I am quite clear not only that she should have great reverence for God and religion, but that she should have a feeling of devotion and love for her heavenly Father encourages her children to have for him, and not fear and trembling; and that the thought of death and an after life should be represented in an alarming and fearful view, and that she should be able to know, as yet, no difference of creed, nor think she can pray only on her own terms, or that those who do not kneel are fervent and devout in their prayers."

TUMBLING-BLOCKS.

Inducement to Spiritual Development and to Development of Others which May be Avoided.

Spiritual development was evidently in Christ's opinion the supreme object of being. In the passage associated with the topic (Matt. 18 : 1-14) and elsewhere in his discourses, he presents this as it must be self-evident. To him, position, wealth, social distinction, unimportant matters, in coming with entrance into the kingdom of God. Whether he spoke to Nicodemus, the national aristocracy, to the Pharisees, the nation's teachers, the young ruler, the poor fisherman, the publican, or the woman of Samaria, he placed this fact at the head of the list: there is one thing and one alone of human effort, and that is the inward of the human soul. To the soul regenerated and turned away from animalism of its environment, to the man set to longing for the heavenly, as he puts it, "hungering righteousness," is the supreme object of his life. He considers that there is no high to pay for this. If a man has some habit or connection as his right hand, or his right eye, which hinders his progress, Christ would have him sacrifice it, that his soul might be free. The dearest thing in life is ruthlessly cast off if it is a hindrance to the spiritual. As a racer divests himself of his garments, or a captain flings his freight overboard in a storm to lighten his ship, so a man should give up any attachment, which retards his advance to the divine life. The more reluctant to make the sacrifice, the more sure it is to make it. The possession of a habit, or the connection may be strong in itself, but if it proves a hindrance, it should be given up. The most object in life is the development of the soul, and to promote it Christ would have us sacrifice every hindrance. He would have us so free for the welfare of others that we will make sacrifices to promote it. So it is the responsibility of hindering and causing him to fall, that it is worse than having a stone tied around his neck and being in the sea. The imagery is startling. For searching self-examination, the blessings which may have been received, having been proved to be no hindrance, may have to be cast-off if they are a hindrance to others. We are our brother's keeper in this. We are to recognize our brother's difficulties, and take care that we do not add to his. It is this principle which touches the life in its sorest point. The hindrances to progress now are different from those in Christ's time, but they are for the same treatment. The modern civilization must be met by the same self-abnegation. It is not sufficient to prove to our own satisfaction that we are not worse for the drinking of wine, or a visit to the theatre, or a game of billiards. If our brother is interested with any one of these and is being led to earth by them, he may find it difficult to emancipate himself made free by seeing us indulge in them, and our conduct may be a stumbling-block to him. The boy going from his country to the temptations of the city is in danger. He may lose his soul in the city. What can we do for him? He has seen us drinking intoxicating liquor, or sitting down to a game of billiards, or recollection of the fact and the knowledge that no harm has come to us, may cross his mind when is away from home and is assailed by temptation. We may be the cause of his entering the city, which he would otherwise avoid, when he may lose his soul. Just at the moment when his fate hangs in the balance, when, if we knew his situation, we could plead with him to resist temptation, and wrestle in prayer for him, our example, may unknown to us, be the stumbling-block which works his ruin. These stumbling-blocks are serious matters, and the fact that we may lay them in our way in our brother's way should be a vigilant in our conduct:



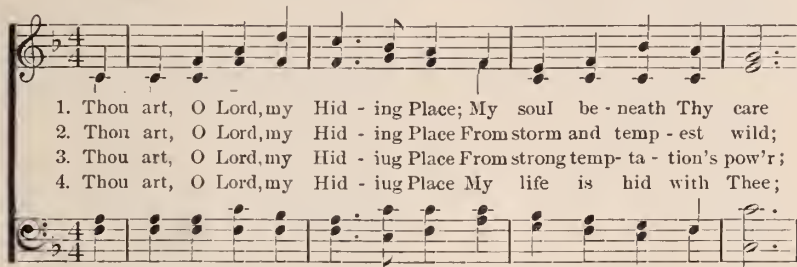
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

My Hiding Place.

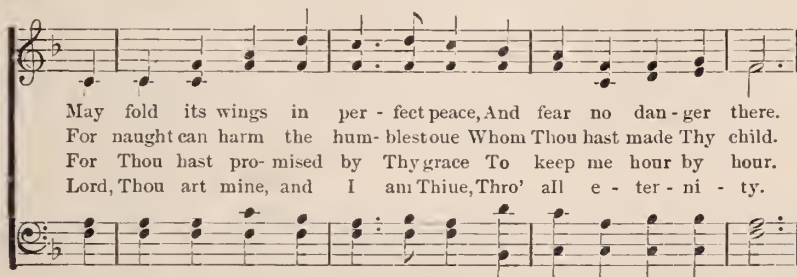
"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

R. HUTCHINSON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

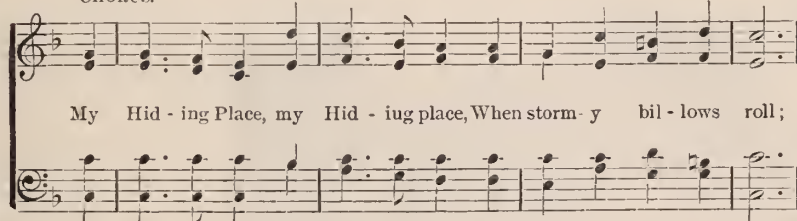


1. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place; My soul be - neath Thy care
2. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place From storm and temp - est wild;
3. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place From strong temp - ta - tion's pow'r;
4. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place My life is hid with Thee;

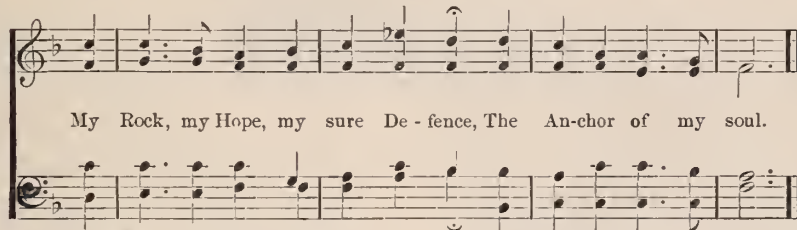


May fold its wings in per - fect peace, And fear no dan - ger there.
For naught can harm the hum - blest one Whom Thou hast made Thy child.
For Thou hast pro - mised by Thy grace To keep me hour by hour.
Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine, Tho' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



My Hid - ing Place, my Hid - ing place, When storm - y bil - lows roll;



My Rock, my Hope, my sure De - fence, The An - chor of my soul.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

JESUS, PRECIOUS LAMB OF GOD.

JESUS precious Lamb of God,
Let me feel thy presence near;
Storms and conflicts rage around,
Thou alone, canst bless and cheer.
Thou dost all my sorrows know,
Thou canst comfort and sustain,
In thy faithful Word, I trust;
Every earthly hope is vain.
Saviour, bid these storms subside,
Winds and waves thy voice obeyed;
Let me hear thy soothing words,
"It is I, be not afraid."
Let me feel thy promised peace
Falling on this troubled heart;
Scatter all my doubts and fears,
Stronger faith to me impart.
Jesus, precious, dearest Friend,
All my hopes are placed on thee;
Weak and worthless in myself,
Thou my all in all must be.
Sheltered 'neath thy sprinkled blood,
There my soul can safely rest;
Precious Saviour, Love Divine!
Be thou my abiding Guest.
Thou, though storms may bark assail,
And the tempests loudly roar;
With my Saviour guiding me,
I shall reach the shining shore.
Sin and sorrow left behind,
Tears forever wiped away,
Face to face with him I love,
Through a bright and endless day.

Stöyner, Ont.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

TO THEE I CRY.

FATHER, let me cling to thee,
Little strength have I;
I am on a troubled sea,
Thou canst pacify.
Hear, O God, my earnest plea,
Heavenly Father, shelter me;
I can cry to none but thee;
Harken to my cry.
Leave me not in my distress,
Father, faithful Friend;
Come with all thy tenderness,
Thy poor child defend.
Often I am comfortless,
Sinking in my weariness,
Come my Father, then, and bless;
To my needs attend.
O, how lonely were my soul,
If thou part from me,
Worlds of wealth could not console
Or requite for thee.
If of wealth I had the whole—
Kingdoms were in my control;
I would spurn the wretched dole,
Thy dear child to be.
Father, just to thee I cling;
All to thee consign,
Sheltered underneath thy wing,
Safely I recline.
Thou my soul wilt safely bring,
To the land of endless spring,
There unceasing I may sing,
Of my Lord divine.

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Indications National, Political, and Social of the Approach of the End.

BY REV. G. H. PEMBER, M. A.

(Continued from last week.)

ESIDES the signs already mentioned, of the existing conditions of society, which show how closely our age corresponds to the description Christ and the prophets gave of the last times, there are others no less significant.

The growing impatience and irritability of men, arising from the abuse of stimulants and narcotics, and the painful pressure and excitement of modern life, are beginning to manifest themselves in deeds of recklessness and violence, such as may be found in the records of any newspaper; while lawlessness and crime of every description are increasing, and often assume shapes difficult to detect or punish.

And over all sin and misery the giant forms of still more terrible woes are projecting their advancing shadows. Europe is armed to an extent hitherto unknown, and has been converted into a vast camp through the jealousy of the great Powers, which are simply waiting for an opportunity of carrying out their aggressive schemes.

Yet again, the rapid spread of socialistic principles among all the nations of Christendom, and the numerous secret leagues organized for their propagation, are giving statesmen grave cause to apprehend a revolutionary outburst which may shatter the whole framework of society.

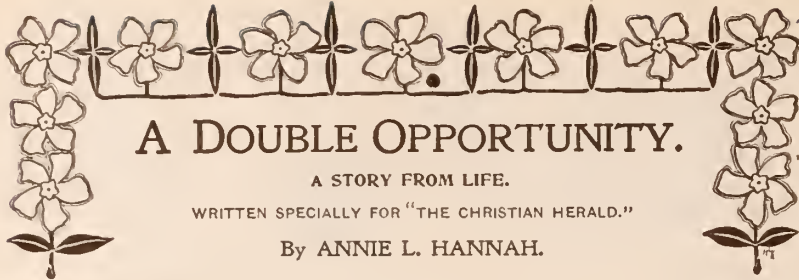
Nor are physical commotions wanting to complete the resemblance. The last few years have been unusually prolific in violent storms and inundations destructive to life and property. Earthquakes are frequent, and the shocks, though at present comparatively slight, seem by their ubiquity to betoken a widespread disturbance in the bowels of the earth, which may culminate in some appalling catastrophe. Famines, too, have occurred in divers places; in India, in Persia, in China, in Morocco, and in several other countries, while various kinds of sickness and disease seem more than usually prevalent.

Now all these things—and many others which might be mentioned, do indeed forebode disasters and widespread distress, but not necessarily the last tribulation, the final death throes of the world. For earth has had her times of convulsion, suffering and change, in former days. God's sore plagues—war, famine, pestilence, and the beasts of the earth, have often desolated her lands in past years, and yet the end has not followed. Nay, were we to feel the solid ground trembling beneath us and behold the mountains lift up and cast into the sea, even such a sight would not in itself prove that the great day of the Lord had come.

Men have often forgotten this, and, when appealing to Scripture, have too frequently drawn their inferences from an exaggeration of one or more detached texts, instead of carefully considering all that the prophets have spoken. Hence there have been many false alarms and panics.

A remarkable instance occurred at the close of the sixth century. At that time men had become so accustomed to the domination of Rome that they believed her power could only perish with the world itself. And so, when they saw her apparently in the pangs of dissolution, with her lands wasted by war, famine, and disease, to such a degree that many once populous places had become pestilential, they imagined that the world also had run its course, and that the last dread judgment was near at hand.

Our duty, then, is to take heed that we be not carried away by vain excitements, of which there are too many in our day; but we must be still more careful to avoid the opposite extreme. It is better to be troubled by many false alarms than to be once taken by surprise. The inhabitants of earth must awake some morning to find that the day of the Lord is present: and as a snare will it come upon all those who have not understood the warnings of revelation. It is, then, our duty to pray for wisdom that we may understand, and for the power of the Holy Spirit that we may watch. Nor could words be stronger than our Lord's injunction: "Take ye heed," he said, "watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."



A DOUBLE OPPORTUNITY.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By ANNIE L. HANNAH.



CHAPTER I.

WITH a long-drawn breath, and a motion of his shoulders as though throwing off some heavy burden, David Ransom paused and looked about him.

Free! Free at last to go where he would—but where was that to be?

There was nothing unusual about David's story, on the contrary it was pitifully commonplace. The old, old tale of sudden temptation under cruel pressure, followed by the fall which ended in those two bitter years of prison life. But now that his sentence was served out, what next? That was the question which flashed into the man's mind, as, leaving the highway, he turned off into a side road and flung himself at the foot of a great tree which dropped its gold and crimson leaves about him. It had presented itself to him repeatedly during those last weeks of his prison life, but he had always thrust it from him. Now, however, the time had come when it could be ignored no longer, when it must be faced and answered.

Had his mother been alive it is possible that he might have had faith to go to her, but she had died, "fortunately," he told himself bitterly, before his disgrace. He felt that he richly deserved all his punishment, and more than all that had come to him; and it was through no effort on his part that his sentence was greatly commuted. He would not have offered his blameless past as a reason why this should be; but his lawyer made much of it, and the judge, saw through the stony reserve which deceived others, and in pronouncing the sentence said some words for which the prisoner, though to outward appearance unmoved, blessed him in his heart.

In prison he worked with almost fierce energy at whatever was given him to do; welcoming the most severe and arduous toil, as though bodily pain and exertion might in some degree atone for the guilt of his soul.

And so the days and weeks passed away, the last day of his incarceration came and went, and David Ransom was a free man once more.

Free! He could have laughed aloud at the paradox. Free! with his hands tied! weighted down and compassed about with those two years of prison life? Who would employ a man whose last "character" was to be obtained from his jailer?

He had no right to be bitter, this man, this "common thief," as he called himself, acknowledging, as he did, that he had sinned with his eyes opened; but he was bitter nevertheless, and utterly hopeless as he looked forward into the future. He was no worse, he knew, than hundreds of men who daily infringe the spirit of the law, the letter of which he had broken; who richly deserved, but had escaped his punishment, thereby remaining blameless in the eyes which looked with disgust upon him. Among those was that man through whom he had fallen, and who still walked among his fellow men with his head held high, looking into honest eyes with bold, unflinching gaze. David might have exposed his duplicity had he been one to whom the punishment of the

wicked brought satisfaction; but the man was husband and father to an innocent, lovely young wife and happy, laughing children, and he passed his opportunity by with a sort of proud satisfaction.

But what was there left for him? He had fallen once, and his whole life was to be ruined by what he knew himself to have been but a momentary madness. By nature he was honorable and upright to a degree, and had he but the opportunity, he would prove it.

But who would accept his view of the matter? Who would believe that a man who had spent two years, justly, in jail was to be trusted?

With a smothered cry he sprang to his feet and went striding up and down beneath the glowing trees, his strong, white teeth gnawing fiercely at his under lip; but presently he stopped suddenly as though struck by some idea, and thrusting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, brought forth paper and pencil. They had been returned to him, with his clothes, that morning, and that the edges of the paper were stained and darkened rather helped than hindered his purpose. Tearing off a blank sheet from a letter he



HE FLUNG HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH BENEATH THE HEDGE.

seated himself again and deliberately proceeded to the composition of a recommendation. He had always written a good hand, and having done not a little clerical work in the jail, found no difficulty in that respect. He informed "whom it might concern" that David Ransom was a man of strict integrity; one who might be trusted in any family to an unlimited extent. As to his working capacity the reader was advised to let that speak for itself.

To this he signed a name invented for the occasion, and dated it from a not well-known town in California, some six months previous. That accomplished, he rose, picked up his bundle, and with a grim smile upon his handsome lips, continued his journey. With every intention to deceive he had amused himself by keeping strictly within what he knew would be the truth were he to be accepted on his credentials. If he were not—his face took on a dark expression. After waiting an hour, he took a train going into the heart of the country, and after riding fifty miles or more, left the cars and struck out in a direction in which, the station-master informed him in response to his apparently careless question, there was not another line for twenty miles. He stopped and

bought some food at a small shop, and having refreshed himself with this, walked on, mile after mile, through groves and over meadows, by dancing brook and glimmering lake, through smiling valley and up and down the sweet slopes of gentle hills till finally, just before sunset, he found himself utterly spent and exhausted by his unaccustomed exercise. Then, and not till then, did he pause and look about him for some place in which to spend the night. He had passed through more than one small hamlet, by many and many a farm, but had refused to stop till he could go no further. But now that he was forced to acknowledge the limit of his endurance reached, he was glad to discover, on leaving a lovely woodland road, through which for half an hour he had been walking, that he was almost upon a fine old farmhouse surrounded by its barns and outhouses.

Here was just the place for him to pass that night, and many another night, if his plan proved successful. He had been brought up on his grandfather's farm and was quite competent to fill any position which he might be fortunate enough to secure. It was not his intention to present himself to the farmer at once. He felt jaded and depressed. After dark he might be able to secure a bed in some hospitable haymow; and in the morning, when rested and refreshed he would feel more ready to face what might be before him.

Leaving the road he entered a meadow skirted by a tangled thicket of blackberry and sumac bushes, and thus sheltered passed on till nearly opposite the farm. A man was busy about one of the great barns. Anxious to escape observation, David flung himself at full length beneath the hedge, and after eating what remained of his lunch, he lay gazing straight up, scarce moving till the stars began to twinkle "in the meadows of the sky."

Lights shone through the farmhouse windows, and now a lantern flashed about the barn like a will-o'-the-wisp. An hour, two, three passed by and the lights were out. Chilled to the bone by the keen night air, and damp with dew, he rose stiffly to his feet and half walked, half stumbled across the road and up to the barn door.

It was deliciously warm within from the stored up rays of the

noonday sun; and the sweet breath of the hay came to greet him.

With little difficulty he found the ladder leading to the loft, and in another moment had mounted it, and presently had made for himself a snug and cozy nest in the sweet-scented, springy hay.

Down into its fragrant depths David curled himself, drew the hay up about his shoulders, and straightway fell asleep.

(Concluded next week.)

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A lamp does not burn very well, and eats its head off in chimneys, unless you use the chimney made for it.

Index tells.

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Home Talks with
Mothers and Daughters.
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Stranger Within the Gates

WHEN one goes away from home to pay even a friendly visit, there are certain obligations which belong to her as a guest. She is bound, for instance, to be courteous and amiable, to listen and deaf to anything unpleasant which may occur in the family who are entertaining her, to be as entertaining as possible in every way to add to the pleasure of those under whose roof she is for a time. All well-bred people understand that no guest who is in the household will be indifferent to the rules of the household. If people have certain duties for breakfast and dinner, she will observe these, even if these are quite different from the hours she keeps at home. She will never be late in fulfilling an engagement, she will be interested in the interests of her hostess, and when these come to call on her, or when they give her polite attentions, she will manifest pleasure and will be as agreeable as possible to everyone whom she meets. She will try to keep her room in order, and she may not find it necessary to be the hostess of any cares, she will not add to the burden of care which belongs to the keeping of every household. If her hostess has no domestic duties, it will be quite in order for the guest to stay a day, a week, or a month, to take up her own room, and in any little spare way to assist the mistress in whatever she may be doing. She will not always keep herself to the family; the ideal guest has respect for herself. She has her own engagements, her letters to write, her books to read, her walks to take, her occupations which enable her at times to withdraw from the family and leave it to its privacy and its own concerns. A mother once told her daughter who was going away for the first visit that, "I cannot tell you how to be except that of course you will be as delicate and thoughtful away from home as you have been trained to be in your mother's house; but every family has its times to be by itself, so be sure that you are not always in evidence. Sometimes go away by yourself, so that you feel that you must always be a part of the family."

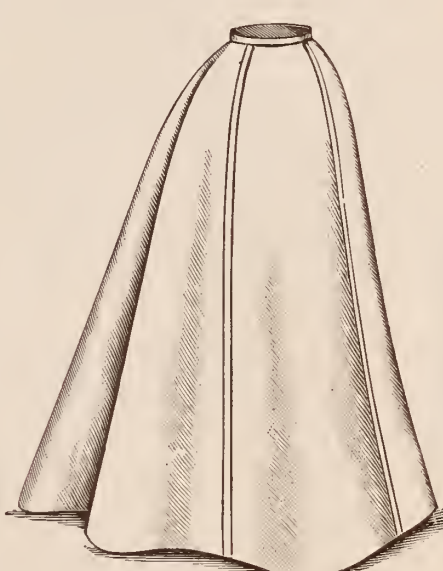
The situation is really not very different when a person becomes an inmate, either for business reasons or as a boarder, in a family than one's own. If a person accepts a position as private secretary, governess or companion or as an invalid, she has of course certain defined duties, and has hours which are presumably her own, in which she may do what she pleases and carry on her own affairs. In the hours which are for the family which belong to her employment, of course conscientiously fulfill her obligation. Even then as a member of the household she will always try to act as a daughter might, or a well-bred woman might, not putting herself obtrusively forward nor hanging in the background, and then there is anything which she should do in which she may make herself useful and agreeable. People who sometimes act as if the whole household were for them, the fact being that the household is really their own is the worst of which they pay; and no amount of money paid gives one the right to be a burden to the comfort of others, or to be in any way unladylike. The household has fallen in to disfavor of late years, but it is a good old word to which I think it has its place. A woman who is not a lady is uniformly courteous, thoughtful and considerate of others. No one going this summer away from home expects to board in a private cottage, or in a summer cottage, or in a place where one can afford to forget her ladyhood and be a part of the household. In this world we are all bound up in one another. No one of us, on account of more

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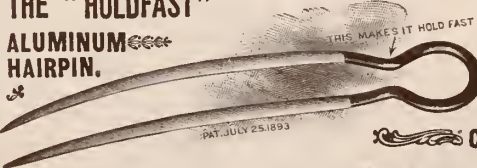
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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Deaconesses' Sheet Fund.



HERE are many kinds of heroism. The most common kind, and the sort that is most easily appreciated, is the dashing, aggressive onslaught on the enemy. Some picturesque undertaking like Sheridan's ride from Winchester; a scene which lends itself easily to the canvas of the painter, the tongue of the orator, or the pen of the poet. Then there is another sort that we

life, flocking for sympathy and wisdom, I seem to see in her cultivated, sympathetic helpfulness, the shining keys hanging at the girdle that are able to unlock many a doorway that seems forbidding, and lead trembling feet through in safety to the brighter life beyond.

Mrs. Hull was at a Home Missionary meeting not long ago, and she heard a little talk given by one of the nurse-deaconesses concerning a poor sick woman whom she was nursing. The woman was very worthy but extremely poor, not even having sheets for the bed. The deaconess went on to relate how often it was the case in the homes of the very poor, that the luxury of clean sheets was unknown, even in cases of severe illness. The statement of the deaconess was a revelation to Mrs. Hull. She had known, of course, that the very poor must suffer many privations, but it had not occurred to her that here and there through the city were many poor sufferers who in times of hot fever and painful restlessness, never knew the soothing comfort that comes from drawing cool spotless sheets over the fevered body. As the good woman listened to the story of the deaconess, she remembered that at that very moment there were some splendid sheets lying in her trunk, souvenirs from her own happy housekeeping days now gone by, and she felt ashamed that they should be folded away in camphor, while God's poor children suffered for need of them.

She immediately went home and took the sheets out and sent them at once to the Deaconess' Home. Then she put a box on her writing-desk, and marked it "The Deaconess' Sheet Fund," and the money that can be spared goes into it, and her friends add to it as they can, and every time enough is gathered to buy a pair of sheets, they are purchased and hemmed and go on their way of loving ministrations. God bless the Sheet Fund, and multiply the people who shall live in the same heroic cheerfulness to attack the lesser demons that afflict poor humanity!



MRS. ANNA E. HULL.

can all easily understand. It is the heroism of self-sacrifice.

Then there is the quieter, but none the less sublime heroism of the saint in the bondage of affliction. One with a soul large, and strong, and full of divine longing for the performance of noble deeds, and splendid achievement, that is shut in like Joseph in the Egyptian dungeon, or Paul in Nero's prison in Rome, or some fragile woman chained to her sick-bed through weary months of lingering illness.

There is a heroism of another kind from any of those I have mentioned. It is the heroic spirit exhibiting itself in little things, that may help to sweeten human existence.

I have just discovered a woman illustrating this remarkably helpful sort of heroism.

Mrs. Anna E. Hull is the large-souled and genial-natured Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, in the city of Cleveland. She is one of those strong warm natures which seem to gather as they go through youth and middle age rich sheaves of experience and wisdom, which it is their joyous ability to impart to the young who find in them friend and leader. I remember in one of Phillips Brooks great sermons, he says that every experience of trial and grief we pass through in life, and come out, by the strength of God victorious, we are given the key to that trial, and are ever after able to unlock it, and show the way through to others. When I see a woman like Mrs. Hull, about whom I see young girls who are away from home and mother and the guarding associations of home

Woman's Writes

Believe in Woman's Writes? Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these:

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—MRS. JOHN A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.

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We request that you carefully read all details below given of our new and improved word-spelling contest. The word now announced is **Geographical**. It contains twelve letters. Our offer is to give **\$300 in cash prizes**, and an extra prize of a very choice book to persons who make smaller lists of words from "Geographical." This is the manner of compiling them: Heal, peal, leap, ape, grape, par, harp, clog, and so on; use these seven words and as many more as you can think of, but you cannot use a letter twice in the same word except **G** or **A**, and we will permit you to use these letters twice because they are repeated in "Geographical." After studying out all the words you can, write them neatly on paper, putting them alphabetically. For example, place all words that begin with **A** together, and so on, in order to facilitate the examining by our committee. No names of persons (such as Ralph), or names of places (such as Georgia), or other proper nouns, will be admissible, neither will we count abbreviations, prefixes, suffixes, obsolete or foreign words. No words will be allowed unless they are printed in the dictionary section of "Woman's World Dictionary and Reliable Guide." We therefore advise you to send for this new book at once, so that you can compile your list of words successfully. In previous contests the prizes have been awarded to persons having access to all dictionaries, encyclopedias, directories and books of reference in large cities and colleges. **In this contest, as the "Woman's World Dictionary and Reliable Guide" will be the guide and basis of comparison for all lists, this contest will give every one an equal chance, whether living in country or city. It makes the contest a simple one.**

Prizes to be Paid.

For the most complete list of words sent us in accordance with our rules, we will pay **\$100 in gold**. For the second largest list we will pay **\$50 in gold**. For the next five largest lists we will pay each **\$10 in gold**. Next twenty largest lists, **\$5 each**. For every list sent us we will give a new edition of the famous and popular story entitled "**The Scarlet Letter**," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most celebrated and fascinating books in American literature, neatly printed in good clear type, prettily bound and unabridged. This book, in cloth-bound form, has been sold at **\$1.25**, but you get the full story free, postpaid, when we receive your list. We shall also award other high prizes; each same and of equal high valuation, to contestants who use our Dictionary, the only condition being that the recipient of a gift shall become a regular subscriber to **Woman's World and Jenness Miller Monthly**. **Contest Ends Oct. 19, 1897.**

This "Geographical" word-spelling contest will be closed Oct. 19, and your list must positively reach us not later than that date. This affords you ample opportunity to send now and secure the "**Woman's World Dictionary and Reliable Guide**," and compile your list of words according thereto. We agree that every person who buys our Dictionary and compiles a list carefully shall receive a prize of good value in addition to the opportunity of earning one of the valuable cash prizes on conditions in above paragraph.

Read Every Word of This

All lists of words entered in this contest will be examined according to the rules in the Dictionary Department of

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A mint of information. This dictionary excels, in completeness and compactness of value, any book of the kind ever published. It includes over **50,000 words** which are fully pronounced; it is a dictionary compiled up to this month with new words added. It includes a **Practical Gazetteer of the World**, giving most important information about every country, the globe, with populations, names of rivers, cities, areas, etc. It shows the values of foreign money, old coins, etc. It gives rules for spelling, also relations that every one should learn. This compilation contains the essential rules of etiquette in six books, teaching the rules of good society in public, in the parlor, dining-room, when courting, etc. Golden Rule helps. All about punctuation. Guide for making notes, due bills, etc., legally. How to use letters on business, love or social attachments. Definitions of foreign phrases. Elementary rules; how to conduct a correspondence on many subjects, what to say at weddings, presentations, school exercises, etc. A Perpetual Calendar, enables you to tell any day of the month for the last 200 years or for the next 100 years to come. The "Woman's World Dictionary and Reliable Guide" is handsomely bound in cloth, lettered in gold, in clear type on extra quality paper, is in every respect a most important and valuable reference library. We will send it by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of your list in silver or stamps. Address: **MAN'S WORLD PUB. CO., 22-N. William street, New York City.**

Closing Information.

After you have carefully compiled your list of words, send it to us, with **50 cents** to pay for three months' subscription to our charming, handsomely-printed, profusely-illustrated magazine, **Woman's World and Jenness Miller Monthly**, soon as your list and subscription are received, the prize of the story, "**The Scarlet Letter**," in book form, will be sent you. When the committee finally closes the lists, directly after Oct. 19, **\$300 in cash prizes** will be for the contestants, and, as above guaranteed, we will also give prizes of high value to contestants who have used our Dictionary in addition to the opportunity to win valuable cash prizes for largest lists. To avoid any mistakes, we shall send a copy of each Dictionary, which, when attached to your list, will insure it to be given in accordance with the excellence of your list.

In conclusion, we assure you that we are perfectly trustworthy. We have over **\$10,000 in prizes** of cash, etc., a year. We refer to any merchant or banker as to our reliability. If you have not seen the Dictionary, ask him or her to investigate. We wish to also state, for assurance, that we always return to any dissatisfied person. Address:

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The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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The Earth's Population.

WHAT will undoubtedly be the greatest census that has ever been taken since the beginning of history, was recently set on by the International Statistical Institute. It is proposed to take a census of all the inhabitants of the globe, and the results to be published on Jan. 1, 1901. The purpose is to include as far as possible every human being upon the earth on that day in 1900. Census-takers and explorers will be sent to the most distant lands and every available facility will be employed to make the work a success. It is with its vast population and its

G. R. ENCAMPMENT BUFFALO.

It takes via Pennsylvania Railroad. The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Buffalo, August 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets on its system to Buffalo and return for a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 23, and good to return not earlier than August 27, nor later than August 31, 1897.

If you're not feeling well do not experiment with unknown and untried blood medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard. It is the one true blood purifier. Hood's Cures.

Tartar and Asiatic dependencies: China with her teeming millions; Africa, Afghanistan, Persia, Asiatic Turkey, the Arctic will be included in the enumeration. A European statistician, says:

"For many years past the common estimate of the number of the world's inhabitants has been 1,500,000,000—i. e., about thirty inhabitants to every square mile of land on the globe. If all these inhabitants could be arranged in a row, standing shoulder touching shoulder, there are enough of them to completely encircle the earth at the equator, where it is about 25,000 miles around, no less than 22 3/4 times! twenty-two complete circles of human beings, shoulder to shoulder, and three quarters of another such circle, standing round the globe where its girth is greatest—that is the spectacle that would be presented. But it is probable that the inhabitants of the earth are much more numerous than the estimate given above shows. One of the latest estimates made in Germany assigns no less than 1,700,000,000 as the population of the earth. That would add three complete circles to our imaginary rows of human beings ringing the globe. Taking 400,000,000 as the population of China (and that estimate may be much too small) there would be six globe encircling rings of Chinamen alone. There are unquestionably more Mongolians on the planet than there are members of any other race of mankind. Only by intellectual superiority do Europe and America hold the lead on the globe."

A Dilemma And the Way Out.

There are thousands of Hay-Fever and Asthma sufferers who cannot resort to a change of climate during their annual attacks, either because of the expense or because duties at home will not permit their absence. *They have to stay and suffer.*

There are many, also, who are year by year finding that places heretofore exempt are becoming less and less so, and they must *move on* to find new locations where they can escape the Hay-Fever fiend.

Now this is all wrong. When doctors tell you that Hay-Fever cannot be cured, they simply mean that *they* cannot cure you.

What is it that makes one man have Hay-Fever or Asthma and another escape entirely right by his side, exposed to the same pollen, same dust, same influences?

The dust is not the cause; the pollen is not the cause; nasal growths are not the cause.

The disease is in the blood and nervous system; and it is the *constitutional pre-disposition* that gives power to the dust or pollen or other exciting influences, to awaken the disease and make one man suffer while another goes free.

Our constitutional treatment for Asthma and Hay-Fever is addressed to this *pre-disposition*, and by *changing the constitution, eradicates the cause and cures to stay cured*, taking out of a man that *which makes him different from the man* who has no disease, and giving a robust body strong and healthful.

That these statements are correct, and that our treatment does just what we say, is testified to by thousands who have tried it and know whereof they speak. A few of the grateful words of former sufferers appear herewith. You can have the names and addresses of more than two thousand more if you wish them.

You cannot afford to neglect investigating this matter fully. Write to us for further information. Address

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Head-ache

is a dangerous disease, though generally considered of little significance, owing to the fact that comparatively few people understand its true cause or consequences. Thousands of people who are suffering from epilepsy, apoplexy, insanity, paralysis, weak minds, heart trouble, etc., have not the remotest idea that their disease is attributable to repeated or prolonged attacks of headache. The cause of headache is a derangement of the nerve centres of the brain, which in turn affect other portions of the body and develop serious and fatal diseases. Thus it will readily be understood why it is a most dangerous disease.

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"I have not had Asthma since taking your treatment for six weeks in 1893, nor have I had any symptoms of it. You can put in your name for me. I am a well man." **T. L. RANDOLPH, Cameron, Texas.** April 23, 1897.

"I am glad to add my testimony to the hundreds of others, as to the benefit derived from your treatment last season. It is the only relief for Hay-Fever that I have found in thirty years. My general health is much better and have had no trouble with colds the past winter." **MRS. H. L. PHELPS, Springfield, Ill.**

"I take this opportunity of making known the fact that your treatment last fall for Hay-Fever certainly did wonders for me. I am glad to lend you my name in your work for suffering humanity. I have suffered from hayfever with Hay-Fever Asthma until I found you last year. In former years the disease rendered me unfit for work or sleep. After beginning your treatment I had no Asthma at all and I felt much improved in every respect. I am now fifty years old." **A. M. CLOUD, Springdale, Tenn.**

"Having suffered acutely from Hay-Fever for twenty years, and finding relief only in Europe or the mountains, it needed only a few days' trial of your treatment to find perfect relief. I took the medicines six weeks last season and their effect upon my system was constantly beneficial in every way. I sleep, eat and work as well as ever, my complexion is clearer than for years, and during the past winter, although the weather has been very trying, I have been absolutely free from any colds or coughs." **RALPH EMERSON, 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

"In reply to yours of the 19th, will say that I cheerfully endorse and recommend your treatment for Hay-Fever. Having been a sufferer for eighteen years with an annual attack lasting from six to eight weeks, and after trying all remedies to which my attention was directed, I commenced using your treatment three years ago. The first year I was greatly helped by the treatment; the next season the attack was not so violent, and last season was so slight as to cause me very little annoyance. I believe that the treatment this year will effect a permanent cure." **J. W. BREWSTER, U.S. Commissioner for the Circuit Court, District of Colo. Cripple Creek, Colo., March 31, '97.**

"I did not send you a report of my condition because I felt so well that I discontinued the use of the medicines. I scarcely know how to thank you for the good results your medicines produced in making the dreaded Hay-Fever and Asthma bearable to me. Every year during the Fever season, I have had to leave the city at great expense and inconvenience to myself and then suffered from the Asthma on my return. I tried every remedy suggested by friends, had operations performed upon my throat and nose, but to no purpose. Since I started to take your medicines, I have been absolutely free from Asthma and remained quietly at home happy and grateful. If you desire, you may publish this in order that your medicines may do for other sufferers what they have done for me." Respectfully yours, **REV. M. MESSING, 285 N. Delaware St., Oct. 9th, 1896. Indianapolis, Ind.**

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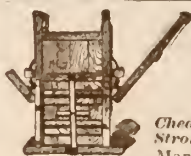
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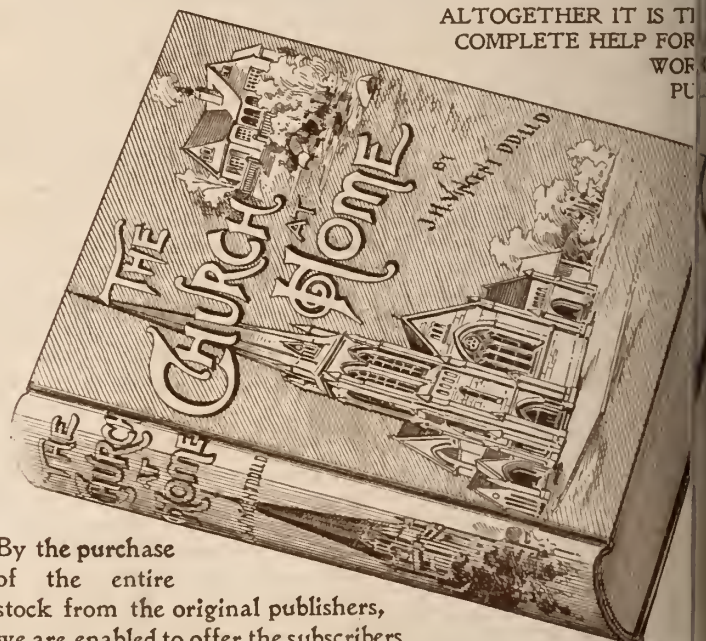
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 32.

De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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HOSPITALITY IN THE ORIENT.

Stranger is Welcomed in Arab and Syrian Homes—The Dinner Table and its Surroundings—An Arab Meal.

HOSPITALITY is one of the leading traits of Oriental character. With the Arabs, it is a part of their religion, and whether the host be Bedouin or city-dweller, the duty is equally incumbent upon him to extend to his guest the best his home affords, and to give him also complete protection while under his roof. In multitudes of Arab homes in the cities of Arabia Proper, as well as among the Syrian Arabs, who have adopted the Jewish mode of life, the generous rules of hospitality that prevailed in patriarchal times are still ob-

servant of Jerusalem, the needy stranger usually finds a welcome, and a seat at the household table.

Everywhere in Egypt and Palestine, small, low, flat tables, of the same general character as that shown in our illustration, are in common use. In some parts of the Holy Land, the peasants—Arab, Syrian and Hebrew alike—use a flat, circular leather bag (through which a cord has been run), and at meal-time this bag is spread on the ground with a small wooden stool placed in the centre, to receive the principal dish, the other dishes being laid on the bag. In many homes, however, the bag is dispensed with and a table with platters to hold the chopped meat is used

been baked on a hearth of heated stones), and rolling or twisting it with his fingers, dips it into the principal dish, a portion of which is conveyed to the mouth. When the tough, thin cake becomes soft, it is eaten with the rice or stewed meat, or whatever the dish may be. Everything is eaten with the fingers. Water is served at table from baked clay jars or pitchers of the same unvarying pattern so common in the east. After the meal, the crumbs and bits of refuse are thrown to the dogs or fowls, and the table set in a corner for future use.

There are many points of resemblance between the tables of the ancient Hebrews and those in use among the Arabs to-day. A feature of both was a piece of skin or leather spread upon the ground upon which the table was set. In Palestine at the present day the custom is to use a polygonal stool, called the *kursi*, about

gently near. In homes of a better class, a servant stands behind the diners to pass the water pitcher and wait upon any guest who may be present.

From the Persians, Greeks and Romans, the richest people of the East adopted many luxurious practices, among them the custom of reclining at meals. "Dinner-beds" were among the luxuries of King Ahasuerus' palace at Shushan, and special tables were placed in front of the couches or divans for the convenience of the guests.

Wherever any allusion appears in either the Old or New Testament to "sitting at meat," it is probable that the custom of reclining is implied. Among the poorer people, however, the old method of sitting around a common table is everywhere prevalent. In ancient Egypt, low chairs or stools were employed, on which the diners sat with the right knee raised



AN ARAB FAMILY OF CAIRO AT THE AFTERNOON MEAL.

ed. The stranger must be welcomed, to drink coffee, or even water, or to talk and eat salt together, establishes a sacred bond of amity. It is not therefore, that even in the humblest of Arab dwellings in Cairo, Damas-

instead. Around this the entire family sit down in a circle, all squatting either on mats or upon the ground, each member having previously washed his hands with the most scrupulous care. Each diner takes a cake of thin dough (which has

14 inches high, surmounted by a tray—the *seniyeh*—made either of basket-work or metal and upon this the food is placed, the whole table being known as the *sufrah*. Under the tray on a mat, lies the bread and the water pitcher is conven-

to form a support for the hand. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though sometimes—as on the occasion of a high feast or banquet—the tables were often of sufficient size to accommodate a considerable number of persons.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

C. A. C., Pepperell, Mass. "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature." Is the word creature limited to the human family, or does it include animals, horses, cattle, cats and dogs? Is there any moment or place where we may not "preach the Gospel?"

It means strictly the human race, in every clime, color and condition. This is the construction the leading biblical scholars place upon the passages Mark 16: 15 and Col. 1: 23. In a still wider sense, however, we can construe it as meaning also that we should illustrate the Gospel of Christian love and kindness in our dealings with all created things. The life of the true Christian should be a daily and hourly exemplification of the Gospel.

S. D. E., Rockwood, Tenn. When, where, and why did the custom originate to bury the dead with their feet toward the east?

The earliest Christian churches faced eastward, and, even later, when this was not so general, the sacramental table was so placed that the worshipers facing it had their faces turned to the east. Baptism was also performed with the face toward the east and it became a recognized custom, in burials, to place the feet toward the east. In some countries, the last-mentioned usage still prevails. There are many and various reasons assigned by the early writers for this turning toward the east. Tertullian says that since people must worship toward some quarter of the heavens, they chose that which led them to Christ by symbolical representation. Furthermore, the east was considered the most honored part of the creation, the source of light and brightness, the scene of Christ's birth, of his ministry and his ascension, as it will be the scene of his second coming. The dead were accordingly so buried, that on rising at the resurrection, they might immediately face the scene of Christ's glory.

Reader, Gregory, Mich. 1. Was the name James of the New Testament originally Jacob and changed by translators to James to please King James? I heard a preacher say so. 2. If a wife voluntarily leaves her husband, asks the court for a divorce, gets her decree granted without contest by husband (by which I understand she puts away her husband Mark 10: 12), does the husband commit adultery if he marries any other woman?

1. The Hebrew name Jacob is the equivalent of James in English, and in the Old Testament translation (being direct from the Hebrew), the name was retained, while in the New Testament (being from the Greek and Latin), it was changed to James. 2. The state of things you recite would imply collusion, consequently the marriage of either party so divorced would be illegal.

H. G. C., Pa. 1. Are we to understand from John 20: 23 that Jesus gave his disciples the power to forgive sins? 2. Has the Roman Catholic Church or any other church the right to exercise this power?

1. That is the only inference that can be drawn from the passage. It followed immediately on the strange incident of Christ breathing on his disciples and saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." It was as if they were then qualified to exercise the power. 2. The utmost any Church can do, is to tell a man who is truly penitent, that his sins are forgiven. But they can learn for himself from the Word of God. The assurance of the Church does not make it any surer, but it may satisfy one who is not sufficiently taught to know it for himself.

J. Van, B. B. N. B. 1. If the first chapters of Genesis are correct, how does the sun come out in the evening and set in the morning? 2. What is the origin of the sun? 3. What is the origin of the moon? 4. What is the origin of the stars?

1. The creation of the sun and moon are the Jewish account of the origin of the world. The days of Genesis must be understood as long periods, and not ordinary days of twenty-four hours. Geology and astronomy are in full accord with the account of the origin of the world. 2. The sun is a ball of fire, and its light is the result of its own combustion. 3. The moon is a ball of rock, and its light is the result of its own reflection of the sun's light. 4. The stars are distant suns, and their light is the result of their own combustion.

most intelligent monkey is enormous and can be accounted for only by the intervention of God. Bear in mind that the Bible was not written to teach science.

L. T. P. Do you not restrict divine power when you speak of the persons divinely healed being sufferers from functional, not organic disease?

No, we do not restrict divine power. We have no doubt of God's being able to heal organic disease. We believe, however, that some of the cures attributed to Divine Healing, are really effected by other means. We can understand that if a man has all the organs of his body in a healthy condition, but some of them not performing their functions, he may be cured by a mental process. If he believes thoroughly and sincerely that God will cure him in answer to prayer, his faith may save him. It may give him an impulse which will start the sluggish organs into activity. A sudden fright will sometimes do the same thing. This is not divine healing, but it is faith healing, and it explains the cure of many of the people who think that God has healed them. There are other cases, however, which cannot be explained in that way.

L. S. Lowell, Mass. Who are the Mennonites who sent so much money to India?

It would be impossible, in a brief paragraph



A GROUP OF NATIVE CHILDREN IN ALASKA.

Neither these youngsters nor their Indian parents are at all disturbed by the "gold fever" that is now attracting thousands of fortune-seekers to that arctic section of our territory. It has been remarked by prospectors that even a mountain of gold would not move the imperturbable natives. The Indians say of certain locations: "There much gold," or others, "more gold" and (philosophically) of still others, "Too much gold?" These natives have not yet learned to worship gold as too many of the white men do.

to give a fair account of them, but it may satisfy you to state a few facts. Simon Menno, from whom they take their name, was a Protestant minister in Friesland about 1535. After quitting the Roman Catholic Church he traveled through Holland and Germany, encouraging the persecuted anabaptists. He finally settled at Oldeslohe, in Holstein, where he died. His followers have many points of harmony with the Society of Friends, such as their opposition to war and their objection to take an oath in giving evidence. They administer baptism by pouring, and to adults only. Their fundamental doctrine is that Christ's kingdom is a visible church or community, into which only holy and just persons are admitted, and which is, or ought to be, exempt from civil control. They exercise rigorous discipline over their own members, and are remarkable for the Godly simplicity of their lives and the purity of their conduct.

"A King's Daughter," writes as follows:

We are in the thick of having. I have a hearty crew of haymakers for which to prepare meals and luncheons. To-day, the heat of sun and cook stove seemed almost unbearable as I cooked and dished the dinner. At noon, the men came in, hot and fatigued, and bled to their places about the long table. When the last dish of food was ready and placed for them, I was free at last, while the girl waited on them, to seek a cool place and rest. I threw myself in the open doorway of the front hall, going to meet a fresh breeze blowing off from the river, but heat and grass blade stood motionless, within in the scorching heat.

Some one had dropped the day's mail on the hall floor, and reaching for the nearest paper it proved to be THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of issue July 21. I forgot to mention the work, my weariness, in studying that picture of Sultan Abdul Hamid. It is not

the face of a good, kind man. Greed, cruelty, deceit and passion lurk in every feature. I thought of all the woe and desolation this ruler has caused, defying not only the Powers of all Europe and America, but that of God.

I thought of our missionaries enduring far greater heat than we in our New England homes are suffering these heated summer days; enduring privation, exile, abuse and martyrdom that precious souls in that far-away, sin-cursed country may be brought to Christ.

Nothing, absolutely nothing is impossible with God. Then let us all earnestly and persistently pray that the Holy Spirit may fall on Sultan Abdul Hamid with such mighty power that his wicked heart shall be changed, and right and peace reign in his kingdom.

A. L. Lorraine, N. Y. What is the form of idolatrous worship in India, Burmah, and China? Do they practice cruelty in their service, or sacrifice human beings?

In India, idolatry assumes a multitude of forms, including ancestor worship, worship of various images of wood and stone, also rocks and trees, etc., to which sacrificial offerings are made. There are thousands of so-called deities, and every tribe has different objects of adoration. The Karens of Burmah worship the spirit guardians of the living, and believe that not only human beings but plants, implements, etc., have their appropriate *La*, or spirit. They offer sacrifices to the unseen spirits. The Chinese have a vast variety of idols, of wood, stone, and metal. They have tablets to ancestors, to the sun, moon and stars, and altars to gods of the planets, the earth and the elements, and sacrifices of grain, fruits and animals. Human sacrifices have ceased in India and Burmah, and do not now prevail in China.

H. W. M., Blue Ridge Springs, Va. How far is a Christian young man responsible for his influence on his companions? When he is careful to refrain from every wrong action, from participating in worldly pleasures, from joining in conversation of an immoral character, and from other things, in which any one might find cause of offense in him, does his responsibility cease there? Or does God require him to exert a positive influence for good?

A true Christian is a soldier and he must be

PALESTINE SOUVENIR FREE!

Fifteen Thousand Beautiful Lilies of the Field, Grown in Galilee; to be Distributed among The Christian Herald Readers.



IN our issue of July 28 we offered to send, free of charge, a very fine specimen LILY OF THE FIELD to any person sending us the name and full post-office address of Twenty-five adult Protestant members.

Each representing a different household. No two living in the same house.

We now give notice that this offer is to be withdrawn sooner than was contemplated, as the demand is greater than our expectation.

The LILY OF THE FIELD is frequently referred to in the Bible as the most familiar reference being found in Matt. 6: 28, 29: "Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: as yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these."

The LILY OF THE FIELD reaches its perfection in Galilee and was there that Harvey B. Grier, famous skilled botanist, with careful care gathered the perfect specimen which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD now offers. He caused them to be dried and pressed, and conveyed to New York, and now they have been handsomely mounted by him for use, each mount bearing a perfect flower, the actual blossom from the land of our Saviour.

This is an exceptional offer and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should fail to take advantage of it.

Care must be taken by our friends to send names kindly undertook to supply a number of new names, that they do not duplicate of these names this year, such course would involve us in great expense and much needless confusion.

Let all the names be fresh names and sure to have the full Post Office address of each one. Write LEGIBLY on the outside of the paper, and be sure to write on lower left hand corner of the envelope words—"For the Million Edition."

No other business of whatever nature be referred to in the communication. It must contain these names, as they are held a distinct and separate department.

This is the last call and unless promptly heeded you will still be too late.

R. S. G., Danville, Va. 1. They are ours to give here. 2. We believe not. Medical Record, New York.—E. M. reason in the world why they should be provided the entertainment is a proper one you describe. Subscribers, Portsmouth: question is one which can only be answered by omniscience.—Charles S., New King. 1. There is no information on the subject than that contained in the Bible. 2. "U. S." stamped on government bonds by other articles were humorously said by to stand for "Uncle Sam."—D. W. C. You should inquire of the local authorities Rachel Davis, Philadelphia. Write to dent, Trade Schools, Cooper Union, New York. Subscribers, Atlantic. 1. Send to care Biglow & Main, Ninth St., New York give information on all three points in your letter.—Ida Davies, Steuben V. has been repeatedly answered in THE Christian Herald, Corleville, Va. It is a without a difference and cannot be regarded as, other than a "social call."

A BABIES' PARADISE.

G. E. Talmage Writes of a Visit to "The Creche," where many Puny Lives have been Saved—A Boon for Working Mothers.

R. ANNIE S. DANIELS, Medical Director of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, a great specialist in children's diseases, and who has done so much for the women of New York City as well, is now in Europe on a long-expected vacation. She says of the place described below: "I know of many mothers whose lives have been saved by the use of the hospitalities of the Creche. This was enough to warrant inquiry, and so the writer crossed the East River by ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and the Hudson River at Fort Lee, N. J. About 1300 feet south of the ferry house he found a beautiful place with an attractive lawn, and a cool breeze from the Hudson blowing over the mothers and children who were waiting a little respite from the stifling heat of the city. One mother said, 'I should stay here all the time.'"

"I said, 'This is a place where mothers and children can find relief from the oppressive heat of the city, and those who prefer to pay their own expenses will find a welcome at the Creche, and that God's air is free, if God's children can only get where it blows.'"

TINY CHARGES. The site is so near New York City. Miss Fidelia Warner, who has been in charge for a number of seasons, and is now doing what she can to keep the cottage attractive and the children happy. She is also a nurse, and so able to give hints to mothers in the care of their children. In the years of its existence the Creche has had a single accident, which is remarkable. The "Mason Cottage" on the grounds is the property of Mrs. Josiah Mason Fiske. It is a celebrated flour merchant. It is a Swiss chalet, the first floor of which is about which the ivy is beginning to cling, and the second of wood, overhanging the stone, and with a shady portico at the front. The interior is finished in wood, the dainty blue curtains and hangings and the furniture are permits an almost family atmosphere around the open fire-place. The kitchen is large enough to supply the needs of the children who bring their own food, but may have it warmed, and also milk and simple food at nominal prices. Upstairs the rooms are airy, and a bath-tub for the babies, another for the mothers, and four cribs which have been donated by all necessary linen by the Ladies' Bible Class of the Episcopal Church, the Sunday School and Parsonage of the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Roman Catholic Hall of Englewood, N. J. The babies are not being used very much, as the weather permits the hammocks to be swung, but they provide for rainy and doubtful days, or for children who cannot sleep in a breeze. This character is provided for a particular class of children, who have been omitted in all other fresh-air camps, in fact it was started by the fact that they could not protect themselves from summer emergencies. There are many summer homes, there are excursions to the sea shore, there is our Children's Home in Nyack, but there is nothing for those mothers who must work every day, or for those children who are too young to go alone, or for babies who are sick and who must have a change of air once or die—and the last excursion

has sailed, or there is no money to pay the fare to one of the near resorts. The Edgewater Creche fills this niche, and 48,757 mothers and infants have been already refreshed by its means. We might tell many touching stories of tenement-house babies whose lives have been saved by this charity—fathers out of work, mothers with only an hour or two to spare, and children saved by the timely breeze over the water.

The Creche was started in June 1886, after a conference of workers from St. George's Church, Grace Church, the New York City Mission Society, the New York Working Girls' Vacation Society, the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, the St. John's Guild, the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, and the Children's Aid Society. It began humbly with a cottage and a tent on Bedloe's Island on the parade ground under the Statue of Liberty. In those days, and even now, "one dollar gives ten children a chance for life," as the early appeals were worded. A letter was written to M. Bartholdi, the designer of the statue, and he kindly replied, giving his consent that the Creche should be named after him. It has borne that name through all its vicissitudes, until at last it has a settled home with a new name to describe its present location at Edge-

an Insane Asylum. This proved too much and the Creche moved out. Yet during their first four years the attendance was 9,300 in all. The Creche next found refuge on Randall's Island, remaining there a number of years and constantly growing in popularity. In 1894, 4,366 mothers and infants took advantage of it; in 1895, 11,767, making about 200 every day. In the latter year the Sultan of Turkey was one of the subscribers, sending \$50 towards its funds. The city institutions were growing the meanwhile, and in 1896 no place could be found where the Creche might pitch its moving tent, so the work was temporarily abandoned, and all efforts were applied to securing a permanent home. A site was selected, a lot purchased and a cottage erected, and now the tent is folded up and a thing of the past. The mothers are already finding their way to the new quarters and are delighted with its privileges. The cable cars on the East side and the Boulevard cars on the West side make Fort Lee Ferry easily and cheaply accessible, and the tickets which are supplied through the various churches



THE MASON COTTAGE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

mediate relief from the oppressive heat of the city, and those who prefer to pay their own expenses will find a welcome at the Creche, and that God's air is free, if God's children can only get where it blows.

G. E. TALMAGE.

Believing Prayer.

George Muller's whole life has been a remarkable illustration of the power of believing prayer. In relating some of his spiritual experiences recently he wrote this interesting experience: "When it pleased God sixty-two years since to lay the orphan work on my heart, I asked God for money for helpers, for a suitable house, and even for guidance as to furnishing. In all these matters he helped me, until at last in answer to prayer everything was ready for the reception of orphans. I then fixed a time to be in the vestry to receive applications for their admission. I sat there half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, two hours, and not even a single applicant appeared.

"On my way home I said to myself, 'You have sinned. You have asked for money, for caretakers, for a house, for help to furnish, but you have not asked for orphans.' I locked the door of my room, and, casting myself down, confessed that I had sinned in not attending to this command of God, and that I deserved to be confounded in the whole business. I examined my heart, as I had done many times before, as to whether I really sought the glory of God in this matter, until in honesty of heart I could say, 'I do seek not my own honor; if thou couldst be more glorified by putting me to shame in bringing the whole to naught, I am content.' After I had been on my face for a long time I rose up, assured that God would yet send the orphans for which I had now asked.

"Next morning the first application



SWINGING IN "HAMMOCK ROW."

water. A letter from one of the subscribers to the funds is quite interesting and deserves to be read:

My mother informed me that when I was an infant I was struck with summer sickness and that the doctor said that my life depended on my being immediately taken out of the city, and that my father took her and me to Bedloe's Island, where I immediately recovered. This is the same spot as that upon which the Bartholdi Creche was established and for the same purpose. I suppose that at that time it was a military post, as it is at present, and that my father was allowed to take me there because he was a major of artillery. And this occurred in 1805.

After two seasons the United States sent a battalion of soldiers to Bedloe's Island and the Creche was driven out. Ward's Island was then in charge of the Commissioners of Immigration, and they kindly gave their consent to the placing of the tent on Ward's Island, until after two years they became United States officials, and the ground was leased to the city for

and charities and hospitals cover the ferryage and admit to the privileges of the cottage and grounds. The work is entirely supported by subscription through Chas. D. Kellogg, Secretary and Treasurer, at 105 East 22nd street, New York, and the Board of Trustees practically represents the original societies that started the movement eleven years ago.

None of our readers need be in doubt after this as to what to do when they hear of mothers and children who need imme-



A MERRY GATHERING ON THE GROUNDS.

came. Before a month had passed, forty-two were received, and since then over 12,000 more. By the grace of God, I learnt the lesson which I have never forgotten these sixty-two years, and I have been acting accordingly always since."

FRANCE'S BUSIEST CITIZEN.

Life at the Public and Social Life of President Felix Faure—One Day's Presidential Routine — The Multifarious Duties of a Conscientious Executive.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

HIS being the *saison morte* in the French Capital, the Parisians are congratulating themselves on having at least one interesting subject to occupy their minds. That subject, as the reader guesses, is the forthcoming trip of President Faure to Russia. Ah, what a quantity they are spilling in the discussion of the event! The papers are pouring into its minutest details and are stirring the momentous question, already on the occasion of the visit, whether the Chief Magistrate is justified in exchanging his clawsuit of black for a gorgeous gold-uniform. Even the manner of hiding the extraordinary credit of the President for the expenses of the journey, furnishing the journals with details of opportunities, and thus we learn that of this sum will be placed to his credit in the St. Petersburg bank, while the in the shape of bright gold pieces, from the mint, will accompany him in a black leather bag.

President Faure, being therefore one of the moment in the sense of the word, the will not feel averse to a few facts regarding a life and regime in that House of the French Republic, known as the Elysee. Those who might be inclined to think that with his hundred thousand dollars salary, and the free use of his four of the oldest and most sumptuous palaces in Paris, he passes his time in idleness, will be surprised to find that, possibly without exception, he is the busiest Frenchman alive. As a friend has just written in a recent article: "The moment he awakens in the morning until the time he goes to bed, he is a well-earned repose. President Faure does not waste a minute of his time."

He busily observes at least one part of Benjamin Franklin's famous precept. He is busy, winter and summer, in the past five his valet raps at the door of the little bedroom at the corner of the Rue Ste. l'Honore and the Rue de l'Evsee. Half an hour M. Faure appears in his study, in riding costume, prepared for his matutine walk through the Bois de Boulogne. Nothing short of a severe illness would interfere with his habit, for the President is an ardent horseman and a first-class swimmer. At the same time, he has few rivals, and his native place, they tell of a trial when a young man, to swim the mouth of the Seine, six miles in length, and how he succeeded without once seeking rest in the small boat accompanied him across.

The President's bed-chamber is simplicity itself. An iron bedstead with highly polished brass knobs and four corners, a couple of rockers and a sofa chair, and that is all, unless you include the pictures on the wall of the President and Mademoiselle Faure, and a baby's portrait, the child of the President's married life. In accordance with the etiquette of the Elysee mansion, the Chief of State is accompanied from the start by an adjutant who awaits him at the bed-room. He is escorted by the guard on duty, both on horseback and on foot, and driven rapidly to the Arc de Triomphe, and from there to the Elysee. The President's favorite chestnut, and presently M. Faure with his adjutant on his left and a groom in the middle, can be seen cantering around the Bois de Boulogne, and Suresnes, even as

far as Bagatelle, where they obtain a passing glimpse of the cavalry and artillery detachments that usually exercise at that hour. After this, they return to their starting point, and re-entering the brougham the President makes for home to attend to the numerous duties that await him.

It is a busy time the first citizen of the republic has between nine o'clock and twelve, especially Tuesdays and Saturdays, which are Cabinet days. The first hour is devoted to the mail, both the private and official correspondence. This occurs in a work-room directly overlooking a mass of handsome rose trees in the garden. One of its doors opens on the room of the general secretary, General Tournier; another on the office of M. Le Gall, chief of the President's bureau, both of whom personally submit the matters of business in hand, including documents for signature and official communications from the various ministries. Shortly before ten on the days in question, the President leaves his office and passes into a large apartment ornamented with enormous mirrors

tions who desire the President's presence at public ceremonies. On Wednesdays his morning ride is curtailed to some extent because at nine o'clock he must attire himself in a Prince Albert coat and start with his secretary and bureau chief in an open carriage on a tour of inspection of the city barracks, hospitals, and charitable institutions. This inspection is a three hours' task of itself. Upon his return, he finds lunch ready for him, and he may consider himself lucky if the table is decked with but three covers, one for himself, the others for his wife and daughter. Frequently considerations of State impose the presence of utter strangers at this family meal.

The private dining-room is as unpretentious in its furnishings as the President's bed chamber, and the table appointments are such as might be found in the house of any *bourgeois* family. The Faures are solid, substantial middle-class French people. They care little for luxury, but everything in their private apartments speaks for a love of comfort. Both mother and daughter are simple in their tastes as in their attire, and society has little attractions for them. Unless guests be present, the dinner consists of but four courses, soup, fish, meat with a salad, and dessert. Three quarters of an hour is the extreme limit of time the President allows

step, and lined up along the sides. A company of musicians have taken up a position under the veranda, and the corridors and vestibules are rapidly filling up with military men and attaches in brilliant uniforms bespangled with crosses and decorations. By-and-by the cuirassiers are seen approaching from the Avenue de Marigny with the visitor's carriages, which enter the yard amid a general presentation of arms and a dipping of the colors. The reception takes place in the great hall already alluded to, and terminates with a collation.

At the conclusion of these functions the President usually finds time to take a spin with his wife and Mademoiselle Lucie in the Parc Monceau or down the Champs Elysees, but he must be back by five o'clock to attend to the signing of the various official documents and occasionally to interview visitors who have a claim on his attention. His happiest moment is the dinner hour for then, for the time he has ceased to be the official slave. For a brief period he is simple Monsieur Faure once more, or as he likes to hear himself called "Grandpapa" Faure: for one of the joys of his life is the little child of Madame Berge a boy of seven years. Madame Berge and her husband very frequently attend these family dinners and they would never think of leaving the youngster behind. He is the "Baby McKee" of the household, cute and entertaining and of a very lovable disposition. It is related of him that when his favorite goat was found dead in its stable, killed by an English mastiff, he refused to use the little carriage again in which the animal had escorted him around the Champs Elysees. He did not wish to be reminded of his pet's sad fate. The carriage was therefore given to a good woman who drives children about and it can now be seen daily with the proud inscription: "A gift from Monsieur le President de la Republique."

President Faure is not a man of extraordinary intellectual power, much less a genius, but he possesses that which far greater men than he have lacked — a well-balanced mind, plenty of common sense and deliberation and last but not least, a high sense of duty and of the heavy responsibilities that weigh upon him. In short, he is above all a "safe" man in one of the most trying and delicate situations it is possible for mortal to be placed in.

Paris, July 26. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



A SIMPLE REPUBLICAN RULER—M. FAURE, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. BUSY IN HIS OFFICE.

and decorative panels. It is the Ministerial Council Room, and at its long table in the centre covered with green baize cloth, most of the members of the Cabinet take their accustomed places as soon as the Chief appears. He indulges in a few minutes preliminary chat with one or two of their number, and then drops into a seat at one end, having the President of the Council directly opposite him. Thereupon the seance begins.

The Cabinet Council is one of the most important of the presidential functions, often demanding exceptional tact and patience, especially in times of crisis, which are not infrequent in France. M. Faure's natural urbanity and *finesse* have stood him in good stead on many of these occasions, when a show of impatience or feeling would have led to serious consequences. He is said to compare favorably in this respect with his predecessors, even with the veteran Grevy, a past-master at handling recalcitrant ministries.

Mondays and Thursdays are devoted to audiences. Between ten and twelve there appear in the great audience chamber, a gorgeous apartment hung with heavy red draperies, tapestries, paintings of historical scenes and candelabra, a whole procession of high officials, superior officers, men of note in the political, artistic and literary world, as well as delega-

himself to remain at the family table—for he cannot eschew his cup of black coffee, before resuming the cares of State once more. This brief period of relaxation over, he must once more return to his dressing room and don his full-dress suit, with the grand sash of the Legion of Honor.

At the approach of two o'clock P. M., he descends into the Audience Chamber to hold his official receptions, at which the guests are often personages of the highest rank, ambassadors, special envoys, even foreign potentates. These receptions are grand affairs in their way, accompanied by no little military display, especially if the visitor be a member of some royal family or a king himself. On these occasions Montjarret has all he can do to prepare the great carriages of State, which are sent out to convey the distinguished guest and his suite to the official home of the French President. Blue-coated coachmen, and outriders with powdered wigs and white stockings, a squadron of cuirassiers resplendent in steel breast-plates and brass helmets, form the setting to the picture, and almost recall the luxurious regime of the Empire. In the meanwhile a lively scene is being enacted in the courtyard. A battalion of infantry in full-dress uniform, headed by a Colonel, has arrived at double-quick

some of the cocoanut trees were marked "X." On inquiring why they were so marked, the native Christian answered: "Because every 'X' tree is devoted to the Lord." He also noticed that his wife, as she cooked the noonday meal, threw a handful of rice into the pot for each member of the family, and then two handfuls into another pot standing near. The traveler asked why the two handfuls were put into the other pot: the wife replied, "That is the Lord's rice pot, and I remember him when cooking each meal."

The Lord's Share.

A traveler in Ceylon, accompanying a missionary on his pastoral visits, noticed as they walked through the garden that

Serving Day and Night.

A foreign missionary recently told of a woman who, on a school teacher's salary of one thousand dollars, lived on one-half, and with the other half supported a substitute in China. She then felt that "she was really two persons, and had carried out her lifelong, devoted desire to be a foreign missionary."

She received a letter nearly every week from her substitute, prayed for her by name every day, and realized the truth of what a friend of hers had said, namely: "This teacher serves the Lord twenty-four hours a day, and thus practically lives the life of the angels, who serve him day and night; for at the antipodes her substitute is working while she sleeps."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 22. 1. Cor. 13: 1-13. Golden Text: 1. Cor. 13: 13.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



CHRISTIAN love is not sentimentality. Sentiment is too often mere self-indulgence. The love of God in Christ is intensely real, solid and practical. As it is divine, no elements of corruption are in it, and nothing can turn it to hatred. God can afford to love those who hate him, he can afford to love those who do not understand him. "God is love." In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him (1. John 4: 9). Thus we see that human love which delights in that which pleases and gratifies it, but which turns to hatred when it is disappointed, is quite another thing from divine love. The love of God can only be ours as Christ himself dwells within us, and lives out his life of love in us.

The apostle Paul in 1. Cor. 12 had taught the wondrous lesson of the Body of Christ, "which is the Church," (Col. 1: 24), and he had spoken of the gifts of the Spirit to the Church, and exhorted, "Covet earnestly the best gifts." But he adds a most significant word, "Yet show I unto you a more excellent way," (1. Cor. 12: 31); this is the way of love. And he proceeds to make some very startling statements. The most powerful preaching, even with "the tongues of men and of angels" is mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, if love, after God's own pattern, and God's own nature, is not the life of our life. The gift of prophecy and the most profound understanding, even of spiritual things, reaching to all mysteries and all knowledge, and even that wondrous faith which links us to God, possessed in a degree which could "remove mountains," by a man like Paul if without divine love, leaves him with the humbling confession: "I am nothing."

And if, added to all this, such a man even as Paul should deprive himself of everything he possessed to feed the poor, and in addition, should suffer martyrdom by fire with the greatest devotion and heroism, and yet not have divine love, he says, "It profiteth me nothing." Paul saw and understood the utter failure of the human. He knew there could exist the most wonderful eloquence, which was nevertheless inspired by human zeal and energy, and that the man thus gifted might fail utterly in manifesting the true spirit of Christ under some vexatious test.

It is easier to be a martyr for one hour, even though it be to be burned at the stake, than it is to suffer long days, weeks, months, years, with those who live with us, and whose dispositions are a continual test to us: contradictory persons, who persist in always misunderstanding, taking things the wrong way, and compromising us with other people. Our Lord endured the contradiction of sinners against him (Heb. 12: 3), and he was always the Lamb "which openeth not his mouth" (Isa. 53: 7), he suffered long and was kind, he was not easily provoked. Human nature cannot bear a strain of this kind, it is only as Christ is in us that we can bring forth such fruit.

Human nature can to a great deal of philanthropic work, and can manifest the greatest devotion, but it gets credit for it, and so long as it is the self-satisfaction which takes credit to itself, but only Christ in us can so quietly and unobtrusively bear a life of self-sacrifice without the smallest self-satisfaction, or the smallest credit from others; just doing that which pleases God, who sees in secret. How much the Lord Jesus must have suffered himself to be misunderstood when he had heard of the sickness of the Lazarus whom he loved, and of the sorrow of Martha and Mary, and yet, by

the will of his Father, and out of the truest love to them, tarried yet two days where he was, until Lazarus had died, and the sisters had mourned for him four long days! How many, in whom God is not dwelling, would for their own reputation's sake, have acted differently! It seemed so unfeeling: it might do the faith of the sisters so much harm, etc., etc. But Jesus was filled with that love which seeketh not her own. He knew that divine faith and divine love can stand any test, and out of that love he followed his Father's will in letting them suffer, that they might learn to understand the resurrection.

Human love is open to envy: it keenly feels how it is treated; divine love is utterly independent of how it is treated, for it seeketh not its own, and therefore cannot envy and cannot feel wronged; it is only self in us, and not Christ, which can feel hurt. Human love is self-conscious and thus it can vaunt itself, be puffed up, and behave itself unseemly. But divine love can boast only in the Lord; it sees all things in relation to him, whereas human love sees all things in relation to itself.

Human love can be suspicious, but divine love is unsuspicious; it does not without good reason suspect evil in others and therefore "believeth all things." We are apt to judge others by ourselves: there are always some very dark corners in the lives of those who are habitually suspicious. But divine love "hopeth all things"—yes, sometimes against hope. It is difficult for divine love in us to give up hope for a fallen brother or sister; it remembers the unspeakable love of God to us. It "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," even at a cost to itself. God is truth, and Christ in us makes us transparent, so that we must get at the truth about ourselves however humbling it may be, and we must rejoice when the truth comes out about others that God may be free to bless them.

Divine love "beareth all things," "endureth all things." How many there are who say, I can bear anything when I know it comes from God, but how can I bear injustice from men when I know I am in the right, and it does harm to the person who injures me to let him think he succeeds in his ill-doing. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil" (Matt. 5: 39), is the Lord's decision. Divine love sees the hand of God in permitting everything that happens, and knows that "to them that love God all things work together for good" (Rom. 8: 28, 29), to them that are called according to God's great purpose to conform us to the image of his Son (Rom. 8: 28, 29), it looks "not at the things which are seen and temporal, i. e., the way in which the matter touches him personally, but at the things unseen and eternal, the end which God has in view. By this means it becomes perfectly easy to bear any wrong.

Love never faileth: the elements of eternity are in divine love: it is "strong as death" (Cant. 8: 6), stronger than death, for he who is love has burst the bonds of death. Everything gives way before divine love. Prophecies, tongues, knowledge, are only temporary gifts imparted to man for a purpose and for a time; but love is no creature, no gift of God, love is God himself and therefore cannot fail. What a question of questions is it for us whether or not this divine love is ours; whether or not Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, whether or not we are laying down our own life so that the life of Christ may expand and supersede entirely our own human nature and character. As we die to our own self-life, in obedience to God's Word, and by the power of the Spirit of God, divine love takes possession,

All the gifts of God are partial. We know in part and we prophecy in part. We ourselves are only a part, and a small one, of the body of Christ, finite indeed! But divine life is one perfect life in all the members, and it lifts us into the infinite. "When that which is perfect is come that which is in part shall be done away." Paul adds, speaking personally, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." As a devout Jew under the law Paul was much greater in his own eyes than now, but he sees that true manhood is to have Christ formed in us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WHEN Paul said, at the close of the chapter preceding the lesson, that he was about to show his readers a more excellent way than the attainments he had been describing, he proved his inspired insight. He saw that the very essence of Christian character was love. Faith and eloquence, and the power to work miracles, and even the fortitude of martyrdom were not compared with this divine quality. It is the one indispensable element of Christian life. Paul compares it with everything that is admirable in Christian character and pro-



"WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN AND OF ANGELS."

nounces it superior to them all. More than that, a man is nothing without it, though he have all the other gifts. It is not the passion for one individual, to which the word is often applied, but the loving nature. This is the keystone of the arch, the essential thing on which all else depends. There was need to insist upon it, for men are slow to learn the fact and, even to this day, it is not perceived as it ought to be. The fact that our translators rendered the word "charity" in our Authorized Version shows that they had missed Paul's meaning. Charity is but a part of love, and, as Paul is careful to point out, it may be exercised without love. We know that it is so, for the giving man is often cold and heartless, seeking only glory to himself, and caring nothing for the person to whom he gives. The eloquent man may be hypocritical, the learned man may be unsympathetic, the man of strong faith may care nothing for his fellows, and the martyr may suffer out of pride and obstinacy; but the man who loves has reached the highest attainment possible to humanity, for he has become like God, for God is love. The peculiarity of Christianity is that it lays less stress on doing, than on being. It goes to the root of character, assured that if the man becomes good he will do good. It supersedes all law, for he who loves God will serve him, and he who loves his fellow man will not injure any one. To

a child desiring to live a good life, and useful, this is the thing to be mended. It is the key to all the blessings accessible to a human being. If comes a loving soul he will be gentle, humble, kind, generous, unassuming, courteous, and we know person having those characteristic loved. In the home, in the works of the town, one such person is a blessing. His influence blesses all whom it reaches. If every one who becomes a Christian were to strive after the possession of this character, the church would become the centre of "sweetness and light" that the world needs. The ideal of the new Arnold depicts as the ideal of the church. How is such a character attained? It seems impossible to love, and we have the idea that it is a gift. But it is not always so. A bitter, censorious, haughty, unloving man is responsible for his own condition. He indulges it, gives it expression, and it grows, as all other things do. The converse is true. The loving character may be developed. John tells us we love because Christ loved us, and there is no better way of acquiring the love than to think much of him, of his acts and words; of his kind and gentle words, his friendliness, his readiness to help those in trouble, his sympathy for the sorrowing and the fallen. To be all that he has done for us, and to try to be like him. To be as he is, in our small circle such as

That is the best ambition we may acquire the loving character. Hopeth all things. One sense in which we use the word charity, is included in Paul's conception of love. Where a person's character is defective, we speak of the lenient and view as the charitable one. Our duty to take this view, think as kindly as possible of others. No sacrifice of truth need be involved. There are good as well as evil in all characters. We were only as quick to see the good. History tells us of a painter being required to paint a portrait of Alexander the Great, who was not painted him without a scar which disfigured his head, but painted him with his head resting on his hand, his fingers of which covered his eyes, but painted him with his blind side turned away from the spectator. A man with a defective character, as Paul recommends, describing the character of another, would veil over his faults. When great Duke of Marlborough was his opponent, Lord Bolingbroke eulogized him. When he charged him with being in the wrong, he replied, "Marlborough is so great a man that I can find

his failings." Charity never faileth. Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, said, "I close of his life when all his power had failed and even his strength were almost gone: 'I thank God that though my understanding and my memory is defective and my strength is weak, my charity holds out. It grows rather than fails.' Missionaries all men of love. It is remarkable after they have given their labor in heathen land and have come home, they continue to pray for the people of the land in which they have labored and suffered. Their love for them never faileth. Livingstone died on his knees, and there cannot be any to the subject of his prayer.

Charity suffereth long. One who was redeemed from drink and other evil far on in life, said: "I wore out the patience of every one, but my mother-in-law after another cast me out. I was a worker after another tried me. Our clergyman said I was less case. At last the only one who was kind and encouraged me to be a worker was my mother. She had suffered my ill-conduct more than anyone else would not let me go. Why? It was because she loved me more than anyone else did."

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.



LITTLE BABIES MADE HAPPY.

Little Tenement Pilgrims to Mont-Lawn Enjoy the Golden August Days.

ONE has said that happiness is a birthright of every child. If this be true, then how many thousands of children there are who are cheated out of their own! There is no sadder sight in the world than that of the lean, hungry, wretched faces of the children of the very tenement children of the east-New York, who live in wretched misery during the intense heat of summer months. Many of them are fatherless and motherless, and too often found with scarcely enough vitality for existence—sickening with the confinement and foul air of the meanest of a great, overcrowded city. The Christian Herald rejoices with its readers that it is able to respond to the prayers that go up from those little hearts, and bring them away from the slums to the green fields and woods of Mont-Lawn, for a short time at any rate, and forget their misery and revel in the fresh air and bright sunshine.

At a picture they make—those wee ones of ours! At the first clang of the bell two hundred children troop from their dormitories. It does one's blood to see their smiles, as they look the good times they are going to spend day long and for ten long days more. As they fall into line, each in the sunlight, one recalls the words of Tennyson:

"The little heads, running over with curls,
The flowers, and be their sun."

The sound of the second bell, the boys stand aside, that the girls may pass through the line and go first into the kitchen where the meals are served. As the maids march by, every boyish voice cries off, and they greet each other with a pleasant "Good morning."

Sometimes wonders where these poor youngsters manage to put all that small mountains of bread and disappear and oceans of milk are consumed before one has time to think of it. Recently, there came to Mont-Lawn two little lads who, when they went to school, ate so much that the teachers were afraid they would be ill. They devoured the food like famished wolves. One day the matron received a letter from a mother that they had almost nothing to eat two days before they came!

Every morning and afternoon when the sun is fine, the children are taken for a drive in the big stage. They take the greatest interest in everything they see along the road, from a hen with her chickens to the grand old country-houses in the midst of smooth lawns and stately trees. All sorts of questions and answers are heard.

Among our guests at the Children's Home lately were a batch of "pink babies," so-called because each wore a pink pinafore. Thirty of these little tots came to the Home from the Catherine Mission Nursery one hot night in July, and it seemed as though they had never been in the world before, and they were simply enraptured with delight when they drove up the steamer *Christenah* along the Hudson. After they had arrived at Mont-Lawn and had eaten supper, they were hardly induced to go to bed. The "pink babies" were here, there, everywhere, rolling down the banks, jumping across the lawn, swinging, jumping as though they intended to do good use of that one evening, lest they would wake up in the morning and find their visit to the country a dream of a reality.

When they were presently collected, the teachers found that one child was missing. There was a general search, and by-and-by, Sam, a cunning, bright-eyed fellow, of four, was found in a ditch, pressing the way, busily employed digging up earthworms and laying them

side by side in a row, though, much to his surprise they would not stay straight when placed, but persisted in getting themselves into the queerest shapes. He was saying, "Oh poor little thing, you aint got anyone to pay wit."

When the time to go home grew near, one little maid said, "Oh, teacher, please let me stay until the country closes." She evidently had the idea that with the coming of winter, the earth opened and swallowed the country.

There has been no sickness of any kind among the children, and those weak ones who came to Mont-Lawn in poor health have been greatly benefited. These outings are the means of saving many a tender little life, and they bring joy and happiness to all.

Contributions in aid of our Children's Home work will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. The following sums have been received:

Mrs E M Yow	50	B B B. Lebanon ...	1 00
Mrs Nettie C Bell ..	50	Grace Boyse	1 00
C E Wilmarth	3 00	Mrs Mary Leckie ..	3 00



A GROUP OF THE "PINK BABIES" AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

These dear little tots are all from the Catherine Mission Nursery on the East Side of New York. They are children of poor mothers who leave them daily at the Mission, while they go to work for a livelihood. The cotton pinafores are supplied by the Nursery.

Prev. Ack.	\$1,796.61	Mrs J F Staples	3 00
Mrs E S B Cleaver ..	3 00	J Henry Shepherd ..	3 00
Cent'l Bap ch.		M L Briggs	1 00
Springfield	3 00	Mrs A M Brown	1 00
A sub. Lewiston ..	3 00	Mrs S A Cochran ..	3 00
A friend, Weymouth	6 00	Mrs Eliza Hawes ..	3 00
Lydia Frost	3 00	Mrs Annie Hare	3 50
Mrs Levi Andrews ..	1 00	Mrs Alice Strike	1 50
Western, Eureka ..	1 00	Mrs J B Olds	1 00
Mrs J A Benedict ..	6 00	Mrs H D Baldwin ..	6 00
Donald Patterson ..	1 00	Bessie H Gray	25
Elizabeth V Harrah ..	3 00	N H Dailey	50
In mem of a loved one, Barton	2 00	L H M. N Y City ..	3 00
Alice M Politt	3 00	Clara E Vannauker ..	3 00
Mr & Mrs R D Sheppard	2 00	Mrs E M O	
Luisa Adlam	50	Hattiesburg	3 00
A friend, Milroy ..	2 50	A friend, Newwood ..	6 00
Rv&Mrs H W Curtis ..	2 50	Mrs M J Clapp	3 00
Mrs C A Chapman ..	3 50	For the Master's sake, Fort Worth ..	1 00
Irene Bowman	1 00	M. N Y City	10 00
F Loesch son & dau. ..	3 00	Maquoketa	1 00
S F M. Heiserville ..	10 00	Mrs A C Anderson ..	1 00
X. Terrell	50	Ios D Mitchell	3 00
Thank offering ..		F Lancaster	3 00
Santa Cruz	3 00	Maria Patrick	3 00
Sis. Southern	6 00	J M Greeley	6 00
Friend, N. Lansing ..	10 00	I C A. St Joseph ..	3 00
A L B. Fishkill-on-Hudson	1 00	Mrs H J Tost	3 00
		Total	\$1,967.86

A Monster Bicycle.

France claims the credit of devising the greatest bicycle the world has yet heard of. A bicycle for 2,000 riders is to be built for the Paris Exposition of 1900. It is said that the machine will be higher

than the tallest building, and will, in fact, be a great building itself.

It has two large entrances, one at the bottom of each of its wheels, cut through the tires. Winding stairways lead from the doors up the front and back of each wheel, through the front and rear standards, to the backbone of the machine. Thence spiral steps ascend to the handle-bar and saddle. The stairs are lighted throughout by numerous windows of quaint design, through which great variety of views can be obtained as the sight-seer mounts to the top of the structure. As he is constantly turning in his ascent the outlook changes with every step, and he enjoys a magnificent natural panorama. Particularly fine will be the prospect from the windows of the handle-bar. On the saddle is a broad platform, around which runs a strong steel rail. Here, while the warm weather lasts, open air banquets will be held for the entertainment of eminent visitors. The backbone of the big wheel will contain a really marvelous apartment. This will be a grand saloon, scarcely as many spans in width as it is yards in length. It will be a marvelous structure and will attract many visitors.

Siam's Sickly Climate.

Siamese royalty, on its tour around the world, will have an excellent opportunity of contrasting the climatic conditions of other lands with those at home. Beautiful as Siamese scenery is, it is marred

THE FIRST BABY.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

SWEETEST baby ever born,
Camest thou one winter morn;
Camest right from the skies above,
Weighted with a wealth of love.
Waited all the way along
By the holy angels' song.

Ne'er can I forget the day
When, like to a heavenly ray,
Of the blessed sunlight bright!
Camest thou, all dressed in white,
With thy golden little head
Nestling in the trundle bed.

Still I see thy eyes of blue,
Hear thy gentle little "Coo."
Happy days' my baby sweet,
When we both, with willing feet,
Every wish of thine fulfilled,
Every baby sorrow stilled.

O! thy mother's love for thee,
As she rocked thee on her knee,
Clasped thee to her gentle breast,
Soothed thee oft to sleep and rest.
How the memory of it still
Makes my heart-strings sweetly thrill!

Precious baby, gentle "dove,"
Filling both our hearts with love;
As roll on the precious years,
Will our eyes o'erflow with tears?
Or our fondest hopes come true?
Shall we live again in you?

Brooklyn, 1897.

—J. AUSTIN SHAW.

Princess and Pauper.

ONE of the many incidents of Queen Victoria's early life that have been made public apropos of the recent jubilee is the following, the truth of which is vouched for by Mr. A. T. Story, who has personal knowledge of the circumstances: When Victoria was a little maid of seven or thereabouts, her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price (six shillings), out of her pocket money. At last the day came, and the coveted doll was paid for and received. With the precious treasure upon her arm, she bade the shopkeeper good-afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking man met her eye. He seemed as though he were going to speak to her, but though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He stood aside to let her pass, a mute appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin. "Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little maid, staying her steps. Encouraged by her voice, the man said, "I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger." "I am so sorry. I have no money or else—" His lips trembled forth a humble "Thank you, lady;" then he went on his way. "Stay!" murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes. "Wait a minute, please." She stepped back into the shop, approached the woman behind the counter, and said: "Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me a few days longer?" "Certainly I will," replied the shopkeeper: "and you wish me to return you the money?" "Yes, if you please." This was done, and the little maid, hurrying out of the shop, placed the money in the hands of the starving man. He was like one thunderstruck. In a low earnest tone, though loud enough to reach her ear, he said, "If the Almighty made you a queen it would not be more than your goodness deserves!" Then he hobbled away to satisfy his hunger.

Five Generations Meet Together.

In a private home in the village of Totterville, Staten Island, a remarkable family reunion took place lately. The occasion was the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. William Smith, and at the gathering in her honor no less than five generations were represented. At the head of the table sat the venerable dame, now 88 years a widow. She poured the tea and recited some verses in response to many congratulations. She received many beautiful presents, among them being a beautiful blue Delit vase. She has seven children living, twenty-six grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

I do not work my soul to save,
That work my Lord has done;
But I will work as any slave,
For love of God's dear Son.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Midsummer Coolness.

EVERYBODY talks of our phenomenally cool midsummer—the thermometers down to fifty and a lightly clad population shivering at the unseasonable temperature. But nature usually equalizes these matters, and as we have already this season had fiercely hot days, we will doubtless shortly have others equally warm. Plenty of hot weather for everybody: for the farmer to make his crops grow, and for the hundred other occupations that depend for success or failure upon the thermometer behaving itself in a respectable and orderly manner. There are days when, as far as possible, people have kept within doors, or walked on the shady side of the street. But even in such days, we can have but a faint idea of what the people suffer crossing a desert or in a tropical clime. The head fairs, the tongue swells, and deathly sickness comes upon the whole body when long exposed to the summer sun. A whole caravan press on through the hot sands. "Oh!" say the camel-drivers, "for water and shade!" At last they see an elevation against the sky. They revive at the sight and push on. That which they saw proves to be a great rock, and camels and drivers lie down under the long shadows.

A tree, when in full leafage, drops a great deal of refreshment; but in a little while the sun strikes through, and you keep shifting your position, until, after awhile, the sun is set at such a point that you have no shade at all. But go in the heart of some great rock, such as you see in Yosemite or the Alps, and there is constant shadow. So our Divine Rock, once covering us, always covers us.

It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man come and stand between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes and stands between us and worldly successes, and his shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night.

As a father in his garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it; and so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST.

The Prizes all Duly Sent to the Successful Competitors—Art Bibles that will be Treasured and Handed Down as Heirlooms.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, several months ago, published the Sunday School record of a little Western boy, it was not anticipated that it would result in a competition, na-

such splendid records of faithful attendance as have nowhere been equaled.

On this page is a photographic representation of the first prize for male scholars, awarded to Mr. Samuel Winter-

FIRST PRIZE
awarded to
Mr. Samuel Winterton
Whose Fully Authenticated Record
of 1732 Consecutive Attendances
Stands Unequaled.
*With the Cordial Appreciation
and Heartly Christian Salutation of*
Miss Klopfer
New York, 1897.
Proprietor
The Christian Herald.
Numbers VI: 24-25-26.

FAC-SIMILE OF INSCRIPTION ON FLY-LEAF OF FIRST PRIZE.

tional in character, and which would attract attention in Sunday Schools throughout the entire Union. Yet this was precisely what did take place, and the wonderful records of Sunday School attendance that were sent to this journal and published in its columns, were a pleasant revelation to all interested in Sabbath School work. For the purpose

tion, of the First Baptist Sunday School, Keyport, N. J., whose unsurpassed record of thirty-three years and sixteen weeks, or 1732 consecutive attendances is fully vouched for. The first prize for female scholars was won by Mrs. Emma Corbet, of Biddle Memorial Mission Sunday School, Carlisle, Pa., with the magnificent record of twenty-four years, or 1248 con-



THE ART BIBLE—FIRST PRIZE IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST.
ACTUAL SIZE, OPEN FLAPS, 11 3/4 INCHES BY 17 1/2 INCHES.

of encouraging the competitors, a series of handsome and valuable prizes was offered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the successful contestants. Several weeks ago, the competition closed, the awards were made, and now we take pleasure in announcing that all the prizes have been forwarded to the winners in this unique contest. There were four Grand Prizes, viz.: a first and second prize for male scholars, and a first and second prize for female scholars. Besides these, there were awarded 287 Roll of Honor Prizes to pupils having a record of not less than 260 consecutive attendances. All these prizes are now in the hands of their legitimate owners, who have won them by

secutive attendances, vouched for by Mr. George Bridges, Superintendent. These fortunate competitors have each received a magnificent Art Bible, elegantly bound in genuine seal, lined with kid, with thumb index, and containing nearly one thousand superb illustrations. It is conceded by experts to be the finest Art Bible ever issued, and one of the richest and most perfect specimens of book-making yet produced. Such a Bible will outlast whole libraries, and can be handed down as a precious heirloom to children's children. The inscription on the flyleaf of Mr. Winterton's prize is reproduced above. Similar inscriptions appear on all four of the Grand Prizes.

The second prize to male pupil awarded to Mr. George H. Glas, Central Church Sunday School, Fitcher, N. Y., whose splendid record of years, or 1560 consecutive attendances, vouched for by Mr. John H. Elliot, independent. The second prize for scholars was won by Miss Martha of Grace U. B. School, West F. Pa., with a fine record of two years and four weeks, or 1148 consecutive attendances, duly attested. These prize winners have each received a large Art Bible, in size, fineness of printing and illustration, similar to the first two Grand Prizes, bound in divinity circuit, Palestine, lined with grained leather, edged under gold, and appropriately inscribed altogether a superb Bible, which was a pleasure to the possessor.

The Roll of Honor was a long one, was published in full in a recent issue. To these scholars were sent 28 illustrated New Testaments, beautifully bound in divinity circuit.

Throughout the contest, the most admirable spirit was everywhere shown. It was a friendly rivalry that has resulted in giving a very perceptible stimulus to Sunday School work even in the most distant parts of the Union.

BRIEF NOTES.

A call for a Convention has been issued by the four Colored Presbyteries of the Eastern Presbyterian Church. The object is to organize a Colored Presbyterian Church. An appeal is made for contributions to aid in the organization.

Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, the veteran missionary to China, lately on furlough, has returned to his field. Dr. Baldwin will write an interesting series of letters concerning the social life of the Chinese for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the coming fall and winter months.

A Prophetic Conference is being held this week at Toccoa, Ga., under the auspices of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Rev. C. Nisbet, of Toccoa, is chairman of the Conference of Arrangements. The call issued is to all interested in the subject, to meet to study the Word of God on the Second Coming of Christ, to pray for the enlightenment by the Holy Spirit.

The Statistics of the Presbyterian Church, just issued by Dr. W. H. Roberts, show an increase during the year of churches to 75, which is 58 added during the year. The number of communicants has increased from 943,715 to 1,000,000. The additions on confession of faith have been 57,011. There are 7,129 ministers, which is an increase of 1,000 over last year. Contributions for all purposes aggregated \$13,298,067, of which \$2,000,000 was for Foreign Missions.

News of the wreck of the Methodist Mission steamer, Meda, has reached Vancouver. The brief message says that the steamer was on board a large number of religious people from Fiji, struck on the north-east coast of New Guinea and went to pieces. None of the board have been heard from, and it is feared that they were either drowned or lost on some desert island.

The International Anti-Alcohol Congress holds its biennial meeting this week in Brussels, the capital of Belgium. It embraces representatives of the German, English and Slavic races. The representative this year is Mrs. Mary Hunt of Boston, Mass., the author of the plan for scientific temperance education in public schools. A very cordial reception has been given to Mrs. Hunt by the President and Secretary of the Congress.

Mr. W. M. F. Round, Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, announces that a Prison Exhibition and Conference will be held at the Assembly Rooms, 135 East Fifteenth St., New York, October 7-9. The Exhibition will show models of prisons, relics of historical prisons and crimes, portraits of prisoners, articles made by former prisoners, etc. Several eminent speakers will take part in the Conference.

Interesting lectures on Japan are being delivered in New York cities by Mr. Richard H. Poynter. He is now on a visit to this country. Poynter comes from Elstow, in Poynter's town, and is Superintendent of the Bunyan Sunday School in Plymouth Church and the Baptist Church and the Methodist Church and other churches in New York and Brooklyn. He has not resigned, has no intention of resigning, and is not planning to visit to hear about "the dreamer" from one who knows the subject, may address Mr. Poynter at 362 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A report was published by the New York Herald on July 24 that an accident had occurred at Middletown, Ct., where Dr. Talmage was touring. It was stated that the platform beneath the weight of the crowd, and the image was seriously injured. A telephonic communication with the authorities at Middletown, however, has shown that the same evening promptly relieve the anxiety by this report. It appears that although the form did give way, no one was hurt. Talmage continued his lecture, and which needs contradiction is one, widely known that Dr. Talmage has resigned his charge at Middletown, D. C. Dr. Talmage authorizes the statement that there is no truth whatsoever in the report. He has not resigned, has no intention of resigning, and is not planning to visit to hear about "the dreamer" from one who knows the subject, may address Mr. Poynter at 362 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



RELICS FROM EGYPT.

DIGGING on the banks of the Nile, at a place called Deshasheh, about fifty miles south of Cairo. Professor Flinders Petrie has made an extremely interesting discovery. He found a cluster of tombs belonging to the fifth dynasty Egyptian kings and were evidently constructed to serve as burial places for most of the deceased. The peculiarity of the tombs was, however, the most striking feature of the discovery. It was found that the mummies were usually found in Egyptian tombs. There were rude boxes containing the bodies. It is evident that at that place a different mode of disposing of the dead was in vogue which was adopted later. Prof. Petrie found that the bodies were cut up and fresh entirely removed. The bones were dried and wrapped carefully in and placed in the boxes, on which were inscribed the name of the deceased. The statements made by Herodotus, and other authorities Prof. Petrie confirmed the belief that cannibalism may have been practised as a religious rite, in Egypt. The tombs contained also the bodies of the dead which show that at a very early date, long before the period assigned to the time of Abraham, Egypt was already a well-known art. The tombs had attained considerable interest. Their work is interesting as showing how men looked in Egypt five thousand years ago. One of the tombs contained the bones of Nenkheftka a Prince and royal priest and those of his wife and their son who died in his infancy. There was a wood statue of the deceased, and another a group of him and his wife. Why so much care and expense should have been expended upon the dead when they were intended to be buried with the dead, was a mystery to the explorers, but it has been discovered that the ancient Egyptians had a belief which explains it. They thought that every man being consisted of several important parts which were separated at death. One of these was the soul, which went on a long pilgrimage; another was the intelligence or mind, which was scattered in space; and a third, which was called the "Ka," the vital principle, which remained in the tomb with the remains until the various parts after the interval of thousands of years came together again. The statues were prepared as a habitation for the Ka and, in order that it might feel at home in them, the statues were taken to make them exactly like the deceased, even the defects and deformities being carefully copied. One instance the statue was that of a dwarf, exactly corresponding to the mummy by which it stood. It is remarkable that in so remote an age they possessed the doctrine enunciated centuries afterward by the Apostle Paul, that death is a dissolution and not an annihilation of being, and had tried to supply the need which he declared God could provide for.

For now that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, not made with hands eternal in the heavens. (2 Cor. 5:1)

Strife Bequest. The eccentric wish of a German American woman was carried out in Hoboken, New Jersey a few days ago. She was the Secretary of the Independent Frauen Verein, a benevolent order, composed exclusively of women holding its meetings in a hall in Hoboken. She was one of the most popular members of the order and was seldom absent from the meetings which were enlivened by her gaiety and good humor. When she was attacked by the illness which ultimately proved fatal she had a presentiment of death and sent for her nephew to prepare her will. After disposing of the bulk of her property she made

several small bequests one of which was a sum of money to the Frauen Verein to be expended in an entertainment in her memory. A week after her death there was to be a supper and a dance and a keg of beer was to be drunk. She sent for the president of the order and the owner of the hall in which the meetings were held and informed them of her bequest and made them promise that her wish should be carried out. After her death they kept their promise. About twenty-five of the members attended on the day appointed. A keg of beer and a supper were provided and after the eulogium on the deceased secretary had been pronounced, there was a dance as she had wished. The members tried to enjoy themselves, but the depression was general and there were few dry eyes in the room that night. The members felt that they had lost a friend and they had no heart for feasting and merry-making. There is no real comfort in bereavement, but in the faith that looks forward to reunion in Christ. All crea-

bright flash and he fell prostrate and helpless to the ground. He gave one convulsive struggle and then lay still. When the policeman on duty on the block reached him he was quite dead. A black line ran from his hand up his arm and down his back showing the path the electricity had taken through his body. The measure he adopted for his protection from the storm proved the means of his death. It is so sometimes in the storms of life. Many a man in trouble has resorted to means of deliverance which have proved a curse to him. It was the reproach of the Jews uttered by the prophet:

Woe unto him that go down to Egypt for help (Isaiah 31:1.)

Indian Justice.

In the course of some reminiscences of life among the Indians, published by a New York journal last week, an incident is related of ingenious retributive justice. The writer, a New Hampshire man, says that in his youth he saw a great deal of the Penobscot Indians, near his father's homestead. Among them was an Indian of acknowledged bravery and highly respected by his tribe. But he was liable to go on a prolonged spree and when maddened by drink would commit outrages of which he would be ashamed when he became sober. During one of these outbreaks he came home in an ugly humor. His squaw foolishly reproached him and in a paroxysm of rage he attacked

the results of their dissipation and iniquity. Young men might learn from them the lesson to which they pay no heed when the Bible declares it, that punishment of punishment must not be taken for immunity.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. (Eccles 8:11.)

Stopping a Runaway.

Among the reminiscences of a railroad man recently published, is a strange story of escape from a collision. It was on the road between Harrisburg and Canandaigua, N. Y. The engineer was taking three carloads of passengers to Sunbury one dark night, and was making regular schedule time when he was startled by the conductor coming to him with the news that the headlight of a locomotive could be seen from the rear of the train. It was coming at a furious rate and seemed likely to overtake them. The engineer went to the rear to look and concluded from the fact of no lights appearing behind the pursuer, that it must be a runaway engine. The conductor bade the engineer put on all the steam the engine could carry, and in a few minutes the train was whizzing along at a rate that terrified the passengers. But still the pursuing locomotive's light crept closer. At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He knew by experience how a little grease dropped on the track would retard speed. Calling the conductor he told him to search for some kind of grease. Fortunately two cans of lard oil were found and these were poured on the tracks from the platform of the rear passenger coach. The device worked perfectly. The headlight of the pursuing locomotive grew dim in the distance. As soon as it was safe to do so, the train was stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. Then a strange sight was seen. There stood one of the finest engines on the road puffing and snorting, its wheels whizzing around, but making no progress. The oil on the tracks had completely baffled its destructive power. The effect of throwing oil on the troubled waters has passed into a proverb, and it would seem that there are times when good may result from throwing it on the tracks. Many of the collisions which disturb the Church of Christ and hinder its work might be avoided by the same tactics. An angry opponent is often foiled by kindness and suavity.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. (Prov. 15:1.)

The Yellow Fever Microbe.

News comes from Montevideo, the chief city of Uruguay, of a discovery which should have very important results. Dr. Sanarelli, a disciple of M. Pasteur, who has been in the city for several months studying the yellow fever, reports that he has discovered the microbe which causes the disease. Ever since Pasteur's discovery of the remedy for hydrophobia the hope has been entertained that a similar means of curing yellow fever, cholera and other plagues might be found. It was believed that the same principles of treatment would cure them if the microbe which produced them could be found and identified. Dr. Sanarelli has attended many cases of yellow fever in Brazil and Uruguay since he completed his studies in the Pasteur Institute in Paris and crossed the Atlantic to practice on this side. He has diligently sought the microbe, and at last has found it. He says that it is found in certain parts of the stomach of the victim, where it propagates with incredible velocity and soon kills the sufferer. Under the microscope it is seen to be similar in shape to the bacilli that produce diphtheria and tetanus. Dr. Sanarelli succeeded in isolating a number of specimens and propagating them artificially. With these he inoculated animals, which in a few hours developed yellow fever symptoms and died. Having discovered the microbe, he is now studying it to find the surest method of destroying it, and believes that in a short time he will have in his hands an infallible remedy for the dread scourge. If he succeeds, the people of the districts in which the disease does its fatal work will account him a benefactor and will use his remedy. They will not act as people do who suffer through sin, which is fatal to both soul and body.

The heart of this people is waxed gross, and their eyes they have closed, lest haply they should perceive with their eyes... and I should heal them. (Acts. 28:27.)



OBJECTS 5500 YEARS OLD, RECENTLY FOUND IN A TOMB AT DESHASHEH, EGYPT.

1. Statue of Nenkheftka.
2. Portrait of Nenkheftka, a Prince and royal priest.
3. Group of Nenkheftka and his wife Nefersem.
4. Skull of Nenkheftka, son of Nenkheftka.
5. Bowl with pottery stand for food offerings in tomb.
6. and 7. Necklaces, amulets, etc.
8. Scribe's palette.
9. Baskets of palm fibre for carrying earth.
10. Mallet and chisel of wood, used for excavating graves.

ture comforts fail then, as all have proved who have tested the old reasoning:

If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. (1 Cor. 15: 32.)

Death in the Storm.

A remarkable fatality occurred in a New Jersey town during the storm of July 29. A young man had occasion to leave his home to go to his work on the other side of the town and could not wait for the heavy downpour of rain to abate. He carried one of the modern style of umbrellas which have a steel rod running through the handle. This he held down closely over his head so as to protect his shoulders from the rain. He could see the pavement, but his umbrella prevented his seeing ahead of him. But there were few persons on the streets, so he was not likely to come in collision with any one and he was familiar with his road. There was one danger in his path, however, that he knew nothing of. The wind had blown down a telephone wire and it had fallen across an electric light wire and the loose end was dangling within two feet of the pavement. As the young man hurried along, his umbrella tip just touched the swaying wire. Instantly there was a

her and did her injuries so terrible, that both her feet had to be amputated. He was brought before the council of the tribe and the general opinion was that he should be put to death; but one of the elder chiefs interposed: "No shoot him now," he said, "let him live as long as squaw live; he carry her when she want walk; when squaw die, then we shoot." The old chief's advice was taken and punishment was postponed. The Indian was given to understand that so long as his wife lived he would not be punished, but he must treat her kindly and carry her whenever she had occasion to travel. So the man had to carry the squaw from place to place as the tribe moved. He hated the duty and hated the obloquy that it brought upon him, but he dare not ill-use her, much less kill her, because he knew that his own life depended on hers. He knew that when she died the tribe would kill him. Such retribution is not possible among white men, but the principle is often seen in operation. There are old and middle-aged men to be seen everywhere whose lives for years have been burdened with the consequences of the sins of their youth. God did not punish them at the time, but suffered them to live on to bear

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

How it May Control the Life and Conduct and May Transform the Character.



Two kinds of persons are contrasted in the chapter associated with the topic (Rom. 8:1-18)—those who walk after the flesh and those who walk after the spirit. So diverse are the two lives, in their effects in this world and their consequences beyond the grave, that it might be supposed there would be no difficulty in recognizing each life—that it would be possible to tell at a glance the one from the other. It is possible in many cases. There are some lives so gross and sensual, so sordid and debased, that they declare their character to all around. There are others so unselfish and elevated that they are evidently a walk in the spirit. But with the great majority of people in a Christian land and in the churches, there is an overlapping of motives and principles of conduct that renders it difficult to decide whether they are walking after the flesh or after the spirit. They live so near the frontier of the two kingdoms that we do not know to which they belong. Doubts on the subject may disturb even the persons themselves. The self-indulgent Christian, conscious of high aspirations, yet conscious, too, of faults and failings, has often reason to ask himself the question of the topic: "Have I the spirit of Christ?" It is a most important question, for as the Apostle says, if ye live after the flesh ye must die. It is not a question of past experience, of baptism or of church-membership, nor even of repentance and faith, but one of life and conduct. The spirit of Christ is to show itself in our actions and words. And it will show, if we let it have liberty. The motive force of our lives will assuredly control their trend unless it be repressed. The reason that so many people live near the frontier is that they check the impulses of the spirit of Christ within them. Such a question as this may arise: Shall I go to a place of amusement, or shall I spend an hour at the bedside of a sick friend? The flesh clamors for gratification, while the impulse of the spirit is to the performance of the duty. If I yield to the flesh its power over my life is strengthened; if I obey the impulse of the spirit I gain in spiritual power. Every man's life is a battle-ground between these elements and there is no peace for him until he yields the mastery to one or the other. He may either turn to the animal or rise to the spiritual. His own interests, his own advantage may be the object of his life, or he may be dominated by the spirit of Christ which leads him to forget himself and try to give pleasure to others. The choice rests with himself but he must remember that if he has not the spirit of Christ he is none of his. The man who lives to the flesh is like a man who, having a piece of leasehold property which must revert in a few years to its original owner, spends all he has in beautifying and adorning it and at the end of the term finds himself penniless and without a home. When the body is laid in the grave after a life in which its gratification has been the chief business, the soul goes out unprepared and without vitality. It is then a threat of arbitrary punishment, but a statement of cause and effect that makes him say, if ye live after the flesh ye must die. For the answer to the question of the topic we must look to our lives. Which power holds supreme control? To which do we habitually yield? We cannot change our own hearts, but we can yield our lives so habitually to the flesh or to the spirit that we are changed into Christ's image and reflect his character. This is to have Christ's spirit, and to be a son of the life which will go on through eternity. It is a life painful to the flesh, but full of joys that the world cannot give. For its full fruition we must wait until we awake in his likeness and enter into his presence.

OUR RELIEF WORK IN INDIA.

Missionaries Busy Distributing "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund among the Starving Men, Women and Children of India.

A CABLE message received from Singapore in the Malay Archipelago, sent by Rev. R. G. Hobbs, announces the arrival at that port of the Famine relief steamer *City of Everett* "all well." We are glad to see that the food thus sent by Christian people in America to feed the starving people will be heartily welcomed. In a letter to the *Indian Witness*, Rev. Henry J. Bruce, the American Board's missionary at Satara writes gratefully of the coming supply. He adds: "The poorest of the natives could easily pound, (or grind) it up and boil it into 'mush,' which would be a palatable and a life-saving boon to multitudes. I am very thankful that apparently, some American corn is coming to Bombay, and I have already sent in my request for a first instalment of fifty bags of it for Satara."

The latest official reports of the famine are not encouraging. The Viceroy in his monthly statement to the English Govern-

some time past have been serving voluntarily as relief distributors in connection with our Famine Fund. Rev. J. O. Denning and wife are missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Narsinghpur, in the famine centre, where, so Mr. Denning writes, there is great distress. The people are even selling their children for food. In his neighborhood there are 14,000 working on relief works and about 3,000 are being fed in the "poor sheds."

The mission at Narsinghpur is doing its full share towards alleviating the distress, and the missionaries report a marked spiritual result among the natives that is very encouraging. At latest accounts, Mr. Denning had from 300 to 350 persons dependent upon him. The able-bodied men were earning their food by work, but the children and the aged and infirm were being fed gratuitously. Many people were begging him to give them work, and their number was increasing daily.



REV. MR. DENNING AND WIFE.
Volunteer Distributors, Narsinghpur, India.



THE PORT OF SINGAPORE, IN THE MALAY STRAITS.

Singapore, the port at which our India Famine Relief steamship, *City of Everett*, last touched on her way to India, is the most important of the Straits Settlements, and lies on the southern shore of an island twenty-seven miles long and about fourteen in breadth. Our photograph shows the sort of fleet that always occupies the harbor, trading in nutmeg, cotton, rubber, pepper, coffee, fruit, indigo, and other products. It is a bright, picturesque, prosperous, and progressive place. Although so near the equator, the climate is exceedingly salubrious. The name (originally *Sinhapura*), signifies "Lion City."

ment says that the number now on the relief works is 3,803,068 which is an increase of 524,068 since the preceding report. He adds that there had been "a partial failure of the west coast monsoon, which has rendered the situation again serious in certain districts." Our own information is of the same tenor. Last week a cable message came to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from Rev. J. E. Clough, the Baptist Missionary at Ongole, to whom five hundred dollars was sent from our fund some time ago. Mr. Clough asks that more money may be cabled to him and, as he uses the cable himself, it is evident that his need is serious and urgent. This appeal, following the other cabled request from Mr. Newcomb, another Baptist missionary in India, mentioned in a previous issue, is very significant. The fact that Baptist missionaries are clamoring for help shows how false a prophet was the Boston writer, who a short time ago boldly declared that: "There is no famine or any likelihood of famine on the fields of the Baptist Missionary Union."

On this page we publish the portraits of two of the faithful missionaries who for

From Rev. E. M. Gordon, minister of the Church of the Disciples at the Central Provinces there also an urgent appeal for help. Mr. Gordon says he needs a thousand dollars immediately and we have cabled to Thoburn's committee by which the CHRISTIAN HERALD fund is distributed, a recommendation to supply Gordon's need. That it is very may be perceived from the fact that \$500 cabled to him in June has been expended. Mr. Gordon's ghastly proof of the awful destitution of his district, in the following from his diary for one week:

I give below one week's record of starvation under my own observation.

June 19, Saturday. Recently for succession one person has died from starvation, under my personal observation, concluded to record each case in my diary. Today a man died by the river-side and a girl who came to our orphanage.

June 20, Sunday. This afternoon a found dead by the road-side in Donpar.

June 21, Monday. Bhuri, the girl of who was in the hospital succumbed to starvation. She died this morning at prolapsus of the bowel and dysentery. trees also a man was found dead.

June 22, Tuesday. Under the tree girl of four years died, she was being fed starvation had done its work.

June 23, Wednesday. No deaths to neighborhood to my knowledge.

June 24, Thursday. Antus' father much emaciated, he was being fed by late. In the evening, quite a young man was dead under the trees.

June 27, Sunday. This morning, I heard was that a man who was receiving aid from us, had died. In the afternoon others were found dead under the trees.

June 28, Monday. One died this morning from starvation.

This is a week's record of immediate neighborhood, but you some idea of the fear all around us.

Another point I must mention. We are thirty miles from railway, so that the distance of necessity increase till November when importation will begin. In the meantime, prospects of from suffering are very de-

The same devoted missionary, writing to the *Herald* of Calcutta, says I state the fact that people are dying from starvation in the district. In the poor-house are 1,600 inmates, and very less scores of people are waiting to the mission for receiving aid in one way or the other. From the people who are wanderers in acute distress, it would be a newcomer that no more being done, and yet I know the government is doing its power. There is no room for private relief gratifying to think that the relief of such suffering readers of this journal done so much. The *Herald* publish this week shows sections have responded to appeal. Following a number of contributions we cannot be classified under

In this issue we give a further list of acknowledgments of contributions classified according to States. Below is a summary of the totals of the various lists:

NEW ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Alabama	\$ 103 10	Nevada	\$15 00
Arizona	59 19	N. Hampshire	214 50
Arkansas	44 05	New Jersey	1574 70
California	405 82	New Mexico	23 00
Colorado	227 77	New York	2,210 03
Connecticut	314 31	N. Carolina	202 71
Delaware	22 25	N. Dakota	134 45
D.C. Columbia	25 70	Ohio	2,088 55
Florida	98 00	Oklahoma Ter.	1 15
Georgia	252 07	Oregon	111 09
Idaho	22 80	Pennsylvania	2,763 09
Illinois	4,538 19	Rhode Island	50 50
Indiana	771 40	S. Carolina	157 03
Indian Ter.	13 00	S. Dakota	121 00
Iowa	2,144 10	Tennessee	100 00
Kansas	709 32	Texas	105 74
Kentucky	507 46	Utah	8 00
Louisiana	28 00	Vermont	281 45
Maine	418 31	Virginia	381 00
Maryland	202 25	Washington	132 73
Massachusetts	807 07	W. Virginia	130 31
Michigan	710 11	Wisconsin	028 15
Minnesota	302 00	Wyoming	3 45
Mississippi	145 22	Canada	402 23
Missouri	435 07	Foreign	91 65
Montana	36 00	Mexico	51 00
Nebraska	1,201 91	Miscellaneous	192 70

Total New Acknowledgments \$27,880 14

Previously acknowledged \$153,184 28

Total to August 1 \$181,070 42

Rlnir, Mrs.	1 00	Willis, Mrs.	1 00
Blanding, Mrs. G.	25	Wells, B. J. W.	1 00
Boyd, Mrs. A. O.	58	Miss C. B. No.	1 00
Boyd, Mrs. M. W.	1 00	C. P. C. child	1 00
Brower, Agnes	25	ton	1 00
Carter, Elizabeth	2 90	Miss E. A. R.	1 00
Chaffee, Addie	5	"J. Waters	1 00
Chaffee, Mr. & Mrs. J. J.	1 00	M. S. Castlet	1 00
Chaffee, Maggie	5	R. P. O. Bath	1 00
Chaffee, Waldo	5	Chapley	1 00
Cink, Miss E. H.	1 00	W. Fair	1 00
Cleveland, Mr. Mito	1 00	Woodley	1 00
Box in store	51	Friend	1 00
Clifford, Maud E.	1 00	Friend, Glen	1 00
Couklin, Mrs. S.	2 00	Friend, North	1 00
Cook, Minnie E.	25	Friends, Ora	1 00
Davis, David	50	I. H. N.	1 00
Field, Mr.	10	I. H. N.	1 00
Fitz, Irina	55	Reader	1 00
Fleshman, Alvin	10	Symptizer	1 00
Fleshman, B. A.	50	Symptizer	1 00
Fleshman, Carl	25	C. E. S. Santa	1 00
Fleshman, Elsie	10	Y. P. S. C.	1 00
Fleshman, Lylo	25	Tremont	1 00
Goff, Ray	10	An Ep League	1 00
Gribb, E. C.	10	Dunneburg	1 00
Locksmith, Cath'.	30	ton S. S.	1 00
Hoskins, Mrs. J.	1 00	Everett S. S.	1 00
Hupp, O. P.	1 00	dule Bapt	1 00
Jones, Mrs. W. E.	1 00	Anonymous	1 00
MacDonald, F.	1 00	Anonymous	1 00
Maine, Mrs. H.	3 00	Friend in the	1 00
Majors, Mr. & Mrs.	35	Friend in the	1 00
Marine, Nedie	25	Friend in the	1 00
Pinn, Julia Agnes	1 00	The Master	1 00
Porter, Oliver	1 25	For the starv	1 00
Rolmet, Nettie	1 32	For starv	1 00
Schroder's, Mite Box	1 00	Unnamed	1 00
in store	31	Gladstone H.	1 00
Stanley, Lydia	1 35	A. Helpe	1 00
Sullivan, Mrs. J. S. el	1 00	Poor old M.	1 00
Tramm, Miss Ella	2 00	From a friend	1 00
Walker, Frank	25	Nurse, Bran	1 00
Wells, Earle A.	1 00	From one w	1 00
Wells, James M.	15	pathy is	1 00
Wendling, Elsie	1 00	means are	1 00
Wendling, Willie	1 00	His child	1 00
White, W. P. & Miss	1 00	Poor old M.	1 00
Ella McClellan, col	1 00	Mite Box 19	1 00
ected by	10 00	Mite Box 33	1 00

Contributions.

NEW YORK CONTINUED

No Name, Tupper Lake
Yours, etc Salem
One who is striving to
follow Jesus.....

A Lady in Reid Ch.
Canajoharie.....

Widow's Mite, Stony
Brook.....

Three Golden Rulers,
Saranac Lake.....

Grandma, Grandson &
Granddaughter, Staple-
ton.....

Little Hall Children,
Fieldhome.....

Mite Box 726 Shortsville
Mite Box 727, Shortsville
Mite Box 730, Shortsville
Mite Box 731, Shortsville
A Mite for India, Sharon
Spring.....

Little Mites from Little
Hands, Lowville.....

In Memoriam of Mary
Worcester.....

From Two Young Girls
Holey.....

M E S. S. Covington.....

S S Class of Marcy Av
Bapt Ch, Brooklyn.....

Class No 13 of Congl Ch,
Ellington.....

Class No 9, Presb S S,
Hempstead.....

Silver Stream S S, New-
burgh.....

Two Boys of Park Ave
Chapel, Brooklyn.....

No Gage Union S S, No
Gage.....

Bapt S S, Camden.....

S S, Cameron Mills.....

Class No 2, Congl S S,
Hamilton.....

Dutch Refd S S, Fish-
kill.....

Presb S S, Fredonia.....

Happy Hour S S, Over-
look.....

S S Ch, Eastport.....

Bible School, Church of
Christ, Troy.....

Townsend Baptist S S,
Townsend.....

Class No 5 of First Pres
Ch S S, Washington-
ville.....

Washington Square S S,
Hempstead.....

S S of Overlook.....

ong Ch, Danby.....

Presb Ch, Lansing-
burgh.....

Reformed Church, War-
wick.....

Free Methodist Church,
Port Clinton.....

Presby Church,
Bergen.....

Members of Presby Ch,
Bath.....

B Y P U Bapt Church,
Greece.....

Children of Alford Dist
School, Homer.....

Presb Ch, Shortsville.....

St George's Church,
N Y City.....

Methodist Ch, Bergen.....

M E Church, Napoli.....

M E Ch, Union Springs.....

M E Church, Charm
Falls.....

Mite Box 1920.....

Mite Box 1923.....

Mite Box 1924.....

Mite Box 1925.....

Mite Box 1927.....

Mite Box 1928.....

Mite Box 1930.....

Mite Box 1932.....

Mite Box 1936.....

Mite Box 1937.....

Mite Box 1938.....

Mite Box 1940.....

Mite Box 1943.....

Mite Box 3133.....

Mite Box 3345.....

Mite Box 3346.....

Mite Box 3348.....

Mite Box 3349.....

Mite Box 3351.....

Mite Box 3347 Troy.....

Members of Pres Ch,
Hamilton.....

Reform Ch, Nassau.....

Presbyterian Ch, Meck-
lenburg.....

Congregational Church,
Gaines.....

Three Churches of Mid-
dleburg.....

M P Church, Eastport.....

1st Presbyterian Ch of
Tadadilla.....

Children's Day Collec-
tion, Presbyterian Ch,
Hillport.....

SS Collection, Children's
Day, Presbyterian Ch,
Millerton.....

Presbyterian Ch, Meck-
lenburg.....

Grace Baptist Church,
Brooklyn.....

Congl Church, Java.....

W F M Soc of Royal n
Chr Ch, Orangeport.....

M E Church, Sanitaria
Springs.....

M E Ch, Bloomfieldburg
1st Pres Ch, Sande-
Cash, Binghamton.....

Cash, Binghamton.....

Cash, Troy.....

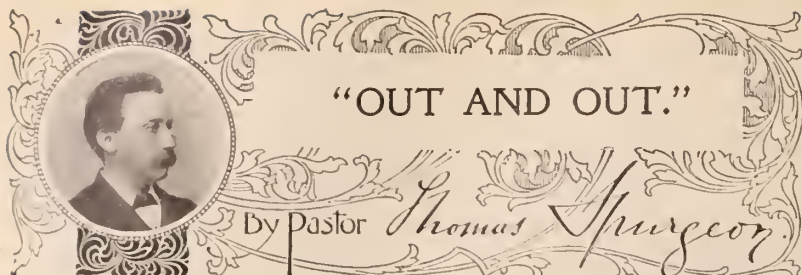
Cash, Troy.....

Citizens of York
Citizens of York

For Total of this Stat
See Page 614.

Psalm 112: 9.

in the name of the Master 1
Reader, Hughsonville 1
A Reader, Troy 5
A Subscriber who loves
Jesus, Palmyra 1
A Sympathizer, Hughsonville 1
Symp'z'r, Woodhaven 1
Sympathizers, Hopkinton and South Col. 1
Y P S C E, Birtchton 3
Local Union of C. E.
Poughkeepsie 1
Central Bapt Jr C Soc,
Brooklyn 1
Y P S C E, Orangeport 1
Seneca C E Soc Seneca 5
Y P S C E, Minetto 4
Elk Creek Union Y P S
C E, Delhi 5
Y P S C E of Grace
Chapel, Jamestown 3
Y P S C E of 1st Pres
Ch, Nyack 1
C E Soc Nant Pres Ch,
Steuben 6
Y P S C E of 2d Bapt
Ch, Rochester 1
Y P S C E Deem's Mem
Chapel, West New
Brighton 11
Y P S C E of Mad Ave
Pres Ch, Albany 3
C E Vincent Pres Ch, Cape
C Vincent 1
Y P S C E of Bapt Ch,
Sandy Creek 6
J S C E, Clarence Centre 7
Y P S C E, Union Sq.
N Y City 1
J S C E, 1st Bapt Ch,
Woodside 1



"OUT AND OUT."

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

A MINISTER of the Gospel who is privileged to have a band of praying men about him (Alas! for the one who hasn't), was not a little astonished to hear one of them present a most original petition just before the pastor entered the pulpit. He was asking the Lord to fill his servant with faith and fire, and added, "O Lord, we beseech thee, *neutralize* all his powers of body and spirit!" Everybody said, "Amen!" for it was evident that the good brother meant *utilize*. There are some who in God's service seem to do their best to neutralize their powers. Earnestness consists in setting them at the disposal of our Good Master," and ourselves employing them to the full.

No one can afford to do without zeal in any of the walks of life, for competition grows keener every day, and those who work for God should not be behind-hand in this matter. It is useless to think of laboring half-heartedly for Christ. They who do so are the greatest hinderers. Hurrying along the crowded sidewalk to catch a train they who most impede you are not the passengers who are going in a contrary direction (you can generally dodge them), but the loiterers who are moving the same way at a snail's pace. Oh that the slow-coaches in our churches would at least stand aside, and let us get on. How apt we all are to get into grooves, and to run in ruts. Our service is all too often perfunctory and mechanical. The choir that was singing a Te Deum (not Jackson's, as it usually did), was suddenly surprised to find the organ voiceless, and when the blower was remonstrated with, he exclaimed indignantly, "Think I don't know how many puffs goes to a Te Deum!" With such fatal formality is much Christian work attempted. The government stroke takes the place of tireless activity.

Equally reprehensible is the slovenly style of service. True earnestness does the work well even if it does it quickly. The King's business requires haste, but it requires taste as well. Dexterity and sincerity are quite compatible with celerity. A willing mind and a burning heart will guide the cunning hand.

When Beau Brummel was asked how he managed to arrange his ties so exquisitely, he answered, "Because I give my mind to it." The pity was that his devotion had not a worthier cause. Some Christians have earned to themselves a good degree, so that they can truly place the letters O. O. after their names, and everybody knows that in their case they stand for Out and Out. But the same letters remind me of one who declared that he had been a Christian for three years *off and on*. What does O. O. mean in your case, dear reader—Out and Out or Off and On?

Off and on Christians remind me of the intermittent geysers that spring in certain warm corners of the earth. I visited one of these a few years back. I was accompanied by an old man as guide who, as it seemed to me, tried to "take in" some of the "greenhorns" from the country. Coming to one of the geysers the old rascal said, "Listen to my incantation and you will see the Lord's water spring up almost at once." As I was enough, it did so. He murmured an incantation wizard-like, and up shot the scolding water. But he knew that this particular geyser played its pranks regularly every few minutes, so he brought his party to the spot just before the performance was due. It was an intermittent geyser and the time for its activity was fully come. But oh how soon it was over! Presently he conducted us to one that was ever boiling. I confess I preferred the geyser that was always at it, and that is what I want to be as to my devotion to Jesus my Lord. There are some folks who come to the boiling point at a convention or during a revival, and then die down

again. By and by there is another excitement, and up they go again, ever so high, but it doesn't last. This off and on earnestness is not worthy of the name. Oh! to be able to say with David, "My heart is inditing a good matter." The word he employed means "boiled," or "bubbled up"—like a geyser. So may our hearts ever be.

Moreover, that geyser is most to be admired which leaps warm and strong in the coldest latitudes. The Icelandic geyser is a better emblem of Christian earnestness than is that of my old friends in New Zealand, or of yours in the Yellowstone Park.

Oh, to be warm when all is cold around! Oh, to be earnest amid unconcern, and zealous when others are indifferent! Alas! we too often grow like our neighbors, and even the geyser becomes first lukewarm, then cold, and even frozen. Would to God a frigid Christian was as rare and impossible a thing as a frozen geyser. As certain also of your own ministers have said: The favorite psalm for the modern Christian is the twenty-third and especially the verse which says, "He maketh me to lie down." Of paddlers and dabbles we have enough. The service of God is as "waters to swim in." The world and the Church need men and women who will plunge headlong into the work. Take a header, man, take a header! God wants broken hearts 'tis true, but he demands all the pieces. I once asked some of Moody's students for a corner in their prayerful sympathy. Whereupon their dear leader said: "No, no, we won't give him a corner; let him come right in." I bespeak this whole-hearted welcome for my Master and his blessed service. We are almost too careful not to pass the bounds of propriety. Rules which prevent us from being earnest are better broken.

I am much of the mind of the good brother whom I heard pray, "Lord, make us courageous, and make us outrageous, too." Some will reckon this an outrageous petition, but I know the friend's meaning and am at one with it. Some of us don't see eye to eye with the Salvation Army in all its methods and tactics, but we would rather help the most *outré* of them than join the Stagnation Army, whose Fabian policy and want of "go" are gratifying to none but the devil.

We sadly need more enthusiasm. We have scarcely enough for ourselves, so we are seldom able to "enthuse" others. A visitor from your own great land lately told me that having returned from a visit to England, he was accosted by a man who said: "You have seen Spurgeon and taken him by the hand, then let me grasp yours;" and so saying he gave him such a grip as he is not likely to forget. Now, this man had never seen my father, yet he loved him. Moreover, he was not himself a Christian, yet he had caught something of the enthusiasm that was kindled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I rejoice to know that this interview and interest led to a ripening acquaintance and affection, and that ere long the admirer of C. H. Spurgeon became a lover of his Lord. Oh, that we might learn the art of thus

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affecting even those whom we have never seen! In order to do this, we must be ourselves enthusiastic in no mean measure.

It is recorded of "The Master of Blantyre," who by the way was very fond of boating and yachting, that when he came to die, he said to the friends and retainers gathered round his bed, "Pull together lads, when I am gone;" and the closing words of the dying saint were, "Full steam ahead!" These are the orders that we also have received. In Christian work there must be accord and unanimity. There must be fire, fervor, and force as well. We need not fear shipwreck, for Christ is with us. "Full steam ahead!"

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The last twelve months have been marked by most gratifying spiritual progress at the Bowery Mission. From April 1, 1896 to March 31, 1897, the results, briefly stated by Superintendent Wyburn, were as follows:

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Professed Conversions.....	5,437
Men and Boys sheltered in Lodging House.....	40,943
Meals served in Restaurant.....	628,673
Patients treated in Free Dispensary.....	2,300
Employment found for.....	1,200
Kindergarten Attendance, (three months).....	770
Attendance at Mrs. Bird's Women's Meetings.....	2,300
Professed Conversions at same.....	250
Free Meals.....	59,850

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WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By ANNIE L. HANNAH.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER II.

DAVID RANSOM opened his eyes with a start and looked bewilderedly about him the next morning. A long ray of sunlight was streaming through the dusty little window at his side, falling upon the piled up hay and the opposite wall of the loft.

Where was he? Surely these were not his prison walls! For a moment he lay where he was, utterly at a loss; but the realization of his position flashed in upon him and he sprang to his feet. He had slept far longer than he intended, as he knew from the position of the sun, and going to the ladder he peered anxiously down into the barn below. There was no sound of any one stirring, and descending cautiously he found to his infinite relief that there was no one there. It was the work of but a moment to open the door and step into the lane, where, just beyond, the wide old farmhouse lay basking in the rays of the morning sun. He put his hand into the pocket of his coat and finding the paper quite safe, turned and went up the flagged walk tapping at the rear door.

A sweet-faced woman of past middle age opened it.

"Well," she said, pleasantly, "what can I do for you this morning?"

David took off his hat. "I would like to see the owner of this farm, if you please."

"I am the owner; I am Miss Rachel May; and where do you come from so early in the morning?"

David never could explain the impulse which prompted him to reply, albeit defiantly: "I came from your barn; I have been sleeping there all night."

If he had expected to see any change in the friendly expression of the face into which he looked, he was agreeably disappointed.

"I am very sorry that was necessary," she said, "but since it was, I hope that you were comfortable."

Not to be found fault with for trespassing was more than David had hoped or expected. He had called himself a fool for thus running the risk of spoiling his chances of employment by such an acknowledgment the moment that the words left his lips. But to be asked if stolen quarters had met with his approbation proved too much for his well-developed sense of the ludicrous, and he laughed outright; a ringing, boyish laugh, such as had not been heard from him for two long years.

"What's the matter?" asked the woman in surprise, by no means expecting this strange young man to laugh himself quickly. David reined in his laughter and slept very well, and he would be glad if she would allow him to work for her for his lodging.

There was something about this woman which touched and warmed him, but he was too eager, and perhaps hardened, to be really impressed.

"Wow, I don't know," Miss Rachel was saying, "I suppose that you could find something for you to do, but I don't know; but first you must let me give you some breakfast for I suppose you are sitting for breakfast, that you have none?"

No," David replied, "I don't have a square meal here— and the realizing suddenly what he was, he paused in some confusion.

"There, now. I thought that he was going to tell me!" exclaimed the little woman to herself. "He isn't a common tramp, that's easy to see, and when he isn't laughing, he looks dreadfully sad or discouraged or something. But never



"HOW GLAD I AM YOU SHOWED ME THIS PAPER," SHE SAID.

mind: there's no need of my knowing; the Lord will show me how to help him if that's what he sent him to me for. Well, you sit right down here while I get you some breakfast," she said brightly, "and we'll talk about the work afterward. There comes Sam now. I'll ask him what there is for you to do."

David glanced up quickly at the man who came slouching across the meadow toward the house, and recognized him as the person he had seen about the barn the night before. He returned the scrutiny with interest, and with a brief "morning," accompanied by a stiff nod of his head, he entered the house followed by Miss Rachel, who turned back to say to David: "I'll call you when the things are set on."

"It seems real sort of mean to make him work out a meal which isn't going to cost me a cent," concluded Miss Rachel, after giving Sam a hasty account in reply to his question regarding David: "but folks do say it isn't right to give even food to an able-bodied man that can work for it. You can find something to set him at, can't you, Sam?"

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"There ain't no lack of something to set him at, Miss Rachel," he replied. "There's enough to be done, the land knows! But don't you think it's a little mite risky? What kin you expect of a man what sleeps in your haymow without so much as 'by your leave?'"

"I guess I'll risk that," she responded cheerfully.

"All right. It's for you to say; I thought I'd just mention it. I'm agreeable to all help what comes my way, for my farm and yours is just a bit too much to manage comfortable," he added.

"Then I'm glad he came along," said Rachel heartily.

"I'm free to confess I've been put to it since Dan'l was took, and the work has got the upper hand of me; but that ain't sayin' 's this feller'll mount to anything, Miss Rachel."

"Well, well, give him the trial, Sam; he can but fail, as you and I have failed more than once."

"I like that!" exclaimed Sam with a grin, as he took himself off.

David ate the bountiful breakfast to which Miss Rachel presently called him, in utter silence, and when he had finished and risen from the table, thanking her with a glance which she did not understand, she said: "If you will go out to the barn now, Sam will tell you what you can do to help him, as you feel that you would like to work a little for me. But do not make it too long," she added kindly.

Again David gave her that glance, but she had turned away to replenish her stove and did not catch it.

"That man's got a lot of go in him. Miss Rachel," said Sam, coming into the kitchen an hour or so later. "I'llow I never see a better worker. He never offered to stop, neither, till I asked him if he didn't think he'd 'bout worked out that meal of victuals, and then he said he'd rather be working than not. So I thought I'd come in and see how you felt 'bout having me keep him on a spell longer."

"It's too bad for you to have all my work on your hands, Sam, and I hope that we shall find some one before long. But of course keep him as long as he can help you."

And so David stayed on, working till dinner time, and still Sam found work for him to do which promised to keep him busy till after dark.

(Concluded on next page.)

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DUBLE OPPORTUNITY.

(continued from preceding page.)

Rachel May was not deeply versed in the ways of the world, but she knew how to feel certain that there must be a mystery surrounding this man who had been sent into her barn, and had yet shown so great a capacity for good work, and an inclination to keep busy. So, as David Ransom rose from the table after supper, she turned to him gently: "Of course you must not choose unless you choose, but have you decided to sleep to-night?"

"Instantly, with his arms folded against his breast, he looked down upon her for a word; then he began to smile wily and deliberately.

"All this had not happened, I had stolen into your barn again. But now—" And he shook his

"I shall not sleep in the barn; there is a room upstairs, and you are quite used to that," she said quickly. "Addam may find more work for you to-morrow if you care for it?"

"Where he bent upon her that long, inquiring glance. "How—how are you?" he asked slowly. "How do you think I may not burn your barn and your horses? How do you dare ask me so?"

"I don't know," she replied smiling at his glance. "Somehow, I am sure. You do not look like a man who would steal," she added brightly.

"His face grew ghastly. "How—how are you?" he began hoarsely. "suppose some one should tell you that I had been in prison for it?"

"I should be very sorry to hear it. But I think that any one will ever tell me of you," smiling.

"He opened his lips to speak again, then he himself and putting his hand into his pocket drew from it the paper which he had prepared the day before and he read to her without a word.

"He opened and read it, then looked up at her with a pleased expression.

"I am glad I am that you showed this to me," she exclaimed. "It proves to me what I was beginning to hope: you are the very man for whom I have been looking. We have already received your friend's advice and let your friend say for itself: and if you will stay and try for a week, I hope by the time we shall like one another that we will not wish to part. You have done all the work of a farm. Sam would you like to try?" And she took her hand to him.

"He saw a man dying of thirst thrusting out his hand, and he had the cup of life held out to him! That is what Ransom felt he was doing when, with his hands behind him he said: "Wait and hear what I have to say this morning I fully intended giving this paper to read and asking you to employ me on the strength of what you had treated me as you have been so heavenly kind to me. I am up, for I could not lie to you, and I thought that I might go away and tell you what I am. But now I have trusted me: have offered to sleep beneath your roof—you must listen, then, and be thankful I do not take your hand—your clean hand—in mine. That paper I wrote myself: yesterday I came out of my room here I have been for two years stealing! stealing another man's

"His clasped hands gripped one another tightly till the nails cut through the flesh. He hoped that she would reply? He hoped, all unconsciously, that she would judge him as the world judged him, that his heart went down, down, down, never continued silence? Perhaps, he was sure of but one thing: that the cloud which had surrounded him had never been so black: the dark was so appallingly dark as when, without lifting his head, he moved from where he stood and moved toward the door where his hat and walking stick lay upon a peg. How long it seemed he thought vaguely, as one would think of things under the pressure of great calamity, since first he had been there. Hours! Why, it must be days, weeks ago, so familiar

had he become with the great room, passing in and out of it, as he had done constantly during the day. Well, he should never see it again, or its gentle mistress who had made that day to him one never to be forgotten.

He lifted his arm to take down the hat, but as he did so felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and turning with a start found her standing at his side, her hand still held out to him, her eyes brimming with tears.

"It was brave and true of you to tell me, and I am so sorry for your trouble. You have done wrong, terribly wrong! I would not have you feel that less than you do; but I am sure that you are sorry—perhaps have always been sorry for it. It may be that because of—of the consequences of the wrong which you did, you will not find it easy to make a fresh start. Stay here with me, my poor boy, and let me help you make it."

"You—you do not despise me? You are not afraid of me yet?" He was breathlessly waiting her reply.

"Despise you? Afraid of you? Does God despise you? And what right have I to judge you? How do I know that, in your place, I should not have yielded to the temptation? No, no, it is not for me to take God's place! and he is so much more merciful and tender than I could be!"

The lifted arm had fallen to his side, and she took the hand between her own, pressing it warmly. Only for an instant, however, for he almost snatched it from her, and turning abruptly toiled his arms against the wall, his face buried upon them.

"God bless you! God forever bless you!" he whispered. "You have made me believe in Him! You have made me repent my act as I never repented before!"

And then for a few moments there was silence in the great fire-lit room: a silence broken presently by that most piteous of sounds—the sound of a strong man weeping. But he lifted up his head by-and-by, and standing erect looked down upon her. "I came in here this morning," he began. "A hardened man, bitter, discouraged, desperate, hating myself and God. I hate myself still, but a God who could have made you must be full of mercy! May he have mercy upon me a sinner!" And again he bowed his head, but this time in meekness and penitence of heart.

"Amen!" said Miss Rachel fervently. Then taking his hand again, and looking up into the eyes still wet with recent tears: "I am glad that you told me. I think that I can help you more because I know. But no one else shall ever hear unless you yourself tell it as you have told it to me."

He seized her hand then, almost crushing it in his grasp.

And so to David Ransom came the opportunity which he had craved; as he had promised, so as the days and weeks passed by, did he prove himself worthy of the trust placed in him. He proved it as I say, yet not in the proud self-reliant spirit in which that promise had been made; not in his own power or strength, but humbly, prayerfully, "and in the fear of God."

And so to Miss Rachel came her opportunity. An opportunity bravely accepted, nobly used.

For "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

THE END.



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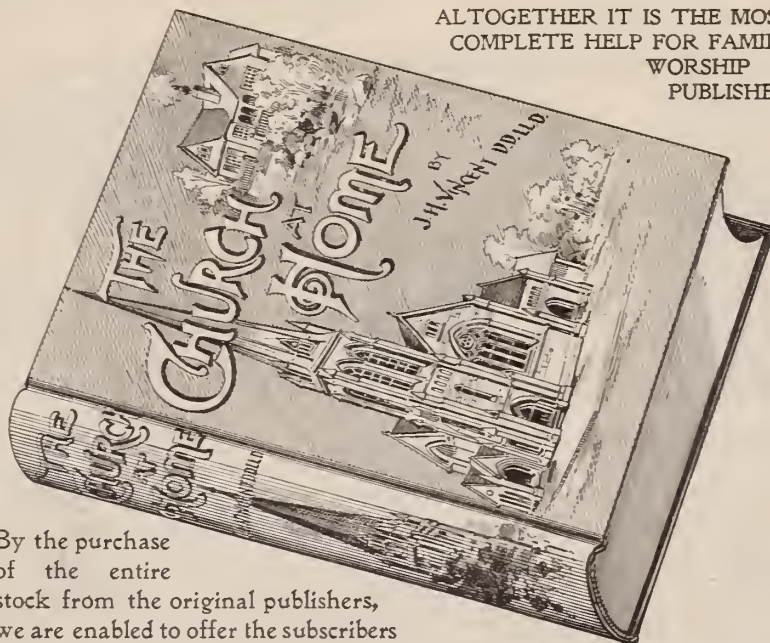
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. J. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OUR RELIEF SHIP SAFE IN PORT.

Arrival of the "City of Everett" at Calcutta—Letters from Missionaries—Thousands of Lives Saved by the Famine Relief Fund.

As we go to press, the following telegram is received:

Calcutta, Aug. 10.
The "City of Everett" arrived safe and sound with good cargo. Met by Mr. Thoburn. Arrangements for distribution of cargo more acceptable than expected. HOBBS."

It will be welcome news to our readers here, especially to those whose gifts have freighted the gallant steamer with this magnificent gift to starving people. It is extremely gratifying to learn that Dr. Hobbs has found, as we expected, that the corn will be welcome to

The need has evidently been appalling and it still continues. Until the harvest is reaped from the seed which is now being sown in the provinces that have been blessed with rain, the pressure will be severe. The appeals to the missionaries are most urgent, and it would have been heart-breaking to listen to them if they had been unable to respond. It must be very gratifying to our readers to know that through their gifts these servants of Christ have been able to feed the hungry, and to show the people who know not Christ that Christianity is a religion of love and com-

the Christian faith. Thus our Lord's name has been honored, and He who sees all things has been pleased as he has witnessed his people denying themselves that they may feed the hungry in his name.

The photograph we publish on this page was sent to us by the Rev. R. A. Hume, D.D., one of the American Board's Missionaries at Ahmednagar. It shows the people whom he has been enabled to support with the funds contributed by our readers. As will be noticed, the greater part of them are women and children, those who suffer most in such a calamity as that now desolating the afflicted land. In the rear of the group are a few men some of them aged, whose hoary locks call for consideration in such a time as this. Dr. Hume has personally superin-

calamity that confronts us! The fears I had when I wrote you the 19th of March last we are now realizing. To help us still further, your second noble, splendid, timely gift of \$500 has come, and we are devoutly grateful for it. So many of the people say **you have kept us alive**, yes, dear sir, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. How shall I begin to portray the increasing distress on every hand! My hands and pen drop unable to present the scene.

The heavens are brass, the earth—and I am speaking of our Sirur region only now—scorched, the rains hold off from us, the cattle are dying all along the roads, and the fields which this time of year should be green, but are dark with drought. The people are flocking to us from all sides, almost wild with hunger. Mrs.



FAMINE-STRICKEN APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF AT THE AMERICAN MISSION, AT AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

people and that there will be no loss in sending it to the famine-stricken districts.

No words of ours could express so vividly the attitude of the starving people of India at the gifts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as do the letters we received last week from the missionaries.

passion. The English missionaries have received from their own land the means to alleviate the distress, and it is well that American missionaries have also been enabled to share in the good work. The natives must see now that the help which comes to them in their hour of need, is not the product of national feeling, but the outflowing of the love and sympathy of

tended the work of relief and has taken care that the money has been made to go as far as possible. Following are some of the letters received from the missionaries:

SIRUR, India, July 5, 1895.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald,
New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

DEAR AND HONORED SIR.—How shall I begin to speak in view of the increased

Winsor and myself constantly say to each other, **what shall we do?** They come and offer their children, putting their hands on their stomachs, saying with plaintive tone and beseeching eye, "in mercy give us something to fill our stomachs, we are dying."

O how glad we are for the second \$500;
(Continued on page 625.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

is a reliable firm.—F. E. K., Reado
Your question is not quite clear.—P
My Clarenceville, Me. We hope to do so, bu
ally pressure of other matter crowds it ou
M. R., Minco, Ind. Ter. Not yet, but m
—Mrs. Charles Berwick, Detroit. It
ably be produced in book form, but no
time.—W. H. M., Wellsville, Pa. Voi
the whole subject fully treated in any
cyclopedia.—Lelia J. W., Reeve, N.
letter has been forwarded.—Investig
bury, Can. We have not the data ne
answer.—Reader, Crittenden, N. Y.
persevere in your missionary purpose by
using tact and gentleness, however, es
dealing with such cases as you describ
B., Woneowoc, Wis. It stands for cha
D. H., Colorock. You must consult a
—Subscriber, Ont., Can. It would se
work of necessity.

IN A PALESTINE ORPHANAGE.

A Visit to Missionary Schueller's Famous Institute in Jerusalem—Hundreds of Poor Syrian Children Trained to Useful Christian Lives.



THE SYRIAN ORPHANAGE IN JERUSALEM.

AN esteemed correspondent in Palestine, Mr. F. Vester, Sr., sends us the following interesting and encouraging letter, describing a phase of Christian work in the Holy City, with the accompanying photographs. Mr. Vester has dwelt many years in Jerusalem, and is highly esteemed by the citizens of all nationalities alike. He writes as follows:

"The Syrian Orphanage for Boys at Jerusalem is the largest establishment of its kind in the Holy Land, and I am sure a history of the institution and its work will greatly interest your readers. The aim of the institution is to give a home to orphans of Palestine and Syria. It was founded in 1860 by Missionary Theodore L. Schueller, after the terrible massacre of Christians in Damascus. Mr. Schueller at the time traveled through the country and gathered the poorest orphans into his orphanage, which was then very small, consisting of only one large room and several small cottages. The founder had to labor under great difficulties; but with the help of God, he has since been enabled to make his orphanage the largest establishment of its kind in the country, and to add the number of inmates is 240, with ample accommodation for all.

"Besides Arabic and German, the orphans are taught a trade, which enables them after leaving the institution, to gain their living by honest work. The various trades are taught by European masters, and in connection with this ranch of the orphan there is also a school for the blind, of whom there are a great many in this country. The chief aim of the orphanage, however, is to teach the inmates the principles of true Christianity and to bring them up in the fear of God. A good number of former pupils are now working in various parts of the Holy Land as native missionaries.

"Over 1,500 boys have found a home in this institution since its foundation, and all of them are full of thankfulness and gratitude for the advantages gained by their sojourn in the Orphanage. The godly founder of the Orphanage, Missionary L. Schueller, died last year aged seventy-five, and his position as director is now filled by his son, the Rev. Th. Schueller.

"During the last few months, a new impetus was given to the good work by the Armenian question, and already ninety Armenian orphans have found a home here, and sixty more are expected to arrive shortly; but as the premises are too small to accommodate such a large addition, new quarters are being

erected for the Armenian boys in the institution's Farming Colony at 'Bir Salem,' near Ramleh. The work of the institution has, up to the present time, been carried on by the aid of Christian friends all over Europe, and it is hoped that these friends will continue to give their aid. God, who has obviously held his protecting hand over the Orphanage, will not fail to sustain it further and will surely move many hearts to give a helping hand to the promotion of this work."

Jerusalem, July 6, 1897. F. VESTER, SR.

MODERN IDOLATRY.

Idols Commonly Worshipped in Christian Lands and their Power Over the Lives of the Worshipers.



At first sight it would seem that of all the commandments, the one least likely to be broken in these days is, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me." The tendency of the times is to get rid of God altogether, and not to multiply objects of worship. But when we consider what worship practically means, we have reason to doubt whether this commandment is generally kept. We do not worship graven images, it is true; but have we not suffered some thing to usurp God's throne? It might be well honestly and faithfully to find out what occupies the supreme place in our lives. Is there anything that we desire above all else? Anything to which we habitually sacrifice other desires? Is there anything that holds so high a place, that to receive it, we neglect family ties, or religious duties, or the claims of friendship, or health, or relaxation? Is there any pursuit, any

The answer to these questions may give the clue to the idol, if there is one, in our lives. The story of Abraham and Isaac is continually being reproduced. God had no desire for the sacrifice of the lad. It was sufficient when the patriarch was willing to give him up at God's command. The father showed that even his love for his son was subordinate to his loyalty to God. We are not required to make such sacrifices; we are required only to keep such a law of subordination. The demand is not unreasonable. A father expects the same consideration from his child. If an indulgent father gives his son a bicycle, and the son becomes so infatuated with it that he will not go to school and will not come home at night at the hour his father appoints, and is continually being led into disobedience by his delight in his wheel, what is likely to happen? Will not the wise father take it from him? If the boy used it in moderation and continued to be obedient to his father, there would be no trouble, and the father would be glad that his son's pleasures were increased; but when the wheel becomes a source of alienation, then it must be removed. So it is in our own lives. We suffer the blessings God gives us to come between him and us. A lover, a wife, a child, money, fame, pleasure—any of these may become idols. When God sees "inordinate affection" creeping thus into the life of his child, he may leave him to the consequences of his folly or he may take away the idol, to save his child from being lost. The mischief is not in the things themselves, but in the love which makes them rivals of God.

Stundist Persecution.

Notwithstanding the Czar's promise to the Czarina, that greater religious liberty would be granted throughout his empire, there has thus far been no perceptible change. Russian persecution of Stundist Christians is being continued with unabated vigor. The Czar having recalled none of the draconic measures issued against these Russian Protestants during the last reign. Some Russian papers publish private testimonies of eye witnesses to the cruelties perpetrated upon the unfortunate Protestants.

One writer, a lady, says: "The village authorities take particular delight in passing sentence of flogging on the 'heretics.' A moujik of the village Komisarovka, by name Potap Goli, looked emaciated to the extreme, tortured, indeed, almost to death. This man had been flogged numerous times. On one occasion they watched his return and stopped him coming from a secret meeting of his brethren. It was an awful frost, and first of all they took off his boots and led him barefooted over the frozen mole-hills forcing him to count how many such hills there were over the vast field. This lasted wholly two hours. The legs of the victim finally got quite numb, and he fell to the ground unable to move any further. Bleeding from several wounds, he was then dragged into a cottage, where a fiendish torture was applied to him. This consisted of a big sheet of paper rolled up like a cigarette, one end of which they put into his nostrils, igniting

the other end. This remedy proved effective. The flame caught the moustache of the victim, and he began to move and groan, to the great amusement of the barbarians around him. This is not an exceptional case. In the official reports of the Government Procureurs at numerous trials, it was stated again and again that the Stundists were 'beaten with poles and iron pitchforks, were dragged out from their houses by their hair, their clothes torn, their mouths filled with mud, have been thrown and drowned in deep pools of water, have been forced and sunk in the earth up to their necks,' that 'women were stripped of their clothes, and, in that state, were beaten with cudgels, hayforks, and iron bars.'

"Thousands of Lives Saved."

(Continued from first Page)

but with the utmost care and economy it is vanishing immediately. Please, dear Dr. Klopsch, do see these plain figures: The population of this region, in which my wife and myself are the only missionaries, numbers 150,000. Thousands of these must die. They are flocking to our house daily, I may say hourly, and our hearts are sad and heavy at the sights that present themselves by these really starving people. It seems to me the least we can possibly do is to make an attempt to save 1,000 whom government aid does not reach. One thousand people out of the tens of thousands need 500 sheers of grain per day; this for a month of thirty days is 15,000 sheers or quarts, i. e., a pint for a person. This, at the present rate will cost \$1,000 a month.

These poorest of the poor here in this Sirur district, where they have only myself and wife to look to, must be cared for or die. Let me, in your name, raise a banner—"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Grain." It will be an object-lesson to the thousands who are flocking to us. We are using your money in the way you have so well suggested, and are purchasing grain and giving it out by measure to the families in distress.

Yours sincerely, R. WINSOR.

RAHURI, WESTERN INDIA,

July 8th, 1897.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN HERALD:

DEAR SIR: These last weeks I have been so busy trying to relieve some of the terrible suffering in this district, that I have not had time to write you of the work in detail. The daily sights here are almost too harrowing to write about, and it would be impossible for any pen to really describe the distress as it exists today. Going on the streets we see people in all stages of emaciation, some without hope, sitting by the roadside, or in the streets picking up grain that has been spilled kernel by kernel. Some are seen picking off the leaves of the Tamarind tree or the bitter fruit and seeds of several kinds of trees which in ordinary times are never touched by the very poorest of the poor. A woman with four children came to our house last week for relief, as hundreds of others are doing daily. She was of high caste, and had found nothing for herself and children to eat for four days, except the leaves and seeds of some tree. They all had a peculiar wolfish starved look. We fed them all, and the mother gave us one little girl to put in our school.

As to the distribution of money you have sent us, as long as the government relief works were open, we used our funds to supplement in cases of sickness, feebleness or great need among children, the small pittance earned at the works. For the last two months the distress has been so terribly increased that it was simply a matter of saving life by our giving. All able-bodied persons have been sent to the only relief works now open in this district. All that government would take on we have sent to the poorhouse. Our cases of greatest suffering have come from the Hill people, who live a few miles to the west of us. They are respectable people, very simple in their habits, who have been driven from their homes by extreme hunger. Yesterday a family of three generations, whose ages ranged from ten days to sixty years, came to our door. They were all in the last stages of emaciation, and so stupefied by suffering as to hardly believe their eyes, when we gave them food. These people are very nearly naked, but their distress for food is so great, that we pay no attention to their lack of garments.

From early morning till late at night the driveway to our gate is crowded, the aged who after all their years of hardship and scarcity are now dying of actual starvation, mothers with helpless little children pinched with hunger, other children with neither mothers nor fathers, their ceaseless crying is even now going on as I write.

Every dollar that we receive for Famine Relief is regarded as a most sacred trust, and is used to do the utmost good possible. Thousands of lives have already been saved by The Christian Herald Fund, and the need is now greater than ever before, and will continue to increase until the rains come and a crop can be ripened. Believe me, yours sincerely, W. O. BALLANTINE.



ORPHANS IN CAMP ON A TRIP TO THE JORDAN IN 1897.



SLAUGHTER OF MEN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Prov. 7: 22, - - - As an ox to the slaughter.



HERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture-field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with well-aimed stroke the axe fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture-field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment; but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary. If you haven't the money, borrow. But there are two kinds of borrowed money: Money borrowed for the purpose of starting, or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If young men knew the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford, kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiselled over the fireplace at Abbotsford. "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham! In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him! In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

Yet, in all our cities there are families who move every May-day to get into proximity to other grocers and meat shops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile, you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers, and butchers, and dry goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile, your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped

there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars, and the best of the canned fruits, and perhaps all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends them during their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay.

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes. There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed, that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the Dead Letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental calibre, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from my own experience.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was \$800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, "What! all this for one year!" I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity. I resolved to invite all the congregation to my house in groups of twenty-five each. We began, and as they were the best congregation in all the world, and we felt nothing was too good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking. At the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found that we not only had not the surplus of luxuries, but we had a struggle to get the necessities, and I learned what every young man learns in time to save himself, or too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat.

When a young man willfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front-

steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter, in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined in the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted, and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption. For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy the young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians, or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now, you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute. It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life-boats, and taking away of fire-escapes, and extinguishing of light-houses. I come out and I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh!" they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own saviour! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital, others are in the cemetery, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person who is not interested in that question. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defence. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or

a room in the fourth story of a cheaping, I care not. Only have that on your fortress. Let not the dissipator or the unclean step over the threshold. Come up the long flight of stairs and at the door, meet them face to face, kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall if you brought them with you from country home. Let no bad newspaper come into that room and than you would allow a cobra to your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody will take care of you. Your help will come up two, or three, or four flights; your help will come through roof, down from heaven, from the who in the six thousand years of the history never betrayed a young man tried to be good and a Christian. Say in regard to your adverse world circumstances, in passing, that you are level now with those who are first to succeed. Mark my words, young man, think of it thirty years from now you will find that those who thirty years ago are the millionaires of this country who are the orators of the count are the poets of the country, who are strong merchants of the country, the great philanthropists of the country, the mightiest in church and state—tomorrow on a level with you, not in above, and you in straightened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing violin at parties, and in the intervals the play he would go out and look at the midnight heavens, the fields of mortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a hew to be the most renowned of the engineers. No outfit, no capital, no capital with! young man, go down to the railroad and get some books and read of the wonderful mechanism God gave you your hand, in your foot, in your eye, your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read of and never again commit the blasphemy saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest of men is equipped as only the God of the universe could afford to equip him. With his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—Oh, that makes me solicitous. I am not so anxious about you, young man, I am sure you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk, and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that I sympathize as young men in cities. Not quite enough salary to get on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink and their exhausted nervous system requiring to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the class, the store, and most of the operators of the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that you may be forty miles the hour, and he in a fraught headed up stream, with nothing to broken oar to work with. Unless Almight God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me. I thought I meant you are to depend on human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the God Almighty. Clothe yourself in the panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this nor the next, but right thinking, an intelligent believing, and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in triumph through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "Oh! Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong, so hard to do right, Lord help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the throne of God, and reached his heart. And there are a hundred men who have found thousands of young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter one day, only one paragraph, which I shall read: "Having moved around somewhat, I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after the o' the-wisp, fortune, and of one of the would speak. He was a young Englishman."

FIGHTING SIN IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Work of the Union Gospel Mission Among the Vicious Classes in the Southern City—
A Crusade Deserving Generous Support.



ANY readers of this journal are already acquainted with the excellent Christian work that is now being carried on in New Orleans by the Union Gospel Mission.

Through many trials and vicissitudes, the Mission has lived and prospered, and at the present time its operations in the darkest quarters of the Southern City are being more greatly blessed than at any previous period of its existence.

Mr. A. E. Vail, the founder and General Superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission, writes for the information of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers this most interesting sketch of the work, whose headquarters are 725 Camp St., New Orleans:

Years of severe trial and arduous effort, cheered with great success from all spiritual points of view, convince me that God desires the continuance of this Mission. It is all the more needful that the beacons be maintained on the most dangerous reefs, no matter how exposed to hardships and dangers those who attend the lights. And it is no answer at all to say that such beacons, storm-swept and billow-bound, do not look so trim and tidy, and that the occupants are not so safe and comfortable as those in less exposed and less trying situations. This Mission is a light in a dark place, a beacon on a most dangerous reef, in a sea of raging waves, foaming off their own shame. It is situated in a neighborhood turbulent and disorderly, where the noises of mockery, opposition and studied insult sometimes drown the voices of prayer and exhortation, even to the indoor listeners. To have a policeman detailed for the suppression of disorder would cost us \$2.50 per night, and for our regular services (three nights per week) would amount to something more than we sometimes collect in a month.

During a series of revival meetings, just closed, over a dozen conversions resulted. It

Mission in their behalf. Very recently he died. In our late revival, his son and wife were both converted and will join the Baptist church, of which he was an honored member.

The Union Gospel Mission is strictly a union Mission and undenominational. The active participants in its worship are members of several Protestant denominations: Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Episcopal (Southern). Sectarianism is eliminated and no discordant note is ever heard in the joyful music of Christian brotherhood. We have learned the inestimable lesson of "keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," of "standing fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel," and of becoming "all one in Christ."

The Mission has no support from any church or denomination, but depends solely on the free-will offerings of Christian people everywhere.

"All our co-workers are poor," Mr. Vail explains, "and have their own burdens to bear. The people in our neighborhood, too, are very poor, largely habitues or patrons of saloons. Our principal workers are devoted to their work, are uncompensated. If anyone asks how he or she can help us, we say, 'in any way.' Bibles, Testaments, copies of the Gospels, tracts, Sunday School papers, Berean Leaf Clusters (back numbers) pictures for children and clothing. We especially aspire to

all. There was a brass band of 4,500 pieces. One of the features of the celebration was the reading of a message from Queen Victoria, in reply to one that had been sent to Her Majesty by Gen. Booth, conveying jubilee festival greetings from the Salvation Army. In her letter the Queen expressed her appreciation of the humanitarian work of the organization in different parts of her empire, and



MEMORIAL SCHOOL-HOUSE AT CISAMBA.

trusted that "Divine guidance and blessing might accompany all its future efforts."

How A Missionary Works.

A Sketch of the Varied and Successful Labors of a Devoted Medical Missionary in West Central Africa.

IN a letter just received from Dr. Walter T. Currie, acknowledging a contribution from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD toward the expenses of his mission work in Cisamba, in West Central Africa, is a description of missionary life, interesting to all Christian workers. It shows that the ideas sometimes entertained of the romance and adventures of missionary work are not always correct, and that

there must be a great deal of drudgery for the faithful worker to undergo. There are, Dr. Currie says, about a hundred natives living around the station which is the centre of his circle of Christian influence. A few white traders have settled in the neighborhood, but none within a radius of ten miles of Dr. Currie's home, so the missionary seldom sees a white face save those of his helpers. The industrial work which was begun tenta-



A GROUP OF TEACHERS, PUPILS, AND ATTENDANTS OF THE UNION GOSPEL MISSION, NEW ORLEANS.

is not the custom of the Mission to take public collections. As a rule they are never taken, except in an emergency, when extra expense is incurred. It is impossible to conceive of any Christian work where the Gospel is more literally "without money and without price" than with us. This Mission needs to be maintained because in a radius of about a hundred yards, there are five saloons where intoxicants are sold night and day, every day of the year, Sunday included, despite the law prohibiting their sale on the Sabbath. Until a little while ago, there were seven saloons dealing out "liquid damnation," but the nearest two have been discontinued, one by the death of the husband, the other, by failure of the proprietor. I have not counted the number of saloons within a radius of three or four blocks of our Mission, but I have no idea that there are less than between thirty or forty. There is no church where whites worship, within several blocks.

This Mission, through God, has been instrumental in saving scores of souls, even during its most trying ordeals. It has fed many an hungry one, clothed many naked, visited many sick, prayed at the bedside of many dying, distributed many thousands of tracts and copies of God's Holy Word, and it has been a source of comfort and blessing to many of its worshippers, who are now in heaven. Are not such fruits worth far more than the trials it has undergone? A most remarkable illustration of how God crowns endeavor was shown by our late revival services. A Baptist brother, living near by, used to attend our meetings very regularly. His prayers were burdened with supplications for loved ones who were indifferent about salvation and seldom or never came to our meetings. Ever and anon, he would solicit the prayers of the

own our building (to cost about \$3,000), as we have been renting for seven years. To some Christian possessed of a holy ambition to do a great work for God here is a chance. It would be an inexpressible help to us."

The large photograph which appears on this page was taken at a recent gathering of the Mission's young folks at the Lower City Park, one of the most picturesque of New Orleans breathing-spots, and particularly rich in its live oaks. Under one of those great trees many duels used to be fought—a wide-spreading tree, with branches sweeping the ground in all its circumference. It was the dark and bloody ground in bygone years, but the crack of the pistol has ceased and now the merry shouts of romping children are heard there.

A Monster Demonstration.

On July 20th the Salvation Army celebrated its thirty-second birthday at the Crystal Palace, London, in a remarkable fashion. Delegates were present from all parts of Great Britain and from every country on the globe, and the gathering in the great auditorium was one of the most picturesque and representative imaginable. Not only were many languages and nationalities represented, but many grades of society, from the poor, debased drunkard and criminal to the sober, substantial citizen of means. It is estimated that over 60,000 persons were present in

tively during his earlier years at Cisamba has developed and has proved beneficial in many ways. The boys who were trained as carpenters and builders under Dr. Currie's superintendence, are now in frequent request from other places, and wherever they go, they always leave behind them an excellent record of consistent Christian conduct. They can now make good adobe bricks, have thatched the mission building, and have cut down trees and made good windows, doors, etc. The ruling chief of a neighboring district has applied for their help in erecting a school-house, the entire cost of which he will pay out of his own pocket. He also proposes to pay the salaries of two of Dr. Currie's boys as teachers. Dr. Currie also maintains a blacksmith's shop, and hopes shortly to set up a flour-mill at the station. He has also a dispensary, in which some hundreds of cases were treated last year. Besides these are the schools, the senior and junior boys' schools, the same for girls, a kindergarten and a teachers' school for adults. From this last school native teachers have gone out, covering a circle around the mission with a radius of two days' march, and have preached in the villages to audiences varying from two to three hundred. These villages Dr. Currie visits at stated intervals, as a kind of episcopal visitation. In four villages regular Sunday services are held by teachers whom Dr. Currie has trained.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul Opposed at Ephesus.

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 29. Acts 19:21-34. Golden Text: Luke 12:15.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

LIKE his Master before him, Paul's life was regulated from above. He did not choose or plan his own way. His ministry at Corinth was at an end, and taking with him his fellow-laborers, Priscilla and Aquila, he set sail for Ephesus on the way to Asia. At Ephesus he entered into the synagogue as he was wont, and reasoned with the Jews. Had he been master of men's plans, the desire of these Jews that he should remain with them might have influenced him to delay his journey. But he had his orders, and carried them out irrespective of any desire of his hearers, of any circumstances favorable or unfavorable. Oh, the rest of a life in harmony with the known will of God! Oh, the power of knowing that that way must be the way into which God has directed us, and the absolute certainty that he makes us responsible for all the consequences! Paul was, however, free to make a promise that he would return to Ephesus if God will.

Meanwhile he left behind him there his rustic helpers Priscilla and Aquila. It was an accident that just at this time Apollos, a man of no ordinary gifts, and mighty in the Scriptures, should visit Ephesus and come, of course, to the synagogue. This man had some knowledge of Christ, but knew only the baptism of John. He did not yet know what it was to receive the Holy Ghost. Aquila and Priscilla, far less gifted probably in intellect and learning, saw that they had a ministry to add to this man. When a child of God, under the real discipline of the Holy Ghost, he has a humility which is free from the self-consciousness which accompanies human modesty. Divine humility does not compare itself with the people; human modesty does. Divine humility can trust God to make the way, another's heart when God has sent in a message to that other.

It came to pass that Priscilla and Aquila had not to consider the flesh in frequent and learned Apollos; they did not think that he might consider it presumptuous for such as they to attempt to teach him. God could not send them to him without preparing him to receive their ministry. When the Holy Spirit enters us, we do not look on things as between man and man, but as always ordered, or permitted by God. Thus they took him unto them and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. And their ministry to him was not in vain. Passing over into Achaia, "he helped them much which had believed through grace, for he powerfully confuted the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ" (Acts 18: 18-28, R. V.).

God had special purposes for Ephesus. Paul was to remain a longer time in this, a more heathen city than in any other, and his Epistle to the Ephesians was one of the deepest and the richest of all his writings. After his ministry in Achaia, and pastoral visits to the churches in Galatia and Phrygia, Paul returned to Ephesus. There "he found certain disciples, and said to them, 'Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?'" These disciples had not so much heard whether the Holy Ghost was given. Baptized into John's baptism, they knew the promise that he who comes after John should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire (Matt. 3: 11); but they neither knew Christ nor the Spirit. They were, however, willing to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Paul laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came on them, their tongues were loosed, and they prophesied, i. e., they spoke unto men to edifi-

cation, and comfort and consolation (1. Cor. 14: 3), a sure mark that the Holy Ghost had taken possession of them.

The quickening of disciples gives an impetus to the work of God. Backed by the witness of these God-filled lives, Paul "spoke boldly in the synagogue." Thus the Holy Spirit is come to God's children. "He shall convict the world" (John 16: 8), and when the worldly heart is convinced or convicted of sin, it can no longer remain neutral; something happens, either it yields, and God takes possession, or it becomes hardened and opposes. This was the case with some in the synagogue at Ephesus. They spoke evil of the Way before the multitude, and Paul, loyal Jew though he was, left the synagogue and separated the disciples, who met with him in the school of one Tyrannus. Here Paul preached the Gospel every day for two years, God sustaining his indefatigable servant, for necessity was laid upon him, yea it was woe unto him if he preached not the Gospel (1. Cor. 9: 6).

It was the promise of Christ that when they preached the Gospel, signs should follow "them that believe" (Mark 16: 15-18), and certainly in Ephesus he did confirm the Word with signs following. "God wrought special [i. e., extraordinary]

the magnificence of the renowned temple of Diana was also in danger and it was time they should make themselves heard. A great excitement was the result; the agitators cried out aloud in the streets. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and the whole city was filled with confusion. This was just what the agitators wanted. Everybody rushed into the theatre and a most disorderly assemblage began shouting, some one thing and some another, and many did not know what the stir was about. But the Jews and Christians were roughly handled, and Paul who wanted to go into the theatre was restrained both by the disciples and also by certain of the chief officers.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

ABOUT four years appear to have elapsed between Paul's departure from Corinth described in the lesson for August 1, which was the last of the lessons dealing with the history of the Acts, and this lesson, dealing with the riot in the theatre at Ephesus. During this period Paul had paid a brief visit to Jerusalem, proceeding there from Corinth and making a short stay at Ephesus by the way. At Ephesus, as usual, he went to the synagogue to argue with the Jews. Many people went to the magnificent city to see the great temple, one of the wonders of the world, with its columns of jasper, now in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and its beautiful pillars of Parian marble, sixty feet high, each the gift of a king. But Paul's motto was, "This one thing I do," and to the synagogue he went. Here he had the novel



RUINS OF THE THEATRE AT EPHESUS.

miracles by the hands of Paul; inasmuch that unto the sick were carried away from his body handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out." The demoniacal rebuke of the sons of Sceva, one of the Jewish high priests, and the public burning of the books of sorcery, testify how high was the tide of spiritual life at this time in Ephesus.

An intimation from the Spirit of God led Paul to see that the time of his ministry in Ephesus was drawing to a close and he saw before him as God's will, a journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem; and farther in the future he "must also see Rome." But he must pass through the furnace before leaving the city and must see his beloved Ephesian converts in such danger that it would need all the reality of his knowledge of God to trust him, and leave them behind. The enmity of the Jews had arisen from spiritual pride. The persecution began at this time as in Philippi through the greed of Gentiles who lived only for earthly gain. What cared they whether their idols or the God whom Paul preached were true? Commerce and wealth had possession of their hearts, and all must give way to business considerations. The manufacturers of silver shrines to the heathen goddess Diana, was the leading industry of the city. Christianity was ruining their trade; the call for their goods was lessening, men would be thrown out of work, and they would stand it no longer.

Demetrius, one of the leading merchants, taking matters into his own hands, gathered together a crowd of those interested in the trade, and harangued them showing them that the commerce of the city was in danger and that the repute of the city and

the orator much that he did not know before. He had gone on to Corinth when Paul reached Ephesus. Twelve men were left behind who had accepted the Gospel. They had trusted in Christ for the salvation of their souls, but like many men in our own day, they knew nothing by experience of the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. Paul did not disturb their faith, but with the tact of a wise man, used the stage they had reached as a basis for further progress. One fault Paul set himself to correct which had serious consequences later. This was their belief in magic and charms and amulets. So successful was Paul in this effort, that the people abjured their sorcery and brought their books of magic to the value of nine thousand dollars, and publicly burned them. This act caused enmity in the vested interests, as reform generally does. The silversmiths and other trades did a thriving business in charms and amulets and models of the temple of Artemis, whose Ephesian name was Diana. Visitors to Ephesus bought these things and carried them away to their native lands to worship them and to use them as fetiches to ward off disease and calamity. Paul's teaching, as they were shrewd enough to see, injured this business. Demetrius, their leader, called the manufacturers together and warned them that their craft was in danger. But in order to give the agitation a general public interest, he based his attack on the plea that the great temple would be despised if Paul's teaching became popular. The same tactics are often pursued now. He succeeded in stirring up a riot which threatened to become dangerous, but which was quelled by the diplomatic speech of the town-clerk, or local scribe. This disturbance brought to a close Paul's visit, which appears to have extended over three years.

Our craft is in danger. Effective speakers are those who appeal to motives which have weight with their hearers. To the people of Ephesus, Demetrius talked about their great temple. To the silversmiths he said, "Our craft is in danger." We often hear eloquent attacks on the Churches, the Salvation Army, and the Temperance Societies. "They are so intolerant, so noisy, so officious," we are told. They would restrict people's liberty, and "rob the poor man of his beer." These are the public pleas; when the opponents of reform are talking among themselves, they are little likely to use such arguments. The real trouble is that there are so many businesses that reform would curtail if it did not destroy them.

They be no Gods which are made with hands. Mr. Roper, the African missionary, relates that a woman of Ibbadan was inclined to give up idolatry, but could not be persuaded to part with one idol, in which she had great faith. She had often prayed to it to take care of her and believed that it had protected her from many dangers. Mr. Roper reasoned with her and eventually a test of its power was agreed upon. The woman was going on a three months' journey, and before leaving, placed the idol in the middle of her hut. "Now," said she, "I shall see if you can take care of yourself." On her return she looked at the idol and found that it had been gnawed by rats. She immediately cast it out. A god that could not protect itself from rats, she argued, could not protect her.

He himself stayed in Asia for a season. We can understand how helpful to the converts such a sojourn would be. When Paul came to the city he found that they were in need of instruction, as the work of Apollos had necessarily been imperfect. A similar incident occurred in modern times. Dr. Chamberlain, of the Reformed Church, used to tell the story. He said that a Hindoo purchased from another native a Bible that the latter had obtained from a mission station. The Bible was the means of his conversion and that of his wife. They gathered the people of their village together and read it to them. Eventually a kind of church was organized, but without baptism or the Lord's Supper, the nature of which they did not understand. The Hindoo was known far and near among his people as the man with the book. Seven years afterwards a missionary traveling through the country found the church, and gave them further instruction. They were eager to receive it, and were received into communion.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Child-Study of Robert Browning.

IN Camberwell, England, where Robert Browning was born, and where for years he attended the Congregational Chapel as a worshipper, and student in the Sunday School, the teachers in the public schools have been encouraged to give their course in English literature to the children especially on Browning. It would not be expected that boys and girls of from eleven to thirteen would write very wonderful essays upon a poet, whom adult readers often find so obscure. And yet, an article in *The Academy* quotes the very satisfactory results of this effort.

Soon after the death of Longfellow and Whittier and Eugene Field, especial observance of their birthdays obtained in some parts of this country. American poets are very safe and wholesome teachers. It is true of them, as one of the little essayists of Camberwell said: "All great poets and writers are sent by God to deliver a message to us, which they do in pleasant form of poetry or prose." And if our American poets could be taught in the public schools of the towns where they were born, the pupils would be made acquainted with good literature and good morals at one and the same stroke. Let the thing be thoroughly tried in America. Let Cambridge begin with Longfellow, and Great Barrington with Bryant, and Irvington with Washington Irving, and Concord with Emerson, and Salem with Hawthorne. Let the birthplace of Dr. Holland do him a like honor, and see how happy the effect will be. We have literature whose study would be a benediction to our young people.

The Strength of the Hills.

MEN readily find God in the sublimer things of Nature. There are beautiful intervals along the Saco river in Fryeburg, Maine. They are favorite subjects with the landscape painter. It is so with the intervals in North Conway. But it is beauty which is their language, not strength. Strength we find in the hills. The poets treat the hills as the pillars of Nature's temples—as the ribs of Nature's skeleton. A man may have the same sense of his littleness when he climbs a high mountain as when he traverses the ocean. The ocean teaches him instability, uncertainty; shows him how untrustworthy are the winds and the waves. The mountains teach him how strong God is, and how strong He has

made the earth. And what the hills suggest as their nature, they often do for him. They make him strong. How often it is, that what man loses in the life of the city, he regains from the life of the hills. This rushing away to the mountains for recovery from illness, from invalidism, is a correct instinct. In the habits of city life, man loses his strength. The food he eats, the water he drinks, the air he breathes, even the society with which he is most familiar, result in his degeneracy. The fable of the ancients, that one of their heroes recovered his strength whenever he touched mother-earth again, is grounded on truth. Get among the hills and the sights of the hills; live among the people who inhabit the hills; climb the hills, drink of the mountain brooks that course down their sides. The strength of the hills is God's; avail yourself of this strength, and throw physic to the dogs.

The Lost Ear.

A MAN cannot afford to lose one of his ears. There are so many sweet sounds in this world to hear, that we need all the faculties God has endowed us with to listen. The Lord Jesus knew what damages the stroke of Peter's sword brought to Malchus; so he stretched forth his hand and touched Malchus, and the ear was restored as perfectly as before it was cleft by the sword. There are thousands of people in the Church of God now, who have had their right ear cut off. They listen to the truths of the Gospel, and to the exhortations and prayers in devotional meetings, but it is with the left ear. There has been some influence at work to cut off the right one, and the religious service is wasted for the simple reason that they have not the right capacity to listen. We hear a great deal about good speakers and poor speakers, but we have yet to recognize in the Church of God, that it requires just as much skill, just as much grace to hear aright as to speak aright. This occurrence which took place in the time of Christ—the sword of Peter hewing off the ear of Malchus—we see repeated again and again. The sword of prejudice—how often that cuts off the right ear! People come into religious meetings, and some man rises to speak for Christ; he is a thoroughly imperfect man; you know many unfortunate things about him; and you say: "That man cannot talk to me;" and although he may have a message from the skies you will not let him deliver it to your soul, because you do not like the man. You have met with him, perhaps, in the marts of trade; he has perhaps done things of which you could not approve; he has said things that did not meet your approbation, and because of that you reject the message he brings, forgetting the fact that Baalam had iniquity in his heart, and yet he brought a message from the Lord Almighty; and so even a very sinful man may tell a great and solemn truth. In other words, the sharp, keen sword of prejudice cuts off your right ear.

It is the simple fact that the vast majority of people who attend at religious services upon the Sabbath, go to hear how they like the minister; and the thought seldom occurs to their souls—"For this day's hearing I must give an account. Ten thousand times ten thousand years after that minister is dead and forgotten, I will be feeling in the eternal world, the grand, or the iniquitous result of this day's hearing." So that, when we stand in the church on the Sabbath, and talk to the people, or when men rise in the prayer-meeting to talk to their comrades on the road to heaven, they are conscious perpetually of the fact that there are scores of people who by prejudice have lost their right ear.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Romance of the Bread-Basket.

No. 1.

HOW many good housewives, standing with elbows bare over their bread bowls, remember that they are performing a part in a domestic rite touching the very gates of Eden. The story of the white wheat flour begins there, for God said unto Adam: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." And it is a mystery we may well consider that in no place in the world does wheat grow naturally. Everywhere wheat will grow—in Lapland, seventy degrees north latitude; and at La Vittoria, two hundred and seventy-three toises above the ocean; but everywhere it must be sown and harvested in the sweat of the brow.

We are told in Genesis 26:12, that "Isaac sowed the land and received the same year one hundred fold," and the story of wheat thereafter blends itself with all the loveliest of our sacred dramas of life. To name the word "Wheat," is to call up visions of Joseph and old Egypt; of Gideon on the threshing floor and an angel visitor; of Ruth gleaning in the wheat fields of Boaz; of Solomon feeding Hiram's men with a yearly dole of twenty thousand measures of wheat while they worked on the temple; of the wheat fields blowing on Judean hills and the Holy Jesus walking through them. And as these memories crowd on our consciousness, they will bring with them such gracious promises as "I will feed you with the finest of the wheat," or such pertinent queries as "What is the chaff to the wheat?" The Bible history alone of wheat may fill the heart and the head of the breadmaker, and add to every baking some personal means of grace, and to every loaf some subtle sense of antique flavor.

Aside from its Biblical history, the story of wheat is wonderful. Isaac sowed for a hundred-fold; but in Africa, a hundred-and-fifty and even three-hundred-fold was not uncommon; while the teeming granaries of Egypt, Nineveh, and Babylon are only to be likened to the wheat fields of our own Great West. From Africa wheat went to Sicily and then to Rome, where a chaplet of wheat ears was the first crown worn in that imperial city. It was the most sacred badge of the first priesthood instituted. Let us try to imagine the broad-browed, majestic Acca Laurentia, sitting on the hills around the new city weaving it for her son. Thereafter prayers were not offered without an oblation of wheat; for these worshippers of Jupiter knew that the homage of the heart is glad to express itself by the gift of the hand.

Wheat was probably taken to England by the Phœnicians in exchange for tin, since Cæsar found it growing there; but until a century ago, it was not plentiful or cheap enough to be the ordinary bread of the people. In the eighth century monks—and they had always the best of everything—ate only barley bread; and at the close of the eighteenth century, Eden says: The town of Carlisle was searched in vain for a loaf of white bread. In my own youth in England, the wheat loaf was kept for the master's table, and barley cakes in the Isle of Man, were the ordinary bread of the people. At the close of the seventeenth century wheat was taken to America, and now her immense granaries stand between the nations of Europe and their great dread of famine, or of having to exchange the white loaf for the brown.

How early mankind learned to leaven bread is unknown, but it antedates history. Chaldeans claim the discovery, and the Chaldean bread was famous for its excellency. Egypt was very early acquainted with the process, for Moses interdicted it during the Passover. The art was not known to the Romans in the beginning of the Republic. They parched the ears of wheat or made a gruel of the meal, and it was not until 580 years after the foundation of the city, the first public bakeries were instituted. Public bakers, though important functionaries in all ancient nations, have never found favor among Anglo-Saxon peoples, unless circumstances of unusual growth compel their service. When the great manufacturing city of Manchester had a population of 90,000, she had not one baker's store; and in all the smaller towns of England every household yet bakes its own bread. There seems to be something so personal in bread that this feeling is easily understood. The hands of the mother have moulded it; she has put part of herself—her life, her thoughts, her love—into it; and there are few men and women, who do not retain to the end of their lives the belief that their mother's bread was the very best bread ever made.

Still it can do no harm to explain that the four main points in the making of good bread are now acknowledged to be the following: First, the setting of all the sponge at once. Second, having iron pans with very deep sides to prevent the escape of the carbonic acid gas from the baking loaf. Third, thorough and careful firing. Fourth, free exposure on every side to a current of cold air when taken from the oven, in order to prevent the warm vapor which rises from the hot bread condensing on the loaf. And yet, if every housewife should be given the same flour, and all follow the same rules, the bread of each would differ. Unconsciously every woman would put her own individuality into her bread; it would partake of the lightness or heaviness of her mood, and herein is the mystery of breadmaking, and the root of that unconsidered preference which we all have for the home-made loaf.

However, if the family bread has been bought of a public baker, then there is no way of deciding on the excellence of its makers, than by placing a piece in a saucer and pouring clean water over it. The bread that absorbs the most water weighs the heaviest, is the best in any case, bread is the gift of God, a mystery which we ought not to think of. From its white crumb is made the stream of life; the brawny muscle of lovely flesh; yea, and the thoughts that and the words that burn.

Amelia E. L. H.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Diaz, M.D., the Cuban has arranged to go into Mexico to co-operate the other forces in that field in giving the to the Mexican in his own tongue.

Evangelist John H. Murray who has been organizing rescue missions in various parts of the country, is now laboring at Newburgh, N. Y. He will be glad to assist pastors in revival work during the coming fall and winter. Rev. B. Fay, S. H. Hadley and other well-known workers are with him.

Franklin College, at New Athens, taken a new departure in establishing a graduate course for the degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Philosophy. The step was general approval and promises to be a development on the present system of these as honorary degrees.

Professor Petrie has unearthed thousands of mason's mallets, of the sons of the men of the Pyramids. And Mr. Quibell, his young lieutenant, has laid bare the contents of a shop, and a clay model of a graven image, moulded by the fingers of a potter in the reign of a pharaoh.

The Annual Convention of King's College was held at Ocean Grove, N. J., on the 30th. Bishop Fitzgerald, Dr. L. W. Mumford, Dr. J. E. Price took part in the exercises. The venerable President of the college was able to be present, and received a warm welcome. Mrs. Isabella C. Davis and Miss Libbey presented the reports of the work of the Order for the year.

Commander Booth-Tucker of the S. Army is pushing his great colonization scheme which he proposes to take hundreds and thousands of the poor of our large cities to the United States of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and southwestern Kansas. These lands are fertile, and while he will begin in a small way, he expects to make as successful colonies as those have in Utah.

One of the most important branches of the Church Army has separated from the N. Y. management. This is the Massachusetts branch which will be controlled by an association of headquarters in Boston. The President of the Church Army, Francis B. Sears, of the Second National Bank, Boston. This is understood to be a temporary arrangement pending the discussion of the question of Army control in the Diocesan Convention this fall.

A young lady who graduated from the School of Denver, Colo., wishing to become a student at Vassar College, but being without money, opened a shoe-blackening establishment in New York City, and hired boys to do the work. Several friends came to her assistance, one as cashier, another as buyer of supplies. She is making money and feels confident that by the end of September she will have sufficient to carry her through college.

Dr. Asa Blackburn who succeeded Dr. F. Deems as pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity in New York is making an effort to raise the erection of a new church building on the ground lease of the present building expires May 1, 1898, and as it is the Saviors' property and the church will not pay the rental demanded by the owners, it is probable a new church edifice. The new building probably not be far from the present site of the street.

The Scotch Plains Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., celebrated, on August 1st, one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization. The present building, which is the church has occupied, was erected in 1848. The church has had thirteen pastors in the long history, three of whom are still living. It is an active and vigorous church, and is doing missionary work in India, another in Liberia, a large Sunday School and Christian League Society.

The Christian Alliance Convention at Orchard, Me., this year, has surpassed all that have gone before it in the numbers who have attended. The meetings as usual have been marked by wonderful consecration and an enthusiasm for service and for giving, which have not been gathered in former years. On August 8th, Dr. A. B. Simpson made his appeal for funds to carry on the foreign work of the Alliance for the year. Over twenty thousand dollars was contributed in response to his appeal. One of the gifts was a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars. When the checks were examined, it was found that the donors had stripped off their finger-rings, gold chains, and brooches, and had given them to the Lord.

An effort is being made by J. Albert, a negro of West Indian birth to found a colony in Africa. He has selected the north of the Zambesi as the most suitable place, he says, for white men, but he believes negro could bear the climate and might be able to take from the West Indies and United States a number of colored men of constitution and unblemished character to settle there. If the colony prospers, he will invite more settlers. It will be necessary to have a first contingent that each should have money to pay the cost of reaching the colony to support himself for a year. Mr. Thorne that if the success of such a colony were demonstrated philanthropists would contribute to send out emigrants.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

SPAIN'S PREMIER SHOT.

VERY civilized nation in the world was shocked when the news was received that on August 8 a cowardly assassin had shot down Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Premier of Spain. Senor Canovas had gone to Santa Agueda, at a well-known health resort in the north of Spain, to get the benefit of a sulphur baths there. He arrived on August 5, and intended to remain three weeks. As he was sitting, one day in the gallery of the bathing establishment, waiting for his wife to join him for a walk, a man walked up close to him and shot him with a revolver. The assassin fired three times, and Canovas was wounded in the head and arm. He lingered for two hours and without fully recovering consciousness the assassin was immediately arrested and had a narrow escape from execution. He is an Italian. He said that his name was Rinaldi, but it is believed his real name is Golli. He is about twenty-eight years of age. He declared that he had no personal enmity against Canovas, but had killed him on anarchistic principles. He is connected with the Italian societies and has taken part in demonstrations in France, England and Belgium. It is significant that every day of the murder, an anarchist addressing a meeting in Paris, declared that Canovas ought to be shot. This shows that the crime had incurred the approval of the Anarchists and the statement of the assassin that the crime was a just one. The dead statesman was in his sixty-seventh year, but has been prominent in public affairs for more than twenty years. He was the leader of the conservatives as Sagasta was the Liberals. It was through his skillful management that the royal throne was restored in 1874. At that time his influence was paramount. Correlations between them have been always maintained, but the public recognized his eminent abilities and how great was his power and influence to his guidance. Though Sagasta in high moral principle was superior to him in his inflexible skill with which he controlled the House in Parliament. He was a firm friend of Gen. Weyler and a warm supporter of his policy in Cuba. He never used all his power to maintain relations with our Government from our minister's demands with a conciliatory spirit. What a contrast can hope to gain by his methods not appear. They have never anything by their cowardly murders. All history shows that in private affairs crime is apt to be the perpetrator.

He shall return upon his own head, and his evil shall come down upon his own head. (Ezekiel 18:26.)

fatal idea. The exhibitions of foolhardy men draw crowds of spectators. The termination in Brooklyn, N.Y., on August 1. The proprietors of a pleasure garden, which is usually filled with picnickers on Sunday nights, had a new attraction for their patrons. Prof. Ariel was to ride on a live trolley wire, three feet long, stretched over two hundred and fifty feet high. The trolley was to charge the wire with

five hundred volts of electricity. At nine o'clock the professor mounted to his perch at the top of the first pole, his body decorated with bulbs which the electricity would light by means of wires connecting with the trolley line. His bicycle had metal tires, grooved to fit the line, and as he started over his perilous passage, the bulbs on the wires of the frame became circles of parti-colored light and the lamps on his person shone out brilliantly. A large circle of white faces looked up at the daring performer as he shot rapidly across the three hundred feet of live wire and loud cheers greeted him. He bowed slightly in response and quickened his speed. He had almost reached the opposite pole when, without the slightest warning, he toppled over and fell to the ground. He was still alive when the attendants picked him up; but he died in a few minutes. His shocking death was degrading alike to himself and those who by their presence encouraged him to risk his life. All that he could hope for, apart from the money to be paid him for his feat, was to amuse the spectators. There is nothing to admire in the courage that

carried into the lake were raked out, and they too had turned to stone without their shape being in any wise changed. These were carried away as curiosities, but none of the water was used. The men preferred to go thirsty to taking into their system water having such powerful properties. It would be well if people were similarly averse to running the risk of taking into their hearts, the thoughts and passions which have like properties. The poet warns us against sins which "harden all the heart and petrify the feeling" and the Apostle mentions a hopeless condition which results from them.

Having their conscience seared with a hot iron. (1 Timothy 4:2.)

Protected by a Dog.

A crowd of sympathetic people at Bridgeport, Conn., a few days ago, were prevented helping a sick man by a dog. The man was prostrate on the sidewalk and was evidently in a fit. Several persons went to his assistance, but on approaching the man, a big Newfoundland dog which was by his side turned threateningly upon them. He would bend down and lick his master's face and howl, and would then make a dash at the crowd. He would suffer none of them to come within arm's length of his master. There was some talk of shooting him to save the man's life, as it was feared he might die for lack of medical assistance. But the dog was a fine, valuable creature and his fidelity to his helpless master touched the sympathies of the spectators. So a call was sent for an ambulance and it was hoped some one would come in whom the dog would have

new, some seventy or eighty years ago, they were the homes of wealthy merchants and people prominent in New York society. There were other houses of a lower character, wretched frame structures full of vermin, leaky and unsanitary. They were all to be sold, and the buyers were a crowd of Italians, Jews, and dealers in second-hand building materials. The auctioneer asked fifty dollars as a starter for the first house to be sold, a four-story brick building on the corner of Stanton Street. There was a minute's hesitation, and then some one offered one dollar. The bids rose slowly to ten dollars, and after much urging by the auctioneer, forty dollars was obtained for the house, which originally cost more than five thousand. The prices gradually declined for other buildings in the row, until one—a three-story brick house—was sold for two dollars. Later, there was a revival, and twenty-two dollars was obtained for a house in good condition. After that sale, the prices again declined and the majority of the buildings went for five dollars each. The reason for the amazing shrinkage of values was that the buyers were bound by the terms of sale to tear the houses down and remove the debris within three weeks. People know better than to give much money for houses which must soon be destroyed. It is much to be wished that they showed the same wisdom as to their own being. Too many, who neglect their souls, lavish care on their bodies which must soon be consigned to the dust.

Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat: neither for your body what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. (Luke 12:22.)

THE POLITICAL ASSASSINATION IN SPAIN.



DON ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO.
(The Murdered Spanish Premier.)



ALFONSO XIII.
The boy King of Spain whose early reign has been clouded by disaster. He is now eleven years old. Being a posthumous child he has the unique distinction of being born an actual king.



MARIE CHRISTINA.
(The Spanish Queen Regent.)

faces death in such a cause, as there is in the intrepidity of men who dare die for their principles. It is noble to go forward in spite of such a premonition as the Apostles had.

As men doomed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world. (1 Cor. 4:9.)

A Petrifying Spring.

A remarkable pool in Zapata County, Texas, is described in the San Antonio Express. It states that, guided by a ranchman from the lower Rio Grande, a party of hunters spent several days in the wildest part of the county. They camped one day on a dry arroyo, along the banks of which several large trees were growing. As there was no water in sight, the canteens of the party were emptied to supply water for dinner. But when these were exhausted, a more systematic search for water was made. At last a shout from one of the men announced success. He had found a spring under a shelving bank. Two or three of the men went down to it with the empty canteens. But they hesitated about filling them when they examined the little lake that filled a basin about four feet in diameter and three feet deep. The water was warm and had a milky appearance. One of the men picked up a branch of a tree, one end of which had fallen into the lake. He was astonished to find that the end that was in the water was quite heavy, and on looking at it, he saw that it was turned to stone. Several twigs and leaves which the wind had

confidence. But just as the ambulance drove up, the sick man recovered from his fit and opened his eyes. The joy of the dog was unbounded. He licked his hands and capered around him. The man was unable to rise to his feet, but he had plenty of help then, as at his word, the dog allowed the sympathetic bystanders to come to his aid. He was helped to a drug-store, where he recovered sufficiently to walk home. The dog had evidently a poor opinion of humanity. He apparently thought, that the people who tried to approach him were more likely to do him harm than good. He could not be expected to know any better, but the same excuse cannot be made for wordly friends of the sin-sick soul who often try to keep from it the children of God who would administer to it the unfailing remedy.

We have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves and them that were entering in ye hindered. (Luke 11:52.)

A House Sold for Two Dollars

There was a novel auction sale of real estate on the east side of New York City last week. All the houses on two blocks of East Houston, Pitt, Willett and Stanton Streets, 113 buildings in all, were sold to the highest bidders. A year ago, the city decided to lay out the two blocks as a park, and since that time has been buying the lots from the owners. Having secured them, the houses were put up for sale. Many of the houses were three-story brick buildings. When they were

Needs Identification.

A young Irishman had a peculiar experience in New York last week. He has been wandering about the country for about a year seeking employment, and has not been successful. He has received a liberal education, and has taken the full term of ten years in Maynooth College, Ireland. It was intended that he should become a priest, but he conceived a repugnance to the priesthood and determined to become a farmer in Canada. He settled in Manitoba, but did not succeed there. Early this year he came to the United States. He wandered from city to city, spending the little money he had left, until he reached Philadelphia, where he was stranded. His poverty became so severe that he was arrested as a vagrant, but was released when, in response to his appeals to his family, his father sent him a letter containing a post-office order for twenty-five dollars, and a relative sent a banker's order for sixty-three. Both were payable in New York, so he set out for this city, walking, as he had no money to pay his fare. He arrived at night and slept in an empty wagon, but congratulated himself that the morning would put an end to his hardships for some time. On presenting his order at the post-office, he was told that he must be identified in order to obtain the money. At the bank the same difficulty presented itself. He had not a friend in the city, nor a single person that could vouch for him. He appealed to the British consul and to other persons, but could get no help. A benevolent policeman found him a cheap lodging and paid for his bed and a meal, otherwise he would have been homeless again that night. At last accounts he was still wandering about the streets with the orders for eighty-eight dollars in his pocket, but without a cent to buy him a meal. A like difficulty sometimes prevents sinners obtaining the blessings their heavenly Father has provided for them. But in their case it is generally their own doubts and not the doubts of others that hinder them. They cannot be convinced that the invitations of the Gospel are for them, though they are broad enough to take in every needy sinner who desires them.

Whoever will let him take of the water of life freely. (Rev 22:17.)



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Pleasures of House-Boating.

It's an Economical and Delightful Way of Spending a Vacation—Steadily Increasing in Popularity Here and Abroad.



EVERY year multiplies the number of house-boats upon the rivers and smaller lakes of Europe and America. These floating summer homes—not to be compared with the magnificent ocean hotels of the great transatlantic liners, to be sure, but much cosier and more picturesque—are growing in favor in every country where they have been introduced. Undoubtedly the house-boat, as we know it, is a modification of the "dahabiyeh" of the Nile—the smooth-sailing, comfortable vessel which most travelers up "the ancient river of Egypt" from Cairo, usually prefer to any other means of transportation. But in our temperate climate, with no noxious Nile marshes, nor malarious fevers to guard against, the house-boat can be made as free and open to heaven's breezes in all good weather as though its roomy cabin and snug berths were only protected by a canvas awning.

Our photograph, taken during the midsummer holidays in England, presents a gay scene on the Thames river. A large house-boat party of probably several hundred young folks have anchored their craft under a shady bank, and are getting into position to view the university crews as they sweep past in their annual aquatic competition. Such a boat as the large one shown in the foreground of the picture is capable of accommodating a good-sized party. With a well-stocked larder, a capable cook and pleasant weather, there are almost endless possibilities for pure and wholesome enjoyment. All the arrangements are of the simplest description and are made with a view to coolness and comfort, rather than for display. Quarters in a house-boat, however small, are preferred by many to being cooped up in a room in a crowded hotel. Pure air, keen appetites and sound, refreshing sleep are among the many good things one is practically assured of, while spending the "dog-days" on a house-boat; besides, considerable pleasure and profit may be derived from sight-seeing, for with an occasional tow, long distances can be traversed in comfort and safety. You retire at night, while the vessel is still "tied up" at some locality which a few days' stop has made familiar, and you awake next morning and look out upon new scenes and strange faces. If the party has been well selected and the society on board is thoroughly congenial, there are few pleasanter ways of spending a holiday than in a good-sized, roomy craft of this description, along the banks of some picturesque river.

The Blessing of Cheerfulness.

Everybody likes a cheerful person, but to "take to" a gloomy, taciturn, morose individual is like the liking for some repugnant medicine, an acquired taste. "A cheerful man (writes Rev. J. R. Miller) carries with him a fragrance in his presence and personality—an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the field and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger, braver, and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get inspiration which makes all the day's struggles and tasks easier. His

heartly handshake puts a thrill of new vigor in your veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty or service. Happy and wise then is he who cultivates the spirit of cheerfulness.

Don't Cage the Song-Birds.

Mr. W. Weston, a subscriber in Ontario, O., writes: "I cannot refrain from saying a word in favor of our song-birds. We do not need to cage the robin to learn its song. I have for several years rejoiced to hear them welcome Spring; and while I live in a country not far from cities and towns, I do not get lonely. The robin's first call is, 'Hurry up, Susie, hurry up! Hurry up, quick!' One comes to my very door and says, plainly, 'Marie, hurry up; hurry up, Marie!' too plainly to be misunderstood.



A HOUSE-BOAT PARTY AT HENLEY, ON THE THAMES, ENGLAND.

"I invited a niece to visit me and to hear her name called. 'Hurry up, Susie, quick!' I am of the opinion they can talk, and we fail to give ear to their sweet songs. My dear little linnet comes every summer to bathe and drink from a dish of water placed in my hanging baskets on the veranda. Now this linnet is raising a family close by the door, in my honeysuckle vine; yes, and within one foot of my balcony, where I keep my choicest house-flowers, the cat-bird chose a nook for a nest and we all were delighted. They perch upon a wee crab-apple tree and sing their pure, sweet songs while we eat breakfast and take tea.

"My wild birds (so-called) and my flowers are full of sweet lessons from a Divine hand. Let us protect the birds! On the Fourth of July, amid many noises from guns and fireworks, the birds seemed afraid. I opened my doors and began to sing and accompany my voice on the piano, when I was attracted by the birds that came to the nearest tree. I had a concert! Robin, linnet, cat-bird and sparrow, with a woodpecker on the roof beating time!

"Be gentle to the dear little birds."

Traits of Character.

Boys and girls must be educated for a purpose, and that purpose should be kept steadily in view. They should be im-

pressed with the fact that they are to be the men and women of the future, and that in order to fulfil their mission with credit to themselves and profit to the country, they must be moral, upright, industrious, and frugal. Without these elements their education will be as apt to work harm as good.

How They Helped India.

Miss Ida Anderson, a reader in Gibbonsville, Idaho, writes this letter which is so timely, that we publish it in full as an encouragement to other young people in Christian work:

The teacher of our young people's class (composed mostly of young men and women of the working class), in our Sunday School, sometime ago asked each one of the class to earn a dollar for the benefit of the famine sufferers in India. The sum thus raised (\$13.50) was forwarded some time since, but thinking that our example might inspire others, I send you a list of names of contributors and the way in which they earned the money:

Joe Addis and Will Crone worked regularly in a saw mill, but the others did extra work. Eva Odenwald set type; Aura Anderson cleaned a cellar; Grace Anderson, did general housework; Ida Anderson sewed for a neighbor; Mrs. R. B. Hughes, sewed for a neighbor; Mrs. Cannon washed for a neighbor; Josie Leabe did general housework; Laura McKenzie also did housework; Mrs. Green sold eggs, and Mrs. Geo. Hughes economized at home.

This is a record of loving Christian

MY HAND ON MOTHER'S FACE.

AS a baby small,
It was my way,
When rocked to sleep
At the close of day,
As the shadows grew
'Round the old fire-place
To reach out my hand
For my mother's face.

The years passed on;
My school-days begun,
Lessons grew harder
Spite of frolic and fun;
But when I was weary
Of study or race,
I would reach out my hand
For my mother's face.

Then a young man I,
And tossed about,
'Mid right and wrong,
Joy, sorrow and doubt—
Seeking for fortune
As time grew apace—
Oh! to reach out my hand
For my mother's face.

Depending on self,
Ambitious for fame,
I sought worldly honor
And reaped but shame
The shadows fell deeper—
Sin, trials, disgrace—
I forgot to reach out
For my mother's face.

Then my heart cried out
In its anguish deep,
For the old fire-side
Where, rocked to sleep

Folded so safe
In her loving embrace,
I reached out my hand
For my mother's face.

And a voice I heard
'Neath the chasten
'My son, give your hand
To your mother's side
I found my Saviour
New life and grace
With my hand once more
On my mother's face.

I'm an old man now
And sitting alone—
The world behind me
And all outgrown—
I shall soon fall asleep
By the "old fire-place"
To awake with my hand
On my mother's face.

Brooklyn. MRS. F. A. B.

Nature's Barometer.

It is worth while to note that many animals and plants discern the approach of a storm, sometimes hours ahead of its arrival. Horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air, chickens hold their heads together, and geese cackle with unusual vigor. Sea-gulls will not fly from land and all birds fly very low and hover over the field to skim the ground, hearing birds, indoors and out, hush their song before

storm breaks, and the caged caryatid in the farthest corner of its little prison. Nor are the signs among the plants less significant. The leaves of the maple seem to turn upside down, the maple's leaf shows its white under side, the chickweed firmly closes its leaves, the pine cone shuts up its scales, and armor at the first approach of rain, expanding them again when the rain has passed. Finally, the clouds and wind are all infallible signs. Mist precedes many storms, and rises steadily up the mountain, clears toward the valley, the storm soon pass. If, however, the mist comes up and down or clings to the top of the storm may be expected to continue.

Food as a Moral Agent.

Housekeepers by the food they provide, writes Dr. Talmage, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their homes, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, and eternal destiny of the race.

The Captive's Song.

In a little book of poems, just issued, Rev. W. T. Sleeper of Worcester, Mass., devotes several dainty verses to a captive lark, whose feelings, in its prison, are thus described:

It was a captive lark's sweet lay,
That so arrested me,
It hushed the children's noisy play,
Drove toiling mother's care away—
A soulful melody.

His wings could find no room to fly,
His feet no open door,
But he could see the glorious sky,
With song could cheer the passers-by,
And Nature's God adore.

Thus boundaries my freedom balk;
Shut in by prison bars,
In narrow circle I must walk,
And bonds my aspirations mock,
Though thought transcends the stars.

Starved Imaginations.

In the homes of the poor, for a thousand reasons, the children seldom have books read, and never have music introduced to their minds and hearts. Consequently the beautiful imagery of the story is lost to them. Their imaginations are starved and their souls of the unawakened long past the time of unfolding, while many powers which potentially in them, never have opportunity to be developed at all.

"ONLY NANCE!"

A TRUE STORY OF LIFE AMONG MOUNTAIN HOMES.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By HULDAH HERRICK.

THE mountains were clothed in scarlet and gold, and trailed their gorgeous robes, even over the green fields which bordered the river. Their peaks, misty with rich coloring, were vaguely against the October sky. The faint glints of color as it babbled over the rocks; but when it res: in shady pools, the clear reflected a blaze of glorious hues. "School-miss" followed the tortuous of Jenck's Creek. Her horse way over the rough boulders, and re-fording the stream. She heed to his movements, only mating herself mechanically to the of gait.

A song broke the stillness loded there. Clear and melo: oated down the narrow ravine, he "school-miss" from her ab-

"I's got a home—home—home!
I's got a home—sweet home!
I's got a home—sweet home!
Lo! I want to jine ther angels,
In our home!"

In turn revealed the singer. On ge a girl was plowing. There be scarcely a foothold upon the, et she skillfully guided a vicious- le over the rocky field. It was gure. The scant skirts of her dress clung to stalwart limbs: s bonnet in the last stages of di- concealed her face. There ertness and grace in the form. a richness in the voice which indi- yo.

y too far away for conversation, "school-miss" rode on. She soon der destination. It was a log ing to the side of the mountain, es had appointed a "neighborhood g. A pack of dogs announced y by a wild chorus of fierce barks ros. The master of the house foard, followed by a number of sldren.

"Git erway! Shet up yer w yer!" he growled to the dogs. w. Miss. Glad to see yer!" he w. changed tone. "Light, an' cum yole woman's been powerful ed at the thoughts of yer cummin'." ing her horse to the care of ame-faced urchins, he led the e house. A woman came for- toet her—one young in years, are and sorrow.

"Cum, Miss," she said, simply. es of her voice and warm grasp h d, gave greater assurance than th woman was in the house. She k into the shadow, as they en- anconcealed the face of the child s rising. The "school-miss" went w extended hand.

"Is your name?" she asked. An enmurmur was the only response, e man barely touched the proba-. Turning away, the "school- caht a look on her hostess' face, esible look in which scorn, a contempt were blended. Mys- shurned her attention to the chil- ere was a crowd of them in the e were proudly introduced by eir mother, and bid to "make ers to the lady." Others were t into notice, only briefly in- ine bitter words.

"I lay ther womin's young uns," ean at look on the woman's face. "school-miss" comprehended the sit- e master of the house had u thins of the men of the Old Tes- nt f his example.

he s per was served in a smaller a, with was kitchen and dining-room. g preparation the "school-miss" ot of the house she was in. It was ne like most of the mountain

homes. There were no comforts—no at- tempts at adornment. A few splint-bot- tomed chairs, some three-legged stools and a rough table, completed the furnishing. The entire wardrobe of the family, not in present requisition, hung about the walls on wooden pegs. Over one of the beds hung a murderous-looking rifle, and be- neath it, two revolvers and a belt of am- munition. Another gun was suspended over the fire-place. The room was heated by bituminous coal in a rude iron grate.

The summons to supper interrupted her survey. She was served with a coarse but wholesome repast: this she ate with the male members of the family (mountain etiquette forbidding the women of the home to eat at the first table). After it was over, she sat at the open door watch- ing the reflection of the sunset upon the surrounding mountain tops.

As the soft shades of dusk concealed the encompassing peaks, the little congre- gation gathered. From mountain top and

The fire-light died away from the beau- tiful face, and the "school-miss" forgot it as she carried on the simple service. In heartfelt words she presented "Christ and him crucified" to the darkened souls be- fore her. A keen sense of their ignorance and need, and a deeper sense of the great riches of God's love, drew the words from her lips with burning fervor.

How the light played upon the rapt faces! How it glistened in the earnest eyes, as though tears had reflected its glow. How it shone and lingered upon the rough cheeks. Were they moist? Deep-drawn breaths broke the still- ness. Sobs came from sin-laden hearts. The master of the house hid his face in his hands. Through his fingers the tears forced their way. The guilty creature who usurped his wife's lawful place was sobbing bitterly. The wife, heart-broken and outraged, sat with face uplifted.

In the dark corner of the room shone a face like that of an angel. Nance was listening as to the voice of her Lord.

After the closing prayer and song, the little gathering silently dispersed. But far into the night the family sat about the open fire, discussing the truths which were so new to them. They felt their sinfulness and their need of a Saviour, but sin had taken too deep a root to be lightly plucked up.

Only Nance out of that household found peace in believing. Only Nance renounced sin and received the assurance of Divine forgiveness. As the "school-miss" watched her sweet face an, studied



NANCE LEFT THE HOUSE IN THE GREY DAWN.

"kollow," from "cove" and "crick" they came: fathers, mothers and children. The cabin soon filled. There was no other light than that of the coal fire.

The fitful light played over the assem- bly, now bringing a face out into promi- nence, again intensifying the shade upon it. It played upon the tender curves of infant faces; it caressed the fresh young faces of girls; it revealed the toil-worn looks of the women; it showed plainly the sin marks upon many a rough visage. While they sang their simple weird songs, the "school-miss" looked upon her hear- ers, feeling the poverty of their souls, and longing to aid them. Her attention was struck by a face in a dark corner of the room, upon which the restless light lingered lovingly. A small, well-formed head sat proudly upon a round, slender throat. A low, square forehead, with arched brows, beneath which clear blue eyes looked wist- fully at her. The mouth was especially beautiful, with firm lines and bewitching curves. The chin was round and dimpled. About this face, tendrils of gold-brown hair glistened in the fire-light.

"Who is that?" she asked of her host- ess who sat beside her.

"That? Why that's only Nance," was the surprised reply, as the woman's gaze followed her own.

her pure char- acter, her heart went out to the girl, and she longed to trans- plant her to some more con- genial surroundings; to some environment where the desires for nobler, higher things could be realized.

Nance left the house in the grey, early dawn, to resume her plough- ing, and the "school-miss" saw her no more. She learned her simple story, however, from her hostess.

"Nance is my ole man's gal by his fist woman. She done left him—run off to Tennessee with ernuther man an' got married, when Nan war but a slip of er babbly. She haint na'ar sot eyes on er from ther day. Nance is er good sort of er gal. She's er master hand ter wuk, and duz the heft of ther fa'am wuk, seein' s ez ther baint no boys old ernuff yit ter tek it."

"Can she read?" asked the "school-miss."

"Law no. Nance haint na'ar ben ter skule. Thar haint ben no time fer her ter go."

The "school-miss" learned enough to see the poverty of that young life. No pleasure, no attainments, nothing uplift- ing—just a never-ceasing round of heavy, manual labor.

"Why has Nance never married?" she asked: for the mountain girls usually were wed at thirteen or fourteen years of age, and it was remarkable for one to reach sixteen. Nance's age, unmarried.

"O, our Nance na'ar cared. She na'ar let ennybuddy court her. She ies netch- elly 'spises sich foolishness, an hits er heap sight better fer her," said the poor woman, with a heavy sigh.

Six months passed ere the "school-miss" again ascended Jenck's Creek. Again the mountains were robed in beauty, the soft tints of early spring. The heart of

the "school-miss" was too sore to notice it. A deadly fever had ravaged the country. Night after night she had watched with the sick and dying. Soul after soul passed through the "dark valley." One cold form after another was laid away in the little, scattered cemeteries. There seemed everywhere nothing but death and sorrow. An imperative summons from the head of Jenck's Creek came to her. Many were ill, some had died, others were dying: she was needed.

When she opened the door of the cabin the deathly smell of the fever made her recoil. Summoning up her resolution, she entered. A pitiful sight was before her. The wife lay weak and exhausted on one of the beds; a child scarcely a week old lay nncared for beside her. The father sat by the fire, emaciated, almost helpless, from his long struggle with the fever. Two of the children had been laid to rest in the rocky burial-place. Only a lad of fourteen and a girl of ten were there to care for the sick. The woman who had formerly lived with them had fled with her children at the first approach of the dis- ease.

On a bed in a corner lay Nance. Her face was fever-flushed: the blue eyes bloodshot and vacant. The sweet lips were swollen and blackened by the dread secretion which always heralded death. The restless form tossed to and fro, and the uneasy hands plucked incessantly at the bed-covers. There was no recogni- tion in her face as the "school-miss" bent over her.

The end was near. There was nothing to do, save to watch the young life flicker out. O the helplessness of it! So many lives had gone, that might have been saved by care and attention. The "school-miss" had nothing to give them, only the "corn-pones," the fried pork or the black coffee. No cooling drinks to allay the burning thirst, no nourishing food to strengthen the exhausted bodies. She could only watch by them and see them slip away, with no power to save or to help.

She cared for the others all the long night, coming again and again to look upon the poor, unconscious girl. They told her the story of her devotion and self-sacrifice.

"She war so faithful, war our Nance," said the father, in hoarse, broken tones. "She cud allers be trusted. She did er man's wuk on ther place, and allers war so chirker bout hit. How we uns kin do without her passes me. Ef twant fer her we uns wud na'ar hev pulled through this yere fever. She dun tuk keer on ther hull on us, an' she hed ther hull keer on ther stock, too. Night an' day, day an' night, she war up an' er doin'. Even arter the fever tuk her, she na'ar let on. She na'ar gin up ontill she dun dropped."

"She war' sich er good gal," feebly chimed in the mother: "Nance na'ar gin me er sass wud. An' wen ther young uns war tuk, Nance she talked ther best kind ter em. An' she prayed with we uns every night. Nance lied religion, Miss. ef enny mortal ever did. Do yer mind ther night she dun got hit, when you uns war er preachin' here?"

"An' only ther las' night she cud talk, she war er gwine on 'bout wat you uns dun tol' we uns, an' she med us all prom- ise to live an' do better." And the poor father hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"We do 'low ter do right arter this," said the mother, softly, and she looked at her husband.

The "school-miss" saw that peace and right had indeed entered into the family.

Towards morning she noticed a change in the unconscious girl. The flush of the fever left her face; it grew white and wan; a grey shadow crept over it. The eyes ceased their restless roving, and a look of recognition came into their depths.

"Do you know me, Nance?" asked the "school-miss," bending over her.

The dying eyes smiled, the lips moved. The "school-miss" bent her ear to catch the faint words.

"I her—got er—home—home—home"—faltered the girl.

And Nance had gone home.

"Only Nance," with naught but toil and hardship, neglect and abuse, here, but a child of God, and an heir of his kingdom there.

THE END.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

STEP-MOTHERS AND MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

HEARDED a very pleasant thing the other day, said by a lad in his teens about his step-mother. This lady had evidently succeeded in winning his affections and gaining his entire approbation, for he remarked to some friends, "You ought to know my mother; she's just smooth." This adjective on the lips of a boy conveys the superlative of appreciation, and even though it be slang, is, coming from him, very convincing and expressive.

Perhaps it is because the step-mother trends on such delicate ground that she has been from early ages the object of aversion in literature, while in life she is apt to be looked upon with great suspicion and jealousy. When the step-mother walks out with her brood there are not wanting critical eyes to observe whether the children's dress is as trim and neat as it ought to be; whether they look happy and well-fed and are well-behaved; whether there is a difference made between the step-mother's own children and those of the first wife—in short, the poor woman falls under a sharp fire of criticism from the people who have a right to observe her doings, and from the people quite on the outside, who have no right in the matter at all.

In the fairy books it is always the step-mother who is cruel, hateful and unjust, who sets her step-daughters to spinning and weaving and scrubbing and untangling great skeins of silk, while her own girls complacently loiter in easy chairs or walk abroad in silk attire. The fairy books simply voice the general opinion of humanity; that step-motherhood necessarily means clinging with great partiality to one's own offspring, to the children who are bone of one's bone and flesh of one's flesh. So it is really a very brave woman who assumes the office of step-mother, or else it is a very thoughtless one, who has little conception of the task before her.

Among the noblest women I have ever known, the sweetest, the most generous, the most utterly self-forgetful have been step-mothers, and they have borne the burden and heat of the day and brought up their husband's children with as much tenderness, fidelity and good common sense as an own mother could have done. Exceptions to this rule may be found. There are women whose self-love is so intense, and whose maternal natures are so narrow, that they should never undertake the charge of children. Possibly their instinct may tide them over hard times with their own, but they should not attempt the task of bringing up children who are not really akin to them. They cannot do it; they will be constantly unfair, and they will rightly incur the unkind comments of those who see them in a false position.

In the "Life of Maria Edgeworth" we find what may be called a glorification of the step-mother, quite surpassing anything else which I remember. In the first place, Mr. Edgeworth married when not yet twenty years old the daughter of a neighbor, a beautiful girl who proved uncongenial. Their ten years of married life dragged along unhappily, the wife unloved and neglected, the husband keeping away from home most of the time. Three children were born to these parents, one of whom was Maria, the gifted novelist, whose works were among the finest earlier productions of the English novel. A few months after the death of Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria's poor mother, her husband found a mate whom he greatly admired and loved. Her name was Honora, and she proved not only a devoted wife, but a most enchanting and judicious step-mother.

After awhile, Honora died. In less than a year her place was taken by her sister Elizabeth, who became Mr. Edgeworth's third wife. She, too, was a wonderful

success as a step-mother, almost worshipped by the two sets of children who were there to receive her, and by her own children who came along in due course. Years passed, and she, too, followed her predecessors into the world of shadow. After a slightly longer interval the widower again married. The fourth wife proved as charming a step-mother to the large family as the others had done. She survived Mr. Edgeworth, and lived to an extreme old age. The relations between herself and Maria were singularly delightful and harmonious to the very end. The whole story is a very remarkable one; I think not to be paralleled in biography, yet a true tale of real life. At all events, such facile loving is hardly to our taste as that of the triumphant Mr. Edgeworth, who had an amazing faculty for making everyone about him his devoted slave. I doubt whether the woman of our period would so easily fall under his spell.

I have myself repeatedly known families in which there were two or three different sets of children, all living together in the most beautiful and delightful amiability and harmony, so that there seemed really no difference in the love the parents had for their own children and for the children brought into the home by the circumstance of their parents marrying when each had already a little tribe to bring under the roof. The truth is that children are very loving, and very forgiving, and are easily conciliated, and if the mother in the step-mother's place acts in a sweet and womanly fashion, she will almost always draw them to her. But she must beware of selfishness; she must be careful in nothing to be petty or foolishly exacting; nor must she expect perfection from immature minds. The mother who is in heaven, no doubt if she can see from her serene home what is going on below, looks with special approval on the woman who steps in and takes kind and gentle care of the little ones she has left.

As for the mother-in-law, it is a little difficult to understand why there should be jealousy of her, poor lady! It would seem the most natural thing in the world for a wife to love her husband's mother, and for a husband to be partial to the mother of the wife. The qualities which have drawn the married people together must have existed in their mothers before them, and why there should ever be strained relations in the case one is puzzled to see. Still, it must be owned that mothers-in-law are sometimes very imprudent. It is always well that they should not live in the same family with their respective sons-in-law or daughters-in-law; no house is large enough to shelter two families. Many little tiffs which never become bickerings take place and pass by unnoticed if there is no alien element to criticize, resent or observe. A mother naturally takes up for a daughter or a son if a little word is said hastily or imprudently. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth; the very fanning of the flame which occurs through the presence of an observer is unfortunate. Usually mothers-in-law are tolerated with great complacency if they live in another town or another street, and although John is often sufficiently unwise to state that his mother's bread, cake and pies surpass those made by his wife, still, even this little thing may be passed over if she is not there to smile at the statement. Mary knows better, having womanly tact, than to quote her mother to John's annoyance.

Life is so short that tiffs and jars and quarrels should be dropped from it. It is the height of folly to waste the precious elixir of life by pouring it out like water upon the ground. Whatever we are we can at least dispense with fighting and with bitter and sarcastic words. To bear and forbear are good rules in all domestic relations.

Margaret E. Sangster

Railroads in Central Africa.

Mr. Francis W. Fox, a traveler who has just returned from a long journey to Central Africa, brings cheering news of the progress made in railroad-building. He says: "When I visited Uganda, in April, forty-five miles of permanent way had been laid, and were in good working order. The chief engineer, Mr. Whitehouse, stated that by the end of August he hoped to have the permanent way laid for a distance of 120 miles, and that by the end of 1898, the railway would be completed to Kikuyu, a distance of about three hundred miles from Mombasa. The climate is cool and healthy, and here a most important sanatorium for officials resident in East Africa will probably be established. Captain Slater, R.E., has already successfully constructed an excellent bullock and cart road to the Victoria Nyanza, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, so that when the railroad is open to Kikuyu the chief difficulties in connection with the transport of goods and passengers to Uganda will be surmounted, and the main purpose of this railway as a potent instrument for the administration and civilization of the vast lake districts of Central Equatorial Africa will be largely accomplished. About 4,000 laborers have been imported from India."

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Barefoots" Helped India.
SALLIE GASS, a Christian lady of Greeneville, Tenn., sends us a most interesting letter, to which the photograph that is reproduced on this page. As the example her sets forth is one worthy of emulation, we give it below in full:

GREENEVILLE, TENN., July, 10.
Christian Herald:—My Sunday school class solicited the money I sent you for the India Famine. Alexander and I at the back right-hand side, so pennies and nickles \$2.25 of the amount. The example of these little is worthy of imitation, and may arouse



TENNESSEE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WORKED FOR INDIA.

class to a greater work. Ours is a Sunday School, held in a public school, you see our financial advantages. Yours in the Master's work,
SALLIE GASS.

She had many instances, during relief work, of self-denial and saving, but none more touching than that of a little group of poor school-children, a country district, doing their work in this simple, trustful way. We will bring a blessing on all endeavours.

For Hindoo Wives.

ALTHOUGH in some parts of India, though the light of the Gospel and the influence of Western civilization, the condition of the Hindoo women has been improved, the condition of the Hindoo women is still little better than everywhere. Entire and abject dependence upon the husband, obedience to his wish, submission to his whims, a seclusion which makes of life one of imprisonment, are all accepted as the duty of the Hindoo helpmeet. Guinness, an experienced missionary, gives this unique sketch of a Hindoo woman from the daily experience of a missionary:

With in-law lives elsewhere usually, but Ranee (the wife), and had told me one day that he would allow her to sit in the Mission-house some time. I persuaded the husband to carry out my wish, and by dint of long persuasion succeeded. "She will not see a man?" I asked. "No, no; there is no man here." "You shall come with me." "You shall see her safely shut up here, and close all the windows your- self," he concluded at last, "come in five minutes, and we will be pre- sently minutes or more pass. Ranee's face looks smilingly over the light. I have both bathed and oiled

to a readers.—The New Cure for Rheumatism and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

In the last issue the new botanical dis- coveries, is proving a wonderful curative in cases of Rheumatism, or dis- ease of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The *World* publishes the remarkable testimony of C. Darling, minister of the gospel in New York, cured by Alkavis, who had lost faith in man- kind, and was preparing himself for cer- tain death. Similar testimony to this wonder- ful medicine from others, including many from disorders peculiar to woman. The New Cure for Rheumatism, Bladder Diseases, etc., No. 418, New York, who so far as its only aim is to prove its value that for of production they will send a free treat- ment prepaid by mail to every reader of the *Herald* who is a sufferer from any of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. Sufferers to send the names and ad- dress, and receive the Alkavis free. Its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to

themselves, and re-arranged their hair with special neatness. She is dressed in two or three delicate muslin saris. The anxious face of the young Brahman appears above. "You are sure, Miss Sahib, that she will not see a man?" Not till we are seated in the *palki-gari* with every shutter closed, his younger brother inside with us and Ranee, and he him- self upon the box, is Kashi satisfied—if then. The jolting roads jar the carriage shutters an inch or so apart as we drive, and Ranee glances shyly out, but the brother, a lad of twelve or fourteen, hastily shuts them up.

The ladies at the Mission House dared not offer afternoon tea. To eat with us would have broken her caste; to suggest such a thing have been a *faux pas*. The husband was on tenterhooks lest some man should appear, and in about five minutes he excitedly hurried her away back into the covered trap, and across town to the little side- way where she lives a prisoner, within four walls. This is her religion, the sum and substance of which is, as an Indian woman writes: "To look upon her husband as a god, to hope for salvation only through him, to be obedient to him in all things, never to covet independence, never to do any- thing but that which is ap- proved by law and custom." With the excep- tion of the poorest working woman, whose life is necessarily unsecluded, these views find their natural outcome in the zenana prison system as it exists in India.

Blood... Bubbles.

Those pimples or blotches that disfigure your skin, are blood bubbles. They mark the unhealthy condition of the blood-current that throws them up. You must get down to the blood, before you can be rid of them. Local treatment is useless. It suppresses, but does not heal. The best remedy for eruptions, scrofula, sores, and all blood diseases, is

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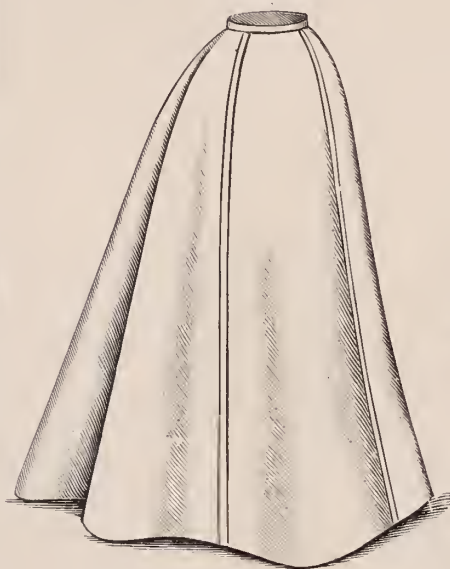
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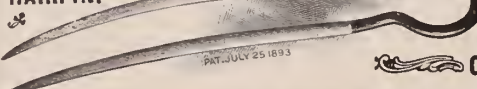
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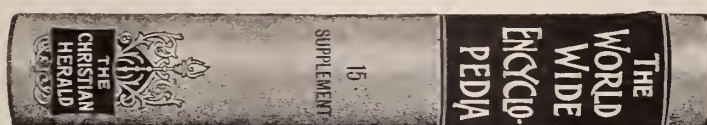
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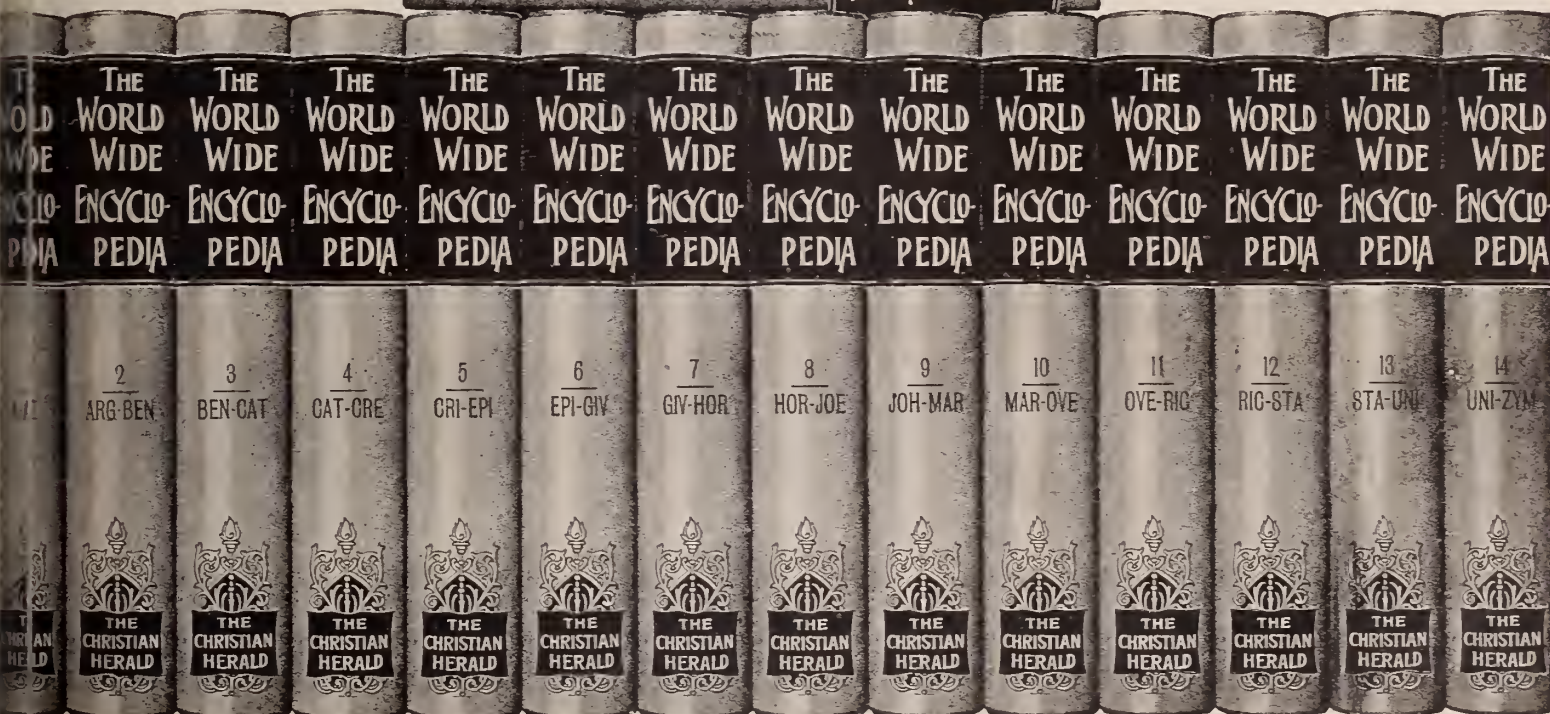
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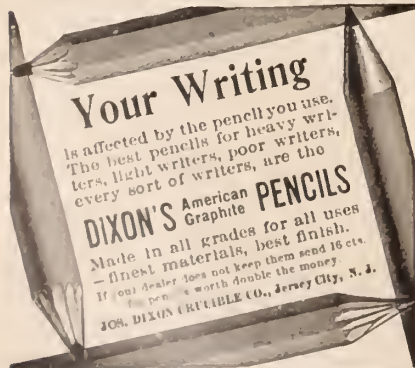
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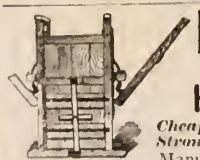
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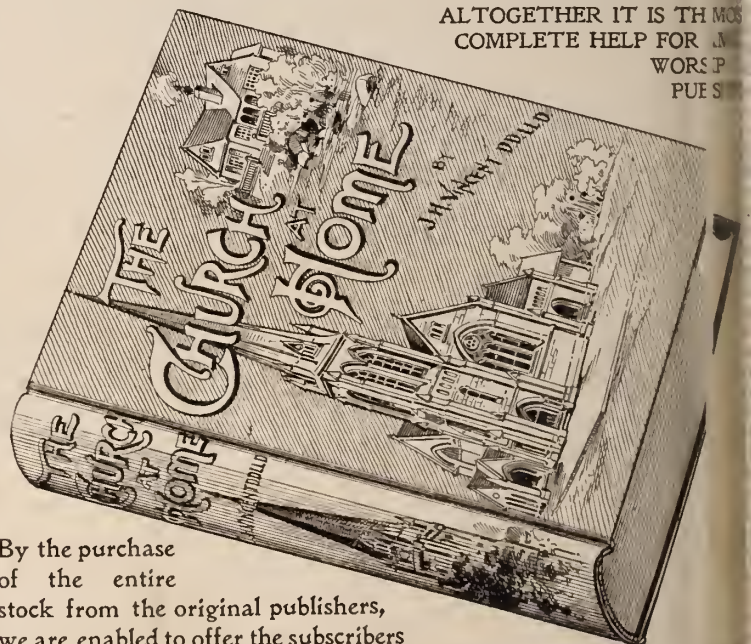
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By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1897. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AN NEW STRUGGLE IN JAPAN.

The Powerful Samurai Cause a Re-action Against Occidentalism—Aliens and Missionaries Arrogantly Treated.



BUDHIST PRIESTS BEGGING IN THE STREETS OF KIOTO.

country has been more prominently in the eye of the civilized world of late years than Japan, which, within a brief quarter of a century, has emerged from heathenism and semi-barbarism, to a new material progress and of moral and intellectual

ment as Among is an na- as special- the highest p have n entertain- in the fu- the bold n, empire lar East, was not reable to cite a con- ae of the uphs of st civiliz- onnd the p in the a's realm. An fore- n change- er, has sped these nghtanticipa- n—for a e, at least, the politi- aendancy th Samurai e d-time de aristoc- of the t, west- has have ad a se- s eck, and otalism w been ut face to e th the d all of an- onserva- m, n the ublished below, by Mr. Van Bergen, long a resi- d an official in Japan, the character and extent of v revolution are clearly explained, and its over- ing importance to American commerce and re an missions is set forth in terms that all may eand. His letter is as follows:

lic mind. Hon. George Curzon, in his "Problems of the Far East," deems the matter important enough to devote many pages to its consideration. There is no question, then, that is worth discussing, and the good Christian people who have spent and are spending thousands of dollars that the Gospel may be propagated, will be interested in learning what has really been accomplished.

Let me preface by stating that I have spent many years in the Orient, and especially in Japan. Arriving there in 1869, just after the boy Tenno had ascended the throne, I have witnessed the evolution of that country from what it was into the Japan of to-day. I have seen Japan attempting to cast off the shackles of an effeminate civilization: how she experimented with Occidentalism, and finally settled down with great self-complacency into what she is now. Much has been said and written about her progress, and great has been the praise bestowed upon her; but the actual working of the Japanese mind has never been analyzed, and it is with this analysis that the writer on missionaries and their work must deal.

In introducing a new religion into a country enjoying a high degree of civilization, the initial work must necessarily be the destruction of the existing creed. Books on Japan tell us that two distinct religions flourished: Buddhism and Shintoism. The truth is that the common people had no belief at all. They would visit a temple when disease threatened the life of a member of the family, or they would pay their respects to a shrine when the mood struck them and they happened



ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE MEMORIAL TEMPLE.

created especially for them by the Kami, their ancestors, they look down upon everyone who does not trace his pedigree to that origin. Their Tenno, or heaven-child, is the lineal descendant of Aonaterasu, the sun-goddess. Woe to the Japanese who should dare disbelieve that creed. "Even as late as the year 1892," says a well-known panegyrist of things Japanese, "a learned professor in the Imperial University was punished for studying Japanese history with critical care, as Euro-

peans study it, and saying that the Mikado's ancestors were Coreans."

The first missionaries,—of whom two are now living, Rev. Dr. Hepburn now of Philadelphia, Pa., and Rev. F. G. Verbeck, still residing in Tokyo—ignorant alike of language and people when they reached Japan's shores, naturally first sought to acquire a knowledge of the language, and both of these gentlemen succeeded admirably. But in the first decade of their sojourn in Japan, the forces causing the fall of the Shogun and the accession of the Tenno kept the country in an unsettled condition, and the work could only be preliminary. In the early seventies, when there was a



YOUNG JAPAN CELEBRATING THE HARVEST "MATSURI"—A HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

to pass one. The struggle for life and its necessities was so severe as to require all their time, and actual religious feeling, such as influences our lives, there was none.

The official and ruling class had and has a creed that, from the influence it exerts, may be fairly called religion. It is that of ancestral worship, and its effect may be felt in the political institutions of Japan. Originating from the firm belief that theirs is the country of the gods,

frantic desire to assimilate occidental habits and customs, it seemed as if the conversion of Japan was among the near possibilities. But the discontent prevailing among the Samurai or official class at losing prestige and being threatened with extinction, culminated in the dangerous Satsuma insurrection of 1877. The government remained victorious, but when the leading progressionist, Okubo, was assassinated on May 14, 1878,

(Continued on page 639.)

Ever since the opening of China and Japan, the mission question has been one of the foremost in the pub-



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber, Paris, Ont., Can. What was the difference between the offerings of Cain and Abel? I mean the actual offerings, not the spirit in which they were offered.

Cain's offering was the fruits of the field; that of Abel, the "fatlings," or young lambs of his flock. Abel, as is supposed, brought two offerings: an oblation and a sacrifice, while Cain merely brought the former—an acknowledgment of God's sovereignty—and neglected the sacrifice which would have been a confession of fallen nature and an atonement for sin. His offering was unlawful as a sacrifice, being bloodless (Heb. 9: 22). Joseph asserts that "Abel brought milk as well as the first-fruits of his flock."

A Grandmother, Houston, Tex. Please give some practical hints on how to learn to pray. I think prayer the most spiritual as well as most beautiful part of worship. I have been a member of the church over fifty years, but have never prayed in public, and never been requested to. Have been regular in attendance until of late I do not attend prayer-meetings fearing the awkward fix—if I should be called on. Have had family prayers over thirty years, mostly reading prayers or repeating short sentences and words. I should feel ashamed were it not that He that seeth the heart and understandeth our thoughts afar off, accepts and answers even such. My daily, private prayers are mostly longings and desires which I cannot find words to express.

Eloquence is not expected of all, and the gift of facile utterance is by no means a common one. The simpler the petition the better; if it be but the expression of a single thought or aspiration, it will reach the Throne as readily as the most elaborate appeal. Earnestness is far more desirable in prayer than mere eloquence, and we have listened with melting hearts, to a few broken sentences, coming from the soul's depths, where nothing else would have moved us. It is, doubtless, more difficult for most people to pray in a public gathering than in the home circle, but the difficulties will disappear after awhile and you will receive strength and eloquence as you proceed.

S. S. W., Eunice, Ia. How often was Paul imprisoned and how long?

We have no new information on the subject. All that is known is contained in the Acts of the Apostles, but it is probable that he suffered imprisonments which are not recorded there. There was the imprisonment at Philippi which lasted a few hours (Acts 16), and the imprisonment beginning at Jerusalem (Acts 21: 29), which continued until his arrival in Rome. It is estimated that the interval between his arrest and his reaching Rome was two years. There is a period of two years mentioned, Acts 28: 30, which we may suppose was practically the condition of a man out on bail.

J. H. Osborne, Wellington, Ont., Can., writes:

You published some statistics, a short time ago, and a reader in England added some last week. I from the hand of "Our Lady of the Snow" would like to add five more verses that contain all the letters of the alphabet, except one each, viz.: In the New Testament—Gal. 1: 14, lacks K; 1. Kings 1: 39, lacks Q; 2. Kings 16: 15, all but X; 1. Chron. 12: 40, lacks Q; Dan. 4: 37, lacks Q; and perhaps there are other verses. Now I would like to ask a question: In my Bible published by the University Press, Cambridge, England (for the B. & F. Bible Society) Zechariah 11: 17 are these words, "Woe to the idle shepherd." Is the word "idle" a misprint? Should it not be "idle?"

The Revised Version gives the translation as "worthless shepherd," which is evidently the correct reading.

F. M. Thomas, Leonardville, Kans., writes:

Has W. A. S. a reader in England, whose letter recently appeared in THE MAIL-BAG, noticed more recently (I would have appeared that "I" and "E" are like "L" in 1. Peter 2: 21. Years ago I saw a statement in THE MAIL-BAG that that verse contained all the letters of the English language.

Evangelist R. Ashley Cole, of Port Republic, N. J., who conducts Gospel services among the life-savers of the Atlantic coast, writes to thank friends who, having read of his work in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have kindly sent contributions. He will personally acknowledge any and sent to him at Port Republic. He shortly begins service at Sandy Hook.

S. E. Flack, Hopkinton, Ia., writes:

I hoped some one with "The pen of a ready writer" would send a protest against the words of one who writes on "Petty or Don'tful Savings." They speak of the patching of a gingham apron, of picking up pins, etc. Jesus said "gather up the fragments that nothing be wasted." There are

thousands to whom the patching of an apron means the price of a new one given to missions, or to God's poor. There are other thousands who waste so much, if their waste could be gathered up and given to home missions, the poor, overworked missionaries would not heed the disheartening word "retrench," but could go on, bravely doing the grand work God has called them to. The price of an apron may be but little; but that little gathered up all over our land would mean thousands for God. There are many of us who cannot earn the wages of a Chinaman who can gather up the fragments for Jesus. God help us gather them.

Esther M. F., Merchantville, N. J. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is always perused with pleasure by us, and one of the pleasant things in life would be gone if it did not visit me once a week. I was especially interested in the sermon for business people, for I am like "Lydia, a seller of purple and fine linen," and as I read it, I wondered how you knew so much about us, our trials, etc. I have been with one of our best firms for nearly nineteen years, and am glad to testify to the kindness and consideration with which we are treated, and that we are not considered machines merely but human beings.

Our correspondent, like thousands of others engaged in stores and counting-rooms, is doubtless so pleasantly situated and treated with so much consideration, that she consid-

have apparently had two passages in mind and have combined them. See Josh. 24: 15; and Kings 18: 21. We should reply in the negative to your additional question. There are so many good books, that it does not pay to waste time upon books that are doubtful.

Inquirer, Paterson, N. J. What was the name of the soldier who smote our Lord with his spear?

It has been preserved to us by tradition as Longinus, a Roman. The tradition still further adds that the spear was brought by Joseph of Arimathea to King Pellam who was of Joseph's time, and Balim, a savage seized the spear and wounded Pellam nigh unto death.

J. L., Pittsburg, Pa. 1. Do the people of Alaska preserve any legends or traditions? 2. Have they any record of Bering's visit there?

1. Unquestionably they do, as do all the Indian tribes, although they are preserved in oral form only. Prof. Bushrod W. James some years ago collected the Alaskan legends and folklore and published them in a volume through Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. 2. Yes.

Reader, Brooklyn. What is the value of an Indian rupee, and from what is the word derived?

A rupee is worth about 30 cents, but its value varies. The word is a corruption of the Sanskrit word *rupya* (root word *rupa*, a shape), meaning "the shape of a man," that is, the figure of a man impressed on the coin.

H. S. W., Purcell, Ind. Ter. I am worried about giving my tenth to the Lord. We are in debt and are working hard to pay our debts. Is it right to give one-tenth to the Lord while we are in debt?

We apprehend that your income is greater than your expenditure, otherwise you would never pay your debts. It is possible for you honestly to pay a tenth of this surplus if you wish to do so. Probably your property would more than balance your debts, in other words, though you owe money, you are solvent, so that when you give money to the Lord you are giving your own money, not your cred-

Idumea and of the Horites. Esau is called "the father of the Edomites" (Gen. 36: 43). With his immense family he ruled Mount Seir from which they gradually possessed the existing population, and for many generations. In the course of the Maccabean wars, the children of Israel their independent existence and merged in the house of Israel.

Reader, Willow Lake, S. D. 1. If a wife causes a separation between husband and wife, ought the husband to forgive him? 2. If the wife has been unbalanced by the awful strain, will God hold her responsible for the will the wicked man be held accountable?

1. Few men have sufficient magnanimity to forgive so cruel a wrong. But the God may give him the power even. He should pray for that grace, that he may be ready to forgive, if his forgiveness is more than this is not required of him; wife will be held accountable for her sin. Her suffering will not atone for it. The man is clearly the greater sinner; punishment will be the heavier, but he holds the woman guilty of yielding and of his solemn pledge of fidelity to her, and the plea that she was tempted and not avail except in mitigation.

T. P. C., Troy. Does the coming of Christ as described in the Sunday School lesson 8th, include the final resurrection and judgment?

There are two views of the subject these views is that Christ's coming the millennium, and the other, that he will come at the close of it. The latter view involves the resurrection and the last taking place at the time of his coming, former view, which is the one advocated by the writers on prophecy, whose articles published in this journal, believe in the coming of Christ the righteous dead raised, and that the remainder of the not be raised until the end of the millennium when the last judgment will take place. (See Rev. 20: 4-6.)

N. Reed, Hamilton, Can. I have been taught that there were two dispensations in the Bible, but it seems difficult to reconcile the two made as to the character of the law: 14: 8, 9; Nahum 1: 2; Hebrew one place he is represented as angry; in another that he revenges.

The statements you quote of Paul's wrath are not contradictory. The wrath of God is all the more because of his love and his mercy. You know that a man who is angry if once really roused, is difficult to appease than a rash man. Even a gentle, tender man would fight like a tigress if he were attacked. Paul places his tributes boldly in juxtaposition shows how they are consistent (1: 22), "Behold therefore the love and severity of God."

Lily S., Chillicothe, O. Was there such a personage as Ossian the warrior, about whose deeds are so many poems were forged?

Yes, he was the son of Fingon, lived in the third century. A great deal of him is merely traditional, that were written concerning him were pure fiction.

Subscriber, Panhandle, Tex. We have

Revised Version.—Miss Margaret F. Stewartson, Pa. We are already

M. L. Briggs, Dryden, N. Y. We

still in great need and will be for months.

Herbert B. C., Napanee, Ont. Ver-

mittances will be made.—Subscriber,

son's address is "Sault Ste Marie, Michi-

Orangetown, Me. All the letters are

as written, the "c" being soft like "s."

Moore, Palmerston, Ont. We believe in

ately stated that there are gold fields on

of the boundary line. There is no dis-

"claim every thing."—Inquirers. The

of the National Congress of Mothers is

and can be procured of Mrs. Clara B.

Washington Loan and Trust Building

ton, D. C. The price is twenty-five

paper covers and fifty cents cloth.

Chelsea, Ind. Ter. You are mistaken, the

certain denomination which goes by

it and was that particular denomination

ferred.—Thomas Davis, Terry, S. C.

Alonda, O. We believe not.—W. C.

Haute, Ind. See answer to Subscr-

Haute, in THE MAIL-BAG of July

N., Labrador, Can. Nowhere mention

Bible.—L. T. S., Danbury, Conn. I



THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Our new Congressional Library, lately completed, is a beautiful building in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. It is said to be the most imposing building of like character in the world. It stands in the centre of a plot of ten acres, on East Capitol street, between First and Second, Washington, D. C., and the building itself covers three and three quarter acres, and measures 470 x 350 feet. The first appropriation for the work was made in 1888, but the building was only completed this year, Congress having fixed the limit of cost at \$5,300,000, including all the interior decorations. It can accommodate about eight million volumes, and this capacity can be increased by the erection of additional repositories. The whole building is claimed by the architects to be absolutely fireproof.

It is a duty and a pleasure to speak out. It is right that she should.

Miss L. K. Lewis, Ozeana, Va. Some time ago I wrote a letter to your paper about starting a fund for the "prevention of cruelty to animals." This you kindly published, and some of your subscribers wrote and agreed with me fully and offered assistance. Many thanks to them. I now send \$2, and let all others send something, if only ten cents; and let our editor, who does so much good, turn this money over to one of said societies. How many more will help? How glad I am to see that some are willing to speak out in behalf of the poor dumb creatures! How they are often abused and ill-treated by mean men! I firmly believe God will punish all cruel treatment to animals, but this does not help the poor dumb creature. So let us try to protect them in every way we can.

Conscientious Inquirer, King Ferry, N. Y. Suppose a man who has never used tobacco (considering it a dirty, expensive habit), should open a grocery store, would it be right for him to sell the weed? Must he, for conscience sake, lose the profits which the sales would bring him, together with the custom which always comes where tobacco is sold?

If he be truly conscientious, he will not sell it, believing it to be a vice, and desiring to do nothing whereby a brother may offend (See 1. John 2: 10; Rom. 14: 21). The question of loss or gain should have no influence in the matter.

Reader. Is the following verse found in the Bible, and if so, where can I find it? "Choose ye, therefore, this day whom ye will serve: If it be Christ, follow him; and if Baal, then follow him?"

There is no such passage in the Bible. You

itors' money. There is no law in this dispensation requiring you to give a tenth, but if your heart is right, you will want to give some portion of your earnings to the Lord and you might deny yourself some luxury in order to give. That self-denial would make the gift all the more pleasing in God's sight.

Reader, Evansville, Wis. I have read your explanation of 1. Cor. 3: 15 about the man whose work being burned will suffer loss yet whose soul will be saved; but still I cannot understand. Can you give me an example?

Can you conceive of a Christian man doing good works from an impure motive? Suppose a clergyman has lost the high ideal he had when he entered the ministry, and now his aim in preaching is to increase his popularity, or to get more money. Suppose a man gives a public library to the city, or pensions a widow, and his real motive, if he would honestly analyze it, is to get a reputation for charity and beneficence, or to promote his election to Congress. The clergyman's preaching may be earnest and effective and the other man's gifts may be well applied, but God, who reads the heart, knows that he has had his reward in getting the applause, or the money, or the position which was sought. Having had it he deserves no other, and he gets none. He suffers the loss of the reward God would have given him for work done for his sake.

C. H., Portland, Oreg. Who are the descendants of Esau and, if known, where are they located?

They are by many believed to have been the successors of the original inhabitants of

the Pacific coast.

McM., Allegheny, Pa. It would cer-

tainly be a failure in morals were the

granted. Your church is quite entitled

able action in the matter.

CONVERTED IN JAIL.

The Remarkable Story of Valentine Burke's Change of Heart while Behind Prison Bars—A Grand illustration of Divine Grace.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

WHEN I was holding meetings in St. Louis, Mo., in 1880, the *Globe-Democrat* published verbatim reports of my sermons every day. One night I preached on the subject of "The Jail," and next morning the paper came out with a sensational headline: "The Jail at Philippi was a scene of horror." A copy of the paper was carried to the city jail, and tell into the hands of a notorious prisoner, named Valentine Burke. This man was one of the worst characters known to the St. Louis police. He was about forty years of age, had spent about twenty years in jail, and was then awaiting trial on a serious charge. Through the influence of Mr. T. S. McPheeters, of St. Louis, I was able to see here the photograph of Burke in the Rogues' Gallery where he was known as "No. 1010." His features were so well known in the city that an index card was made of his character. When I glanced at the morning paper, I read the headline at his eye. I thought that it was a piece of bad news, he read it. He was anxious to see the jailer was right. He thought that once passed through a town called Philippi in Illinois, he supposed that the place would be a place of horror.



VALENTINE BURKE.

Far-smile of a photograph taken for the Police Collection in the Rogues' Gallery.

a note: "Notice the difference in the enclosed pictures. See what our holy religion can do for the chief of sinners." On the back of the Rogues' Gallery photograph he wrote: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." (Ps. 113: 7-8.)

This incident shows what the grace of God can do for a hardened sinner. Not only can it save him, but it can keep him. Valentine Burke



VALENTINE BURKE.

From a photograph taken in 1887, seven years after his conversion.

lived an active, consistent Christian life in that public position until God called him home in 1895.

I believe that in all our jails and penitentiaries there are souls who may become just such rich jewels that will one day sparkle in our Saviour's crown if we will only arouse ourselves to put the way of life before them. The conversion of such men as Valentine Burke and Jerry McAuley ought to stir

us all to do something definite for prisoners.



TEMPLE OF IDOLS IN SANJUSANGENDO, KIOTO, JAPAN.

us all to do something definite for prisoners.

Facts like these led me to start the Prison Fund in connection with the Bible Institute Colportage Association, and by means of this Prison Fund nearly two hundred thousand religious books have already been distributed amongst prisoners in a large number of jails and penitentiaries in different parts of the United States within a period of two years.

East Northfield, Mass.

D. L. Moody.

A New Struggle in Japan.

(Continued from First Page.)

the government surrendered to the Samurai and re-instated them in their official capacity. "Even now," writes the above quoted author in 1892. (ibid p. 79). "under a written constitution and a representative government, it is the four hundred thousand adult male Samurai who rule the forty millions of people, make the politics, and shape the destinies of Tei Koku Nippon."

Since these Samurai or Shizoku as they are now called, have resumed the direction of affairs, there has been a constant and steady reaction. Furniture, occidental dress and food, have been set aside, and in their daily life the Japanese have returned to the customs of their ancestors. "By degrees," says the official historiographer, referring to the reforms inaugurated in the early seventies, "however, men's eyes began to be opened to the fact that while they were uprooting and abandoning much which had the sanction of tradition and the approval of long practice, they were planting in its stead institutions and customs not necessarily suitable to the Japanese and probably injurious to any people. Out of this sense of rash denationalization and unpatriotic radicalism a strong reaction ultimately grew, and men's minds turned once more to the customs and canons handed down from their ancestors. The reaction is now paramount."

It was necessary to enter into this long preamble that my readers might be acquainted with the difficulties with which our missionaries are beset, and because it will explain the somewhat hostile feelings entertained against some of them by prominent converts. Struggling with the indifference of the *heimin* or common people,

tence depends upon the belief in the divine origin of the Emperor. Modesty and humbly preaching and practicing the doctrine of the Saviour, they have secured the good will of even the foreign population, many of whose members are not above reproach in their observance of the laws of morality. And there is this sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of the missionaries as well as over other alien residents of Japan.

By the new treaty with that country, going into effect on July 16, 1899, we shall be placed under their jurisdiction, and with codes uncompleted, a totally inexperienced and prejudiced judiciary, the members of which belong to the Samurai class, the lot of those whom a sense of duty or enthusiasm compels to remain, is not enviable. In maintaining their rights as American citizens, they will speedily incur the dislike of the officials. It is to be hoped that the new administration will be prepared to protect these citizens in the dangers threatening them in the Far East.

But with all these authenticated facts, it is none the less true that complaints arrive, and generally from dissatisfied converts. Most if not all of these are groundless, originating in the fancied superiority of the Japanese mind. Rev. Dr. Baker, a prominent minister of the M. E. Church of Washington, D. C., visited Japan immediately after the war with China. I met him in Kobe, and he was emphatic in condemning the arrogance and conceit, pre-eminent qualities of the Japanese mind. "We don't want you any more; provide us with money, and we will do the preaching!" is the almost universal cry of the native Christian ministers. So anxious are they to have their fancied superiority publicly acknowledged, that they chafe under the restraint of men, their superiors in every way. A native Christian paper even hinted broadly at the foundation of a new Christianity, based upon fitness with the conditions prevailing in Japan.

But of the common people who have become converted, many offer bright examples of what sincere adoption of our religion may effect. The improvement in their lives has been so marked that the government has ceased placing obstacles in the way of the missionaries, and is tacitly approving their work.

The amount of benefit, derived by Japan from American Missionary Societies, is indeed incalculable and entitles them to more courtesy than it is willing to accord. The M. E. School at Aoyama, Tokyo, is a model institution, and, since the directors have added a manual training school, it is rendering very valuable service. The location is beautiful. Situated on Green Mountain as the name expresses, nature has liberally assisted in beautifying the grounds. The College at Shibo, owned by the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches, is also constructed upon very solid foundations and acknowledged as a prominent institution of learning. The Congregational and Episcopal Churches also own colleges and do efficient work.

The condition of the people and the institutions of the country are an insurmountable obstacle to the missionaries entering upon a more aggressive system of evangelizing. As an impartial outsider, and as one who knows the Japanese well, I declare that the results so far attained deserve the highest credit. For, while there has been no active persecution or open discrimination against the natives who avow themselves Christians, it will be readily understood that every government official looks with watchful eyes upon the controversy of a creed upon whose maintenance their very existence depends. It is necessary, therefore, not to incur the active hostility of an all-powerful class, the more jealous of its privileges and reactionary in principle since occidental innovations once threatened to destroy it. The attitude of the missionaries upon the questions of the day, is highly commendable. They utterly refuse to discuss them, confining themselves to the remark that "their business is to save souls." It is this attitude that has obtained for them undisturbed sufferance and even a reluctant encomium.

The writer who, in common with other laymen shared the prejudices against missionaries in the Far East, has become an enthusiastic supporter. And there are many foreign residents who feel as I do, and give utterance to their sentiments.

R. VAN BERGEN.

History of the Empire of Japan. By order of the Department of Education, Tokyo, 1893. p. 409.

The photograph reproduced here is ten in 1887. In sending the two signs to Mr. McPheeters, Burke wrote



NARROW ESCAPES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } I am escaped with the skin of
on the Text: Job 19: 20, - - - } my teeth.



OB had it hard. What with boils, and bereavements, and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good, and Poole, and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold-filling in their teeth. Ovid, and Horace, and Solomon, and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house-roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments;

his manhood was reckless; his mid-life very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the Church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the Church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches, and Bibles, and Sundays, and who have no intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. O thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against sceptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal, you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the Church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! scepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If

it be false we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended towards you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy until you swing back.

Again; there may be some who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the Church; but if you will go downstairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation, is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulancy that blurs, and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in mid-life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile, and then

turn you off. If you ask for their help they will give it and say they will again; but, falling away again under power of temptation, they cast you forever. But God forgives seven times; yea, seven hundred times; though this be the ten thousandth time he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than you took your first mis-step.

If, with all the influences favoring a right life, men make so many how much harder is it when, for some appetite thrusts its iron gray roots of the tongue, and pull down with hands of destruction under such circumstances, he breathes there will be no sport in the unholy holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side, and bend, and twist, and with an opportunity to get in a heavier until with one final effort, in whose muscles are distended, and the veins out, and the blood starts, the swart falls under the knee of the victor—at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship *Emma*, bound from Hamburg to Harwich, was sailing on the man on the look-out saw so that he pronounced a vessel below. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterwards to be a waving handkerchief. A small boat the crew pushed overboard, and found that it was a wreck, and that three men had lost their way out through the bow of the ship. When the vessel capsized had no means of escape. The man took his penknife and dug away at the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which he attempted to scrape their way up the darkness, each one working with his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and back faint and sick. After long and hard work, the light broke through the top of the ship. A handkerchief was sent. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever so near a watery grave without escaping into it? How narrowly they escaped only "with the skin of the teeth." There are men who have been caught by evil passions, and capsize in moral and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have been trying to dig their way out, but have been digging away, and away, but they can never be delivered less now they will hoist some distress. However weak and wretched they may be, Christ will see it, and be down upon the helpless craft, and take it aboard; and it will be known on earth in heaven how narrowly they escaped, as with the skin of their teeth.

There are others who in attempting to come to God, must run between many business perplexities. If they have over to business at ten o'clock in the morning, and come away at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are up from sunrise to sunset, and have been five years going behind in business, are frequently dunned by creditors you cannot pay, and when from morning until Saturday night, you dodging bills that you cannot meet, walk day by day in uncertainty, have kept your brain on fire for three years. Some with less troubles than you have gone crazy. A clerk has heard a noise in the back room, and gone in, and found a man of the firm a raving mania, and his wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling, the dead body of her husband. There are men pursued, harassed, downed, and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn they do not know. Now God will be hard on you. He knows what you are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right way he will crown with success. Let Satan, with cotton bales, and iron hogsheads, and counters, and unsaleable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your troubles. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one for life eternal," and then bound for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that the high timer, and John Knox, and Huss, and they were not the greatest martyrs, not Christian men who went up incorrupt from contaminations and perplexities of Pennsylvania Avenue, Broad Street, State Street, and Third Street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or peddlers, or importers; but in heaven, they are heroes. No faggots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed to break their heart; but they had mental vigor, compared with which all physical coming is as the breath of a spring morning.

And in the community a large class of men to have been so cheated, so lied about so outrageously wronged, that they lost their faith in everything. In a word here everything seems so topsy-turvy they do not see how there can be a God. They are confounded, and angry, and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, are of no use now. Hear me, all such men, preach to you no rounded periods, no sentimental discourse; but put my hand to your shoulder, and invite you into the Kingdom of the Gospel. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been waiting for the world to come back to him; and more he has coaxed, the more men have been in their resistance, and the more they have stepped back, and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

It is God, ye who have had the blood of Christ after you, and who have thought God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of the world have no bloom so sweet as the fragrance of Christ's affections. The sun is warmer than the glow of the stars. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the hand stands with his lip and nostril to the cool mountain torrent, the spray may be coming through the thicket. The crackling of a stick under his foot, the lions close by the stag, aims his gun, the lawless trigger, and the poor thing rears its ath-agony and falls backwards, its head crashing on the rocks; but the inner heart that drinks from the water-pool of God's promise shall never be fully wounded, and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for your business man! An Eastern king, given on his tomb two fingers, represents as sounding on each other with a sword under them the motto, "All is vanity and a vexation of spirit." Apicius Cælius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand dollars left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a man. The obespierre attempted to win the empire of the world; but when he was a young woman came rushing through the doorway trying to him, "Murderer of my mother, descend to hell, covered with the blood of every mother in France!" Many have expected the plaudits of the world to die under its Anathema.

Obtain your peace in God. Make the strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything is sacrificed to save the passengers. The ego is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast." Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you are, in your effort to keep the world, you have lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Deal with all those other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the pride, your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your life into the hand of him who has pulled you out of the breakers of Melita, and you, above the shrill blast of the tempest that ever blackened the sky, look the ocean, can hear the faintest intimation for mercy.

I close this sermon feeling that some of you, who have considered your life hopeless, will take heart again, with a blood-red earnestness, such as have never experienced before, and start for the good land of the promised land at last to look back, saying, "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but I escaped by the skin of my teeth."

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

The Scotch Plains' Baptist Church Celebrates its 150th Year of Active Existence — A Remarkable Record of Service.

ONE of the oldest churches in the country is the Scotch Plains' Baptist Church in the suburb of Plainfield, N. J., whose 150th anniversary was fittingly celebrated on Thursday, Aug. 5th. The Scotch Plains' Church is the mother of the First Baptist Church of New York, as well as of the church of Lyons Farms, N. J., of which T. C. Vassar, D.D., is pastor; the Mt. Bethel Church, Rev. Peter Gibb, pastor; of the May's Lick Church, Kentucky; and the South Plainfield Church, Rev. J. A. Cubberly, pastor. There have been three edifices built by the congregation. One was destroyed by fire, and the second is now a landmark owned by Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, a deacon of the church. The present building was erected in 1872, having a seating capacity of 500. It is of Gothic architecture, with Ohio stone trimming and cost \$35,000. Opposite the church is the old brownstone manse, 111 years old, intact as when it was first built.

There have been thirteen pastors during the long period of the church's history. Rev. Benjamin Miller was the first. His ashes now rest in the cemetery adjoining the church. The church has had a continuous history of prosperity, and of pastorates that have been strong in spiritual results. There are three living ex-pastors, Drs. J. F. Brown, J. C. Buchanan, and J. H. Parks. A few years ago, by the will of Matthias Frazee Lee, the church was left the large sum of \$150,000. Litigation followed, and when the suit was finished, the church received \$37,500. Four years ago, another bequest was made amounting to \$12,000, which was paid over to the church. This latter gift was made by James M. Lyons, of Scotch Plains, N. J. Memorial tablets have been set in appropriate places in the front walls of the church building with the names of these generous givers.

The present pastor, Rev. James S. Braker, entered upon his pastorate three years ago. By hearty co-operation and helpful generosity, the beneficences of the church under his pastorate have materially increased. The benevolences of the anniversary year have been the largest in its history.

The present membership of the Scotch Plains Church is 168. One year ago a Christian Endeavor Society was formed with 101 members. There is also a Christian Endeavor Junior, of which Miss Carrie Bettman is president. The Sunday School is in a flourishing condition. Special attention is given to the missionary cause. The school aids in supporting a native missionary in India, as well as a missionary in Liberia. Mr. G. E. Hall is the Superintendent.

Among those who participated in the anniversary services were a number of

pastors from different churches, including Rev. G. H. Winans, M. E. Church, Scotch Plains; Rev. J. W. Wilmarth, Philadelphia; Rev. W. T. Dorward, Stelton, N. J.; Rev. J. C. Buchanan, Pemberton, N. J.; Rev. G. W. Clark, Hightstown, N. J.; Rev. J. H. Parks, May's Lick, Ky.; Rev. T. E. Vassar, Lyons Farms, N. J.; Rev. Peter Gibb, Mt. Bethel, N. J.; Rev. J. A. Cubberly, South Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. W. W. Case, Rutherford, N. J.; Rev. G. W. Francis, Westfield, and others. Some of the addresses were reminiscent of the old church's history, and recalled with fervent pathos, the spiritual struggles and triumphs that had taken place under its roof. In the century and a-half of its existence, many hundreds of souls have been won to Christ, and have gloriously served the cause of the Gospel at home and in foreign lands. The labors of its long line of faithful pastors have

been widely blessed, and have exerted an influence that will doubtless last throughout many generations.

PRAYER.

MY inmost soul, O Lord to thee,
Leans like a growing flower
Unto the light. I do not know
The day nor blessed hour
When that deep-rooted, daring growth
We call the heart's desire
Shall burst and blossom to a prayer
Within the sacred fire
Of thy great patience; grow so pure,
So still, so sweet a thing



THE SCOTCH PLAINS' BAPTIST CHURCH, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

As perfect prayer must surely be.
And yet my heart will sing.
It seems as if my heart would break,
If, living on the light
I should not lift to Thee at last
A bud of flawless white.
And yet, O helpless heart! how sweet
To grow and bud and say:
The flower, however marred or won,
Shall not be cast away.

— Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

How the Soul that God has Lighted should give Light to the World.



It is a beautiful and suggestive name for the children of God. Christ used it, and from him we learn the practical import of it. Christians are to be the light of the world. The spark which is kindled in them is divine in its essence, and is to be a light for others. Enlightened themselves, they are to diffuse light. As a beacon set on a dangerous coast, they are to be warning and guidance to life's storm-tossed mariners. Their light is to shine like a ray of hope, showing the path that leads to eternal day. But their light is like the light of the candles that are put in lanterns, which may lose much of its power through the density of the medium surrounding them. While we are in the body, care must be taken that our light be not obscured by the dirt and smoke of the world. It is not given us for the use of ourselves only; but it may be rendered useless to others if our lives are so marred by inconsistencies, by idleness, by worldliness and selfishness, that the light is not visible. Our lives must be clean and bright and transparent in their purity. The light, to be useful, must also be a steady, not an intermittent light. It must shine as clearly between Sundays as on the holy day.

PAUL'S CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Epworth League Topic for September 5. Romans 1: 3, 4; 8: 3; 9: 5; II. Cor. 13: 14.



Differing from the pictures the Evangelists give us of Christ, yet perfectly consistent therewith, Paul's conception of him deserves our careful study. Of Christ according to the flesh and of his life and teaching, Paul takes little account. We cannot believe him to have been indifferent to them; but he approaches him from a different side. It is Christ as the fulfilment of the law and of the types; Christ as the revealer of God; Christ as God incarnate; Christ as the sacrifice for sin and as the triumphant victor in the struggle for the possession of this world — these are the aspects in which Paul loves to depict his Lord. Though Paul was born, as is generally believed, only five years after Christ, he does not appear ever to have come in contact with him. He may have been with his parents in Cilicia at such times as Christ went to Jerusalem and have heard of him only through his friends the Pharisees or from Gamaliel, his teacher. Even after his conversion, he does not appear to have sought information about Christ's life and teaching from the Apostles, who could have given it to him. Indeed, in writing to the Galatians, he boasts that he avoided them, preferring to depend upon the revelation which God made to him in his own mind. During his solitary meditation in Arabia immediately after his conversion, he seems to have constructed his theory of Christ, guided only by the

Holy Spirit and such slight information as Ananias gave him during their talk in Damascus. Taking the two facts of the Mosaic economy and the appearance of Christ in the world with God's endorsement of him, he set himself to discern Christ's place in the Divine plan and, from this effort, we have the Christ of the epistles and the message which Paul boldly calls "my Gospel."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

GENTILES GIVING.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 5. II. Cor. 9: 1-11. Golden Text II. Cor. 8: 9.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



ALL things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee" (I. Chron. 29: 14). Such was David's idea of what the Apostle Paul calls a "grace of God" (II. Cor. 8: 1), the grace which permits us to give anything to him. The grace of giving is very little understood in the Church of Christ; the enemy of God and man has succeeded in making giving to be generally looked upon as a matter between man and man instead of between God and man. Paul held it to be a "grace of God bestowed upon the churches of Macedonia" that they had the privilege of giving to the churches of Judea, from whence the Gospel had come to them. It was a gift of God to them that they might give to him. Again and again Paul speaks of it as a grace, and one which was as necessary in the life of a Christian as any other grace of God. He charged Timothy that "as he had made a beginning before, so he would complete in you this grace also! But as ye abound in everything; in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all earnestness, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also" (II. Cor. 8: 6, 7.)

How different is this view of giving from the miserable begging which extorts from unwilling hands, and hard unmelted hearts the begrudged gifts which are the shame and disgrace of the Christian Church! How different from the going down to Egypt for help, by which the world deludes itself into the belief that it is keeping up the cause of God, in the way of bazaars, concerts, excursions, and other worldly devices. People whose hearts are in the world seek to get the value of their money in their own worldly pleasure, out of which a certain part goes to the church, or to some good work, while the openly worldly sneer at religious people, and say, "They can't get on without our money." How different it is from the tragic appeals to man, and the bitter reproaches against man in such appeals, which give the idea that it is by man, stirred up by his fellowman, that the work of God, financially, is kept up; and that it is absolutely necessary to put the most extreme pressure upon man, or the work would collapse. Where giving is understood to be a grace of God everything is reversed.

If Christian work is of God, it is no way dependent upon man, and it is a grievous dishonor to our God that the unbelief of his children allows it to be so regarded. God may indeed give to his children the grace of being his instruments in preaching, praying, or giving; but we are only instruments, and he alone is the true Worker. In the grace of giving, the poor are always before the rich: it was so in Macedonia. In a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. Only poverty can give to God; he neither needs our riches nor our strength, neither our wisdom nor anything in us which is to our advantage. It is the poor in spirit who shall have the kingdom, the weak which shall confound the strong, the foolish confound the wise (I. Cor. 1: 27), and equally it is the deep poverty which abounds, as in the widow's mite, to the riches of their liberality. The gifts and prayers of the poor are the most dependable help in all Christian work.

The urgency of begging letters or spoken appeals bear their own witness, that these earnest pleaders cannot see God at work for them. They see what their needs are, they know a certain sum is required, they tell man, and especially such men as they think are able to help them and they

expect their need to be met by man. They hold their fellow Christians responsible, and sometimes yield to feelings of disappointment and condemnation of others if their giving is not that which they judge to be becoming them. How different to this was the spirit of the Macedonian churches! Instead of being urged by fellow Christians, "to their power..." and beyond their power they were willing of themselves. Instead of contributions being dragged out of them they prayed with much intreaty that we would receive the gift. The begging was on the other side; the donors begged of the recipients; they counted it a grace or favor that their gifts should be accepted, and that they were permitted their share in the work of the Lord. Thus they regarded giving as a grace of God and not as hard bondage to man.

The privilege of giving on the part of the donor. "Who am I, and what is my people that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort?" (I. Chron. 29: 14), and the privilege of the recipients who receive all as from the Lord, is equally blessed. If both are looking to him then the one who gives settles with the Lord what he is to give, and he who is to receive is quite content to receive that which the Lord sends him unsolicited from man.

Paul having spoken of giving in relation to God, now speaks of it in relation to man. "Ministering to the saints." We only really minister to the saints as we minister to the Lord. The example of our Lord is the basis: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich" (II. Cor. 8: 9). Is it not our inestimable privilege if we are permitted in anything to deny and impoverish ourselves for the saints of God, and especially for those in difficult places, in heathen lands, or working in the slums of our great cities. Paul reminds the Corinthians that they were ready a year ago, and that now he was sending messengers to bring their gifts to the churches.

Willing giving is the law of God's kingdom. "Of every man that giveth it willingly from his heart, shall ye take my offering" (Ex. 25: 2). "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring... an offering of the Lord" (Ex. 35: 5). "The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work" (verse 29): "Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." "There's another appeal from so and so, I suppose I must give something," says a Christian man with a shrug of his shoulder, as though he did not much relish the process. "God has shown me to send such and such a sum to so and so," says one, who has been sitting at the feet of Jesus, and who has heard his word in the quiet stillness within, where the still small voice is audible. No thought whether it is pleasant or unpleasant agitates the calm sea of that God-filled heart, no computation of the loss to himself; self is out of the question; the will of God has been law, and is now become nature; newness of life.

But there is another law of the kingdom it is this: In whatever you economise, don't economise in giving to the Lord: "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Soweth! Is giving then in any sense a sowing?

Is it not a loss, a parting with what we give? We do not expect to see it back again. In all death which is unto the Lord we sow for future gain. Everything which comes from one who has eternal life and lives in the honor of an endless life, has its bearings on the future. Who knows all the issues of the smallest things we do in the spirit and in the power of the life of Christ? The Word of God which rules our life "liveth and abideth for ever" (I. Peter 1: 23), the Spirit of God which is the power of our life is the Eternal Spirit (Heb. 9: 14) and as we sow for eternity we shall surely reap for eternity.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"CAST IN ALL HER LIVING."

CONSUMMATE delicacy and tact are displayed by the Apostle in this appeal to the church at Corinth. There can be no doubt that he was anxious about the money. This great man who would not stoop to ask anything for himself, who had supported himself by his own labor while he preached at Corinth, could plead for gifts for others. He wanted the rich church to contribute liberally and to do it gracefully and promptly. We, who sometimes complain of the urgency of appeals for money from the pulpit, and blame the ministers for giving so much prominence to the subject of contributions, are apt to forget that there is apostolic precedent for the course.

Not only here, but in other places Paul pleads for money. His first words after that magnificent argument about the resurrection in the fifteenth chapter of his first epistle to this church, were: "Now concerning the collection." There was nothing sordid about it. None of the money would go into his pocket. He pleaded the cause of the poor, Christian Jews in Jerusalem who at that time were suffering social ostracism and were in sore straits. Paul was personally pledged to attend to this matter. When he carried his point in the great Council and secured for his Gentile converts freedom from the Mosaic law, he was enjoined (Gal. 2: 10) to secure contributions for the relief of indigent Jewish Christians. He faithfully carried out his part of the agreement, though, as we know, the other party to the agreement did not act with the same fidelity. With that, Paul had nothing to do; he would do his duty whether others did their's, or neglected to do it. It is interesting to notice the means he took to accomplish his object. In pressing the appeal for a liberal collection he relies on three considerations: First, the personal. He begged that he might not be humiliated by any failure on their part. He was in Macedonia at the time and he tells these people at Corinth, that he had been boasting of them, telling the Macedonians how liberal the Corinthians were and urging them to do likewise. Now if there should be any failure on their part, the Macedonians would take note of the fact and think that Paul had misrepresented. He wanted the Corinthians to live up to his report of them. Second he reminds them of the example of Christ who for their sake gave up everything even his life. Third, he tells them how God will regard liberality on their part. He will be pleased with it and will reward them and he describes the kind of giver God loves to see. He is a man who does not need to be urged to give, but gives because his heart is full of love and compassion. The same plea may still be urged. God does not change his character. He still delights to see his people caring more for pleasing him than for their money.

Shall reap also sparingly. Luther used to tell the story of a monastery in Austria which was famous for its benevolence. More was given to the poor from its treasury than from any other monastery. Yet it was rich and the more it gave away the more it had. But it passed under new management and its gifts were diminished.

It was no longer famous for its hos and benefactions. Yet though the ceased the treasury was not full at a time it became poor. One day a cant applied at the gate for alms refused. He was told that the mo no longer had the means of feed passing wayfarers. The mendic swered: "The reason of your po that you have not among you t brothers whom you used to have your roof. The one was *Dave* (gi the other *Dabitur* (it shall be give The former ye cast out; the other lonely left of his own accord."

Multiply your seed. It is asto how often God repays our gifts cause. When they are given with peccation of the loss being made sometimes sends far more than wa A few months ago a child in a State began saving up the penn earned by going on errands and do jobs of work. She was anxious fifty cents to buy flower-seeds for little garden. But when spring c had heard her father read in THE TIAN HERALD that little childre dying of hunger in India. Her fat sending a gift to the famine fund her own accord the little girl bro savings to be sent with it. Th told the story in his letter accom his contribution. Not long after package of seed reached the child far more than could have been with her fifty cents. So God rewar who give from their poverty to hi but never those who give to get the

According as he purposeth in h. It is worthy of notice that the urges the people to give, not bec the need of the poor, but because be good for the giver. A great e tells the story of an old bachel lived a dull, dreary life, taking no and spending his days in gloom content. His business was every him, and he drove from his door e who asked him for a subscription f city. He was very rich, but he was and discontented. No one spok word to him; everyone shrank f harsh words and manner, and feared and disliked. The thi changed his life was that he b give and to take an interest in the of other people. His friends and natives benefited by the change, t man who derived most good from the man himself. He became ap cheerful, and contented. The mny gave away blessed others, but it was good investment for himself, for it his happiness.

He hath given to the poor. Krun relates that a rich youth in Rome, recovered from a dangerous illness appeared likely to be fatal, resed offer a sacrifice to the gods in proof of gratitude. He was so thankful at said if the gods would receive rec he would give them all his possi. Hermas heard him and said: "g gifts come from the heavens: it canst thou send nothing. Come me." He took the youth to a hys there was sickness and poverty wife and children were destitute, d father lay on a bed of suffering. H is your altar of sacrifice," said "These are the representatives who are authorized to receive name." The youth gave liberally mas smiled on him and said: "T always thy grateful countenance heaven and then to earth."

Ministering to the saints. Edw ing drew a vivid picture of thesc some good man was ushered into after living a life of poverty and on earth. Irving imagined God him if his piety had been recogni was known that he was a child. The man answers that it was, "Th fed you and clothed you? Tell his name may be written in the The man answers that none gave "What," exclaims the Ruler of verse, "What! one of my children to be mine and left to starve, na left unclothed! Where are those Are they poor?" No, he is in some of them wore gold and jew fed sumptuously every day. The indignation burns and he bids him smite that town with famine ar lence and with fire and sword, one of his children suffered hung ther and no man gave to him.

OUR GRAIN IN CALCUTTA.

Arrangements by Bishop Thoburn's Inter-denominational Missionary Committee for the Distribution of the Famine Relief Cargo to the Starving People.

Announced in part of our edition last week a cable message from Dr. Hobbs reports the arrival in Calcutta of the steamer *City of Everett* laden with grain contributed by our friends in America.

God, but at the same time cannot disguise the fact that every day adds to the peril of the situation. If the rains do not come within a very few weeks, the mid-year harvest will be lost, and then the sufferings will be something frightful to contemplate.

"Sooner or later, however, this famine will end and brighter days will return to India. I hope and pray that those who have given so freely to feed the dying millions, will retain a permanent interest in India and having provided the bread which perisheth, devote themselves hereafter to equally earnest and permanent efforts to give to these millions the bread of eternal life."

Similar reports of the grave crisis come from other missionaries. Miss Edith H. May, who is laboring at Allahabad, under the auspices of the Women's Union Missionary Society, writes: "Many of the people say no such weather has been known for years. Unless rain comes soon the famine will become worse. We have people come here daily to be fed, and I keep on hand (through the money provided by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), dahl and rice to give to such as need it. Within a few days we have had to provide homes for several who came to us perfectly destitute. The children have such a sad, pleading look in their eyes

skulls of a number of famine victims. Mr. Gordon photographed them as they lay, as an incontrovertible proof of the horrors by which he is surrounded. In his letter thanking the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief he is now able to give through their consecrated gifts, he says: "A few days ago I found the body of a lad of fourteen years out in the open field. To all appearances he had died from starvation, and upon my mentioning the matter to the Tehsildar the body was buried before it was molested by birds or animals. Last Sunday morning, while on my way from Bilaspore, at the sixteenth milestone, I found the body of a woman lying in the ditch. Life was all but extinct. By the side of the mother lay her

timely aid with which I can reach some sufferers and relieve them. May God bless the good friends in America whose hearts were moved to help these needy people in their distress. Day by day the famine is becoming more severe and the number of sufferers is steadily increasing. Many villages in the Kankar have been deserted and the villagers are working in the relief camps opened by the Government. They have to work very hard and they are paid so little that they can scarcely buy sufficient grain for one full meal a day. But besides these who are partly provided for there is a large number of people who, unable to work, wander daily from door to door and beg for a morsel of food. They are quite destitute and suffer most. I intend to help first the most needy and the greatest sufferers with the money you have kindly sent and then if more funds are sent, attend to the others. Besides, here are our own Christian brethren in the villages who are suffering from famine. So far they have managed to pull through somehow with the little help from the church and what little the missionaries could give them. But now their condition is getting worse and I think they should be helped as



By Rev. E. M. Gordon of Mungeli, India.

SKULLS OF DEAD FAMINE VICTIMS.

with the grain contributed by our friends in America for the relief of India's starving millions. On this page we give pictures of the scenes in which the cargo is being distributed. The docks where the steamer is now anchored are in the suburbs of the great city and the manner in which the Governor of India resides when in Calcutta. In a letter received from Bishop Thoburn, written before the arrival of the steamer, he speaks gratefully of the help ordered by the people of America to the afflicted among whom he is laboring. He confirms the statements repeatedly made in the columns as to the moral of this Christ-like charity. He writes: "The present crisis cannot but impress the minds of thousands of the world with the conviction that the Gospel must be preached with hope and trust in its real need. I think we appreciate very much what Christians are doing for them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has pre-empted the relief of this great crisis and



SCENE AT THE DOCKS IN CALCUTTA.



SCENES IN CALCUTTA, INDIA — THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

speaks on behalf of the dumb millions of India who will be appreciated and remembered many years to come. We earnestly hope that the great scourge of famine will pass away before many months and yet as we are all in a state of almost painful suspense. I am writing on July 9 and the sky is blue and almost cloudless. The rains should have been here on June 10. We are living in hope and looking to

when they answer to your question, 'We have no one to care for us.' It makes one long to take them and mother them all."

A ghastly evidence of the fearful pressure of the famine is furnished by a photograph which is reproduced on this page. It is sent to us by Rev. E. M. Gordon of Mungeli, and depicts a scene he witnessed at his station a few days before writing. The jackals had left on the ground the

body of two years, apparently asleep. I had not gone 500 yards farther when I found the body of a man of about forty years, much emaciated. He also had died from starvation. This morning something new awaited me. I heard of a dead body lying in a mango grove. I went out and found the body of a boy of about four years. The body had been eaten, gnawed away, right up both legs to the waist, and round about sat three dogs, apparently well gorged with human flesh. I had just returned to the bungalow when I heard of still another body lying out in the opposite direction. I hurried out. In this second case I found the body of a grown person, much mutilated, the bones and flesh showing in different parts. Around the body were dogs and crows and vultures.

"The government officials are doing their utmost to cope with the distress, but they seem unable to bring matters under control, simply because the distress is overpowering. It is increasing, and will, I believe, reach its height in the monsoon, when importation of grain will be utterly impossible, on account of bad roads."

Shwarani Masoji, Pastor of the Native Church at Kolhapur, writes:

I feel very thankful and glad for receiving this

1. Given employment to about 120 men, women and children for three months at brickmaking. Some of the bricks were sold and the price turned into the fund for relief of the starving. 2. I have given seed to fifteen poor cultivators who, without aid, would be unable to sow their fields. 3. I have provided food for from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty starving people daily for two months. 4. I have buried the dead, clothed the naked and ministered to the dying. The money will continue to do this kind of work unto the end. We try to use it in such way that the Lord may bless it to the glory of his name.

Many of the starving become so reduced by lack of food that they fall a prey to disease, and even though they afterwards be fed and cared for in the best way possible, death takes place from the result of hunger. Two such deaths occurred here yesterday, and others are on the border land.

This suffering must continue here for months to come, and I shall need much more money than I have at present, and shall do my best with any you may send.

Yours truly, MORTON D. ADAMS,
Foreign Christian Missionary Soc'y.



CHITPORE ROAD, CALCUTTA.

well. I am going this morning to Hercla to inquire personally about the condition of the Christians there.

The following letter tells its own thrilling story:

BILASPUR, C. P., India, (July 6, 1897.)

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH:

Dear Friend and Brother—Your second remittance of \$500 to hand. God only knows how thankful I am for the money. In behalf of the starving people I thank you heartily, and may heaven reward all who worked through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this grand work. The famine is now worse than ever, and the almost entire failure of the monsoon so far this year is very distressing and full of prophecy of horrors beyond anything we have yet witnessed. I still hope that we get rain, but the outlook is bad. We should now have had one month of rain where we have had but one week of slight rain.

With the money sent, I have accomplished the following:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCHE, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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The New Papyrus.

THERE is something very interesting in this new "logia," which has lately come from its Egyptian hiding-place. It is older than any other sacred manuscript known to the Christian world. Two-thirds of it, indeed, is to be found in the Gospels themselves. Some of it reads more like Ralph Waldo Emerson than any of the evangelists: "Wherever there is one alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there shalt thou find Me. Cleave the wood and there am I." The text of this "logia" is nearer to that of Luke than to that of Matthew or Mark. Evidently this is not one of the Saviour's sayings: "Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the Kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father." This is not in harmony with: "That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret," nor with "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Perhaps, this very "logia" was one of the rejected sources of the Gospels themselves. If so, it illustrates how men were guided by the Holy Spirit in making up the sacred canon.

Godless Husbands.

A WOMAN ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club; but woman has no club-room for refuge. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them. Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will ensure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster.

aster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop an express train.

Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissoring, incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a lifelong protest against marriage.

The Sea is His.

THERE is no sphere where God's power is so clearly shown as upon the sea. There is no situation where man may be so wholly helpless as on the sea. We call the earth *terra firma*. We can walk on it, we can plant and sow on it, we can build on it. It is just the opposite of the sea. On the sea we commit ourselves to the mercy of the winds and the waves. Our structure may spring a leak, may catch on fire, may become unmanageable and drift to the breakers. There is no employment so well calculated to awaken reverence and godly fear as that of the seaman. He lives amid perils. He is exposed to sudden surprises. He is the witness of rare escapes; he is the subject of them. How often may he say with the Psalmist, "Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

And yet the sailor's life is not always a reverent one. Familiarity with scenes which should make us thoughtful, does not always so result. It is said, "an undevout astronomer is mad." So, an undevout seaman; an undevout surgeon. For if the sea is God's, so is man; if the skies are God's, so is man. And if the paths of the sea should make a man thoughtful, so the paths of science; so the lecture room and laboratory.

The Peril of Mistakes.

THE result of a mistake may be as disastrous as the result of malicious intent. It is not so culpable. A railroad engineer mistakes a signal; a signal-man mistakes the identity of a train; a telegraph operator mistakes the meaning or address of a despatch, and the result is just as fatal as though the act were one of malice instead of ignorance or carelessness. Many a life is imperiled because of limitation of human faculties, or error in human judgment.

The higher the official who is guilty of a mistake, the more fatal the consequences. In his "Cure of Souls," Ian MacLaren says: "To-day, a religious teacher

makes for the open sea, and people feel in every sermon the swell of the Atlantic. It is an exhilarating and invigorating experience, but has its hazards for hearers and its anxieties for the preacher. Never could there have been any time when he required to be so fearless and honest, and at the same time so reverent and careful. When a man carries his own life and the lives of others in his hand, he may well pray for humility and the mind of Christ."

This is all true. But was there ever a time when the public preacher was so indifferent as to the authority of his message; when he was so flippant and irreverent, when he seemed so to court the favor of the people, by giving them something they never thought of before; something so little worthy of their thought? And the peril to himself and others should he make a mistake! Nero fiddling while Rome was burning is serious business compared with his conduct. "Take heed to thyself and the doctrine!"

Godly Stimulus.

THERE is one thing Satan does well. He is good at stating the discouraging side. He knows how to fish for obstacles and every time brings up his net full. Do not help him in his work! If you have anything to say in prayer-meeting that is disheartening, may you forget your speech! Tell us something on the bright side. We know a Christian man who did something outrageously wrong. Some one said: "Why do you not expose him?" We replied: "That is the devil's work, and it will be thoroughly done. If there is anything good about him we would rather speak of that."

Give no sermons or newspaper articles that are depressing. We know all that before you start; among the greatest disheartenments there are hopeful things that may be said. While the Mediterranean corn-ship was going to smash, Paul told the crew to "Be of good cheer." We like apple trees because, though they are not handsome, they have bright blossoms and good fruit, but we despise weeping willows because they never do anything but cry.

On a dark day do not go around closing the window-shutters. The world is dark enough without your making it more so. Is there anybody in the room who has a match? Please then strike it. There is only one kind of champagne that we temperance folks can take and that is Encouraging Remark. It is a stimulus, and what makes it better than all other kinds of champagne is, it leaves no headache.

Old Manuscripts.

THERE lies upon our table a manuscript yellow with age. It was written forty years ago, by an uncle long ago departed. It is an old-fashioned sermon, both in analysis and style of rhetoric. But how suggestive. The hand that dotted those i's and crossed those t's was still fifteen years ago. Its discussion about heaven, how dull it would be to him who has been so long in its positive possession. With what fatigues he may have written it! With what anxieties he may have delivered it! But it is only the old sack from which the seed-corn of the Gospel was scattered and harvests may have been raised.

Ministers! What will become of your old manuscript sermons after you are dead? Will they tell the story of your earnest work and consecrated spirit, or show to the generations following that you were the slaves of conventionality and worldliness? The manuscripts over which you have never prayed, the sermons born on the green baize of a study-table, rather than in the warm heart of divine sympathy, had better be burned up before you are dead. More accurately than anything ever chiselled on your monument will your hand-writing tell after you are gone what kind of a servant you have been to the best of Masters.

BRIEF NOTES.

Although Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, has passed his eightieth birthday, he preached every Sunday for the past year engagements for every week day besides.

The most ancient piece of furniture is now deposited in the British Museum, the throne of Queen Hatshepsut, who reigned 1,600 years before Christ.

A little Moslem child accounted preference for the Christian religion by its like you Jesus because he loves little girls. Mohammed did not love little girls.

A first trial will shortly be made under the direction of the War Office of a number of dogs which have been trained to search out the wounded on a battlefield until somebody comes to their assistance.

The Luther League of America, a therian young people's organization in this numbering more than 65,000 members, will hold its third biennial national convention in New York City, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 20, 21, and 22, 1898, are the dates of the meeting.

Mr. Moody has invited a party of women of Hope Chapel, New York, of whom John B. Devins is pastor, to occupy the Seminary buildings at Northfield, Massachusetts. This is the third summer that the invitation has been extended. About thirty accepted the invitation.

Northfield visitors have not been by the close of the Convention. A post-series of meetings to continue until September is being held every day except Monday, Campbell Morgan, of London, Rev. A. of Brooklyn, Rev. K. A. Torrey, of Chicago, Mr. D. L. Moody are the speakers.

The Brooklyn Young Women's Association has sent several parties of girls to the farm, Wildwood, which is about twenty miles from New York. The association collects a week from those who can afford it, which goes toward the general work. The mansion has been well filled all the summer.

A remarkable suit was tried in the Jersey Court of Chancery last week. It was an application of one member of a firm for a compulsory dissolution of partnership. The basis of complaint was that his partner so habitually profane that it was an associate with him.

Remarkable meetings have just been held in Deadwood, S. D. The town has several churches and is one of the most populated in the Black Hills. The meetings were largely attended and have had an excellent effect in the town. The Baptist Church received a donation of fifty members, of whom ten were men.

Rev. A. G. Martyn, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Denison, Ia., writes recommending to churches needing the earnest and devoted evangelist, the Rev. R. C. Denison, who was formerly in the London Evangelization Society, but is now engaged in evangelistic work in Iowa. Mr. Martyn is in the highest terms of the young preacher's piety and Gospel power.

The Bible work in Russia is largely on by the Russian Bible Society through the assistance of the American Bible Society. A letter to the Society acknowledging the success of the past year, reference is made to the effective work in Siberia. The prisoners in their places of exile were met and supplied with copies of the Scriptures, in many instances to their delight.

The advance in the popular sentiment regarding temperance in England is illustrated by the support it is receiving from Churchmen. Recently a letter signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Chester, has been sent to every clergyman in England, emphasizing the necessity of work against intemperance, especially by the branches of the Church of England Temperance Society.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass., with August 14th, the assembling of the sixteenth annual Camp Meeting. The Sunday services were conducted by Dr. George K. Morris, of New Haven, and Rev. Levi Gilbert, of New Haven, Conn. Andrews and Bishop Foster were present during the continuance of the camp meeting. A large number of preachers famous in the Methodist Episcopal Church, took part in the services which continued ten days.

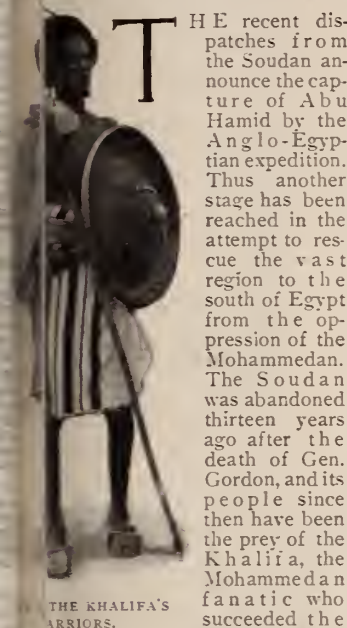
Rev. E. P. Dunlap and wife, missionaries to Siam, have made their mission boat, the *Valley*, the means of carrying the Gospel to the numbers who never before heard the things. One tour was along the coast of Siam, chief towns were visited and inter-tribe reached by walking. One convert was made and over three thousand portions of Bibles and tracts were sold. At another time made in the interior by riding on elephants, all twenty Siamese provinces were reached, many hundreds of Christian books distributed.

A great gathering of converted people lately held in Victoria Park, London, under the presidency of Dr. McKillop. With the exception of the speakers were Jews, who were converted to Christ. Among them were representatives from various parts of Russia, from Austria, Hungary, Germany, and several Jewesses also gave brief testimonies of their conversion. The speakers were Socialists among Jews, advised disbelievers to try residence in Russia for social reform.

The marriage is announced of Miss Kutnam, M.A., the talented young Christian who recently graduated at Princeton University, to Miss Mary H. Irwin, M.D. Miss Irwin is well known to many of our readers through her frequent and scholarly lectures on Christ, among the high caste races of India. She is a medical missionary to Ceylon, and will render him valuable help in his efforts to civilize his people in the far East. Dr. Irwin is Dr. Kutnam—has evidently the countenance of a saint. She was doubtless aware of the prejudice her marriage would arouse in the American society in the island, and the races, among whom she and her husband will know how to respect her for it. What the united labors of the young couple for the civilization of the Ceylonese will be, blessed of God.



FIGHTING ON THE NILE.

THE KHALIFA'S
ARRIORS.

THE recent dispatches from the Soudan announce the capture of Abu Hamid by the Anglo-Egyptian expedition. Thus another stage has been reached in the attempt to rescue the vast region to the south of Egypt from the oppression of the Mohammedan. The Soudan was abandoned thirteen years ago after the death of Gen. Gordon, and its people since then have been the prey of the Khalifa, the Mohammedan fanatic who succeeded the Mahdi. Now the Egyptian government has been engaged and the army drilled and thereby Englishmen an effort is being made to reclaim the region. The progress is necessarily slow as it is to proceed cautiously in the presence of an enemy so powerful as the Khalifa. There is danger in so long a line as the Nile from Egypt to Assuan, of the communications being severed and the advanced post being surrounded by the enemy. To avoid this peril the line, as it is occupied, is fortified by a line of forts connected by railroad and telegraph with the next station north, so that troops can be quickly moved to any part of the line in the event of an attack. The advance reported is to a place only a few miles from the equator. It was reached only by hard fighting. The expedition, setting out from Merawi, after a march of eighteen hours, arrived at the sight of Abu Hamid. The British troops, overlooking the town, were surprised and then the town itself was captured. It was bravely defended by the narrow, tortuous streets, and hand-to-hand fighting ensued. Colonel Hunter, who commanded the expedition, describes the valor displayed in the fighting on both sides, but finally the Mahdians were driven out and the British captured. The next day an attack will be made by the British, but it is probable that no attempt will be made until a flotilla of steamers has been built for the navigation of the Nile, is ready to operate, so that a combined attack upon the Mahdians from the land and the river. Colonel Hunter reports the inhabitants of the region as showing the utmost joy in the expedition and giving it their aid. It is recognized as a deliverance from the intolerable oppression of the Khalifa. It is much to be wished that the joy and gratitude as these people were displayed by sinners who have been delivered from the thralldom of sin, they would welcome the aid of the Lord so ready to give.

But though death, he might destroy him that the power of death, that is the devil, and the one who... were all their lifetime subject to him. (Heb. 2: 14.)

Electrical Rat-trap.

One of the ingenious applications of electricity to the needs of modern life is a trap constructed by a gentleman of Danish birth for the capture and destruction of rats. It consists of a wire cage having a

series of trap doors, and a revolving disk, operated by a small battery of ten cells, giving a power of fifteen volts. Within the cage as bait, is a wire coop containing live chickens. A funnel-like passage leads directly to the coop, but the rat entering passes over a trap-door which by electric power causes the coop to swing aside into a hollow space and closes the entrance to the passage-way. The rat cannot return by the way he came, but must proceed. A little farther is another trap-door which under the weight of the rat causes the coop to swing back into place and shuts the passage-way. He is now in the centre of the cage, within sight, but not within reach, of the chickens. The floor on which he stands is a revolving disk which at every revolution leaves an open space through which the rat drops into a well of water and is drowned. The trap-doors move so easily that the weight of a mouse is sufficient to move them, and by closing the electric circuit set the machinery in motion which seals the doom of the victim and opens the way for another to enter. One of the traps was set up recently in a down-town cellar, in New York and caught over a hundred of the rats in a single night. The inventor says that the principle is applicable to larger traps and he can make them so that they will just as readily catch rabbits, foxes, or even bears. It would not so easily catch men, but they are caught by a different application of the same principle. The enemy of souls tempts them by a bait to enter forbidden

"A foundation of piles is always more or less risky. The piles are only driven into mud or sand, and if that mud or sand should wash away, they would rest on nothing. Then, again, with a pile foundation the water level may become lower and leave the tops of the piles exposed. Under such conditions it would only be a question of time, and not necessarily a long time, when the piles would rot and decay, and the stability of the building would be gone." He added that the expenditure of going to bed-rock was amply justified by the increased security of the building which could never sink or get out of plumb. It is so with character. A mere superficial profession will suffice to secure the world's approval, but he alone is safe who, at whatever cost may be involved, lays the foundation of his life on the rock of his Lord.

Whoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock... and it fell not. (Matt. 7: 23.)

Spanish Leaders.

The murder of Canovas, the Premier of Spain, has made a vacancy that it will be difficult to fill. He was easily the ablest statesman in the country and his power was far greater than any of his rivals. The people felt that the honor of the nation was safe in his hands and trusted him implicitly. The duty of carrying on the Government temporarily has been entrusted to Gen. Azcarraga, who was Canovas' Minister of War. It is not expected, however, that he will continue to hold office as Premier. In the emergency, the thoughts of the people turn

Government. In the meantime, it is thought probable that Senor Pidal, or Francisco Silva, the present President of the House, may be asked by the Queen Regent to form a Government. The situation is critical and the Cuban people



SENOR SAGASTA.

GEN. AZCARRAGA.

are watching it with intense anxiety. Now that Canovas is dead their hopes of freedom from Spain's rule have increased. It is remarkable that in such a country as Spain where illustrious lineage is so highly esteemed, so grave a crisis should have resulted from the death of a man who was the son of a common peasant. Spain is realizing now that her need is not so much for her nobles, as for men like those of Issachar, described in the Bible, who have wisdom to govern in the fear of God: Men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. (1. Chron. 12: 32.)

A College Man on Tramp.

An interesting story of a college-man's experience as a tramp is given to the New York Herald by Mr. Walter A.

Wyckoff, of Princeton, N. J., who has commenced a series of articles on the subject in *Scribner's Magazine*. During his college course he became deeply interested in the labor and sociological questions, and determined to learn for himself what the life of a man was who set out as an unskilled laborer to seek work. During his experiment he worked in several capacities. Among his occupations, which covered a period of two years and involved walking over two thousand miles, he worked at tearing down old buildings, digging sewers, as a hotel porter, as a factory hand, in a logging camp, as farm hand, in mining camps in Colorado, and as section hand on the Union Pacific Railroad. Asked which he preferred, he said: "Some varieties of farm life were not unpleasant, though the hours were, of course, long, and I did not particularly dislike the work in the livery stable, nor the life of a hotel porter." He took whatever work he could obtain, as a man would who, without special training, must seek work. He found it readily, except for about three weeks in Chicago, when he walked the streets day after day seeking employment and finding none. At night he slept in the station-houses, and sometimes twenty-four hours passed without his tasting food. His most trying experience was with pick and shovel, with the boss of the crew swearing at

them and constantly driving them to the limits of endurance. That was the hardest of all, and working at such exhausting labor, a day seemed like an eternity. He had also some interesting experiences of the hospitality of churches and ministers during his two years' life as a laborer. His object was to obtain data for science by learning what kind of labor such men do, what their privations are, and what their surroundings must be. All this could have been learned by questioning the men, but not the actual sensations of a refined, college-bred man, living as a day-laborer. The record of such an experience may help us to understand something of what Christ endured that he might save our race, when he laid aside his divinity and assumed humanity:

Who being in the form of God... made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. (Phil. 2: 6.)



ASSUAN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SOUDAN EXPEDITION.

paths and prevents their retracing their steps when they find themselves entrapped.

The snare is laid for him in the ground and a trap for him in the way. (Job 18: 10.)

Costly Foundations.

Two large office-buildings now being erected on Broadway, New York, will cost a larger sum than such structures usually do, owing to what some people call a whim of the builder. He determined not to follow the usual custom of making the foundation on piles, but to dig down to bed-rock. A large force of men have been employed for a long time on the work and at last the rock has been reached. In one instance the rock was eighty feet below the street level, and in the other case it was more than sixty feet below. In reply to criticisms of his course the builder admitted that the work had been expensive, but claimed that the money had been well spent. He said:

naturally to Senor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, who was the political rival of Canovas, and the only statesman whose ability and influence approached those of the late Premier. But it would be impossible for Sagasta to hold office with so decided an opposition as there now is in the popular branch of the Legislature. The Conservatives hopelessly outnumber the Liberals in the Chamber. Sagasta did once govern in similar circumstances, but then Canovas had pledged him Conservative support, and his influence over his party was so strong that at the mandate of Canovas they voted for Liberal measures and kept Sagasta in power until Canovas was ready to take the reins of Government. But now that the great leader has fallen, there is no one who could so control the Conservative majority, and Sagasta would have to dissolve the Cortes and order a general election of a new House, before he could undertake the



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Peasant Women of Russia.

Leaving Home and Friends to Work in the Fields—A Hard Lot, but it is Now Much Better than in Former Years.



PEASANT-LIFE in the land of the Czar, even in its best aspect, is full of hardships and privations. In the twelve central governments, it is said by statisticians, the peasants have their own rye-bread for only 200 days in the year, and often for little more than 100 days. Twenty years ago a large proportion had allotments of less than two and a-half acres of land per male, while others had from eight to eleven acres. It was estimated that from twenty-eight to forty acres were necessary to the support of an average family, under what was known as the three-field system. Land was rented from the owners at enormous rates, and altogether the farmer and raiser of small crops did little else than earn money enough to supply the landlord and the tax-gatherer. The bulk of the taxes was raised from the peasants. As a result, many being unable to meet such demands, and arrears increasing, thousands of the inhabitants left their houses and wandered through the country in search of employment.

To-day, however, the condition of the Russian peasant has advanced. Education is becoming more general, and there has been a marked relaxation in many of the land laws that formerly bore so heavily upon the workers. Woman's place in the peasant household is not one of abject servitude, as it is in some less civilized countries; yet it is far from being as pleasant and desirable as it is in Western Europe or America. She is a toiler in the home, on the farm, at the loom and in the factory, and the average Russian woman of the rural districts is as ready to undertake heavy physical work as man. Trained to it from her youth, she has a strength and power of endurance that are surprising.

Our photograph on this page shows a group of Russian peasant women of the agricultural type, at work in the fields. It is a scene which might readily be duplicated in many parts of our Western States. It was people of this class who suffered during the great famine of 1892, when *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* sent a relief ship laden with breadstuffs for the famished and delicacies for the sick. These hardy daughters of toil, on their simple fare, consisting of coarse bread, cabbage soup and a little tea, will labor without fatigue from early morning until the deepening of twilight, about 9 p. m., makes longer toil impossible. They are patient and uncomplaining, and although their whole life is a dreary, laborious monotone, they rarely complain. Meat and butter they regard as luxuries only to be indulged in on rare occasions. With better educational opportunities, and more tolerant religious laws—both of which are now reasonably hoped for—their lot of the peasantry of Russia would be greatly improved.

Marketing in Paris.

In the French capital, nearly every woman carries a basket or netbag to market on certain forenoons. Groceries are not always delivered, and have to be carried by the buyer. Fruit and vegetables are seldom wrapped. Most of the trading (writes *Louise Cushing*) is done by vendors who draw carts with a harness which either Monsieur or Madame slips over the shoulders. The women's voices, as they cry their wares, are fearfully vibrant and heavy. Other women, in contrast to these, are those who sell fish in the great wholesale markets. They are rich. They wear a bonnet with lace, and diamonds glitter on their unclean, odoriferous hands. Their dress is of excellent material, covered with a white apron.

The baker, with a suit of white, is patronized for bread, at least, by nearly every family in Paris. It is found in all shapes and varieties. Just before it is taken from the oven steam is turned in upon it, giving a very brown crust. The workmen, who have twelve hours a day of labor, take a roll or two for the second meal as well. Children at play eat bread as young America eats candy or chews gum. Passers-by carry bread, without a wrapping, under the arm or in work-aprons, or a child measures his length with a long, narrow stick of it. A par-

capable of the best work. Those in all lines of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never crowds another out, nor ever compels hurried, and therefore imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time and doing it well, and it therefore works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste. We need the peace of God in our heart, just as really for the doing well of the little things of our secular life, as for the doing of the greatest duties of Christ's kingdom.

Our Dependent Ones.

In nine cases out of ten, where the average man or woman of the middle or lower class is concerned, there is some dependent one—either at home or elsewhere—for whom they work. It may be a father, kind but inefficient and unfortunate, or it is a mother well stricken in years. There are invalid relatives to be taken gently down to the grave-side, and money smooths

THE MESSAGE.

A Plea for the Birds.

[SAW before the altar,
Mothers and maidens fair,
With brown and golden tresses
With grey and snowy hair.
Amid the hats and bonnets,
Of every kind and grade
With laces, buds, and ribbons
Of many a hue and shade.

I saw, alas! the pinions
That still aloft should bear
The tiny little warblers
So swiftly through the air;
And, sadder yet—a birdling
Of form and beauty rare—
Was perched upon the bonnet
Of a maiden young and fair.

I said: "They must be cruel,
Or they surely have not heard
About the wide-spread slaughter
Of our sweetest singing birds.
They are mothers—they are children
Oh! they cannot know
E'en a tithe of what 'tis costing
All this cruel show."

"Go tell them," came the message
"All the grief and pain,
Of the cold and hungry nestling
When their cries are vain.
Tell them how a loving Father
Marks the sparrow's fall;
How he feeds the little raven
How he cares for all."

E. Corinth, Me. —MRS. MARY B.

The Best Stories for Children.

MOTHERS the world over have a valuable aid to child and mental development in the telling of stories. During the sessions of the National Congress of Mothers held in Washington, probably no more interesting address was delivered than that of Dr. Walter L. Hervey of New York on this particular subject. Regarding the realm of the story as the child's world, and the characters as the inhabitants of that world, he proceeds to indicate the sort of story that is most likely to be available and serviceable to the child. "An old story," he says, "is like a better than a new story, and a world story than one written by an individual, while for young children a story of a plant or animal is better than a human story, unless the human story is very simple and true. The story of Jacob and Esau, told about imaginary people, would lose the exquisite flavor of a story told about real boys of one's acquaintance, it might cause embarrassing relations.

In stories of animals and plants we have the basal ideas of food, of the simple relatedness of things, we have the elemental passion of the epic of growth, reproduction and death. And in these the child can find, sooner or later, the picture of his own being and becoming. There is no whose knowledge of himself is enriched and quickened by the story of the Discontented Prince, the Constant Tin Soldier, or the Duckling. While in the story of the Heavenly Father as the source and creator of us all, the child finds a key to the questions that first arise in his mind when he looks at the world. What do these things come from? What before anything was? 'If I could see everything, who made God?' 'What last count?' and if so, what? 'What shall be here after every one is gone? And where shall I be?' 'I know a child of four who has read the story of Creation for many successive days. He would hold up his cloth with the ejaculation, 'X! I make the moon.' He would have one raised the curtain or turned the gas. 'Let there be light,' and he would set forth the reason why it was for God to make light first of all, that he might see to make every thing. And this was not irreverence, it was simply the natural impulse to put in the place of every actor in the world, and thus to widen his sphere and himself.

To know a good story is to have a taste; to tell a good story is to be a master of a noble art. The mother who is a kindergarten who holds a group of children for a quarter of an hour with the story of Siegfried *in petto*, is as truly a teacher as the one who casts the spell of the Siegfried over children of large



PEASANTS IN THE RUSSIAN HAY-FIELDS.

tial loaf has often with it one thick slice added to make the weight exact. But it must be a fastidious person who insists on having his bread done up in paper!

An Unique Wedding.

At a recent wedding celebration, two flower-bearers in dainty costumes rode in advance of the bride and groom, carrying handsome bouquets. Five ushers and bridesmaids followed all a-wheel, the ladies, prettily robed in colors to suit the festive occasion. All the ushers wore pink carnations in their button-holes, and like the rest, were a-wheel. Most picturesque and effective of all were the bride and bridegroom who wore white costumes and rode upon white bicycles.

Heart-peace an Aid to Work.

Your hurried, agitated, anxious, and continually perturbed person is really in-

even that weary way. There are brothers to be helped through college. There are sisters to be instructed and trained, in order that they can do something to add to the income and yet stay at home. This is the kind of burden many workingwomen carry all their lives uncomplainingly.

Economy and Stinginess.

It has been well remarked that true economy is not to be confounded with stinginess, but is rather a happy medium. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher wrote: "No woman can build a home worth having who does not understand that she must cheerfully accept much labor, suffering, and self-sacrifice." "But true economy," writes Mary Newcomb Allen, "should not be counted a sacrifice. It is steadily laying by little by little for a rainy day, or a time of sickness, that will lift us above want in old age, or enable us to help the institutions God wishes to maintain."

GIFTS.

Gifts we Receive from God in our Personal Circumstances and the Gifts we Render to God.

One conspicuous and fundamental difference between the devout and the worldly man, is the way he regards the things in his circumstances that he values. The one regards them as coming from God and the other as the product of his own effort or an inheritance from his ancestors. We hear a great deal in the mouths of self-made men, and freemen, there is a real sense in which the latter is correct. A man is entitled to the place in his boyhood among his fellows, pleasure-loving people, who set himself to the cultivation of his mind and tries to develop his powers. Or, if he starts in vicious and dissipated circumstances and, without the aid of encouragements and discipline, enjoys a clean life and a higher position in the ranks of his fellows, he deserves the praise of right men. But even in such cases, something short-sighted in the view to the man himself, he becomes the faculties that he developed. Even the evolutionist hesitates to attribute all mental differences to the evolutions of the brain. There is reason and more probability, in the non-Christian, in the Bible than in the Christian. "Every gift that is good and every boon that is perfect cometh from the Father of Lights." God created this world as a mechanism, winding it up and leaving it to go by its own force, withdrawing it into a state of beatific indifference. Law does regulate the world, but further we press our investigations, the further we find its domain, but there is a sphere beyond which God does not interfere in his creation, to disturb but to mould and develop. All history shows his handiwork. Men are raised up to do the things that need to be done, and they are ended with the faculties necessary for performance. Circumstances are unforeseen and unaccountable to man, in their operation to bring about definite results. God's hand is working and we are under the laws he has made to his purposes, the work is as it would be if he did it by himself. The power that "shapes our clay" hew them as we will," is whether we recognize it or not. It is his own being and in his creation, every man has received from God. Beside these, are the gifts which have come from him to us, pre-eminently, the supreme gift is only begotten Son. What is due to him we cannot conceive, but that the cost was infinite we know. Christ's words: "God so loved the world that he gave" imply this. The reverse of this fact cannot be denied. The gift entails obligation. It must be fulfilled in our lives and in our actions, which we put God's gifts and the development of them that is expected of us. But the sense in which it is resumed the Committee designed subject to be considered is the matter of sacrificial offerings. As the child receives everything he has from his father, to give that father nothing that enriches him, so we can give nothing to God. It is even the child can give his father pleasure by denying himself that shows his love and gratitude. Christ has shown this duty repeatedly. He has shown us his love for him by our love for our fellow-men. Our gifts may be used to the people who need them; they may be used to carry the Gospel to those who have not heard it; or they may be applied to any one of the multitude of things which the spirit of Christ requires; but gifts should be made for love of him. It is that motive that sanctifies and measures the gift. The pleasure of seeing his name in subscription list operates upon a giver, and his gift is diminished. To be passing in God's sight there should be love for the gift but love of him is not man's and not even the hope of recognition and reward should influence the giver.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

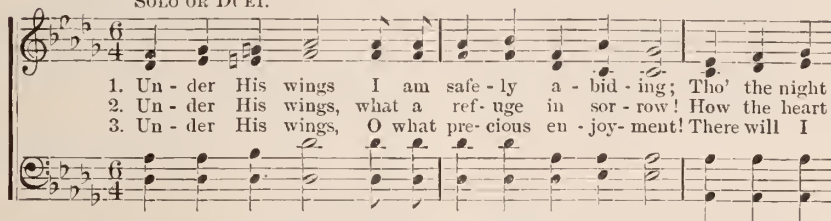
Under His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

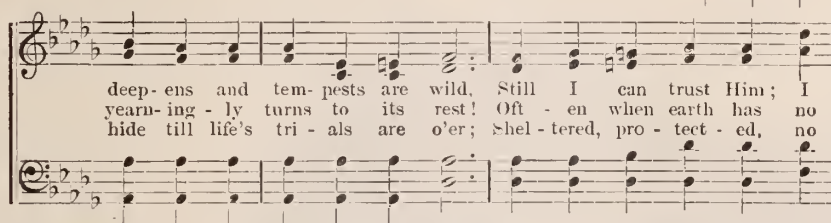
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SOLO OR DUET.

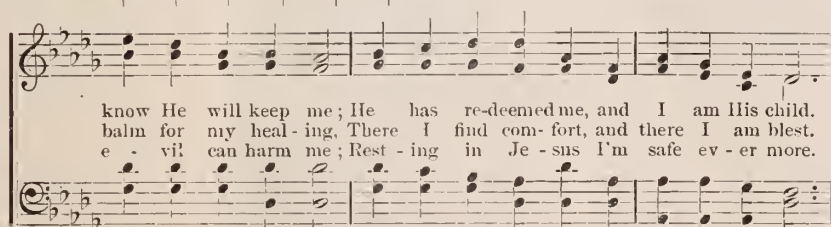
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment! There will I

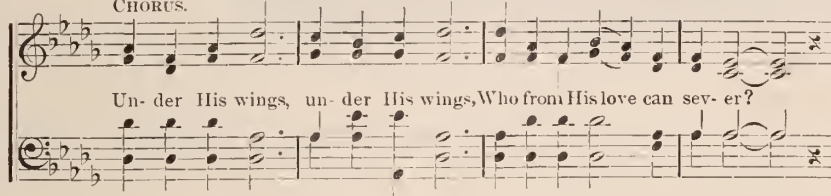


deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn - ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no

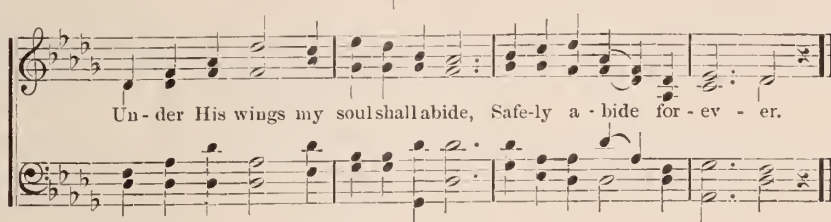


know He will keep me; He has re - deemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal - ing, There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er more.

CHORUS.



Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?



Un - der His wings my soul shall abide, Safe - ly a - bid - e for - ev - er.

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THEY DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE bright stars smile and beam

From the clear azure sky

On a world in the shadow,

A world all awry;

And the stars sing together

The Creator to laud—

Sing to men in the shadow,

The glory of God.

The wild tempest that sweeps

O'er the sea and the land,

Lifting high the wild billow,

Strewing wrecks on the strand,

Has a voice that is music;

For 'tis lifted in praise

Of its King and Controller,

The Ancient of Days.

Even winter so drear,

Even blizzards which sweep

O'er a world still and frost-bound

O'er nature asleep,

With its weird, minor music,

When all mankind is awed,

Lifts aloft a strange anthem

Of glory to God.

The bright summer with songs

And with fragrance most sweet,

With its beauty of flowers

And its burden of wheat,

With a heaven-born gladness

God's praises prolongs,

Filling all the wide domain

Of nature with songs.

Noank, Conn.

—W. C. MARTIN.

"PEACE; BE STILL."

WILD as the storm on Galilee,

When winds and waves in fury roar,

So wild with such dread potency,

Temptations cloud our heavens o'er.

With fiercest rage, and lightning's play,

They rend our hearts with fatal skill;

We sink, unless the Saviour say

Those royal words: "Peace, peace; be still."

Afflictions come, a ghastly band,

Engulf our boat, storm-tossed and frail,

With wildering clouds shut out the land,

Towards which we sadly, fearful, sail.

Stern disappointments, bitter fears,

Our lives with grimmest darkness fill.

Till through our heart-aches and our tears,

We hear our Lord say: "Peace; be still."

Our passions rage! How wild and strong!

Like cyclones on the sea of life!

Their clashing hate, and wrath, and wrong,

Their endless energy of strife!

'Mid these, I eager look to thee,

O God, I seek thy spirit's thrill;

Come thou, who stilled the troubled sea,

Pronounce thy mandate: "Peace; be still."

I seek, my God and King, that realm

Where passion's power is lost in thine;

Temptations cease to overwhelm,

And hearts ne'er doubt the Word divine;

Whose stormless, waveless, deathless shore,

Forever feeds the Master's will;

Emotions flash, and tumults roar,

Revere thy mandate: "Peace; be still."

Council Bluffs, Ia.

—T. F. THICKSTON.

WAITING FOR DAWN.

The Closing Hours of this Dispensation
Like the Hour Preceding the Sun-rising.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D.



We are told that before the coming of the Lord there will be the precursory signs of the darkening of the sun and moon and stars of the political firmament, and down on the earth the signs of the distress of nations with perplexity, and of the sea and the waves, of the millions of its population roaring, and of men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. Was ever description more graphic than this of the state of the world at the present hour? Well, what next? Then they shall "see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." If the apostle, therefore, would rouse the slumbering Christians of his day by saying, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," how much more arousing ought the words to be for us, when we reason and plead, "Now is salvation nearer by eighteen hundred years, than when the apostle originally issued the exhortation!" It must surely be that the night is far spent, and that the day is at hand. Let us see how expressive is the representation which likens our age to the hours of darkness.

First, night is a time of ignorance: when we are either unaware of the existence of the objects with which we are surrounded, or mistake their qualities, positions, and relations; when we know not where we are, or whither we should go; when we know not what to do, or how to do what is needful; when we mistake friends for foes, and foes for friends; stumble on stones and fall into pits. That, even in respect of secular objects and interests, a night of ignorance broods over the human family needs little illustration. Not only among savage tribes, but among nations the most civilized, millions on millions have risen little above the grade of the instinct of the inferior creation.

And whatever his other acquirements may be, is not that man's mind in a state of gross darkness who is ignorant of his origin, whether it be divine or not, and ignorant of his own constitution, whether it be immortal, or if death will blot him out of existence and extinguish his being forever?

Secondly, night is a time of sin. It is especially the drunkard's time—"they that are drunken, are drunken in the night." It is especially the robber and murderer's time—that wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. Oh, then, when there is so much wickedness of this character, there must be a sense in which the world is immersed in the darkness of night.

Night is a time of sorrow, fear, and danger—when there is fear for traveler that he may miss his way and be lost, and fear for the householder of the attack of the robber and assassin. What a night it is for the world in these respects! Where are the joyousness and security of sunshine? What a dark midnight scene of weeping, lamentation, and woe, does not this wide world present as the prevailing characteristic of its condition! It has ever been so since sin entered it to darken it; but especially at the present hour, let any one informed, even in a slight measure, of the condition of the human species, testify—east and west, and south and north—in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America—is throughout the whole of this globe—it is a scene the grand characteristic of which is the darkness of night, for the weepings and groans of sorrow and the perturbations of fear under which universal humanity labors!

But night is a time of hope—waiting for the morning. There are men sensitively alive to many of the evils under which the earth groans, and who, studying the course of affairs both politically and morally, are speaking very despairingly of the fortunes of humanity. I do not wonder they should; so would I, but for the assurances of this book: but with these assurances, though the darkness should become Egyptian; though the desolation should proceed till worse than the dark ages had enveloped the whole earth, still I would not despair of man, but wait confidently for a joyous morning.

BASHARA, THE BEARER OF TIDINGS.

AN ORIENTAL TALE,
WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."
By ALFREDA POST, of Beirut, Syria.

CHAPTER I.

RIDER picked his way along the edge of the Syrian desert. An anachronism he might have seemed, a son of the East and the West alike. His matter-of-fact European dress was relieved by the white traveling robe over his shoulders, and the lingering touch of Orientalism, the red fez, which served well to set off his handsome dark features and thoughtful brow.

Bashara's mind surged back over a multitude of far-away recollections as he rode. Could it be that he was the same eager student who went to Beirut to college? The memory made him heart sick.

Only a year before, he had grasped in triumph his medical diploma, and had gone forth to be a man of power in his country. He had settled in a sea-port city, where foreign customs were growing. "There will be a demand for doctors there," he thought. But so, alas! thought others of his kind, and as the year wore by Bashara in bitterness found himself with neither position nor influence. Now in desperation, he must return to his far-away inland home a failure!

He rode on gloomily, absent-mindedly. Suddenly his mind-picture shifted. He looked about with startled alertness, the rocks, the undulations of the plain, were new to him; he had lost his way. He sought to retrace his steps but to no avail. As time wore on, his horse went lame; Bashara dismounted to lead him—whither? With eager eye, he detected some dark objects in the distance. He made his way painfully toward them; his horse gasped with every breath, and with pleading human eyes seemed to beg for a chance to lie down and die.

Man and beast revived as they drew nearer and made out the low black tents of a Bedouin encampment. They were greeted from afar by an onset of barking from the camp-dogs and hooting from the half-clothed barbarian children. These were silenced by a young man in dirty flowing robes who came forward with a salute of welcome: "Marhaba! Greetings!"

"Marhabtein! Double greetings!" answered Bashara.

"Welcome! Most welcome!" said the youth. "Come, prefer yourself at the tent of the Sheikh."

"The preference is from you," answered Bashara. "But my horse, can anything be done for him?"

"Come this way to Abu Sharr, there is no skill like his in all the world!"

"Abu Sharr? 'Father of Evil?' What a name!" thought Bashara, but in politeness said nothing.

They were now the centre of a curious and vivacious group, each clamoring with his own advice.

"Cursed be the father of children!" cried the guide, cuffing the heads of the younger marauders, and opening a way through the group of men to greet the esteemed Abu Sharr.

The case was explained and the horse examined. Abu Sharr stroked his chin solemnly.

"You have your choice of three remedies. You can bleed the horse, put in a seton, or pierce his nostril."

"Is there nothing else?" asked Bashara, his pathological and medical training rising in double protest.

Abu Sharr gave a withering glance. "I raised horses before you were strapped into your cradle."

Bashara was tossed helplessly between the horns of the dilemma.

"I am under your orders," he said, "as



"HE WILL BE GOOD FOR A JOURNEY TO-MORROW," SAID ABU SHARR.

you tell me to choose, let us try bleeding—though the poor creature has little blood to spare!" he added under his breath.

Abu Sharr with a deft motion, pricked the two front veins in the horse's knees; then to Bashara's dismay, mounted and started off at a jog-trot, leaving a double red track on the clay behind him.

"Stop!" cried Bashara, "the horse is already exhausted; he is sick from over-work!"

But by this time Abu Sharr was beyond call. The horse at first could hardly take a step without stumbling, but to Bashara's amazement, as the rider urged him on, his step became visibly firmer. At the end of a half-hour, he returned on a canter, head erect his eyes clear and his whole bearing improved.

"He will be good for a journey to-morrow," said Abu Sharr, dismounting.

Bashara was now taken to the tent of the Sheikh, and received with the hospitality which is the Arab's glory. He was given the seat of honor, while the elders ranged themselves in a solemn circle about him. Pipes were served and smoked in silence. Only at intervals did the Sheikh break the spell by some question about the journey or some renewed expression of welcome. In the centre of the

group, the Sheikh's son pounded coffee in a carved wooden mortar, beating out with the pestle a sort of rhythmic tune. The coffee was then prepared over a brazier and poured out, frothy and sugarless, into tiny cups.

The supper came later. A copper pot was lined with dates; the gigantic pie thus formed being filled with melted butter, and placed, steaming hot, in the centre of the group. The guests tore off morsels of the tough bread, and dipped them into the common dish. They drank from earthenware jugs, which they held high above their heads, while the water poured from the nozzle in a long stream into the drinker's throat. Two men stood throughout the meal, holding aloft lighted lanterns. The meal was concluded in silence. Then Bashara rose and saluted the Sheikh. "Deimi—forever!" he said, leaving it to the company to interpret, "May God establish forever your hospitable board."

"May God establish forever your life," answered the Sheikh. "You have eaten bread and salt with us now; henceforth we are brothers."

The dining-room was easily converted into a bed-room, the guests rolling themselves in their rugs and sleeping upon the ground.

Bashara awoke refreshed, and found, contrary to all his former knowledge of cause and effect, maladies and their cures, that his horse was now in excellent condition for the day's journey.

The Sheikh walked with him toward the open space where the horses were picketed.

Bashara's foot was in the stirrup when a pleading voice caught his ear. He turned and saw a woman with a baby on her back, and a little girl at her side.

"May Allah preserve those beautiful black eyes! Tell me truly did you come from the great school for doctors at Beirut?"

"Yes, truly," answered Bashara, smiling. "Allah lengthen your life! Look at my

(Continued on next page.)

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Bashara, the Bearer of Tidings.

(Continued from preceding page.)

"I see this great swelling on his face. I can neither eat nor sleep." Bashara's heart had always warmed for the children since the days in the Hospital, when he used to sit upstairs in his arms. He examined the baby and relieved it at once. "Allah!" exclaimed the Sheikh, "I do not know that one was with us from God. I beseech you to let me see a poor fellow in this tent who is shot in the side." Bashara followed the Sheikh into a dark and velvet place for microbes. He knelt down beside the patient. "He is all here," he said, placing his fingers on the wound. "He has revealed it to you!" exclaimed the Sheikh, dumbfounded. "I cannot take it out," said Bashara, "neither dressings nor drugs." "I will send for everything," said the Sheikh. "Only stay." Bashara considered. "There are many things I should have to change the treatment. What has been done?" and he noticed more closely the face of the patient. "He is cup and bleed me," groaned the patient to keep down the fever." Bashara repressed a smile as he recognized the skill of Abu Sharr. "The Sheikh's eyes almost twinkled. 'I know how to raise horses here,' he said. 'We do best to stop there.' Those who have treated the patient want to give up to me—'" "The Sheikh Mustapha says a word to his host, 'it is so.'" "I will send Bashara out of the tent. 'I will send him up there!' he called. 'He appeared, leading a dainty creature, graceful, light, sensitive, one of the finest mares of the desert. 'This is her name,' said the Sheikh. 'She is yours.'" "I said as it was that Bashara was in the camp of the Surgeon-General in the camp of Mustapha.

CHAPTER II.

Bashara threw himself eagerly into his work. His heart and bright young eyes, with zeal, he served the tribe with intelligence, the skill, the science, he had been given him. At two hours making perfect his aseptic dressing. He left the tent to another patient and returned in an hour. The man, with grimy hands, and the dressing off. "What did you do this?" asked Bashara. "I was uncomfortable," answered the man. "I learned soon to expect such a matter-of-course. 'I was no longer the guest of the tribe. 'I am their slave,' he said to himself. 'The cleanliness, the uncleanness of their camp disgusted him, but he kept on. 'The day passed, he noticed a strange fire in the camp. Fire-arms were taken out, and the men were armed. 'The conversation was all of war and peace. 'Remember,' said Abu Sharr to the man, 'how Asaad Nimr tried years ago under the name of our Sheikh. 'The features were something like those of Sheikh Mustapha, so he rode out an enemy calling out. 'I, Sheikh Mustapha, demand your surrender.' The man was alarmed, and gave up at once his arms and all he had. For a moment he boasted, till some one learned the head taken his booty. The Council assembled, and without a dissent, it was voted that the plunder be given to him whose name won it. 'I will live Sheikh Mustapha!' answered the men. 'I will live my children,' said the Sheikh. 'The man must be by the way of the desert, turned to Bashara. 'I will be ready to start with us at once. 'I will take your bandages and medicines. 'I will show that we have needed you for all this time.' Bashara leaped to his feet with flashing eyes. 'I will show what you have tricked me into? 'I will make me a highway robber? Take my blooded mare; I leave you to the Cur the religion of the Nazarenes!'"

cried the Sheikh. "You will go with us if we carry your dead body." A dozen men grasped their knives as though to make good the threat. "You would better not be a fool," said the Sheikh.

"Truly," answered Bashara. He resumed his seat in silence, but his mind worked more fiercely than in his hardest student days.

They started at dawn. A few camels were taken to carry provisions and horse-feed. "And to bring back the booty," said Abu Sharr.

The warriors rode on horseback.

"We need not carry much water from here," said the Sheikh. "We reach the Well of the Eagle to-night, and will fill the water-skins for the two remaining days in the desert."

It was a burning ride through the sun-glare. During the noon rest, Bashara tested the temperature in the shadow of a kneeling camel, 105 degrees!

They plodded on, hour after hour, till the landscape swam and Bashara fancied himself forever moving on through a white waste of clay and stones. Only one thought remained clear before him—the well at sundown!

They reached it at last. The thirsty animals spied the clump of verdure from afar, and quickened their steps. Bashara leaped from his horse and threw himself full length upon the ground, to peer over the rocky rim into the water. A fetid odor rose up into his face. With dumb despair, he saw the surface covered with floating dead locusts; on one side, half in the water, lay a dead wolf. Two days in the wilderness before them! A sudden hope rose in Bashara's breast. "They will have to turn back!"

He watched the Sheikh's face. The grave countenance was as unmoved as when he was smoking his nargileh in his own tent.

"My children," he said, "Bedouins never despair. We must sleep here to-night, and to-morrow take the two days' journey in one."

Without a murmur the men threw themselves upon the ground; it was still like the floor of an oven.

Before light they were roused. "We have a little leben" (curdled milk), said the Sheikh, "to divide among us this morning; we must keep our last bag of pure water for noon."

The horses were quickly saddled. The poor brutes with parched tongues hanging out, looked dumbly at the green water, but would not touch it.

The day's ride was past description, a day when the fever burns and mounts into the brain, and men move in a horrible trance. The sirocco wind, robbed by the desert of every drop of moisture, wrapped itself round them as though to suck their life-blood. Columns of dust stalked down upon them like genii risen from some enchanter's bottle.

At noon they stopped for breath. Each man was given two or three dates, and the precious water-skin was unstrapped.

"The pebble, where is it?"

Abu Sharr produced it. Each man in turn held it in the palm of his hand, and enough water was poured into the palm to cover the pebble. The last drops were poured out for Sheikh Mustapha. "Allah Carim! God is gracious!" murmured the men.



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They plodded on till sundown, when the Sheikh called a halt of two hours. They loosened the horses' trappings and lay down in the open desert. The empty water-skin lay shriveled and cracked upon the ground beside them. The moon rose clear and full.

(To be Continued.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE MARRIED DAUGHTER.

FROM the day on which the youthful bride steps across the home threshold, and puts her hand into that of her husband, she enters into new relations to the household she leaves. She is just as much the dear child of her father and mother as ever she was, and indeed, there is a sweet and very peculiar tenderness in the way they cling to her, and the day after the wedding, if you can peep in on them as they move softly about, missing her everywhere, is sometimes almost as sorrowful in the old home as the day after a funeral. But the married daughter has stepped into a state of independence very different from that of the girl who remains with her parents; she has merged her individuality in that of another, she has dropped her maiden name and assumed that of her husband. She and he together are to found a new family, and for her at least, the injunction is, to a certain extent, to "Forget also thine own people and thy father's house."

When the daughter goes home after her marriage, it is as a very dear and cherished guest, but she realizes from the first visit, that many things are altered. Old duties formerly hers have been assumed by her sister, her father and mother treat her with a subtle difference, with the most nebulous and vague, but still real quality of respect, which blends with their former affection half unconsciously to themselves. She is no longer wholly theirs, for she has cast in her lot with another, and she will henceforward have separate interests, separate ambitions, a whole world of thoughts and affairs with which her childhood's home has little to do.

Very probably she will find her husband's relations rather trying. Their family and her family may be in marked contrast. But she will begin by accepting them loyally for John's sake, then by tolerating them where they run counter to her ideas, and at last, as a rule, by adopting them into her very heart. Each new pair, as they set forth together on the journey of life, have to face the fact that they have been brought up under somewhat different influences and conditions, and that they must begin by becoming acquainted with one another.

There is a fallacy that courtship means acquaintance. It means no such thing. It simply stands for introduction, and the girl and the man who leave the altar, promised husband and wife by the clergyman's lips, and by the sanction of the State, have still to learn the ins and outs of each other's characters, to discover the highways and byways of each other's modes of thought, to become, day by day, year by year, one in soul, as they are one in the union of their lives. This is what makes the first year of marriage hard rather than easy. The process of adjustment in a new relation, the growth of adaptability, the instinctive knowledge of one another which needs no speech for

interpretation, all come only by degrees. And the newly married are not unlike pupils in a school, who must master certain tasks before they can expect rewards.

While the process of learning to bear and forbear always lovingly, is still in its initial stage, the married daughter would better not dwell under the roof of her mother. Nor, if it can be helped, should she go to live with the mother of her John. No house is large enough to comfortably accommodate two families, and the new family in particular will thrive best by itself without the surveillance of criticism, or even the brooding wing of maternal love and partiality.

Many a slight tiff will pass like a sudden gust, many a cloud will fly before the sunshine, if there is no onlooker to stir up pride, or jealousy, or conceit, and, in the long run, love and common sense may be trusted to bring things around comfortably, if Christian principle be added thereto, as the rock on which real happiness is always to be built.

Between the mother and her married daughter there arises by and by a very precious confidence, an understanding and sympathy completer than that they knew in earlier days. The younger children observe it, and say, "Mamma tells Mary everything," or "Mamma takes Kitty's advice in preference to ours." Kitty or Mary speedily becomes the beloved confidante of the brothers and sisters in their love affairs. She sees the first faint signal of love's approach in the blushes which tint her young sister's cheek, in the manly pride in some sweet girl of that pet brother who was yesterday only a hobble de-hoy. Then as a young matron, she is called upon to officiate as a most desirable and delightful chaperone, and her presence in a pleasure party among a troop of young people is hailed with joy. Herself as beautiful as any girl, as gracious as any older woman, she is much appreciated in society, and the Christian Endeavor circles, the Chautauqua groups, and the Sunday School look to her now as ever to be their efficient helper in every worthy labor. Blessings on the married daughter.

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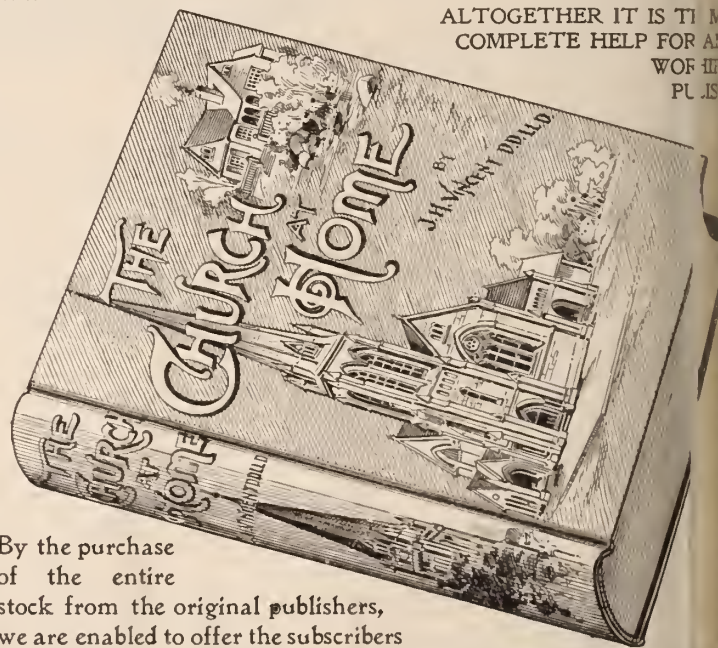
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Remarkable Record of Our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, up to the time—A Far-Reaching Charity.



THE POSIES.

EVER the whole world, summer is the season of delight for the young. It is true, winter has peculiar pleasures of its own, but they are sadly restricted, while the golden-hearted summer is full of sunshine and gladness for them, from beginning to end. This ought to be universally true of the little folks, but unfortunately isn't; for there is certainly nothing fascinating about the "glorious" rich, ripening August, in the heat and stenchful atmosphere of work tenements. Yet, the tenement with children, for, be other they may, it is usually the lot of to be blessed with big families. In the present time, as shown by our names, kept at Mont-Lawn, of these poor tenement boys and girls, have been received at our Children's Home, have spent a very happy ten years in the woods and orchards, it are a part of the property. Many visitors to Mont-Lawn, on the midsummer days, was a lady, on a Saturday forenoon last listened to the singing of our children's choir. Her eyes rested upon a curly-headed, barefooted chap of six or six years—a toddler who did so heartily in the early hours he immediately to fall asleep during the day. The lady reached out and touched the fellow on her knee, where he was frequently with wide-open eyes. He was an Italian child of the street, and it was his good fortune number 7,000 on the register. He was known, Canute the Little, the minute the Great at a bound, and he was the recipient of many kind words and pleasant attentions. His mother, warmly commending our Home, are received, almost all contain substantial contributions. Mrs. J. Y. S., Muscatine, writes: "May God's richest blessing rest upon the workers." Mr. J. Bethlehem, Pa., writes: "May the reward of all his servants who do his will and to bring sunshine and gladness into the hearts of the weak and frail, from the hot sunny places of your great city." The Sunday School class (the Little) last year sent \$2.50 to the Home, at this year they worked \$11.00. I enclose \$3.00 for the children who come to Mont-Lawn." Mrs. C. A., of Corona, L. I., writes D. E. L., Edinboro, Pa., "accept the enclosed \$10.00 for the tenement waifs' outing." This is \$3 to send one more dear

child to Mont-Lawn, that they may breathe God's pure air for a short time and revel in the good things arranged for them by loving hands and gentle hearts," writes Mrs. M. A. V., Justin, Cal. "The intense heat of these last days and the suffering even in the country, warns me that it was high time I was giving some poor little one a chance for life," writes A. K. L., Jonesville, Ind. Mrs. J. J., of Oshkosh, Wis., in sending \$3, writes: "May it be blessed to the guiding of one pair of little feet at least, into the strait and narrow way." "My own little girl is now in heaven," writes Mrs. M. E. M., Sardis, Miss., "and if by a little self-denial I can help those little ones for Jesus' sake, I send my mite."

Hundreds of others, written in a similar cordial strain, might be quoted to show how deeply our work among the tenement children has touched the hearts of many of God's people. All contributions in aid of the work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following were received last week:

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De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

JEWISH EYES TURNING TO ZION.

Agitation for the Return of the Ancient Race and their Colonization in Palestine—The Restoration Prophecies.

ALTHOUGH all races and creeds may be found intermingled in the Holy City, the native Jewish type is easily distinguished. Our illustration on this page shows a group of aged Hebrews of a class one meets in almost all the public and thoroughfares. Bent with age and weary with travel—it may be from Europe, Russia, or the farther East—their countenances are sad and their eyes are representative of the Jews who, wherever they find their way to the beloved Jerusalem, are satisfied if they are allowed to rest peacefully to make their pilgrimage, or, perhaps, to pass a few remaining years of their lives.

In a series of interesting articles he is now contributing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. S. H. Merrill, long United States Consul in Jerusalem, has faithfully described the orthodox Jews in their native home. While the Conference is in session in Basle, for its principal object, the discussion of the question to establish Jewish colonies in Palestine, and thus to bring to pass the restoration of the ancient race to their own inheritance. Dr. Merrill is supported by an influential fellowship of friends in Europe and America. Moreover, the movement has been popularized by the continued persecution of the Jewish race in Russia, and in other European countries—conditions which have led to the study of Scripture and the hope that clearly show the return of the Jews after much persecution and suffering, to their ancient seat, and the restoration of Jewish influence. It is noted that their ancient past tribulations have been providentially designed for the purpose of fixing their feet upon their patriarchal home. Ostracized everywhere, our own free people are, in these latter days of the century, turning their vision Zionward, and reviving the hopes spoken by the prophets (Isaiah 42:42-44), may be in course of fulfillment, and the Lord "will cause captivity to return." It again places in our possession "the fields and the cities of Judah, and in the cities of the mountains, in the cities of the south." Then, when the restoration is complete, shall come that which Zechariah foresaw (chap. 14, verse 16), that the nations shall go up year by year to worship the Lord and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. Although the rehabilitation of the Jewish State has been a dream of the ages, to

multitudes of the race scattered throughout the globe it never seemed nearer to realization than now. It is not expected by the leaders of the Basle movement, that the land can at this time, or even in the near future, be acquired by purchase, for the Sultan, as possessor through ancient conquest, clings to his possession, and will not willingly part with a foot of Palestinian soil. It is thought, however, that the Turkish ruler might ultimately be induced to yield assent to an arrangement under which, by the payment of annual rental or tribute, the Jews might return to the land of their fathers. (Isaiah 14:1-4.) Cherishing this beautiful hope—which is an essential part of their religion—the Jewish race has preserved through all the passing centuries, its individuality and the integrity of its political and religious purpose. To be a participant in this glorious restoration is the ambition of every son and daughter of Abraham to-day—an ambition which ages of suffering and world-wide dispersion have been powerless to eradicate. So the Jews of Jerusalem to-day, old and young, as they walk about the walls of their beloved city, turn to those sacred pages that are illumined by the prophecies of a restored nation and a glorious reunion.

Travelers estimate that there is at the present time a larger Jewish population in Jerusalem than at any period since the Moslem conquest, and their number is constantly increasing by immigration. Max Nordau, one of the foremost advocates of the movement for the return, and who is thoroughly well informed on the subject, asserts that "Palestine could support six million Jews," adding "but we do not expect more than three million to settle at first." He points to the fact that all attempts by philanthropists and others to found permanent Jewish colonies in other lands have resulted in failure, as further evidence that they are destined to have no fixed habitation, until they turn their faces toward their divinely allotted location, in Palestine.

Twenty-eight sieges have covered up with accumulated ruins the ancient glories of Jerusalem, and every abortive effort to wrest the Holy City from the hands of the infidel Turks has added to the burden of Hebrew sorrows. No other people, since the beginning of time, has suffered so long or so deeply, and none have a more intense love of the land of their forefathers—a love which has the warmest sympathy of the whole Christian world. Even the nations which in times past have been ranked among the persecutors of the race of Abraham, would rejoice to see the holy places of Judah and Israel once more in the possession of the "chosen people." When Mount Zion, celebrated in psalm and song, the site of the ancient Temple, the citadel of David, the "little town of Bethlehem" with its hallowed manger, the sacred soil of Olivet and the precious Rock of Calvary, are no longer Mohammedan, it will be a day of world-wide rejoicing indeed.



AGED JEWS IN JERUSALEM, READING THE SACRED PROPHECIES.

SEEKERS AT NORTHFIELD.

Thirteenth Convention at Northfield of Christians Intent on Gaining Spiritual Power for Future Evangelistic Work—Two Notable Preachers.

THE fifteenth Bible Conference just closed at Northfield will be memorable even to those who have attended those which have gone before. The intense earnestness of speakers and hearers was manifest throughout the eighteen days of the meeting. The higher life was not explicitly the subject of conference. The attention of the convention was directed to those subjects which are included in that phrase. It was assumed that every one present was a Christian. There are no evangelistic meetings at these conventions. Mr. Moody's object being to deepen the spiritual life, not to impart it. It is the post-graduate course of the Christian, who has entered the church and needs deeper and fuller views of the Kingdom within his reach, and the way to the treasures where power is kept for those who have the key to the doors. The object of the speakers are aimed at showing Christians what they may become and what their religion may do for them and what Christ expects of them, and, above all, how ready Christ is to impart to them the power they need to live Christ's life eternally. As the meetings progressed the effect of the teaching was seen in the countenance of the people. There was a deeper piety, and an evident desire to use every opportunity for prayer and solitary meditation. It was a wonderful experience, like that which the three disciples had in the Mount of Transfiguration, which impelled Peter to say, "Lord, it is good to be here." Like the disciples, however, the need to return to the world of service could not be postponed, but there is many a field of labor which will yield the effects of those seasons of holy communion where the laborer was refreshed and consecrated for his work. Among the speakers at the Convention took a prominent part were: Mr. Moody, Bishop Newman, Dr. A. T. Pierpont, Rev. R. A. Torrey, Dr. A. A. Lyon, Dr. Teunis A. Ham, Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, Dr. W. J. Erdman. But the addresses of the Convention left the deepest influence on the people were two preachers from the other side the Atlantic—Rev. George Campbell Morgan and Rev. Geo. H. C. Macgregor. These preachers are thirty-five years old and both occupy prominent pulpits in London. They belong to what is known as the Keswick School, and have exercised a notable influence on the higher religious life in England. Mr. Morgan is pastor of the Tollington Park Church, which boasts of having had for one of its ministers Richard Baxter, the author of "Saints' Everlasting Rest." A year or two ago Mr. Morgan was heard at Ocean Grove and preached at the Metropolitan Temple in New York. Dr. B. Meyer advised Mr. Morgan to invite him, and the result has justified the advice. Mr. Macgregor is pastor of the church at Northfield, London, to which the late Dr. Saphir ministered. He is a Scotchman and was pastor of one of the largest Free churches of Aberdeen before going to London. He assisted Mr. Moody in the world's Fair campaign in 1893, and his acceptable were his services that he was engaged to become pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, which was organized by Moody and is now under the pastorate of Rev. R. A. Torrey. Mr. Macgregor is one of the managers of the Keswick movement and has been for eight years active in the Conventions there. Mr. Moody arranged to have these two speakers give an address every morning. Mr. Morgan speaking first on alternate days and Mr. Macgregor first on the other days. Both men are somewhat ascetic in appearance and in their teaching, and were frank in exposing those faults of

Christians, which are generally deemed harmless but which, as they believe, diminish spiritual power. Smoking, drinking, excessive eating and sleeping all came in for denunciation and many other indulgences which usually escape condemnation from the pulpit. The style of Mr. Macgregor's preaching may be gathered from the following extract from one of his vigorous addresses:

"If you and I are ever to enter into possession of our heritage in Christ Jesus, we must first deal definitely with God about our sins. We must examine ourselves to discover them, and when they are discovered we must drag them forth, that in God's presence they may be slain. To this work we now set ourselves. My object will be to help you to make it thorough."

"What, then, is it in your life that hinders you from actually experiencing the fulfillment of God's promises? Is it some act or course or habit of wrongdoing? It may be something in your secret life—the life of which none but God knows—some habit of thought, some exercise of the imagination that is impure

"Or it may be the trouble with you lies in your business life. Your love of money and your eager pursuit of it have hindered you in the Christian race. Your heart condemns you, low that in your business you have been, as you say, compelled to follow worldly ways. You are conscious of a certain irritation at being asked to examine your business life. That irritation is the evidence that something is wrong. Search yourselves, brethren."

"What are you seeking? What do you want? What is the sense of lack in your life at the present time? Perhaps some would say to me, 'I am very lonely. God came into my life a little while ago and took out the dearest friend of all the days and the years, and there is that great gap there. And I am athirst this morning for companionship. Ties were broken and a place left empty, and I have just pined in the lonely darkness ever since. I want



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Search yourselves as with a lighted candle. For, remember, sin cherished turns blessing away. Iniquity persisted in cancels the divine promise; so Israel found her disobedience changed the blessing into a curse. So we will find it. It will be impossible for us to enjoy the consciousness of the divine favor and blessing if we are living in things displeasing to our God."

"But perhaps what is hindering us from the blessing may be not so much an

friendship and companionship.' If that is your answer to the question, I want to mark this truth, and although it may seem a hard one, I would not say it if there were not healing behind: so long as you are living and serving with that sense of lack of companionship, you cannot be a channel through which rivers of living waters shall flow. You are a thirsty soul. If you have to think about your own pain and loneliness and bereavement, that thirst in your life prevents your giving out anything to any one else. It is one of the most sublime forms by which many Christian workers are hindered."

"When the soul comes into the place of surrender, the Master comes into the place of possession, and not till then can you and I become channels of blessing to others in the full and large and blessed sense of the term. God wants us to come away from ourselves, our enterprises, our foregone conclusions, and say, 'Lord, I come to thee alone; do thou reveal thyself to me and take me fully and satisfy me with thyself.' Is that possible? Blessedly possible. Some three or four years ago, Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, told me how, upon one occasion, in China, God gave him that promise as he had never had it before. God seemed to come to him with that great promise. 'He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'"

"Mr. Taylor told me he lived right in the secret and glory of it, realizing there was never a day he thirsted for anything, because Christ absolutely filled all the gaps and avenues in

his life. Suddenly darkness settled upon him, and God took from his side, out there in China, his beloved wife. He told me of the day when, having committed her to the soil in that strange land, he went back into his own room and getting down before his Master, he said, 'Lord Jesus, thou didst say I should never thirst,' and it seemed as if his Master, bending over him, said to him, 'Well, what are you thirsting for?' He said to me, 'I could not look my Lord in the face and tell him I wanted companionship, and from that supreme hour of darkness in my life he filled the whole horizon, and I went quietly on with my work resting with him.'

"I warn you, my beloved brethren and sisters, at this convention not to seek the baptism of the Spirit merely to help you to do anything. Seek rather to know the will of God and to get into the very place of power with God, in order that God may have his way with you."



A MEETING IN THE AUDITORIUM AT NORTHFIELD.

and unholy. It may be some book that is read in secret—tasted as a forbidden thing, and sweeter because forbidden. It may be some course of action which breaks and destroys communion with God. It may be something in your family life—over-indulgence in matters of eating or drinking or dress. It may be selfishness—an unwillingness to consult the comfort of those that live with us—ill temper, irritability, the habit of fretfulness and complaining when things are not exactly as you would wish them to be."

"Or, perhaps it is something in your social life. It may be a certain pride, an envy at some one more highly placed. It may be a habit of evil-speaking, or a certain untruthfulness. Or perhaps the hindrance lies in worldly conformity. You love the pleasures of the world, and for the sake of those dear to you you plunge into them, acting in direct disobedience to the command, 'Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.'"

iniquity as a sin. It may be that we are refusing to do what God commands. What is withholding the good you desire from you? It may be a neglect of the Bible or a neglect of prayer, or a neglect of witnessing for Christ. Any disobedience of a divine command, quite as often as any transgression of the divine law, is the cause that hinders us from entering into fulness of blessing."

Mr. Morgan's preaching was equally searching. Speaking on the text John 7: 37-39: He said: "The baptism of the Holy Spirit would upset a great many of our arrangements in the churches to-day that we are apt to think very beautiful. What is this personal condition? May we ask ourselves in the presence of God, What is the supreme sense of need in my life at the present time? That question cannot be answered in the crowd. I must get into the place of calm and quiet and loneliness with my Master if I am to answer it aright."



A STORM AT SEA.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Mark 4: 36, 39.

And there were also with him other little ships,
... and there arose a great storm of wind. ... And
the wind ceased and there was a great calm.



IBERIAS, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills, and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers. Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of a rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out: not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from one side, from the starboard to the larboard, or from the larboard to the starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touching the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with long stride, with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay trembling among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessels loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliff of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ. He has one word for the sky, and another word for the waves. Looking upward he cries, "Peace!" Looking downward he says, "Be still."

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-light their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with his foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm of the Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river-banks, or near the coast, if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise. Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship.

There are men who ask God to help them at the start of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mt. Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the bowsprit is shivered, and the halliards are swept into the sea, and the gangway is crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you then do without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion. God for your guide. God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat; and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have

found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say that if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing?

But why go to history when I can find all around me a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject? That young man in the store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity, the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian." Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no; all who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way.

The question was asked, "Who are those nearest the throne?" and the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation;"—"great flailing;" as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—"and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened. Oh, child of God! take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these trials, and he will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say, "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the Spiritualistic societies; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish, she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by triumphant iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ and the cause of righteousness are going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as the disciples of my text were affrighted. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern, and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain.

So men come, spinning their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say, "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured, and captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What is a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects;

they are affrighted in our day abominations. They say, "Oh! this is a religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to upset, and there is going to be a great many people brought to the Church that are going to be used to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of churches.

As though a ship captain with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo should say, some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the captain should say, "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" Oh, says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard. Now, that is a great deal wiser than to talk of a great many Christians who are to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who have been brought in through great awakenings. Throw all overboard because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a bushel of chaff! I say, let them stay until the day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Oh, that these gales from heaven sweep through all our churches! In such days as Richard Baxter saw in London and Robert McChesney saw in New York, and in Northampton! I have heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival came in Somerville, N. J., and some of the people were very much agitated about it. He said, "Oh, you are going to bring ten people into the church at once;" and he sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. We thought there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went up; he looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it. And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted his staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall very slowly, through, between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impetuous heart falling now—falling away from the falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, or perhaps falling very slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion of the audience was overpowering, and rising a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling until the knob of the staff struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said, "But the work of God can stop you, as I stopped the cane;" and then there was gladness through the house at the fact of the cane and peace and salvation. "We are the people after the service," I guess had better send Livingston home, he is making the revival worse." Oh, the gales from heaven, and Christ on the ship. The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that Jesus was God and in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he must be! What sad dreams he must have! Oh, his countenance; he must be tired, the cross to come. Look at him, a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man, then I find Christ at the prow of the boat. I hear him say, "Peace, be still;" and the storm kneeling at his feet, the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, a word of sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say, "O, weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, and take the cross." A man, a man. But I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I cannot get the victory over sin, death, and hell, come to the front of the boat, and kneel down, and I say, "O, Lord Jesus, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush my grief; hush all my temptations; I am a poor sinner, a man; a God, a God."

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. The disciples had given up the idea of making the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts the ship

On a storm, and it crouches at his feet. O her! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household. The one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut through your bleeding head. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a deserted castle, the owls in the night hooting among the falling rafters, and the crumbling stairway. Perhaps it was an only daughter. You always went to her with your sorrows. She was in your heart to welcome you when you came into life, and when she died she was like a pity you; that she will do you no more kindness: a white lock of hair you put away in the pocket, or in the locket, did not look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the morning circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, and so many farms"—all gone, all in vain.

Why, all the storms that ever threatened with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overcome. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. He says, "I have that little one; I can care of him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break."

There is one storm into which we will never run, the moment when we let go of this life, and try to take hold of the next when we will want all the grace we can give—we will want it all. Yonder I see the Christian soul rocking on the surges of death: all the powers of darkness seem to be at it against that soul—the swirling of the thunder of the sky, the screaming of the angels, all seem to unite together; but the soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no more; calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well. Jesus hushing the tempest. By the blast of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. Strike eight bells. All is well.

To the harbor of heaven now we glide:
We're home at last, home at last.
Still we drift on its bright, silvery tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Cry to God, all our dangers are o'er,
Stand secure on the glorified shore:
Cry to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

A Temple at Auction.

A remarkable building near Chatham, England, known as "The Temple," has recently been sold at public auction, bringing only a small price, altogether disproportionate to its original cost. It is a monument of fanaticism, and was begun many years ago by a sect called the "Jezzeels," followers of a man named White, who called himself Jezreel, and proposed to build together up there on the top of Chatham Hill the 144,000 of the lost tribes of Israel who are to ascend to heaven at the millennium.

This singular temple was intended to be in 144 families of them, and it is now there to this day, a vast brick and mortar shell 124 feet square. It is said to have cost \$200,000. It was built of fireproof materials, so as to resist the general conflagration at the end of the world. It is generally believed that the money was supplied by a Mrs. Cane, who had sold out her estate to enter the new movement. White's followers were taught that he would not die, at any rate till the tribes had been got together. He did die, however, and nine or ten years ago his wife (who was called "Queen Esther") died also. For many years the basement of the unfinished temple was used as a printing office, from which enormous quantities of Jezzeelish literature have been poured out and circulated throughout the world.

OUR BUSY ORPHAN BOYS AT OORFA.

Miss Shattuck Writes of their Progress in Education and Industry—How they are Employed in Vacation Time—Forgetting their Sorrows.

It is a beautiful and comforting thought for those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have furnished the means of rescue and education for our large family of Armenian orphans at Oorfa, to know that the little people hold their benefactors daily in most affectionate remembrance. Rescued, body and soul, from the Mohammedan tyrants who slew their parents, these children are being trained to useful Christian lives. In the letter below, Miss Corinna Shattuck, our faithful missionary guardian of the children, tells us of their welfare and progress, and we believe what she has written will have an interest for all our readers. The photographs accompanying the letter show groups of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Orphan Boys, all bright lads, whose whole lives and prospects have now been changed from gloom and sadness to glad anticipation and hope. Miss Shattuck's letter is as follows:

"OORFA, July 20, 1897.
"Dear Christian Herald Friends:
"We are in the midst of vacation days. Our 1,801 pupils were all very happy at release from school a month ago, and all

for two or three hours in the back yard has been but play for the boys. It has been quite irresistible: I have had to raise my head at almost every cart-load of boy, as they returned from the hill, so merrily jolted. Never once have I heard them quarrel, as they pulled or rode in turn. To-day they have finished tying 800 brooms for use during the year. These are from a stiff weed, found on the hillsides and used for scrubbing pavements, as well as ordinary sweeping. Our last year's supply long since gave out, as we were not



ARMENIAN ORPHANS CLEARING A PIECE OF GROUND.

expecting to sweep or scrub to the extent we were obliged to, by so great a crowd, and the boys have had to use hemp cloth mops, as they wash the paved part in our large front yard three times a week.

"One grand work for them has been filling a cistern which was not in readiness for the rains last winter. 6,000 buckets of water were lugged without any complaint, being apportioned off in regular system, and their eight-quart tin pails being light. The water not yet three weeks buried is sufficiently cold to be a refreshment to us all these hot days, when the thermometer stands for twelve hours between 90 and 100 in the shade.

"It is not easy to keep

memory what it took four primers, in some cases, to impress upon them. A few of the older ones are working up lessons in which they were somewhat deficient.

Others are reading during a part of their leisure. Thus far, the habit of being busy has not been lost, and I trust may not be during the entire vacation.

"The older eight boys every Saturday evening come to my room for a little time after the others have sung and recited their verses and throw themselves down on the long platform on the big roof, with the glorious heavens for a ceiling, and all the city as companions in the same room.

"The change that has come over some of these lads during a year is very gratifying. One who did not know his alphabet is now able to look up references with the others and he has a decidedly changed face and heart. I believe.

"We know that in the care of these precious children, you are co-workers with us, and thus we write of what interests us and them. Your prayers are constantly needed for not only these, but those all about us, some less comfortable than the children you call yours. Sincerely,

CORINNA SHATTUCK."

Armenian Aid.

The following contributions to the Armenian relief work have been received:

Prev ack'd. \$8,364.94	Mrs Jas Semple...	2 00
L B M. Warsaw...	C A Hagaman...	3 00
2 friends, Newcastle...	M Leith...	1 00
Mrs J Heatwole...	R L M. Phila...	5 00
A P C E. Prairie Hall...	A L C. Balto...	1 00
	W L O. Springfield...	1 00
	E L S. Ark...	5 00
	C A Hagaman...	3 00
	P C E. Berea C'ty...	14 00
	I H N. Manchester...	1 00
	I H N. Denver...	5 00
	Ticonderoga...	2 00
	Marie L Hauck...	1 00
	Elizabeth Herkimer...	5 00
	W Dayton School...	7 65
	M Zook...	1 00
	W H M S M E Ch...	
	Harrisville...	5 00
	Mrs O C T. River...	
	side...	1 00
	A E. Cole...	1 00
	Bro J R Norris...	5 00
	Mrs Marie S Wil...	
	lisms...	1 00
	Rev. John Walker...	1 00
	Friend, So Livonia...	1 00
	Ladies Aid Society...	
	Earville Ch...	4 00
	Pity, Pasadena...	5 00
	M R Stover...	1 00
	G H S. E. Orange...	5 00
	G B Shirts...	3 00
	Friend, Louisville...	3 00
	Mrs K R Forgy...	1 00
	St Louis...	5 00
	Jennie P Smith...	2 00
	Mrs C B Gough...	1 00
	Friends, Tarrytown...	2 50
	Mrs H A Cunning...	
	ham...	5 00
	In Christ's name,	
	New York...	2 00
	C A Hagaman...	3 00
	The Lord's money,	
	Dudley...	2 00
	2 friends, Nichols...	3 00
	Oliver Porter...	1 25
	Goodville Union SS...	2 50
	Mrs Georgia Goot...	5 00
	Wm J D Perrin...	1 00
	C A Hagaman...	3 00
	S Z Taylor...	3 00
	Mrs S S Simmons...	1 00
	C A Hagaman...	3 00
	Y P S C E, Cumb Pres...	
	ch, Madisonville...	5 00
	J Seward Frank...	5 00
	Miranda Peck...	2 00
	Anon, S Branch Nat...	
	Home...	1 00
	Union Hope S S Dist...	
	No 2, Remington...	7 00
	Anna Backus...	5 00
	Bert Myers...	5 00
	Mrs O Hills...	25 00
	Mrs C Johnston...	25 00
	Total...	\$8,550.04



OUR ORPHANS AT LUNCH.

would be equally happy to begin school to-morrow. In our Home we are getting on very nicely, though it did seem rather formidable as we looked forward to the sixty-five boys being set free for long, hot July days. I felt a new sympathy with the mothers who would incline to perpetual school.

"We quickly disposed of eight boys for half-day work with *olaja* weavers, one extra boy put into our shoe-shop, making eight there, and four were sent to a carpenter. These all serve in turn, half-day at work, half-day off.

"Our enlargement of our school premises by purchase of neighboring rooms gave an uneven, disorderly yard, which was not to be at present arranged by hewing away the rough-faced ledge, but filling in with stone cuttings at hand, and levelling off with the fine stone dust, white as chalk, which rolled, becomes hard. Krikore, who has been with us as servant since last we nursed him, with his awful six wounds after those memorable massacre days, made a little cart with a big amount of racket about it, and work

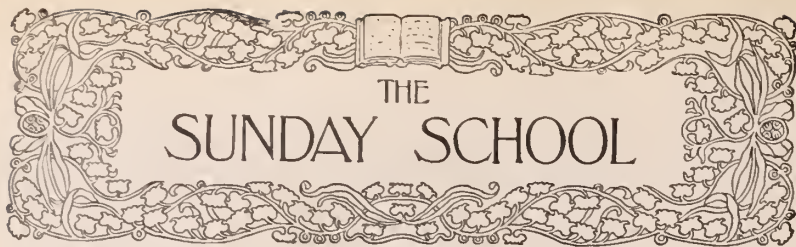
our little ones out of the sun during the extreme heat, and a few have had a touch of ophthalmia (eye disease), but only slightly as yet. It is the dread of all mothers at this season and most of them seem to feel that it is an unavoidable evil, but we do not accept this as the truth.

"The older boys listen to the little ones reading for an hour and a-half every morning, that they may not let slip from their



SCRUBBING THE COURTYARD UNDER KRIKORE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Silver Stream S S...	7 50
Jas T Cox...	1 00
Andrew Hagerman...	2 00
A H Kershaw...	5 00
J E Amerman...	1 00
Nellie Spangler...	25 00
C S Cooper...	25 00
J H Bowlin...	25 00
Wm J Van Doren...	1 00
A J Kershaw...	10 00
Doe Lake I O G T...	
No 127, Royston...	2 00
Miss J Oepke, col by...	15 35



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 12. Rom. 12: 9-21. Golden Text Rom. 12: 21.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



CHRISTIAN living! Living out in our lives the life of Christ! What does it involve? The whole of the doctrinal part of the Epistle to the Romans leads up to this twelfth chapter, where the experimental life of the Christian is dealt with. How should we obey the holy precepts, which are our subject for to-day, if we had not learned our utter depravity, and our justification through faith alone (Rom. 1: 4)? How should we produce from a fallen nature "the righteousness of God" (Rom. 3: 22); how should the impure bring forth purity? How, being justified by faith and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, should we be saved from our self-life by his life (Rom. 5: 10), except our old man had been crucified with him, and we had been made "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6: 6, 11)? Only the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus can make us "free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8: 2). The former part of the Epistle makes the latter part possible.

But if these things are personal realities to us—if in every deed we "walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" if indeed, we are "led by the Spirit," if we are truly "waiting for our adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body" if we are "predestinated . . . to be conformed to the image of God's Son" (Rom. 8: 4, 14, 23, 29), can he, by any possibility, ask too much of us? That we should be called to, nay, permitted to present our "bodies a living sacrifice," is, in all conscience, only a reasonable service," which leaves us with the humble acknowledgement, "We are unprofitable servants; we have done not anything extraordinary but that which it was our duty to do." Our business and our duty henceforth is to learn, and to do the will of God, and only as living sacrifices can we "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God" (Rom. 12: 2).

The first principle of Christian living which follows in this chapter the presentation of our bodies as living sacrifices, touches our relations to one another as being one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another. A living sacrifice to God, a whole burnt offering, all upon the altar, all fuel for the altar fire, has, as such, no claim upon his own life. All for God and for his fellow members means nothing at all for himself, and all the precepts which follow are the natural outflow of this. A living sacrifice can have no claim on, no disposal of the gifts which God has conferred upon him; he gives himself to his ministry, his teaching, his exhortation, his giving, his ruling, all is done in the spirit of sacrifice; he does not want credit for anything he is or does, he is a sacrifice. As a member only of the body of Christ and a member belonging to every other member, he considers in all he does the whole body as well as the individual members. All have one common place of nothingness and death at the cross; all have one common life, Christ in them the hope of glory.

Thus rooted in Christ at the cross, thus drawing from him one common life, it is not a hard thing in love of the brethren (all of them), to be tenderly affectioned one to another (R. V.). If we draw upon the resources of our own human hearts for a love which shall love the most unloving and difficult of our brethren, we shall find it does not reach out; it is like a well which yields no water. How shall I be tender to him who is hard to me; or how consider him who has no consideration for me? Self repudiates such an obligation as exaggerated, impossible and absurd. But the disciple of Christ says,

"My Lord has dealt thus with me, that the dwelling in me may produce such a spirit towards others: it is due to him that he shall see such fruit in me, and it is not too much for him to ask of me that I shall do to others as he has done to me; I am only a living sacrifice."

How easy then for love to be without hypocrisy! Love is the thing of all others which cannot come by constraint, and which is abominable when it is assumed; hypocrisy in love is the worst hypocrisy of all. One who has true love will "abhor that which is evil" in a brother while he loves the brother all the more, because he sees how much that brother needs his prayers and his help; and he will "cleave to that which is good" in the brother, because he does not consider himself in his relations with him; he sees with God's eyes. And thus he learns in honor and not in self-interest to prefer his brother. Untouched by what may affect him personally in that brother's conduct, he is free to be faithful to him, and to watch tenderly over his soul. All his relations with his brethren are for God and in God; he seeks for himself neither affection nor gratitude: he gives himself as Christ gave himself.

The next principle is that of diligence: to be not slothful. In the Authorized Version this is rendered, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord." But in the Revised it reads, "In diligence, not slothful." This may apply to every relation of life; to Christian progress in the Word, and in the conquest of temptation equally with family and business matters. "A living sacrifice cannot be slothful; his time and strength belongs to Another, and thus it is his privilege and his strength to be in all things "fervent in spirit serving the Lord." This is the rule for all business, all house regulations, all education of children, all social life, that all shall serve God and prepare for the coming of the Lord. It is a blessed test of all we do, "Am I in this serving God or serving myself? Should I like my Lord to come while I am doing or saying just this?" So doing, the "rejoicing in hope" of his coming is constant, and it creates a hopeful atmosphere which makes it easier to be hopeful about the conversion and progress of others, for it is the constant recognition of the Almighty God in all things.

And it is again this same recognition of God and his hand in everything which alone can make us "patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." How can one who is not living in constant intercourse with God be patient when he sees all going against him? How can he but fear? How can he be still when there is everything to disquiet him? He sees danger and cannot escape it. But it is quite another thing with one who is in everything serving the Lord, and who fully trusts him. Such an one continues "instant in prayer," and God continues instant in his response, and shows him whose hand has permitted all, and above and beyond the danger, he sees an Almighty and loving Father, and he is at rest.

Again the apostle comes back to the relations between fellow Christians; "Communicating to the necessities of the saints given to hospitality." The members of the early church in the days of Pentecost, "not one of them said of aught of the things which he possessed that it was his own; but they had all things common." (Acts 4: 32, R.V.) Of course they communicated to the necessities of saints and were given to hospitality. The prevalence in the Christian church of religious beggars has made this less easy than it might otherwise have been. But we may be quite sure that our God can easily distinguish between the "disorderly," who would sponge upon Christians, and "work not at all" (11. Thess. 3: 2), and real saints who are the laborers that are worthy of their meat (1. Cor. 10: 11), and he will surely make known when we are quiet enough to

listen to him whether such a one who comes to us is indeed a saint of God, to whom we can minister in his name.

Another principle of Christian living is the entire absence of retaliation. Our beloved Lord, like a "lamb dumb before her shearer, so opened not his mouth" (Isa. 53: 7), even under the greatest injustice and provocation. If we really take our place with him as the accused, crucified with Christ, who was "made a curse for us" (Gal. 3: 3), we are at too low a level to claim any personal rights. And as such it is in accordance with the Christ-life within us and not in any way a strain, to bless them which persecute us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WORDS fail to describe the condition of society in Rome in the year 58, when it is believed Paul wrote his letter to the Christians there. Vice, horrible beyond our conception, was rampant there. More than one-half of the population of the city consisted of slaves and these were the victims of revolting and



"WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP."

loathsome crime. They were absolutely at the mercy of their owners and could be killed—tortured to death—with impunity. Men and women alike treated them with appalling cruelty. We read of delicate, high-born women, thrusting long pins into the flesh of their women slaves, as a punishment for trivial faults; and of nobles throwing male slaves into their ponds to be food for fishes. In the homes and in the baths, foul crimes too detestable to mention were committed. Among all this slime there were a few Christians trying to lead a clean life. How the Gospel was introduced into the city, we are not told. Paul had not been there and it is extremely unlikely that any other apostle had been there. The most probable theory is that some converts from Antioch, Corinth and Ephesus had gone to Rome, carrying with them the Gospel, and had won others over to it by private conversation or by speaking in the assemblies of Jews and proselytes. Paul had so strong a dislike to "building on another man's foundation" that we cannot conceive of his writing this letter if the church in Rome had been founded by another Apostle. But if, in the constant intercourse then going on between Rome and the great cities in which he had preached, his converts had gone propagating his Gospel, he would regard the Christians in Rome as his spiritual children, and would feel justified in writing to them. The greetings at the close of the epistle confirm this theory of the origin of the church. They contain expressions which Paul would scarcely have used to people whom he had never met. To these people, then, surrounded by all evil, and exposed to persecution, Paul writes this wonderful letter which differs in construction and tone from every other book in the Bible and contains a vigorous and stalwart statement of Paul's system of theology. The paragraph selected for this week's lesson is an outline of what he considers the Christian's life ought to be. His remedy for sin was not repression or asceticism, but a change of heart. He believed that the life of God in the soul might be trusted to work out a good

moral outward life and he here brackets the forms in which it might be expected to manifest itself.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. The same power which will have two opposite effects according to the nature of the object presented to it. Thus, electricity has different effects on different substances; some it recoils while others it fuses; power is the same, but its operation according to the material operated upon.

In honor preferring one another. Does not recommend "pushing to the front." He follows Christ's advice to his disciples "to sit down in the lowest room." A man of large experience says that always most successful when he is in the background and put someone else in the position of honor. It was the rule that if he occupied the first place, but when he put another in the place of honor, he carried his point. It is so in politics. A man who has the most power in a party is the man who is not seeking it, but who is listened to attentively, and he is believed to be disinterested.

Heap coals of fire on his head. The first sight this looks like revenge. As Paul were teaching his converts to make their enemies suffer. Coals of fire on the head would burn and kill. A ingenious explanation is given by a writer. He describes the process of melting gold. It is not enough to put the gold in the crucible and the heat over the fire. This would heat the gold only to the furnace heat. But the gold is put on the top of the crucible, as under it, and then the gold surrounded by the fire, melts. Paul would have his converts melt their enemies by compassing them with love and kindness. During the Revolutionary war, a man, Peter Miller, pastor of a Baptist church in Pennsylvania, appeared in Philadelphia to plead with George Washington for the life of a man condemned to death for treason. He had walked all the way to Philadelphia, a distance of sixty miles, to present his petition. It was in Washington told him he was sorry he could not pardon his friend. "My friend," exclaimed Miller, "he is no friend, but a worse enemy in the world than I am." Washington looked at him in amazement. "Will you tell me," asked, "why you have walked sixty miles to save your enemy's life?" The man explained that he was obeying his orders, and Washington was so impressed with his noble conduct that he signed the pardon and gave it to him. When Peter put the pardon in his foe's hand, he learned how it had been won, how down and cried like a child, "I was melted by the coals of fire on his head."

Weep with them that weep. Sympathy covers several of the Apostle's injunctions. He would have his converts take an interest in the affairs of their brethren. There are some people who are not much affected by anything but the things which concern themselves. This is distinctly unchristian. A well known writer describes a woman who was the best person in her town. She had suffered much, had lost property, husband and child. Whenever anyone was in trouble she was sure to be on hand. She would go to the house and do little things that needed doing and would in a most unobtrusive way, give all the comfort she could. Her own sorrows taught her to sympathize, and she would sit and suffer and in a gentle voice speak to the troubled heart. The people of the town grew to depend upon her, and was sent for as regularly as the minister. She was a minister in many a home and seemed really bear the sorrows and sufferings of others. That is what the Christian always does.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. When anyone does an injury or uses abusive words to you, are not to blame. But we are to bless, we retaliate, or are provoked to retaliate with abuse. One of the greatest elements of Christian character is the ability to overcome evil without being moved to retaliate. "What do you think the moon did when the dog barked at it?" Mr. Moody said in a recent address. "Why, it just kept shining." Socrates allowed his wife to abuse him, but could never be moved to anger. He said her most violent abuse at last affected him no more than the noise of the carriages on the street.

ON A GOSPEL HOUSE-BOAT.

"*Bon Messenger*," the Floating Chapel of the Famous McAll Mission in Paris, and its Five Years of Christian Service.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD laid before its readers an interesting account of the work of the McAll Gospel Mission in France, and of the establishment of a new phase of that work—a mission boat—to ply on the waters of the Seine and the other rivers of that country. Since that time, the McAll experiment has been duplicated on several of the American rivers and lakes, and accounts have at different times appeared in these columns of the excellent work performed by floating Bethels and other Gospel boats both in the East and West. Our correspondent sends us this most interesting and instructive letter, reviewing the work of the parent Floating Mission on the McAll boat, during the last five years:

PARIS, Aug. 1st.—Few readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have forgotten the late McAll Mission, which for many years has been doing the Lord's work among the poor and lowly all over Catholic France. Its floating chapel, *Le Bon Messenger*, by following the rivers and canals for many miles around Paris, has carried the good Word to the remotest of villages and hamlets. *Le Bon Messenger* is now entered upon its fifth year of activity in the service of Christ. It is a species of house-boat, upon whose bottomed iron hull stands a hall with a ordinary seating capacity of 160 persons, a double cabin for the captain and family, a smaller cabin for a servant, and kitchen. The wood-work is stained and varnished, and the windows fitted with panes of colored glass which diffuse a pleasant light over the interior. The appearance of the craft is cosy and comfortable, especially the fore part with its array of bright plants and flowers, and the steeple that reach up to the zinc roof. *Le Bon Messenger* has no means of propulsion of its own, and has therefore to be towed from place to place by a steam tug or horse. The novelty to the French of its whole arrangement is one of the leading factors of its success. "A floating church, a floating church!" the villagers claim as the queer craft approaches. As far as they all crowd around to see what such a thing can be like. The boat, with its flags and its enormous sign, *Le Bon Messenger* (meetings), acts as its own advertising agent, and successful announce-

mentally free in his movements, and can select his own point of vantage along the water's edge. It is truly a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet, to recall an old saying, and one is almost inclined to add that it is also a case of faith moving the mountain!

So this boat floats along, along on the silent highway, a messenger of glad tidings to the toilers in the fields, the frugal, hard-working sons of the soil, the backbone of the French nation! Since the spring of 1892, she has been twice on the Marne as far as Epervanay, on the Aisne, on the Oise, and on the Seine as far as the junction with the Yonne. It is along the charming banks of the last-named river that she is now wending her way, and by the time this letter appears in print she will be moored off the quays of the historic town of Sens. Her present "captain" is Monsieur Huet, an ex-priest of the Catholic Church, who formally renounced his allegiance to Rome, and is now married and the father of two little girls, both of whom with their mother live on board. He is assisted in his work by other members of the McAll Mission, so-called evangelists, who are sent to join him from headquarters in Paris.

The usual stay of *Le Bon Messenger* at any one given point is of three weeks' duration, in which period not alone the inhabitants of the immediate vicinity, but many from far back in the interior are in-

Whatever hostility the Catholics may entertain toward the McAll Mission, and indeed toward all Protestant missions, the same has not manifested itself in any overt acts towards *Le Bon Messenger*.

The worst that can be said is that the 'sisters' strenuously endeavor to keep the children away from the meetings. Sometimes, however, feeling shows in a more amusing than offensive form, as when the *bedeau* (beadle) of a Catholic church came on board at Cergy (Oise) and insisted on sprinkling the boat with holy water, while mumbling some 'prayers' in Latin. He was evidently exorcising the Evil One, whose presence he felt must necessarily be associated with so heretical a craft as *Le Bon Messenger*. More troublesome than the ultra-Catholics are the so-called 'atheists' and 'free-thinkers'—in reality nothing more nor less than anarchists, since they refuse to allow others the right of selecting their own belief. St. Denis, north of Paris, is a great stamping-ground for this gentry, and thither *Le Bon Messenger* betook herself a short while ago, at the request of

shore, the gangway overturned, floating in the water, the chains sunk to the bottom, and the anchors and pins giving signs of loosening from their moorings. Presently the pole that kept the craft from the banks broke in two, and, exposed to the full fury of the elements, the good boat seemed in imminent danger of being blown into the middle of the river, and from there against a large stone bridge, which would have meant destruction. As if by a miracle the wind changed its direction at this juncture and Captain Huet succeeded after three hours' hard work in mud and water, in bringing his craft to a place of safety. It was only appropriate that the evangelist on board, Mr. Henry James Benham, should have devoted his first sermon after this thrilling experience to the story of Noah and the Ark.

Le Bon Messenger, be it known, derives its support from the voluntary contributions of Christian friends in England, France and the United States. Her expenses are about \$150 per month, and that she earns her money is evident from this year's report, which gives the total number of meetings on board from March 1, 1896, to March 1, 1897, as two hundred and fifty-seven for adults and sixty-two for children. So successful has she been in her work that the construction of a second mission-boat is contemplated—one of the proper size to pass all the canal locks of France. This one will cost about \$5,000, of which sum \$600 has already been subscribed. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

An Astonished Chief.

In his letters from Africa, the late Dr. Moffat related many remarkable incidents of the effects of Gospel teaching among the natives. One of these we quote:

"In the course of my remarks to Makaba, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. 'What!' he exclaimed with astonishment—'what are these words about? The dead—the dead arise?' 'Yes,' was my reply, 'all the dead shall arise.' 'Will my father arise?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'your father will arise.' 'Will all the slain in battle arise?' 'Yes.' 'And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles again revive?' 'Yes, and come to judgment.' 'And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?' he asked with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. 'Yes,' I replied; 'not one will be left behind.' This I repeated with increased emphasis.

"After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with stentorian voice. 'Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?' Makaba then, turning himself to me, and laying his hand on his breast, said, 'Father, I love you much. Your presence and your visit have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising. The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!'

"'Why,' I then inquired, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not speak of a resurrection.' Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?'

Oh publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen light.



THE HOUSE-BOAT'S CAPTAIN AND FAMILY AT HOME.

duced to attend its conferences. The good folk appear in crowds from the start, and often manifest genuine pleasure at the welcome extended to them. It is the singing and the music of the melodeon, however, that pleases them most, and they attempt to join in almost at the start. The following from the diary of one of the evangelists will convey an idea of their general behavior:

"On Tuesday evening, before seven o'clock, a crowd had gathered near the boat, waiting for admission. At seven the people were allowed to come on, and at ten minutes past, every available seat being occupied, and the doorway being blocked, we began the meeting. At the close thirteen francs' worth of Testaments and hymn-books were bought; two Bibles were also sold.

"Yesterday at half-past six, in the darkness and the damp, the crowd were impatiently waiting at the entrance; and at seven the boat was literally invaded: the people poured in and took possession of every nook and corner, women and boys sat on the platform, several sat on each others' knees, and the bridge, the deck, and the passage between the benches right up to the platform were full of standing men, women and children, who had to remain in that position more than one hour. The audience was composed of hardy, healthy-looking country folk, broad-shouldered, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked men and women, noisy and blustering as they took their seats, but silent and eager while listening."

the local Wesleyan Missionary committee. At first the disposition of the working people was distinctly hostile to the work. Many men would crowd around the gangway of the boat, crying, "Death to the bourgeois: neither God nor devil for us." For a time things looked very threatening, but finally the evangelist in charge succeeded in winning over one of the loudest brawlers, and with his help the rest were silenced by degrees. Many were the conversions as a result of this trip to this very hot-bed of revolution and anarchy. Volumes would not suffice to tell of the great good which has been wrought through the instrumentality of this novel system of evangelization, introduced by the late lamented Robert Whitaker McAll. Captain Huets' daily experiences, indeed, afford a marvelous insight into the varying emotions of poor human nature, and testify to the saving grace of God's word.

Last winter, with the continuous rainfall and heavy floods, the navigating of the boat was fraught with the greatest possible danger. For instance, at Champagne, on the Seine, where the boat was moored, a terrific storm occurred in the first days of February. One evening during prayers the river rose with such rapidity that it was feared the audience would not be able to disperse in safety before the gangway was submerged. Luckily no accident occurred then, but the next morning, when the occupants awoke they beheld a rushing, foaming stream fifteen yards wide between the boat and the



THE HOUSE-BOAT AT ANCHOR.

men's part of the battle in religious work is everything else. Another great advantage is the fact that its 'captain' is far more master of the situation on board than if he were in charge of a meeting-room on shore. Even those inclined to be riotous and unruly feel that his authority is beyond dispute. Then again, he is en-

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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The American in Sports.

IT is only of late years that the American has cut any figure in sports. He has been too busy, or he has found sport enough in the regular activities of his business life. Or he has tabooed sports, as the near relative of idleness and dissipation. Probably there may have been some action of conscience about it. Daniel Webster used to know the art of drawing fish from the Atlantic, off Marshfield, and from the brooks of Merrimac county, New Hampshire. It was my privilege once to visit his home after the great occupant had gone hence to be here no more forever. There hung his fishing-tackle and great overshadowing straw hat still upon the walls of his library. But this was only the diversion of his leisure hours. I once visited a distinguished lawyer in Central New York. He came in at eight P. M., Saturday night, accoutred in fisherman's attire, a man then over seventy. This was his prescription for health. But a new era has now arisen. America has her professional sports. It remains to be seen whether the evolution is to be an advantage. Sport for recreation and health is one thing; sport as a business is quite another. The old couplet was:

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,
All play and no work makes him a mere toy.

How many "mere toys" this new tendency will produce remains to be seen. And then, when recreation is made a business, where will men look for recreation from recreation?

Undevout Physicians.

THERE is a wise saying that the undevout astronomer is mad. If a man who traces the pathway of the stars is not reverent, who should be? We have often thought the saying might still more emphatically be made of the undevout physician. It is said that the great preacher, Wesley, would not employ a physician who did not fear God. The distance between a living body and the Creator must be very slight; so slight, that we may hear the echo of his footsteps there. Wesley did not wish to put his life into the hands of a man, however eminent, who made no recognition of God in a creature so fearfully and wonderfully made. Then, too, if any one needs prayer for guidance, for God's blessing on the work of his hands, it is the physician. God sent Isaiah to Hezekiah, who was "sick unto death," with a prescription, and the royal patient recovered. Other

men take the perplexities of their occupations and professions to God. Why should not the physician? Still more, why not the physician more than all other men? The nearer God in one's employment, the greater need of prayer; the surer prayer will help.

A Virtuous Bicycle.

I WAS riding through a quaint old town the other day, when I saw a drunken man attempt to ride a bicycle. It is said a real quadruped has some charity for drunken men. He treats them like babies and fools. For example, in Tam O'Shanter the poet writes:

Wheel mounted on his gray mare, Meg—
A better never litted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire.

And many another mare has shown her fidelity to a drunken master by taking him safely home, when he no longer had the sense to get there of himself, or to guide her there. But, this two-wheeled steed, the bicycle, is evidently for teetotalers only. So the equestrian of Gloucester was soon thrown. He had just come from the dram-shop, and did not realize that he was not mounting a steed with genuine horse-sense. Among the virtues of the bicycle, then, let Temperance people set this down that it affords a new motive to keep a level head by keeping the Temperance pledge.

Little Japan.

THERE is something in the bristling attitude of Japan toward Hawaii that is almost amusing. It reminds you of the airs of a young rooster just beginning to strut around and crow. Little Japan, having whipped a great nation like China, is ready to fight any other nation that will step into the ring. But, certainly, Japan will not be so foolish as to disturb the peace of the Occident, when Hawaii has offered to settle all differences by arbitration. At any rate, Hawaii is so soon to be a part of the United States, we cannot allow any quarrel between them. We stand ready, as soon as Hawaii comes into proper relations with us, to guarantee a fair adjustment with Japan.

What is Enough?

I HAVE been amused to hear people when they start in life say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says: "I want to get \$20,000 and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied. Then I will say to my soul, 'Now just look at that block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Now, my soul take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry!'" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions you will never be with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst.

If you are not content with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you fifty or a hundred thousand a year. It is not what we get, it is what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day are waspish and dissatisfied, and overbearing, and foreboding, and cranky, and uncompromising; with a countenance on which wrath always lowers and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer evening you see a laboring man going home in his shirt-sleeves, with a pail on his arm and a pickaxe over his shoulder, his face bright with smiles and his heart with hope, and the night of his toil bright with flaming auroras? It is an illustration of the fact that it is not outward condition that makes a man happy. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong.

Romance of the Bread Basket.

No. II.

ARTEMIDORUS says, "Barley was the first food that the gods gave to men;" but if its lineage is as ancient as that of wheat, it is far from being as honorable. Its native land is Syria, and probably Egypt; for we read in Exodus, that the barley fields of that land were smitten by the plague of hail. As a bread-stuff its history is that of poverty, hardship, calamity, and punishment, and with very good reason it was placed far below wheat. Nine hundred years before Christ, we are told in the seventh chapter of Second Kings, that at Samaria, a measure of fine flour sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for the same price.

It was the chief food of the hardy, frugal Spartans; but the Romans only used it as the bread of punishment. If soldiers lost their colors or standards on the battlefield, or were guilty of any neglect of duty, they were fed on barley bread instead of wheat. Speaking broadly, barley has always and in every land been the bread given to criminals and prisoners; and though the peasants of several nations subsist largely on it, their necessity and not their choice compels its use. True, the Duke of Argyll wrote a song to his "Bannocks of Barley Meal," but his enthusiasm was poetical; as a matter of diet, His Grace preferred his wheat loaf or his oatmeal cakes.

No plant since the world began has exercised such an influence on mankind as barley, but this influence has been entirely bad; and it is only necessary to say, that it lends itself with singular readiness to malting, and is therefore, the principal ingredient in beer, porter, whiskey, and gin. As a means of crime and woe, this little grain stands beside the fruit that brought death into our world and all our sin. Barley is the black sheep of the cereal family. All its associations are of misery, crime, and suffering; and every field of blowing, bearded barley, reminds us—not of the hearth and the home table—but of the saloon, and the hospital, and the prison.

Oats, on the contrary, are an eminently moral, honorable, thrifty grain. No one can say anything against oats. To be sure, they cannot boast of the antiquity of wheat and barley, nor are they mentioned in the Bible, where all other grains are mentioned, nor yet have they ever been chosen as the armorial bearings of any noble family in any country, though wheat, barley, rye, and beans are common in heraldry. It is most likely that oats are indigenous to England, and were unknown as food until Caesar took them from England to Italy, and not many years afterward we are told that the monster Caligula fed his favorite horse on gilded oats out of a golden cup. Wild oats are found to-day on the shores of the Euphrates and eastward, but England was likely their place of practical recognition. There Caesar not only found them used as food, but was astonished and delighted with the exquisite hats made from the plaited straw of oats, and for these plaited straw bonnets and hats England is yet famous.

In later times oats have been the special bread of Scotland, and Dr. Johnson described them scornfully in his dictionary as "food for horses in England, and for men in Scotland," an explanation which brought the retort—"and where will you find such men and such horses?" No soil is too hot or too cold, too rich or too poor for oats, and wild oats are said to be "the pecker of the poorest land." They come no one knows how or whence, and in the Middle Ages the devil got the credit of sowing them. From this idea, doubtless, came the conceit of calling the follies of young men "sowing their wild oats." It is worth noticing that a drink made by steeping oatmeal in water, was considered by the celebrated Hoffman a wonderful diet, and its inventor kept himself alive on it until he was 120 years old? Modern investigations have proved that no cereal gives such general vigor to the animal system as oats.

Kye is indigenous to Egypt, for with the wheat, it was not smitten in the plague of hail. It was brought to England to relieve a great famine in 1596. It makes a good bread; and will grow in the poorest, driest, sandiest soils; even on the frozen wastes of Finland, and Northern Asia. It is the poor relation of cereals; the one grain not needful, in rich communities; yet the Swedish peasants live much on it.

Buckwheat has been used from time immemorial in China, and in Brittany, it was the bread of the entire population. The famous Italian "polenta" is made of this meal; and in all the central parts of Europe and Asia it is much used. It was brought to England by the Crusaders, and it has made for itself a permanent home in America.

Rice is an Ethiopian grain, and its progress in Europe is not known. It came to America with the earliest Southern settlers, and took well to the climate of the Carolinas. It was greatly cultivated by the Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, and all the nations with whom they warred and traded. The Greeks knew it 300 B. C., and took it to Italy, where it was among the libations prescribed for the gods.

Maize is the gift of the New World. Cleanly, and beyond question, maize is the American cereal. It would indeed have been impossible for such a nutritious, prolific, valuable food not to have come into general use, if it had been known previous to the discovery

of America. Every way that it is possible to cook maize, it is good! suppan, mush, hiny, samp, hoe-cake, and Johnny-cake, good! but if we would taste the flavor of Eden in the white, sweet grains, we must see the green ears, folded in their silky leaf among the embers. No cereal that God made, could have so gloriously typified teeming plenty of a land, that has "bread enough and to spare" for all who come to

Amelia E. Bar

BRIEF NOTES.

We have received many letters expressing hearty appreciation of the beautiful special *Lilies of the Field* which have been sent to people who supplied us with names of church members. We have only a small stock now left of these which were grown in Galilee, and we advise our friends as contemplate availing themselves of this offer to act promptly. The condition of this offer is that the names of the flowers, which one of these precious flowers may be obtained, are: To send twenty-five names and post addresses of adult Protestant church members, each name representing a different household, two living in the same house. These names must be written on one side of the paper only, and other business must be referred to in the communication. On the outside of the envelope in which they are sent must be written, in the lower hand corner, the words, "For the Million Lilies." Of course we prepay the postage on the "Lilies of the Field."

Mr. James Stokes, of New York, who munificence helped the Paris Young Men's Christian Association to secure its new building is presented the Y. M. C. A., of Rome, with a handsome home, well adapted to association work.

It is reported that in Russia the Czars joined forces in favor of Sunday rest by pronouncing a decree prohibiting under a severe penalty any form of labor on Sunday or on the four principal Russian feast days.

After having been expelled from Spain and from Russia, the Jews, says the *Independent*, are passing through a similar experience in Germany. Under special orders from Emperor William the Jews in the Eastern provinces of Prussia are being driven forth with the most pitiless severity.

Rev. P. W. Pitcher reports that in the Fukien Province of China, the number of converts has increased by 5,280 souls since the year of 1895, and the adherents by nearly 10,000, and nearly 4,000 adults have been baptized, and contributions have been increased by over \$9,000.

Dr. L. W. Munhall preached a remarkable sermon at Ocean Grove, N. J., on August 1, dealing with the inspiration and inerrancy of the Bible. There was an enormous audience, and the preacher's vindication of the Word of God in the attacks of sceptics was listened to with attention.

Ex-Rabbi Max Magil, of Allentown, Pa., for the last three years missionary among the Jews in New York, is prepared for lectures on Jewish-Christian topics, and Old Testament School work in English or German. For arrangements please address Max Magil, 213 East 10th St., New York City.

The Bible Institute of Chicago is offering three great evening Bible classes on the three sides of the city, to include Christians of all denominations, for the study of the Word of God. Mr. W. R. Newell, the Assistant Superintendent of the Institute, will be the teacher. Special prayer is asked that these classes may lead to deeper and more thorough knowledge of the scriptures among Christian people.

A helpful convention has been held by the Anglo-American Christian Endeavor society of Paris. They suffer much from a constantly changing membership and the difficulty of reaching many of the students who come to the city; but the good work is done. The society in the first quarter reported an average attendance of 18,000 other society furnishes a tea to strangers on Friday evenings, which gives the Endeavorers an opportunity to meet newcomers, and nearly all present remain to the evening service.

The Oberlin Young Men's Christian Association will have committees composed of all the college and academy classes to meet the students at all the trains entering Oberlin at the beginning of the fall term. They will be required to act as personal guides, to introduce new students to their classmates, and help them find room and boarding places. The College Chapel is headquarters, and a complete boarding register and additional guides will be found there.

Cardinal Jacobini has addressed a letter to all Catholic bishops throughout the world, proposing a widespread series of religious services to commemorate the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century. This project is stated to be a response to the desire of Pope Leo XIII. to mark the transition from one century to another by "an extraordinary invocation of the assistance of Jesus Christ, as a happy preparation and comfort." Protestant churchmen doubtless hold services for the same purpose.

Bishop Henry Whipple, of Minnesota, writes enthusiastically of the warm welcome American bishops received on all hands during the sittings of the Lambeth Conference. There was, he says, the kindest feeling manifested everywhere by the Queen, by the church dignitaries and by prominent persons for the American visitors. It was freely admitted that the American church while in close fellowship with the world stood alone and independent. What Bishop Whipple most was "the new life in the Church of England to great virtue to God at home and abroad."

The Second Annual Conference of the Chicago Hebrew Mission will be held Thursday, September 30, to continue to October 1. The conference will give its attention to unfulfilled promises, especially in relation to recent Jewish movements. Among the speakers will be Rev. J. Torrey, Rev. S. P. Henson, D. D., Rev. J. Marvin, D. D., Rev. W. J. Erdmann, D. D., Rev. J. Barrows, D. D., Dr. S. M. Merrill. A paper on the restoration of the Jewish Palestine to be read at the Conference. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. Blackstone, Oak Park, Ill.

I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. (John 10:28.)

RESCUING CHILD-WIDOWS IN INDIA.

Pandita Ramabai Thanks Our Readers for the Means of Saving Hundreds of her Child-Widows from Starvation and Ruin.

A CABLE message from Bishop Thoburn received at this office on Aug. 21, brings the cheering news that "the famine is steadily abating." Rain has fallen in copious abundance on all the provinces of India except Bombay and the Deccan and there is promise of an abundant harvest in every district where the people were able to avail themselves of the opportunity to sow the seed. Unhappily, in many places, the cattle which in India are used for ploughing, have died, or have

A HINDU WIDOW.

been sold to buy food, and the farmers have consequently been able to till only such portions of their farms as could be worked by spade and fork. The general harvest will therefore be curtailed, but it is to be hoped that sufficient food will be raised to bring the prices once more within the reach of the poor.

Bishop Thoburn mentions a problem, which, now that the heaviest of the burden of feeding the starving millions of adults is in some degree removed, is causing serious anxiety to the missionaries. This is the support of the large number of orphan children, whose parents perished in the famine, and of those children whose parents brought them to the missionaries begging that they would save them from starving to death. Scarcely a mission station in the famine districts, or on the borders, is without a number of these children, and in some of them there are hundreds. The missionaries must have had hearts of stone to have resisted the pleadings of the parents for succor for their little ones, and the spectacle of the bright children reduced to skin and bone who might be fed. Mr. Smith of Ahmednagar; Dr. Johnson of Jabbalpur; Miss Lillian Dietrich of Cawnpore; and many other missionaries encouraged by appropriations from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Fund took in large numbers of these little waifs, whom they have fed and clothed with the means so generously supplied by our readers. Some have died in spite of all the care bestowed upon them; their protracted suffering before the missionaries took charge of them had already done its fatal work. But a large number remain, and the missionaries are concerned about their future. It would be inhuman to turn them out to starve now, after having rescued them from the jaws of famine. It would appear a manifest duty to keep them and train them in the nurture of the Lord. Many of them are exceedingly intelligent, and might be so educated that they would become the best missionaries to their people. But this will require money, and in the case of the youngest the expenditure will continue for several years. It may be hoped that the various missionary societies will receive liberal contributions for this purpose, which is one of the most hopeful they could pursue.

One of the most interesting of these labors of love is the work being done for the girl-widows by Pandita Ramabai, whose portrait was published in a recent issue of this journal. The following letter from her, written for our readers, gives pathetic expression to her gratitude for the help she has received, and tells her hopes of the blessing to come:

I thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the generous donation given by you for the support of my famine girls. About four weeks ago Rs. 3,310.58 came to hand, and now another sum of Rs. 1,500 has been sent to me from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. I thank you most gratefully for your kindness in sending this timely help to me. The Lord will bless and reward you according to his riches. You will be glad to know that the Lord has given me two hundred girl-widows out of the famine districts and He continues to send more girls. He has most graciously and wonderfully helped us during the past five months and brought us out of many and great difficulties. Our new girls are no longer "Famine Girls;" they look quite plump and happy and are beginning to enter into school-life and to learn regular habits. I am sending you a picture of some of them. The Lord helping me I hope to save three hundred girl-widows from starvation and a life worse than death. The Collector of Poonah district has given me permission to build houses on the farm belonging to our school. It is about forty miles from Poonah. The Lord willing I will build several little houses on that farm for

able to work long; it is, therefore, necessary to help them, with food at this time. Money is urgently needed to support the famine children who have been gathered during the famine into the schools. I thank you again for your kindness to my children. May the Lord bless you! Believe me,
Yours in his service,

RAMABAI.

Miss Sarah F. Gardner who is laboring in Calcutta under the auspices of the Women's Union Missionary Society, writes, gratefully acknowledging the funds placed at her disposal through the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "My plan," she says, "has been to get it into the hands, or rather the mouths of those too old to work on the relief works. I have been much moved by the sufferings of the aged in this time of universal suffering. No care is taken by relations and friends to share with them the little they have. Alas! most of them have nothing to share. One old woman was found lying in the road too feeble to walk any farther, and left by her people to die or be torn to pieces by the jackals before she died. The bulk of the money has been distributed through a young Australian woman I know, who has fed two hundred people every day, most of whom were unable to work."

The following letter is from one of the most eminent of the American Board's missionaries:

PAUL AND THE DISCIPLES.

The relations of the Apostle to the Gentiles with the Disciples of our Lord.
1. Cor. 1: 26-28; Gal. 2: 9.



Many expressions of Paul's perception of the perfect character of the early disciples of Christ. Not many wise among them, nor were there many mighty. He declares that he understood Peter himself, "because he was to be blamed." Evidently there was a cordial feeling between the Apostle Paul. They were troubled by the freedom with which he opened the door to the Gentiles, and were unable to free themselves of the trammels and fetters of Judaism. To them Christ was the development of Judaism, and the Messiah and future King who would restore the Jewish nation to power and glory. Even in Christ's lifetime they were occupied with the worldly glories which Christ might aspire to, and which he hoped to share with him. In spite of the decision of the Council at Jerusalem, which decided more than once with Paul, and made them uneasy about their position as Gentiles. They committed a fatal blunder which has been shown in so many ways in their time, of which Christianity a religion of rites and ceremonies, failing to take Paul's view of it as spirit and life, the Romish church transformed the Lord's Supper into a mass, as the Seventh Day of our time are insisting on the letter of the commandment and others are making the simple rite of baptism into a regeneration power, so these who were Christians would be robbed of its life.

Christian Character.

Suggestions on B. P. U. Topic for September 12.
11. Peter 1: 5-9.

THE calling of God is a call to holiness, to high attainment. It is a call for man to turn from his own nature and seek the glory of his soul. The two are open before every one at the outset of his life. He has two sets of capacities and capacities of which he may avail himself. He can find his happiness in gratifying his animal desires, or in the cultivation of his spiritual nature. On the one side he is called



CHILD-WIDOWS IN THE COURT YARD OF PANDITA RAMABAI'S HOME AT SHARADA SADAN, POONA.

VICTORIA ROAD, MAZAGON BOMBAY.
To the Editor of "The Christian Herald."

Dear Sir:—I received to-day word that a second gift of \$500 has been received to be administered by me for famine relief. I wish to sincerely thank you and the kind donors for entrusting it to me, and thus enabling me to help the poor and destitute within my field.

The first \$500 you sent me has nearly all been spent in such ways as the following:

1. I have been able to help many women and children left widows and orphans by the plague.

2. There are no signs of the famine in the city of Bombay to greet the eye, but cases of extreme difficulty are of course frequent. The famine up country has driven many families to this city for employment. They come as strangers and for a time without house or food are in great distress. I have been able to help many such.

3. In my district south of Bombay, I am feeding a hundred people in one place, and fifty in another every day at present. Good rain is falling, but for two months yet the distress is likely to increase.

I have thus given you, in brief, the general class of people whom I have been enabled to help. Of course those who are helped are extremely thankful, and are touched by the kindness shown to them. Their oft-expressed prayer is that God may bless the kind givers.

Thanking you for the privilege you have given me of being instrumental in helping the poor whom otherwise I should have to have seen suffering before my eyes without power to render any help. Yours sincerely,
American Marathi Mission. J. E. ARBOTT.

creatures below him, and on the other the heavenly spirits. It depends on himself which of the two he shall bring to light. There are some men of mature life who know no happiness except that which their physical nature affords them. They were offered any thing they wished, they would choose ease and luxury and pleasure. Their physical nature is the predominant in their being, and their condition differs but little from that of the brute. The other course is difficult, requires more effort, is tried by more obstacles. It, too, has its pleasures, but they are of a higher order. Conversion should be the beginning of that course. It should be a starting point of successive attainments in which the spiritual powers are developed. The Apostle names the stepping-stones to upward climb. He sees the man who has listened to the call of God escape from the corruption that lust has caused in the world, exercising faith, going on to true, gaining knowledge, becoming patient, gentle, kind, loving. His character is rounded out, developed, has risen to likeness to God. This is not barren, but is fruitful in all around him. And this he attains the power of Christ, the power which is given to him to aid him in developing that side of his nature.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Ut Mothers and Babies.

Pictesque Indian Tribe Whose Members are Slowly Becoming Civilized.

F testimony were needed to show the effects of introducing Christianity and education among the Indian tribes in our western and southwestern states, it is abundant in the reports of the work accomplished at Hampton Institute, Virginia. Undoubtedly this famous educational institution has done more to produce permanent results than all other agencies in that particular field. Young women from all the tribes have been trained and educated, and with a burning zeal have entered the labor among their red brethren. Many of the men who have been trained there are now leaders; a few are mechanics, and some are farmers. While the women it may be true that a great majority, their industrious and useful lives have given evidence of the value of their education. Some of the reports of the progress of the Indian pupils are interesting. Of one of the Crow tribe—the wed-Head—it was said, "besides being a housekeeper, she is skilful with the needle and has certain responsibilities in a large household, a slow character and a useful greater usefulness." Another girl, Grace, who left school and returned to her parents, said: "I don't want you to have forgotten what I have learned. I am Christian, though my people are outside like Indian, inside Christian still." Another girl, Grace, while in school developed a fine talent for drawing and painting, and besides a capital sewer. Celeste P., a girl, grew out of her infancy, dressed neatly and became a really excellent housekeeper. A notable case is that of Mabel Thrown-Away (her name), who on returning home after finishing educational course, began a useful work among her friends. Another influence, her father became a judge; the children attended school and the home changed as much as possible. Though she lived a ye, her influence has never waned. Her whole family are still on the side of civilization and progress. She also had a cousin who gave up his Indian life, opened up a farm, became an earnest Christian, and for her sake led a life. Amy W., another Indian girl, the daughter of a petty chief, on leaving the vernacular school, reconstructed her Indian home so that visitors surprised to find everywhere evidence of taste and refinement, while the machines, books, pictures, and the luxuries, made the room a home. In contrast to this, nearby was an old time cabin, devoted to the old Indian and others, who did not feel at home amid surroundings so redolent of floors so clean. Unfortunately, there are some Indian men and women who, on leaving government schools, seem to drift back into the old life, but they seem to be an exception. These retrogrades are pitied quite as much as those who are the force of circumstances, have

not enjoyed any training advantages. Our photograph on this page presents a group of Ute women, mothers and daughters, and a pair of little brown Indian babies—"papposes." These, judging from appearances, have had to do with civilizing influences to a certain extent, sufficient to somewhat modify the native dress of the women of the tribe. The Utes formerly comprehended about fifteen tribes and occupied the central and western portions of Colorado and the northwestern portion of Utah. They extended into New Mexico and intermarried with other tribes, north and south. Always warlike and restless, they were among the hardest of the tribes to civilize, but of late years the Moache and Capote Utes have developed a taste for agriculture. Up to the present time, however, the southern and western Utes are still what are termed "blanket Indians," and prefer the old ways and the old dress to the manners



A GROUP OF UTE MOTHERS AND THEIR "PAPPOSES."

and garments of civilization. Those on the reservation in Utah are peaceable and disposed to industry, and have made fair progress. There are probably five thousand Utes not yet gathered on reservations who are still nomads, and cling to the old tribal customs.

Enslaved Turkish Wives.

Mr. Ramsey, a traveler in Moslem lands, has recently issued a book on this subject which is attracting much attention in Europe at present. He gives this touching and impressive picture of the condition of woman in Turkey:

The most depressing and melancholy part of the traveler's Turkish experience relates to the women and their position. As a rule, the peasant women have such a hard life of constant work from a very early age, their life is so devoid of relief or enjoyment, of educating or humanizing influences, they seem so tattered, ragged, forlorn, and uncared for, as they stand with their face towards a mud wall while you ride past, that indignation and disgust grow strong in your mind against the social system that treats women in this way. A Greek-speaking Albanian servant, Akhmet, whom we had with us in October and November, 1881, pointed to a herd of Turkish women toiling like beasts of burden near a village, and remarked with a world of scorn in his tone: "Thus are the Turks; the wife of Akhmet sits at home." It would be difficult to live much among the peasants without learning to sympathize with the "woman's movement" in more civilized lands. The total want of pleasant intercourse and friendly open relations between men and women

greatly intensifies the monotony and the ignorance of village life, and also produces many other evils—a subject on which I will not enter. But after a long time among Turks, it was quite delightful and refreshing to meet, beside a Kurd village, a young man driving out a bullock-cart to the harvest, and a young woman walking beside, talking and laughing and engrossed in each other's company. It was like a breath of Europe, bearing a scent of home.

How a Queen Lives.

There are few ladies in Victoria's realm who, in all that relates to their own individual comfort and preferences, are so simple in their tastes, or so easily satisfied. But her station and surroundings do not permit her the luxury of following her simple tastes. Dressing in the plainest garments, she is surrounded by a multitude of gorgeously attired nobles, courtiers and lackeys. Eating wholesome and unpretending fare, she finds others about her partial to the most expensive luxuries. Seldom sick, the slightest ache or twinge in her person summons to her side twenty-two distinguished medical men who are specially employed to minister to her bodily health. These include physicians, surgeons, dentists, oculists and chiropodists. None of these act singly. If the tiniest corn appeared upon one of her toes, it would result in a consultation of chiropodists, surgeons and

WORK.

WORK, for it is a noble thing, With worth ends in view, To tread the path that God ordains, With steadfast hearts and true, That will not quail, whate'er betide, But bravely bear us through.

It reck not what the place may be That we are called to fill, How much there is of seeming good, How much of seeming ill; 'T is ours to bend our energies And consecrate the will.

Work, with cheerful earnest hearts, Your bravest and your best; For in a busy world like ours There is no place of rest; And think not they who vainly dream Their lives away are blest. For in each weary, painful task A lesson is inwrought, If we would read the truth aright, And let ourselves be taught Patience and faith and fortitude And fixedness of thought.

An Aim in Life.

MRS. R., an accomplished Christian lady of Mynard, Neb., and a reader of this journal, has set forth in the lines quoted below, some very excellent advice for the benefit of those about to begin life in earnest. "Every young person," she writes, "on entering the great field of the world should determine what should be his occupation and follow it with the determination to make it a success; such persons do not often make life a failure. The aim should be to improve the mind in every possible channel; for the mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden of knowledge, it will of itself shoot up into weeds or flowers of wild growth. Let one not be too ambitious to do the highest work and the grandest work, but the work God has given to do. Be it the meanest service, be it what some call drudgery, we may make it beautiful by the spirit in which we do it. Strive not after the 'many things,' but the one thing needful, and remembering every part assigned you is a good part, be it the master's or the servant's, the teacher's or the scholar's, the tradesman's or the student's, the part of action or suffering, of trial or tears, of speech or silence.

"No person can expect to learn and know everything for this can neither be sought nor required, for it is utterly impossible; yet every person is under some obligation to improve the understanding, otherwise it would be as a barren desert, or a forest overgrown with weeds and brambles."

Vegetarianism in India.

Every high-caste Hindoo is a vegetarian. The very touch of meat, egg, lard, or fish, he considers contaminating, and he lives exclusively upon butter, milk, sugar, flour, rice, pulse, and herbs. In Bengal the people generally eat fish, but in the upper provinces, or in Bombay or Madras, where Hindooism is more strict, fish is quite as forbidden as meat. During the day the Hindoo generally takes an hour's siesta. He gets up at four o'clock in the morning, and goes to bed from nine to ten o'clock at night. He works all the time that he is awake. And as a respite from his incessant labor, he enjoys an hour's rest during the hottest part of the day.

Siam's Gallant King.

It is learned that one of the ambitions of King Chulalongkorn of Siam, now visiting in Great Britain, is to elevate the social status of woman in his native land. Siamese women are still the slaves of the seraglio, subject to the whim of their lords and masters. The King has against him the traditions and selfish customs of his rajahs, and with him only his own weight of individuality and the prestige created through many successful reforms. His successful is doubtful.

As the World Giveth.

THE hero of this narrative Was large and richly clad, And all the comforts earth could give He evidently had. He wore in front a double chin, And, just below, a diamond pin. He walked with august bearing to His cushioned pew. With strong and mellow voice he sang, "All riches here below I freely give without a pang; Go, earthly treasures, go!" And as the basket came his way He ope'd his purse, without display, And gave, to my astonishment, One copper cent! —W.C.M.

JUST A WEE ITALIAN WAIF.

But Little Canute was King of the Children at Mont-Lawn for a day—A Teacher's Interesting Description.



CANUTE GOLTEELLI—"LITTLE NO. 7,000."

HE past week has been an unusually happy one at Mont-Lawn. In the first place, the weather was fine so that the children were out of doors from 5:30 in the morning until 7:30 at night, and were able to take many walks in the woods. Every morning and afternoon merry parties start out, sometimes to find ferns and flowers; sometimes to fill caps and baskets with blackberries, but oftenest of all to "go for apples."

I took a party of five or six for a tramp of about two miles to a farm where big, juicy green pippins lay thickly strewn upon the ground. The farmer's daughter told the boys to take all they could carry, as otherwise the fruit would be wasted. So those who had coats stripped them off, tied knots in the sleeves, buttoned them up and stuffed them full of apples. One boy, who wore a sweater, kept filling in at his neck until he was puffed out to an alarming extent both behind and before. Some tied up their handkerchiefs, and others packed their pockets to the utmost capacity. It was indeed a strange-looking procession that wound down the road to the Home, and one which made the passing farmers smile, for we looked more like gypsies moving camp than like proper girls and boys.

It is almost pitiful to watch the interest of the children over everything in the country. How wild the boys are to catch the pollywogs and watch them grow! Many a time has the gravity of the boys been upset in chapel time by a bull-frog, locust or turtle escaping from a dark pocket and hurrying along the aisle. The children call every sort of evergreen a "Christmas-tree," and a high, green hedge a "railing." They wonder at the spiders and the squirrels, and call out to their teachers to look at a cow.

Our impromptu morning entertainments have been especially bright this week, for we have had some good home talent among the children. One little fellow in particular who recites Eugene Field's "Just Before Christmas," as well as a number of dialect pieces very finely, has favored us again and again. Two little sisters, whose mother is a singer, have given us some sweet children's songs, which they have learned from their mother. No matter how noisy the crowded chapel, it becomes perfectly quiet as soon as the little Ward girls begin to sing. Thus, from one and another, selections are given, some bright

and funny, others less clever, but all helping to pass away a happy hour.

An attractive feature of the play-ground under the trees is the new sand-pile—"Coney Island dirt," as one child called it. Many a happy hour do the little ones spend building most remarkable forts, digging tunnels and laying out gardens in the sand. The sand-pile is, moreover, a good place to collect the children and watch their ways,—to find out the originality of each one,—and to talk freely with them at their quiet play.

One day last week a missionary from India visited our Home, bringing with her three Hindu girls who sang their native songs for the children. When our children heard about the poor little orphans and famine sufferers in India, they were much touched and responded heartily to Miss Collins' suggestion that we have a mission-box up here. Before that day was over, we had eighty-one cents in the little bank, many of them being the precious pennies saved up for candy. One little boy who had earned the sum of five cents for sweeping up the sand-heap, willingly dropped it all into the mission-box. Is not that much more in God's sight than some of us give? Some of the older boys were so much interested that they got together on Sunday and had a little meeting of their own on the hillside; sang, prayed, and read the Bible, and then collected about twenty cents additional. They were not satisfied with the missionary stories told them in chapel, and begged for them at night in the dormitory.

Our new bell, of which mention was made last week, is another of the things we have enjoyed especially. Every night about half-past six it has rung out its sweet call to the evening service, often catching the new arrivals as they come up in the stages and giving them its melodious welcome.

Canute Golteelli, who has been a prominent member of our family this week, and who is the seven thousandth child received since the opening of the "Home," is a shy and forlorn little fellow. He comes from Thompson street—an Italian quarter—and speaks both English and Italian, although one would judge from his first name that his parents were Danes. One evening, Canute was surprised at being carried off from the supper table in state, while two hundred voices cheered for "Little 7,000," and the drum beat time for the grand march. Two of the teachers seized brooms and, tying on aprons for flags, led the procession out of the dining tent, past the house, twice around the ball grounds and back. Part of the time little Canute, our distinguished guest, rode at the head of the parade in a wheelbarrow, and part of the time on crossed hands. At any rate, whether on throne or coach, he was equally happy, and still more so, when he was at last let down on the porch and presented with five sticks of candy and a peach! His face fairly beamed.

We are here to care for and teach these poor little street urchins, but many a lesson do we learn from them of childlikeness and loyalty to each other. Our constant effort and prayer is that we may be able to show them how they may conquer the wrong, and even in the short time that they are here, to strengthen the good that there is in them.

ISABEL B. TROWBRIDGE.

The following contributions for our Children's Home have been received:

Prev ack	\$3,123.07	Friend, N. Y.	5.00
One who loves child.		I. H. N. So. Gardiner	2.00
Vail	1.00	Teacher, Greenport	3.00
Mrs. Tobin	1.00	Mrs. Doeckstader	5.00
L. M. P. Hartford	2.00	R. L. Beevers & wife	6.00
A. M. Jefferson	2.00	Outing, Edwardsdale	10.00
Mrs. Van Kleeck	1.00	Miss Ella Van Br-	
Mrs. P. Tiler	2.00	kle's SS class	2.00

Jas Ray	2.00	I. H. N. Battle Creek	2.50
Two Lady Visitors to		Mrs. Howard S. Taylor	3.00
Mont-Lawn	6.00	Miss S. Ross	1.00
Mrs. B. F. S. Sam's Val	5.00	W. H. Shepard	10.00
2 Friends, Granville	6.00	J. Buchanan	1.00
In memory of Jas G		Mrs. Palmer	3.00
Beemer, Jr.	12.00	Mrs. I. D. Stehman	1.00
I. H. N. Ashland	5.00	I. H. N. Warren	3.00
Mary E. Parmelee	5.00	Thank, Offering, O.	5.00
Mrs. P. L. Cobb	25	Mrs. W. M. Hall	1.00
E. V. Decker	3.00	Ream Co.	3.00
Frances A. Curtis	5.00	J. Jay	2.50
Mrs. T. A. Murray	5.00	Friend, Hawke	7.05
Geo. Logan	2.00	Baby Keith, Carroll'n	1.00
Chas. A. Tyler	3.00	Emma E. Kingsley	3.00
Rufus Lord	5.00	Mrs. R. Allen	3.00
S. Penna	3.00	J. T. G. Huntingdon	5.00
Subr. Hartford	3.00	West Manchester	5.00
M. B. Ballie	3.00	"Driftwood," Turner's	
V. E. S. Roney	3.00	F. A. Page	3.00
Minnie P. Taylor	1.00	Mrs. C. A. Voris	20.00
Mrs. J. V. Wilson	1.00	Chas. V. Knowles	1.00
Charlotte S. Berry	1.00	Pres. S. S. Beaumont	2.45
Rufus Meyer	5.00	Friend, New York	1.26
Lucy & Edith Moore	25	Shut-in, E. Jefferson	35
Mrs. A. Buck	6.00	Father, Bklyn	25
Col'n taken at Bapt		Friend, Mt. Joy	3.00
Ch. Netherwood	3.10	L. E. Sears	6.00
Mary H. & Anna L.		W. A. Goehring	2.00
Everett	5.00	Fredk. Richards	1.00
Elizabeth & William		E. J. Vawter	6.00
Hunter	5.00	Margt. G. Watson	1.50
Mrs. E. A. Elford	2.00	A. B. N. La Jara	50
Mrs. E. F. Liberty	3.00	One who loves child.	
Florence, Flushing	3.00	Bklyn	1.00
Barbara Ruvenacht	3.00	The Patterson Social	
I. A. H. Member, Tampa	25	Club, N. Y.	12.00
A. F. B. Bingham	25	S. B. Lake Mahopac	5.00
Mr. Witherspoon	2.50	H. T. Walker	10.00
Jessie Hickok	40	Constant Read, Dana	3.00
2 friends of children.		John S. Fogg	3.00
Colon	2.30	H. Page	1.50
Mrs. B. A. Hegeman	25.00	F. A. D. Monticello	50
H. W. H. D. Dark	13.00	I. H. N. Manchester	3.00
In the Master's Name		M. A. C. McCammon	3.00
Oswego Falls	3.00	Nettie W. Jones	1.00
J. E. Baird	20.00	Hay Lake S. S.	4.00
M. H. Boyer	5.00	Angie & Maynie	
Cecile Ethel, Afton	10.00	Seammon	4.00
One who wants to fol-		Mrs. A. Wightman	3.00
low the Master, Ax-		Mrs. Lydia Lott	3.00
ton	1.00	Jane C. Rose	50
Little workers, Corona	3.00	Mrs. Emeline Riddle	1.50
Mrs. H. L. Hart	1.00	Esther Needham	1.00
Mrs. M. J. J. Oskosh	3.00	Anna Needham	1.00
I. H. N. K. K. K. K. K.	5.00	Friend, Hobay Park	5.00
M. A. R. O. Windsor	3.00	Hugh Jackson	10
Mrs. Rhodes	6.00	Nellie Jackson	10
H. Lincoln	10.00	Kings Dau's, Wyckoff	5.50
I. H. N. Oakham	3.00	G. W. B. Agassiz	3.00
Mrs. E. H. Pennoyer	2.00	Mrs. Malinda Geiger	2.00
F. Gilbert	6.00	"Gredo," New Castle	2.00
C. A. H. Putnam	3.00	Mrs. A. C. Bowen	2.00
B. F. Trow	1.00	C. C. Martin	10.00
I. D. Fletcher	1.00	J. M. R. Frederic City	1.00
Believer in Christ,		Friends, Cohoes	1.00
Monticello	1.00	M. A. W. Deposit	2.00



CANDIDATES FOR OUR CHILDREN'S HOME—FAMILIAR STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

Jno H. Braden	1.00	Madge E. Howland	1.00
Daisy Francisco	10.00	Mrs. A. W. C. Williams	5.00
Two who are trying		Mrs. John Lerner	2.00
to do God's will,		Friend, Loda	2.00
Colo Spgs.	2.00	Z. J. J. Neshannock Fls	2.00
Oak Grove S. S. Mich	1.70	Mrs. A. A. G. Sweet	3.00
Refr. Dutch S. S. Bklyn	12.50	Zillah May Trewin	2.00
D. W. Loomis & wife	3.00	M. L. Lacouina	3.00
C. Stuntun	1.00	J. G. Pierce	3.00
Friend, Geneva	1.00	Mrs. W. E. Martin	4.00
Mrs. H. Blauvelt	3.00	Nels P. Bruvold	3.00
Dora Coddle	3.00	Lida Hoffman	1.00
Mrs. J. H. Chinn & J.		Vina Hoffman	1.00
C. Stanley	6.00	Richmond	2.00
I. S. Chinn	2.00	M. S. Morrison	1.00
M. Tiltot	2.00	D. D. Davis	50
Clarence, Hazel, and		J. H. R. New York	50.00
Leon White	3.00	Abbie F. Batten	3.00
Miss A. Riddlestorf	1.00	H. W. Miller	3.00
Mary, Burnside	1.00	Mrs. M. Lathrop	1.00
Martha C. Osborne	3.00	Mrs. D. Milne	3.00
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UPLIFTING THE LOWLY.

The Roberts' Mission in Kansas City and its Work Among the Fallen.

THE Roberts' Mission is a name to the inhabitants of Kansas City, but the zeal of the woman who is its founder, through ten years of missionary labors,



MRS. JESSIE ROBERTS.

Mission, which she founded ten years ago at 106 East Third street, has gone steadily on. Some idea of the work may be gained from the following report:

It is with great pleasure that I my mission work in Kansas City ten years. I arrived from St. Louis in May, 1887, believing that a work for me to do. After canvassing the east side of the city for the church, I found the terrible condition of the houses, and dens of iniquity. Many families were living among their dear little children growing atmosphere of vice. The excuse of

were that it was necessary to live there; cause of the rents. We teachers at hand I started the people in whether and called to their souls answered: No, as they were there. This while I read with the vited me again. I did and white together, so had never in my mission in New York. Louis. In I reproved sharply theged me to my safety.

At that time up my mission of mission on h with only 5 ed the br No. 106 at the rent, went in, locked the door, long talk with the Lord. The bought lamps. The Y. M. C. A. three dozen chairs and some books, succeeded in inducing a large number of folks to come in. Bare feet, dirty faces were the rule, but after a few what a change! Clean hands and clothes, and altogether changed. This trial school was next started. This by the good ladies of the First Church. After six months we had a larger store above. Ladies and from different churches came to the first being Mrs. E. Schaufliker, now Lord. Miss Jennie Williams, who ing good work in Dallas, Tex., a missionary spirit from the Roberts' Mission. Allan Cameron, who is laboring in got his missionary inspiration in the Mission. The north end of the city on Third street, is 100 per cent, be was nine years ago. Some of the entered the school at its commencement with us to-day. Others are married and made good wives and mothers, and near to us. Nellie Bishop died talking of Jesus, and many others to meet her. Many unfortunate were died, who received strength and the Lord in the Roberts Mission.

The Roberts Mission is supplied voluntary contributions, and is wholly as a work of faith. No workers are salaried, and Mrs. Roberts gives her own efforts freely in charge. The address of the mission is 106 E. Third St., Kansas City, Mo.

GOSPEL TOUR IN ASSAM.

Paul Writes of His Voyage Up the Grt River in his Mission Boat, the Hubo Barta (Good News)—Preaching in Native Villages.

ASSAM is a country containing a population of about six millions. Its people are divided into about fifty distinct tribes, speaking not less than forty languages and dialects. From this it will be seen at once that the work is made out of the twelve different mission



TEA SIFTING IN ASSAM.

of the province by the society is of the kind and that scarcely any two tribes can employ exactly the same language. The majority of the people are Hindus, but there is also a large body of followers of the Christian religion. These latter are to be found in the large towns, while in the quiet villages, living in small villages throughout the province. The Miris are a people who, tired of continual fighting between tribes while in their independence in the mountains to the north of the district, descended into the plains at a time that the British government occupied this country, (1827): they have lived in peace and quietness since, multiplying in three generations a few families to a people numbering forty-five thousand.

Of our missionaries who had opened a station for work in the tea-garden lands, (who are all immigrants from lower India), the North Lakhimpur district, in 1894, seeing the large number of the numerous in the neighborhood, urged the missionary to be sent. As the writer, who was then in the United States, and had recently lived in India, the British government offered himself to go and to the society which auspices he went, as a foreign missionary. The appointment was made and the missionary and his wife were on their way to Lakhimpur, Assam, for their work. We had our destination in mind of January, and began at once to acquaint ourselves with the people and their language. The first three years were spent in a little earthen hut, half of which was used for our bed. Before the rainy season had become familiar with the country, by making trips in a little boat cut out of a log, along the rivers which run through the beautiful forests and through the dense jungles.

One day Miris most thickly settled along the Subinsiri river, so determined to build a house near the mouth of this river, that our station might have the easy reach of the Hill Tribes on the border, as well as in the midst of those who had become British subjects in the plains. (I wrote) Boston asking an appropriation for a boat. This done, my wife and I applied ourselves to the study of the As-

samese language; for we found that the Miris spoke and some of them read in Assamese. By the end of the rainy season we could read the New Testament, and talk to the people, although not fluently.

Our hearts rejoiced in August when we received a letter from Boston saying money had been given for the boat. September saw me hunting the Brahmaputra river for a suitable boat. I succeeded in buying one from a Hindu priest whose disciples were rather upset because I would not bow down and worship this man who calls himself a god. This boat is made in the shape of a very long-bodied goose, by means of long strips of wood which are wonderfully fastened together by flat nails. It is 45x6. I had it properly fitted up, so that we should be protected from sun or rain and have room for sleeping and eating purposes. By the first of October all was ready; and on the fourth of that month my wife, our Assamese teacher, and myself, with three Miri boatmen, started out on our first aquatic Gospel tour.

On Sunday, the 6th, we had a sort of a dedication service at a Bengali Christian village on the Ronga river. At this service Mr. and Mrs. Firth, two other missionaries, were present. We named the boat the *Hubo Barta* (i. e. Good News). On the following morning these Bengali Christians came out to the river bank at about 7:30 o'clock and knelt down with us and asked God's blessing on the *Hubo Barta* and its mission. As our boat glided out into the waters they sang with us, "Take the Name of Jesus with You," in Assamese. And so we went day after day from village to village. There are just twenty Miri villages on this beautiful little river, and in



RIVER SCENE AT KAYIN, CHINA.

them we sowed the "seed of the Word."

Reaching the mouth of the Ronga river, we found ourselves once more in the great Subinsiri, and traveling up stream. The people were enthusiastic in their reception of us, and the young men who could read bought copies of the gospels, some times following us for miles to do so. They brought out their sick, and begged us to cure them. Our hearts ached to help them.

This is the worst district in Assam for opium. The money spent in the Lakhimpur district last year for this drug exceeded by far the land rents and taxes. Lying, stealing, and even men selling their own daughters, not infrequently into a life of shame, in order to get money for opium; these are some of the dire results of the habit that came under our personal observation. They have no conception

of truth and purity, and our only hope for them is in their acceptance of the Gospel.

After much traveling we found a piece of high land suitable for our purpose. It is within a mile of a large tea-garden, not far from two others, and within two miles of five villages, one of which is quite near the border of Assam. While taking a cup of tea on the river bank we came to the conclusion, all things considered, that this was a most desirable place. We applied to the deputy commissioner for the land, which was in due time granted.

Other trips were taken in the *Hubo Barta*, to visit again the villages in which we had sown the seed. Altogether we considered our first cool season's touring was attended with blessing.

Last September, being assured by our Board (the American Baptist Missionary Union) that money for a bungalow would be forthcoming, a temporary house was built at our new station, Pthalipaur. In October the missionary was joined by his wife and little daughter, born since we came to Assam) since which time this station has been open. For seven consecutive months much of our time has been spent in building a good substantial bungalow and other necessary houses.

So far, four souls have been baptized, confessing their belief in Christ. Missionary work of all kinds has been carried on, not the least important of which is the attendance upon the continual string of people of various tribes who come for medical assistance. The Gospel has been preached directly to most of the people of the neighborhood; a school has been opened, and in spite of bitter opposition on the part of the Hindu leaders and others, we find many of the people impressed. During the summer we hope to gather together the few Christians who are in the tea-garden near by, and organize them into a church.



A KAYIN PLOUGHMAN.

While some tea-garden managers and other Europeans connected with the tea industry in Assam, rather encourage than oppose missionary work amongst their coolies, a great majority of them show very clearly that they wish we would keep the light farther away from them.

The needs of this field are many, the most immediate being means to support at least two more native Christian teachers. It is my great desire to place these at important points in this field where they may open schools, and do all the direct preaching and hand-to-hand Christian work that it is possible for them to carry on. We have only one native helper employed now.

I have learned in the short time I have been in Assam not to measure the influence of the Gospel among Hindus by the number who openly profess Christ, but by the quiet acknowledgments of its divine authority, the spotless character of Christ, the need of the atonement that it provides, and the sorrowful confessions that we sometimes hear to the effect that "If I become a Christian, all my friends and neighbors will forsake me; and having no place among them I should become a beggar." Pray for us. JOSEPH PAUL.

WINNING SOULS IN CHINA.

Heroic Labors of our Pioneer Missionaries Among the Hakkas—A Race of Bigots.



A HAKKA BOAT.

IN the letter below, from the pen of Rev. Geo. E. Whitman, a faithful American missionary of the Gospel in China, light is shed upon a portion of the great Mongol race concerning which little is known. The Hakkas, described by Mr. Whitman, are among the most bigoted of the Chinese, yet as his letter shows, substantial spiritual progress has been made in the face of a multitude of discouragements.

Editor "The Christian Herald:—"

Our mission is to that branch of the Chinese race called "Hakka." They do not differ very materially either in character or custom from the other branches of this great race, with this exception: that foot-binding is not practised among their women.

The spoken language of the Hakkas is closely allied to the Mandarin, and yet sufficiently different to make it a distinct dialect. The territory they occupy is mountainous, and is situated wholly inland, including portions of three provinces, namely: Kwang Tung, Fu Kien, and Kiang Si, with by far the larger portion in Kwang Tung province. The number of Hakka-speaking people has been estimated from five millions all the way up to twenty millions. The mission forces here bear no such favorable relation to the multitudes as did the five loaves and two small fishes to the thousands gathered beyond the Sea of Galilee. But Christ is here as truly as he was there, and in this is our hope and confidence.

The German Basle Mission has had a field for many years among the Hakkas, working in from Canton. The English Presbyterian Mission also has a prosperous work, starting in from Swatow as a base. Both are meeting with grand success, though they have as yet only reached a comparatively small number of the people. With the exception of the Roman Catholics, the Baptist Missionary Union is the only other body engaged in the work of evangelizing the Hakkas. Our work, also, as in case of the Presbyterians, starts in from Swatow as a base, and is an outgrowth of the mission to the people speaking the Swatow dialect.

Though our mission was started some fifteen years ago, our progress has been exceedingly slow. The continual attempt through all these years to get an equipped body of workers on the field has met with constant failure. For the first eight years or so, it was carried on, with many interruptions and changes, from a little village situated near the border of the Hakka territory. About six years ago a station was opened farther inland, at Kayin, the principal city and intellectual centre of the Hakkas. This is now the central station and home of the missionaries. We have at the present time here and there scattered over this large field about sixty church members, a small number—but only an advance guard let us hope of the many who will follow to do battle against the powers of Satan as manifested in the superstitious customs and beliefs of this people. There are six stations established, including Kayin, from which work is carried on. These all have preachers in charge except two, for which there are no suitable laborers as yet. We visit these two stations as frequently as possible and try to develop an interest there.

Our greatest need is for trained native workers. To meet this need, the senior missionary, Mr. Campbell, has recently opened up a school at Kayin. There are six Christian students in attendance, beside others who attend some of the classes. We hope that three of the number will soon be ready for active work. Next year it is expected that the number of students will be considerably larger. We also need a compound with foreign houses, so as to prevent the loss that arises from a long absence from the field in hot weather. The attendance at the chapels is large, and the inquirers are of a hopeful class. We have baptized twelve believers since the beginning of this year, and expect other additions.

Kayin, July 9th, 1897. GEO. E. WHITMAN.

BASHARA, THE BEARER OF TIDINGS.

AN ORIENTAL TALE,
WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."
By ALFREDA POST, of Beirut, Syria.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"NOW for the last march!" cried the Sheikh, "before you are water and life!"

The camels rose first, with awkward, plunging motion, and led the way; the horsemen followed, a phantom procession. They rode hour after hour in weary silence. The moon waned, till Bashara could discern nothing but the dim outline of the white camel before him, moving ever onward with monotonous swaying gait. He struggled with sleep as with some bird of evil omen that kept ever settling back upon him when he drove it off. At last the conflict grew too painful; he slipped down from his saddle, and in an instant was asleep upon the ground. Abu Sharr's horse stumbled over him.

"What in the name of madness are you doing?" exclaimed the rider.

"Leave me!" pleaded Bashara, "my life is nothing to me."

With rough kindness the Bedouin jumped from his horse and forced Bashara back into his saddle.

"My son, you are not used to this life—we have only four hours more."

Four hours of suffering for man and beast! At last came the dawn, stretching ghost-like fingers across the plain; a mountain ridge took shape against the sky.

"Praise be to Allah! there is our well!" cried the Sheikh, "do you see the women with their water-skins?"

Water! water! who knows the life-giving meaning of the word! The men broke into cheers. The women, with eager sympathy, drew for them and their animals, and they drank with the gratitude of those who enter Paradise.

When all were refreshed, the women filled the water-skins for themselves, slung them over the backs of their little donkeys and trudged off to the Bedouin settlement at the base of the mountain. The Sheikh waited till they were out of hearing, then rallied his men.

"The first village that we seek is up yonder at the head of the valley. We must sleep here at the well for the day; when night comes, we shall leave the camels here, and the horsemen will make the attack; with the help of Allah, we shall take everything in the village!"

The men stretched themselves upon the ground. Bashara was the most exhausted of them all, but with a superhuman effort, he kept himself awake.

"This is my high calling!" he kept saying to himself. In a short time, all around him were deep in sleep. Without a sound, he rose to his feet and hastened in the direction which the Sheikh had pointed out. It was an hour's climb, a terrible task, but he pined on. The group of flat-roofed houses was reached. He hurried to the marketplace where the men were assembled.

"For your lives, defend yourselves! the Bedouins are upon you!"

From mouth to mouth, the message flew, the whole village was astir. Men rushed hither and thither carrying arms, making barricades. Bashara the bearer of the tidings, was soon forgotten; he

slipped behind a low arch, his work was now done, and he threw himself upon the ground and slept.

CHAPTER III.

He was awakened at dark by the sound of guns and conflict. He jumped up, all his young blood on fire; then checked himself. With hands clenched and lips pressed tightly together, he struggled with himself. Should he, Bashara, stand still while men defended their homes! And yet, and yet, how could he in honor fight? "I have eaten bread and salt with them!" He stood, not caring that the fighting came nearer. Torches gleamed, weapons



"COME THIS WAY, QUICKLY," SAID THE GIRL.

glanced back and forth. A sudden weakness came over him; he was shot in the arm. Like one in a dream he tried to stanch the blood, but he was rapidly growing dizzy.

He was called to consciousness by a light touch; the slight figure of a girl stood before him.

"Come this way, quickly," she said, "there is no time to lose."

He followed her, dazed, through rough alleys, up and down slippery steps, between rows of huts. Smoke poured out of half-underground door-ways from household fires upon the floor beneath, and in the fitful glare he could see huddled groups of women and children; it seemed like glimpses into Dante's world.

His guide led him to the outskirts of the village. "Take care," she said, "these steps are steep."

She seemed to disappear into the ground before him, but presently emerged, carrying a smoking clay lamp. He followed her down the steps, and found himself in a cave, roughly fitted up as a human habitation. An old woman came forward to greet him.

"Grandmother," said the girl, "this is the messenger who brought the warning."

"Welcome, oh welcome he is among us!" she cried with quivering voice.

Bashara sank down upon a straw cushion on the floor.

"Grandmother," said the girl, "he is wounded; he has lost much blood."

As she spoke she brought from a corner a piece of soft material and tore it into strips.

"Let me wash the wound first," she said, bringing a jug of water.

With deft fingers, she started to bandage the arm.

"This way, please," said Bashara.

She grasped his meaning intelligently, and under his direction made a creditable dressing.

"Yasmin was always quick with her fingers," said the grandmother.

Yasmin! Jasmine! The name carried its own fragrance.

A halting step was heard on the stairway.

"Grandfather, is it you?"

"Yes, I come with joy; the Bedouins are driven away!"

"Praise the Lord!" cried they all.

The old man started at sight of Bashara.

"You are the one I have sought all day! The whole village is calling for you; they are ready to kiss your feet!"

"Then they do not think me a coward?"

The old man looked perplexed. "What do you mean? They think you a Prophet, a Messenger from God." He caught sight of Bashara's bandaged arm. "And wounded, too! Truly we owe you our lives."

The old woman leaned forward. "My son, you have not told us your name."

"Bashara," he answered.

"Bashara!" she repeated, throwing up her hands in ecstasy, "and truly did your mother name you! The Bearer of Good Tidings! Well is that name fulfilled to-night!"

The next morning the whole village crowded to do Bashara honor. They came with dancing and singing, dancing the sword-dance before him; never did a king receive more loyal tribute. They told him the story of the encounter and of the brave men who were wounded.

"Bring them to me," said Bashara. "I can use my right hand still; perhaps I can help them."

Their enthusiasm now knew no bounds. "A great Hakim is among us! With life and death in his hands!"

Bashara tended the wounded while the fever was still upon him, and the people who gathered around gazed as though upon a miracle.

"Oh, stay with us always!" they cried. "Men will come to you from all the villages round about; all eyes will look to you, the great Hakim!"

The thought worked in Bashara's mind as he lay upon his pallet.

"I should not grow rich," he thought; his glance fell upon the unselfish face of the girl, and his thought slunk away for very shame.

"Tell me," said Yasmin eagerly, "did you truly come from the great college for doctors in Beirut?"

"Yes," said Bashara, "and if I guess rightly, you, too, have not always been in this village."

Yasmin flushed, as she answered in English, "I was in the school of the Scotch lady at Ain-el-Hajai."

"Oh, the noble English language!" exclaimed Bashara. "I have not heard it since I left the coast."

Yasmin brought out from her corner a pile of English books.

(Continued on next page.)

Humor in the Blood

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Bashara, the Bearer of Tidings.

(Continued from preceding page.)

It means to me all that is sweetest and best in life," she said. "What is that strange language that you talk?" asked the grandmother. "It is that they teach us in the schools," Yasmin said. "At that time Bashara's love for the English language grew mightily. How can you be happy," he asked Yasmin one day, "in such different surroundings from those where you have been educated?" "I cheer to come," she said, "I could leave my grandparents alone. We could live in a house," she added apologetically, "but when my grandfather grew old, I work, we came here." "What do you do when it rains? Does the water pour down the steps?" "We have dug a trench around in the wall of the cave, so the water does not get in," she said. "I have looked at her with a sort of awe."

CHAPTER IV.

Years later, there arose on the smoking village, the cheerful and the Haki's new house, the herald of, herald of the new civilization. The Haki himself had learned that a house in a country village is a pile to start from; he was again a clerk. He looked up lovingly to Yasmin, where stood Yasmin among the pines and aromatic plants. "I love, little wife," he called. "I will be back soon," she pleaded. "I will see you go to these distant vil-

Ham leads a charmed life," he said. "I never fear!" He turned down the path. How differently he had once felt that way! Stopping at the last of the road he waved his good-bye to Yasmin, who still stood in the path. "I have told her that his road must be the desert. He passed the will he had journeyed so far to find on several hours upon the path. No living being did he see but a bright-eyed lizard that darted under a thorn-bush, and, and sat arm-kimbo watching the stranger. "We could live like you," said Bashara, "in the morning dew on the thorns, in the night farewell on the desert." "I will be back soon," she pleaded. "I will see you go to these distant vil-

He watched them as they filed in procession of the road between the two. Suddenly a demon yell burst forth, the avalanche there crashed down on the party a band of armed men; the avalanche back upon itself. They red themselves together, and struck like a serpent, again and again, and repulse. But the attacking party had the advantage.

He only a few minutes before the law the plunderers tie together the captives and gallop away on episode which may occur in the desert.

He made his way toward them, smiling, approached them on foot, wishing peace.

He answered by a groan from a dead man in the centre of the group. "I have space," said Bashara, "I think I will."

He glared down and started as from a snake. "It was no other than Sheikh Ham!" He glanced to the face opposite. "I met the sinister features of the Sheikh."

"The me of the Sheitan!" exclaimed the Sheikh, clutching his dagger; but he had been carried away. "I have the religion of the beard—" "I will forget the past," said the Sheikh. "I can you still have mercy on an?"

He lifted the Sheikh's hand to his forehead. "I owe you my life; have I not?" "I have led and salt with you?"

Carefully, tenderly, Bashara bound up the wounds. They improvised a stretcher out of their full girdles.

"We must carry him three hours to the nearest village," said Bashara.

After an hour's weary march, the Sheikh stopped them. "Let me die here in peace."

They laid him upon the burning clay and tried to shield him from the sun with their bodies.

Suddenly the Sheikh lifted himself up and spoke to Bashara.

"My son, when first you escaped from me, I swore I would take your life; but now, I know that God was with you."

He fell back heavily; Bashara caught him with his arm and laid him back upon the clay, lifeless.

THE END.

Andree's Trip to the Pole.

Whether Dr. Andree, the daring Swedish aeronaut, who started by balloon for the North Pole some time ago, has already perished or has landed at some remote point, is not yet known. Various rumors as to his fate have been circulated but all have proved unfounded. For many years past, Dr. Andree has been well known as a scientific aeronaut of particular experience in long voyages. He has made many ascents for experimental purposes, building up his knowledge of ballooning possibilities gradually but surely. Two years ago he first started the world by the formulation at the Geographical Congress of his scheme for crossing the North Polar region in a balloon, and he soon obtained the financial help necessary. The late Mr. Alfred Nobel gave him \$17,000, and King Oscar of Sweden contributed \$8,500. The balloon, which cost \$10,000 is about seventy-five English feet in height from the opening of the balloon proper to the top, and, roughly, a hundred feet from the top to the bottom of the basket. It is made of three thicknesses of silk held together with varnish and overlaid with two coats of varnish. Although this balloon may be regarded as being in almost every respect a novelty, the most striking characteristic is the guiding and steering apparatus. This apparatus, to describe it in brief, consists mainly of guiding ropes of different lengths, the shortest being about 1,000 feet and the longest about 1,200 feet in length. These ropes hang from the bearing-ring just above the car and drag along the earth or ice. The idea is that in case one of the ropes got foul, the others should run free. These guiding-ropes drag after the balloon, and are shifted by the voyager as he wills, so that their weight and hold on the balloon shall regulate its course.



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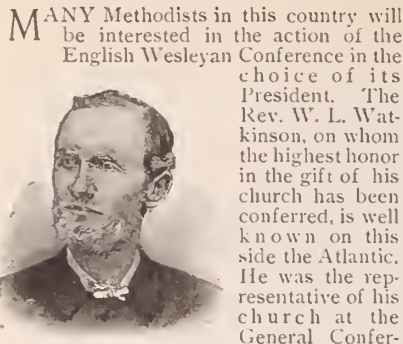
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THE WESLEYAN PRESIDENT.



REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. His books, too, have been widely read, and have been appreciated even more highly than in his own land. It is remarkable that there he has more readers among the Congregationalists than among the Wesleys.

Mr. Watkinson is a native of the seaport of Hull, and is fifty-nine years of age. His parents were in humble life, and his early school teaching was extremely limited. But after he joined the Methodist Church, his fine talents and remarkable oratorical ability were speedily recognized, and before he was twenty he was proposed by his minister as a candidate for the pulpit. The Conference declined to approve the proposal, but his minister was persistent, and persuaded his brethren to give the young man a hearing. The candidate preached a vigorous sermon, at the conclusion of which every member of the Conference voted for him. He has held some of the most important charges in the country, and has for four years edited the *Methodist Magazine*. He is an eminent scholar, and has written some of the ablest of modern articles on the relation of religion and science. His election to the Presidency of the Conference is a well-deserved tribute by his brethren to his abilities and character.

FOR THE SICK POOR.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's Proposed Hospital—An Undenominational Charity.



ANY of our readers are already familiar with the character of the benevolent work conducted by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop among the destitute sick poor of downtown New York. For some time past, she has been laboring faithfully as a medical missionary, nursing the sick at their own homes, and also giving care and attention to those who are able to visit her at her rooms, at No. 668 Water street, which she converted into a temporary cancer hospital and dispensary nearly a year ago. Mrs. Lathrop has associated with her in this work several skilled nurses, volunteers, and all labor together on purely undenominational lines. Thus far, they have been instrumental in relieving many cases of suffering, where the patients are too poor to pay a physician and at the same time not of the class to be admitted to public hospitals for treatment. A considerable proportion of her patients are victims of cancer—a disease far more prevalent among the very poor than most people imagine. The lives of those afflicted ones are sad beyond description. Too weak to labor, and generally regarded as

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub.—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Kava-Kava Shrub, is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric Acid in the blood, or by disorders of the Kidneys and urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the *New York World* of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis, after, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and bladder diseases of long standing comes from many other sufferers, and 1200 hospital cures have been recorded in 30 days. Up to this time the Chur K Kidney Cure Co., No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

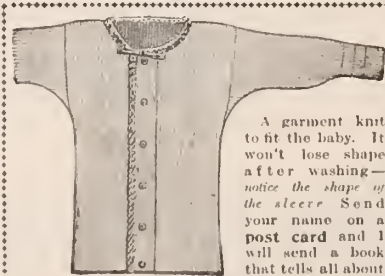
hopeless incurables, they are practically neglected and left to linger out an existence almost as miserable as the wretched, isolated lepers on the island of Molokai.

It is Mrs. Lathrop's purpose to establish, on a modest scale, a hospital for the reception and treatment of patients among the destitute poor. It will be strictly unsectarian and undenominational. In the following communication she explains the scope and object of her plan:

It is a need hoary with age and moss-grown with neglect. The sick in life's battle—why not find them and take them from destitution to what comfort we can provide? Are our other obligations more to be respected than our obligations under the teachings, clear as the sunlight, of our Captain, Christ? Run up a building where two or three hundred poor can be kept clean and well fed; their sores dressed daily, not weekly; and their lives made decently happy. Let rafters bristle above, and old-fashioned cheapness prevail. Build for to-day. Let the hospital be secondary to the patients it harbors and serves; not a palace that eschews absolute charity because each patient costs so much in machinery. Let us build a barn or a barrack for the army of sufferers whom no one is adequately attending to. Tents are better than nothing, and there is not a desperately sick person living, suffering also from hunger and the landlord, who would not prefer a roughly-finished home that was secure and well supplied, to the agonies of anxiety they now know. Let us give a respect to the poor in spite of their poverty, and obey their command—that what can meet the greatest area of need shall be done in the quickest possible way. Be practical; stop playing with the toys of electricity and luxury long enough to solve the problem of ordinary kindness toward the sick poor of a certain class, or any class, for that matter. It will not take an Edison to evolve success in this branch of science, but merely a cable woven of many small contributions and a system of self-sacrifice in the bosom of each worker at the bedside of our sick brethren.

A Blind Heathen Student.

Some time ago, a Christian missionary was visiting a number of villages in the interior of India, and he received an invitation to go to one he had not yet entered. On his arrival, the people gathered about him and begged him to send a missionary and a schoolmaster to teach them "the Sacred Book." "What do you know about my sacred book?" he asked. An old man sitting near answered, "I know a little of it," and began to repeat in Tamil the first two or three chapters of St. John's Gospel. To his surprise, also, he found that the man was totally blind. He asked how he could possibly have learned so much, when the man answered that a lad from some distance, who had been taught in a mission school, had for months been working in this village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had read this aloud so often that the blind man had learned it by heart, and none of the precious truths had been forgotten.



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CONSUMPTION NOT CONTAGIOUS.

The widespread alarm caused by the New York Health Board's wild, false, and untenable assertions to the effect that "Consumption is an infectious disease which can be communicated from the sick to the well," led the Chairman of the State Section of the American Medical Association, (the highest Medical Authority of the Profession) to apply to Dr. Robert Hunter, as the oldest and most experienced lung specialist of this country—for a paper giving scientific and incontrovertible proof of the utter falsity of the Board's contention, to be read at the 28th annual meeting of the Association, held at Philadelphia, June 2nd, 1897.

The points indubitably established by Dr. Hunter are as follows:

- 1st. That the history and all reliable statistics of the disease show that consumption is never communicated from the sick to the well.
- 2nd. That it never becomes epidemic as all infectious diseases do.
- 3rd. That instead of increasing through infection, it is steadily decreasing from generation to generation—which would be impossible were it infectious in any degree whatever.
- 4th. That consumption is one of the oldest diseases known to mankind, and was accurately described by Hippocrates 343 years before the birth of Christ. It is a lingering sickness which lasts for months, and often for years, during all of which time, if infectious, it would be throwing off the germs of the disease and infecting those in health.
- 5th. Nothing was ever done by the Profession to prevent its spread by infection, if it had power to do so, and yet at the end of twenty-five centuries of uninterrupted growth, it is found to be less prevalent and less fatal than it was at the beginning.

In England, where the death tables are compiled with the greatest care, the Annual Reports of the Registrar General show that the deaths by consumption in each million of the population were in

1860—	2,679
1870—	2,475
1880—	2,116
1890—	1,385

a decrease in 30 years of over 40 per cent.

Had each of these cases been a centre of contagion, producing new cases by infecting those in health, there could have been no decrease, but on the contrary, the deaths must have been increased by the numbers so infected.

No stronger proof that consumption is incapable of reproducing itself could be given than the fact that it is more prevalent in man than women. Women nurse and attend upon consumptives through their entire illness, and are constantly exposed to infection if it had the power to infect, and yet only 2,944 of these exposed females die of it to 4,482 males.

The great Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, London, in existence for over sixty years, is much the largest hospital for lung diseases in the world. It has a large staff of physicians with scores of nurses and other hospital attendants. If consumption was infectious it certainly would show itself among those in such close and constant contact with it, in all its worst and most advanced stages; and yet Dr. Williams, the senior physician, says: "Infection in the wards of the hospital between consumptives and non-consumptives is unknown."

Dr. Cotton, another eminent physician of long experience in the same hospital tells us the nurses are all in good health, while of the physicians, nineteen in number, only one has ever shown any sign of phthisis and he was delicate and consumptive when he came there.

Dr. Clapp reviews the above facts and declares that "a residence in a consumption hospital and long continued working in its wards among consumptive patients is a very good way indeed not to catch the disease!"

Other leading specialists, and writers on lung diseases, bear similar testimony.

Dr. Ancell says: "against the few facts that might seem to support the doctrine of contagion there are tens of thousands that refute it."

Dr. Forbes says, "among the thousands he has attended he never witnessed a case of infection by it."

Dr. Reginald Thompson could find but fifteen suspected cases out of 15,000 examined.

Dr. Flint but two possible cases out of 690—and Dr. Richardson no cases out of 3000 investigated.

Dr. Douglas Powell, speaking from his own personal knowledge, experience and observation, says, "Consumption is not infectious."

Dr. Duncan Turner gives "scores of cases where persons, worn by sorrow and suffering, lived in immediate contact with consumptives for years, when if infection were possible they could not have escaped,—nevertheless they came out of the ordeal unscathed."

Dr. Young says "all the evidence adduced to show the infectiousness of consumption is absurd."

My own personal experience for more than 50 years of active professional life, the chief part of which has been given to the study and treatment of lung diseases as a specialty,—each day being spent in the examination of their chests, analyzing their sputa, exposed at all times to their breath and to emanations from their bodies, with their expectorations always in my nostrils,—shows conclusively that it is not infectious and cannot be communicated by association. I have never in my fifty years of practice met with an instance of infection, or seen anything to make me believe it could be communicated from the sick to the well. With the records of over 50,000 cases so examined and treated by me I am able to speak with all the confidence of assured judgment in saying that there is no war-

rant or foundation for any belief that consumption is infectious or communicable in any degree under any circumstances whatever. The fact that it can be so communicated is disproved by statistics of Consumption in all civilized countries. The reports of consumption hospitals attest the united clinical experience of scientists throughout the civilized world, who long diseases a life study.

No physician can believe consumption without discrediting the annals of his profession,—the teachings of its leading authorities, the overwhelming judgment of the great medical practitioners.

To what then are we to attribute the believing it infectious by the New York Health Board? Was it gross ignorance of the fact that consumption on the part of the Medical Health Department some selfishness in view?

In the face of the facts established by statistics and incontrovertibly proved by the overwhelming testimony of the profession—of the New York Health Department Consumption contagious—is an inexplicable grounds creditable to that body. We cause or the motive, the setting up of the fake of infection, to terrorize and coerce was an outrage against truth and science, uphold it is a crime against humanity.

I can only say in conclusion to the Health Board regarding its ideas of consumption, as Cuvier said to the lexicographer, "I applied to him to know if his definition was correct. 'Lobster—a fish of a red color chiefly travels backwards.'"

"Yes," he replied, "perfectly correct except—'a lobster is not a fish, it is a color,—and it does not chiefly travel backwards.'"

Consumption is not infectious—it is communicable from the sick to the well,—neither be prevented nor cured by sequestering hospitals as recommended by the Board.

(Continued next Week.)

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remarkable since I have often avoided on account of my dry chest, went through dull pain, and began to become so deaf could not hear. Used Aerial Medication eight weeks, was fully restored, roaring and was entirely cured of Catarrh. Why anyone should suffer from Catarrh when there is such a good remedy. MISS CARRIE BOWERS, Rouseville, Pa.

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No lamp is a good one without the chimney in the

it.

Go by the Index.

Write Macbeth Pittsburg Pa.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE SHUT-OUTS.

Have all a warm corner in our hearts for the shut-ins, and we try, I am sure, to cheer their hearts by every means in our power. We think as much about the shut-outs as this subject in my head, as hearing Katharine, a pretty acquaintance, remark in a tone of surprise, "Why, Mrs. Cameron, thank you, he isn't coming here. It's an effort to talk with her, and I'm glad to do this hot day!" "He!" remonstrated her mother, "people think of you if you say 'he'?" Poor Mrs. Cameron cannot hear. It is an infirmity we pity. Poor lady, it shuts her out of all deal of pleasure!" "May be true, mamma," said Miss Cameron rather pertly, "but I've never made a great effort on your part to hear in the conversation. The fact is, she is deaf as a post, and she makes me uncomfortable because she's so close to hear, and so resolved to go exactly as if she had ears like the rest of us." "Her mother sighed. Of all things, she surpasses that of being shut out of public by a young daughter. If she were well brought up, she would be sweet and deferential. Girls learn how much they lose by being shut out of their mothers, nor can they know how manner stamps them. They are exactly where their position is, and among ladies or among bores. Mrs. Cameron, with her joint stick in her right hand, swinging jauntily away, a hearted girl, with golden blue eyes, so fine and fair in her face, that one longed to see her perfect that makes womanhood attractive. Her mother and I continued our conversation. "That I am sure of this matter, though I own I don't like being blamed by Katharine. She always disliked talking with me. I dread their trumpets and drums, and I shrink from bawling at their ears. My child inherits my supposition." "There was a pause. The silence fell like a thin veil, and the clock ticked in the far end of the room. "I remarked after awhile, 'one of the best women I know, and one of the best public speakers, a woman whose melody, and whose words carry themselves clear, across a large audience, and when she sits on a sofa by the side of me, she told me once that the secret of her speech, and of the beautiful quality of her speech, was that in childhood she had read and interpreted the reading to her deaf grandparents. 'I love her very dearly,' she told me, 'and I make up to them for their loss. I did not let them lose the phrase, nor a shade of meaning, nor help myself, and God has given me power in the power of speaking, and I can always be heard.'"

"The lady answered, 'that if I were selfish we would consider the silent days, and the loss of voice, and our deaf friends suffer from our own convenience, and we would let them be shut out, kept on the edge of social enjoyment, and from the interests which are so precious. When we get at the very heart of a sin, it is almost always selfishness which makes it grow strong and hard to get it out.'"

"I told long that day, and we both talked about love to our neighbor would be very careful to try and entertain

Mrs. Cameron whenever we could. And not alone Mrs. Cameron, but other deaf friends and acquaintances. From this we passed to speak of friends who were shut out from pleasures by iron walls of poverty, by hindering circumstances, by the lack of education, by the care of little children, and we made a quiet vow, that we would do what we could to give freedom and ease and timely help, whenever it came in our power, to any who were less fortunate than ourselves.

Mrs. Ainsworth has not been at church in six months; she cannot leave her babies nor take them with her, for every minister is not like dear Mr. Moody, who said not long ago one Sunday morning in Northfield, "I don't want that mother to be worried because her baby is fretting. Sit still, madam. I can preach louder than a baby can cry. What is a mother with a baby in her arms to do if she has no one to relieve her at home? She must either never go to church, or carry her baby with her. If any lady or gentleman is disturbed, she or he may go out, but mothers with their little ones must feel at liberty to stay." After that, the baby behaved like an angel, and the mother seemed to enjoy the service, since she had a warrant for being there from the lips of one whom she revered.

But, though the pastor would be glad to see the mother with her baby in the pew, the people in the pews often frown, and the mother feels uncomfortable when her little ones are restless in church. She should perhaps overcome the feeling, but she is too sensitive to do so, and she stays at home, losing all the help attendance at church would give her. She is a shut-out from the sanctuary, for the time being, and is in danger of forming a habit of staying contentedly at home, even after her limitations are removed by the growing up of her children.

Here there is a chance for the sweet young girl, free as a flower in the sunshine, to go from time to time to the relief of the burdened matron. She may spend a Sunday morning, once a month, with the nursery brood, letting her friends go to church in her place. And so she will beautifully assist one of Christ's dear people.

We can all think of other shut-outs, and other ways of helpfulness.

Margaret E. Sangster



WHEN SHE DRESSES

For street or home, the woman who values both health and appearance wears FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAIST. It insures the comfort and freedom for home wear, the elegance and grace of figure necessary to good form in dress. Recommended by physicians.

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A WARNING TO BOYS.

A Fall in Boyhood the Cause of Lifelong Suffering.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y.

Mr. Robert S. Howard, of Bridgewater, New York, has forwarded to us the accompanying valuable testimonial. From Mr. Howard's advanced age, after a life time of suffering from complicated diseases, his statement must be read with interest, and we have no doubt will go far towards convincing the doubting ones, of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a radical cure in all rheumatic and nervous affections and their sequelae.

Mr. Howard's reputation as a man and a citizen lends weight to his simple, straightforward statement.

Being desirous that others should be benefited as I have been, and that they may know that the means of relief is within easy reach, I make the following statement, solemnly declaring the same to be true in every particular:

"My name is Robert S. Howard. I am a miller by occupation. My postoffice address is Bridgewater, Oneida County, N. Y., and I am 67 years of age.

"I was a life-long invalid, my health being first impaired by a fall when a boy, which injured my spine. While in a weak condition from this cause, I caught cold, which developed into rheumatism that became chronic. In 1861 I was sufficiently recovered to think I could enlist and tried so to do, but was rejected, the surgeons telling me I was by no means cured, nor was I fit to go to the front. They knew better than I did, for very shortly after, I was again laid up with severe pain in the lumbar region. My kidneys were affected, and my joints grew swollen and painful. My usual position when trying to walk, was with my hands on my knees, every movement giving exquisite pain. I was in fact a cripple, and that became my normal condition, with few periods of partial relief until last fall. My digestion was much impaired, my stomach was in bad condition, and I, of course, had

heart affection after the long years of rheumatism. I had always, when in my bad spells, called in a physician, but I received very little benefit from the usual medical treatment, and at last these gentlemen pronounced my complaint general debility, involving all the organs, nearly, of which I am possessed.

"It was last fall, I say, when I began to read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I grew more and more interested in them through the accounts I saw of so many people being cured by them, until I came to the conclusion that they might do me good. I therefore bought two boxes of Pink Pills and proceeded to take them. It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that the first dose made me feel better than I had been in a long time, so I continued the treatment until I took all the pills I had. By that time I knew there was no fancy in the knowledge that I was getting well. My health is now in better condition than it ever has been since childhood. My appetite is good, I sleep well, all that distress in the back has disappeared, my joints no longer trouble me, and my health is better than it has been in 46 years, and improving all the time. I am able to attend to my business as a miller, and at 67 find myself more of a man than I ever was before. I shall continue to use Pink Pills, and advise others afflicted with any of the troubles that I suffered for a lifetime to do likewise.

(Signed) "R. S. HOWARD."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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DIRECTIONS FOR LIFE.

Apostolic Rules for the Conduct of Christians in the Various Relations of Life. (Eph. 6: 1-9.)



One singular characteristic of Christianity as Christ gave it to the world was the absence of specific legislation. In the Mosaic economy there were minute regulations as to what should be eaten and what avoided, what clothes might and might not be worn, what ceremonies should be observed and a multitude of other laws governing social and religious life. But Christ left all these untouched. He prescribed no form of church government, no order of worship. The Christian was to be a law unto himself. Christ aimed at the heart. If that was made right, all else would be right. Love of God and love of man would insure a life of love and beneficence. It was a law of liberty. How wise such a procedure was, we now see. The centuries have rolled by, bringing radical changes in social life; new inventions have opened up new forms of activity; new political systems have arisen, bringing new duties and new relations, but Christianity remains ever fresh, ever useful, ever applicable to the changed conditions. The principle of love never becomes obsolete. It regulates the life of the nineteenth century as it did the life of the first. Loyalty to Christ will issue in a life of usefulness and purity in our day just as surely as it did in the life of the first Christians. Indeed, as the years pass, and our lives broaden under the discoveries and enlarged views of civilization, we seem to get clearer views than our fathers had of the true principles of Christ's teaching, and find them penetrating deeper into our lives and taking hold of outlying points of conduct they had not previously touched. We see that the further we apply the principles of Christ the more beneficent they are. They affect the individual life, the family life, the conduct of business, the duties of the citizen, and international relations. Problems of society, about which he knew nothing, are solved by the principles he laid down; questions of conscience which were not conceivable to him in the simple life of Palestine, are settled by his rules.

As it is in the family, when the child is compassed around with prohibitions and restrictions and is controlled and directed in every action of his life; but when he grows up is left free to regulate his own life, we expect him to be just as good a son and just as correct in his deportment as when he was a boy; so the Christian emancipated from law is as good a man as the Jew who was under the law. Indeed we expect a fuller and more intelligent service from the free man than from the one who is under the law. As the son grown to maturity anticipates his father's wishes and does more and better than the father could have expected him to do as a child, so the Christian yields no perfunctory or mechanical obedience, but cheerfully does the will of his Father who is in heaven. Thus in our forms of worship and of Church relation, widely as they differ, there is an emula- in all to be nearer and more completely in harmony with God.

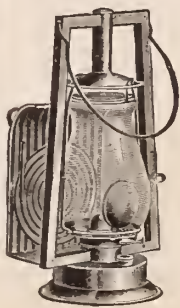
The Apostle Paul follows Christ's example in the directions for practical life which form the basis of the Topic. The spirit of Christ is to animate the parents and the children, the master and the servant. The children are to honor and obey, and the father is to avoid the pragmatical, irritating demeanor which runs a child's temper. Each is to show to the other the consideration due to the respective relations. The servant is to give conscientious service, and the master is to treat him with the kindness of one who hopes for kindness to himself from his Master in heaven. The whole system of personal relation is lifted out of the lower selfish order, and is placed on the higher plane of duty and conscience. The result must be beneficent in all cases. The parent will have better children, and the children will have a more pleasant life; the master's interests will be safe and the servant will receive his rights. Thus the law of liberty becomes a law stringent and penetrating, working in all for righteousness.

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Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A - I - A country of South America. | 16. B - S M - - K A noted river. |
| 2. - - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water. | 17. - - C T O - I - Another name for a country. |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea. | 18. P - R - U - A - Country. |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river. | 19. A - S T - A - I - A big city. |
| 5. T - A - - S Well known river of Europe. | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of a prominent person. |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States. | 21. T - - A - One of the United States. |
| 7. H - - - - X A city of Canada. | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once I lived in the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water. | 23. - U - - N A large lake. |
| 9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States. | 24. E - E - S - N A noted person. |
| 10. - A - R - I - A city of Spain. | 25. C - R - A A foreign country, size as Kansas. |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well known island. | 26. B - R - - O A large island. |
| 12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R - D Pop. 1,000,000. |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world. | 28. B - H - I - G A sea. |
| 14. S - A - L - E - A great explorer. | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean. |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States. | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An island. |

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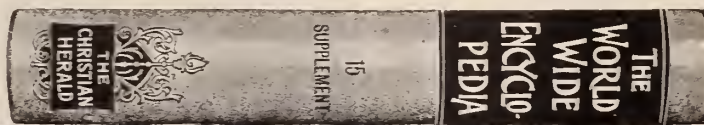
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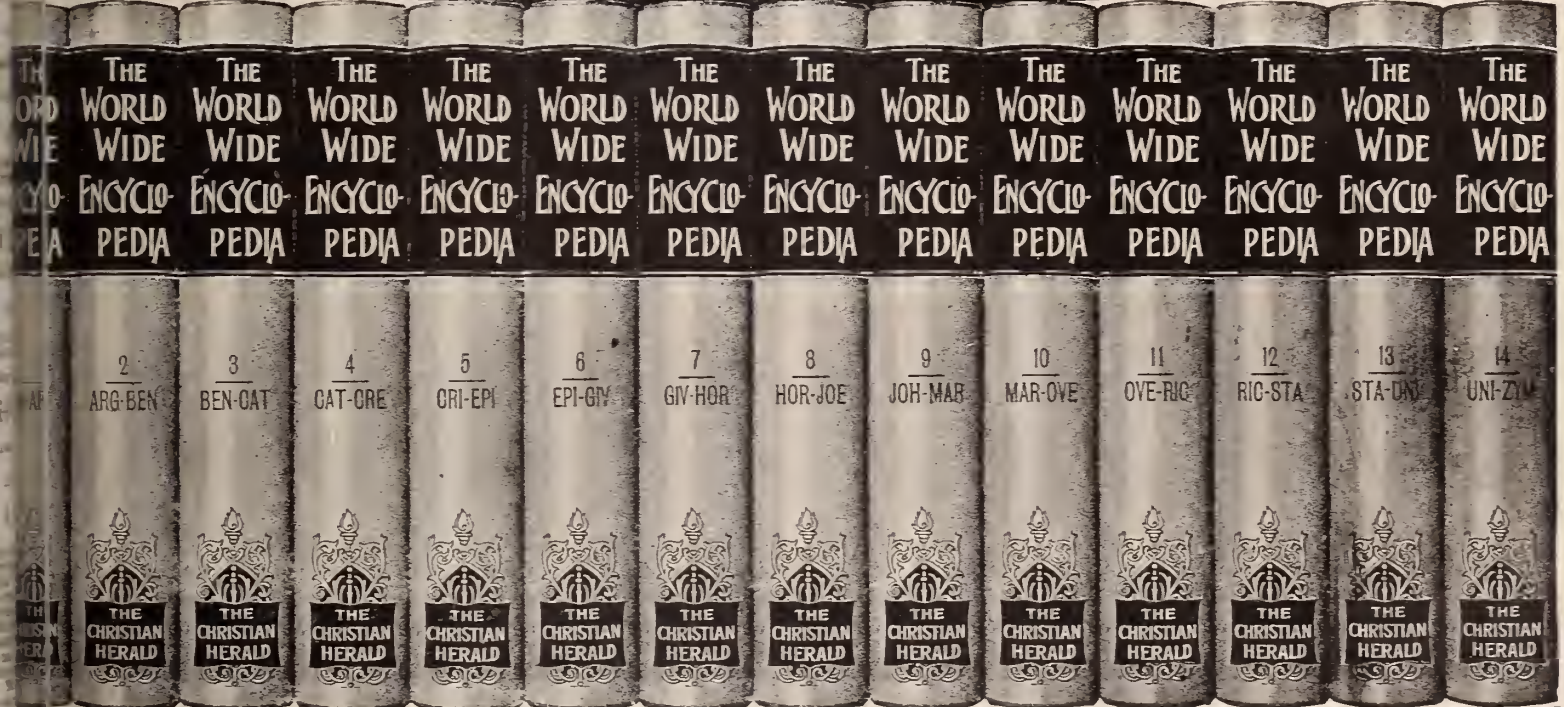
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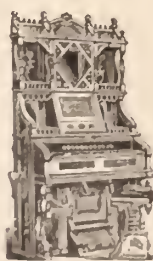
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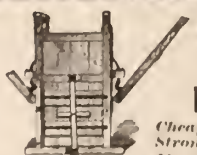
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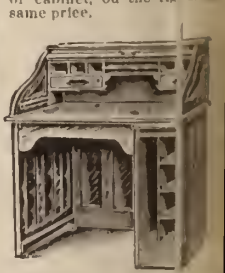


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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1897. VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 36. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FAMINE RELIEF WORKERS IN INDIA

The Christian Herald's Fund is Being Distributed by Bishop Thoburn's Inter-Denominational Missionary Committee.



Rev. Dr. Talmage of New York.

group of portraits published on this page is reproduced from a photograph kindly forwarded to us by the Christian Herald. The photograph was taken at Jabalpur on the day the missionaries representing four denominational societies assembled by Bishop Thoburn to apportion

Presbyterian; and Rev. David Finlayson, Church of Scotland. Three other members of the Committee who were not able to be present at the first meeting were Mr. Benjamin Aitken, Independent; Dr. Z. Uhl, American Evangelical Lutheran; and Miss Helen Stevens, of the London Missionary Society. The meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Jabalpur, a photograph of which is also published on this page. There can be no doubt that in the hands of a committee representing so many societies and so many sections of India, the fund will be wisely and fairly administered. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is honored by having missionaries so eminent willing to devote time and trouble to this onerous work, and is glad that all denominations have cheerfully co-operated in the labor. We are sure that whatever may be the field in which the heaviest burden is felt, its claims will receive kindly and sympathetic consideration, and prompt aid will be rendered. Thus the funds being on

From a report of the meeting forwarded to us by the Secretary, Rev. E. S. Hume, we learn that after listening to the stories of the missionaries and reading the letters of those unable to attend, a resolution was passed that "In view of the widespread and great distress reported, the money in hand should be appropriated to the relief of pressing need and distributed immediately." Checks were drawn at once in proportion to the urgency reported and were sent out that day. Speaking with Bishop Thoburn shortly afterward, the bankers informed him that the checks were speedily converted into cash, and the whole sum was in the hands of the missionaries in the various fields within a few days. The eagerness with which the missionaries secured their share of the funds showed how bitter was the need and how anxious they were to save the lives of the people who were appealing to them for food. A large number of the people relieved were Christians. Mr. Hume writes that a crore of rupees (about \$33,000) was thus paid out. He adds that "During the meet-

from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund and the following resolution was passed unanimously and enthusiastically:

Resolved:—That the Secretary convey the most hearty thanks of all present to the friends in America, who have sent out through "The Christian Herald" such very generous gifts for use in Famine Relief; also the same to the Proprietor of that paper whose enterprise and Christian sympathy have made this great movement possible.

To this cordial resolution, which we are sure will be gratifying to every contributor to the Fund, Bishop Thoburn adds: "You have every reason to be thankful that God has permitted you to become a blessing to so many thousands in this stricken land." In sending the report of the proceedings, Mr. Hume says: "The work which you are doing for India through the Famine Fund can never be forgotten. The Christian spirit THE CHRISTIAN HERALD



M.E. CHURCH, JABALPUR

has manifested has been an example to all. You and those who have contributed to your Fund must feel great satisfaction at having done such a grand work. As Secretary of your Committee, I am receiving most urgent letters, begging for help. The need for relief has not been so great at any time as now. I trust we shall receive further funds from America to meet the urgent calls which come in from every side."

Since Mr. Hume wrote the above letter, another remittance of fifty thousand dollars has been cabled to the Committee, so that the worthy Secretary must have been able to respond to the appeals promptly on their reaching him. It must have gladdened his heart to have in hand the funds for the work.

Among the reports of Famine Relief work presented at the meeting were the

(Continued on page 675.)



Mr. L. Booth. Rev. E. Mortimer. Rev. G. L. Wharton. Rev. R. P. M. Stanley. Rev. H. Forman. Rev. D. Jones. Rev. Andrew Stoll. Rev. A. G. Danielson. Rev. George Lambert. Bishop J. M. Thoburn. Rev. T. S. Johnson. Rev. J. C. Blair. Rev. David Finlayson. Rev. E. S. Hume. Rev. Samuel Baker. Rev. J. A. F. Warren.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" INTER-DENOMINATIONAL COMMITTEE AT JABALPUR, INDIA.

Weylan; Rev. Andrew Stoll, German Evangelical; Rev. A. G. Danielson, Swedish Evangelical; Rev. J. C. Blair,

the spot, the time of sending appeals to this office will be saved and the aid will be extended where it is most needed.

ing there were many expressions of gratitude for the generous and timely aid which has been received by the missionaries



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A Believer in Missions, Missouri. There are persons in this community who claim that the money given for Foreign Missions is used to pay the salaries of persons in this country, (meaning perhaps members of mission boards, etc.), or that the money passes through so many hands, that it never reaches the missionaries. I believe these charges are absolutely untrue. Am I right?

There is no foundation for such charges. Speaking generally for the missionary boards, we believe them, without exception, to be honestly and conscientiously conducted. The result of their efforts is of incalculable value to the Gospel cause, and any money entrusted to their hands is absolutely safe, and will be applied in strict accordance with the wishes of the donors.

Reader, Leadville, Colo., Thomas Owens, Carlisle, Ky., and G. T. G., and others. Does not your statement that the relics found by Prof. Flinders Petrie in Egypt, were over five thousand years old, conflict with Bible chronology? These figures carry us back beyond the date of the creation.

The commonly accepted chronology of the Bible makes the date of the Creation 4004 years before Christ. As we are now in the year 1897 after Christ, it follows that the entire period is 5,897 years. There is therefore no conflict with Bible chronology in our statement as to the relics being over five thousand years old. At the same time you must remember that the system of chronology which gives 4004 as the date of creation, forms no part of the Bible itself. It is constructed on calculations based on the generations mentioned in the Bible, but these generations may not have been continuous or they may have overlapped, so that there are many considerations which render such a system extremely unreliable. The early records of Genesis were evidently never designed to be the basis of a strict chronological computation. The Bible writers were anxious, first of all, to teach religious truth and even when they wrote history, they were less careful about dates than about the spiritual lessons to be drawn from their narrative. The dates of all events previous to the accession of Solomon are uncertain.

Subscriber, Boston, Mass. Will you kindly tell me the origin of Faith, Hope and Charity; also why represented by figures of women?

The "Three Graces" of mythology were Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia, who were supposed to be in attendance on Venus or Apollo, and who represented grace, beauty, and joy respectively. In the Christian interpretation, they are superseded by Faith, Hope and Charity, who are known as the Three Christian Graces. (See 1 Cor. 13:13) The reason why feminine figures are chosen is doubtless that in art the feminine figure is invariably selected to represent the more delicate emotions, and the masculine to portray the stronger and more heroic.

The Klondike gold craze has stirred the muse of Yone Noguchi (the famous young Japanese poet, resident in Oakland, Cal.) to express his contempt for gold-hunting in sounding lines. He likens the hunters to men who have abandoned happiness for an unsatisfying phantom. We quote these lines from a copy of his verses, which he has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Thou, art, battling for gold-dew, art a demon-child unlike the father-god.
Gather mortal, the boundless, boundless gold that
hills not abund o'er adieu—
The world-drumming gold that kindles mortal's
delight—O gold! not the Klondike gold—
The gold at the proud gate of San Francisco Bay,
ave, the divine gold of the majestic sun!

Hark! An awoken, about Klondike gold!
Nay, mort d, the gold of day!
Aye, the emperor's sin, the snow-robed
Alaska land with a crown of golden light!

This is the poetry of nature-worship, and breathes the same spirit as that of the Druid or the Zoroastrian.

Jessie Watterson, Cleveland, O. What are the uses and characteristics of the lithograph? I saw it mentioned in an article lately, but found no intelligent explanation.

It is a French invention designed to record words as they are spoken. As in the case of the phonograph wax cylinders, the sounds of the human voice trace irregular lines on sheets of smoked paper, which are fitted upon

a revolving wheel, and these sounds, it is claimed, can be reproduced with absolute accuracy. Write to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., for complete description.

S. E. Caton, Santa Cruz, Calif. Is the confessional employed in the Greek Church?

Yes; confession, ablution, penance and prayers for the dead.

T. B. S., Fairfield, Ia. Why do you say that the First Epistle to the Corinthians was written from Ephesus, when the Epistle is dated from Philippi?

The date forms no part of the epistle and it is omitted in the Revised Version. There are several references which show that Paul was writing at a period later than his short stay at Philippi. 1 Cor. 15:32 shows that he had been at Ephesus when he wrote, and 1 Cor. 16:8, showed that he purposed remaining there for some time longer. The rational inference, therefore, is that he was there when he wrote the epistle. Possibly it may have been sent to the Corinthian Church from



CEREMONIAL IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE, CEYLON.

The Singhalese are devoted to Buddhism, which is, indeed, the dominant religion of the island of Ceylon; but it does not exist among them in the same purity that characterizes it in India, although the sacred books are identical. The Singhalese priests are wealthy and influential as a class, and own one-third of the tillable land of the island. Our photograph represents a party of Buddhist priests assembled in a temple, and engaged in one of the ceremonials of their religion.

Philippi, if Timothy and the others mentioned in the date line were not going farther at that time; and so some one at Corinth receiving it endorsed it with the name of Philippi.

Anxious Reader, Gill, Mass. Is there any hope for a poor weak sinner who was recently a professing Christian, but has fallen through temptation under the power of his besetting sin?

Certainly there is hope for him, both of his forgiveness and his emancipation. Backsliders are assured of forgiveness if they plead for it through Christ, and with sincere sorrow for their fall. The sin must be forsaken, and there must be a firm resolve in Christ's strength to avoid the temptation in future. There should also be an earnest endeavor to find out the circumstances which lead to the sin so that they may be avoided. There must be, too, a constant watchfulness and unceasing prayer for Christ's strength to resist. (See 1 Cor. 7:9; Jer. 3:12, 22; Nos. 14:4; 11 Chron. 7:9-11.)

H. C. K. How do you explain Christ's statement (Matt. 10:33) that he came to set members of the same family at variance?

It was the result of his coming, not the purpose of it. Christ was warning the people who came to him of the sufferings they would have to endure, among which was this of the hostility of their near relatives. Many were offering themselves as his disciples who expected that he would become the King of

Israel, and that they would share his glory, and he wished none to come with any such idea. He wanted them to count the cost, and he told them of the trials awaiting them if they followed him. They must be quite sure that they loved him so well that if their fathers or their brothers cast them off for being Christians they would be faithful to Christ even at the cost of losing the love of their relatives.

Richard, M., Providence, R. I. Is "Klondike" an American or Canadian word? What does it mean?

It is a native Indian word, and, accurately written, is "Thron-duck," meaning "plenty of fish," given to the locality, doubtless, because of the abundance of fish found in the river.

Pastor. What can be done with these easy-going, good-natured, self-confident, sanctimonious professors of religion, who feel that they possess all the grace, piety, and Christian virtues necessary, and who never speak, sing or pray in social meetings, remaining mute throughout the service, but who on any secular occasion will manifest great interest and enthusiasm by word and manner, and contribute in every way to make such gatherings a success?

Don't judge them too harshly. It may be that they feel deeply and have true religion right in their hearts, although they are constitutionally deficient in moral courage and the qualities that are needed for speaking and praying in public. The mute worshipper is not necessarily less sincere than he who is a ready speaker. Everyone according to his gift or talent. You should take your quiet folks and put them in active Christian work where they don't need to fret about their inability to speak in public. Keep them busy and you may be surprised at the zeal and energy they will show. Remember that public speech, after all, is an accomplishment and not a

of Cardinal Wolsey and numerous events, including the invention of railways and the end of the world. Doubtless "prophecies" attributed to her are not

W. W. W., Wallace, Va. I find in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 18, 1897, on page 6, an article headed "Only Nance." It is an picture of mountain life; about the best I have read. I have been doing Christian work in the mountains for five years, and quite a number of other workers are associated with me, working without salaries, and have to do our work as cheaply as possible.

R. A. G., Millbrook, N. Y. Where in New York City can I obtain instruction, either private or in a school, in burning designs on wood? Write to the Secretary of the Art Students League, Fifty-seventh street, New York, for full information.

W. G. R., Oneco, Fla. What is the population of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic?

The population of the capital in 1896 was 549,307.

A Swedish reader sends us this note: "There is a large fair in Stockholm this on account of being the king's twenty-fifth as a regent, and in vain have I been looking your paper for some mention about it."

An illustrated article on the subject appeared in our issue of April 7. Those who come to this country make good and our correspondent's letter shows that do not forget the home-land.

This appeal from a reader in Elgin may suggest an opportunity to other readers to help what seems to be a very deserving cause.

Last May a few of us got together and a Sabbath School away here in the mountains of Eastern Oregon, on the little River Minu has prospered. It seems as though it is starting-point for a revival. The said that Uncle Billy would have superintendent, for some one we to pray. I thank God I could pray you send us a few good books. You have lots of them in your Schools that your folks have things would be a great help to ones here in these mountains. If you have some books, send them to W. We call our school Pine Grove Sunday School, Elgin, Union Co.

We do not believe a better library to be made of old libraries than them to this mountain Sunday

C. W. K., Augusta, Ga. Where is the Garden of Eden to be found?

We have repeatedly replied to letters like the above, at different times, but the inquiry is a perennial investigation as to the site of Eden has been completely baffled. Arabia, Syria, Ceylon, India, have each claimed to be the site of the Garden described in Genesis. The preponderance of opinion among modern scholars seems to favor Armenia. A number of volumes has been written on the subject, but it is quite as uncertain as ever.

Mrs. C. L. C. R., Summit, N. J. Are there any missionaries in Thibet? If many, and have there been converts?

Notwithstanding the fact that missionaries are not openly permitted in Thibet, several brave pioneers of the Gospel have begun operations on the frontier. Miss Annie R. Taylor, several companions, about a year ago, started a Thibetan Gospel mission on the border, which has been considerably enlarged. Moravian Brethren occupy stations in Little Thibet, but have not been permitted to enter Thibet. The China Inland Mission is engaged in border work and awaits opportunity to enter.

Constant Reader, Allentown, Pa. The verses are not connected in any way. The case the reference is to the confession in which was the basis of rock, and in the writer simply gave the greeting of who were with him when he wrote. man, Lyonsville, Cal. The nearest we get is Job 28:35.—J. A. G., Paw Paw, Mo. The persistence of misrepresentation hood provoked him to emphatic contradiction. There is imported food and a native-grown food, but the price is means of the poor. As in other lands causes high prices.—A. R. G. E., Galt, Mo. Write to Ditson & Co., N. Y.—D. W. So. Dak. It is not.—Miss Clara I. Haven, Ct. It is at Mont-Lawn, near the Hudson, N. Y.—M. L. D., Bryan, Mo. Answer to Reader, Leadville, on Thibet. R. B. J., Darien, Mo. The Christian never discusses politics. You certainly interpreted the meaning of the sermon S. Morris, Ill. It is an old English and it still in existence can doubtless be through American publishers such as Harpers.—R. S. G., Northfield, Minn. reliable, we believe.—A. B. C., Garfield, N. Y. full name and address and we will send you.—Subr., Pokesville, N. Y. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York.—Mrs. W. C. B., Lee, Mass. I have ten no such book.—Reader, Newark, N. J. questionably it would conduce to heal the foot to have the place cleaned and the dust removed.—Constant Reader, Newark, can find what you want at Ocean Grove

virtue. None should omit, however, that act of public acknowledgment which is the duty of every Christian. (Matt. 10:32.)

Subscriber, Atkinson, Neb. Did Paul baptize his converts? If not, why did he not?

Paul answers your second question himself (see 1 Cor. 1:17.) He implies that he had something better to do. Christ sent him not to baptize but to preach the Gospel. The value of baptism in the case of the Corinthian converts was that it was a public profession of their faith—it placed them on record. This result would be attained whoever administered the rite, and, therefore, Paul relegated the duty to some other Christian. After he left, the Corinthians began to think there was some special significance about it, and for this Paul reproves them.

Subscriber. What could I get the World-Wide Encyclopedia for if I can pay all at once and send right away?

The regular price is \$13, but for cash (to subscribers only) we will allow ten per cent. discount, making the price \$11.70.

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Can you give any information concerning the prophecy of Mother Shipton in the 13th or 14th century?

"Mother Shipton" (who is said to have been Ursula Southiel, wife of Tobias Shipton, a humber in Yorkshire, England), lived about 1486. Other accounts give her a different name. She is said to have predicted the death

THE BABIES' FLOATING HOSPITAL.

John's Guild is Doing for the Tender Little Children of the Metropolis in Midsummer—Happy Youngsters and Thankful Mothers.

HERE is no more beautiful or deserving charity in New York at the present time—amid its multitude of benevolences—than the St. John's Guild, whose peculiar mission is to save the young and tender babies of the tenements. When the relentless sun pours his suffocating heat down on the close quarters of the poor, and the children droop in the sickly perspiration, then, like messengers of mercy, the agents of the Guild come with

made each week during the hottest weather. The Seaside Home had over 1800 patients. Caring for this vast army of children cost only an average of twenty-six cents per day for each. Last year the Floating Hospital, the Seaside Home, and the City Hospital were more in demand for the children's work than in any previous year of the Guild's history. Between \$45,000 and \$50,000 a year are expended in the conduct of the work as a whole. During the last season the general depression in business has resulted in a very considerable reduction in the contributions, but the Guild was carried through the year successfully, relieving over 60,000 little sufferers and brightening thousands of homes.

Many of the trips of the Floating Hospital are made at the expense of individual donors who thus, in a quiet and unostentatious way, have a large share in the saving of hundreds of little weaklings. On such trips the number carried ranges from 500 to 1500. The

Our Famine Relief Workers in India.

(Continued from First Page.)

following: Rev. Daniel Jones of the Baptist Mission at Agra, said that their Mission sought to give relief by giving employment to the needy. On his compound, 18 hand-mills are kept busy, giving employment to a number of women. The flour is taken over by the Rev. J. P. Haythornthwaite, of the Church Missionary Society, who oversees the distribution of it, to the needy. One hundred weavers also are kept busy at their looms, and a number of women are engaged in spinning. The Municipality has helped them by giving them an order for Rs. 1,000 worth of cloth. The weaver community generally, have been the chief sufferers. They have a few orphans also, for whose support they are responsible.

Rev. R. P. M. Stanley, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, reported that gratuitous relief is being distributed from seven centres, in their Mission. That week the numbers receiving it were 6,200, the previous week 6,000. They give employment to 500. Lack of funds prevents them

to stop their distribution, many of these had to go to the government poor-house; but the people complain that they are ill-treated there and do not get enough to eat.

Rev. A. G. Danielson of the Swedish Mission at Chhindwara, said that around their seven stations there is distress: Sagar is the worst of all. They could use unlimited sums of money there in relieving distress. The very poor, the orphan and destitute children, are specially singled out for help. Sometimes hundreds sit about the mission compound all day. Their orphanage is full; 110 is the highest number their society will undertake the care of. In addition to this they have 35, collected in a temporary orphanage. In the Chhindwara and Betul districts together the society allows for only 100 orphans, but this number has already been exceeded by about 25.



THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

come invincibly the mother and babies alike, in the assurance of killed medical attention, and a life-giving from the sea. The photographer reported in the columns on this general interest of the work of St. John's Guild. On all the days, the large ties up the lines on the ships and West of the city, and the crowds of mother and children with their babies are received guests, and with wholesome and pure, fresh air invigorated the sea air. In the bath are four hot baths and cold tubs, and as soon as the water is clear the fresh work of the little children in real salt water. One of the barge is used as a hospital, and the weakest children are taken care of by skilful doctors and nurses. The nationalities are represented among the beneficiaries of this beautiful charity. It is at the Seaside Hospital of the Guild that the full realization of the beneficence is apparent. It is capable of accommodating 250 sick children and mothers in the summer months, when the children of the poor who huddle together in the unhealthy tenements, are suffering, as it always full. Pale, wan and dying when they come there, when they leave after a week or fortnight's sojourn, the little patients are so changed as to be hardly recognizable, the ruddy hue of health taking the place of the pallor of sickness. Last year nearly 57,000 children and their parents were carried down the harbor, an average of five trips being



MOTHERS AND BABIES ON THE PIER, WAITING FOR THE BABIES' HOSPITAL BOAT.

big barge is well fitted out and equipped for its work, and the crowds of tired and anxious mothers who throng its decks thoroughly appreciate the kindness that has provided these life-giving outings for their frail little ones. For the hungry there is an abundant supply of good milk and bread and other substantial, and there are doctors and nurses nearby to afford relief to any little sufferer. The cribs in the Floating Hospital are cool and inviting, and of snowy whiteness—just the place for tired babies to sleep soundly, and the salt water bath-rooms are well patronized by those mothers who know how invigorating to a weak child is a dip in the sea. In a single season nearly 10,000 salt-water baths are given to the little folks, besides a large number to grown-up girls and women who accompany them.

reaching more than half the number they would be glad to help.

Rev. J. A. F. Warren, Protestant Episcopal, Jabalpur, in referring to the famine work at the Society's station, at Agra, said that Mr. Haythornthwaite had sold his piano in order to get money for famine relief. In Jabalpur they have 150 children. The Mansion House Fund helps them to the extent of Rs. 226 per month. The society has also helped them, but is unable to send more money.

Rev. David Finlayson (of Sioni, Chappara, in the Central Provinces), reported that they had distributed uncooked food for four months at the rate of ten to twelve dollars a day, and their money was all done. They selected the most needy and the lame, blind and lepers as their special objects of charity. Since they have had

CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund until the brethren who were surrounded by people actually dying of starvation, had received the money they needed.

Dr. T. S. Johnson, of the Methodist Mission at Jabalpur, said that usually the death rate in that district was fifty in the thousand, but during the famine the rate had risen in the Northern part to 626 in the thousand. More than half the population had been swept away. The official reports were appalling, "but the worst is not known."

Rev. A. Stoll told how in a journey of twelve miles a fellow missionary had seen fifty corpses lying near the road, many of them half-eaten. Dogs cannot live near some of the villages, because the people catch and eat them, so fearful is the pressure of hunger.

A FREEZING RESTING PLACE.

Rev. G. L. Wharton (Christian Mission, Hurda) reported urgent need of funds. He had seen as many as seven people dead round their compound at Bilaspur. Mr. Gordon of Nungeli in that district, undertakes to distribute relief in ten of the villages around them. Their Orphan Asylum and Leper Asylum are full. Every day some dead bodies are found lying about. They often came to an end of their means, and then a check would come and enable them to go on again. Mr. Wharton's instructions to all workers are that the gifts are to be given in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Samuel Baker, of the Society of Friends, told a sad story of destitution around their missions, but he nobly said that as they had still a small sum in their treasury, it would not be right to ask for any share of THE



LABOR STRIKES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } Whatsoever ye would that men should
on the Text: Matt. 7: 12. - - - - } do to you, do you even so to them.



THE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employees' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Gives us more wages," cry the employees. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain condition, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four million hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clinched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop will stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes. Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.

I shall not show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the

throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are internal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder.

The poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States are their demented coadjutors.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the railroad in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on ship-board the hour they were going to sail, or in printing-offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house

scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if to-day capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it points from my text roseate and jubilant, and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the homespun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity downstairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetice. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary War there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Leave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

"Oh," says some wiseacre, "talk as you will, the law of demand and supply will regulate these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know who Supply and Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life-boat, and they cry out to you, "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom?" If you can borrow \$5000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say, "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation,

the law of kindness, the law of the law of Christ. Have you not seen the coming of such a time? The law of the Bible. All the full of promises on this subject the ages roll on the time will come of men of fortune will be giving law to humanitarian and evangelistic and there will be more James and Peter Coopers and William Dodges and George Peabodys, time comes there will be more picture-galleries, more gardens open for the holiday people working-classes.

I was reading in regard to a church had been made in England ago beth Palace, that it was excluded that charge demonstrated the sul that to the grounds of that wealth eight hundred poor families passes, and forty croquet compartments on the half-holidays four thousand people recline on the grass, walk the paths, and sit under the tree is Gospel—Gospel on the win out-of-doors worth just as much doors. That time is going to come is only a hint of what is going to time is going to come when, if anything in your house worth—pictures, pieces of sculpture, going to invite me to come and you are going to invite my friends and see them, and you will say, "I have been blessed with. God bless me this, and so far as enjoying yours also." That is Gospel.

In crossing the Alleghany many years ago, the stage had Henry Clay dismounted from his horse and went out on a rock at the top of the cliff, and he stood there cloak wrapped about him, and he was listening for something. He said to him, "What are you listening for?" Standing there, on the top of the cliff, he said, "I am listening to the footstep of the coming of this continent." A sublime position for an American statesman! You stand on the mountain-top of the Rock of Ages, and we hear coming from the happy industries, and smiling people, and the consecrated fortunes, and the numerous prosperities of the nineteenth and the opening twentieth century.

The great patriot of France, Victor Hugo, died. The ten thousand of his will given to the poor of the world, only a hint of the work he did for nations and for all times. I wonder how they allowed eleven days to pass his death and his burial, his body time kept under triumphal arches, the world could hardly afford to bury a man who for more than eight decades by his unparalleled genius blessed the name shall be a terror to all doers an encouragement to the struggle, made the world's burden lighter, its darkness less dense, and its less galling, and its thrones on less secure.

But Victor Hugo was not the friend of mankind. The greatest of capitalist and toiler, and they will yet bring them together in record, was born one Christmas on the curtains of heaven swung, still wings angelic. Owner of all this continents, all worlds, and all of light. Capitalist of immensity over to our condition. Coming world, not by gate of palace, but barn. Spending his first night shepherds. Gathering afterward him the fishermen to be his clerics. With adze, and saw, and axe, and in a carpenter-shop himself brother with the tradesmen all things, and yet on a hillock Jerusalem one day resigning even others, keeping not so much as pay for his obsequies; by charity the suburbs of a city that had out. Before the cross of such a and such a carpenter, all men to shake hands and worship. Every man's Christ. None so poor, he was higher. None so poor, poorer. At his feet the hostile will yet renounce their animosities countenances which have gloried the prejudices and revenge of shall brighten with the smile of he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

FOR A JEWISH COMMONWEALTH.

Object of the Zionist Congress at Basle Explained—Its Leaders and their Plans for Hebrew Restoration to Palestine.

August 14. Every Christian seems to me who accepts the divine origin and inspiration of the Old



DR. THEODORE HERZL.

as an integral part of his relief, must view the great gathering of "Zionist" Hebrews at Basle at the close of this month with feelings of interest and sympathy. What does this mean? I will answer the question by quoting its definition on the official programme of the Congress. It is a movement for the creation of an internationally recognized (*volkerrechtlich gesichert*) refuge for those Jews who are either unable or unwilling to assimilate themselves in the present places of abode." This is a comprehensive enough. The situation of Jews is not the same everywhere as in the United States. If the contrary were true there would be no need of a Zionist movement. In Russia close on to five million children of Israel are pent up in narrow space called "the Jewish Ghetto" in Germany, Austria and France, the butt of the Anti-Semites or "Kluge", whose numbers are increasing every day; in semi-civilized countries, like Poland and Morocco, they are hounded and persecuted with remorseless cruelty. It is no less to go into an elaboration of the causes of this bitter antagonism, the faults doubtless on both sides. In this situation, an appalling one, which Dr. Theodore Herzl, Max Nordau and the other great initiators of the Zionist movement propose to remedy by the re-establishment of a Jewish commonwealth in the land of their fathers—Palestine. "The time has come for the Jews!" is therefore the slogan of these latter-day prophets



DR. MAX NORDAU IN HIS STUDY.

And it must not be forgotten that they have the authority of Holy Writ on their side. Did not the Lord say unto Abraham: "For all the land which thou see, thee will I give it, and to thy seed after thee" (Gen. 13: 15). Also when Abraham attained his 99th year, the Lord

made a covenant with him, saying: "And I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession." (Gen. 17: 8.) So that this promise should not be forgotten by the children of Israel the Almighty repeated it a third time to Jacob: "Behold, I will make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, and I will make of thee a multitude of people; and will give this land to thy seed after thee for an everlasting possession."

The Rev. W. H. Hechler, of Vienna, an enthusiastic Christian Zionist, has discovered further justification for the promotion and encouragement of Zionism. He points to the prophecy in Revelations 11: 2: "and the holy city shall they (the Gentiles) tread under foot forty and two months." The question arises: When was the Holy City first trodden under foot by the Gentiles? History points to the years 637 and 638 after Christ's birth, when Omar, the third Khalifa and father-in-law of the prophet Mahomet, occupied Jerusalem and turned the Christian Church, which had taken the place of the Hebrew temple on Mount Moriah into a Turkish mosque—the present Mosque of Omar. The prophets, as Dr. Hechler points out, held a month to contain thirty days, but a day with them was of a year's duration! Consequently, forty-two prophetic months are equivalent to 1260 years, and if we add this figure to the dates 637 or 638 after Christ, above mentioned, we obtain the figures 1897 or 1898. The Rev. Dr. Hechler's conclusion is that since the period of Jerusalem's degradation, as stated in the prophecy, has come to an end, the time is ripe for the children of Israel to enter again into the possession of their own.

So much for the purely religious aspect of the question. Even those who refuse to see in the consummation of Zionism a fulfilment of prophecy must agree that the present intolerable situation of the Jews in some European countries demands prompt attention on the part of humanitarians of every race and religious belief. Neither Herzl, who first set the ball rolling with his remarkable pamphlet, "Der Judenstaat," nor Max Nordau, the brilliant author of "Conventional Lies" and "Degeneration," pretend to justify the movement on the ground of divine revelation. A just pride in the traditions of their ancient race, an intense pity for the sufferings of their poorer brethren, a noble desire to rescue many millions of their race from the moral and physical bondage in which circumstances have placed them—these are the sentiments which have spurred the Zionist leaders to action. Strange enough, their motives have been misunderstood or wilfully misinterpreted by some of the very people from whom they had the best right to expect aid and comfort. A section of the rabbiatical fraternity of Germany and Austria, fearing that an assertion of Jewish nationalism would justify the Anti-Semitic accusation that the Jew lacks patriotic feeling, started an open crusade against the Zionist movement which at first impeded its progress to some extent. Max Nordau, however, told me yesterday that the opposition had been practically overcome.

Max Nordau makes light of the pretence advanced by many rabbis that Judaism has a "mission" to fulfil in bringing about the union of all nations in one bond of love and brotherhood. Israel's mission, he argues, is to be true to herself, in the

first place. Humanity in general will benefit far more from contact with "a strong, a free, a united, a well-developed nation of Jews," than with "a down trodden, persecuted, despised and homeless Judenthum." It is not as the victims of Jew-baiters but as the representatives of a strong and independent race that their influence will be felt in the council of nations.

It is gratifying to note the enthusiasm with which the Zionist idea has been greeted by Christian philanthropists and divines in all the leading countries of Europe. In Protestant England, the warmest sympathy has gone out to the movement from prominent members of every religious denomination and the evangelical churches of North Germany have shown an equally friendly spirit—the truly Christian spirit which aids and encourages every worthy humanitarian work, regardless of doctrinal considerations.

A few months ago, the well-known writer, Israel Zangwill, and Arthur Bentwich,



"THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS," NEW YORK.

visited Palestine on a mission of exploration on behalf of the Zionist scheme. Here is what Bentwich has to say, in summing up his impressions:

In all my travels I have seldom seen a land and a people so monstrously calumniated as Palestine and its inhabitants. Far from being the deserted wilderness so often pictured, it is in every sense of the word as of yore, a land flowing with milk and honey, capable of regeneration and development in the interests of humanity and of its former inhabitants. The native population does not consist of beggars and loafers as is said of their brethren in other countries; but on the contrary of working mechanics, vine growers, agriculturists, and wage-earners of every kind.

Major Conder, a non-Jew, but a zealous Zionist, notwithstanding, remarks:

Properly cultivated, the country would not alone support its own population, but also produce a large surplus of cereals for exportation, thus competing with the Russian and Indian grain markets. I have traveled in the farming districts of Bechuanaland, and of Western Transvaal; I have passed through the Karoo country to the borders of the Kalahari desert, but even these rich countries now in the hands of British colonizers do not compare in point of fertility and advantages of irrigation with modern Palestine.

The outlook for Zionism is therefore bright enough on the whole, and this century, which has witnessed so many extraordinary changes in the history of the nations may possibly add yet another one to the list—the return of God's chosen people to the land of their forefathers. That would be a triumph indeed for civilization and humanity! V. GRIBAYDOFF.

A NEW MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The Church of the Strangers in New York Founded by the Late Dr. Deems to have a New Edifice.



CHRISTIAN people who were acquainted with the late Dr. Charles F. Deems and his work, will be glad to know that the church he founded and with which he was so long identified, is to

continue on the lines he laid down. It is necessary for the Church of the Strangers in New York, to find a new church home, but it is gratifying to learn that it is to be in



REV. DR. ASA BLACKBURN.

the same locality where alone the kind of work it has been doing, can be done. The present pastor, Dr. D. Asa Blackburn, and the members of his church are not disposed to follow the movement of the churches away from the abodes

of the poor to the more aristocratic regions uptown. They believe that there is need for a church with the principles of Christ, in its present neighborhood. It would be easy to gather a congregation of the well-to-do in the uptown districts and the financial condition of the church would doubtless be increased by such a move; but as Dr. Blackburn says, there is a large population of working people around the present site and he would like to have it said now, as it was said in the time of the Master: "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

The church and its pastor would like to remain just where they are, but that is impossible. The church stands on leasehold ground, and its lease has nearly expired. It would amaze the men who signed the original lease, if they knew how the value of the land has increased during the running of the lease. No longer is the worth of that section estimated by the crops the fields would produce, or the pasture they would afford. Since the lease was signed, the fields have disappeared, and huge wholesale dry-goods houses rear their heads around the old church. The price of the ground is now quoted by the yard, not by the acre. The trustees of the Snug Harbor estate, to whom the land will soon revert, know too well the value of the site to renew the lease on any terms that the members of the church could hope to accept. A new site and a new edifice must be secured, and this will be a formidable undertaking. Both the pastor and his flock have, however, a great deal of that faith which surmounts obstacles and they are setting to work with cheerful hearts. Already the congregation has pledged twelve thousand dollars, and there is an endowment fund of twenty-three thousand more, ready for just such emergency as this. Thus \$35,000 is provided as a nucleus, and the church is considering the ways and means of raising this to \$100,000 which will be needed for the new building. Some help will be required, as the congregation is poor.

Happily, the church is in that kind of spiritual condition in which financial difficulties usually disappear. During the two years of Dr. Blackburn's pastorate 175 members have been added to the church, and there is on the part of the various societies a spirit of activity and aggressiveness which shows that religion with them is no formal, lifeless thing. The church is engaged in precisely the kind of effort that Dr. Deems inaugurated and it is proposed to continue it and to make the new edifice a memorial to the eminent man who planned and started the enterprise and gave it his best years.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 19. Acts 20: 22-35. Golden Text Acts 20: 35.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

PAUL had already seen, before the outbreak of persecution in the riot at Ephesus, that his time of ministry in that city had come to an end. This we see in his purpose in the Spirit to go through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem and afterwards to see Rome; with no mention whatever of returning to Ephesus. He knew the leading of his God. But it might have been hard for the elders of the church at Ephesus to understand how Paul could leave them, after three years of such ministry that all that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord (Acts 19: 10, 21). Had not the riot of the silversmiths brought them to understand the Word of the Lord Jesus? "When they persecute you in one city flee unto another" (Matt. 10: 23). We can always trust our Lord to justify us in the eyes of others when we steadily and humbly follow his known will.

The Apostle after a visit to Macedonia, spent three months in Greece, and was driven thence by the persecuting Jews who plotted against him. His companions in labor multiplied. Hitherto we have heard only of Barnabas, Silas, and Timothy. By inference, we believe Luke also was with him in Macedonia. Now we read of Sopater, Aristarchus, Secundus, Gaius, Tychichus, and Trophimus. The time of Paul's active service was drawing to an end, and this Elijah of the Gospel must have Elishas on whom his mantle might fall. All this journey had something of a farewell character: the Apostle seems to have passed somewhat rapidly through Macedonia and Greece; and he spent only one week in Troas, in Asia Minor, from whence he went on foot to Assos, and thence by ship to Mitylene and Miletus. At Troas, he preached on the first day of the week, and there his heart was so full that he remained until midnight, the occasion where Eutychus was raised from the dead.

Paul's haste was caused by a consciousness that he must be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost. Thus, instead of visiting the beloved church at Ephesus, he sent for the elders of that church to come and meet him at Miletus for a solemn farewell. It might at first sight seem as though there were something of egotism in what Paul says to them about his own ministry. But the circumstances were unique. He was the first missionary of the Christian Church; called by God to carry Christ's name before the Gentiles, and made of him "the Apostle of the Gentiles." As the instrument of the Holy Ghost he had founded the Church of Christ in Asia, of which Ephesus was one of the most important centres. Paul's ministry was to be the type of Christian ministry for the Church in all ages; he spoke not of an ideal but of a life lived out. Paul knew that he himself was "nothing" (1 Cor. 12: 11). "Two years previously he had written to the Galatians, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me' (Gal. 2: 20). Thus, we know that it was not to magnify himself he spoke of his ministry. All his life's spirit testified how truly he meant what he said. By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. 15: 10).

When the elders "were come to him he said unto them, Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons." Like his Lord before him, Paul partook with them of their ordinary life. He was not in any way an ecclesiastic, regarding

himself as a privileged and superior person. No working man in the church could say it was easy for Paul to serve God; he got his living without labor and not by the sweat of his brow; anyone could be a Christian if they could be maintained without working. Such words are often spoken against ministers and Christian workers, by those who do not know that very often their work is as hard or harder than that of a day laborer. Paul could not admit the possibility of such an assertion: "Yea, yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities and to them that were with me." No man could say of Paul that he labored from interested motives. "I have been with you at all seasons, in your hours of labor, in your health, your joy and your sorrow, in your family life and your business, I have been a father to you." But with all this Paul was no servant of men. Serving the Lord with all humility of mind. "Every service done to the church or to the weakest members of it was entirely free from anything personal. Paul was at the disposal of his brethren only in the Lord at the Lord's call and not at theirs. And he served with all humility of mind. Real humility is absence of self, being utterly and only at the disposal of God; counting for nothing but as he chooses to use us. And Paul's ministry was 'with many tears.' He knew what fellowship with Christ's sufferings meant (Phil. 3: 10), he filled up 'that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ in [his] flesh for his body's sake, which is the church.' (Col. 1: 24.) Paul laid things to heart; all that touched the state of the church touched him. He could not take things superficially. O how often when trouble arises in a church the first thought of many of the members is to prove to themselves and others that they themselves are not to blame! Then, in self-righteous, self-consciousness, they sit in judgment upon those whom they consider to be worthy of blame, instead of taking upon them their people's shame, as Daniel did his (Dan. 9: 20), or Paul, when he said, 'Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?' (1 Cor. 11: 29.) "By the space of three years I ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears, and apart from them, were his temptations or trials which befell him by the lying in wait of the Jews. Like the Lord before him, Paul had the constant testing of the presence of unfriendly critics and persecutors. It was God's opportunity for the manifestation in him of the spirit of Christ, the Lamb of God.

And his teaching: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you." There was no policy in Paul's preaching; he took his command from above and left to his God the responsibility of how the word should be received. And he did not trust alone to his public ministrations. "But have shewed you and have taught you." He showed in his own life what he taught and his teaching was "publicly and from house to house." This man took pains. He sought for their souls as one that must give account. (Heb. 13: 7.) And his teaching had the ring of truth: "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." His life showed the reality of his teaching. "I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel." Having counted all things but loss for Christ. (Phil. 3: 7.) he could live among the money loving merchants of Ephesus without at all imbibing their spirit, and he longs to impart the disinterested spirit which was in him, to the Ephesian elders. "I have shewed you all things, how that so I do not live (as he did) for his daily bread, ye

ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" (ver. 33-35.)

"And now, behold, I go, bound in the Spirit, unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." We are reminded of Christ when he steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem. (Luke 9: 51.) How often on this journey our Lord sought to make the disciples understand that he was going up to Jerusalem to suffer and die, yet nothing should turn him aside. Paul had caught the Master's spirit. If he, like his Lord, was to be a lamb led to the slaughter (Isa. 53: 7), Paul desired nothing else.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

RETURNING to the history of Paul's life we take up the story where we left it, in the lesson of August 29. Paul left Ephesus shortly after the disturbance in the theatre and went to Macedonia, which now forms part of Turkey. In this district were the churches of Philippi, Thessalonica and Berea, which he probably visited. Thence, having met Titus and obtained news of the church at Corinth, he turned southward into Greece to the region which in other places he calls Achaia. The news Titus had brought him from Corinth was better than he might have expected. His reproof had been received with meekness and the church had purged itself and had obeyed his instructions. He was now able to visit it in peace, and he stayed with the

mentators some trouble. It did mean that Paul was already bound in which compelled him to go. It was a constraint of conscience, a conviction he ought to go, and Paul was not to be deterred from doing a duty dangers he might encounter. Let his spirit. When he was summoned appear before the Emperor at the Worms, his friends begged him not to go and warned him that his life in the Diet were powerful and perilous. His reply was: "If there are many devils in Worms as there are in the houstops, I would go."

Neither count I my life dear unto Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, frequently threatened with death due to work; but he never faltered. "Alas," he said, "is for God. I am ready for doing it. It is for God to take my life. When he has no further use of me, I may fall and I am quite sure that it should be so; but all the while in the country cannot kill me till it is done." The Sachems sent threaten him, but he replied: "I am of them. Tell those who sent you I am under the protection of Almighty God and I shall go on with my work, any fear of what man can do to me men stared at him in amazement, courage and went away without him violence.

I have not shunned to declare The late Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston to draw a picture which was alike to ministers who fear to offend hearers, and to hearers who are by preachers who warn them of the consequences of their sins. It was to minister at the gate of heaven.

his hearers sees him and begs him to go for his admission, reminded of his wife and of his neglect of Christ. "Why was I warned?" the hearer said. "I did warn you, I with you but you would listen, your mind of other things and sent my faithful plies the minister hearer had to acknowledge that it was so. I would have been reproach of the man he had been unable to the man to witness had been faithful!

Which is able to do up. The Apostle who have proved true,

Bowery Mission of New York night men stand up and testify so. One night a gentleman was and evidently a man of education. "My failing is drink. I lost my through my drunken habits. I wife and children and for their sake of my venerable father's heart was broken by seeing his son going down to a drunkard's struggle with all my might to Again and again I signed the plea to break it when the terrible th upon me. I got down to the last and was doing any kind of work to earn a few pennies to with. All my family had lost as I had of myself, when one winter I came into this room to keep warm. I heard the word, 'power.' That I knew I wanted, and I listened, that the power of God would be any one who sincerely desired and would trust God's promise power of God! Yes that was what I ed. Nothing less than that would that might. Could I have it? I assured that I could, and I heard a meeting say that they had obtained believed and I want to-night to testimony to theirs. It does sound keeps. I have never touched of liquor since that night. My of failed, all the good motives I of failed, but the power of God.

Ye ought to support the weak. spending his vacation among in tains saw a shepherd set out to find a stray sheep. He was hours and came home very tired in having found it. "It was says the pastor, 'I shall never may I always seek Christ's wand



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF MILETUS.

Corinthian converts three months. He had, as we saw in a former lesson, been careful to make collections in all the churches for the poor brethren at Jerusalem, and he proposed to take the money to them at the Feast of Pentecost. Apparently at the last moment, a Jewish plot against his life was discovered, and he threw his enemies off his track he set out northward by land to Philippi. His companions, who were going with him to Jerusalem, went by sea to Troas, where they were to wait for Paul. Leaving Philippi by ship, Luke apparently having joined him as shown by the reappearance of the pronoun "we," they sailed down the eastern side of the Aegean sea, the vessel, probably a trader, calling at various ports. At Troas a stay of seven days was made, and a service was held. The incidental remark that "on the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread," is valuable in these days when people are asking when the change of the day of rest from Saturday to Sunday was made. Evidently in Paul's time it was on the first day of the week that the people met together to celebrate the Lord's Supper and to praise and pray. From Troas Paul walked twenty miles to Assos, and there rejoined the ship which went on from Troas without him. The voyage was continued in a southerly direction to Miletus. Paul apparently was unwilling to risk a journey thence to Ephesus, lest he should not be back before the ship sailed. But, anxious to communicate with the church there, he sent for a deputation to come to Miletus and talk with him. When the leaders arrived, he gave them the address which is the subject of the lesson.

Bound in the Spirit. This is a peculiar expression which has given the com-

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

here Nationalities Mingle—Narrow and Awkward Thoroughfares, Where Animals have Equal Rights with Pedestrians—Jerusalem Crowds.

HAL our visit to the streets of Jerusalem be a pleasure trip? Pictures of trees, flowers, parks with groups of people sitting or strolling here or there,

dingy or dark, suggests the haunts of wild beasts, rather than the abodes of human beings. This labyrinth of thoroughfares, crossing and recrossing each other everywhere seems perfectly natural and familiar to the residents of Jerusalem, and they laugh at the idea of a person being lost in the city.

The houses of Jerusalem have no numbers; that would interfere with the indefiniteness of which Orientals are masters. If you ask an Arab for a certain place, he never points to it, nor in its direction; he will sweep his extended hand and arm over at least a quarter of the circle, and say as he does so, "it is over that way."

Of course no vehicle is seen in the streets of Jerusalem,* the streets were not made for such a purpose. As will be seen from the facts just stated these streets are entirely too narrow for a wagon to enter them. Even could wagons enter, they could not turn into another street because the angles are so sharp, nor could they return by the way they entered.

Formerly very few of the streets were paved, and those only with rough stones over which it was difficult to walk. Those not paved were deep with filth. In recent years the "principal" streets have been paved with small blocks quarried in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and are not now so

objectionable or uncomfortable as before. It is almost needless to say that the streets have no sidewalks. The doors of

posed or expected to step up into the store. He is thus exposed to two dangers, to be run over by animals passing in the street, and to be cheated by the shopkeeper. The size of shop here described is the general rule, to which there are a few exceptions.

If the question is asked why Jerusalem was built in this way, that is with such narrow streets, the reply is that this is the rule in all Oriental cities. The streets were not made to accommodate traffic and travel, but to keep out enemies. Another noticeable feature in an Oriental city is the fact that against the second story of the house, where they have a second story, balconies are built out over the street. The roof or house tops all being flat, soldiers have always found it difficult to penetrate into the streets of a city, since from the projecting balconies and the flat roofs the inhabitants had every advantage for defence. Many facts in illustration of this are on record.

Ibrahim Pasha once sent a company of brave troops into one of the villages south of Damascus, and not a man of them returned. Even the veterans of Titus, in A. D. 70, when they had broken the second wall and entered Jerusalem, were driven out again by the Jews who swarmed on the house-tops and threw down stones and other missiles upon their foes until they were forced to retreat.

What American does not take pleasure in walking about one of our large cities at night? Broad streets amply lighted everywhere, lavish displays in the windows, gay and happy people moving in all directions, everything attractive and delightful. On the contrary, the streets of an Oriental city at night are deserted. They are given up to hungry, prowling dogs, while possibly here and there a dull oil lamp relieves only to intensify the gloom. Perhaps nothing illustrates in a more striking degree the difference between Oriental and Occidental life than the streets of Jerusalem.

independence. Just the opposite is true. With his great ears falling back, his long neck drooping a little as though the enormous head it supports were too heavy for it, he comes straight toward you. You give him a push with both your hands, but he is stronger than you and will not budge. You must stand aside or be knocked down. If you have a walking-stick you try it on the next one you en-



A STREET WHERE CARRIAGES ARE ALLOWED.

counter. You hit him a smart blow or two over the head, round to one side goes that neck like a swinging wooden gate, but his body never deviates from a straight line. When you meet a camel or a donkey some one turns out, but it is neither the camel nor the donkey. How is it with the poor dogs? You step over them, maybe tread on them, but their right to the street is the same as yours and only force compels them to turn aside.

How shall we describe the multitudes of men and women whom we encounter everywhere? We cannot help noticing the Babel of tongues. On the day of Pentecost (Acts 11), the fact of fifteen different languages or distinct dialects being spoken made the occasion a memorable one; but at one time I counted nearly forty different languages that were then spoken in the Holy City, and of these it is inevitable that a large number would be heard in the streets, shops, and market places of Jerusalem.

The crowd is a promiscuous one: animals, children, women, and men. To a stranger the greatest confusion seems to prevail; yet a sort of wild order controls its movements. Every man claims the street as his own and he acts accordingly, doing what appears to us the strangest things; at the same time he admits that it belongs equally to every other individually. The crowd is not a turbulent one. It is certainly rough, but it jostles without violence.

This crowd, however, slow and apparently passive, can at times become a desperate mob, as lawless as wild beasts. Those who have witnessed the wild, savage, not to say shocking scenes connected with the Greek Fire in the Holy Sepulchre, know too well the truth of my remark.

This generally easy-going crowd, sluggish as it seems to us, that will not stir from the path unless pushed out of the way, is not wholly asleep or indifferent, for the instant the approach is announced of an official, the Governor, some consul, or some distinguished visitor

who is preceded by an official guard, everybody is on the alert; men rise up from their benches or coffee-shop chairs; the crowd becomes elastic and opens a wide path of its own accord and the transformation that takes place for a moment or two in peasants, shopkeepers, camel drivers, loungers, and even beggars is simply wonderful. There is attention and quietness; deference is thus paid to the person of position or rank who happens to be passing by.

SELAH MERRILL.



CROWDED JERUSALEM STREET.

en fountains, sidewalks, beautiful elegant shop-windows full of the carriages, ladies leading small boys, by-wagons and pretty dogs, must be banished from our minds, for we shall find nothing of the kind. These things do not exist. In their places we shall find a very crowded with interesting scenes and objects which no doubt amuse us and gratify our curiosity. We find ourselves in one of the strangest places we have ever visited. Centuries ago the enthusiasts called the city the "centre of the world," and we shall discover that this is a large basis of this assertion, for people from the ends of the earth, and the motley of strange dresses, different customs, the unfamiliar faces, the features of women in such endless variety, will occupy our eyes to the fullest extent.

First we must take a bird's-eye view of the city which we are about to visit. It is a small city, a distance across it being only about half a mile north to south, and the same from east to west. It contains a little more than one hundred acres. If, for

example, we take some city which very many of our readers know, Central Park in New York, we find it contains eight hundred and thirty acres, and consequently is four times the size of Jerusalem. Central Park has one hundred carriage roads, six miles of paths, and thirty miles of foot paths. Jerusalem has about ten miles of streets, counting every alley where men and women go. Streets, lanes, alleys, courts, and passages, covered ways, all of them narrow, and filthy, most of them



JERUSALEM LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM NEAR THE DAMASCUS GATE.

the shops (all stores are called "shops") and of the houses as well, are one and in many instances two feet above the street, and as the shops are very small, a person must stand outside (that is in the street) and make his purchases. He is not sup-

*NOTE.—This was true until within a very few years, but now carriages are allowed to enter by the Jaffa Gate and go as far as the Barracks and the English church, a distance of two hundred yards, or to the Armenian Convent, which is one hundred yards further; and they also enter the Damascus Gate and with great difficulty go a short distance to the Court House.

plem and those of Boston or New York when compared at night.

In the streets of Jerusalem animals and men seem to have equal rights. Of what other place on the globe could this be said? You meet a camel, a donkey, or a dog, and naturally expect that they will turn out especially if you shake your stick at them. Not so; the camel stalks on majestically, jostling aside men and women as indifferently as though they were so many flies. But the little donkey surely will be afraid to assume such a degree of

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
T. DE WITT TAINEGE
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Our Relief Work in India.

UNDER Divine blessing, the generosity of those who aided in establishing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund for India is being made instrumental in "bringing events to pass." A number of letters from our missionary distributors reaches us by every India mail, every letter full of rejoicing that the writer has been permitted to share in this grand relief work, which has already saved many thousands of lives.

From our esteemed contemporary, *The Indian Witness* (issued weekly by the Methodist Publishing House, Calcutta), we reprint the following, as illustrating the general feeling among the missionaries:

Pursuant to notice, a meeting of missionaries, representing no less than fifteen different societies, took place at Jabalpur on Thursday the 15th inst., to distribute the large sum of money sent out for famine relief by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York. Bishop Thoburn presided, and the Rev. E. S. Hume of Bombay acted as secretary. Seventeen missionaries were present, all of whom, except three, were there as representatives of one or more Societies. Several others were represented by letters. Rs. 1,00,000 (about \$33,000) was distributed, and the whole amount was paid out by check before the adjournment of the meeting. It would be saying too little to remark that the utmost harmony prevailed. From the very outset it was noted that a very unusual degree of fraternal love and deep Christian sympathy was manifest on every side. The only contest which took place was the frequent effort manifested by brethren to sacrifice their claims in favor of others who were more needy.

Much more has been accomplished since the foregoing was printed in India, a month ago. Other meetings have been held and large sums apportioned from the Fund; the *Christian Herald* of New York has been distributed and widespread relief has been given to multitudes of the perishing natives. God has blessed the work amazingly, and it has far exceeded all expectations, and the blessing will be abundant in proportion.

Persecution of the Jews.

WE have no sympathy with the slang about the "Jew." We read and hear it on all sides. "Stingy as a Jew," "sharp as a Jew," "Jewed out of it." We have seen as much of the world as most people, and we testify that the Gentile is no better than the Jew. No better in morals. The Gentiles are in vast majority in Sing Sing and in the Tombs, and on Blackwell's Island. The Gentiles are no better in providence and fore-

thought. They are in large majorities in the alms-houses and poor-farms. They are no better in the profession of the law. Moses, the greatest lawyer the world ever saw was a Jew. The Gentiles are no better in banking. The Rothschilds are Jews. The Gentiles are no better in military life. Joshua, the mention of whose name makes every man's heart beat a half dozen extra strokes, was a Jew. The Gentiles are no better statesmen. Disraeli was a Jew. The Gentiles are no better theologians. The Lord Jesus Christ was a Jew. But you say: "that race are physically inferior to our race." How so? "Oh!" you say, "they are smaller in stature." But what makes you think that six feet is a better height for the human race than five feet? Did you Englishmen ever hear of little Wellington? Did you Frenchmen ever hear of little Napoleon? There are a great many tall fools! A crane is taller than a dove, yet who prefers a crane? But you say: "their features are not so attractive as those of the Gentile." Who decreed that the nostril curved downward is any worse than the nostril curved upward? But you say: "they wear flashy jewelry and are uncleanly in their habits, and smoke cigars on the verandah." What a charge to be made by this smoking, spitting, cadaverous Gentile nation! One half of our young men are smoking themselves to death. I have been told that down at Coney Island on one Sabbath when the sleighing was good, there were seven hundred cigars sold at one counter in one day. Attached to all railroad trains we have a floating pig-sty called the "Gentlemen's Smoking-car," and as to the "Gentlemen's Cabin" in our ferry-boats, ha! ha! I think that most of the smoke belongs to the new dispensation. Even ministers of the Gospel who say that the Gentiles are superior to the Jews—even ministers of the Gospel smoke. Some of them smoke until their nerves are all gone. Some of them smoke themselves into the grave, and we go out to Greenwood and see beautiful inscriptions on their tombstones: "Died of overwork in the Lord's service," when if we told the truth we would say, "tobacco killed them." In one denomination of Christians I was told a man was not considered orthodox if he did not smoke.

There are many Gentiles who cannot pay their rent nor get healthy food and decent garments for their children, who smoke. There is a family which does not send the children to school because the children are not well enough dressed; but the father smokes. He thinks he is smoking tobacco. He is smoking up the worldly prospects and the immortal souls of his children. Yet that man asks for help. Great men are we, the smoking Gentiles, to criticize the smoking Jews. But they are not cleanly, people say. I answer that the weak point of the Gentiles is not washing too much! To see some men in our cities you would not think they lived so near the East River and the Potomac and the Atlantic ocean. Go into your city court room after there has been a trial for a long time on, or into the hall where there is a good Democratic convention or a rousing Republican meeting, and tell me if that atmosphere is all Jewish malodor. Go into one of those first-rate Republican or Democratic halls after the meeting has been in session two hours and make a chemical analysis of the atmosphere, and you will find that the atmosphere consists of ten parts: five whiskey, three garlic, one cologne, one oxygen.

I have baptized by immersion men who were woefully in lack of physical ablution, and been tempted to leave them in the tank. The Gentile race had better take a very large dose of soap before it denounces the Jew for the appearance of his knuckles. But you say: "they wear such flashy jewelry." That is not peculiar to Jews. The American nation is covered up with it. There are factories going day and night manufacturing pearl breast-pins and

cameo finger-rings and amethystine ear-drops and solitaires by the quart. Why, you can get a "gold" watch for three dollars and a-half they say, on Chatham street. The Jews sell them, but the Gentiles buy them! And young men there are in our cities, on five hundred dollars a year salaries, who have glittering gold chains from the button-hole of the vest clear to the watch-pocket. Heaven deliver this country from this ocean of pinchbeck jewelry. As you cannot make out these things peculiar to the Jews, I repeat my first proposition. The Gentile is no better than the Jew.

"Oh!" you say — and I heard it stated in one of the pulpits last summer—"the Jews are condemned to be a hissing and a by-word among all nations, and it is only a fulfillment of prophecy." Ah! the city of Jerusalem was prophesied to be destroyed. Was that any excuse for the ministers? It was prophesied long before that Jesus Christ should be slain. Was that an excuse for his murderers?

The Favorite People.

AFTER writing the above editorial concerning the persecution of the Jews and intimating that a Gentile is no better than a Jew, I must remark that a Jew is no better than a Gentile. There is a good deal of religious bosh about the Jews being God's favorite people. They once were. They are not now. God gave especial advantages and bent over them with especial love; but they struck him hard in the face. The greatest crime of the universe and of the ages was committed by them. They slew Christ. You tell me that the Jews are God's favorite people because he is evidently going to take them all back to Palestine. I believe that many of that race will go back there. There are many things pointing that way; among them the fact that no nation has been able to get permanent possession of Jerusalem. The Romans tried it and failed; the Persians tried it and failed; the Saracens tried it and failed; the Egyptians, and failed; the Mamelukes, and failed; the Turks, and they will fail. It seems as if it is being kept for the Jews, I admit. Does that prove they are God's favorite people? Oh, you say, it is a land of figs, and olives, and pomegranates, and almond trees and wonderful skies. But the Englishman would rather stay in England, and the Italian in Italy, and the Frenchman in France, and the American in the United States. The fact that God is going to take them back to Jerusalem does not prove that they are his favorites any more than when we are in Europe and the Lord brings us safely home, that fact proves we are his favorites. I should a great deal prefer Washington to Jerusalem. The Jews once were God's favorite people, but not now. Jew and Gentile, and all the other races are in the sight of the Gospel equal. One law by which to be tried. One throne of judgment to announce approval or condemnation.

Oh, what a grand thing in this country that there is no governmental patronage for any church, so that Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, stand on the same platform; and while there is no Roman Catholic blood in my veins, I declare that if the time should come when the humblest Roman Catholic should be assaulted because of his attempt to worship God in his own way, there is not a Protestant in the United States worthy of the name, who would not shoulder his musket and march out to the defence of the cathedrals and the convents! If you have a right to throw stones at Roman Catholicism, then Roman Catholicism has a right to throw stones at you.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those who are sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BRIEF NOTES.

There are now upwards of 21,000 Hope and other juvenile temperance societies, 3,500,000 members. The Band of Hope will be celebrated in November.

A Sunday School Superintendent is being confined to his home by an accident. Arrangements promptly made to perform his duties. By means of telephone and megaphone, he opened and closed the school from his chamber.

The Victorian (Australia) Baptist, instituted in 1884, under which it was raised \$100,000 for a training college, a church and building fund, a sustentation fund, a hospital fund, has passed its expectations raised \$320,636.

The Emperor of China has conferred Imperial Order of the Double Dragon on B. C. Atterbury, M. D., one of the American missionaries in China, in recognition of his medical services to the Chinese soldiers during the late war with Japan.

Christian work in the Klondike being done by the Protestant Episcopal Missions as well as by the Presbyterian described in this journal last week. Dr. a medical missionary has his headquarters in City and Bishop Rowe is moving to the same place.

Dr. Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Germany, says concerning alcohol by brain workers: "I can conceive of no worse preparation for literary work than the use of alcoholic stimulants. My opinion is that among literary men worthy of the name, the increasing, but, on the contrary, is diminishing."

Dr. John B. Wood, President of the Children's Rest at Merchantville, requests the prayers of God's people that they may contribute to the heating apparatus and basement for winter playroom, etc., may be by the Lord's children, who can spare those purposes.

The report of the English Bible Missionary Society shows that it has, at present, 134 missionaries, 747 local preachers, 103 preaching places, 11,868 full members on trial, 403 juvenile members, and 24,054 pupils, an increase in nearly every department.

A correspondent in Nebraska that the Evangelists Byron Beall, of Fort Union, N. D., and his wife, are being much needed in their revival services. They have worked in several towns, and over two hundred people have made profession of faith. "They are a most spirit, and anxious to reach the whole country with saving influences."

Dr. R. S. Storrs has decided to resign the presidency of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He assigns as his reason that he is six years of age, and having given to the service, he is entitled to relief. His decision causes general regret. His influence is very happy one, and the results of his labors have been exceedingly beneficial.

The difficulty of translating the Korean is increased by the peculiarity of the country. As illustrations of the difficulties J. S. Gale mentions the fact that the Korean word for bread, therefore would not understand a statement that He is the bread of life; never seen a sheep, would not know him meant by saying "I am the good shepherd."

The latest report of the American Bible Missionary Union shows that it has at present missionary stations in Asia, which include China, Japan, Burma, Assam, and India. It has 1,026 out-stations, 4,000 missionaries, 1,105 native preachers, 500 Bible workers, 853 churches, 524 of which are supported; and 99,504 members of native churches.

A novel reason for not contributing to Missions was given recently by a New Englander, as reported by a Baptist. When the collector for her mission asked her for a contribution she answered: "I have nothing to give for foreign missions. I am thinking over this whole question, and I like to have you tell me what the best ever done for me."

Miss Jane Addams, Chief Work of Hull House, in Chicago, and one of the eminent settlement workers in the United States, has been appointed post-mistress of the station to be located in the house. She did not seek the work, but finding acceptance will be an advantage to her friends, she has entered Uncle Sam's list. It will not curtail her settlement work.

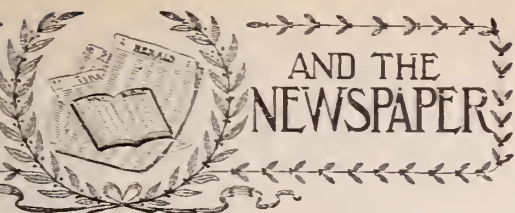
According to the Lutheran Almanac Year-Book, the total membership of the Church in the United States in 1896 was 1,428,693 communicants, against 949,000 in 1886, a gain of just about half a million in the ten years. Of the four general bodies into which the divided, the General Synod is the second, having 200,000 communicants. The last Synodical Conference with 450,000.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, M. A., is a few weeks in New York before returning to work in India. He is giving lectures on Ceylon, illustrated with stereoscopic photographs showing native costumes, etc. Any Christian who wishes to learn the actual life in India from the lips of an intelligent native, should address him at 40 East Twenty-Third Street, New York City.

The Evangelical Lutheran Mission Society of Leipzig, Germany, represents India, among the Tamils, as prospering. Last year of nearly 1,000 souls were won from the heathen. The missionaries among the higher classes have received their education in the neutral European schools, is greatly hindered and disturbing revival of Hinduism, set on foot by Kananda Swami.

The National Woman's Christian Union will hold its twenty-fourth convention in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 29th to Nov. 1st. It is expected that the proceedings will be unusually interesting character. Many of the workers from the World's Convention held at Toronto in October are expected to attend. Among these, Lady Henry Somerset is prominent. She has accepted an invitation to read a convention sermon.

AND THE NEWSPAPER



A Brooklyn lawyer has received a mysterious commission from a lady in France. She believes that her parents are in America, and she wants the lawyer to find them for her, and offers him a thousand francs (\$200) if he succeeds. Her story is a romantic one. She writes that for about eleven years she has been living in France with a man whom she believed to be her father. He was a wealthy ship-builder and broker, and he lavished large sums on her education and her general comfort. He died recently, leaving her in his will the bulk of his property. A short time before his death he made a startling disclosure to her. He said that she was not his child, but the daughter of his brother. This brother formerly lived in France. He became engaged to a lady there whom he was anxious to marry. But some difficulties arose, and finally the pair eloped from France and came to America. After their marriage they settled in Brooklyn, where the child was born. When she was four or five years old her father's brother paid them a visit. He grew very fond of his little niece, and

CZAR NICHOLAS II.



of them, looking around the base of the cliff for mechanical help, found a stout hickory pole, which he applied as a lever. The girl cried in agony as the boulder yielded. She begged them to desist, as the stone seemed to be grinding her ankle to pieces. It was no time to hesitate: another effort and the big stone rolled off the ledge and she was free, but her ankle was broken by the movement. She was carried away half-fainting with the pain but thankful that her life was spared. Under other circumstances they would have waited until they could move the boulder without causing her so painful an injury; but in that emergency it was better that the ankle should be broken, than that she should be drowned. There come times like that in the moral life, when a man who would seek safety in Christ is held back by some besetting sin, or by some sinful connection which he shrinks from severing. He has to suffer great pain or lose his soul.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. (Matt. 5: 30.)

Chicago Menaced.

A remarkable prediction was made at the recent meeting in Detroit, Mich., of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Spencer, Prof. Gilbert and others called attention to an ominous phenomenon in connection with the lakes, which eventually would bring about the destruction of Chicago, Detroit and other cities. Prof. Spencer demonstrated by figures that at one time the Erie Basin emptied, not by the Niagara River, but by a buried valley, directly into the head of Lake Ontario, and that Niagara River and Falls were modern features. He also showed that the gorge near the Falls was eating its way backward at the rate of over a foot a year, and that in the course of a few lifetimes it would wipe itself out. There was, he said, clear proof that the earth's crust was being gradually tilted upward, which accounted for the closing of the Ontario basin. He showed by numerous data that a perceptible change was going on in the shore line of the lakes, which was independent evidence of the tilting process, the ultimate end of which must be the pouring of the water of the lakes to the Mississippi, over the low plain on which Chicago now stands. It is some consolation to property-owners in the city, that, according to the same authority, the final catastrophe will not occur before 457, if the present rate of progress is not accelerated. No one will be troubled about a catastrophe so far in the future. Even that universal catastrophe, the coming of which is predicted by inspired men, when the earth shall be burned and the elements will melt with fervent heat and every mountain and hill will be shaken out of their places, near as it may be is not dreaded. The solemn warning of its coming, though uttered by an apostle, does not move people to provide for their safety, though all will be involved in it who have not made such provision.

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness. (11. Peter 3:11)

who have left their Heavenly Father for the sake of worldly advantage.

If thou seek him, he will be found of thee.
(1. Chron. 28:9.)

Pinioned Under Water.

A singular accident nearly caused the death of a young lady of Bayonne, N. J., a few days ago. She and her brother were getting crabs at a place known as the Cove, when the young lady's foot slipped and she fell into the water, which at that place is ten feet deep. Her brother went to her assistance and together they swam to a

they swam to a place where they knew there was a ledge which is only four feet below the surface at high water. They reached the ledge and stood upon it in comparative safety. The next problem was how to reach the top of the cliff, which is nearly perpendicular. The brother decided to climb it and procure a rope with which to haul up his sister. Near the top, a huge boulder projected fully two feet over the side of the cliff. It was loose, but it had been so as far back as any one can remember, and its flat surface has for generations been a favorite roosting-place for the loys on their fishing excursions.

ions. The young man, when near the top, clasped the projecting end of the boulder to draw himself up. His weight caused it to overbalance and it fell. The young man cleverly escaped falling under it, but a cry of pain from his sister told him that the boulder had struck her. He swam to the ledge where she had been standing and found that she had been brought to her knees by the blow, and that the boul-



THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL PALACE OF PETERHOF.

President on his return as would the national appreciation of the agreement which had been consummated during his visit. There is good reason for believing that the terms of the treaty will prove that Russia has no intention of helping France to regain her provinces, but the alliance is nevertheless an ominous fact, which Germany will have to take into account. In Eng-

one day when she went out for a walk with him he took her on board a steamer and returned to France. Whether her parents took any steps to recover possession of her the girl does not know. She was carefully educated and had every luxury that money could buy. She forgot all about her parents, and regarded as her father the man who now proves to have been her uncle. His death-bed

LOSING AND FINDING LIFE.

The Richer and Fuller Life that Springs from a Life Consecrated to Christ. John 12: 1-8; 20-26.



Before we can understand Christ's meaning in his apparent paradox, we must find out what he meant by the word, life. What is it that we seek and losing, find?

The word life, even in humanity, is manifold in its meaning. We say that a man has lost his life, when he is run over in the street and his body is crushed under the wheels of a wagon. That is the physical life which sooner or later we must lose. There is intellectual life that may be lost. But it is the loss of spiritual life that is most disastrous. A man who gives his life to business, or to politics, or to pleasure, and gives no thought to God and has no desire to receive from him the blessings he is ready to impart, is flinging his life away. Thus there are many senses in which life may be lost.

But Christ sets a new principle before us. There is a sense in which he that loseth his life shall find it. He compares life to a grain of corn. There are two ways of dealing with the corn. One is to store it or eat it, thus getting present or future gratification from it. The other is to put it in the ground, where it is lost to sight and will die, but from its death will come new life, in great abundance. If it is possible to lose our lives as the corn is lost, that loss is gain. It was Christ's method with his own life. His followers hoped to make him a temporal king, but even if he had attained the grandeur of Solomon, his glory would have been infinitely less than he reached by the way he chose. Through his death multitudes, in ever-increasing progression, have come to new life. His followers are to tread in his steps. They may not go to a violent and premature death, but they must hold their lives less dear than their service.

We know that this principle applies in national and social life. A man may so put his energies into enterprises and movements that we say he puts his life into them, and these movements may go on growing long after his physical life has been extinguished. Looking at Cooper Union in New York, and seeing how young men and women toiling through the day for their daily bread, go to that institution in the evening and find there the books and appliances and teachers that they need for their mental development, we see how Peter Cooper's life is perpetuated. The institution which was his darling project, on which he lavished his best thought, his money and his labor, lives on, and in its beneficence perpetuates the essence of its founder's life. It is so with books. It does not seem that Thomas Carlyle is dead, when his thrilling words are forming the characters of men. It is so in national affairs. The Pilgrim Fathers, and later, Washington and his colleagues, started influences which pulsate in our national veins to this day. Their lives are still extending. So it was with religious leaders. Who can say that Luther and Knox and Wesley and Beecher and Phillips Brooks and Drummond are dead, when the work into which they put their lives is operating still. The world's benefactors won their laurels by self-sacrifice. They gave up ease and luxury and peace and quiet, that they might make life better for future generations. They lost their lives, in so far as their enjoyment of them consisted, but they won an immortality which will endure while the world lasts. This principle of losing life to find it, is familiar to us.

The same principle may be applied in the most humble spheres. He who is ready to render service who is ready to give up enjoyment that he may help some one who needs it will lose his life in the glorious future. Opportunities come to all. The daughter who gives up her pleasure to help her tired mother with her work, the man who leaves his comfortable home at the evening that he may speak a word for Christ to the lost way; the Christian who in any way comes himself and sacrifices his own inclinations that he may help another is losing his life, but will find it to life eternal.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

The Shepherd True.

"I am the good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 14.

F. W. FABER.

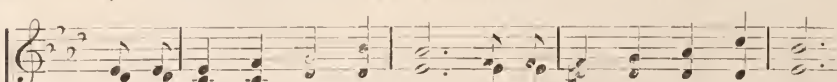
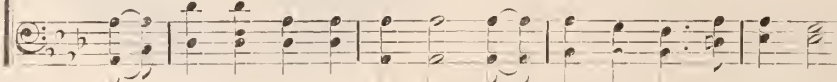
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sav - iour came un - to me;
2. At first I would not heark - en, But put off till the mor - row,
3. At first I stopped to list - en— His voice could ne'er de - ceive me—
4. I thought His love would weaken As more and more He knew me,



For the paths of sin were drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till life be - gan to dark - en, And I grew sick with sor - row;
I saw His kind eye glist - en, So anx - ious to re - lieve me;
But it burn - eth like a hea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;



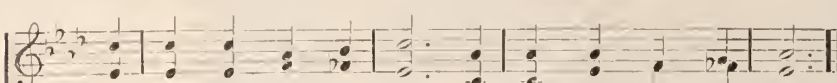
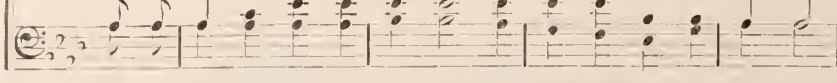
And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way—
Then I knew I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way—
And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way—



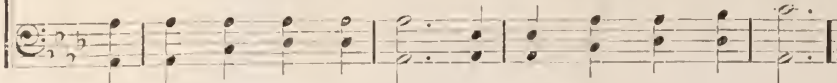
REFRAIN.



Wand'ring souls, O do come near Me; My sheep should nev - er fear Me;



I am the Shep - herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

RETURNING.

LORD, where thy mansions fair may be
Hast thou a little room for me,
Whose restless feet these many days,
By dark forbidden paths have trod,
And, wandering in uncertain ways,
Have missed the way that leads to God?
Lord, is there any room for me
Who, sorrowing, would return to thee?

Far have I strayed, still tossed about
On fears that would not be cast out
For all the subtle theories
That men have framed, wherein to find
For troubled hearts a doubtful ease,
And freedom for a wilful mind:
Thy word, once hidden in my breast,
Forever robbed the night of rest.

I know not, verily; and yet,
With doubts perplexed and fears beset,
And the sad heart unsatisfied,
Lord, I remember what sweet rest
I did discover at thy side;
With yearnings not to be expressed
I long to walk once more with thee;
Lord, hast thou any room for me?

MARY E. BRADLEY.

COME TO JESUS NOW.

Behold now is the day of salvation. 11. Cor. 6:2.

SINNER, hear his pleading voice,
Come to Jesus now.
Make of him your final choice,
Come to Jesus now.
Seek him, while he still is near,
Only ask him, never fear;
He will quickly, gladly hear,
Come to Jesus now.

Wait not 'till you older grow,
Come to Jesus now.
Future days you may not know,
Come to Jesus now.
Oh! He is so meek and mild;
What although you have been wild,
Come and be his loving child,
Come to Jesus now.

Come and give to him thy heart,
Come to Jesus now;
Peace and pardon he'll impart,
Come to Jesus now.
See the gentle Saviour stand,
With his outstretched, pleading hand;
Heed, oh, heed the kind command!
Come to Jesus now.

Saville, N. J.

MRS. DELL B. SMITH.

THE BUDDING FIG-TREE.

The Conference of Jews at Basle in Sign of the Approaching End of the Gentiles.*



HE restoration of the Jews to their own land, of the signs by which they were to be recognized, of the closing dispensation, it is significant that the Conference has been called

assemble at Basle in Switzerland, composed of Jews, to discuss the means of settlement in Palestine, origin of this Conference is very interesting. Some forty years ago two rabbis—one in Galicia, the other where in Russia—conceived the idea of promoting Jewish Agricultural Holy Land. Their object was religious and philanthropic. It was God-pleasing work, they thought, the sons of the ancient race pre-sacred soil of their ancestral land, new settlement of the Jews—Messiah will come sooner or later to establish a Jewish kingdom. This, the Jewish community of Palestine live mostly on the charity which brethren of other lands send, which is called "halukkah," and culture and industry are lacking among them, their moral and status must be raised. This was appreciated by Jewish philanthropists. "Zionist" societies were established in various communities in Europe. The Rothschilds established an agricultural school in Palestine, bought lands to plant new colonies. The late Sir Moses Montefiore shared the work and so did other Jews on a small scale.

But, strange to say, the movement was greatly opposed and hampered by the step by the Palestine Jews themselves, who were afraid that their "halukkah" the alms whereon they live, would be diminished in a measure as it was to be encouraged.

With the rise of anti-Semitism in Germany under the leadership of Court chaplain, Stocker, the movement took a new start. They considered strangers in the land, said the religious Jews; "despite ancient rights as natives of the land, our privileges are begrudged us. Then, let us try to re-people our land, then the Messiah will soon come to fulfil the prophecies of the Bible. Something like this was the thought among the pious Jews and Zionist societies were established in Germany, Russia, Holland, Italy, Austria—everywhere. They assumed a decidedly nationalistic form. Despite much opposition, a number of Russian Jews settled in Palestine and formed agricultural colonies that are now prosperous. The success gave an impetus to the movement which will be discussed during the forthcoming Conference and which is now clearly "nationalistic."

The conception of a Jewish nationalization owes its origin to a Jewish and patriotic Russian Jew, who, in a Hebrew monthly magazine, acquired force and authority in the East. His name was Peretz Smolenski. Many years ago he begged that brethren would stop quarrelling over questions of religious observance, forming factions of various religious tendencies. They must make up their minds that they are a nation by virtue of historical vicissitudes, as well as by bonds of their common origin. His thought was crystallized into action by a brilliant Jewish journalist, Vienna, Dr. Theodor Herzl. He is not a strict observer of the Jewish law, but he believes in Jewish nationalization. About two years ago he published a pamphlet, "Der Judenstaat," advocating the establishment of an independent Jewish government in Palestine, on strictly political and financial principles, leaving religious matters out of the question. The lands must be acquired by purchase, and the government of the new, or rather the restored, state should be conducted by representatives elected by the people.

*From the August number of the "New York Times." May be had, price six cents. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Along the Abyssinians.

Picturesque People of the East African Highland Kingdom.

ALTHOUGH the past year, the eyes of the world have at different times been fixed upon that strange and ancient race of Eastern Africa, the Abyssinians, in whose country remarkable changes are taking place. *Habessinia*, as called by the Arabs, or *Itiopia*, as the natives themselves designate it, is undoubtedly one of the most ancient of empires. Its monarchs claim to trace descent from Solomon, and its antiquity is fairly attested by records kept in the ancient city, Gondar. It is a part of ancient Ethiopia which many distinguished bible scholars identify with the Cush of Gen 2: 13 as one of the three sons of Eden. In its cities and villages there are many evidences of a high civilization having once prevailed, and the country is one that possesses special interest for the traveler and the student. Italy's recent abortive effort to establish colonies on Abyssinian soil, and the visit of Prince Henri of Orleans, have brought Menelek's kingdom to special prominence.

The photographs on this page represent the Abyssinians in their holiday dress. Their garments are a singular mixture of the dress of the North of Europe and the Orient, and to make the dress of any other people in Africa, except possibly the Arabs. The country is mountainous and in many places is very fertile, and most of the domestic animals of Europe thrive there. A majority of the people are clearly of the Caucasian race, their features somewhat resembling those of the Bedouin Arabs. The prevailing religion is a corrupted Christianity, some of the Abyssinians are Mohammedans and there is a strong admixture of Falashas or Jews in the population of the larger cities. Christianity was introduced early in the fourth century by Frumentius, bishop of Alexandria, but its forms and doctrines have become so intermingled with those of the native religions and so overgrown with superstitions that little of the original is left. The Abyssinian religion resembles Judaism in many respects. They keep the Jewish and the Christian Sabbath, they do not admit transubstantiation, they believe Christ was God only, and they practice an annual baptism. They fast often, worship the Virgin Mary, and abstain from the animals forbidden in the Jewish law. Morally, their condition is deplorable, divorces are frequent and polygamy is startlingly common. As a result there is little family affection. They have no images, but they worship the figures which they venerate. They have a great number of festivals and both eat and drink freely. Engaged in constant warfare, they hold human life very lightly, and the most cruel and treacherous of crimes is easily appeased.

There is a strong rivalry at the present time between France and England for the possession of Abyssinia, with a view to opening of new channels for trade. Whoever of the two secures the coveted empire, it will ultimately be the means of opening up and developing one of the most fertile regions of Africa to commerce and civilization.

berries, which is often the time when the nests are full of young birds. There were forty blue-birds, orioles, robins and brown-threshers which I counted lying under one tree. All had been shot that day by one man, because of his berries. A great many other farmers are doing the same thing every year. I hate to see a dead bird on a bonnet, but I dislike just as much to see them killed for sport or greed.

The blue-jay is the hawk among small birds, and preys upon their young, so I would like to see him exterminated, unless he could be persuaded to eat only English sparrows.

Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the eloquent pastor of the Tremont Temple, Boston, has also espoused the cause of the persecuted birds. He says:

How I have been paid in reading comments in the papers lately about the slaughter of birds! Is it not an awful comment on the loving-kindness of Christian hearts that the woods are robbed of their songsters that our girls may have a little extra decoration on their hats? Is it not a sad comment that we should convert our world into a songless world, that the white plume of the heron, the bright feathers of our sweetest songsters, or the plumes of some bird taken from it at nesting time, when you, by its destruction, kill its off-spring, may deck you, my daughters and sisters, in a little added finery? Every Chris-

always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, and home-maker.

Another Word About Birds.

Mrs. S. E. F. of Hopkinton, Ia., has this kind word to say in behalf of the feathered songsters:

Much has been written about women wearing birds' feathers, but hardly one word in regard to men and boys killing them for sport, or to keep them from eating a few berries. There are many fruit farmers who kill hundreds of our lovely singers in the time of ripe

tian woman ought to register a sacred vow that she will have nothing to do with this wholesale slaughter of these sweet "creatures of the air."

Loneliness in Old Age.

An incident is related of Bismarck which illustrates how the approach of old age makes us indifferent to things that were formerly enjoyed. To a recent visitor at his country home, the aged statesman said: "I feel weak and languid, but not ill. My illness is want of the joys of life. My existence is no longer of any use; I have no official duties, and what I see as an onlooker gives me no pleasure. Should I live longer it will still be the case. I feel lonely. I have lost my wife, and as regards my sons, they have their own business. With growing age I have also lost interest in agriculture and forestry. I rarely visit the fields and woods, since I can no longer ride and shoot and move about as I like. Little by little politics begins to tire me." Happy are they who, when old age isolates them from worldly enjoyments, can rest serenely in the knowledge of God's love and care. To such the lingering years seem like a calm, pre-

NOT OURS TO KEEP.*

[T]o a dream to-night;
As I fell asleep.
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep;
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.
As in Heaven high
I my child did seek,
There in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight.
But they did not speak.
Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn!"
—WILLIAM BARNES

Winter in the Klondike.

THERE is no family or social life in the Klondike region, practically speaking, nor can there be from the very nature of things. The few homes that have been established there are conducted under extreme difficulties and the women members especially, no matter how brave they may be, find little opportunity for the exercise of those qualities that go far toward making home life in moderate latitudes a thing of reality and substantial enjoyment. Mr. Philip C. Engel of the Northwest Mounted Police, after several years of service in that region, gives this realistic picture of life in the land of gold and glaciers:

"This winter season sets in in September and lasts till the following May. The temperature registers sixty and sixty-seven and did so the winter before last. Last winter was considered mild. And as to the stillness and the dry air, don't depend on them; I have seen it blow a hurricane when it registered over sixty degrees. You must stay in your shack or whatever shelter you have provided and burn wood all the time to keep life in you. Then there is the question of food. One must never expect fresh food the year round. In the brief but hot summer, it is true that vegetables might be grown, but there is no one to undertake this work. One must be content with canned stuff and the vital thing is to get enough of that. February is the month in which to start out. Of the many large parties who have just started for the Klondike, both from Canada and the United States, only a comparative few will ever reach their destination and the question is how will this few be received when they get there? If they are in any way deficient, and are likely to become a burden upon the miners, the latter will probably thrust them out."

Some years ago, a chaplain from an American vessel stated that he had at one time been on a surveying expedition into the Yukon district, and there found a large rock which contained enough gold to make him rich, if he could have taken it back with him. It was impossible to transport it, so he had to content himself with a few chips, and then walked off from a fortune. If we set our affections on the things of this world, we shall be doomed to disappointment, for their transitory character will in the end cause loss. There will, doubtless, be many of the Yukon gold-seekers who will see the riches of that land, but will not be able to share it. Sickness, privation, or death may intervene. In all such quests, however attractive, it is only the few who ultimately grasp the prize.

Costly Tea Things.

To those housewives who have a special fondness for nice tea sets, it may be interesting to know that the royal china in Buckingham and Windsor palaces is valued at little short of \$2,000,000. One Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is estimated at \$400,000 and a set of great Rose du Barri vases in the corridors is valued at \$250,000. There is another set of Sevres vases at Buckingham which would readily bring \$150,000 if exposed for sale.

* From *Our Children in Heaven*, a beautiful little collection of poems on the death of children, compiled by Madison C. Peters, D.D., New York. These will afford much consolation to sorrowing parents. 64 pp.; cloth and gilt binding. Wm. B. Ewald Publishing Co., New York, publishers.



NATIVES OF ABYSSINIA IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

ceding the transition to a broader life and wider activities.

The Solemnity of Youth.

Viewed from a certain standpoint, youth, as the formative period, when character and destiny are being decided, is a very solemn part of life. "I believe it to be the most solemn time in the world," writes Rev. George Matheson, D.D., "more solemn than death. There is an analogy between youth and death. Both are beginnings, entering upon the unknown; but they are beginnings of a very different kind. In death I am passive; I am in the hands of One, and that One the highest. But in youth I am in the hands of three: I am between three currents—my brother, myself and God. And they are cross-currents; they are impelling different ways. Mine moves inward, my brother's moves outward, God's moves upward. Death is not a battlefield; I am a captive there; God is all in all. But youth is a battlefield, God is only one; my brother and I are the others, and there is likely to be strife. No wonder I am solemn before the burning bush of the morning."

Idle Home

The most perfect home I ever saw, wrote the poet, was a little house into the wilderness of those fires there went many things. A thousand dollars service, years living for father, mother, and the children. But the mother was the center of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I ever seen; every inmate of the house continually looked into her face for the meaning of the day, and it always rang from the rosebud or clover leaf. In spite of her hard housework she

SWEET VOICES AT MONT-LAWN.

Little Tenement Guests at Our Children's Home who Love Music—Golden September Days.

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for our food;
By His hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

with the little waifs, whose lives they
have been instrumental in cheering and
brightening. Contributions in aid of the



A CORNER OF THE BIG DINING TENT AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY fresh young voices sang these lines of thanksgiving at table under the cool shade of the wide-spreading marquee tent at Mont-Lawn on Saturday last. It is the daily "grace" sung by our little tenement guests, before each meal, and it is well worth a trip to Our Children's Home to hear them sing it and watch their glowing, happy faces as they sit down to the well-filled table. So, at least, thought the sixty odd guests who had come from Brooklyn to visit Mont-Lawn and see for themselves how the little tenement waifs fared there. In the party were many ladies who are more or less actively engaged in Christian work, while among the gentlemen were Mr. C. C. Martin, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, Messrs. Ferguson, McGee and Redfield, and many others, all well-known business men. There were also in the party several residents of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. All were delighted with the Home and its little army of occupants. They watched the wee tenement lads and lasses frolicking about the lawn, and marching past to the pretty chapel; listened with surprise and pleasure to the singing, as, led by piano and violin, they made the "welkin ring" with popular and patriotic airs, and they were equally charmed with the kindergarten exercise, in which all the children are exceedingly clever. While in the chapel, Master Harold McGee, the soprano soloist, of Garden City, Cathedral sang for the children the beautiful solo, "The Holy City," the wee tenement lads listening with rapt attention to every liquid note, and fully appreciative of the exquisite singing. Then the march—a k to the tent, accompanied with perfect precision to the rattling of the drum, the whole followed by such a meal as only hungry, happy young tenement lads could tell you to.

As the day was so wonderfully bright and sunny, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD photographer seized the opportunity to take several large group pictures of the visitors and others of our children and their teachers. Some of these, including a photograph of the Home matron and staff, may appear in a future issue. We trust before the season closes to have the pleasure of greeting many more of our friends at Mont-Lawn, where visitors are always welcome. During the summer, many who have contributed to the support of the work, have paid the Home a visit and have spent several happy hours

Home should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. The following have been received during the week:

Prev ack'd \$3,847.53	Wood, R H	75
C. L. V. Wayne	Golden Rule Soc. Dis-	50
Wilbur's bro's & sisters	patch	100
Lumberton	Friend, Downs	125
M. Conn	Ladies Aid Soc of Staf-	100
Sahr, Duluth	ford Grange	500
L. O. Duffenbacher	A Young	300
G. & J. Md	N. J. & C. K. Campbell	500
Mrs ERS, Frenchtown	— E Brunswick	300
L. T. Schults	Mother & dan, Morris	600
Mrs Schults	Paterston, Phila	200
Mrs M O Robbins, thro	Mrs L Smith	100
Mrs F E Griffin, thro	Lease, Mrs E G	100
Carroll Pratt Ward	Metgill, Mr & Mrs Wm	300
I. H. N. Mt Vernon	Jackson, Miss May	200
Mrs C J Walton	Friend, San Antonio	100
In memory of Mary J	Eisenhart, Eliz R	300
Smith	Boyd, Miss Ethie E	300
In memory of Baby	Friends, Ft more	100
Olive	Mrs Lizzie M. So Vass	200
Bessie Wood	Metgill, Providence	300
Jr Christian Endeav-	Turner, Mrs H G	300
or, Winthrop	Friend, Rochester	100
Jr E L. Minn Lake	MMW, So Britain	100
& Amber C Davis	— Allentown	100
X. Terrill	Darwin, Mrs J T	200
Hough, Mrs & dan	Throop, A Judson	300
Hyler, Annie	D. L. B. Columbus	300
IHS, Madison	Payne, Thos H	300
Howard, Mrs M J	Miller, Mrs M	300
Hedges, Miss	H. N. Rounoke	55
Wood, Wm W	Patch Daisy	20
	E. H. Merchantville	300

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Beardsley, Miss M	200	Little, Helen D B	100
Nesbitt, Mrs Madge	300	K D. McMasters Cors	60
Taggart, Mrs C C	300	Mr & Mrs W W Fair	200
Switzer, Mrs R S	200	banks	200
Raised by Muriel Vic-		Mrs M R Ayres	100
tor, Viola Van Wink-		2 Christn friends, Etna	100
lyn, Helen & Marion		Andes	100
Mackinnon	68	Cornell Mem'l, N Y C	125
Interested friend,		Chas E Potter	25
Arlington	232	Mrs H Doran	300
Mrs G L & Clara T		Mt Zion Union S S	257
Dunham	200	Miriam Murphy	100
		L C M, Bangor	100
		S De Mott	900
		Catharine De Mott	300
		Mrs DAG, N Clarendon	100
		W H Veza	100
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		Mrs J Homan	100
		May Hartenstein	400
		Ruth Hartenstein	50
		Mrs A Bachelor	200
		Mrs A S G	100
		Two friends	300
		Mrs A H S	50
		One who is a friend to	100
		children	100
		L F K, Brooklyn	300
		I H N, Pontiac	100
		Proceeds of a fair given	
		by Lillie Lund-	
		deen, Lillie Bohlen-	
		der, Pauline Gill	2000
		Ethel Johnson	2000
		Centrell, Callie	300
		Wessells, F C	500
		Friend of children	
		Carson City	300
		Jerabek, J S	600
		Lafayette, Bklyn	50
		Woodlawn, Bapt Ch,	
		Pawtucket	340
		The Hopewell Union	
		SS, Sinking Creek	250
		Smith, Mary	20
		Martian, Eva	20
		Murtian, Bertha	20
		Linsley, Julia	100
		Thatcher, Artie	200
		Kittell, John	100
		Hill, Mrs H H	100
		Cash, Patterson	100
		Broom, C	300
		In mem of dear ones	
		N Y City	900
		Mrs M J Ball	300
		Silver Cross Circle	
		of the ME Ch, Sara-	
		toga Spgs	300
		M A N S, Pomona	300
		M E Bailey	300
		Mrs W Williams	300
		Jr E Soc, Templeton	300
		Mrs L C Yaeger	100
		Sent by Kennet Sq	500
		E L, Jamaica	300
		Dr B W Whitfield	550
		Blanch Sargent	75
		Miss A Trolip	300
		I H N, Moores Mill	500
		Olive Mutt	200
		Hathaway, Mrs Geo T	200
		M E Gallup	200
		Wood, Wm	100
		W L O, Springfield	100
		Total	\$1,230 36

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Try it on your Cycle Chain.

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HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Combing, an incomplete mixture was spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair had been removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It is sure, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently. If the growth is on the head or hair on the face, you may require two or more applications. If the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and with injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE surpasses all other hair removers.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a precious boon which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use it to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid on all orders, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, full address written plainly. C. F. Correspondence carefully private. Postage stamps same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out and send it to MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its delivery.

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NEW DRESS SET

Write Macbeth Pittsburgh

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to cure rheumatism is to purify the blood. To do this, take the best blood purifier, Sassaaparilla. Hosts of friends testify to the success of this medicine in the cure of rheumatism it has effected.

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Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails
as glasses help eyes. NOPAIN. Whispers heard. **FREE**
Send to F. Hilscox Co., S.-S. & B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs
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living, more money, less work. Write at once for my
32 page pamphlet giving full information. Sent free.
S. L. BAKER, Canoe Station, Alabama.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE

Which Occurred at the Bowery Mission Free Dispensary in New York.

AN incident beginning in the Dispensary of the Bowery Mission, and ending in a jubilation in a Pennsylvania home, is so like the picture Christ painted in his immortal story of the Prodigal Son, that it deserves special mention. The Dispensary is now under the charge

nia and Canada and an awful rough time I've had of it."

"I don't doubt it, my poor boy. No place like home, is there?"

"Indeed, no, sir. I wish I was there now, but I'm in no condition to go."

"It's a great comfort to think those difficulties don't keep us from going to Christ when we wish to, is it not? He will receive us in any condition and without money, you know. Have you been to him to save you in the same way, as you have come to me trusting in my power to cure you?"

"No, sir. I can't say I have, at least not for many a day, though I was well brought up."

"Well, it is not too late to try. Christ will give you a warm welcome; he likes to receive people who want to turn over a new leaf. Won't you try?"

"I will, doctor. You have spoken kindly to me, like my own father used to. I ought to tell you that the name I gave is not my right name." And feeling that one who had been so sympathetic was entitled to the confidence, the lad gave the doctor his right name and the name of his native town.

The doctor appreciated this sign of confidence and said: "I am glad you told me: it may be the first step toward better things," and so it proved. A few days afterward the doctor received a letter from a friend who had taken charge of a church in the town from which the sick lad came. Replying to the letter he mentioned the case and asked him to find out whether the family still lived there and what prospect there would be of the wanderer being welcomed if he were to return.

The very next day a telegram reached Dr. Dowkontt from his friend begging that

(Continued on next page.)



"YOU DON'T SEEM TO BELONG TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD."

of Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the famous Christian physician who established the institution for medical missionaries from which Summers, Hall and many other heroic men have gone out to labor for Christ and humanity among the heathen. A better man for the position could not have been found and the doctor accepted it chiefly because of the opportunity it afforded him of speaking for Christ to men who being sick and poor were more likely to listen to Gospel talk than when they are well. Many such has he pointed to Christ as the Great Physician.

One afternoon about three weeks ago, the doctor was busy with the file of waiting patients. "Next," he said, as one poor sufferer went out with his medicine in his hand and a word of kindly Christian counsel from the doctor's lips in his heart. At the word, a young man scarcely twenty years old stepped into the consulting room. His dress and appearance was much like the others, but something in his manner and in the few words in which he described his complaint convinced the doctor that he was not a native of the Bowery. After prescribing for him, the doctor said: "You don't seem to belong to this neighborhood."

"No indeed," was the reply, uttered in a tone of regret.

"Where is your home?"

There was a long drawn sigh as he answered, "Three hundred miles away," and the lad seemed to be thinking that in another sense he was still farther off.

"Long since you left home?"

"Yes sir, many a long month. I've traveled over all these States and in Califor-

Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay Fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new and ideal discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Goss, of Marlborough, West Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon. T. G. Chiles, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay Fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine* was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of sneezing fits twice a week in Hay Fever season. Other of our readers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay Fever we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 110 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a large C. case by mail free to every reader of *The Christian Herald*, who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured you will tell our neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

Poor Pilgarlic,

there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

HAY FEVER

and ASTHMA.

A Permanent Cure Guaranteed. Send for circular for home treatment. GEORGE J. WEST, M.D., 510 Fifth Avenue, New York.



FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altenheim Medical Dispensary,** Dept. N. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, O.

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A WOMAN OR EVEN A CHILD CAN RUN UNBREAKABLE STEEL. KNIVES, NEW FEED SELF-CLEANER. PAWEBSTER, CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

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BRADLEY New York.
BROOKLYN
JEWETT
ULSTER
UNION
SOUTHERN Chicago.
SHIPMAN
COLLIER
MISSOURI St. Louis.
RED SEAL
SOUTHERN
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROSCOE Philadelphia.
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SACRED SONGS No. 1. No other New book equal to it. \$25 per 100; 30 cts. each. If by mail. **THE HIGLOW & MAIN CO.** Lakeside Building Chicago. 14 E. Ninth St., New York.

The Prodigal Son.

(continued from preceding page.)

He sent home at once. All ex-
ould be defrayed and his aged par-
ould give him a hearty welcome.
her especially was overcome with
e prospect of clasping her wan-
to her heart.
days passed before the doctor
d the youth. He inquired among
eat the mission, but none of them
d him. At last on the third day
aid in the consulting-room.
d you wanted to see me, Doc-
said. "A man told me you were
or me and he thought you had a
me."
yes," said the Doctor. "I have
ing to find you for three days.
ave you been?"
e to tell you the truth, Doctor, I've
ng a bad time. I wanted to do
d me, so I've been trying to get
did not succeed, and I've been
in wagons and on the piers, or
e, and to-day I was so hungry
to a restaurant and offered to do
ree hours' work for a meal. They
a meal and let me work it out. I
ave got a job for me, Doctor."
words very wistfully.
e said the doctor. "Here is a let-
u. Do you know the writing?"
his my father's writing," said the
ynging to a chair and tearing the
en. As he read it, the tears ran
face.
e its a good job, is it not?" the
rked as the lad looked up.
e air, and thank God for it. They
to go home at once, but I can't
his day. I must get some work, so I
eome better clothes. I would not
o home in these dirty rags."
hs of your mother watching for you
father going to meet the trains.
ould not like to keep them waiting
earn the money for new clothes.
nt you badly, don't they? They
are hard up."
e sir, I'll go, as I am. It would
eught to wait.
s good. Now I want you to feel
w about Christ. Don't wait to clean
uo straight to him as you are."
e sir, I will. I think I can now."
ere was no need to humiliate the
at his family by sending him home
s. The kind doctor took him to
o and gave him a bath and a cheap
clothes and put him on the train

A careful letter has come from the fa-
r describing the reception of the prod-
and his second son met him at
on and gave him welcome but that
ing to the welcome he got from
er when they reached the home.
ked him and wept over him and
him and would not loose him, un-
ighbors, who had been called in,
share in the joy of the reunited
y No such joyful meal had ever
een in that home. The father wrote
to doctor had laid them under an
ain they would never forget and he
on begged him to come and spend
acion with them, that he might see
h happiness his effort had brought
small. The doctor is too busy among
pains to take a vacation, but the
u he takes in such work as this
h good and he finds that "they
on the Lord renew their strength."

He is rewarded for his trouble by the joy
that it has brought in the hearts of mother
and father and the repentant prodigal.
"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy
in the presence of the angels of God over
one sinner that repenteth."

BOOKS RECEIVED.
Columbia Stories, by Albert Payson Terhune
(illustrated). A volume full of humor and good-
natured adventure, which will be specially appre-
ciated by college youths. Pp. 214, paper covers, price
fifty cents. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York,
publishers.
Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, delivered in
Norwich Cathedral, England, with preface by the
Dean of Norwich. A book which all students of
ecclesiastical and classical literature will find most
valuable. Pp. 302, cloth covers, price \$2.25. Thos.
Whittaker, New York, publisher.



In the SEPTEMBER

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

"When Henry Clay Said
Farewell to the Senate"
(Illustrated)

Dwight L. Moody's
Bible Class

Mrs. Bottome's History of
The King's Daughters

One Dollar a Year Ten Cents a Copy

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can easily acquire
A Thorough and
Practical Business Education
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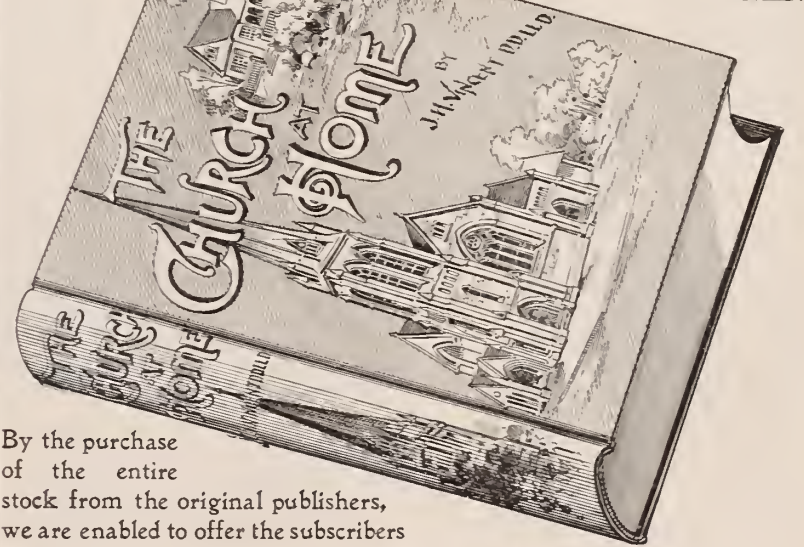
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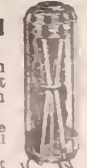
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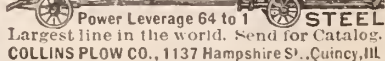
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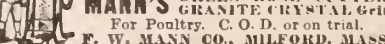
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

UNDER THE "MIDNIGHT SUN."

Progress in Frozen Lapland—A People Among Whom Many Traits of Superstition Still Remain.



1. LAPP MOTHER AND BABY.

Slain in battle in 1161. Eric had left his capital in Sweden to wage war with the Danes and Lapps (the latter known as the Samis), who were ultimately brought to the outward forms of Christianity, al-

SEVEN hundred and forty years have passed since Christianity was introduced into that part of the northwest extremity of the European continent known as Lapland, by that vigorous promulgator of the Gospel among the Northmen, King Eric, surnamed "the Saint," who ruled over the greater part of Scandinavia.



2.



the real Christianization of their country did not begin until 1273, when a part of their territory was annexed to Sweden. For many years the only visible indication that the Laplanders had adopted the new religion was the introduction of Christian baptism and church service. Even as late as the sixteenth century, when Gustavus I. had established schools among them, the Laplanders still clung to their pagan customs and traditions. In the next century the remnants of paganism were extirpated by King Gustavus IV., and thereafter the religious progress of the country proceeded uninterruptedly. The first missionary was sent thither by Gustavus Vasa, and soon churches and schools sprang up, and books were published in the native language. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Isaac Olofin was a poor man, but a



SCENES WITNESSED IN THE LAND OF THE "MIDNIGHT SUN."

1. A Family Group.
2. The "Midnight Sun" at North Cape.
3. Lapp Fishermen.
4. A Mountain Village and some of its People.

most devout and earnest Christian, labored fourteen years in Lapland teaching the Gospel and making such marked progress that the attention of Christian Europe was attracted to his work. Another zealous missionary was Pastor Stockfleth, who about the beginning of the present century joined the Lapps in their nomadic life and preached to them in their own tongue. In 1820 the people began an independent work of their own under native teachers. They have been greatly aided by the Danish Finland Missionary Society, the Swedish Free Church Missionary Union and other organizations. At the present time the Gospel is preached throughout Lapland, and services are held in three languages: the Swedish, Finnish, and Lappish. The first edition of the Lapp New Testament was published in 1755, and the entire Bible in 1811.

There are two great classes of Laplanders: the mountaineers and the lowlanders. In the summer months, those natives who depend chiefly on their herds of reindeer for subsistence, move

further into the mountains and are visited by clergymen from southern Lapland. Though attentive to all the teachings of the Gospel, the mountaineers have still a few superstitious and pagan customs, which are difficult to overcome. Their deer—there are 363,000 in the country—dislike the warmth of the valleys, and cannot find satisfying food elsewhere than at great altitudes. Mountain families descend to the lowlands at intervals to sell articles carved out of the antlers of the deer and to make purchases. They are an odd-looking race, a majority of them showing traces of Mongol descent, with wiry, black hair, dark, round eyes set obliquely, flat noses and yellow skins, although here and there one finds among them fair hair, clear complexions and aquiline features—the latter due to Finnish alliances.

Very different are the lowlanders. Fair, clear-skinned, small but strong and well-knit frames, they are brave and hardy, excelling as sailors and fishermen.

Our illustrations afford a glimpse of the domestic life of these people, among their deer-herds and their babies. It is not always an easy matter to distinguish the men from the women by their dress alone. Many housewives wear as head-dress a conical cap, with dog fur or

(Continued on page 691.)

MOUNTAIN-TOP CONVENTION

The Christian and Missionary Alliance holds its first Annual Gathering in its New Settlement at Nyack-on-the-Hudson—A Notable Assemblage of Christian Workers.—

On the evening of Saturday, September 4, an unwonted sight was witnessed on the eastern slope of South Mountain, which overlooks the Hudson River at Nyack, twenty-nine miles from New York City. Brilliant lights illumined the hillside, and on a broad terrace near its crest could be seen a large imposing building, every window a stream of radiance, while two hundred feet to the north, in a grove of oaks, was another spacious structure, also aglow with light and densely crowded with hundreds of earnest and enthusiastic men and women. The mountain-side was dotted with tents, whose tent-roofs were now flocking to the public gathering. The occasion was the formal opening of the Christian and Missionary Alliance's New Settlement—an event coincident with the annual Convention of the Alliance.

For over a year past, bands of workmen had been busily employed clearing the forest from the mountain-side, and the result had been a complete transformation. Well-lighted roads were constructed, the foundation of a Training College for missionaries was laid and the rough ground cleared for an Auditorium, with a seating capacity of over 2,000 persons. The College, now complete, is a handsome building of five stories, some 275 feet in length and about sixty feet high. It commands a magnificent view of the Hudson River and the villages of Nyack, Sing Sing, Tarrytown and Irvington. It will accommodate 300 students and is excellently equipped for the training work it is designed to accomplish. The Auditorium is a large wooden building of simple, yet pleasing design, with a beamer, and chairs that are ranged in line with the natural slope of the hillside. Its acoustical qualities are perfect. These two great buildings are at an elevation of nearly 400 feet above the river level and overlook the greater part of the seventy acres purchased for the Alliance Settlement. Other buildings are projected, including an Orphanage and dormitories to be used in connection with the extensive work of the Alliance.

The daily programme of the Convention included morning prayer-meetings, classes for Bible Study, regular preaching services, testimony meetings, addresses, meetings for inquirers, for sanctification and for divine healing, missionary conferences, and song services. Many workers from other cities and from the foreign missionary field took part in the Convention, among them being the following:

Rev. John Robertson, D.D., Scotland; Rev. F. A. Chapell, D.D., Boston; Rev. F. A. Farr, Philadelphia; Rev. W. W. Clarke, Englewood, N. Y.; Rev. H. Wilson, D.D., New York; Rev. J. Warren, New York; Rev. H. C. McBride, Can Grove; Rev. F. H. Senft, Philadelphia; Rev. A. E. Funk, New York; Rev. Stephen Pitt, New York; Rev. J. W. Mosier, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Oerter, New York; Rev. M. K. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, India; Rev. T. Cock, Japan; Mr. C. A. Mitchell, Soudan, Africa; Mr. I. H. Smith, Soudan; Mr. H. D. Campbell, Congo; Mr. Z. C. Beals, China; Mr. A. J. Forder, Arabia, and others.

Throughout, the services were characterized by deep spirituality and substantial financial contributions were made to the missionary cause.

There is much that is of interest to all Christian people in the story of the Christian Alliance movement and its remarkable growth. Zeal for Christ and complete surrender are its leading principles. No one can belong to the Alliance with-

out being inspired with the passion for soul-saving and Christian service which possesses all its members. It is, at the present time, one of the greatest instruments for the spread of the Gospel the century has seen, and its field and potentialities are constantly expanding. Yet, less than fifteen years ago, the movement was represented by one man only—a Presbyterian pastor in Louisville, Ky. Although his min-

istry in that western city was fairly successful, Mr. Simpson felt that he had a distinct call to reach the missionaries laboring in India, China, Japan, South America, the West Indies, Africa, and Palestine. An orphanage was opened, and various other branches of Christian work were begun. Conventions are now held every year in different parts of the Union for the accommodation of distant members of the Alliance. The Alliance is not an ecclesiastical body or denomination, but is simply a society uniting in



MR. J. G. H. SIMPSON.
Alliance Secretary.

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REV. A. B. SIMPSON.
Founder of the Alliance.

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REV. STEPHEN MERRITT.

Under the "Midnight Sun."

(Continued from First Page.)

ermine for border. This is commonly worn by the Fisher and Forest Lapps.

For protection, the collarless tunic being open at the throat, the woman hangs round her neck and suspends over her bosom a piece of cloth which she calls *Atsaleppe*. On this she bestows much feminine care. It is embroidered in tinsel thread and powdered with small discs and studs of metal, often silver. Winter and summer, if poor, she wears the uniform tunic or *mudda* of deerskin, with the hair outside, pantaloons of deerskin or tanned hide; deerskin shoes, fastened on by long braided bands of gay colors, which are wound round ankle and calf, and, in cold weather, she wears the universal sheepskin for under-linen. The long Lapp gloves are always made of the skin that covers the deer's foot—the cleft hoof serving to provide the gap between fingers and thumb; the skin of the deer's hocks makes the man's leggings, and the shoe is made of the head of the deer.

In addition to the "true Lapps," there are included in the population considerable numbers of Finns, Swedes, Norwegians and Russians. A complete census shows less than 30,000 total population. As a people they are quiet and inoffensive and crimes of violence are almost unknown. The chief characteristic of their country is the Arctic climate and the peculiar distribution of day-

light and darkness. In the north, the longest day and night last for three months each, and through the greater part of the country, the sun does not set at mid-summer nor rise at mid-winter. At the North Cape, the sun is first seen at full at midnight on May 13, at Hammerfest on the 16th, at Tromsø on the 20th and at Bodo—about 60 miles above the Arctic Circle—on June 4th. At the last named it continues as a midnight orb till July 8th at Tromsø until the 22d, and at North Cape until July 30th. On the other hand, the sun disappears at Bodo from Dec. 15 to 28, at the Cape from Nov. 18 to 24. Tourists by climbing the hills at certain points can get a glimpse of the sun a whole day sooner that it becomes visible to those on the lower lands. At one point north of the Gulf of Bothnia and just on the edge of the Arctic Circle, it shines all day and night on June 22; on Sept. 22 it seems to rest on the sky's rim, and then disappears altogether until March 22. These wondrous spectacles of "the midnight sun" in



A CORNER OF "TENT AVENUE."

fellowship Christians who are connected with various churches in many cities. These groups each hold a weekly meeting in some convenient place for the mutual help of the members, by communion and prayer—their fellowship is their holding the doctrines of the four-fold Gospel. These are: Christ as Saviour; Christ as Sanctifier; Christ as Healer, and Christ as Coming Lord. Within the past year the Christian Alliance and International Missionary Alliance have been merged into the Christian and Missionary Alliance, of which Rev. Dr. Simpson is Superintendent. He is assisted by a full board of workers of wide experience. His son, J. Gordon H. Simpson, the Secretary of the Alliance, has had entire charge of the construction of the institutional buildings and the development of the new Settlement. Rev. Stephen Merritt, whose work as preacher and philanthropist is well known, was the spiritual Columbus who "discovered" South Mountain and first brought it before the Alliance as a fitting location for the new Settlement.

summer and of a sunless winter are among the sights most tourists desire to witness and which, once seen, are never forgotten.



THE NEW ALLIANCE TRAINING COLLEGE ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN, NYACK, N. Y.

ational relations, that he might be free to take up a work upon undenominational lines. His position at this juncture, is thus described by one who knew him well:

The work was commenced in a small hall on the corner of Eighth avenue and Thirteenth street, New York, where Mr. Simpson fully explained his plans. It was to be an undenominational work, to reach the people, neither antagonizing nor competing with any other church, but under no ecclesiastical control. Any of the Lord's people who were moved to join in such a work would be welcome, as volunteers. No one joining would be asked for a subscription. The pastor had determined to rely upon the Lord to send supplies for the needs of the work and his own temporal support. It was to be, throughout, a work of faith, and so it has continued to this day. After a few months the little hall became too small to hold the crowds who attended the services. The Academy of Music, and subsequently Steinway Hall and other large buildings were hired for Sunday evenings, and large numbers were gathered there and many conversions took place. A small church was organized on an Evangelical basis, and a church home was needed.

From that time forth, the work progressed with rapidity, and every upward step was attended with blessing. Larger buildings were secured, and congregations multiplied. The Gospel Tabernacle on



THE ALLIANCE AUDITORIUM.



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., { "What is your life?"
on the Text: James 4: 14.



IF we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the north-west and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the north-east and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, It all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissor grinder on the street of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as those men who have played up fortunes year after year in stock exchanges, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when some proposed reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like trap strings, and with no music in the vibration. The dream of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their love.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the

human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting, fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked, and submerged, and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that!

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment, you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount of credit, then put your property in your wife's name have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze blows and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to

make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the evening of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it, God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it.

Mighty tug to make the two ends year meet. There is only one cal instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, is always well provided. The winter very cold, but are kept out by the bl she quilted. On Sunday, when s appears in the village church, he cl around her, the minister looks down is reminded of the Bible description good housewife—"Her children at and call her blessed; her husband and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the t boys want a collegiate education household economies are severe, calculations are closer, and ur two boys get their education t hard battle for bread. One c boys enters the university, stands in pit widely influential, and preac ousness, judgment, and temperanc thousands during his ministry ar The other lad who got the collegiat cation goes into the law, and then legislative halls, and after awhile b mands listening Senates as he plea for the downtrodden and th One of the younger boys becomes chant, starting at the foot of th but climbing on up until his suc his philanthropies are recognize the land. The other son stays because he prefers farming life he thinks he will be able to tal c father and mother when they get ol

Of the two daughters: when the broke out one went through the hos of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress roe, cheering up the dying and the sick, and taking the last message t dred far away, so that every time thought of her he said, as of old, same is my sister and mother." The daughter has a bright home of her and in the afternoon—the forenoon been devoted to her household,—she forth to hunt up the sick and to enco the discouraged, leaving smiles and diction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent saying: "Come, mother is danger ill." But before they can be read start, they receive another telegram ing: "Come, mother is dead." The neighbors gather in the old farmhou do the last offices of respect. But as farming son, and the clergyman, and senator, and the merchant, and the daughters stand by the casket of the mother taking the last look, or lifting little children to see once more the fa dear old grandma, I want to ask group around the casket one questi "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for oth a life of unselfishness, a useful lif Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, ma glue for a living, and then amassin great fortune until he could build a ph trophy which has had its echo in thousands philanthropies all over country—I would not find it hard to suade you that his life was worth liv Neither would I find it hard to persu you that the life of Susannah Wesley worth living. She sent out one son to ganize Methodism and the other son ring his anthems all through the ages.

But I know the thought in the mind hundreds of you to-day. You say: "W I know all these lived lives worth livin don't think my life amounts to muc Ah! my friends, whether you live a conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is w living, if you live aright. And I want next sentence to go down into the dep of all your souls. You are to be reward not according to the greatness of y work, but according to the holy indus with which you employed the talents y really possessed. The majority of crowns of heaven will not be given people with ten talents, for most them were tempted only to serve the selves. The vast majority of the crow of heaven will be given to people who h one talent, but gave it all to God. A remember that our life here is introdi tory to another. Your life if rightly liv is the first har of an eternal oratorio, a who despises the first note of Haydn symphonies? And the life you live no is all the more worth living because opens into a life that shall never end, at the last letter of the word "time" is th first letter of the word "eternity!"

FOUNDING AN EQUATORIAL EMPIRE.

de Leontieff's Mission to Abyssinia and its Probable outcome — Prince Henri's Friend and Fellow-Explorer.

RIS. Sept. 1.—In the general excitement caused by the Orleans-Turin duel and the various controversies that preceded it, the important fact has been lost sight of by the press and the public that a new empire had just been founded in the heart of the Dark Continent by two of the actors in the now famous drama, one a principal, the other a second. Perhaps this is putting the cart before the horse. The order should be

It is the second, Count Nicolas de Leontieff, newly appointed Governor of the equatorial province of Ethiopia, and Prince Henry, his first deputy, who comes second. These two men will rule a country more than France, broken up by ranges, intersected with rivers, and in minerals and blessed with a temperate climate. The climate is easily bearable, even near the equator, on account of the high altitude of the

equatorial provinces of Ethiopia, from the Abyssinian kingdom to the second parallel north of the equator. On the east they are bounded by Harrar and the Somali and on the West by the great African Desert. These lines of demarcation were settled upon some time ago between the English and the French agent, Sir Rannell Rodd, and King Menelek of Abyssinia, the sovereign of the provinces. And the English realize when they lived their claims to this territory that it would be turned practically into a Franco-Russian buffer intended to call a halt to the advance of their own legions to the headquarters of the Nile. To realize the danger now, but it is late. The tall, muscular, wiry, bearded Russian, whom it has been my chance to meet while in his several occasions, and the young scion of the house of Orleans, are resolved that the Union Jack and England shall not wave further than Omdurman—even if it is necessary to unite the banner of the Coptic Church of Abyssinia with the flag of Islam to resist British claims. But it is rather Leontieff, Russian, of whom I would speak. We often heard his name mentioned in connection with Abyssinian affairs, but I doubt whether one can read out of a thousand the remotest conception of his position and personality. There is no exaggeration in saying, however, that this hitherto ill-defined person will probably before long become one of the destinies of all Central Africa and as such he commands himself our attention. We must feel all the more sympathetically disposed toward him on his declaration that the first condition of the civilization of a savage or barbarian country is its Christianization—this without sectarianism. A member of the Greek Orthodox Church, he has never imposed his religious beliefs upon others. He is opposed to English missionaries on the ground of their tendency, as he believes, to secession as a vehicle to further political ends. American missionaries in general with very different feelings, pay a high tribute to their zealous, self-sacrificing work for Christ all the world over. His active sympathy for America dates from the time when Yankee relief ships arrived in the Baltic laden with food and provisions for the starving millions of Russia. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S office among others being received with tokens of gratitude by every class of the population, from the Emperor down.

"We Russians may have our faults," remarked the Count while relating his

thoughts on the subject, "but we are not ungrateful. Together with the French, we consider the Americans to be our best friends."

Nicholas de Leontieff, Count of the Abyssinian empire, Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Ethiopia, was born at St. Petersburg in the year 1862—consequently he is only thirty-five years of age. His father was a colonel in the Horse Grenadiers of the Guard, a veteran of Sebastopol and many other campaigns. Probably because he had seen so many hardships himself, he determined to make a lawyer of the lad and for this purpose, after giving him a preliminary schooling in Geneva, Switzerland, sent him to the St. Petersburg law school. But this did not suit the boy. He worked hard enough, it is true, and received his diploma, but instead of drifting into a lawyer's office, decided to seek a commission in the army. This meant four years more study at the Emperor Nicholas School of cavalry, the branch of the service he preferred. At the end of this period young Nicholas received his appointment as sub-lieutenant in the lancers of the Guard and thereupon became a prominent figure at all reviews and parades, for he was six feet two in height, with shoulders to match, and held his seat on horseback like a centaur of old.

Two seasons of this kind of life proved an ample sufficiency for the young man. His was a restless spirit and he decided to see the world. Central Asia just united with the west by the rails of the Transcaspian road naturally suggested itself to him as a field of adventure and enterprise, so

who boasted his direct descent from King Solomon. Menelek had come in contact with Russians or rather with a party of Cossacks led by an adventurer named Achinoff, and he had discovered that the tenets of the Russian orthodox church differed little in the main from the teachings of the Coptic Church of Abyssinia. Hence an expressed desire on his part to enter into hierarchical relations with his "brethren of the North," subjects of the little White Father.

Accompanied by Dr. Elyseieff, the Archimandrite Gabro, and a numerous escort bearing presents of value from the Czar, Nicholas de Leontieff started on this all important mission in the fall of 1894. The result surpassed all anticipation. Not only did the Negus receive him with open arms, but probably with a view of securing Russian aid against the encroachments of the Italians settled in Erythrea, he agreed to send a return mission to St. Petersburg composed of some of the highest dignitaries of the Abyssinian Empire. Among these was Prince Damto, afterwards killed at the bloody battle of Adowa.

I will not weary the reader with too many details of Leontieff's subsequent career in Abyssinia. Suffice it to say that his services both during the cam-

pact of partisanship and before many moons are past the descendant of the early Tartar conquerors of Great Russia and the scion of the royal house which has given France her kings since the days of Hugh Capet, will have returned to their holding in Darkest Africa, there to spread the light of civilization and to lay the foundations of a mighty Empire.

The accompanying picture of Count Leontieff is from a photograph made specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the day of his arrival in Paris. He is attired in the costume of an Abyssinian noble. The photograph of Prince Henry shows him seated in his study in the rue Jean Guyon, Paris. It was taken shortly after his return from Thibet.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

Russia's 129,211,113 Souls.

In February last, the Russian official census was completed. From the tables of population, it appears that European Russia contains 94,188,750 persons: Poland, 9,442,590; Caucasus, 9,723,553; Siberia and Saghalien, 5,731,732; the Steppes, 3,415,174; Turkestan and the Pamirs, 4,175,101; Finland, 2,527,801, and Khiva, 6,412—a total of 129,211,113 as against a total of 67,330,643 by the census of 1851. The population of towns which have more than a 100,000 inhabitants, among them being St. Petersburg, 1,627,023 (with suburbs); Moscow, 988,610; Warsaw, 614,752; Odessa, 404,651; Lodz, in Poland, 314,780; Riga, 282,943; Kieff, 248,750; Kharkoff, 170,652; Tiflis, 159,862. There are thirty-five towns having a population of over 50,000 inhabitants, and sixty-nine whose population is in excess of 25,000.

Assam's Great Earthquake.

While the recent earthquake was widely felt in India and adjoining countries, nowhere does it seem to have been so destructive as in Assam. A lady (the wife of an English official), writing from that country, says: "This horrible calamity has wrecked every building in Shillong, about one hundred buildings altogether, including the Government house, the secretariat, the post office, the telegraph office, the church, hotel, courts, government printing press (in which some twenty natives lost their lives), the club, the Dak Bungalow, and scores of private houses. All these are now unrecognizable heaps of rubble. Europeans are living in stables, coach-houses, and huts in the bazaar, only too thankful for any sort of shelter above their heads. The waters of the lake rose at the first shock like a solid black wall, and dashed down carrying away the breakwater. They rushed down the valley with a roar like thunder, sweeping away bridges and anything that came in their way."

"One hill village of about 5,000 inhabitants has slipped down into the valley, and many hills on the Chena Ponjee side have split, and the earth is constantly slipping into the valley. Everyone here is busy trying to rescue what they can from the ruins of their houses and endeavoring to make themselves some sort of shelter from the rain. To-morrow evening, Jubilee Day, Mr. Cotton, Chief Commissioner Assam, was to have given a Jubilee address, but alas! Government House is now but a huge heap of stones amid the fir and pine trees. The flag-staff alone remains."



PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS IN HIS STUDY IN PARIS.

obtaining a leave of absence he started off. He disappeared into the wilderness beyond the Oxus and for months was unheard of. When he did reappear, however, he brought a perfect museum along with him, consisting of mineral ore, ancient pottery, dried plants, photographs of hitherto unvisited regions, and last, but not least, a collection of skins of wild animals whom he had brought to earth with his unerring rifle. In St. Petersburg he was received with open arms by the leading scientists and his descriptions were listened to with avidity. In the following year, 1892, the military authorities gave him another leave of absence to prosecute further explorations in Asia. He selected Persia and Beluchistan this time and explored the unknown parts of these countries with remarkable success, although at the risk of his life. His efforts on behalf of science were rewarded by two gold medals from the Russian and French Societies respectively. A more substantial reward, however, fell to his share in 1894, when he was given the leadership of a government mission to Abyssinia.

Abyssinia, the only native Christian State in all Africa, Christian, it is true, almost in name only, was ruled by a Negus

paign against the Italians and in connection with the peace negotiations, were such as to cement a bond of lasting friendship between him and the Negus, so that the announcement of his recent appointment to the Governorship of the Equatorial provinces with the title of Count, has created little surprise.

Leontieff fully comprehends the necessities of the situation created in Africa by the rivalries of the various continental powers. As a Russian patriot he has felt it his duty to oppose the African policy of Great Britain, and to render impossible the realization of Cecil Rhodes' dream which would mean the planting of the English flag on an uninterrupted stretch of territory reaching from Capetown to the Delta on the Nile. It is in pursuance of this programme that the young Russian explorer advised Menelek to insist on the present demarcation of the equatorial provinces during the negotiations with the Rannell Rodd mission, and also in pursuance thereof that he has welcomed to Abyssinian soil the various French missions sent there during the past year. With Henry of Orleans, who visited the country as correspondent of the *Figaro*, he has, as above stated, made a solemn

HER PRESUMPTUOUS VOW.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

Author of "A New-Fashioned Woman," etc.

THREE girls sat in earnest conversation in the beautiful grounds of S— College. June had been ushered in with bright, blue skies, balmy breezes and a profusion of every side. To the trio this month of their dreams, when

"That sometimes is the case," Lottie answered, "but can we disobey a direct, plain injunction of our Heavenly Father, and then expect his blessing? Is this not tempting God?"

"I am so ignorant. I never saw it in this light before," said Leila, with deep thoughtfulness, and then so solemn a hush fell

that, encouraged by the silence, a great, golden butterfly wafted itself so near that it fanned the curls upon her brow. Suddenly raising herself to her full height, in firm, deliberate tones she said:

"If God will help me to keep me from other sins, I promise to keep myself from that."

"Oh, Coz Leila, don't say that!" cried Cora, "it is wicked, is it not, Lottie?"

"It is, to say the least, self-suffici-

ency," and Lottie's face was aglow with deep feeling. "Take back those words, dear Leila, or you will be guilty of the sin of presumption."

"I do not want to say or do a thing wrong, girls," Leila replied, "but I have will in abundance, and I can and will keep myself from this sin. I will never marry an unbeliever."

The ringing of the supper bell put an end to the conversation.

Major Courtney was one of the wealthiest citizens of the city of A—, and his wife, a woman of culture and refinement, was a social leader among her circle of acquaintances. They were regarded as consistent members of the church, even though their parlors were often thrown open to a dance, and progressive euchre parties. That they were Christians, no one doubted, but there was no consecration, no hearts emptied of self that they might be infilled with the Holy Spirit, and if Christian work was done, it was prompted by a sense of stern, unrelenting duty, and not from overflowing love to God, for his glory and the salvation of souls.

Among the important lessons which Leila learned at college, was that many so-called "innocent diversions for the young" were positively sinful, and now that her parents proposed to give her a welcome home by a large party, she begged that these amusements be dispensed with.

"I cannot 'keep unspotted' if I dance and indulge in cards so neither shall I do this at home nor in the homes of my friends."

Her parents smiled, and consented to her plans, but felt the reproof keenly. Her young friends argued, told her she would be called "peculiar," "fanatical," said she should not interfere with the enjoyment of others, and would, by her persistence, be a standing reproof to her former friends. To all their arguments her reply was:

"As I see these things now, there is no argument that can be brought forward that can ever induce me ever to take a card in my hand again to play, or to join in any dance."

And so they let her alone, many a Christian conceding that she was right, and many who were not Christians, admiring her for her consistency and firmness. Among her most intimate friends were some who declined to have such amusements at their entertainments since Leila's conscience would not permit her to indulge in them. Major Courtney's home was the scene of many brilliant gatherings, and the conservatory was robbed of its palms and ferns and fragrant flowers to make the house a bower of beauty, but amidst it all, Leila walked the loveliest flower in all that wilderness of bloom.

At a lawn party on Major Courtney's spacious grounds, two young ladies slipped into the shadow of an electric light for a private chat.

"I really enjoy this," said one. "There is something select about Leila's receptions. There is plenty of money here to have things brilliant and beautiful; and when I leave Major Courtney's, I do not spend hours of wakefulness lest I may have sinned in something I may have done. When I leave this house," she added, "now that a new order of things has been instituted, I drop to sleep without a review of the night, fully conscious that for once my amusements have not been sinful. Leila Courtney, the Christian of a few months, is a standing rebuke to many of us whose names have been long upon our church-roll. If I had her wealth and position, I might afford to start some innovation, too, and show that there was a little spark of conscience left; but, no, I fear if I had it all, I would run in the same old rut still."

"I agree with you," replied the other, "that the evenings spent here, are the most delightful I spend anywhere, for this pleasure is refined and elevating, and the conscience is not forever harassed by thought of wrong-doing. Now I care nothing for cards, only play to be in the fashion, and it will be no cross to give up this pastime, and as to dancing, I am thinking seriously of quitting that, too."

"You!" was exclaimed in surprised tones. "You surely are not in earnest. Why, you are the finest, most graceful dancer in this city, whom all the young men seek as a partner to enhance their own skill. You cannot be serious."

"Indeed I am, though my mind is not fully made up. I am pivotal, ready to tip over to either side, but readier for the negative. I have been troubled upon this subject for some time, and I confess that Leila's course has unsettled me still more. I only wish I were as consistent as she, and had the same Christian influence. I took my doubts to that dear old saint, Mrs. Amos, and told her all my trouble, and in her sweet way, she said: 'Why, dearie, could you ask Jesus to bless you in the dance, or let you dance for his glory and the conversion of souls: and then think, if he were to come while you are upon the floor, are you sure you would hear his call in the fuss and din of the music?' How could I answer except with tears! I am weighing her words. I am weighing Leila's influence, but what the outcome will be, I cannot yet say, but when I tell you that I have taken it to my Saviour in prayer, you will scarcely doubt my decision."

Just here a voice from the parlor called for the song of "Auld Lang Syne," and our fugitives were found, and carried to the piano to swell the full chorus.

Two years had not passed over the Courtney mansion when a change came to Leila. Among her many admirers was one whom she favored above any other, and her parents smiled and felt that her choice was wise. Roy Lester was a noble man, a young lawyer, whose success in his chosen profession was phenomenal. He pleased Leila, he pleased her parents, and so it was decided that Roy and Leila should love and live for each other. At his urgent request, preparations for the marriage were begun at once, and arrangements were made for a trip to Europe, which would cover several months. At her cousin's request, Cora came to hurry forward the preparations for a speedy marriage. When she met Roy, she felt that Leila's love had been well bestowed, and yet, as day after day passed, she was not fully satisfied. She remembered a beautiful evening in June, when three friends sat in the gloaming, and she heard again, in memory, the solemn vow which then passed her cousin's lips. Unable to conceal her anxiety any longer, she said:

"Coz Leila, Mr. Lester suits me in every particular as far as physical manliness and mental culture are concerned; and then, he is so brilliant and strong, noble and good, and possesses so many excellent qualities, he must be a Christian?"

The half assertion ending with a rising inflection, troubled Leila, but, looking up, she answered brightly:

"Oh, yes, coz Cora—well, he is not a member of any church, and there comes in his beautiful humility, for he does not feel worthy. Why, yes, he is a Christian—that is—of course—I believe he is, though he does not own it. Oh, I tell you Roy is all right; he is a great deal better than I am."

Cora's question startled Leila, but she shook off the impression it had made, pushing all shadowy thoughts away, feeling that she was disloyal to her lover. Another dagger came in a letter from her friend, Lottie West. After asking her acceptance of a beautiful gift which accompanied the letter, and after telling the pleasant things she had heard of Mr. Lester, she added:

"But above all these qualities, he must possess one far exceeding all others, for of course, he is a Christian, or you would never have promised to marry him."

There was no time now to stop and think: things were rushing rapidly to a focus—the trunks were packed, the marriage over, and the happy pair in a palatial steamer, were soon ploughing the waters of the mighty Atlantic.

When Leila returned, she found an elegant home awaiting her, the gift of her parents. It was beautifully furnished, for naught that taste and wealth could contribute had been withheld. Amidst it all she lived an unhappy woman. When the glamour of her first love had passed, the truth dawned upon her that Roy was far from being a Christian. She did not utter a word of reproach: she felt he deserved none, and she tried to be even more loving than before, though her face grew pale and thin. When alone, she was much upon her knees, and the bitterest tears rained down her cheeks; but she kept her secret locked within her own breast. At last, in a gush from her surcharged heart, she wrote to her cousin:

"My broken vow! It was wicked, self-reliance, presumption! I did not need God: this I could do myself, and behold my work! I tried to be consistent in other things, depending upon my Saviour, and he gave me the needed strength; but when Roy came, his nobleness of character won my heart, and I was infatuated with the man who had offered me his individual heart, and, O God, forgive me, I did not think. I fear I did not care, whether he were a Christian or not. I have laid bare my repentant heart before God, and every hour of the day I beg for forgiveness; and while, to some extent, I have peace, still I am not happy, because with this peace there comes no assurance that Roy will become a Christian. I know you pray for me, but I ask more. I have written to Lottie, and now I beg that you will unite your prayers with ours in earnest wrestling, every evening for my dear husband's conversion, until the answer comes."

Will God graciously hear? Will the praying, earnest wife, repentant of her presumptuous sin, be yet made the instrument to lead her husband to the Cross?

What One Woman Did for Christ.

Mrs. Betsy Baker, a godly woman, in the first decade of the present century, lived at West Dedham, Mass. There she gathered the children of the neighborhood in an unfurnished chamber of her own house to give them religious instruction on the Lord's day. She had but few books except her Bible, and to teach that was from the first her chief object. From the proceeds of the sale of "straw braid," which she was the first to manufacture in this country, she purchased a few useful books, and for many years kept them in a small box which she could carry under her arm. That old chest is still preserved as a precious memento by her children. She continued her work for nearly fifty years, and saw it grow into a church, and it expanded into well-nigh a dozen other schools. Her little audience of young folks in 1814, was one of the very first Sunday Schools ever assembled in America. This simple woman's work, has been rich in blessing and has made her name to be everywhere honored.



LEILA'S SORROW FOR HER BROKEN VOW.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PROPRIETOR.

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Self-Immolation.

WHAT means this mighty increase of suicide? The papers are full of it. There seems no cessation to the bang of the pistol, and the glitter of the knife, and the gleam of the vial of strychnine by which men and women try to put an end to their earthly misery, and well they succeed, but they only shake off one misery to put on a million-fold heavier. When a man in his right mind takes his own life, he hurls himself into a wretchedness compared with which the worst earthly suffering is ambrosial. If a man be demented, he is not responsible for what he does, but if he be in his right mind and take away his own life, he will find no mercy at the judgment. There seems to be a growing impression that perhaps the old philosophers were right, when they suggested that it was lawful to terminate earthly existence when it became insupportable, and one of the most popular books of the day sets forth that same idea. You have no right, under any circumstances, to put yourself out of this world, and I go further and say you have no right to risk your life on the platform of the express train, or bending out of the window, or walking a tight rope, or standing on the edge of a precipice to see how far you can reach over. The most sacred thing ever entrusted to you is your life. Take care of it. In God's name, I command you, take care of it. If it be insupportable, ask God for help. Religion is the panacea for all ills; not an overdose of belladonna. Men stand on the stern of the ocean steamer, having laid off coat and hat for the fatal spring into the briny deep, and women lying down on the rail-track after the headlight of the locomotive had come around the curve, have in that awful crisis heard the comforting words of an all-compassionate God, and halted in their crime and been saved. Turn back, O desperate soul, from your fearful determination, and feel the omnipotent calm there is in the Gospel. Christ is ready now to put his foot on the neck of the wrathful Gennesaret.

Postponed Marriages.

MORE evil comes of late marriage than of early marriage. The reason there are so many unhappy households in this country is because men and women wait until their habits are all fixed and unyielding and inexorable. In most of the troubled houses of this coun-

try, had the twain married earlier, they would have assimilated in character, and their peculiarities would not have developed beyond all power of reconstruction. The modern notion that the establishment of a fortune is necessary before a man can set up a household of his own, is one of the destroying influences of society to-day. The happiest home is that in which the twain started life together. The oxen that pull the best in the yoke are those who are "broken" early; but attempt to yoke them after they are old and stubborn, and "whoa," and "haw," and "gee," emphasized with an ox goad are insufficient. The difference between Parisian society and American society is the difference between late marriage and no marriage at all compared with comparatively early affiance; but our cities are gradually moving toward Paris. I never read anything more beautifully pathetic than an incident which came under the observation of a missionary in London who, meeting two persons who had married very early in life and had come down to great destitution, said to the man: "Do you not regret now your early marriage?" The poor man looked at his wife and with tears in his eyes, said: "No, sir; she has been the same to me all through."

Carrying Firearms.

IF a man is going out among Bedouin savages, or to be on police duty in the Fourth Ward, let him have club, knife, derringier; but you have no right with firearms or other weapons of death to be moving amid the peaceful society of our civilized cities. Beside that, it is a mark of a contemptible coward. What a chicken liver instead of a heart you must have that you have to be armed in order to walk through Broadway. There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have a pistol in his pocket, or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house from garret to cellar, and that is the young man or the old man who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it seems to me it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion cap or a ramrod. You carry a pistol, when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something that you will feel sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same vest pocket. The ordinary citizen, in the next century, will need no firearms. It is an awful thing to take human life. Have nothing about you that in a moment of altercation, may become, under the impulse of sudden temper set on fire of the devil, the means of appalling crime.

The Sin of Indolence.

THERE are a great many sacrificed by indolence. In the hour of their conversion they looked off upon the world and said: "Oh, how much work to be done, how many harvests to be gathered, how many battles to be fought, how many tears to be wiped away, and how many wounds to be bound up!" And they looked with positive surprise upon those who could sit idle in the kingdom of God while there was so much work to do. After awhile they found their efforts were unappreciated, that some of their best work in behalf of Christ was caricatured and they were laughed at, and they began to relax their effort, and the question was no more "What can I do for Christ?" but "How can I take my ease? Where can I find my rest?" How many who, in the hour of consecration started out nobly, bravely and enthusiastically for the Saviour's kingdom, have fallen back into ease of body and ease of soul!

Why go down hunting for our old idols? We have found out they are insufficient for the soul. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; and hands have they, but they handle not. There is only one God to worship, and he sits in the heavens.

PAYING THE PREACHER.



THIS is one of those duties which we find it easy to shirk, even to complain about; and among the disaffected of all classes, the salaries of ministers are a common topic of grievance, the stock argument being usually the well-worn comparison between the poverty of the Apostles and the luxury of modern preachers. "Why do not our clergy go back to the simplicity and poverty of the first Christian ministers?" is the stereotyped question.

Now ministers, with the utmost fairness, may return the question, "Why do not the laity go back to that estimable, primitive condition when the household of faith had all things in common?" When rich lay Christians sell all they have for the benefit of the commonwealth of the church, then also the clergy will be willing to minister freely at the altar, and like St. Paul, support themselves by the labor of their hands or brains. It would be easy to prove that a great many ministers do now so support themselves; but it is sufficient here to take the argument in its most obvious sense.

In the first place, the Apostles were not called upon to mingle with and influence the nobles and merchant-princes of Rome and Greece; they went generally, like Christ, among the common people. They did not have to prepare for their ministry, by a long and expensive course of training. They were not expected to be householders, and to exercise a graceful and generous hospitality. They did not feel compelled to take the lead in all charitable objects, giving freely of their time, money and efforts. The modern minister has not only to do these things, but he has also to marry a wife, whose culture and intelligence will make her an acceptable co-laborer with him, among the cultured and intelligent members of his congregation. Besides which, he is expected to bring up his family in a manner reflecting social credit on those with whom they have to associate.

Now, just as long as clergymen must fill this social and domestic position, so long they must of necessity be mindful of incomes. Spiritual duties will not support flesh and blood. They cannot renew clothing and pay grocer's bills by miracles. There has been no special creation of self-supporting wives and children for their relief. The ministerial office is certainly a mission, but in these days, it is also a liberal profession, and like other liberal professions, it demands generous recognition and liberal rewards for pre-eminent ability or merit.

Let us suppose that the apostolic rule were at this day prevalent; what would be the consequences? First, fanatical and ignorant persons would take possession of our pulpits; for how shall we be sure, when a man is enthusiastic and wants no money for his preaching, that he has honest evangelism and not self-inflation for his motive? And while we are slowly and carefully discovering his incentives, how much harm might have been accomplished?

Second, we should have crude, personal opinions and prejudices, instead of the settled views of learned scholars and ripe, thoughtful Christians. The years our ministers spend in college, studying the thoughts and systems of great souls passed beyond the skies, is our gain; and we could not afford to exchange them for the drifting ideas of an unlettered clergy. The gathered wisdom of nineteen centuries is funded in the clergy. Ought we not to be willing, and glad, to pay the men who assimilate and dispense it for our benefit?

Third, A clergy not paid in money will certainly pay themselves in power. Look at the orders of the Catholic priesthood. The more poverty they profess, the more spiritual power they claim. Many men would rather have power than money, and the bare-footed friar, holding the keys of heaven and hell, and remitting or retaining sins, as he sees fit, would not exchange places with the best-paid preacher, who only "ministers" to his flock, and does not rule them. We may choose between these alternatives; for it is not in human nature to spend its strength and time for naught.

The justice and propriety of paying the officers who manage our political and social government is readily acknowledged; yet the preacher's office has an authority past computing, for it is exercised day by day and year after year over the most influential, orderly, industrious, moral part of the community. It is the minister who leads this mighty force against sin and sorrow and poverty. He is its guide in all noble public and private good works. He is the director and organizer of its charities, and the leader of its thoughts and purposes. He earns his wages by the sweat of his heart, and his brain, and his brow.

If, then, we are to have an educated, reasonable, thoughtful ministry, we must consider that education, reason and thought come from long and careful and expensive training; and if we have any sense of justice and honesty we shall acknowledge and fulfil the evident duty of "Paying the Preacher."

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Board has medical aries in almost all of its twenty missions total of thirty-nine, of whom eleven are fifteen are ordained. It also has ten hospitals and thirty dispensaries.

Thirty-two years after the landing first missionaries in the Sandwich Islands were found in the schools and 21,000 in the and a foreign missionary society was composed more than \$6,100 annually.

A Congregational pastor at River finding that there were three pastorless within seventy miles of him, is occupying pits in rotation, his wife in the meantime accepting to his own congregation.

According to letters received by the American Bible Society from Peru, four of the have been most prominent in obstructing culation in that country have died within year. One of these is the Bishop of Arequipa ordered the arrest of Mr. Penzotti in 1887.

Mr. S. C. K. Rutnam, M. A., sailed for Ceylon. An opportunity of reaching of labor having unexpectedly occurred, he expects to commence work as a Christian on his arrival, and his wife will practice cal missionary.

An analysis of the statistics of Presbyterian churches has been made by a journal of nomination. It states that there were which last year added over one hundred membership. One of these was in Brook one in New Mexico, one in China, thia, and four in Pennsylvania.

The Turkish Censor who is in charge imports of books complains of one Paul been writing to the people of Galata, a Constantinople. He considers the curious. Inquiry develops the fact that he across some Bible portions, one of which Epistle to the Galatians, and it is this he objects to.

Interesting services were held in Philadelphia recently in the Gospel Tabernacle, Leonard Weaver and Mr. W. S. Weeden revival services. One evening was Crosby night. Every hymn sung was the blind hymn-writer, and she was presented the circumstances under which each posed.

Dr. Colman, of Peking, writing Church at Home and Abroad, reports a professional visit recently to Li Hui he found the venerable statesman intent a Chinese New Testament, which had him by an English missionary. So engrossed he in his reading that he did not notice of his physician for some minutes.

The French Governor of Madagascar forced the London Missionary Society to their College and Normal School at a one-half their valuation. On the arrival first party of the French missionaries, undertaken to carry on the work, he them with the school on the condition Englishman should ever enter it.

An appeal for aid has reached Mass., from Monastir in Turkey. Over hundred Jews of that town are homeless; titute, their homes four hundred and fifty were burned on July 23d. The mis the American Board in that town describes condition as very pitiful, and would be tribute among them any funds contributed purpose.

The Christian League of Philadelphia posed of representatives of evangelical has done a valuable work for the moral of the city by ascertaining the names of of resorts in which the law is broken, and them of their liability under the law. A ber, fearing prosecution or exposure, have rily evicted their tenants who were rini bling or disorderly resorts.

A remarkable revival is reported in tal, in Southeastern Africa. The Missionary view says: "Such a work of grace as been witnessed in the Colony is now going ing to conviction of sin and conversion with every evidence that it is a work of Spirit. The year 1897 will hereafter be able among the churches of Natal as the among the churches of Africa."

Recent news from Persia is to the effect the new Shah has ordered that Jews there have religious liberty. Mohammedan people must cease. It is also announced numbers of Nestorians in Persia have been Russian Orthodox Church receiving. Jews is not encouraging. It probably means the Nestorians fear persecution, and feel selves safer in a church protected by the of Russia.

Complaint is made by the Turkish office of the effects of the American Mission schools in Armenia. Mehmed Nourky quoted as saying that the revolutionaries pupils of the American schools, and at schools are a curse to Turkey and Armenia. We can understand that the Sultan and his ciples ministers hate them. They are for tyranny and have shielded their victims cruelty.

A new Settlement has been incorporated in New York. It is situated at 163 Avenue is called the Young Woman's Settlement. ready three clubs have been organized with it, called respectively the Sangster Club, the Loyalty Club, and the Club. There are more than two hundred members of these clubs, the majority of whom within two blocks on each side the street. The Executive Committee is composed of women.

An effort is being made to induce David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the States Supreme Court, to accept the Presidency of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Storrs persists in his determination to the approaching meeting at New Haven. If Justice Brewer accepts, the three great of the church will all have laymen as Presidents. The others are President Morrill E. Galt, herst, and Gen. O. O. Howard, who actively at the head of the Missionary Association and the Home Missionary Society.



Jews in Conference at Basle.

THIS century has not witnessed a scene more deeply interesting and significant than the Conference which has just closed its sessions in the quaint little Swiss town of Basle. Delegates from many lands assembled there, who for the time, made the difference in their nationality and the differences in their theological views remembering only that they were of one race, descended from a common ancestor. In recent numbers of this journal, events have been described, which Dr. Theodore Herzl, the brilliant journalist of Vienna, to summon this Conference. He had ascertained from influential statesmen in Constantinople that the Sultan of Turkey would consider favorably a proposition to acquire, by a species of lease, the whole or a part of Palestine for the purpose of founding a Jewish state. Believing that the Jews, scattered all over the world, still held their ancient land dear that they would contribute to the cause for such a purpose and that large numbers would flock to settle in the Holy Land and develop the land, if they were guaranteed civil and religious liberty and permanency of tenure, he called the conference to discuss the project. The Swiss town was a convenient place for the rendezvous because of its central situation and the advantages of travel, which have rendered it the point of the commerce between France, Switzerland, Germany and the Low Countries. It is a cosmopolitan town standing on both banks of the Rhine, its two parts connected by a bridge. Basle came more than a hundred prominent Jews in response to Dr. Herzl's invitation. Dr. Herzl informed them of the facts and the conditions of the situation, as far as he had been able to gather them and asked their opinions. His object was received with enthusiasm and a central committee of twenty-three was organized, to be located in Basle, with authority to raise a fund of ten million dollars to defray the expenses of the enterprise. It is proposed to make a thorough survey of the land, to establish telegraphic and telephonic communication, to send there a large contingent of skilled labor, to clear the land and prepare for agriculture and general occupation. Sites will be selected for new towns, new roads will be made, bridges will be built, the railroad system extended. Hereafter settlers may be expected to come from Jewish communities in every land. Sixty-five thousand Jews are already in the Holy Land and the reports which come from them indicate that the land is capable, under modern methods of cultivation, of supporting six millions. Dr. Herzl is convinced that manufactures could be established and that the country could soon become a centre of trade and industry. Judging from what the Jews have done in every country, in spite of the restrictions and burdens imposed upon them, it is not difficult to believe Dr. Herzl's prediction. The most doubtful question is as to the Sultan's attitude. At any hostility on his part Dr. Herzl is fearful. He believes that the Jews will render him such services in the management of the finances of his empire that his friendship would be secured. It is expected or desired that the Jews will go to Palestine from lands where they are contented and are well treated; that like the Germans and Englishmen and the Italians and Irishmen in this country, the Jews, wherever they may be,

while loyal to the government under which they live, shall have a patriotic love of their own land and take an active interest in its welfare. The plan seems feasible. Christians everywhere will rejoice if it can be realized and will give their best wishes and their prayers for its success. So we may yet see the promise fulfilled which through centuries of cruel persecution has been the stay and hope of this brilliant and long suffering people:

I will bring again the captivity of my people, Israel, and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof, and they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their lands and they shall no more be pulled out of their land, which I have given them. (Amos 9: 14.)

Wanton Mischief Thwarted.

Recent acts of wanton mischief by Brooklyn boys, who have been throwing stones at moving trains and otherwise injuring property, have necessitated a watch being kept on them by the police. On August 29 a policeman who had been assigned to this duty, noticed five tough-

could feel the vibration of the rails, which told them that the train was coming. They struggled to escape, but their captor held them down. When the last stone was taken out, and the switch closed, the train was not a hundred yards away. As it thundered past, the boys turned sick with horror at the danger they had so narrowly escaped. It may be hoped that their terror may have a permanent effect on them, and that it may save them from a course which brings upon the evildoer a similar retribution:

He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death. (Prov. 11: 19.)

Afraid of Diphtheria.

The proprietor of a hotel at a famous summer resort in New York State, declares that she has lost over five thousand dollars this season by the circulation of a false report among her guests. Two hundred rooms were vacated in one day and other guests who were coming stayed away. The scare was caused by the report that diphtheria had broken out in the hotel. The fact was that one lady and two children were ill with tonsillitis, which is pronounced non-infectious. The physician in attendance said that there was absolutely no danger in either case, and that he had tried to keep the sickness from becoming noised about. He was forced, however, to notify the health authorities, and somebody started the rumor that an epidemic was imminent. The news flew like wildfire and the next morning the trunk packing began and, despite

forbid the naturalization of Chinese, but as to children born here of Chinese parents, the question as to their citizenship must depend upon whether the are to be deemed "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States within the meaning of this article of the Constitution. The question, happily, can never be raised as to citizenship in the kingdom of heaven. Though children cannot be born into it, none who desire it and seek it in the prescribed way are excluded, whatsoever their race or color.

After this I beheld and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. (Rev. 7: 9.)

A Stolen Child.

A sad accident is reported from Wyoming. A child has disappeared from a farm-house, and it is feared that it has met a terrible fate. Last year, the little one's mother died, and the father feeling himself unable to care for an infant little more than a year old, placed it in charge of a farmer's wife, who lives on Casper Mountain. A few days ago, the farmer rose early to go to a distant part of his farm, leaving his wife asleep and the child in a cot close to her bedside. He returned for breakfast three hours later, and found his wife still fast asleep, but the child was gone. It had evidently risen and gone out in its night-dress. The prints of its baby feet could be traced in the soft soil and they led along a level path from the door to a spring at some distance from the house. There they disappeared, and in place of them were the tracks of a mountain lion. There were no marks of a struggle, but there could be no doubt that the child had been suddenly seized and carried off by the ravenous beast. A search was made for it, but no trace of it could be found. The distress of the foster-parents is extreme. They naturally reproach themselves for the lack of vigilance which has had this terrible result. Very seldom in our land does so shocking a calamity occur; but there is abundant need for watchfulness in all who have the care of children, lest a far worse evil befall the little ones who may wander in forbidden paths.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. (1. Peter 5: 8.)

A Tragedy at Niagara.

A distressing fatality occurred at Niagara Falls recently. A boat containing three men was carried over the Horse-shoe Falls and all on board were lost. The boat was noticed by people on both sides of the Falls as it floated slowly down the river below where such boats usually go. It was soon apparent that either the sail was not pulling with effect against the stream, or else those in the boat knew little about sailing. The boat was nearer the Canadian shore, and for that shore it seemed to be heading. When the first reef and first line of breakers were met those in the boat seemed to recognize their peril, for they got out their oars and pulled as hard as they could. But they had gone too far on the treacherous current, and as the boat plunged over another reef it capsized, and the three occupants were thrown into the white-capped waters. They were stout swimmers, and they struck out for dear life. One of them nearly reached the shore, but was drawn under and carried over the falls after his two companions. The broken boat was subsequently recovered, but the bodies have not yet been found. The disaster was due to the party not discovering their danger until too late. When they did discover it the current had them in its power, and their strength as rowers and swimmers could not save them. Many souls are lost in the same way. The sinner believes he can stop in his career of sin and reform when he decides to do so; but when he makes the effort he finds that he has overestimated his power:

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. (1. Cor. 10: 12.)



BASLE, IN SWITZERLAND. THE SCENE OF THE RECENT ZIONIST CONFERENCE.

looking lads about sixteen years of age loitering beside the tracks of the Brighton Beach road near the entrance to the tunnel. After passing them, the policeman became suspicious and returned as speedily as possible to the place where he had seen them. They had disappeared but he saw them a little farther up the track, where there is an automatic switch. The policeman hurried to the spot and at sight of him they scattered. He succeeded in catching two of them and dragging them in spite of their struggles to the switch. He found, as he expected, that they had been in mischief. The switch had been forced open, and a number of stones had been wedged in, to prevent it closing. He realized in a moment that if those stones were not removed and the switch closed, the train then nearly due would be wrecked and, as it would probably be crowded with passengers returning from a day at the beach, many lives would be lost. His indignation at the wicked act grew as he thought of the consequences, and he determined that the boys he had in his clutches should learn a lesson. He forced them to lie down, on their stomachs, on the track and remove the stones. They knew, when they put them there, that the train would soon be there; now they realized that unless they got the stones out in time, it would pass over their bodies. They worked hard, but the stones had been wedged in so firmly that it was not easy to remove them. Their hands were cut and bleeding and they

the assurances of the proprietress of the hotel, that there was no diphtheria in the house and no danger of an epidemic, the guests continued vacating their rooms, and by night there were only about thirty at supper. If there had really been an outbreak of diphtheria the panic might have been reasonable, for no one would voluntarily expose themselves unnecessarily to the danger of catching the terrible disease. It would be well if people were equally on the alert to avoid moral contagion but, unhappily, there is less care about that danger, though there is Apostolic warning of the peril:

Be not deceived; Evil company doth corrupt good manners. (1. Cor. 15: 33, R. V.)

Chinese Citizenship.

From a circular just issued by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General in respect to the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion laws, it appears that a curious and important question concerning the status of the children of Chinese parents is now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States. When such children are born in this country, are they citizens of the United States, or does their Chinese parentage make them subjects of the Emperor of China? The Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution declares all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof to be citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. Our laws

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 26. Golden Text Matt. 5: 16. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.



HE twelve lessons to be reviewed, bring the history of the early Church down to about the year 58. The period with which they deal is one of about eight years, beginning with the introduction of Christianity into Europe. It was a momentous epoch for the Church. Luke evidently realized the importance of the development.

He ceases to write about the work of the Twelve Apostles, and turns to the labors of Paul as the real matter of consequence to the Church. One reason for his doing so, of course, would be the fact that he appears to have been in close touch with Paul in his work; at some periods journeying with him and at others remaining behind to continue the work, while Paul went forward on his travels. So able an historian, however, would not have suffered his personal association with one sphere of the work to have monopolized his narrative, if he had not perceived that in this sphere was the real life and growth of the Church.

At the beginning of the period, the area in which the Gospel seed had been sown was very small. Some twenty years had elapsed since, at the ascension of Christ, the Apostles had received their commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. In spite of these instructions they did not appear to understand that the door was to be opened to the Gentiles. It is easy to see why such an idea was shocking to them. The countries outside of Judea were given up to idolatry and immorality of a degree which could not be described or even hinted at in decent modern society. In Rome itself, even among the high-born families, the most foul and disgusting practices were common. Not even Sodom and Gomorrah were so vile as Rome was in that day. From the palace of the Emperor down, vice of the most loathsome kind was prevalent. Very naturally the Jew had come to look upon the heathen world with contempt, and to see in the admission to the Jewish nation by the ancient rite, the one way of redemption from the corruption with which the Gentile world reeked. A few persons had taken that way. Men like the centurion to whom Peter preached and the Ethiopian whom Philip baptized, attracted by the purity of the Jewish faith and life, had been received as proselytes. These, of course, were eligible for membership in the Christian church, but that the Gospel should be offered to pagans who had taken no steps to enter the Jewish fold was revolting to the mind of a Jewish Christian. This feeling found expression when the news reached Jerusalem of such a movement at Antioch. This city stood on the north of Palestine, and was famous for its wealth and frivolity. It was one of the great highways of trade, attracted merchants of all nations, and among its half million inhabitants were representatives of all races. It was one of the most corrupt cities in all that region. When the news was reported to the Jewish Christians that a church had been organized there, that pagans, who had not previously been received into Judaism, were being admitted to church membership, there was an indignant protest. Paul knew that if admission to Judaism was made a condition of admission to the church, a barrier would be raised which would be fatal to the spread of Christianity, and therefore he and Barnabas went to Jerusalem to have the question settled once for all. The

council that was summoned yielded, and the Gentiles were admitted to the church without being required to submit to the rite of initiation to Judaism. But there is reason to believe that the Council yielded reluctantly, and that many Jewish Christians, to the last, looked on the Gentile converts as aliens and interlopers.

The concession, however, was put to energetic use. Antioch became the pioneer church of missionary work. From it, already, Paul and Barnabas had gone forth preaching in Southern Asia Minor. After the unhappy quarrel between the two old friends, Paul continued to make it the starting-point for his journeys, and the place to which he went for rest on his return. He was now nearly fifty years old, and had been a Christian about thirteen years. He was definitely committed to missionary work—forced into it against his will. His own inclination was to preach to the Jews in Jerusalem, and as

This second journey occupied four years, during which he founded several churches and traveled hundreds of miles.

A brief visit to Jerusalem and a brief rest at Antioch followed, and then Paul set out again. He went apparently by the former route through Asia Minor, but more rapidly, being anxious to reach Ephesus, which was the metropolis of south-western Asia Minor. There Paul would meet travelers of all races and wide opportunities would be open to him. He had just touched at the city during his second journey and had seen how promising a field it was. On his third tour he stayed there three years and we know by his subsequent talk at Miletus (Acts 20: 18-21), with representatives of the Church, how those years were spent. Earnest preaching and teaching, "both publicly and from house to house" had occupied those three years. Thence he crossed the sea to revisit the Church at Corinth which after his former visit had been distracted by errors and the open backsliding of some of its members. He had written them two letters which happily have been preserved in the New Testament. Now he visited them in person and having set the church in order, he sailed for Jerusalem.

The period thus occupied with travel and labor was rich in results for the church. The churches Paul founded have passed away, but the letters he wrote them in the intervals of his labor, remain. From them an influence has gone forth which has im-

and went away. He understood that was to keep his lamp trimmed and light shining.

For whom Christ died (1. Cor. 15). An uneducated man whose address was in some of the lowest classes, applicant for a license to preach, minister who was conducting the nation said: "Now, brother, will you some of the evidences of the divinity of Christ?" The candidate was puzzled, remained silent. The examiner raised his question in another form: "What makes you think Christ was dead?" Tears filled the eyes of the candidate, raising his hand heavenwards, he said: "What makes me think he was dead? Why, bless him! he saved my soul!"

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love (Rom. 12: 10). Men recognize in another the love of the same Lord, they see in it a brotherhood stronger than blood relationship. Drummond used to tell of a meeting on shipboard of two men who had served on opposite sides in the war. One of them, sitting alone one night, sang "Jesus, lover of men." Presently another voice, singularly joined in the singing. At the close of the hymn the first singer rose to find the man who had joined in the music. Finding him he said: "I have heard you sing before, the same hymn. Were you in the Confederate side. He had often that hymn in scenes of sorrow, and among the dead. One night, when he was doing sentry duty near the edge of a wood, and he was lonely and fearful, not knowing a bullet might come out of the darkness and end his life, he sang it and found comfort from it. The words of the stanza, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing," seemed especially appropriate to his circumstances. "I was there," replied the first man, "and you were nearer death than I knew. I was at the head of a Union scout, and we saw you just going to pick you off when you sing those words. I could not order to fire after that. I let the men lower their rifles, and we left your watch."

It is more blessed to give than to receive (Acts 20: 35). If it had not been for this, we should not have known that Jesus was this. None of the evangelists recorded this, but it is so like him that we once accept it. Experience proves it. An old gentleman speaking of the end of his life with his nephew said him if he would like a receipt for his depression. The young man would. "I found it out many years ago," said his uncle, "almost by accident. I was alone in the city one hot day. My mother and sisters had gone to the mountains and my father and brother were in Europe. The house was deserted. I went into it after business it was like a grave. I suppose I was a little down by the heat, for I grew depressed. I almost wept with sheer loneliness. I went to a concert, but the thought of that empty house afterwards kept me from enjoying it. The next day I was going home with a horrible misery on me, and saying to myself, 'I would give anything for company.' I went to a widow with a child in her arms, and another little one clinging to her skirt. I went into one of the streets on the evening. Her dress showed that she was poor, and her face was marked with weeping. I followed her and continued into conversation with her. I was a very sad one. I spent two days in food for her and her children. I paid another three dollars for the rent of her room. Her gratitude never forget. But that is not my point. My depression was gone. I was happy. I put my key in the door of my home, and I passed a pleasant night among my books. Apart from that to the woman, I considered my five dollars a good investment. I could not spend it in any other way so as to have the same change in my own spirit. I have tried the plan many times since, always with the same effect. The way to cure low spirits is to make one else happy, and you may so do it by a kind word or some little ray



MAP OF THE MISSIONARY JOURNEYS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

he pointed out when the call to the work came to him, there were obvious reasons for his doing so. He had become famous as a persecutor of the Christians; and the fact of his change of life might be expected to have weight, when he should preach in the city where his zeal was so well known. But he was not permitted to follow his own plans, and it is probably well that he was not. His life would have been cut short in the city "that killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent unto her. The Gentile churches might not have been founded for many years, and we should have missed the letters which form so important a part of the New Testament.

Now that Paul's hands were set free by the decision of the council, and no one had authority to demand of his converts that they submit to the hated rite of admission to Judaism as a preliminary to becoming Christians, he went forward with new energy. The whole world was open to him. His next missionary journey extended farther into Asia Minor, and when he reached the Western coast, he crossed the sea and boldly preached the Gospel in Europe. At Philippi, at Berea, at Corinth, and even in Athens itself he proclaimed the Gospel and gathered converts from the Gentiles. The undaunted courage of the man, his persistence in spite of ill usage, his unflagging energy, his contempt for hardship and fatigue rendered him an ideal missionary.

pressed all Christendom. They show how this great man yearned over the churches and what were the blessings that he desired for them. His teaching has blessed every succeeding generation. Five specimen passages have been studied during the past quarter: His appeal based on the Second Coming of Christ; his doctrine of love as the mightiest power in society; his rule of self-denial for the benefit of the weak; and his injunction of the consecration of wealth. These passages show the character of this wonderful man and the intensity of the spiritual force which is still felt in all the churches.

Let your light so shine before men (Golden Text). The story is told of a Christian who was very despondent and gloomy who used to go to his pastor at frequent intervals to get encouragement. But after a time the pastor was shut up in prison in Christiania for preaching the Gospel. One evening as the pastor looked out of his barred window, which overlooked the market-place, he saw his sorrowful friend looking wistfully up. The pastor surmised that he had one of his fits of depression and was longing for comfort. The latter sought some way of giving him a word of counsel. Looking around, he noticed that the candle which gave light to his gloomy cell had burned so that the wick was long and little light came from it. He held it up for his friend to see, then cut the wick and the light rose to a clear flame. The man nodded his head

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Our Family at Mont-Lawn.
Sole of the Staff at Our Children's Home—A Band of Christian Workers.

OUR readers are already so well acquainted with the character of the life-saving and health-giving work among the tenement children which for the last four summers, has been in progress at Mont-Lawn, that they will naturally be interested in the group of Christian women who for nearly three months have been conducting that work so ably and pleasantly. It is something loved by children. A child's own prompts it to quick recognition of friends, and it soon learns to distinguish between one who really loves children and one who merely tolerates them.

It is not an easy thing to assemble together under one roof a party of women who are all children's friends in this respect. The Christian Herald Children's Home has been unusually fortunate, however, from its experience, to add down to its staff member, is an exceptionally popular one with the youngsters, who may rely upon to make no mistake in such a matter. In the love of Christ, moved by an earnest desire to serve him, however humble the capacity, the young women—many of them talented and educated, and all exceptionally bright and capable—have taken their place among the tenement waifs and orphans. They have comforted them with the affection of elder sisters, and have soothed their sorrows and dried their tears. They have mended their rags, amused them, and have been their guides in exploring parks and woods, and their companions in merry sport on the lawn. They have sung to them the hymns of the Gospel, and have cheered their voices with their evening songs.

In these summer weeks, the little hearts have been cheered by the loving treatment they receive at the Home while waiting there, and an indelible impression has been made on countless little hearts. The staff-workers, themselves, have gained much from their contact with these children of the street, and the summer has been with benefit to all. Of the more than 100 children who have been sheltered and cared for at Mont-Lawn since June, it is safe to say that not one has carried away from the pleasantest recollections of our Home and its workers. Visitors to Mont-Lawn multiply during the weeks of the season, and all are welcomed. They never tire listening to the cheering of the children or watching their merry pranks on the lawn. Many are interested in certain children and know the youngsters about their home in the big city. Sometimes a mother who she sees in some wee tottler a likeness to some dear dead child of her own, greets the waif all the more tenderly. Many of our little guests, with much effort and no little spilling of ink on firm and paper, have written letters to the kind patrons who supplied the money to bring them to Mont-Lawn, and their naive expressions of gratitude and admiration brighten the recipients of the letters.

During the week the following contributions have been received for our Fresh-Air work:

Prevack's d. \$1,239 36	Mrs Goodwin 100
M J Rogers 100	I H N. Hollenberg 100
Miss S K Walbert 300	C P. Balto 100
M E Hizar 400	In memory of dear Walter, Ellenboro 100
Mrs O Traylor 400	A B C. Providence 200
C E D. Westfield 100	Berdell J. C. 500
Friend, Sidney 200	L E A. Elmhurst 100
Violet Koch 300	Shut-in, Remington 100
M E G. Burlington 100	Annt Maria, Hempst 300
Des Brisay Campbell & bro. 300	Mrs E W Beach 300
E C S. Adrian 100	Mrs J B Rayfuse 300
Mrs M E L. Phila. 300	E. Berne 100
C B Glen 100	Mrs E J Chamberlin 250
Auburn 100	Z Z. Phila 100
Prim'y Dept of Christian Reid SS. Hackensack 150	Mrs T H. Bailliboro 100
Harriet Annie James 200	Viola C Hill 75
Friend, Balto 200	Lyman Cobb 300
Reader of C H. New Haven 100	J W Stocke 150
Mrs H R P Stafford 600	Geo Bollman 50
Jno Williams 500	N R Tannehill 300
Fred W Heal 300	S R Cowles 500
Pres ch. Janesville 300	Mrs STR. Cincinnati 250
Russell W Hargrave 300	Ida Felty 300
	K D Circle, Lebanon Springs 300
	M P R. Vassalboro 100

to note that the centenarian, though now very feeble, has not lost her interest in Christian work, and that her descendants are also active in the Church. This family history recalls the recent reunion in the Smith family of Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y., where five generations were also represented. An account of the reunion was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time.

A Boy's Ambition.

Every boy cannot become president of the United States, but he can get a job at lots of other things that are honorable and worth working for. Presidents Lincoln, Grant and Garfield started on the presidential race when they were in their teens. They somehow got the habit of hard work early, and worked for something definite; made use of their leisure time, didn't go to the theatre very much, nor did they quit work and forget all about it when the whistle blew at six o'clock.

If you want to get out of the crowd at the bottom of the ladder, says a writer in *Men*, you will have to work harder than they do. If there are no prospects ahead in the position you are in, fit yourself for some other line of business where there are some prospects

A MEMORY.

THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
Again I hear the child's Amen,
My mother's face comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—EUGENE FIELD.

Where Thimbles Come From.

PROBABLY very few of our readers know that the thimble, which does such good service in every well-kept home, was originally known as a "thumb-bell," because it was worn on the thumb—where it is still worn by sailors and many sail-makers. It is said that the thimble is a Dutch invention; and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bi-centennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to a lady's workbasket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten, the ancestor of the American family of Benschotens. The first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Anna Van Wedy, the second wife of Killeen van Rensselaer, the purchaser of Rensselaerwyck, and the first patroon. Madame van Rensselaer's memory was duly honored in Holland on the occasion of the thimble bi-centennial. In presenting this useful gift, Van Benschoten begged Madame van Rensselaer "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his esteem." It was not until 1696, just two hundred years ago, that the thimble was introduced into England by a Hollander named John Lofting, who opened a thimble manufactory at Islington. It is now used all over the world. Sail-makers use it as it is a flat metal disk with indentations, held by a strap on the ball of the thumb, and with which the needle is forced through the stiff canvas. But the thimble of commerce is that every-

Disagreeable Things.

One sometimes has disagreeable things to do, things which one would like to shirk, things which are among the penances and humiliations of life. If they are clearly in the order of duty, if they belong to the catalogue of must-be's, then the only escape from an accusing conscience is in getting them done with at the earliest practicable moment. They somehow come into the realm of that steady, self-repressing, self-forgetting routine of actions which may be described as hoeing one's row. Blessed be drudgery, a wise man has pithily said, and blessed be whoever accepts drudgery in a cheerful and contented and even thankful spirit. For after the hoeing of the row there follows the green leaf, the bloom, the fruit, the fragrance, and the glad abounding joy of harvest. These follow, but before these came the hoeing of the row.



MATRON COLLINS AND HER STAFF OF WORKERS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. MISS HELEN COLLINS, Matron. | 4. MISS LILLIAN DRANE. | 7. MISS EMMA WEIDENKOPF. | 10. MISS MAY PIERSON. |
| 2. MISS JESSIE THOMAS. | 5. MISS ELIZABETH SILBERNAGEL. | 8. MISS CORA HOLMES. | 11. MISS ELLA V. JONES. |
| 3. MISS IVEAGH WHARTON. | 6. MISS CORA RUSSELL. | 9. MISS ISABEL TROWBRIDGE. | 12. MISS AGNES FISHER. |
- V.V. Visitors at the Home. Dr. Klopsch, who was also visiting Mont-Lawn when the photograph was taken, appears in the group standing beside the Matron. Some of the Home children are seen on the right.

M C Colegrove 200	K G W. N. Y. 300
Friend of Children, Middleboro 200	Cash, Nantucket 300
Lucile Davis 200	Mrs Dr. Wall 100
For one of Christ's little ones, Iowa City 300	X. Washington 500
I H N. Dudley 100	Mrs O Shanklin 250
C H Kent 500	Abin Wood 50
Eveline Hubbs 100	Lizzie Hawk 100
No St. Livingston 600	Friends of children, Middlebury 300
Friend, Broad Brook 100	Boys of L T. S. S. cl. 100
E M Hawk 300	Tangerine 100
Mrs S F Cox 100	Mrs E J C. Brooklyn 100
Grant & Laid, Grand Island 55	W I. Northwood 200
For the Master's sake, N. Hanson 200	I H N. Salina 100
From a Canada girl 100	H K. Marion 100
From a Scotch woman, Canada 100	H N. San Antonio 300
	Daniel Terry 100
	A A & SA Hoover 300
	Total \$1,450 66

Five Generations.

In the little fishing village of Ferrydew, opposite Montrose, Scotland, lives an old widow named Watts, who was born in the same village in 1797. She has spent all her life there. Her descendants number 269 persons and are scattered in many parts of the world. They number 12 children, 80 grandchildren, 175 great-grandchildren, and also two great-great-grandchildren. Five generations were grouped together lately and photographed in the old Watts family home at Ferrydew. It is pleasant

"The Blessed Home-Land."

I am longing for the Home-land,
Blessed Home-land in the heavens;
Where the sufferings of this earth-life
Will be changed for endless rest.
For the greetings of the loved ones
Who have journeyed on before me,
And the sweeter, crowning welcome,
From the One who loveth best.
His dear love, so pure and boundless,
Far beyond my weak conception,
Will encircle me forever
In the Home-land of the blest.
New Haven, Conn. MRS. ANNIE B. HINE.



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

A WHITE RIBBON HEROINE.

NO society of modern times has done so much to develop American women and arouse in them the heroic qualities as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I have just been having a conversation with Mary Clement Leavitt, who was the first messenger to carry the White Ribbon banner around the world, and



MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT.

proclaim its total abstinence gospel in far-away lands.

During our conversation, Mrs. Leavitt told me a most interesting story of her visit to the King of Siam and I am sure her story will be interesting to every one.

Mrs. Leavitt had been in Siam for some time, but had had no opportunity to see the King, as his Majesty was absent from the city. Just before her departure, however, the King returned, and within six hours he sent her a messenger, saying that he would give her an audience at six o'clock next day, and ordering Mr. Bradley, the English interpreter, the son of an American missionary, to attend and interpret the conversation. Everything in Siam goes by order, and not by request. Mrs. Leavitt arrived at the exact moment, and was shown into an ante-room decorated with armor from many countries.

The new Italian Minister was with his Majesty, so they had to wait a few minutes. Presently they passed up into a room of pinkish tinge, ornamented with gold; a smiling young gentleman came toward the temperance orator, and taking her by the hand, led her to the centre of the room and into the immediate presence of the King of Siam.

The King spoke English well and understood it perfectly, but he would not converse in a language that his courtiers could not understand, so he talked in Siamese through an interpreter.

Their conversation immediately began on the purpose of her mission around the world. The King agreed with Mrs. Leavitt that it would be well for his kingdom if never a drop of liquor should enter it again. He was himself a total abstainer, but even his example had not been enough to keep his half brothers (there were about seventy of them), from following the bad example of the foreign diplomats.

When the White Ribboner suggested to him that he might make total abstinence a pre-requisite for promotion, His Majesty, with a smile and a peculiar look around upon the thirty-five or forty courtiers who were in attendance, said: "I have never thought of that. I will meditate upon it, and I think I will act upon it."

In reply to her query if he could not prohibit the introduction of liquor into his country, he said it would be easy enough with China, whence most of it came, but with regard to England and France, it would require deep thought and great diplomacy, or the greatest evils would be brought upon him.

Speaking of Christianity, the King

turned to her and said: "But your Christian religion allows the use of intoxicating liquor, how then can you work for its entire suppression?" She explained the new line along which she was working and in which she thoroughly believed, to which His Majesty responded: "I am very glad to hear this, for I have often wondered why a religion so superior to all others except as to drink, should fall below ours (the Buddhist), and the Mohammedan, in that particular. It is much to be hoped that this new view will prevail, and that all missionaries will teach it, especially in Buddhistic countries."

The king had learned his English from the Bible as his text book, under the instruction of Mrs. Bradley, an American missionary.

It appeared to Mrs. Leavitt that he believed the Christian religion to be the true one, and that he wished to see it spread in his kingdom, for he said often to missionaries, "Teach as many women and children as you can. It is a good religion for women and children. He was far too astute a man not to know that the religion which was taught to women and children would permeate everywhere, but the tenure by which he held his throne was the vow he had taken on himself to support the religion of Buddha.

At the time of Mrs. Leavitt's visit the present king was only a lad of twelve years, and was said to be a very gifted boy. It is his opinion that if he inaugurates as many reforms as his father did, the kingdom will approach the status of a Christian country. Up till the time of his father's reign, no one ever came into the presence of the King of Siam, except creeping on hands and knees, but immediately after his coronation, when the people came before him in this way, he took the first one, who happened to be his uncle, by the hand and lifted him up, and forbade any one ever again to come before him in that manner. He said, "I am your king, and expect your obedience, but I am a man, and must not be worshipped."

As I looked into Mrs. Leavitt's spirituelle face and marked the earnest eyes in which shone the fire of an undying energy, I thought that the promise in the Book of Proverbs concerning the diligent soul, that such an one "shall stand before king," had in her case been fulfilled.

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CHRIST IN THE EPISTLES.

Paul's View of His Betrayal, Crucifixion and Resurrection. 1. Cor. 11: 23; 2: 2, 8; Gal. 2: 20, etc.



Paul applies the methods of the mystic to the facts of Christ's passion. He recognizes the history and fully appreciates the horrors of the sad story; but it is not on them that he dwells.

The lesson for him is that he must be crucified to the world; he must die to the things around him, that he may live a resurrection life. In this, as in other things, Christ is not to Paul so much a Person as a Representative of the race. His own life is hid with Christ; the Cross is the symbol of his own sacrifice; the Resurrection is the pledge of his own rising out of the death he has endured. He dies daily; the things which once affected him move him no longer. The motives that influenced him, the objects which allured him, the attainments of which he was once proud exist still, but they affect him no longer; he is dead to them. As Augustine after his conversion met a companion of his dissipated days and passed her without recognition, she said in accents of reproach, "August, it is I." Turning upon her a look of pity, the great teacher said, "But it is not August you see; he is dead. I am a new man whom you do not know." So Paul had risen after having laid down his life and all he once held dear. He did not dwell on Christ's sufferings and death, as Roman Catholics and some modern evangelists dwell on them that they may arouse sorrow and pity; he meditated on them that he might identify himself with them, that he might live the new life.

Voyage to Europe.

To make it possible for people to visit Europe without the extravagant cost of the old methods has been an unsolved problem until now. Americans will not travel second-class, and to go first-class by the fast steamers, means a cost of \$200.00 to \$300.00 for the steamer ticket alone to begin with. The subject has been very carefully investigated and some new methods brought to bear, so that now the ocean voyage can be paid for at the rate of \$6.00 per month, for the round tour to the Paris Exposition, and \$15.00 for English and Mediterranean voyage next season, on monthly payments. No second-class and no steerage carried on the steamers. This is an opportunity for the School teacher, Physician, Minister, Merchant, etc., etc., to take a trip to Europe, which thus far has been an impossibility with many.

The cultivated and intelligent classes in America, are perhaps better qualified to understand and appreciate the scenes and historical spots in Europe, than any other class in the world.

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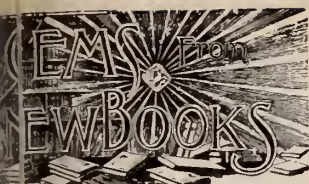
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Missions in Germany.*
Germany, City Mission work in general is not dependent on the Church. As such it has slight influence, their beliefs are scarcely considered in order to save the people from moral ruin; nor is it for a moment that they are permanently saved and have become Christians. There are attempts to allure them by games and by the promise of temporal gain; the effort is made at once usually to bring them back into the fold, to persuade them to attend services, prize its ordinances, and accept its blessings. The temporal gifts they bring, they bring as Christians present them in a Christian spirit, the hope of winning those who are lost to the Master whom they

Missions in Hamburg, Berlin, Bremen, Dresden, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Magdeburg, Carlsruhe, and many other places are under the care of a pastor who is thoroughly conversant with the work he has in charge. In Berlin, Dr. Stoecker, the eloquent pastor, member of parliament, and lecturer, is Superintendent of the mission. Every Sunday, sermons are thronged, are held in the church which is known as the Johannessen, from which all the work of the mission proceeds. Dr. Stoecker's sermons on other Christian literature, are throughout the city and the speaking world, chiefly by the aid of the mission for the purpose.

In the House like the one in Berlin which everything connected with the work may gather, a place where aid can come for temporal aid and advice, is indispensable. Often the mission is simply the Inner Mission of the city in which it is located. It is to do for the people within the city all that the larger body of people throughout the Empire. A bureau of statistics is at the service of those who care to consult it. The come who are hungry, out of the discouraged, or in trouble of any kind connected with the Mission show their charities wisely, to rebuke professional beggars, to industry and frugality, to create of hope and courage in all that aid. Without a House, or in which the superintendent and his assistants may live, an assembly room in which committees and societies may meet, successful work is well-nigh impossible. The House becomes at once the center of the reaching, ever-widening Christian work through its influence those who

Christian Life in Germany, as seen in the Church, by Edward F. Williams, 32nd St. covers; price \$1. Fleming H. Young, New York, publishers.

Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

In the last issue the new botanical discovery is proving a wonderful curative in cases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The World publishes the remarkable story of C. Darling, minister of the gospel in Colombia, New York, cured by Alkavits. He himself, he had lost faith in man and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful remedy comes from others, including many from disorders peculiar to women. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Avenue, New York, who so far are its only agents, are anxious to prove its value that for introduction they will send a free treatise prepaid by mail to every reader of the Christian Herald who is a sufferer from any kind of Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Gonorrhea, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Constipation, or other affliction due to impurities of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. Send as utterers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavits free. Its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to

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furnish money for its erection and support, and those who occupy it, seek to meet and supply the varied needs of those who are to be saved for the kingdom of God.

Each Church, to a greater or less extent, carries on missionary work among its own people. Yet in parishes which number from 80,000 to 100,000 persons it is well-nigh impossible, even where three or four pastors are grouped together, and trained assistants are employed, to do satisfactory pastoral work, though every year shows an improvement in this direction. As new churches are built, parishes are made smaller, and the number of assistants is increased to meet the demands of the rapidly-growing city populations. In doing this, the aid of the City Mission, and especially that of deaconesses, the crown and glory of whose work is service in the Church, has been of inestimable value. It need hardly be said that the deaconesses employed in this service must enjoy the confidence and recognition of the pastor and authorities of the church with which they are connected, whose sick they visit, whose needy children they instruct, whose wandering ones they seek.



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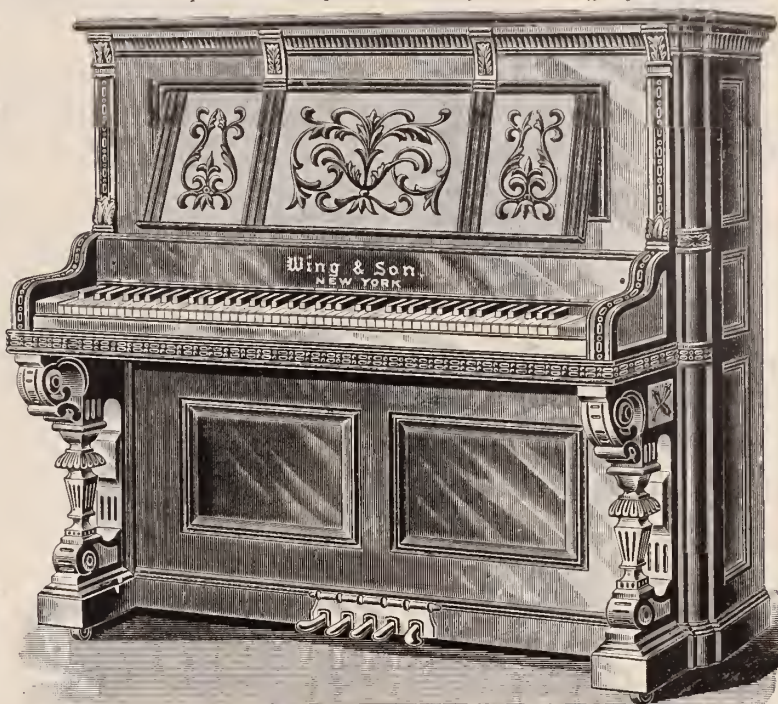
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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Little Church on the Prairie

FRIEND showed me the other night a picture which touched me very deeply, and the memory of which has haunted me ever since I looked at it. In the midst of a great prairie, a seemingly boundless sea of level waving grass, stands, all by itself, a lone little church, with its spire pointing heavenward. On the very edge, the outermost rim of the photograph, are a few small houses clustered together like palms on an oasis, but they are not discernible at the first glance, and are the merest suggestion of a Kansas village. The church in the foreground, the billowy prairies around it, the far line of the horizon, and the vast cloudless sky catch your eye and stamp themselves on your thought with a clearness and distinctness seldom effected by a picture.

As I gazed at this lonesome church in the wilderness, knowing how much it represented to the worshippers, who Sabbath after Sabbath gathered within its walls; as I reflected that it was an outpost on the frontier for the Lord of Hosts; as I considered the heroism of our home missionary band, I began to wonder whether you and I are doing all we can to sustain those who are toiling for Christ in the desolate places of the land. Poor and oppressed by their poverty, faring hardly because of scanty support often missing the comforts of life, and never dreaming of its luxuries, our home missionaries and their wives have a claim on the loyalty and love of the Church in older places, which is too often ignored. They lay us under an obligation which is grudgingly paid.

"There," I hear somebody say, "are the home missionary boxes and barrels. Our church packs one or more every fall, and we all contribute what we can." Do we? Do we not mend up our old gowns and father's last year's shabby overcoat, and Jenny's cloak, which is out of fashion, and Robbie's jacket which he has outgrown, and proudly bring them and lay them down, with a sense of relief tempered by pity that we have no more old clothes to dispose of, on the altar of the Lord, which, for the time being, is set up in the chapel where we are packing a missionary box? I have seen tarnished party dresses, and undared stockings, and bonnets fit for the dust heap, brought at such times and tranquilly offered. And when it has been intimated that a few toys and books would not come amiss to the home missionary's children, I have known the top shelves to be cleared of the library's rubbish, and the tops that wouldn't spin, the balls that wouldn't bounce, the engines that wouldn't go, and the dolls that had lost their arms and legs in nursery battles, to be again brought and offered on the altar of the Lord. Not good enough for our darlings, but they will amuse the children of the prairies who know nothing better!

I thought, looking with eyes which grew misty as tears sprang in them, at the sight of the wilderness church, that we all might do far better than this. Into the next home missionary barrel let us put our old toys and real self-denial. Our dear missionaries and their wives will enjoy the new coat, and every body is talking, they will be more zealous for a subscription at first hand to our favorite paper or magazine, than if we will be the better for just such literature as we provide for our own use.

If we send clothing let it be fresh, as fine in material as every particular is good as that we wear ourselves, and let us see our pastor and his family wearing. Sometimes let us send money. For people like the feeling of crisp new coins, and bright silver in their pockets, and our home missionaries and their wives know what they would like to buy if they had the money in hand. And if, as heaven help them they may be in debt, they will be glad to have cash to settle their obligations.

tions with. When we are planning for our children's future, for their education at school and college, let our planning stretch a little, and, half a dozen friends or families combining, let us give our missionary's son or daughter a lift in that direction.

Better still, to the cause of home missions, looking at it in a large, impersonal way, let us pledge hereafter a heartier and more cordial support. We must remember that for Christ's sake a number of Christian ministers and their wives are cheerfully enduring hardship and privation, if not outright dying daily, yet losing health, youth and the spring and elasticity of life, there on our frontier, where Satan, too, is busy. Patriotism, Christianity, and the thought of our own duty to the Master, should lead us to greater consideration, and to a more earnest comprehension of our privilege in being allowed to help the Home Mission cause. There are hundreds of lone little churches on the wide prairies, and we must not let them fail of support.

Margaret E. Sangster

GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

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I heard a voice—a tender voice
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"I bring you back the words you spoke
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What Consumption Really is and How It Arises.

In my letter of Sept. 1st I showed by the overwhelming testimony of the leading medical authorities of the profession that consumption is not a contagious disease; that it is not communicable from the well; and that it can neither be cured by shutting people up in pest-houses as recommended by the New York Health Department, nor by the statist disease, to be steadily on the decline, and from it over 40 per cent. lower now than 50 years ago. Improved knowledge of the cause and the success of the local treatment of consumption by zealous and conscientious lung throughout the world have effected this change.

For the New York Health Department a time and under such circumstances, to *Boggy of Contagion* upon the public to frighten and obtain coercive control over all times, was an outrage against the publication of such enormity I can find no word in the English tongue too strong to characterize it. On what does it found its authority? It is based upon a report made by its own hired employees, who were plagiarized almost bodily from a Neapolitan law, enacted more than a hundred years ago, before the germ origin and true nature of consumption was even known. They dug out of ignorance and barbarism out of the discarded delusions, copied all its delusions and put this forth upon the people of our great metropolis as something which they had just found out!

I shall have something more to say on this subject later, but prefer now to leave to judgment of my medical brethren the further exposing the real purpose of the Department in proclaiming this false delusion.

Consumption is always a local disease of its seat in the lungs, and all the damage it causes is caused by its progress in that it is local and confined to the lungs it causes only by local treatment of the lungs.

No case of lung disease begins as a general disease. It always results from colds, grippe, or influenza, which creates an inflammation, becomes chronic, and produces bronchitis, asthma, or catarrh. If these conditions are cured as they always can be by proper local antiseptic treatment, the patient returns to health and no further treatment follows. If they are not so treated, the local inflammation abrades the epithelium from the mucous membrane of the lungs, exposing a raw surface upon which germs of consumption in the air fasten and transform a case of simple bronchitis into a confirmed consumption.

In the light of our present knowledge of the disease, who treat bronchitis and other lung diseases with stomach medicines and hypodermic injections, always fail to cure lung disease, but succeed in conducting the patient by the most direct route to consumption.

I have before me the records of over 100 cases of lung disease, treated by the method of the past six years, and find that 96 per cent. attribute their lung sickness to colds, congestion which became chronic, left the chest, and gradually developed into lung disease. If such facts do not teach people the importance of treating the lungs through the stomach, and the danger of the general system, nothing that can be said to them from consumption.

Another delusion that people have is that they can run away from lung disease by going to other climates. The truth is no known elevation in the world will prevent consumption. It is as common among the people of the Adirondacks, Colorado, Florida, and California as it is among those of any other part of the country. The fad of sending weak and sore lungs to the Adirondacks, Colorado, comes from ignorance of the requirements of the lungs, and of the requirements of the high altitudes lower the nutrition and diminish the purification of the blood, and the danger of hemorrhage, and expose the patient to the danger of death by heart failure. The scientific facts, which every lung specialist and every intelligent patient ought to understand.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.
117 West Forty-fifth Street
New York.

Sept. 6th, 1897.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in Dr. Hunter's letter, receive his books explaining the causes of lung complaints free, by addressing him at the above address.

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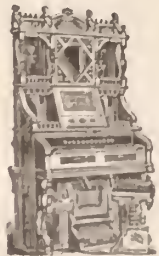
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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CEYLON COMING TO CHRIST.

Island Paradise of the Indian Ocean, its People and its Attractions.—Missionary Work among the Tamils and Singhalese.



THE TEA VINES.

ONE may search the whole world around without finding a lovelier spot than the island of Ceylon. Poets have sung its praises, travelers have become enraptured with its tropical beauty, naturalists have stood still with admiration at the splendors of its flora and fauna, and antiquarians have explored its coasts and interior, its mountains and valleys, in the quest for light upon the history of its cities, long since gone to ruin and whose prime was probably past ages before the Christian era. In Oriental legend, this fair island is indicated as the site of Eden, and certainly the tropic splendor of its vegetation, its balmy, spicy airs and the natural beauties that are disclosed in the landscape at every turn, might afford apparent reason for the claim, if such attractions were the essential qualifications. On one of its lofty moun-

ted by the Portuguese, *Pico de Adam*, (Peak), is a rocky depression to which even yet fondly points as the imprint of our first ancestor, after his expulsion from Eden. Though the island is a comparatively small one, 270 miles in length, with a width from 40 to 137 miles, it has a population of 2,250,000, of whom probably less than one-third are Europeans. At the height of its population was doubtless many times as great as at present. It was the *Taprobane* of the ancient Romans, and the *Serendib* of the Arabs, and its known history covers a period of nearly 2500 years and includes the reigns of more than 165 kings, from one of whom the Singhalese, who constitute the prin-

proper, the Moormen, the Veddahs, (a race of wild mountaineers), and the Hindus who speak the Tamil tongue. Buddhism is the prevalent religion. Gautama Buddha, the founder of the faith, is said to have visited the island thrice to preach his doctrines and at Anarajapoor, a *bo-tree* is still shown which is said to have been planted 288 years B. C., and beneath whose spreading limbs Buddha sat immovable in contemplation for many days and nights. The religion of the island, however pure it may have been originally, greatly degenerated and became intermingled with gross superstition and idolatry. Such was the condition when the first Christian missionaries settled there. Nearly a century ago, the Dutch claimed to have baptised in five years, 12,387 children, and to have altogether 65,000 converts to Christianity. In 1804, the London Missionary Society sent Messrs. Vos, Ehrhardt, Palm and Reid to labor there, and the English Missionary Baptist Society followed in 1812, sending out Mr. Chater, whose efforts among the Singhalese were very greatly blessed. Rev. Samuel Newell of the American Board, entered the field in 1813, at which time there were 200,000 native Christians and 100 schools. The Board's work on the island rapidly grew, more missionaries were detailed to the new field and versions of the Bible in Tamil were published. At the present time it has nearly a score of American laborers in Ceylon, with a steadily increasing number of stations and out-stations, and a growing force of native helpers. The Church Missionary Society, Wesleyan Methodists, Salvation Army, and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, each has a prosperous missionary work on the island, of which in the pioneer days of Gospel effort the celebrated Bishop Heber wrote:

"Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Ceylon is surely being captured for Christ. Steadily the old faiths and heathen superstitions are yielding before the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus. It is true that in comparison with either Hinduism and Buddhism, Christianity is still very weak, but its growth must not be counted by numbers alone. There are thousands who are Christian at heart, but are prevented from openly declaring their allegiance by the fact that were they to do so, they would have to sacrifice all social and business relations, lose their inheritance and be disowned by their kindred. Still, even in the face of such an ordeal, there are many who have no hesitation in openly accepting Christianity. The editor of the leading Christian paper on the island, says of its spiritual condition:

In Ceylon ten per cent. of the children of a school-going age are being educated. From our island many of the Singhalese and Tamils are going out as teachers, magistrates, and lawyers to Madras, and some are find-



Buddhist Priests Reading the Holy Bible.—A Singhalese Tea Picker.—The Temple of "Buddha's Tooth," at Kandy, Ceylon.



CEYLON, THE BEAUTIFUL, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS TEMPLES.

of the population, derive their name. In the north of the island, the ruins, buried for ages in the depths of the forests, have been discovered, revealing monuments which in dimensions and interest, may almost compare with the pyramids of Egypt. Gigantic statues of Buddha, great rock-hewn temples, relic-shrines and a *dagobas*, hundreds of feet in height, ruined aqueducts that vie with those of Rome, and many other wondrous remains of a once powerful, rich, civil- ized and intensely religious people are still to be seen in various parts of the island. The population is divided into four classes: the Singhalese or Ceylone

ing their way to Singapore and on to China. Most of these young men have been educated in mission schools under the influence of Christianity. I have astonished friends by telling them of villages in Ceylon where Tamils and Singhalese have their own pastors of their own race and locally supported, their Sunday Schools and day-schools. I believe that the progress of Christianity here will not be in arithmetical but a geometrical progression before long, so that we may see Christianity permeate the whole island.

Our illustrations in this issue present some scenes characteristic of Ceylon. Tea culture is one of the growing industries of the island paradise, and furnishes

(Continued on page 710.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. D., Hackettstown, N. J. Where can I get a piece of ore assayed? Does it cost anything to have it assayed? How small a piece can be assayed?

There is an ore sampling works in Jersey City, near the Erie Depot, or you might send to the government assay office, New York, where all information will be supplied.

M. D., Granite, Oreg. I am a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but I have recently been led to believe that immersion is the only Scriptural baptism. Do you think that I should change my membership to some church that view and to be baptized by immersion?

Yes, you should obey your conscience in this as in other matters. If you told us that you were a Baptist and had been led to believe that sprinkling was the Scriptural mode of baptism, we would advise you to become a member of some church holding that view. Conscience is everything in such matters. The really important question for you is to get the baptism of the Holy Spirit, to live near to God and to use every opportunity you have to lead souls to Christ. Sometimes a Christian gets the feeling that he is not doing his duty as to the rite of baptism, and he is crippled in his work by the consciousness of negligence. His first duty in such circumstances is to get right in that matter, that he may rid himself of the reproaches of his conscience and be able to work without embarrassment. But do not forget that the same thing may be said of baptism as was said of circumcision: neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature (Gal. 6: 15).

Theodore S., Port de Paix, Hayti. What was the origin of the Apostle's Creed?

It is said to have been composed by the apostles themselves, during their stay at Jerusalem after Christ's ascension, and accepted by unanimous agreement as a rule of faith and preaching, and a guide by which they might know friends from foes.

W. A. P., Neponset, Mass. Christ said that the last days should be as the days of Noah (Matt. 24: 37). If the days of Noah were 120 years, and it can be proved that the sun was darkened one day in 1780, as I have heard, may we not expect the second coming of Christ in 1900?

According to the record in Genesis 9: 29, the days of Noah were 950 years. But even if they had been 120 years, there would be no basis for the calculation. The last years of the dispensation were to be as the days of Noah in the characteristics of social life, not in duration. The people are to be occupied with eating and drinking and marrying, heedless, like those of Noah's time, of the impending event, and sceptical about any such event occurring. They will be taken by surprise as Noah's contemporaries were.

Constant Reader, Germantown, Pa. Why did Jesus forbid people whom he healed to make it known as in Matt. 9: 36, and also prohibit his disciples declaring his Messiahship?

He probably feared that there would be a popular rising which might lead to slaughter. The people were expecting the Messiah to be a king and, if they had recognized Christ, and still held that notion they would probably have risen in rebellion against Rome. On one occasion (John 6: 15), he hid himself to prevent such a rising. It was safe after his death to preach him as the Christ, because then the spiritual nature of his kingdom would be understood; but while he lived, it was necessary to avoid publicity. Even the disciples expected that he would make himself king and did not understand his real purpose until after the resurrection.

Student, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is it possible to find out the exact date of Christ's birth and death?

As to his birth there are several data, the most valuable being the fact of Herod being king and the decree for taxing or the census, as it appears to have been, which is mentioned by Luke (2: 1). Prof. Samuel J. Andrews has written an exhaustive work on the chronology of Christ's life, (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), in which he reviews all these data and he arrives at the conclusion that Jesus was born in the fifth year before our era and probably in December. As to his death there is more accurate evidence as it oc-

curred at the Passover. There is some doubt as to the year, but Prof. Andrews after a thorough and careful examination of all the data believes that the crucifixion took place on April 7, A. D. 30.

M. E. S., Newburg, N. Y. I was surprised to hear a minister state positively that Moses was not the author of the first five books of the Bible. Is it true?

The question has been argued now for many years. The present tendency is to a belief that Moses left records which, after his death, were woven into the continuous narrative we now possess. The references of Christ and his Apostles to "Moses and the prophets," imply that the belief that Moses was the author of the books that bear his name was prevalent at that day. There are, however, expressions scattered through the five books

(Rev. A. R. Fausett), gives the freer translation: "I am whole only with the skin of my teeth" (i. e., my gums alone are whole, the rest of my body is broken with sores. See 7: 5). The rendering quoted by our correspondent is a variation of the same idea.

Honest Inquirer, Hazleton, Pa. 1. I see in your number of Aug. 5, 1896, that you advertised your "World-Wide Encyclopedia" at \$30 per set; in your number of Sept. 1, 1897, the same work is advertised at \$26 or \$13 to your subscribers. Are these works the same? Why is there such a difference in price? 2. Will "The World-Wide Encyclopedia" do the same service as Chambers, and while it is not as large as the Britannica, can the same information be found in "The World-Wide Encyclopedia" in condensed form, as it is found in the Britannica elaborated? 3. Would you advise a minister of the Gospel, who is just starting out in life and trying to buy the best books possible, to take hold of your generous offer, or wait until he is able to buy a more extensive work?

1. Yes, the works are identical. The reduction in price is for the purpose of closing them out. 2. Yes, to both questions. 3. By all means take advantage of our offer now.

A. & M., Glen Sandfield, Can. 1. Would you consider it wrong for two Christian girls, accompanied by a brother, to go to the Klondike mines? Brother intends to work in the mines, and we do what we can to assist him. Would you think it inadvisable for us to go and risk difficulties? 2. How much money would each require?

1. It would certainly be very courageous but might be exceedingly ill-advised. If you have a comfortable home, pleasant surroundings, and reasonably good prospects, you

acquaintanceship, excite passion, and every way detrimental to character, a tinct obstacle to "spiritual growth." room has proved the road to ruin to thousands.

Saved by Grace, Philadelphia, Pa. I have a great sinner but by grace am now a sinner. I have a friend who is leading me. I have talked to her and pray for her conversion ever since I came to this. I feel very anxious for her as she was the cause of my being converted about nine months ago, but she does not know this. I that my prayers will be answered. Can I do towards getting her to leave she is walking in?

Strive to bring her, as far as possible, the same surroundings and influence yourself found so helpful. Pray for her but with her. In a kind spirit persuade her to accompany you to the gatherings and be sure she is cordial; there and not frigidly avoided. You summon reinforcements also, in the godly men and women of long experience in the Christian life, and they will give the greatest aid in persuading her to accept and accept the offer of forgiveness, first step toward the Cross that is the way for the sinner to take.

Constant Reader, Athens, O. If two young men are engaged, but find that they cannot agree on religious matters, do you think they should sever their engagement?

Their own hearts must tell them. Love each other so well that either will render the religious preference there is no necessity to sever engagement. We cannot see that a Methodist should not work with a Campbellite Church, or that a Methodist should not preach in a Methodist Church. The differences between two churches may seem so to some persons that they are uncomfortable in the denomination which they do not now belong to. The two persons you describe that temperament, they would not wish to marry. Their love for each other cannot be so strong as the religious state requires and they probably quarrel about other things as well as about religion. We never advise a marriage between a Mohammedan and a Christian, or a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, but it seems to us that the objection to a marriage between a Methodist and a Methodist consists in position to lay undue stress on essential differences of creed.

Mrs. L. G. V., Ridgway, Colo. In what way in which the starving could be helped? Many of them are on the verge of death and they are at the threshold.

We believe the Red Cross department of looking up the starving in the Cuban field, though we have nothing of it lately.

Reader. Is it wrong to study the Bible? I think God made the Sabbath, but after church or religious meeting it may be more of a nothing than to study. It is

Your Sundays are not wasted if you find time hang heavy on your hands, as your letter would imply. It is a day on which all our duties, study included, are set aside, and no work done that which is of necessity. There are thousands of fascinating helpful books all suitable for reading, that will interest you.

ter way to spend your unoccupied time the Lord's Day would be to become a member of a Sunday School or mission, or to work that the Sabbath would be a brief. Try it.

John S. Hamilton. In your issue of Sept. 1, 1897, I saw an answer to a question in the Second Book of the Maccabees (2: 23) which has become of it. I mentioned there is Mount Nebo, where the Ark is hidden in a cave and in it will be found again.

Our correspondent refers to the place of the Ark of the Covenant.

Enily D. B., Dane, Wis. Yes, but not Mrs. M. C. S., Clearfield, Pa. We have the information asked.—A. B., Okla. condones the offence by such a course use his act as a cause for separation. A. B., Fryburg, Centre, Me. The poem in our issue of May 9, 1894, is addressed to us. The Child's Prayer is addressed to the German.—Inquirer, Burlington, Vt. are excellent intellectual exercise. Not about them if honestly conducted, and there is in class competition.—M. V. D., Jackson, Ga. Address is Poonia, N. Y. cents.—M. V. D., Pateron, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Forrey, N. Y. Institute, Chicago, Ill. Beware, Use borax and powder. May 1, 1897. The best popular Encyclopedia "World-Wide Encyclopedia," issued by CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Sherwood probably the highest authority.—M. V. D., L. I. The question as to Cain has been answered in this department so we have no later information as to her



BANANA GATHERERS IN JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

At this season of the year, when our markets are almost glutted with fruits of every description, this photographic scene will interest all who are lovers of the luscious West Indian banana, whose golden-yellow clusters form a pleasing variety in the general assortment. In *The Fruitman's Guide*, a correspondent writes of this Jamaican industry: "Dusky people are met leisurely sauntering along, always talking, for no one appears to hurry in this land of spontaneous growth; men, women and children, usually with loads of fruit upon their heads, bananas, plantains and yams, bread fruit and coconuts; on their way to the nearest village to market. Almost every black man constantly carries in his hand the indispensable and ever-present machete, a long knife which is used for almost every purpose for which a knife or axe can be used—for cutting bananas, plantains and cane, and for clearing land of underbrush."

which were certainly not written by Moses. A specimen instance is Genesis 36: 31: "These are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel." That verse was evidently written after there had been kings in Israel. Whether these passages indicate that the books were not written by Moses, or whether they were inserted after his death, is a disputed question. There is, however, good reason to believe that the work of Moses formed the basis of the books, even if he did not actually write them in their present form.

A. U., Wausau, Neb. The text of Dr. Palmgren's last sermon (Job 19: 29), seems to have a different meaning in the German Bible than it has in the English. The English says: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Where the German Bible reads: "I cannot cover my teeth with my skin." The latter indicates that his lips were so shrunk from pain and disease that his teeth were uncovered? Which of the two is correct?

Both the Authorized and Revised Versions have the same rendering, but another reading

would be making a very doubtful change, as all accounts agree that of those who go gold-seeking, not one in ten—probably not more than one in a hundred—reaps anything but disappointment. Still, if you have considered the difficulties and hardships ahead and are prepared to meet them, you may succeed. There is nothing objectionable about such a venture in a moral sense; it is wholly a question of expediency. 2. Not less than \$700 to \$1,000 apiece, to pay for traveling expenses and a year's supplies.

Minnie G., Cedar Bayou, Tex. I have noticed several times you replied that dancing retarded spiritual growth. Please explain how the moving of the body in time to music could be such a drawback. Job speaks of the children being saved by being sent forth to dance, and the Prodigal's return was celebrated with music and dancing.

Dancing was at one time more or less of a religious ceremonial, but it has totally changed its character. The dances of to-day, are, in the main, immodest. This especially applies to round dances. They provoke promiscuous

A RIDGE OF HOPE.

th Salvation Army is Trying to do
or tl Poor by its Farm Colonies.

EVERY one who has come in contact with the poverty in our great cities will give a hearty God-speed to the effort the Salvation Army is making to lift the burden from the shoulders of the su-



PI FREE POTATO PATCH.

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uagend buying implements and seed.
ts, th the cost of a lot of say five

acres at forty dollars an acre, would make a total expenditure on each lot of five hundred dollars. Each occupier would have to pay one dollar a week, which would yield ten per cent. return on the investment. Of this one-half would be applied to interest and one-half to the repayment of the capital invested. In order to secure the payment of the one dollar a week the Commissioner proposed that the colony should be located sufficiently near to the large ranches to enable the occupants to get occasional work, and in other cases to put on the land men who had partial employment in the cities and could give one or two days a week to supplementing the work which could be done by their families. In the Salvation Army's farm near Seattle, Wash., this system has been applied with good success. Commissioner Booth-

Tucker's theory is that there is "a trinity of waste" in society, which consists of "Waste Labor, Waste Land and Waste Capital." So long as these are separated, there must be misery,



ON THE SALVATION ARMY'S COLONY FARM AT TORONTO, CANADA.

destitution and loss to the community, while in co-operation of the three, by putting the waste labor on the waste land and applying a sufficiency of idle capital, there is the result of prosperity for all. It only needs supervision and intelligent direction. These, the officers of the Salvation Army, are prepared to give, taking nothing therefor but food and clothing. This is a most important feature of the work. The Commissioner has doubtless had in view the successful "potato-patch" experiment of Mayor Pingree, in Detroit, Mich., where great benefit resulted from the cultivation by the poor of the waste land near the city. Commissioner Booth says that his officers who are picked men capable of advising and directing the colonist in the management of his lot, are receiving five dollars a week, though many of them could easily earn from ten to twenty dollars a week if they worked for themselves. They are toiling with the colonists and are as eager as they for the success of the project. The experiment is interesting, and deserves the support of every Christian philanthopist.

IN A VILLAGE OF GIRLS.

A Visit to a Novel "Barnardo Home" Settlement at Ilfort, England.

THE English sun was doing its best to shine encouragingly on the morning of the day when three ladies, all



READY FOR A RUN AT THE "GIRLS' VILLAGE."

interested in work among waifand stray children, were to start for a visit to Dr. Barnardo's Home for Girls, at Ilfort. But the London variety of sunshine is so largely adulterated with fog, that it was no surprise to find the rain-drops pattering down as we made our way to Liverpool street station. A ride of about half an

quary, we were told that it lay three miles beyond. Another half hour's ride, this time in an open village-cart and "between showers" brought us to the gates. What a sight that was! A large, well-kept oval in the centre, with broad paths all around and narrower ones winding

through it, while the broad paths were bounded on the outside by rows upon rows of picturesque little cottages. The first clear impression produced was that of beauty combined with simplicity. It was the only impression there was time for then. Our village-cart stopped in front of one of the larger houses.

The fundamental principle of this village settlement for girls is that of emphasizing the idea of home life and home training. Dr. Barnardo would like to carry out the same principle with his large family of boys, but it is somewhat more expensive than the dormitory system, and the boys must wait.

The little cottages are charming. Clean through the combination of soap and water and hard work, pretty by reason of pots of flowers on the window-sills and bright texts on the walls. Some of the cottages accommodate sixteen children, others twenty-five, but the larger number is the outside limit, the institutional idea being lost sight of in the home life.

Every cottage has a "mother," who lives with the children and cares for them, has oversight of the housework and keeps them clean, or rather, sees to it that they do that for themselves. All the cottages were spotlessly neat, and so were the girls themselves. As for the cupboards in which the clothes were put away, and the cubby-holes for the toys of the younger girls,—well, we three visitors wished we had been able to bring all our little girl friends to look at them!

The three largest buildings are the laundry (in which the washing is done for all the Homes under Dr. Barnardo's care) the church, and the school house. The church is an ideal one for children, with its bright glass, its appropriate texts on the walls and, best of all, its low seats. Equally well adapted for its purpose is the school-



THE GIRLS' VILLAGE AT ILFORT, ENGLAND.

then there were no signs of the children's Village we had come to see, and on in-

Homes, which have been homes in more than name. ELIZABETH M. CLARK.



LIKE THE STARS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., } They that turn many to righteousness
on the Text: Daniel 12: 3. } shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

EVERY man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is loud as thunder, and his life is a dirge or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values; or you have by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me, by elaborate argument, to prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed? I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First. We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child coming from a filthy home was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors, happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart and Christian cheerfulness in his face and holy consistency in his behavior is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better.

There are honest men who walk down Wall Street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to a calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calf skin, or noocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—Bible illustrated.

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such defective as prayer, for to one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid-Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraph operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another con-

tinuent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at eleven o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to America and the message gets here at six o'clock the same morning. In other words it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it, and the moon by its silver bit, and stopped it.

We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American Church will pray with its face toward the West and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming-table, and go down to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent!

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with

a canting snuffle, is not what is wanted, but the heart throb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high, and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition and prayer and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever." As stars the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens, the stars pick up the scattered brands, and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel, and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials and pains and services and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves, over each of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity. So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters.

I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God, and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society.

Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs and tears and raptures and congratulations. When they prayed, their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and

wheel in that glorious group, a hero for ever and ever!

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shine in magnitude. The most man knows that these things are of matter. To weigh them, think that it would require so many pillar hundreds of thousands high, and chains hundreds of miles long; and at the bottom chains basins on either side hundreds of miles wide, and Omnipotence alone could put tains into the scales and the balance. But puny man has taken to the undertaking, and has balance on his geometry, and world against world. Yea, he out his measuring line, and that Herschel is thirty-six thousand in diameter, Saturn seventy-seven thousand miles in diameter, and Jupiter nine thousand miles in diameter, the smallest pearl on the beach is immense beyond all imagination all they who have toiled for earth shall rise up to a magnitude illegitimate, and a magnitude of stern magnitude of holiness, and a joy; and the weakest saint I come greater than all that we could of an archangel.

Brethren, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Wisdom that shall everything; wealth that shall everything; strength that shall thing; glory that shall circumcise thing! We shall not be like in a sick man's window, or a sticks kindled on the beach a shivering crew; but you must diameter and the circumference a if you would get any idea of the of our estate when we shall stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this mind almost breaks down under temptation—like the stars, all workers shall shine in duration same stars that look down upon down upon the Chaldean. The meteor that I saw flashing sky the other night, I wonder if the same one that pointed down Jesus lay in the manger, and pointed out his birthplace, it since been wandering through the watching to see how the world him! When Adam awoke in in the cool of the day, he saw through the dusk of the evening worlds that greeted us last night.

In Independence Hall is an bell that sounded the signature Declaration of Independence, not ring it now; but this great silver bells that strike in the night, ring out with as sweet when God swung them at the Look up at night, and know that lilies that bloom in all the haunts of our King are century blooming once in a hundred through all the centuries. T which the mariner looks to-night light by which the ships of Tar guided across the Mediterranean Venetian flotilla found its way panto. Their armor is as night as when, in ancient battle in their courses fought against

To the ancients the stars were of eternity. But here the figure text breaks down—not in definition the majesties of the judgment, he shall not shine forever. The they shall fall like autumnal leaves, when the connecting factory-bells nightfall from the main-wheel smaller wheels slacken their speed with slower and slower motion until they come to a full stop, so machinery of the universe, which wheel, making revolution of speed, shall, by the touch of God's slip the band of present law, and stop. That is what will be the with the mountains. The on which they ride shall halt so that the kings shall be thrown after star shall be carried out amid funeral torches of burnt Constellations shall throw ash heads, and all up and down the of space there shall be mourning, mourning, because the dead. But the Christian workers never quit their thrones—they shine forever and ever.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE RANCHERS.

the Great Cattle Ranges of the Southwest, as Home Missionaries see it—
"Roughing it" on the Mexican Border.

HERDERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the fact that the great home missionary organization, the American Sunday School Union, within the last few years has been greatly extending its field of operations in the Southwest, and especially in our territory adjoining the Mexican border. This is a most promising section for Gospel effort. Recent letters from missionaries of the Union report substantial progress in church planting, the founding of Sunday Schools, and a most encouraging condition of affairs generally.

This work is conducted in the ranching country of Texas and New Mexico. When Mexico gained her independence, the vast domain of Texas was unsettled, with the exception of a few Mission Stations that had been established for the benefit of the tribes of Indians that roamed over the prairies, fighting each other as well as the white men who disturbed their "hunt-

The rule among stockmen is to "round up" their stock, and mark and brand the calves and colts every spring. During the late war a great many cattle were not branded; they were known as "Mavericks." At first, every stockman claimed a share of them in proportion to the number of cattle he rounded, but unprincipled men took advantage of the opportunity and branded and sold a great many that did not belong to them.

Of late years the grass lands have been bought or leased from the State or railroads, and fenced with barbed wire. Some men have several thousand acres, and a great many hands to look after the fences and herds. When they start out on a "round up" they have a wagon loaded with provisions and blankets for bedding. The men sleep on the ground unless the weather is very bad. The cook drives the wagon and prepares the meals.

"Late one afternoon," writes Rev. A. B. Norrell, American Sunday School Union missionary at Brownwood, West Texas, "I stopped at a ranch, the nearest settlement being fifteen miles distant. There is an unwritten law among stockmen to divide bread, and blanket with anyone who comes along. There were only three young men there that night. I told them who I was and what I was doing; they gave me many tokens of appreciation. Two of them had been church members but they had been away from religious association so long that they were rather indifferent. We sang some Gospel songs and had prayers. The next morning I gave them some reading matter and bade

them good-bye. Some time afterwards I met a man who asked me if I stayed at the Ranchhook ranch at a certain time. I told him I had; he said those boys told him they wished I would visit them again. "Twenty years ago the cow-boys were considered a wild set of men, but since the country has been fenced, only the better class are employed. Many are educated and have been raised in Christian homes." Every sheep man is supposed to have a permanent ranch, but they all travel a great deal. They have a provision wagon and one or more herders who are frequently Mexicans. Cow men have a dislike to sheep and say they damage the range. The sheep herder is exposed to all kinds

of weather and has a lonely time. Mexicans work cheaper than white men, and are very often employed as herders in shearing time. A large majority of the Mexican people are poor and without aspiration. It is said they will all gamble at "monte." So far as morals are concerned they are of a low grade. Most of them belong to the Catholic church, and very few can read or write. Being ignorant they are naturally superstitious. They sometimes marry among the negroes, but seldom among white people. They take contracts for clearing land, or chopping wood; they camp out all winter, and live in mean huts or dug-outs. Some of them have large families, most of them are slovenly and careless in their habits. In some parts of West Texas there has been considerable missionary work done among them.

"Like every other class of people," Mr. Norrell explains, "when taught the true principles of Christianity and personal faith in Jesus Christ, the Mexican herders make zealous Christians. They should be looked after, especially the children. Many of them could be saved with proper effort. Those who can read would appreciate Bibles, Testaments or any kind of reading matter printed in the Spanish language. I am willing and anxious to do something for them. I have never found a place too hard to hold a successful religious meeting of some kind. All sorts of people have received me kindly. The cow-boys and ranchmen are generous-hearted. They never turn a man off hungry. I love this work and hope to give my life to it."

REV. A. B. NORRELL, MISSIONARY.



SHEEP-SHEARING AT A TEXAS RANCH.

Mr. Norrell lies, and delivered 1,827 sermons and addresses, besides distributing 1,533 Bibles, 2,297 Testaments, and a great quantity of other religious reading matter. In the district there are many places wholly des-

tute of Gospel privileges, and these are searched out and visited by the missionaries; opportunities are sought to save the little children by the establishment of Sunday Schools, sometimes in a shed, or a room, or even a barn, and wherever possible an arrangement is made to have preaching services at frequent intervals. "The best meetings to me are the children's services," Mr. Norrell writes. "Their little trustful eyes and sweet faces are truly a joy beyond measure. One great need in this State is good reading matter for the children and young people." Some of the reports made to the American Sunday School Union by its missionaries in the border stations of the Southwest, disclose a condition of spiritual need which ought to awake the active sympathies of all who are interested in Christ's kingdom. One missionary, Rev. Geo. R. Stewart, writes that in one district in Southern Arkansas, there are "4,000 children and young people who do not go to Sunday School, but who fish, hunt, and spend the day in other sinful sports. Can't you help us?" he asks appealingly. Very hopeful reports of Gospel progress and soul-saving are made by missionaries S. C. Johnson, Central Texas, and J. M. Stockson, Southeast Texas. Rev. W. H. Gill, Arizona, has a district of mountain ranges and valleys, difficult of access, with a population of 105,000, comprising whites, Indians, and Mexicans. He has established two growing missions, but the field is vast and needs many more laborers.

All the work of the American Sunday School Union is undenominational and it appeals to every Christian Church and home in the land. \$25 will start a new Sunday School, \$1 represents the average cost of a single scholar, and \$10 will buy a complete Sunday School library. All contributions for this excellent work sent to this journal will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Mr. Norrell, the missionary spoken of,



A HERDER'S CABIN NEAR SAN ANGELO, ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

ground." The Mexican government, anxious to encourage immigration, contracts with Moses Austin and others to whom they gave large grants of land, on which they were to locate immigrants from the United States. At that time Texas was not considered a good country, and each family was entered "a league and labor" of land; the league, 444 acres) was for stock raising, and the labor (177 acres) for farming. They were located together or separately as the settlers wished. The rich lands soon attracted a great many settlers and adventurers. The stock was abundant, and with but little attention stock would thrive well without a herder; there was abundant along the many miles leading to the Gulf of Mexico.

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SAVING THE CHILDREN IN INDIA.

How the Helpless Girls, Orphaned and Widowed in their Childhood, have been Sheltered by the Missionaries Aided by "Christian Herald" Funds and Kept from Ruin.



AMONG the sufferers by the famine in India the saddest cases are those of the girls, many of whom, married in their early years after the custom of the country, have become widows while still under twelve years of age. Some of these are orphans, too, and are utterly destitute. It has been one of the most delightful results of the generous gifts of the readers of this journal that so large a number of these poor creatures have been saved through the aid rendered from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund. On this page we reproduce a photograph of a group of these girls whom Mrs. Hume of Byculla, Bombay, was enabled to receive and feed and clothe through the funds supplied by our readers. Mrs. Hume gathered them in the garden of the Mission and had them photographed in order that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might see how bright and intelligent were the girls who are being kept alive by their bounty. This means in many cases far more than physical life. Designing persons of both sexes too often take advantage of distress, such as these girls were enduring, to lead them to lives of shame—a fate worse even than death by hunger. Instead of having to choose between those dreadful alternatives they have been taken into a Christian home where they will receive Christian training. The missionaries are very thankful to have such an opportunity of winning for Christ girls who will in the future, either in the home, the school or mission work, be able to speak for Christ as the foreigner cannot do. That the missionaries have been able to do this to so large an extent is due to the liberality of our readers, who have supplied them with the funds without which the opportunity must have been allowed to pass unused. Mrs. Hume has also a group of boys who were brought to the mission either by their parents or by charitable persons who found them orphaned by the roadside. These, too, the kindly lady and her devoted husband, who is a missionary of the American Board, have been enabled to shelter and feed and teach.

Like Pandita Ramabai, whose grateful thanks for the help of our readers, we published in a former number of this journal, other ladies have devoted themselves specially to this promising work. Miss Lillian Deitrich, who is laboring at Cawnpore, under the auspices of the Women's Union Missionary Society, writes that the money sent her from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has already enabled her to take in over one hundred of these little famine-suffering orphan girls. "Some of the stories they have to tell us," writes Miss Deitrich, "make one's heart ache for them; how, driven by hunger from their once happy home, the whole family have gone out to seek food, which they could not obtain, in any place and these children have seen one member of their family after another, father, mother, brothers, sisters lie down by the roadside and die. Sometimes they are the sole survivors of the family, and were rescued when they, too, had given up hope and expected no fate but that of dying as their relatives had died. On behalf of our orphan girls, as well as of the starving men and women of India, whom through your means we have been enabled to save, I thank you most heartily, and through you the contributors to the fund."

A similar work is being done by Rev. Henry Fairbank, of Wadale, in the Ahmednagar District. Among the beneficiaries in which Mr. Fairbank has used the money sent to him by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, he mentions particularly the children. In a letter just received from him, he writes: "There are about one hundred and twenty-five chil-

dren under my care (or rather there were, for another detachment, just arrived, brings the number up to one hundred and fifty). All these I am now enabled to provide with food and clothing. Some of these are orphans, and of the others the parents are at relief camps. There are others, too, for whom I have not sufficient accommodation. They were in danger of starving, so I have placed them in charge of a near relative in one of the villages, who supplies them with food and clothing. It costs more than four hundred rupees (about \$133) a month to do this, so that I shall need a large sum to continue the work. I think I could not have had the courage to face all the distress by which we are surrounded, if I had had no means of relieving it. I am very grateful to you for making it possible for me to give help to such large numbers. Please pass on my thanks to those who have contributed so generously to this Famine Fund."

From Rev. James Smith of Ahmednagar comes the following grateful letter: "At a recent special meeting of the American Marathi Mission held at Ahmednagar, to organize more fully measures for famine relief in our district, and to distribute the funds for such relief that have been placed in our hands by Christian friends in America, it was voted that I express to you on behalf of our Mission our very deep sense of the obligation under which you have placed us personally at this time of deep distress, by your

more than we have received. The rains have been delayed, however, abnormally and are not expected now in the Deccan until September, when seed grain will be urgently needed. In the meantime the distress continues to increase in the Ahmednagar and the Sholapur Districts.

"The above are but examples of the ways in which your charity has been administered. With all this the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached as the only way of salvation and Jesus as the Bread of Life. May the Spirit bless what has been done in his name! In the meantime will you assure your subscribers that these 'dumb millions' are not incapable of gratitude, and every day we hear their thanks to those who, though so far away, have proved the Good Samaritan."

Writing from Ellichpur, Miss Murray thanks God for the contributions to the

Ceylon Coming to (rist

(Continued from First Page)

employment to many natives. In plantations near Colombo, it is the finest tea in the world is growing.



SINGHALESE CHILDREN IN A CEYLON FRUIT GARDEN.

fragrant shrub thrives everywhere, the lowland next to the coast, up to a altitude of 1500 feet on the mountain slopes. Tea bushes are planted at regular intervals apart, in land which is carefully drained and weeded. The bushes are pruned at the proper season and within two months after pruning the first young shoots appear. These are picked. Every ten days or so a new, tender growth comes out, and the fresh and delicate leaves are carefully gathered. The tea is then dried and rolled, sorted, weighed, packed and shipped. In Ceylon 150,000 acres of land are now under tea cultivation, the labor employed being chiefly Indians and Malays.

In Ceylon, betrothals and marriages frequently take place at a very early age. These are arranged by the parents and grooms—mere children—without for life without any choice on their own part. Maternal uncles play an important part in these miniature marriages, and the senior uncle always the *major-domo* of such occasions.

One of our photographs presents a group of three Buddhist monks, dressed in their traditional robes, sitting on a rock. They are carefully studying the Bible in English, and let us hope they will be able to do so in their own language. Another photograph shows a view of one of the many heathen shrines of Ceylon, the temple of Maligawa (or "the Tooth") near Kandy. The "sacred tooth of Buddha" is preserved nearly 1500 years in this shrine. In other lands the gifts to the priests who cup the famous temple, and many are attributed to this relic of such monstrous size that it is said to be the molar of a mammoth, the largest of a human being.

THE BETHESDA HOME

For Homeless Girls.

No. 79 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

A much needed rescue work in Greater New York.

Matron in charge, 30 beds, laundry, sewing rooms; regular religious services. Many friendless girls helped and rescued to their homes, and others helped to secure employment and better lives.

The following contributions to this Samaritan work have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Previously acknowledged	
Osceola	
Friend, Paterson	
Invalid, Me	
Anon, Millheim	
Jennie P. Smith	
The Lord's money, Dudley	
S. A. Wing	
Mrs. E. Morley	
Susie L. and Jos. Winter	
111 N. Schenectady	
In His Name, Ellenville	
Total	



"CHRISTIAN HERALD" FAMINE GIRLS RECEIVED BY MRS. E. S. HUME, BYCULLA, BOMBAY.

early and often repeated donations for famine relief. We have received directly by cable \$8,000, and through Bishop Thoburn's Committee Rs. 10,500, say \$3,000 more. This money has enabled us to relieve many thousands of necessitous people whom Government Relief measures could not reach. We have endeavored to work in co-operation with Government officers, they on their part offering labor to all able-bodied persons, and providing more especially for children, aged and infirm persons, giving clothing, distributing grain, in some cases gratis where it seemed necessary, and in other cases selling the grain at reduced rates at a loss so as to put it within the reach of the industrious poor. We have also found employment for people who, for sufficient reasons, could not live at the Government Relief works. Other sums have been spent upon digging or deepening irrigation wells. Since the rain began to fall in some parts of our district, we have given large sums to the farmers to purchase seed grain. If the rains had been general, we could have spent for seed grain thousands of rupees

Famine Relief Fund, adding: "We shall need it all for this month, with Relief Works going on besides the mud wall of Kothara." Relief camps are carried on at Duni, Ghatang, and several other centres. At Bhaidehi several hundred men are working who have to be fed daily, as well as hundreds of children who get a free meal, besides the orphans. Then there are the Khamla Relief Works, where there are from 900 to 1,000 employed, 400 of whom are busy road-making, the others helping as they are able. These also are fed. These men need teaching how to work, and God is thus bringing the wild hill tribes under unwonted discipline. By the sale of cheap grain several thousand people are being fed who would otherwise be in a state of whole or partial starvation. This relief covers a large area of villages in the jungle.

Last, but by no means least, there is the large family of 140 orphans to be daily provided for in three separate orphanages. The older of these are learning weaving, carpentering, sewing, farm work, and household service.



HAWAIIAN TREATY.

RECENT news from Hawaii indicates that by this time the Senate of the Republic has ratified the treaty of annexation. It was convoked on September 8th, for the express purpose of considering the treaty and no doubt was entered to the decision it would reach. Mr. Thurston, the representative from Hawaii at Washington, says that the treaty was practically unanimous for the first time previous to its adjournment. With the lower house in a resolution declaring that the interests of Hawaii and her annexation to the United States are the complexion of the Senate changed since that resolution was passed there is no reason to doubt that the treaty has been ratified on the Hawaiian States Senate. It is believed that prompt ratification in Hawaii will incline its favor some of our Senators are now hesitating. It is a rebuff at this time to draw Hawaii into the arms of no Senator would willingly contribute to that result. The United States have been eager to gain possession of these islands and have fully realized the responsibility that acquisition would involve, they could not suit with equanimity to seeing the possession of any other country. The attitude of Japan both pressing to our Government annexation and in protracting the bullying way the disputes in Hawaii, indicates that it has a covetous eye on the islands. It is probably aware of the doubting its ability to maintain independence is the more reason for the protection of the United States. It is doubtful, however, whether our Senate will ratify the treaty without a struggle. Conservative Senators are averse to so sudden a departure from our traditional policy and anticipate trouble following a dependency more than a thousand miles away. Besides, it is admitted that the treaty of the Pacific commerce renders possession of these islands, which have been aptly called the islands of the Pacific, exceedingly valuable and as we do not acquire them by conquest but on the petition of their people, there can be no serious scruples about accepting it. It will be for the Senate to decide whether the advantages of securing them are greater than the trouble and danger their possession will involve. Happily for the human race, such considerations do not weigh when men decide to reign over them. Neither in ill condition, nor the risk of disapproval causes him to reject any who desire to come under his sway.

...at cometh unto me I will in no wise cast him out (John 6: 37).

Light on Garbage.

During his recent visit to this country at the Congress of Scientists, Lord Kelvin gave an interesting description of a system of disposing of the garbage of a great city so as to extract electric energy from it, and to supply hot water to public baths and laundries. Briefly, the system provides for the employment of a conveyor street, trade, and refuse to be conveyed to the works, where motor-driven fans, and electric elevators distribute it on platforms; from these it is shot through a series of mechanical feeders into a series of the destructor. A forced draft, supplied by motor-driven fans, feeds the intense fire in which the refuse is consumed. The fire gives the heat to steam generators and boilers driving the engines and dynamos and the water furnished to the baths and laundries. By means of this arrange-

ment, it is expected that not less than twenty thousand tons of refuse—which has formerly been carried out to sea at great expense—will be consumed annually in this plant. Experts in engineering are united in pronouncing this project an extremely unique union of scientific knowledge and mechanical skill—one that will doubtless be imitated by many municipalities. Thus from the refuse comes light and the means of cleansing. Our rescue missions are engaged in similar work. From the human refuse that they gather, through the Holy Spirit comes light and usefulness:

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world... and the base things of the world and the things which are despised... That no flesh should glory. (1. Cor. 1: 27)

Why the Clock Varied.

A curious explanation is given of the variations of the great clock which is on the front of the Grand Central depot in New York. Although the mechanism of

short time, would be sufficient to hasten it or retard it, according to whether it was ascending or descending. It was useless to do anything to the works while the pigeons perched on the hands. It is so in life. The reason that some Christians are not showing a good example is often not to be found in their intentions or desires, but that they suffer some temptation or some association to hamper them in their conduct. The Scriptural advice should never be forgotten:

Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. (Heb. 12: 1)

Attacked by Raccoons.

A Brooklyn lawyer who has been spending a few weeks with his family at their sea-beach home, returned one day last week to attend to some business. In the evening he went to his deserted home to see that everything was safe. As he opened the front door he was viciously attacked by some wild animal. He could not see at first what it was, but he defended himself as well as he could until another leaped at his throat. Then he shouted lustily for help. Two passers-by ran to his assistance, and one of them fortunately had a revolver with which he shot one of the animals. His companion seized the other animal which was holding viciously to the lawyer's hand. The animal let go his hold and turned savagely on the new comer, who startled by

ing in the hospital in that city is a man suffering from an incurable disease. Tenderly watching over him, and anticipating all his wants, and nursing him with the gentleness of a woman, is a strong rough man who, for his sake, turned his back on an enormous fortune. The two men were born in Scotland, and came to this country about eleven years ago. They had been school-fellows in the old country, their homes had been only a mile apart, and they had grown up with a warm affection for each other. They lived for a time in Chicago, working at their trade as carpenters; then at St. Paul, and afterwards at Seattle. While there they heard it whispered that there was gold in Alaska. They went there together, and worked hard with fair success. Then came the news of the Klondike discovery, and they promptly made their way across the frontier to the new field. They bought a claim for five hundred dollars, and were beginning to take out gold in large quantities, when one of the friends fell sick. He grew worse, and became unable to leave his bed. He suffered much and at last the other realized that the only hope of saving his life was to get him to Seattle where he could have proper medical attention. The sick man, too, wanted to go, but it was impossible to go alone. His friend never hesitated. He made his arrangements as quickly as possible, left his claim with all the wealth it promised to yield, put his friend on a horse and walked beside him to steady him, all the way to Dawson City. Eventually they reached Seattle, only to learn that the sick man could never recover. His friend is staying with him to the last, anxious only to comfort and cheer him. It was a noble thing to do. Few men would have done it, yet all admire such sacrifice; but how few think of what Christ resigned and suffered that he might save them, or feel any gratitude to him!

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. (John 15: 13)

A New Race.

One of the most remarkable papers read at the recent Medical Congress at Montreal, was that of Dr. R. M. Bucke, dealing with psychological problems. Classing together spiritualism, telepathy, clairvoyance and other mysterious phenomena, he was disinclined to regard them as charlatanism, though unscrupulous people had often used them in that way. Neither did he believe that the phenomena were the results of outside agents, such as spirits or demons, acting through human beings. He had personally investigated many of these phenomena, and was acquainted with several persons whose cases could not be explained by medical science, but who were evidently sincere in their words and actions. He mentioned Mollie Fancher, of Brooklyn, and Stainton Moses, as cases in which there was no hypocrisy or deceit. His own conviction is that a new form of consciousness is appearing in the human race and that a higher order of faculties and senses is developing and becoming more and more common. The new order obeys the laws to which every nascent faculty is subject, and its presence is clearly marked. Many more or less perfect examples of this higher consciousness Dr. Bucke has studied and has witnessed exhibitions of their powers. He is convinced that there are persons endowed with senses and faculties not possessed by ordinary people, and that the number of such persons is increasing. Whether these faculties will grow, become common and finally universal, or whether they will wither and disappear, it is too early to predict; but Dr. Bucke expressed the hope that they were indications of the birth of a new race, a higher type of man, which would possess this higher consciousness and would be far superior to the present race. The doctor's hope seems to rest on substantial grounds. Christians have long indulged it, though it was not expected that it would be fulfilled in this world, but in the presence of our Lord.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. (1. John 3: 2)



THE BURIAL PLACE IN HAWAII OF CAPTAIN COOK.

the clock is without defect and has been kept in perfect order, it has of late been seldom exactly right. It was noticed that sometimes it would gain and sometimes lose considerably. The variations, it appears, have been caused by the pigeons perching on the hands of the clock. The hour hand is thirty inches long and the minute hand forty-two inches long. A gentleman who noticed recently a speck on the face of the clock, procured an opera glass to ascertain what it was. The glass showed him a blue pigeon perched on the hour hand, calmly pruning its feathers. The time was nearly twenty minutes past four, and the great minute hand was descending with the fair probability of crushing or decapitating the pigeon as it overtook the other hand in its descent. The bird did not seem in the least alarmed, though in comparison with itself, the bar of metal must have seemed a huge arm. As the minute hand approached, the bird flew lightly upward and alighted upon it until it glided past the danger point. Then it fluttered to the hour hand again, as the more steady and permanent foothold, and sat pruning its feathers as before. It was not difficult, after that, to understand why the clock, in spite of the excellence of its works, did not keep accurate time. The weight of the pigeon on the minute hand, for a

the suddenness of the attack, loosed his grip and the animal bounded away and disappeared. Examining the dead beast, they found it was a raccoon. It and its mate had evidently made the lawyer's house their home for several days. They had escaped from the cage of a student of natural history who lives on the next street, and they had lived on chickens which they had stolen from the henneries of the neighborhood. How they gained an entrance to the house is not known, but it was in some way that permitted easy ingress and egress. They had been lost for some time and though they could not be found, it was known by their depredations that they were in the neighborhood. If the owner of the house had been at home they could not have made it their refuge. The human heart is liable to the same danger. When Christ is not there, evil passions make it their abode, which destroy the man and injure all about him. There is need for all to offer the prayer of the Prophet:

O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest thou be as a stranger in the land and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night... we are called by thy name; leave us not. (Jer. 14: 9)

His Friend or Gold.

A touching story of the love of two friends comes from Seattle, Wash. Ly-

SEPT.

If you are on a railroad train, and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent or it would not be brought there. Now, if while we are rushing on in the whirl of everyday excitement, a message of God meets us, it must be an urgent and important message. If God speaks to us in a meeting mid-week, it is because there is something that needs to be said before next Sunday.

A handsome gold medal has been awarded Engineer Underdown of Raton, New Mexico, by the Christian Endeavorers as a token of his remarkable heroism in a recent rescue.

Mr. Underdown, who is a member of the Presbyterian Church of Raton, of which Thomas C. Moffett is pastor, had charged carrying Christian Endeavorers from Sacramento. When near Raton, the main-rope of motive snapped short, and the fragment with inconceivable force and speed started at every revolution. Engineer Underdown missed his firm grasp of the scolding handle, and his forehead, whose dead body was frequently found beside the track, and the engine rapidly demolished. The brave engineer remained at his post struggling manfully with disarranged brakes to work, and ultimately the train to a standstill. The Christian passengers learning how terrible a catastrophe had escaped, took up a subscription of fifty dollars to defray the expenses of even twenty dollars were spent in appreciation for Engineer Underdown as a memorial of heroic devotion to duty.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul's Journey to Jerusalem.

Lesson for Oct. 3. Acts 18:1-15. Golden Text Acts 21:13.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE biography of Paul in the Acts of the Apostles gives a wonderful sample of God's workmanship. Side by side with his unparalleled ministry runs the growth of Christ in him, as he continually learned Christ in the Word, and in the dealing of his God with him. In early days of following Christ Paul was guided as a little child—"Go" or "Go there," and he went without shadow of a desire to choose his own way. But in the later part of his life and there came a change. He had followed people or circumstances, with any regard for his own will, or his weakness or incapacity, to have a voice in what he took; he had his orders from men and he carried them out. But now, no longer a little child, who has to obey without understanding, there comes a new power; now Paul can purpose to go to Jerusalem, and also to see Rome (Acts 19:21). There was a purpose in the Spirit who is our guide into all truth, and Paul did not follow the guidance he had in his childhood, but accepted the responsibility which God put upon him to find out to know the way of the Spirit of

the tactics of the enemy changed; in the journey of Christ up to Jerusalem when "He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem, his disciples could not understand why he would have hindered him, so it was with Paul, and apparently the Holy Ghost showed the disciples one way and Paul another. Neither Peter, nor any of the apostles could accept the idea that Christ must suffer: for the Lord said, 'this shall not be unto thee.' (Matt. 16:22.) The Holy Spirit witnessed in every city that bonds of afflictions awaited Paul (Acts 19:23). The very first place on his journey up to Jerusalem where he found disciples, was at Tyre, they said to him through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem. How perplexing this would be to a young and inexperienced Christian who did not know how to place all before him, and to wait for him! Paul does not say that the disciples have their light, but more of the plan of God which they see has been revealed to him. He knows and accepts from God's hand all trials and afflictions which are awaiting him; he knows that his way lies to Jerusalem and later on to Rome, and he is not troubled by the difficulty of direction as one who knows all things which work together for good to them that love God.

Paul spent seven days with the disciples at Tyre, Paul departed and another day's farewell took place. The whole household, wives and children included, turned out and accompanied him to the seashore, where they had a last parting together before he took ship for Ptolemais, where he spent only one day with the brethren. But what days of spiritual intercourse with God and with men! Other must those have been! Their meeting place was Caesarea. There he met the same Philip, "one of the seven" (Acts 4:35), who had been so blessed of God in Samaria. Not only so, Philip an evangelist, he had also four daughters which prophesied, i. e., spoke to men "to edification and exhortation and comfort" (1 Cor. 14:3). Here Paul's journey is more prolonged, and here again a new trial awaited him. Agabus, a prophet from Jerusalem, had come down to Caesarea. "And when he was come he took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Lord, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle,

and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles." In this case, the Holy Spirit did not say that Paul should not go up to Jerusalem, but spoke of the consequences if he should go. How should the work of God in his hands go on if Paul were bound? Would he rashly put an end to his precious ministry? It looked like foolhardiness and obstinacy if he persisted in his purpose in spite of these warnings. It was a severe test, a difficult lesson. But perhaps now, as never before, this man learned to hide in his God; to lay all before him and wait for a confirmation of his own purpose, not in his own self-will but in the Spirit. God had shown him Jerusalem, and later on Rome, and in the future he saw nothing but the will of his God in connection with these two cities. All consequences were alike to him. He would trust God with his ministry, with the care of the churches, with the misunderstanding of those who honestly believed he was taking a wrong step. But he could not afford to let even God's leading of others come between him and what he saw to be the will of his God. He was not responsible for God's leading of others, but he was responsible for God's leading of him, and he knew his God too well to fear that he would allow him to make a mistake. While our Lord shews us in his Word, and prayed in his high-priestly prayer for the unity of his children, he nevertheless teaches us not to be servants of men.

Paul weathered the storm, remained unmoved even when his companion in travel joined the disciples at Caesarea in beseeching him not to go up to Jerusalem. His answer was characteristic. "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem in the name of the Lord Jesus." The disciples had also their lesson to learn. Luke, who writes the account, had seen many signs of a coming storm: the disaffection of the unconverted Jews on account of Paul's ministry, and the knowledge that many of these Jews would be at Jerusalem, as well as their own distinct guidance by the Spirit, made it hard for them to hold their peace. Their lesson was to learn to trust Paul with God, and his lesson was to trust them with Him. "When he would not be persuaded we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done."

Now the last stage of this eventful journey was come. After three days "we made ready our baggage" (R.V., margin) and went up to Jerusalem. Loving hearts cared for their beloved teacher, and one, Mnason, an old disciple, went with them for no other purpose than to provide hospitality for the party. All should be done to make things as easy as could be for the man who had been God's instrument to bring them near to their Lord. They arrived at Jerusalem and the brethren received them gladly. There were loyal hearts in Jerusalem, but much was stirring both within the church and outside of it. "The day following Paul went in with us unto James: and all the elders were present. And when we had saluted them he declared particularly [rehearsed one by one, R.V.] the things which God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. And when they had heard it they glorified the Lord. They would not but recognize that the work was of God, the knowledge of Christ spread abroad throughout Asia, the planting of churches throughout Asia Minor and a large part of Macedonia and Achaia: they were wondrous things which God had wrought.

But the elders of the church knew that a storm was brewing and all that they had heard of the mighty power of God did not prevent their adopting, and calling upon Paul to adopt, politic methods to prevent the coming storm. They think of an expedient which they expect to succeed, and they persuade Paul to adopt it, and the man of God who has safely passed through test after test which might have drawn him back from the path of close obedience, the obedience of faith, in this instance, under the pressure of the powers that be, comes down from his high standard and does that which is politic rather than that which is of faith.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

LUKE'S characteristic attention to detail enables us to trace Paul's journey from place to place. He appears to have sailed on a merchant vessel, as mention is made of the unloading of her cargo. In those days the habit was to hug the coast, having no compass, it was dangerous to go out of sight of land. It seems probable, too, from the narrative, that they did not sail in the night; the various stopping-places look like a day's sail apart and we infer that arriving at a port the ship would wait until dawn. The voyage would be full of interest to an ordinary traveler, but to Paul and his companions all the usual sights, like the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue adorning the harbor and accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, were matters of no concern. They are not

from him would be their presentments that he was going into danger and probably death. Thence Paul went to Ptolemais, the modern Acre, where his voyage terminated. Caesarea was only forty-two miles away and this distance was covered by land either on foot or on horseback. Here Paul and his friends were entertained by Philip—not the apostle, but the deacon—who had founded the church at Samaria and had baptized the Ethiopian eunuch. As was stated in the latter narrative he went to Caesarea (Acts 8:40), and probably had remained there, his four daughters helping him in his Christian work. Here again Paul was warned of the consequences of going forward. Agabus, who was called a prophet, having predicted a famine, which took place, arrived at Caesarea from Jerusalem, and could give authoritative account of the state of Jewish feeling in the metropolis. After the Old Testament manner, he gave a vivid object lesson of the treatment Paul might expect. The comparison of his prophecy with the event, is an illustration of the folly of the verbal and literal interpretation of the prophecies. It was practically fulfilled, but was wrong in details. It was not the Jews, but the Gentiles who bound Paul (Acts 22:25), and so far from the Jews delivering him to the Gentiles, as Agabus said, the Gentiles took him by force out of the hands of the Jews to prevent his being lynched (Acts 24:7). Even Luke appears to have been moved by the prediction of Agabus and joined the other friends in begging Paul not to go forward. Paul was evidently distressed by their pleading, but he had no hesitation about his course.

He must do his duty at any cost and he would not be deterred by the knowledge that it involved danger to him self. His friends recognizing the sacredness of the dictates of conscience, forbore to press their protests further and bowed to the will of the Lord. They understood that Paul was going under the belief that God had appointed him to the mission, and there was no course in that case but acquiescence. So Paul and his party took their baggage (called here by the old-fashioned word, "carriages"), and went to Jerusalem, the city of God, which was in the habit of killing the messengers he sent to it.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die. A device found on an ancient medal, which has become the motto of a missionary society, is that of a bullock standing between a plough and an altar.

Underneath is the inscription, "Ready for either,—for toil or for sacrifice." That was Paul's constant attitude. This is the attitude of the true hero.

Four daughters who did prophecy. Paul is often quoted by those who would prevent women engaging prominently in Christian work, yet here we find him the guest for "many days" of a man who had four daughters who prophesied. It is doubtful whether the word prophecy in this case means prediction. In other places, Paul uses the word in a sense that implies inspired preaching of the Gospel, which is probably its meaning here. Many a lad has been influenced for life by some gentle Christian woman who was his teacher in Sunday School. In heathen lands women are working with all the courage and devotion of men as missionaries of the Cross. During the Armenian troubles, Dr. Grace Kimball braved the wrath of the brutal Turkish soldiery and protected her charges with all the intrepidity of a man. Any man who disparages woman's work for Christ is guilty of something worse than ungallantry.

He would not be persuaded. It is remarkable that Christ, whose teaching of non-resistance has often been stigmatized as cowardly, should have had so many followers conspicuous for their courage. Chrysostom the eloquent preacher was threatened by the Roman Emperor with banishment. "I defy thee," he replied, "Thou canst not banish me, for the world is my Father's house." "I will slay thee," said the Emperor, his exasperation growing. "Nay," was the reply, "I fear thee not, for my life is hid with Christ in God."



PRESENT CONDITION OF ANCIENT TYRE.

THE YIELDED WILL.

Christ's demand on His Followers Reasonable and Beneficial to Themselves and Others. Phil. 2: 1-13.



When a man is without spiritual discernment the doctrines and requirements of Christianity often appear to him as a species of degradation. He hears Christians talk of surrendering themselves, of giving up their own will and of doing everything for the glory of God. He knows that in many instances this is only religious slang, mere cant, without any substantial, practical meaning; but there are few men who do not number among their religious friends, some who really mean these things and conduct their lives on these principles. These are the men who seem to the worldling to have abdicated their manliness and who have made themselves automats or slaves. But is this really so? Does a man degrade himself by making the will of God the supreme consideration which shapes his life?

The objection to this principle, as to so many others, is applied to it only in religious matters. In social life the principle seems reasonable and necessary. The individual will, about which there is so much tenacity when we are asked to surrender it to God, ceases to be sacred when we are asked to surrender it to men. We surrender it and we expect others to surrender it, in several relations of life. When in our Presidential years the name of the nominee of the Party, with which we are affiliated, is announced, there is commonly a widespread disappointment. It is rare indeed that the candidate is the man whom we should have chosen if we could have had our way. Yet how seldom is there a bolt from a Party! We work and argue and vote for the man whom the National Convention is made the standard-bearer. Our own will is given up, and we are content to give it up, because that is the only way to victory in November. Still more conspicuous is the surrender of the will in the army. The soldier and the subordinate officer often do their work blindly. They advance, or retreat, occupy this position and retire from that stronghold, at the word of command. They know that the Commander-in-chief is working for victory over the enemy and they obey him because that is their desire, too. They know that nothing would be accomplished if before every movement the rank and file had to be convinced that the movement was wise and had to understand and approve the reasons for it. They know, too, that when the war is over, it will be the Commander-in-chief whose name will be honored and that he will have the glory. The newspapers will say, and future historians will say, that he won the battle or captured the town, and the names of the soldiers will not be mentioned. The glory will be his. It is so in the family. The boy cannot see why he should learn Latin and mathematics. But he must surrender his will to his father and when he becomes a father in his turn, he exacts the same surrender from his son.

Now this principle is all that is asked of the Christian and he is no more degraded by yielding than are these others we have mentioned. As it is with the boy, the soldier and the politician, there is reason and wisdom in the Christian's surrender. It is better for himself and better for the world that he make the will of God the rule of his life.

But how to discover it, is the difficulty with some. How are we to know what is the will of God? The orders do not come to us as they come to the soldier. God deals with us on a higher plane. He expects us to be not only ready to yield but to be eager to learn his will. To those who have this desire indications are given. They may be slight, but they are sufficient when the desire for them is active—when the man is on the alert. Sometimes it is only the presentation of an opportunity; sometimes it is in the revelation of a need, but those who are ready and eager for service of any kind that will please God, will never be idle. Those only may be kept waiting who have chosen for themselves and are not willing for drudgery.



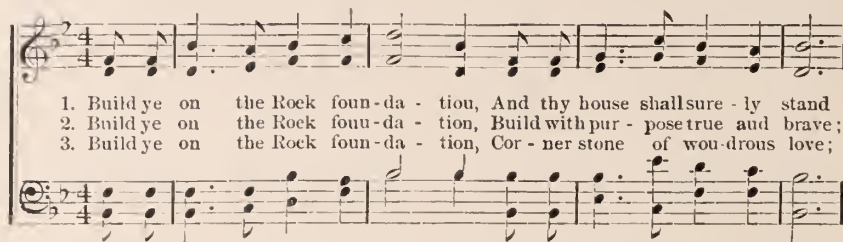
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Build Ye on the Rock.

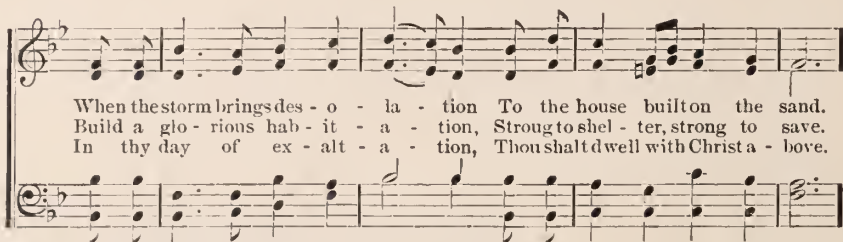
"The rock of salvation."—Ps. 89: 26.

Mrs. C. E. BRECK.

J. H. BURKE.



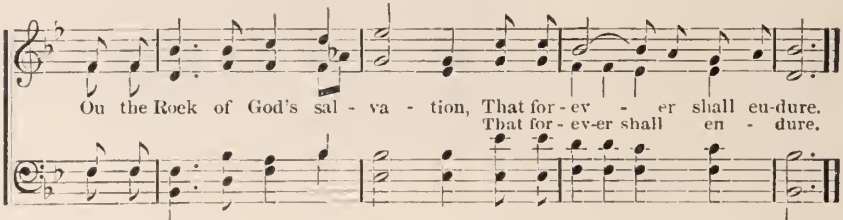
1. Build ye on the Rock foun-da-tion, And thy house shall sure-ly stand
2. Build ye on the Rock foun-da-tion, Build with pur- pose true and brave;
3. Build ye on the Rock foun-da-tion, Cor-ner stone of wou-drous love;



When the storm brings des-o-la-tion To the house built on the sand.
Build a glo-rious hab-it-a-tion, Stroug to shel-ter, strong to save.
In thy day of ex-alt-a-tion, Thou shalt dwell with Christ-a-bove.



CHORUS.
Build ye on the Rock foun-da-tion, On the Rock that standeth sure—
on the Rock foun-da-tion, Rock that stand-eth sure—



On the Rock of God's sal-va-tion, That for-ev-er shall eu-dure.
That for-ev-er shall en-dure.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

THE MISSION OF LIFE.

LIFE is a battle. If we choose the right,
The powers of darkness then stalk forth to fight.

But if we make the evil our one choice,
We know no conflict, strife, or thwarting voice,
Save that still voice with which God warns the soul

While on its course it hastens toward the goal.

With ease we glide away from truth and good;
E'en without effort carried by the flood.

But war we must and work with God-lent might,
Face the fierce foes and keep our armor bright,
If we the foes would slay, the battle win,
Out-soldier and o'ercome the hosts of sin.

This is man's mission while on earth he stays:
Fight, struggle, suffer, die, and end his days.
This is God's plan. These curses blessings are:
To toil to fight, and die is better far
Than without these to reach the home above.
Man's heritage is from the God of love.

—ORVILLE T. FLETCHER.

Altamont, Albany Co., N. Y.

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand.
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will"

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load;
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" The darkness feels
More safe than light, when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

FRET NOT!

FRET not, my soul,
For things beyond thy small control.
Do thou thy best and thou shalt see
Heaven will have care of thine and thee.
Sow thou thy seed, and wait in peace
The Lord's increase.

So many shrines, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind,
Is what the sad world needs.

Erie, Pa.

—LAURA G. SANFORD.

ISRAEL'S RESTORATION.

The Prophetic Significance of the Zionist Movement for the Reconstitution of a Jewish State in Palestine.



ANY Christians will confess less be turning to the Bibles to find out the significance of the Zionist Conference, which took place last month at St. Gallen in Switzerland. They may find it difficult to understand the varied images which the return of the Jews to their land is prefigured in the sacred Scriptures. Some of the prophecies appear to indicate that the Jews will go in a time of national turmoil and that they will fight for the possession of their land; others indicate that their return will be peaceful and unopposed. How these varied predictions be reconciled? Is this return projected by Dr. Max Nordau, and their friends? Is it predicted by the prophets?

A careful examination of the prophecies shows that there will be two stages to the return. The first stage will be peaceful, and will be accomplished before the Lord's second coming. A people will return in unbelief. The second stage will be at the Lord's coming, when there will be a great and fearful slaughter, and the Jews will recognize in Christ their Messiah and will mourn.

The earlier restoration is described in several passages, notably Zechariah 14. It represents an era of revival and prosperity. There had been a time of desolation, when there was no man there for man or beast, nor any place for the man who went out or came in. But all this was to be changed and there would be plenty of employment. The land, which had been idle, kept the Sabbaths, would be ready for the return. It would spring into fertility and cultivation as Isaiah predicts, "precisely the result Dr. Herzl calculates. With the capital, that he is sure will pour into the land from the Jewish coffers, the land will develop. All the men will be needed to clear away the stones, to build bridges, to construct railroads and to prepare the land for occupation. Towns will be built, and factories will be erected. The works of many kinds will be required. As there will be no lack of funds, the Jewish capitalists of Europe, interested, so there will be no lack of labor. The hatred of the Jew which is fostered in Russia in all ranks from the throne to the cabin, is driving the Empire strong men by the millions who are capable of just the kind of work that is required and to which work would be so congenial as labor on the land of their fathers.

This is precisely a fulfillment of prophecy. God said: (Ezek. 20: 35) "I will plead with thee face to face like a man, and I will plead with your fathers in the land of Egypt." How did he plead with the Israelites in Egypt? By making their life unbearable, by making them so miserable that they were glad to follow Moses. So now in Russia they are subject to persecution, and in Germany they are ostracized. A race without a home, their discomforts were to force them to look for one, and where could they turn so naturally as to the land which gave them and where they had once a powerful nation. Those among the Jews who still retain their ancient faith but remember the promises (Ezek. 37: 26) "It is true that Dr. Herzl and his followers place no reliance on these promises, but they explicitly declare that this is not a religious movement, but God has often promised about a fulfillment of his purposes to the instruments who were unconscious that they were serving him. All the prophecies indicate that the Jews will return in unbelief, and that afterward in their own land they will turn to the Lord and acknowledge his Son. Christ at his coming will find the Jews established in the land and the devoted city once more surrounded by besiegers. In that day they will appear as their deliverer and then they will hail him as their Messiah. Then they will re-establish the kingdom and seek to restore the lost Ten Tribes to re-unite them with the Jews as in the time of David and Solomon. Then will occur the great restoration of the second stage of Israel's redemption."



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.



Good-Bye to the Children.
Our fourth Season Ended at Our Home at Mont-Lawn—Touching Farewell Scenes—The Blessed Work of a Golden Summer.

MONT-LAWN, lately so full of fun and frolic and noisy merriment, is now silent. One bright morning last week the early sun awoke the birds and the flowers, and all were intensely interested in something that was taking place at our Children's Home. It was really the morning of Farewell Day, though neither the flowers nor the birds knew it; but as the hours wore on and the groups of little rompers came out on the lawn for their morning scamper, it was soon noticed that something unusual was afoot. At last it all came out, and the little red songsters sat silent in the trees, and the pretty yellow and white and crimson and pink blossoms drooped their heads as the children, all dressed for the day, marched for the last time to the great marquee tent for their breakfast. Leaving the beautiful country home for the big, crowded city. There were many moist eyes in the juvenile processions; the little lads and lasses looked about at the place that had grown so dear, and which they were so soon to leave.

After breakfast, the children—over two hundred in all—were put into stages, and became the farewell scene which ended the fourth summer season at Mont-Lawn. The little guests sang their parting songs and waved their handkerchiefs from the stages to the people on the edge of the lawn, where Captain Collins and his staff were gathered. He took a note, from all the bees and the ushers, and piped a chorus, so loudly that it seemed as though the adjudicators were cutting their way into the note. At last the signal was given and on the stages they went down the hill.

At Nyack, round the bend of the road, the Home was shut out from the children's view.

The last of the little guests being safely returned to New York, the Home was set up for the season on September 11, a time when, fortunately, one of the hottest weeks of the year had been succeeded by a cool wave that deprived the tenement life of much of its terrors. In all 2,219 children have been cared for, fed, sheltered, and clothed at our Children's Home this season, being the largest number received there in any year since the Home was first opened four summers ago. From the establishment of the Home up to date, the total number of children who have come to Mont-Lawn has been 7,773. The largest single party of children who ever went to the Home at one time was on June 23d last, when 179 wee guests were taken up by the Hudson on the steamer *Chrystenah* for ten days' outing among the Mont-Lawn woods and fields.

There are very many of our friends in distant States who have every season experienced a deeper interest in our

Fresh Air work among the children of the tenements, and have already aided us with their gifts and their prayers. As this is a continuous work, from summer to summer, we desire to interest others in it. It is, moreover, a work rich in blessing, reaching out among the poorest class in the great metropolis. Not a season passes in which there are not numerous evidences among the children who come to us that the tender, little hearts have been helped by the sweet Christian atmosphere of Mont-Lawn and the simple Gospel lessons taught there to our little guests.

The Reward of Giving.
No good deed is ever forgotten. An incident is related of a little girl whose mother was a sick widow, and who stopped a young man on the street and begged him to buy her chestnuts. He was poor, but could not withstand her pitiful look. He handed her a coin and said, "I cannot use your chestnuts, but you are welcome to this." She thanked him and then hurried away 20 years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a banker. Passing the library one evening, she saw a man with her husband whom she recognized as the man who years before had been kind to her. When he had gone she inquired his errand. "He came to see if I would give him a vacant position in the bank." "Will you?" "I don't know." "I wish you would," she said, and then told him the story of her poverty and the man's generosity. The young man sat that same evening beside his sick wife's bed, when a liveried servant brought him a note. "We shall not starve," he exclaimed; "I have the position." He opened the note and found inclosed a \$250 check, with the words, "In grateful remembrance of the little silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnut girl twenty years ago."



A LAST TURN AT THE SWINGS.

Mother's Thoughts.
Who shall tell the inmost thoughts of a mother's heart? Her children—be they in heaven or yet on earth—are her first care and her deepest solicitude. Her earliest waking thought goes out to them; they are in her mind all day long and at night, when she tucks them snugly in bed, she feels all the responsibility of one who has to guide the footsteps, train the minds

and hearts, and influence the lives of the young immortals whom God has placed in her keeping for a time. An aged woman, whose youngest child had been dead twenty years, lay dying in her home. It was midnight when she aroused from a stupor and inquired, "Is it night?" "Oh, yes, it is midnight," was the reply. "Are the children all in?" was her anxious inquiry. Then she closed her eyes and died. In her last thoughts she had gone back to the days when her children were young, and the mother instinct asserted itself in the question, "Are the children in?"

A Great Man's Politeness.
Whether one's position in life be high or low, he will find it of the greatest advantage to cultivate the habit of politeness. It "is worth much and costs little," says the old, but true proverb. "Politeness pays," is the more direct modern way of stating the same thing. In a child it is a charming accomplishment; to man or woman, however humble their station, it gives the stamp of a breeding and gentility beyond their fellows, and to a person of social position, it adds a lustre and attractiveness of character that would otherwise be wholly wanting.

It is related of John Quincy Adams, that when he was eighty years old, he one day met on the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said: "Good morning! And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-president's answer, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir: quite



OUR CHILDREN AT THE STEAMBOAT WHARF.

well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir, quite well." With that the venerable sixth President of the United States moved on, with the aid of his staff. It was not long afterward that he had his second and fatal stroke of paralysis in the Capitol at Washington. "This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."

What I Would Do.
In yonder attic so cold and bare,
There's a woman that sits and sews
For her children's shelter and scanty fare
Till the weary midnight goes.
She is stitching her life in those seams for me,
Am I giving her back her due?
If I knew that my Saviour was keeping account,
I wonder what I would do?

I have home and friends, and silver and gold,
Far more than I daily need;
And I clothe myself in a costly garb,
While these for a pittance plead.
My house is full of beautiful things
That are only for taste and show;
If I knew that my Lord had need of these
I wonder what I would do?

I have prided myself on my godly deeds,
And my name's on the church's roll;
But I waste in some needless things, perchance
The price of a deathless soul.
I have told the world of my love for God,
And my love for his children, too;
If the Lord should ask me to prove my word,
I wonder what I would do?

AT PARTING.
WE must never call it parting,
When the spirit hovers near;
We are on a journey starting,
And a smile recalls the tear.
The journey may be lengthened
From a day into a year,
Yet affection's ever strengthened,
When the Spirit hovers near.
Let there be no haunting sadness,
Only smiles replace each tear;
Nay, there is a sense of gladness,
When the spirit hovers near.
When apart fond friends are grieving
And long for those most dear,
There's a pleasure in believing
That the spirit hovers near.
So, we're on our journey starting,
You are there and we are here;
Yet, oh never call it parting,
While the spirit hovers near.
—B. MADELINE EVANS.

A Boy Who Rose in Life.
A FEW weeks ago, there died in England, a man who had a remarkable history. Isaac Holden was born in 1807, at a little hamlet called Hurlet, and was the son of a miner. He received a scant education and learned the trade of a weaver, working in the mill by day, and going to school evenings. At twenty he became a teacher, and being a devout Methodist, had some thought of entering the Church. His energies, however, were directed toward mechanical pursuits. While working in a mill from 6 A. M. often till 10 P. M., he devised many valuable labor-saving machines, and ultimately became partner in one of the largest wool manufacturing businesses in the world, with 4,000 employees and a capacity of 31,000,000 fleeces yearly.

Honors flowed in upon the successful manufacturer. Isaac Holden, the poor unknown boy, became a member of Parliament, and was made a Baronet by Queen Victoria. He loved to tell the secret of his successful life and to speak of his early struggles. It was his inflexible rule never to work on the Sabbath, and he affirmed that, but for that rule, he would have lost his reason, so heavy had the strain upon him become. He was a Methodist and a most consistent Christian, liberal to his employees and kind and just in all his dealings. Temperate, and even abstemious, fruit was his principal food, and he never ate more than three ounces of meat in a day, and sometimes went without it for days. He walked from eight to ten miles daily for many years, Sundays excepted.

The career of the mill-worker lad, half-educated, and beginning life under so many disadvantages, should be an inspiration to others. Sturdy Christian character, a strong conscientiousness and a resolute determination to persevere in whatever he attempted, were what made Isaac Holden's life so successful.

Bees Interrupt the Mail.
Many of our rural readers are bee-keepers, and they as well as others will be interested in learning of an incident where a swarm of bees delayed the delivery of letters sent through the mail. At Cranford, Kent, England, one day last July, a swarm of bees settled on a postal pillar-box, and soon afterwards a second swarm located themselves inside the box, the whole colony following the queen through the aperture provided for letters. Every preparation was made for the capture of the swarm upon the arrival of the rural postman to clear the letters, but owing to the awkward position of the winged visitors it was found impossible to hive the bees until night, when they were smoked and safely housed. Owing to this unusual incident the letters posted were delayed for several hours.

Child-Likeness.
Soldier, statesman, scholar, divine: every man is a child to his mother, to the last; and it is the best that is in a man that keeps him always in this child-likeness toward his loving mother. Were it not for the power of a mother's love, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull, that best and truest side of a man's nature would never be developed, for the man's good and for the mother's reward. It costs something to be a good mother; but there is no reward which earth can give like the love a mother receives.

"AUNT MARTHA."

A Story From Life—Written Specially for "The Christian Herald."

BY NETTIE C.



In the city of "Brotherly Love" great preparations were being made. The great chamber had been put in order, the quaint old china which had been in the family for generations past was arrayed in all its splendor on the handsome mahogany side-board, and Mary, the cook, had called forth all her wits to have a supper such as would suit the most fastidious, for Mrs. Renfrew had said the week before that on this very Thursday they could expect a

we will find out that it is not always the young who are agreeable, but frequently those whose bitter experience has taught them to bear and forbear, and to make the most of all the sunshine, for there are some bright spots in all our lives if we but try to find them; and Aunt Martha was not long in winning the hearts of all in the house. Both she and her husband were educated and refined people, well gifted in the art of conversation, besides having that finer innate goodness of soul which after all is the only quality that makes

people truly lovable.

Mr. and Mrs. Renfrew were highly entertained with the descriptions of their visitors' trip, and the messages from the girls at home. Then there were the funniest stories for Paul and his sister of the things the children used to say and do in school, for Aunt Martha had taught a school of very little people years before; then there were dolls to be dressed, which no one could do so well, and

"YOU, MARTHA, TAUGHT ME TO PLAY CARDS," SAID THE DYING MAN.

bride and groom, who were taking an extended wedding trip, and would reach Philadelphia to-day. The eager, expectant faces of Paul and his little sister Marguerite were pressed close to the window pane long before the train was due, for they longed to see a real bride, such as mamma was when the pretty picture that hung in the library was taken. It was indeed beautiful to look at, for Mrs. Renfrew was just twenty the day of her marriage, and the people had said as they passed out of the little stone church after the ceremony: "Was there ever a handsomer bride than Ruth Alston?" Her dress of white silk fell in rich folds about her graceful figure, her hair was arranged in a graceful psyche-knot on the top of her head, while her great brown eyes never shone more brightly, and her cheeks never looked rosier than on her wedding-day, and it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Renfrew had said that he must have a painting just as she looked then, so that he could admire it always. And well it was, for already, although only six years had passed since then, the brown locks were streaked with grey, and sickness had hollowed the cheeks and dimmed the eyes, but the sweet, patient expression had never changed. It was just five by the clock when the carriage stopped at the door and out stepped a gentleman of stately bearing, who was at least seventy years of age, and a woman of about fifty. Mrs. Renfrew welcomed her guests, all unmindful of the comments going on among servants and children. She had not seen Aunt Martha for years, in fact, not since she had grown to womanhood, and had never thought to tell the children that she was her aunt, and necessarily older than their own Aunt Nettie, her youngest sister, of whom they were so fond.

"Guess they must be different kinds of ladies," said little Paul, as a look of keen disappointment settled upon his face.

Marguerite seemed to think so, too, but sat quietly with her face to the window, expressing an opinion. She was a cooed, and Mary's chatter was even louder than that of the children, and she declared that she really believed that Mrs. Renfrew had fooled her just to see what nice biscuits she could make when she tried her best.

"I wish they'd got so sad they couldn't eat them, then maybe they'd leave to-night yet, but now I 'spose we'll have two cranks on hand mayhap a week," she said to herself, as she peeped through the door while Ellen, the waitress, carried in the plate of flaky cakes. But if we live long enough

the visit of three days was over all too soon, and Aunt Martha and Uncle Lew were quietly settled in the New England village where both were well-known. Aunt Martha's husband had lost his first wife when quite a young man, and had come to make

his home with a daughter in Philadelphia. He was well educated and was so highly respected that he was prevailed upon to accept a public office of profit and trust.

Aunt Martha (for everyone called her aunt) had been left an orphan when still in her teens, and her father having failed in business, he could leave his young daughter little more than the home, and she must do something by which to gain a livelihood. First she taught, but the work was very trying to her nerves, and she decided she would be a milliner, so she invested the small sum she had saved, and her genial, sunny disposition soon won to her hosts of customers. She had all she could do, and her little sitting-room back of the shop was a great rendezvous for the young people of the town. She had been early taught by her loving parents that our first duty is to God, and so while still young she joined the Presbyterian Church, of which her father for years had been an elder. No party or social

(Continued on next page.)

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Aunt Martha.

(Continued from preceding page.)

...ing was complete without her, and the minister was a liberal man who de-...ed that "young folks must have their... the old-fashioned blue-stocking doc-... were not regarded. Inheriting a... insight to things from her brilliant... and the naturally graceful move-... of her mother, Martha was a so-... favorite. Her hand was eagerly sought... me dance, and all were pleased to have... as a partner at cards. Her friends... threatened with the utmost courtesy, but... eined "heart whole and fancy free."... any proposal of marriage would be... with. "No, not yet." A school friend... mther who was a widow, had late-... oved to town with her son, a young... of about twenty-two, who had obtain-... the position of book-keeper in the only... in the village. It was a lucrative... responsible position and the young... were glad to welcome Rob Lee to... social gatherings. Having spent... of his life working hard at college, he... immediately after graduating, being... ed to make his way in the world, he... ad little time for pleasure and knew... ing of cards and dancing; but now... he was drawing a good salary and... plenty of leisure time, it was easy to... both, and indeed he proved himself... ot pupil.

...e months flew quickly by and Rob... Martha were often found in each... it society. Martha declared it was... platonic friendship, but her looks be-... d her, and Rob, happy, light-hearted... took no pains to conceal the fact that... eferred Martha to anyone else. Two... e passed and a change was apparent... job that could not be mistaken. In... uidst of pleasure there was often an... ous, worried expression on his hand-... face, but no one knew the cause;... even to Martha's eager questioning... he could say, "only a headache," or give... other equally evasive answer.

...e morning late in October, Martha... ved a note from Mrs. Lee, saying that... on was very ill and wished to see her... Hly throwing a cape about her shoul-... she hurried off and to her dismay... Mrs. Lee in tears and the doctor... ing sad and anxious. The door of the... r bed-room stood ajar and Mrs. Lee... ned to Martha to enter.

... the bed lay Rob, his face burning... fever and a far-away look in his eyes... Martha approached the bed-side, he... ll her to close the door, as he had... thing to say to her. Then, as if by... human strength.

...ou remember, Martha," he said, "I... ou I had bought this home for moth-... and you. For one year I made my... payments; for two years I have not even... the interest, I have borrowed money... isfy my craving for gain. Not a cent... re to my credit in the bank; I have... led my home, my life, my soul away."... ointing his finger as if in condemna-... he added, "You, Martha, taught me to... ards!"

...d the earth suddenly opened beneath... heret the poor girl could not have been... o stunned, but hastily collecting her-... eil he cried:

...h, Rob, don't worry: I have saved a... I will work hard and help you pay... Live for your mother and for me."... if given strength only to tell of his... ne eyelids drooped, he lost conscious-

thma and Hay-Fever Cure.—Free.

... were glad to inform the readers that a sure... cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in... la Plant, a new botanical discovery from the... n River, West Africa. Many sufferers report... marvelous cures from its use. Among others... r, Fred C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmer's Mag-*... and Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West... are completely cured by the Kola Plant after... r years' suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie... t night in Hay-fever season for fear of chok-... g, and Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from... t a. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, ...nt that for eighteen years he slept propped up... air, being much worse in Hay-fever season... d: Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly... wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer... advise you to send your address to the Kola... ing Co., 1161 Broadway, New York, who to... its power will send a Large Case by mail free... e reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who... ees it. All they ask in return is that when cured... if you will tell your neighbors about it. It... o nothing, and you should surely try it.

...T earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as dis-... ter eating, heartburn, and occasional head-... e should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsa-... pari if you wish to be cured of dyspepsia.

ness and two days later, his spirit went to meet its God.

Crushed and conscience-stricken, Mar-
tha returned to her little home the day of
the funeral, a sad, heart-broken girl. Bitterly
she reproached herself, but it was too
late; she meant no wrong, never thought
of sin. Alas for natures weaker than our
own, that we may be influencing for good
or evil. Harder than ever she worked,
for that home should not be lost. In vain
her young friends pleaded with her to take
some rest lest her health would give way.
Late into the night her tired fingers stitch-
away at dainty hats and bonnets. "His
mother must not know," she said, and
when two years later all had been paid
Martha looked pale and worn when she
went to thank the kind bank president
who loaned her the money and kept her
secret. Mrs. Lee lived on a small allow-
ance her son had left, the people said, and
when three years after his death, she too
passed away, no wonder that the will read,
"I bequeath home, and all I have to my
little friend, Martha," for she had no near
relatives and these two had been more like
mother and daughter than mere friends.

Bravely and patiently Martha lived on,
and as time in a measure healed all wounds,
so at fifty years Aunt Martha had tried to
bury her sorrow and be cheerful, thus
making herself a general favorite with old
and young. Ever ready to lend a helping
hand, sympathizing with any in distress,
in short, "weeping with those who wept,
and rejoicing with those who rejoiced,"
was it any wonder that herself, subdued
and purified by suffering, she had grown
to be a most attractive woman? She loved
the stately gentleman, whose tastes were
so congenial and chose him for her life
companion.

These two as they settled in their new
home were very happy. Both had gone
through severe trials, and bore patiently

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Italy and the Mediterranean the following autumn
or Paris Exposition in 1900, the monthly payment
will cover the ocean passage by the time one is
ready to sail.

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ocean lines because of the various indignities put
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steerage, while to go first class under the ordi-
nary methods of ocean travel is beyond the reach
of any but plethoric pocket books. This condition
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the ups and downs of life. Gathering
about them the young folk of the town
they sought to amuse and brighten their
lives by social intercourse which was both
entertaining and elevating. Ten years
passed most happily, when her husband
was called home, and Aunt Martha was
again left alone, but although her grief was
deep, she felt she had not long to wait and
tried to be cheerful for others' sake. Ten
years longer she lived and never a first of
April passed without some joke on Aunt
Martha; never a Christmas without loving
remembrances and when her strength
gradually tailed and one bright May day
the blue eyes closed forever and the white
curls lay on the cold, white brow, we felt
that Aunt Martha's work on earth was done.

Armenian Aid.

The following contributions to the Ar-
menian relief work have been received:

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In painting, the cost of labor
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The Waists advertised here are made of
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or self-crushed collar, black and colors. It's
the greatest silk shirtwaist bargain we ever
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Mailed free, you'll find there a thousand other bargains just as
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All purchases (except bicycles) delivered free to any point
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Pills after, and pie will please
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8% Do you want your money to earn it
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& Co., Equitable Building, Boston.





Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WILFUL DAUGHTERS.

THE mothers need not read this talk. It isn't meant for them. The daughters may have it all to themselves.

How old are you, my dears? For I have readers who are in their teens, anywhere from thirteen to nineteen, and they write to me and tell me some of their bothers and problems, and I've had a good many thoughts about them lately. I've concluded that from thirteen to sixteen is a very trying age for the girls who are just along there. They are not little girls any longer and they are not young women. They are considered too old for some things they used to like and too young for other things which look rather inviting, and they find their older sisters, and sometimes, it must be confessed, their mothers, disposed to be a little unreasonable.

"I dislike being told what I must not do. I hate being reproved and snubbed. I would be perfectly happy if I were let alone," says pretty Kate, tossing her head, and putting down her foot quite firmly.

"For my part," adds Elizabeth, "I think it's about time that I should be allowed to come and go as I choose. If I stay out a half hour later than usual, mamma has a conniption fit, and scolds, and papa looks grave, and things are unpleasant generally. Then, there's such a fuss made if I walk down the street with a boy. The boys are not going to eat me!"

Kate and Elizabeth have their grievances, as you see. They do not dream that their mothers are having a hard time, too; that is mother-love and mother-care and mother-wisdom which would guard a young girl from making mistakes, which would make her appear well in other eyes, which would keep her safe from the tempter, and lead to her best development and her true happiness.

We older ones look back to the years when we had mothers and fathers and grandmothers to give us counsel, and our later experience and knowledge of life confirm their judgment. We comprehend much that once puzzled us. We see why our parents hedged us about with advice and, perhaps, with prohibitions, and we are sorry that we often made it hard instead of easy for them to do what needed to be done in our up-bringing.

Do you remember Katy in "Stepping Heavenward"? She was very rebellious sometimes against her mother's precautions and expressed wishes, but she discovered after awhile how blessed that mother's care had been.

There are many such girls, and they are dear and precious, even if they are often difficult to guide and restrain.

Girls, let me tell you that there is a great difference between being strong of will, which is a good thing in character, a grand thing, indeed, and being merely wilful, which is a childish trait, not worthy of sensible young women. Just wanting to have one's own way, because it is one's own way, is not womanly; it is

babyish. And when this peculiarly immature characteristic is carried into our grown-up life, it often comes to pass that we get the desire of our heart, and it does not satisfy us, and we are disappointed, and grow hard and bitter. The best thing for a human being is not clinging to his own way; it is giving up his own way. The first step in the Christian life is full surrender, yielding the will to the Divine will. Some of us have to struggle before we do this, but when we do it, we have great peace. You may not think so, dear girls, but there is a sense of joy and delight when one has unselfishly given up her own way, and given some one else pleasure by a sacrifice of inclination, which far surpasses the pleasure the first little triumph would have brought. This is the more marked where, as it often happens, the young girl can see no sense in the mother's opposition, or in the attitude of the teacher's mind, or the opinion of the older friend. "What difference does it make?" cries the younger woman, impatiently, "such a fuss over a trifle!" Yet the trifle is much more, if yielding or not yielding about it will make or mar a day in a home. In the light of God's love, nothing is a trifle.

We need strong principles, girls, and will to hold us firmly to them. Having decided that a course of action is proper, and that conscience will be satisfied if you adopt it, then hold fast to that love. But most of the flurries and worries and tempers and trials of our daily lives come from wilfulness and caprice, rather than from making a stand about important matters.

Girls, whatever else they are, should be lovely and lovable. They should be nice;

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

A New Remedy Which Will Do It.

Chronic dyspepsia is considered by many people to be nearly if not quite incurable. No good reason can be given why they think so except that perhaps they have tried various remedies without much, if any benefit. But the progress in every branch of medicine has been such that among other things a lasting cure for indigestion in its chronic form as well as temporary has been discovered and is now placed before the public strictly on its merits as a permanent cure for all stomach troubles or difficulties with the digestive organs.

This new treatment is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, being put up in tablet form so as to be easily taken and also to preserve its good qualities for an indefinite length of time.

This remedy has produced surprising effects in the worst forms of indigestion, and in many cases where ordinary remedies failed to give even relief, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have fully cured.

The splendid results from using this preparation are owing to the fact that it is prepared and intended for Dyspepsia and stomach troubles only. It is not a cure-all like so many advertised remedies, claiming to cure everything under the sun, but it is claimed that it is a certain cure for Dyspepsia and anyone suffering from any form of indigestion cannot fail to get permanent relief and cure from its use.

It is so prepared and the ingredients are of such a nature that when the tablets are taken into the stomach they digest the food no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. You get sustenance and strength to mind and body by reason of the food being properly digested and at the same time the much abused stomach is allowed to rest and recuperate.

Notwithstanding the great benefits to be derived from Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, the price is but so for full sized package and all druggists sell them.

A little book on Stomach Diseases mailed free by addressing the Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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To introduce our 1898 catalogue we will send upon receipt of six cents to pay postage any one of these beautiful carved miniature musical instruments, or all four for twenty cents. Catalogue FREE. CURTIS JEWELRY CO., Attleboro, Mass.

you know what one means when she says that Sadie or Majorie is "a nice girl." It implies a certain all-round symmetry and satisfactoryness; you can "tie to a nice girl," and she'll never disappoint your expectations. Girls have the great advantage of youth, and they must use it for the joy and uplifting, and for the help and consolation of the older people around them.

Margaret E. Sangster

HIS BANNER.

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes;
Yet, tho' I weary, sore distressed,
I know that I shall reach my rest.
I lift my tearful eyes above;
His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Tho' flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light,
I lift my brightening eyes above;
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain him,
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel him standing near;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

—GERALD MASSEY

Enameline
The Modern
STOVE POLISH
DUSTLESS, ODORLESS,
BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.
Try it on your Cycle Chain.
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.
SACRED SONGS No. 1.
No other New book equal to it. \$25 per 100.
each, if by mail. THE BIGLOW & MAIN
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\$5.00 A MINUTE!!
The minute you send us this slip you make **\$5.00**

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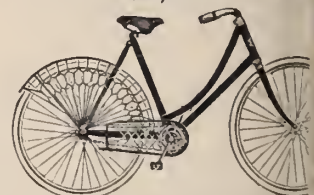
A Dollar saved is a Dollar earned. Total Saved **\$55.00**

\$100 wheels will cost \$75 next year.
\$75 wheels will cost \$50 next year.

There will be no difference in wearing quality between this year's machine and next.

MORAL: Get your wheel this fall, NOW!

This offer will cost you **\$2,000** or more to make!



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BUY NOW!

\$100 Model A Syrian

'97 model, made by the Brown-Lewis Cycle Co., Chicago, U. S. superb mount, guaranteed to be the equal of any \$100 wheel. All parts drop forged, doubly reinforced; bearings all ball, finest quality tool steel, accurately ground, polished and lapped in oil; handsome royal arch fork crown, extra strong crank drop forged, tempered in oil; sprockets new style forged, detachable front and rear; new patent keyless cranks. Handle bars—Rams horn, raised or adjustable steel. Saddle if desired but not guaranteed; tires M. & W. Quick Repair, Vim or Hartford single tube; saddle Sager hygienic, finish very handsome; wheel rims, guards, etc., enameled if desired. Closing Price, **\$37.50**

\$90 Model B Syrian

'97 model—Same general specifications as above, a slight swing cutter pin cranks in place of keyless. Closing Price, **\$32.50**

\$100 Northfield

'97 model, made by the Brown-Lewis Cycle Co., Chicago, one of the handsomest machines made, 1 1/4 in. tubing, patent keyless cranks, flush joints, patent detachable dust protectors over bearings. Specifications—frame 22 and 24 in., ladies' 22 and 24 in., ladies' 22 and 24 in., handle bar—drop, raised, ram's horn, steel or adjustable wood; saddle—gent's Garford or B. & W. ladies' regular equipment; fork oval Nickel; wheels 28 in. best single piece wood rims; tires—Morgan & Wright, Indiana or single tube; pedals choice of rattan or rubber. The finish of the Northfield is superb, consists of four coats finest enamel baked separately, hand rubbed and polished, beautifully decorated. Closing Price, **\$30.00**

\$80 Winfield

'97 models, made by the Brown-Lewis Cycle Co., 1 1/4 in. tubing, same sizes and equipment as Northfield, but having regular key cranks, **\$27.50**

\$70 Emerson

'97 model, made by Brown-Lewis Cycle Co., Chicago, same specifications as the field, except tires, which are Indiana single tube or Royal single tube, **\$25.00**

to which we have practically the difference in cost between the Winfield and Emerson. Closing Price, **\$20.00**

We also have some cheaper lines, but as we do not recommend cheap articles and cannot guarantee them, we mention same on this list. All machines fully guaranteed for one year, and every machine warranted to be exactly as represented. Money refunded on any wheel not found satisfactory.

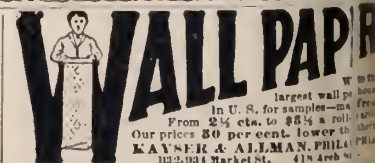
HOW TO ORDER.—We agree to accept this advertisement for the amount of \$5.00 as part payment on the above machine at these prices. Mark plainly the machine you wish out this slip and send together with cent cash or money order to cover express charges in case wheel is not taken, or have your express agent fill out the form and we will forward the machine C. O. D. for the balance, subject to full examination and approval before paying same. We are responsible and refer to leading banks of Chicago or any of the large express companies.

This Certifies That.....has deposited with me sufficient to cover express charges on.....Bicycles.....from Chicago.....and return, said deposit to apply as part payment on Bicycles when accepted. In case said Bicycles are not accepted, I agree to return them, express paid, to the Brown-Lewis Cycle Co., Chicago. Signed,.....Agent for.....Express Co. at.....

THE BROWN-LEWIS CYCLE CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best cure for Cough, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Inward Pains and the Ills of the Female and Aged. Combining the most active medicines with Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies, and is in fact the most revitalizing, life-giving combination ever discovered. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Debility, and the distressing Ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging many to the grave who would recover health by its timely use.



A BUGGY, PHAETON or CARRIAGE

FREE

"If at first you don't succeed," Try

to any one who will do a little work for us. No money required. No expense for outfit. Some knowledge of carriages desirable but not absolutely necessary. Send 6 cents in stamps for postage on catalogue giving full details.

SAPOLIO

PERLISS CARRIAGE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years' standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

An Eminent Orientalist Dead.
The late Theodore Bent, who died recently in England, will be remembered as the traveler and investigator who discovered and explored the famous ruins at Zimbabwe, in Southeast Africa, which were believed by Mr. Bent and many other scholars to be identical with the ancient



THEODORE BENT.

...the land from which Solomon procured much gold for the adornment of the Temple. Mr. Bent's report of his discovery and the singularly complete description of the ruins, as well as his judicious conclusions relative to the purpose and character of the mysterious city, excited the admiration of the learned societies. He showed that the walled and fortified city had evidently been built by a stranger nation, then sojourning there temporarily, and that the series of defenses were for the purpose of checking incursions by the native tribes, who were presumably Semitic. He found abundant evidences of long-seeking at some remote period, and as if a high state of civilization existing probably for centuries in the midst of ignorance and superstition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T Ancient Hebrew Tradition, as illustrated by monuments. A protest against the modern proof of Old Testament criticism, by Dr. Fritz Hommel, Professor of Semitic Languages at the University of Munich. Translated from the German by Edmund McClure, M.A., and Leonard Croly, pp. 350. Published by E. & J. B. Young, New York, Union, New York.

Be at Evening, and other Verses, by Fannie J. Croly, with biographical sketch by Robert Lowry. This little volume should be in the hands of every lover of sacred song who is familiar with the beautiful hymns Fanny Crosby has written during a long lifetime of Christian service. Pp. 192, cloth cover, price fifty cents. Biglow & Main, New York and Chicago, publishers.

Use Plants and How to Succeed with Them; Practical Handbook for Lizzie Page Hillhouse. This little volume tells in plain terms what house plant has been successful with the author, and furnishes many hints to those who contemplate a house garden. Illustrated; 220 pages; cloth covers; price \$1. A. T. De La Mare, Printing and Publishing Company, New York, publishers.



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A POSTAL
will bring you a little book on the merits of the...
"Little Princess"

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The ideal garment for baby. Made in all sizes, of all grades. For sale by first-class dealers everywhere. Book will tell you all about it. Send for it.
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Most Unique Contest of the Age — \$200.00 Paid for Correct Lists made by Supplying Missing Letters in Places of Dashes — No Lottery — Popular Plan of Education — Read All the Particulars.

In the United States four times as much money is expended for education as for the military. Brain is better than brawn. By our educational facilities we have become a great nation. We, the publishers of **Woman's World** and **Jenness Miller Monthly**, have done much toward the cause of education in many ways, but now we offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also we expect by this competition of brains to extend the circulation of **Woman's World** and **Jenness Miller Monthly** to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions and receiving more money from advertisers of soaps, pianos, medicines, books, baking powders, jewelry, etc., we shall add \$50,000 a year to our income, and with this mathematical deduction before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to **WOMAN'S WORLD**. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful **Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin** (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A - I - A country of South America. | 16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler. |
| 2. - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water. | 17. - - C T O - I - Another noted ruler. |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea. | 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe. |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river. | 19. A - S T - A - I - A big island. |
| 5. T - A - - S Well known river of Europe. | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States. | 21. T - - A - One of the United States. |
| 7. H - - - - X A city of Canada. | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water. | 23. - U - - N A large lake. |
| 9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States. | 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet. |
| 10. - A - R I - A city of Spain. | 25. C - R - A A foreign country, same size as Kansas. |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well known island. | 26. B - R - - O A large island. |
| 12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R D Popular family magazine. |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world. | 28. B - H - I - G A sea. |
| 14. S - A - L E - A great explorer. | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean. |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States. | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa. |

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The **Egeria Diamond** is a perfect imitation of a **Real Diamond** of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of **Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality**. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the **Scarf or Shawl Pin**, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, **Woman's World**. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

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All the above bulbs, forty-eight in all, sent neatly packed and postpaid, also catalogue of full line of choicest bulbs if you send only 25c. In silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Bulbs guaranteed true to name and color. 5 full collections or \$1.00. Club with friends and get yours FREE with extra. We treat you liberally. Address **OAKDALE NURSERIES, WALNUT HILL, MASS.**

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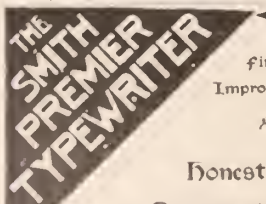
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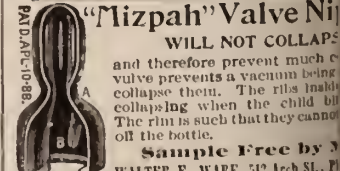
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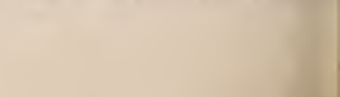
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 39.

De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The photograph on this page will add to the hearts of thousands of readers of this journal who interested in gathering the corn which the steamer *City of Everett* has carried to the starving millions of India. The photograph was taken in Calcutta after the arrival of the ship. It shows a scene when the corn was being brought on board the hold to be carried ashore. The natives, whose care and devotion are praiseworthy, is seen at the left of the superintending the hoisting of the corn and their transportation to the dock, after hurriedly written to catch the ship which left soon after the arrival of the steamer. Dr. Hobbs says: "The corn is now nearly out of the ship. The corn is as sweet and fresh as when I left. On the long voyage I kept a close watch of the hatches and had them open every four that they could be with safety. This had much to do with the soundness of the cargo. From every part of the famine districts have come most urgent appeals for a share of the corn.



NATIVES CARRYING THEIR ALLOWANCES OF FOOD TO THEIR VILLAGES.

the attention of thousands who might never have heard of the money being sent. It is everywhere said, that the good which must result from this generous gift of American Christians, in showing the compassion and brotherly love of Christ's followers, will be seen in the gratitude of the natives and the impression produced on them by this practical object lesson must be great and lasting.

"A distinguished party of American missionaries and high Government officials came down the River Hooghly on a launch to meet the relief ship and give us cordial welcome. The leader of the party was the Hon. H. E. M. James, a member of the Viceroy's cabinet and the representative of the Government in Calcutta during the Viceroy's absence at Simla. He welcomed us in the name of the Viceroy, and was exceedingly courteous. He invited Mrs. Hobbs and myself to dinner, and brought to meet us some of the most distinguished people in India, including the Chief Justice, Bishop Thoburn, the Archdeacon of the English Church, and



INDOO COOLIES UNLOADING THE CORN FROM OUR RELIEF SHIP "CITY OF EVERETT," AT CALCUTTA.

The coming of the ship has produced a very profound impression both among the English speaking people and the natives. The impression is much greater in proportion to the money involved than even that of the cash remittances. It has arrested

other influential personages in ecclesiastical, military and political circles. To-morrow the Lieutenant-Governor and his staff will go on board the ship to express

(Continued on page 723.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. H. W., Philadelphia, Pa. Did Christ imply a reproach in his remark (John 5: 39) "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life"?

His meaning appears to have been that as the Jews professed so great a veneration for the Scriptures they should search them, and then they would find that the books testified of him. The Revised Version gives a better rendering: "Ye search the scriptures because ye think that in them ye have eternal life and these are they which bear witness of me."

N. Patches, Elkhorn, Mont. 1. How was the commencement of the day reckoned by the Jews? 2. What is meant by the mark of the beast? 3. What is the image mentioned, Rev. 13: 14?

1. The Jews originally reckoned from sunset to sunset. Later in their history they appear to have followed the Roman custom of reckoning from midnight to midnight. There are traces of that mode of reckoning in the Gospel of John. (See John 19: 14), where the evangelist writes of an event occurring about the sixth hour which, as we know from the other evangelists, was 6 A. M. 2. It is a regulation to be made by Antichrist, probably by a badge of some kind, permitting all to trade who acknowledge his authority. Any person refusing to wear it would not be able to buy or sell. (See Rev. 13: 17). The badge, if badge it will be, will bear the name of Antichrist, or a number which will be the sum of the arithmetical values of the letters composing his name. 3. The image will probably be a statue of Antichrist which by the demoniac power conferred upon him by Satan, whose incarnation he is, he will cause to utter sounds.

L. R. H., Canova, So. Dak. What are the facts connected with the death of St. Paul? 2. What does the language of Jesus to his mother John 2: 4 mean? 3. How many were the children of Israel whom Moses led out of Egypt?

1. The widely accepted tradition is that he was imprisoned in Rome and put to death simultaneously with Peter under Nero. (See concluding paragraph of 4th chapter II. Timothy.) Abdias, who wrote a "History of the Apostles," asserts that Paul's imprisonment ended with his execution. There was another tradition, however, to the effect that he was released from his Roman prison and made several apostolic journeys afterwards. Nicephorus and Cyril of Jerusalem, both notable writers, adopt this version, and the latter specifically mentions that Paul visited Spain after his release. Many authors hold that Paul was imprisoned a second time, although the evidence in support of that idea is by no means conclusive. Eusebius writes of the martyrdom of Peter and Paul as in the fourteenth year of Nero's reign. Origen and Dionysius, bishop of Corinth, declare that both suffered martyrdom together. Eusebius adds that the graves of both apostles were pointed out together in Rome in the second century. 2. It was meant in no disrespectful sense, but was simply a gentle reminder that she should not urge him, as in his own time he would do whatever was fitting. It is evident that he so understood him. 3. See Exodus 12: 37. There were 600,000 men and the usual mode of reckoning families at an average of 5 persons would bring the total up to 3,000,000, but 2,000,000 would be a conservative estimate.

I. W. A., Marysville, O., writes:

Under "Our Questions and Answers," in a recent issue, we read of a lady trying to bring:

Best power of our human genital day, What power of our life is in this ray.

These words are from Lin Moore's "I Am a Book," in "The Christian Herald" and Co.'s edition they are found in page 44.

Reader S. H. H. N. V. Please explain the origin of the term "H. V. T. Union."

It appears to indicate the beginning of the autumnal equinox. At that season the moon, while above the horizon, is nearly the same hour on successive evenings, and the long, illuminated nights give the age of the earth, of our human life, and of our earthly career. This custom, being very generally resorted to by certain communities, gave rise to the phrase "Harvest Moon." Prof. C. A. Young thus explains the lunar's phenomenal appearance: "The moon rises later on consecutive evenings because she herself revolves around the earth in the same direction in which the earth rotates, and, having changed place during the rotation of the earth,

it must rotate a little further to overtake her. In September the full moon travels in her orbit not directly east, but northeast. A path or line directly east from the horizon would be perpendicular to the horizon; a northeast line must be oblique to the horizon. The September full moon is traveling on the part of her orbit most oblique to the horizon."

Rev. F. W. Abicht, Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Marysville, O., writes in criticism of our answer to S. R., Stephenville, Tex., in this journal of Sept. 15, who asked what was the difference between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. We said that "Luther's contention to the last was that the bread and wine of the sacrament were transformed into the actual body and blood of Christ." Mr. Abicht says "that statement is historically totally incorrect and furthermore . . . I can safely say that no Lutheran body of to-day teach that doctrine as stated by you . . . I consider it sufficient simply to quote Johnson's Cyclopaedia: 'Luther maintained that the body and blood of Christ are really though in a manner far beyond human comprehension present in the Eucharist.'"

The difference appears to be in our use of the word "transformed." From various sources we gather that Luther's theory was that "the bread and wine remained" and were not transformed into the body and blood of Christ, but that the real "body and blood of Christ are mysteriously and supernaturally

status of woman there was the lowest imaginable. Paul had this condition of affairs specially in view when he advised, for the sake of the Gospel, and to avoid provocation to scandal and disorder, that Christian women should not undertake a public ministry in Corinth at that time. Their public appearance would have been the signal for insult and possibly riot. Under different conditions, however, we find the apostle not only not opposing, but evidently approving of the public ministry of women, as seems to have been the case on his visit to the more peaceful and moral city of Cesarea, where he stopped for many days at the house of Philip, whose four daughters were public speakers. (See Acts 21: 9, 10.) Had his opposition been based on general principles instead of local expediency, he would soon have quitted a home whose inmates were doing the very thing he had expressly condemned. The cause of Christianity would suffer much if it lost the fruits of woman's work.

J. W. P., Kappa, Ill. What were the greater works to which Christ referred (John 14: 12) that his disciples would do?

Christ always objected to be regarded as a mere wonder-worker. He wanted the people to look upon his miracles merely as his credentials, and to argue from them that he who could do such things was sent from God. The miracles were intended to lead them to trust in him for eternal life. Consequently when, as he said, he went to the Father and the Holy Spirit was given to his disciples, they were enabled to do those greater works, such as the conversions at Pentecost, which Christ held to be of a far higher order than miracles.

Reader. If a man is married to a woman with a violent temper, and he wants to do what is right and honorable, what would be his duty? Should he bear her outbursts and live in misery, or separate from her?

Separation should be the last resort, to be applied only after every other means to remedy the evil has failed. Many a husband has succeeded in curing his wife of bad temper. Firmness and patience and kindness will gen-

In explaining the Gospel to others you get light and help yourself. Also take of your own life, that sin does not control you and that it is of the kind in your business that will recommend itself to others. You will find this so difficult you will be driven to Christ for help. You will get to know him better every day. His peace and joy will come, but you must seek them, but rather to do your duty to serve God.

A reader in Gem, Idaho, writes us of a singular coincidence. He was greatly interested in the article recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, entitled: "Converted and while planning how he could do seasonal work for Christ among the class in his own section, he received from his son in Spokane. The latter several other lads, all members of the Y. M. C. A., have been in the habit of visiting the hotels and lodging-houses of every Saturday night and inviting all to attend divine service on the following day. These lads also have included visiting rounds both the jails and the hospitals. His son's letter related the story of a man in whose behalf he had successfully intervened, and who had promised, with apparent sincerity, to try with divine help, to lead a better life. The receipt of such a letter gave great joy to the father, whose own was bent on doing work similar to which his son had been engaged.

J. F. B., Mercersburg, Pa. A sceptic shrank the other day, a contradiction in the Bible should like to have explained. In II Kings 6: 23 it is said that Michal, David's no child, while in 21: 8 of the same book said to have had five children.

The peculiarity of the expression in the passage indicates that they were children. In the same verse you will find contrast. In referring to the child, the mother the historian uses the common expression: "which she bare unto him." A child, the words are: "whom she brought forth." We know from I. Samuel that Adriel married Merab, the daughter of Michal. It is possible that Merab and her sister Michal brought forth their motherless children. Or be that the name Michal was substituted for Merab by a copyist's mistake, the former is the more probable name. The Targum gives the name thus: "The five sons of Merab, Michal, Saul's daughter, brought forth which she bare," etc.

J. I., Paterson, N. J. What is the meaning of the Turkish crescent?

The legend is that Philip of Macedon approached by night with his scale the walls of Byzantium, and the crescent moon shone out clearly, indicating the movement of his troops besieged, who were enabled to escape. The crescent was adopted as a favorite emblem of the city, and the Turks afterward took the crescent and found the crescent in all the places. They supposed it to be a sign of some magical power and it themselves.

Old Subscriber, Galveston, Tex. If a man converted many years ago, after enduring anxiety, and was full of joy and peace, and baptized, is he justified in believing safe, although he has since then committed great sins?

God's mercy to the repentant sinner is infinite. Such a man as you described need not rest his hopes of salvation on his experience, but should go to God confidently and pleading for pardon for his sins. Do you not see that it was much more for him to sin after being converted than for another, whose sins had not been forgiven? His sins brought reproach upon the name of Christ. The object of Christianity was to save his people from their sins. It seems to have failed in this case. It is not safe, and he must seek pardon and penitently before he can be safe.

Mrs. I. E. C., Write to American Telegram, Reade Street, New York. The Deland, Ill. 1. Don't know. 2. The stories on the subject are unreliable. 3. At Washington, D. C. 4. We are publishing correspondence in the current volume we are directed to pray for our enemies. E. K., Peck's Run, W. Va. 1, 2, and 3. Three questions. 4. In a few weeks. N. C., Haddonfield, N. J. 1. We published years ago, a sketch of Amasa Smith's work. 2. Money sent to us for India will destination safely. 3. K. G., Oliver's. It is not, under ordinary circumstances, but ready conceive of conditions under which he entirely proper to do so. E. W., Yale and Oxford. 2. The editorial "we" tended to convey a personal or individual but rather the sentiment or judgment of the tele the journal represents. J. T., Pedenboro, N. C. We believe them to be reliable.

Mrs. P. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. He cannot God's blessing to rest upon a business which cause of ruin to thousands. If he means right, he must abandon the man traffic. I serve two masters. E. K., Brooklyn, I pro. 1. C. B. F., Mokena. She is still Write to her at 402 Second Avenue, New York. J. T. G., Pomona, Kan. We have published his biography.—Mrs. S. W. E., R. L. He was doubtless mistaken. S. T. Yrone, O. We know of none. S. of your contribution to Mount-Lawn Fresh acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Sept. 1 issue.



THE LEPER SETTLEMENT AT MOLOKAI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

This gloomy exile of the hopelessly diseased was completely transformed by the heroic Damien, who devoted his life to the spiritual enlightenment of the lepers.

united with the bread and wine." Another mode of defining the doctrine is: "that the body and blood of Christ are received in, with, and under the bread and wine of the sacrament." The distinction involves the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation.

Student, Topeka, Kans. Does the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream, as interpreted by Daniel refer to specific nations?

The various parts of the image, as Daniel said, typified different governments in the following order: Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome. Prophecy expositors are generally agreed that the ten toes of the image typify ten kings or Presidents of Republics, whose dominions will coincide with the old Roman empire. These will become confederate and will agree to make a new ruler their federal head, who will wield then power and constitute himself ruler of the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. This man will be he who is described in the New Testament as Antichrist.

E. E. K., Pa. Is it out of place for ladies to lead a prayer meeting? Is there any place in the Bible giving women the privilege of speaking as much in public on religious subjects as they do? If not what are the women to do who are placed in fields where they might say much to aid the cause of Christ?

There can be no reasonable objection to any lady leading a prayer meeting, provided (1) she be a true, sincere Christian woman, and (2) she have the ability to lead. The prohibition emphasized by Paul against women speaking in the churches, was doubtless never intended by the apostle to be of universal application. The Corinthians, for whom he was writing, were a "wealthy and luxurious community, prone to impurity of morals." The inhabitants of Corinth were notoriously vicious and profane, and their worship of Venus was attended with shameless orgies. The social

erally succeed, if the husband, himself, will not be goaded into a temper. An ill-tempered woman requires fuel for her passion, and this she usually gets from her husband's retorts. If he is cool and quiet, and will not accept provocation from her, she learns to respect him and he gains control of her. Separation is a confession of failure. In extreme cases it may be advisable, but it is better to win her by love and kindness to a better disposition. In this way, he promotes her happiness as well as his own. By all means he should pray for her unceasingly, and with a strong faith that Christ is able and willing to change her heart.

Mrs. E. O. Stombaugh of the Dauphin Island Mission, Mobile, Ala., writes encouragingly of the progress of her evangelistic work. She is striving earnestly to get a little mission house in the island at a cost of \$70, as a centre of the work. She also needs Sunday School literature and good religious reading for the work generally.

Anxious Believer, Philadelphia, Pa. I have lost the joy I had when I was first converted, and am fearful that my conversion was not genuine. Can you tell me how I may know whether I am safe or not?

Your experience is a common one. It is the reaction which naturally follows any ecstatic experience. If you are earnest in prayer, and if you steadily endeavor to follow Christ and resist temptation, there will come to you a deeper peace and happiness than you experienced at your conversion. From what you tell us of the facts, which, as you request, we do not print, we believe that your conversion is genuine. We would advise you doing some distinctive Christian work, teaching in Sunday School, visiting poor people who do not go to church, and telling them about Christ, or in some other way trying to bring souls into the kingdom.

Our Corn Ship in India.

(Continued from first page.)

formal way the public and official appreciation of America's generous gift could not have been done by the people here to show their gratitude and consideration of the expedition.



CAPTAIN LAVERGE, Commander of the "City of Everett."

Arrangements for distribution are almost complete. Already several large loads of grain have been dispatched, without waiting for the complete unloading of the cargo. I cannot send you a complete list by this mail of the missionaries to whom it will be sent, but hope to do so next week. Much of it is to be carried free over the railroads. The committee which administers the London Mansion House Fund appropriated twenty thousand rupees for any expenses that may be incurred in transporting the corn to the various distributing centres. This is to cover charges for freight as are not included in the concessions of the railroads. It shows you how generously they have received us, and how cordially they are co-operating with us. I go to night to the mine districts to personally help in the distribution of the corn and to see with my own eyes the suffering which the gifts we bring are destined to relieve.

The arrival of the *City of Everett* is thus announced by the *Englishman*, the chief journal of Calcutta:

"The steamer *City of Everett*, with a cargo of corn consigned by the American nation for the famine-stricken India, arrived in port on Saturday evening, and was berthed at the Kidderpore Docks. A steam launch *Enchantress* from Prince's Ghat in the morning to meet the steamer. A large party on board, including the Port Officer, Bishop Thoburn, Dr. T. S. Johnson, of Jubbulpore; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Warne, Miss May; Mr. H. E. M. James, Secretary to the Indian Charity Relief Famine Fund; Mr. Constance, Under-Secretary to Government; Mr. Briscoe; Rev. J. E. Robinson, Mr. Booth, and others. Our correspondent, who formed part of the party, writes: We left Prince's Ghat shortly after six, and in half an hour sighted the *City of Everett* near Garden Reach. The vessel was flying on the foremast a large red flag with a white cross in the centre (this was informed by one of the missionaries on the *Enchantress*, was especially worked out for the *City of Everett* by the ladies of San Francisco). The flag is that of the religious paper of New

money, that their gifts should reach the natives by such channels as would impress upon them the compassionate character of the Christian religion. We wanted them to understand that it was not political or commercial motives that had prompted the gift, but the love for humanity which is the product of the love of Christ. We had, too, the hope that the natives who went to the missionary for "the bread that perisheth" might go to him afterwards to hear of "the Bread of Life, which came down from heaven," whereof if a man eat, he shall never hunger. This, as we have previously explained, and not any distrust of the secular relief boards, was our reason for wishing the gifts of Christian people to be distributed by distinctively Christian hands.

"The cargo." *The Englishman* goes on to say, "is not consigned, as was generally supposed, to either the Government of India or to the Famine Relief Fund, but to Bishop Thoburn and Dr. Hobbs. The former is Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee, which has its head office at Bombay, with the Rev. Mr. Hume as Secretary. Bishop Thoburn has organized a local Committee at Calcutta to arrange for the distribution of the corn, of which Committee Mr. Lambert and Dr. Hobbs are members.

"It is not to be supposed that this consignment of corn is all the help that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have rendered to India. Dr. Talmage's stirring appeals resulted in very liberal contributions in cash, as well as in kind, and it is estimated that the total value to India of America's response is \$250,000, in addition to the sums acknowledged by the Famine Fund Secretary. This money is being

the generous help of his countrymen, and is full of hope of future good to come from the benefaction:

"Dear Dr. Klopsch: You will have heard of the graceful and gracious reception which was given to the *City of Everett*, at Calcutta. The Viceroy at this season is in Simla, the summer capital of the Empire. The Lieutenant-Governor was absent on a tour, but he sent instructions to have the vessel treated with all the courtesies due to a foreign man-of-war. He also sent a secretary to meet the vessel on her approach to Calcutta. The Hon. H. E. M. James, the secretary appointed by Government to have charge of the whole relief operations, also met the vessel, as did the chief Port Officer of the city and other representative men. Everything which could be done was done to facilitate the unloading of the vessel and the dispatch of the corn. A little trouble arose owing to the fact that the Government committee had received an impression that the distribution of the corn would be committed to them, but on

cordial terms the services which had been rendered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and those associated with yourself in the great work of sending relief to India.

"The railway officials granted us every possible facility to hasten the dispatch of the grain. The vessel arrived on Saturday night, and on Monday morning the hatches were opened and the cargo found in good condition. The unloading began immediately. It was thought best to send the grain to as many points as possible.

"A very marked impression has been made upon India by the sending out of this ship-load of grain. Although I think you acted wisely in selling the grain which you had collected in New York, yet the arrival of the

ship has had a moral effect over which we all rejoice. It is an object lesson which even the poorest native can see and appreciate. I believe it has done much to create a good feeling among all classes, and I am glad for the sake of our dear native land that this noble harbinger of peace, good-will, and unalloyed kindness has come to our shores. May God bless you for all you have done in stimulating and directing this movement, and may his blessing also abide upon every one who has aided you in the noble undertaking.

Yours very truly,
J. M. THOBURN.

The *Indian Witness* publishes, from Dr. R. C. Hobbs, the following details: The lists for the distribution of the ship-load of grain are now practically completed; these lists have been made out with the greatest care. Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Johnson, and members of the Calcutta Committee have rendered every assistance. The distribution has been made on wholly denominational lines and as widely as possible.

A FREE Souvenir to All!

Beautiful "Lilies of the Field" From Palestine.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will send, free of charge, a very fine specimen Lily of the Field to any person sending in the names and full post-office addresses of 25 adult Protestant church members, each representing a different household—no two living in the same house.

The Lily of the Field is frequently referred to in the Bible and was used as a type by our Saviour in his teachings. It reaches perfection in Galilee, where Rev. Harvey B. Greene, the famous botanist, reverently gathered the perfect blossoms which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD now offers. They have been handsomely mounted, each mount bearing a perfect flower, the actual blossom itself.

All the 25 names must be of adult church members, and have the full post-office address after each one. Write legibly on only one side of the paper, and on the lower left hand corner of the envelope write the words,—"For the Mission Edition." Address your letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

No other business of whatever nature must be referred to in the letters which contain these names.

No Names mailed after October 10th, can be received under this offer.



OUR RELIEF SHIP "CITY OF EVERETT" UNLOADING AT HER DOCK IN CALCUTTA.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On the mast floated an enormous flag with the name of the steamer, and on the mizzen the Stars and Stripes. On sighting the launch there was much excitement on board. The steamer slowed down and the fluttering handkerchiefs. The *Englishman* then narrates the history of the corn movement in the United States, and describes the liberal response by the Christian farmers to the appeal of Dr. Talmage and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which it characterizes as "the most influential religious paper in America." It then calls attention to the sacred religious character of the distribution, the object of which, as our readers are aware, was to impress the natives with a sense of the true motive of the gift. We felt that it was due to our readers who contributed the corn and the

distributed, not through the Government, but by the agency of the American missionaries scattered throughout India, to whom the money is forwarded by the Bombay Committee referred to above. It was only the other day that Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, cabled \$50,000 to the Committee. The above facts will show the public of India how very generously the people of America have responded to the appeal on behalf of her Majesty's subjects, and will, perhaps, result in a better appreciation of the efforts of the self-denying mission-workers whom the United States annually send to this country.

The following letter will, we are sure, delight the heart of every one who contributed to send this messenger of mercy to the starving people of India. Bishop Thoburn is evidently deeply gratified by

the arrival of the vessel it appeared that this must be done by missionaries alone. This difficulty was surmounted in a moment by the appointment of myself as a member of the Government committee, a very graceful act on the part of the officials concerned. The same committee voted Rs. 20,000 towards paying the cost of transportation from Calcutta to the various stations to which the corn was sent. The Viceroy on the very day that we began to unload, sent a dispatch stating that one of the leading railway lines would carry the grain free, while others would take it at a greatly reduced cost. Lastly, Mr. James tendered Dr. Hobbs and wife a public dinner, at which the Chief Justice and nearly all the other members of the Government committee were present. At this dinner Mr. James gave an address in which he acknowledged in the most



MUSIC IN CHURCHES.

A Sermon by

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: II.Chron. 5:13. ---

It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord.



THE Temple was done. It was the very chorus of all magnificence and pomp. Splendor crowded against splendor. It was the diamond necklace of the earth. From the huge pillars crowned with leaves and flowers and rows of pomegranate wrought out in burnished metal, down even to the tongs and snuffers made out of pure gold, everything was as complete as the God-directed architect could make it. It seemed as if a vision from heaven had alighted on the mountains. The day for dedication came. Tradition says that there were in and around about the Temple on that day two hundred thousand silver trumpets, forty thousand harps, forty thousand timbrels, and two hundred thousand singers: so that all modern demonstrations at Dusseldorf or Boston seem nothing compared with that. As this great sound surged up amid the precious stones of the Temple, it must have seemed like the River of Life dashing against the amethyst of the wall of heaven. The sound arose, and God, as if to show that he was well pleased with the music which his children make in all ages, dropped into the midst of the Temple a cloud of glory so overpowering that the officiating priests were obliged to stop in the midst of the services.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. The stars that glitter at night are only so many keys of celestial pearl, on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insect humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music. While visiting Blackwell's Island, I heard, coming from a window of the lunatic asylum, a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disordered elements of nature would make music to our ear, if we only had keenness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are so often so repulsive make harmony in God's ear. You know that you will come to hear to an orchestra that the sounds are perfect music of pleasurable, and I also have heard so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind, we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear the music of the spirits above us a most harmonious and tremulous.

I propose to speak about sacred music, first showing you its importance and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first obstacle for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commands it. I wish I had told us to sing, as we have in our psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, through David our king, as it is written, "Sing unto the Lord, all ye kingdoms of the earth; ye that are subject unto him; ye that are called by his name, proving that it is the Lord from man's duty to sing to him with praise." Indeed, I think there are too many in the Bible to sing that there are signs

God not only asks for the human voice, but for the instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal and the harp and the trumpet. And I suppose that in the last days of the Church the harp, the lute, the trumpet, and all the instruments of music that have given their chief aid to the theatre and bacchanal, will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ, and then sounded in the Church's triumph on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of the exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression upon governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth thirty thousand men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand muskets. In the earlier part of our civil war the Government proposed to economize in bands of music, and many of them were sent home; but the generals in the army sent word to Washington: "You are making a very great mistake. We are falling back and falling back. We have not enough music."

I have to tell you that no nation or Church can afford to severely economize in music. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony, and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

Many of you are illustrations of what a sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the warning and the argument of the pulpit, but when, in the sweet words of Charles Wesley or John Newton or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, then you surrendered, as an armed castle that could not be taken by a host, lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill.

There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said, "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the minister began to sing a familiar hymn that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of Dundee, and everybody in Scotland knows that; and, as he began to sing, the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying soldier, and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his Judgment Hour runs on through the ages, and will

keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that you would take these songs of salvation as messages from heaven; for just as certainly as the birds brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith, so these winged harmonies, God-sent, are flying to your soul with the bread of life. Open your mouth and take it, O hungry Elijah!

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may have come in here with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet perhaps in the singing of the first hymn you lost them all. You have read in the Bible of Saul, and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Franeli came and discoursed music for three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do, the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. Do you not know that a singing church is always a triumphant church? If a congregation is silent during the exercise or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the Church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand. How was it in olden time? Cajetan said, "Luther conquered us by his songs."

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music, and the first is that it has been impressed into the service of Satan. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing-room, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste and the production of harmless amusement and the improvement of talent, have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey Gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad tiding of the wind as well as the long-metre psalm of the thunder. But, while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the Church and applied to the purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voices. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale or come in at the close a bar behind. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is

wanting. God calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons, to praise him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion of this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have "O, what an easy time we shall have, the minister will do the preaching, and the choir will do the singing, and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land where the people are not expected to sing, and the whole work is done by delegation of six or ten persons, and the audience are silent. In such a church in Syria an old elder persisted in singing, and the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the elder if he would not stop. They know that in many churches the choir is expected to do all the singing, and a great mass of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice, you are interfering. In that church they have the four, with opera-glasses dangle their side, singing "Rock of Ages, for me," with the same spirit that night before on the stage, they their part in the *Grand Duchesse of Giovanni*.

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood-thrushes propose to do the singing some bright day, when the woods are ringing with bird voices, and they decide that four wood-thrushes shall all the singing of the forest. Let all the other voices keep silent. How beautiful! How four warble! It is really fine music, how long will you keep the forest silent? Why, Christ would come into that land and look up, as he looked through the ivies, and he would wave his hand and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and, keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be a thousand bird voices leaping into harmony. Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in heaven, suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper world. Hush now! thrones and dominions and principalities. David, be still, if you were the "sweet singer of Israel," keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter, keep still, though this is the "Sweet Everlasting Rest." Four spirits no more all the singing. But how long will heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methuselah from under the altar. "Praise the Lord who sing the martyrs from among thrones." "Thanks be unto God who hath us the victory!" a great multitude of redeemed spirits would cry—myriads of voices coming into the harmony of one hundred and forty and four thousand breaking forth into one acclamation. Stop that loud singing! Stop! Oh, they cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sea or beat back the roar of the sea, every soul in heaven has resolved on its own singing. Alas! that we should have tried on earth that which they do not do in heaven, and, instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the High God, delegating perhaps to unsanctified men and women this most solemn and most delightful service.

Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling tunes to sing about, away with all drawing-room stupidity! There is nothing more nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes like fourths closed and their lips almost dumb, mumbling the praises of God. Do my recent absence I preached to an audience, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark. I do not sleep at a coronation. Do not us sleep when we come to a Savoy coronation. In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save our weakness or fatigue excuses us, and stand in an easy pew we cannot do this half so well as when, upright, we take our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender the prerogative.

We want to rouse all our families

Rev. S. Baring-Gould gives this interesting description of the ancient building recently discovered in Rome, and to which tradition points as the house of the martyrs John and Paul, on the Caelian Hill: After the martyrdom and the influx of devout visitors, the decorations were greatly damaged; as far as the hands could reach the visitors picked off bits of the plaster, perhaps to preserve as relics. The original house and its decorations belong to two periods; part of it is of the second, and part of the third century. The principal apartment is also that which has its ornamentation best preserved. There are no specially pagan figures in the decorations. There is the tree of life, with two goats running to it; a man reading a volume; another with a long scroll, standing between two pilasters, one supporting a vase; and a woman in the attitude of prayer, with arms extended to form a cross. There can be no doubt that these frescoes belong to the third, or early part of the fourth century, and that they are Christian. In another part of the house is a very significant painting. It represents the vessel containing the pure milk of the Word, and one lamb is approaching to drink of it, whilst another resolutely turns away its head. The cellar was excavated and found to contain ranges of jars with sharp points. One of these, broken, has on it an undecipherable inscription in Greek and the monogram of Christ between the Alpha and the Omega. Another, quite perfect, is sealed with the sacred monogram. The whole find is exceedingly interesting to Biblical students.

PERSIA'S BENIGHTED MILLIONS.

Dr. Yoseph Tells of some Strange Superstitions—Sickness and "Evil Spirits"—Miracle-Working Shrines—Converts to Christianity.

ALL nations from primitive times to the present day have had their doctors and their herbs, from the lowest African tribe with its witch-doctor and boiling oil pan, to the Grecian doctor with his ointments and lotions, in his temple hospital. Medical science among the modern Persians is a combination of the methods practiced in Egypt and Greece in the days of Cyrus Darius who brought their physicians from

Greece. Medicine and surgery are practiced by men and women. Diseases of the eye and midwifery are practiced almost exclusively by women, while other branches are practiced by both sexes alike.

You know, we Eastern people are very slow, and behind the Europeans in many things, but in medicine we get on very much faster. Let me give you a few facts. A man with a sore leg went to a native physician and remained under treatment twenty-nine days, at the end of which time he came back and began the practice of medicine, no one doubting his qualifications! A woman afflicted with an affection of the eye-lids goes to a doctor and remains under treatment ten or fifteen days, and comes back a full-fledged M.D. As a rule, the profession of a man has descended to him from his ancestors for many hundred years, and he is known by his profession. If you want to see a man named "Maashy," you will be asked, "Who? The carpenter?" or "the silver-smith?" or "John, the shepherd?" etc.

To make you acquainted with medical science in Persia as it is now and always has been, I will try to give you a few prescriptions and treatments. Come with me and we will go to a few native specialists. Ben Israel is a dark, thick-set man. Jaundice is his specialty. His patient is a little girl of fourteen. He is sitting in his darkly curtained room and is smoking. Between times he looks at the patient, and she becomes frightened and cries, keeping close to her mother. The doctor lays his pipe aside, looks the girl in the eyes and says to his wife, "*Khala K'ay* (daughter of my aunt), give me a knife." The patient, of course, screams and starts to run away, but her mother holds her, and the doctor takes hold of one of her ears, and examining the back part near the lobe says: "Here is the tendon; I will remove it and the jaundice with it." Then he says to the patient: "Daughter of a doctor, why did you come to me to be cured? I will cut your throat if you dare to cry out aloud." He makes a small incision and removes the tendon and predicts that the patient will get well in a few days.

In the hot, dusty season, every tenth person you meet is an ophthalmia patient. We are going to one of the best doctors, a Mashady Khani, a woman who has visited one of the Mohammedan shrines, and the name is given in honor of the king journey. Her yard is larger than a New York City block, no trees of fruit and ornamental trees. It is enclosed by streams of running water supplied from the river, which keeps the garden cool. Her *sama zar* (tea kettle), is steaming on a stove, on the other side of the rocks. We could not see Mashady Khani, because she was surrounded by her patients who were standing on their feet, the doctor, in Eastern fashion, sitting on beautiful carpets and cushions of many colors, each

patient in turn lying down and putting her hand on the doctor's left knee. The doctor had a folded paper, from which she took a little pinch of medicine and sprinkled it between the eye-lids. After a few seconds, the patient is up and another down until all have been attended to. Here comes a woman with inverted lids. The doctor takes hold of a portion of the loose skin on the upper lid and ties a portion, one-sixth or one-quarter inch, between two sticks. The result is that the part becomes withered in a few days, and the desired effect, shortening of the lid, is produced.

Then there are shrines which cure certain ailments. A few days ago, with some friends, I visited the shrine of St. Sargius a few miles from the city. After a short ride on our horses we reached a small walled village. We were invited to dinner with the village priest. One side of the interior there were the cooking and heating utensils for the house and family (they have a day-school of sixteen pupils.) After our dinner we went to see the church. It was built 600 A. D. in honor of St. Sargius, who is said to have cast out devils in his lifetime, and those supposed to be possessed by devils are brought to this

not one room where the insane can be sheltered and provided for.

Nursing women, Mohammedans, as well as Christians and Jews, bring their tender infants to the church of St. Mary in the city of Urmi. This is supposed to have been built by the "wise men from the East." If rich, visitors bring with them offerings of sheep, candles, olive oil, incense, etc., to be used in the church. It is a strange sight to see Mohammedan women entering a Christian church with great reverence and placing their infants before the cross. Then your soul is filled with sadness. "Ya Mart marum" they cry, as they pray for strength for themselves and their children.

There are more than 1400 towns in Persia, and only ten of them have educated physicians. These doctors are all in the northwest part of the country. Long distances are traveled by sick persons to reach a European doctor. If the patient is rich he takes a train of servants with a loaded caravan. If he is poor, and even a donkey cannot be bought or hired, he is brought on the backs of his relatives, who beg their daily needs from passing travelers and the villagers on the way. Often, the nearer he approaches help the weaker he grows. Sometimes he dies from privation and the difficulties of a long journey, and is buried by the wayside, or makes his lonely grave with strangers. Others reach the "Inglus"

has cursed me all the days of my life, and she sobs and cries like a child.



PAUL SHIMMON, A NESTORIAN STUDENT, in Persian Shepherd Costume.

Have you ever seen one who has been blind, with his sight restored after of blindness? Have you ever seen a person enabled to walk, and the heart filled with gladness? If you are a Christian, will you not give your services, if they are most needed? There are between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 people in eastern Persia without a single priest or physician. Can you find a darker spot on the globe, where about ten per cent of the whole population are blind, the result of ignorance and unhygienic living? There are more physicians on 7th and 4th Street, New York City, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, than in Persia. There are more hospitals and dispensaries on that street than in all Persia.

In the mountains of Kurdistan, eight or nine years ago, there lived a Kurdish shepherd boy. From his infancy he had been brought up to look upon killing and pillaging as the most honorable pursuits for man. The more cruel the man, the more he is honored and admired and regarded as a hero. A man's life is, how many lives he has destroyed, how many villages and homes he has helped to plunder and burn. The boy's name was Derboo, and the wealth of his tribe consisted of firearms, knives, oxen, goats, etc., etc. From childhood he had helped his father with their sheep and had grown to love the very pasture that his lambs grazed on, and the woods where he carried the weak ones in his arms, giving them pasture. One dark night, after feeding his sheep, he suddenly heard the noise of horses and the clashing of fire-arms. He was the enemy numbered many. He was wounded and left for dead, and his body was carried away. In the morning he was found, nearly dead from loss of blood, and was carried to the only hospital in that part of the country—the American hospital in Urmi. For days his life was despaired of, but careful and tender nursing pulled him through. He used to plan to revenge himself on his enemy when he became a little stronger. In the Cochrane, the mother of the doctor in charge, would come and read to him the Bible, and he would drink in the words of the thirsty man. One day she read to him the tenth chapter of St. John. She spoke the great love of the Good Shepherd who gave himself up on the cross for our sakes. Over and over he asked if the story could be true, and it loved us as much as he. Derboo, loved his lambs. He could not understand, why a good man gave himself for others. He was finally converted and baptized, but when his fierce relatives of his conversion, they came down to his mountains decked with knives and fire-arms to wipe out the stain of apostasy in their family and tribe. He could not safely stay in Persia, but he was grateful to Europe. There are many cases where medical work and words have won souls for Christ.

Urmi, Persia. HANNAH G. YOSHIDA.



PERSIAN GIRLS AT THE LOOM, WEAVING CARPET.

shrine. The "House of Crazy," as it is called, is situated on the north-west side of the church proper. There are two rooms, one above the other, the underground one being used for the patient. The stairs

leading to the room above were three inches thick with ice, as it had rained the day before and the water had rushed through the room and frozen. We were assisted down the stairs to a very small door, so small that I could hardly enter in a crouching position. The room was as dark as night, as no light is brought into "the room of the crazy." The highest point is below six feet. Stretched upon the mat on the floor, the tips of my fingers touched the walls on either side, and my head and feet very nearly touched either end. A pretty little grave for the dead, but no hospital for the living; no place for ventilation, heat or light. I had them roll the stones against the door, but soon felt the need of air, and called out to them to roll away the stone because I was already cured. In all Persia there is

doctor in time, and are helped or cured. Their joy and gratitude cannot be expressed, and they go back with glowing accounts of the wonderful cures the doctor has wrought. At our gate we see an

old Mohammedan woman on a donkey, her son, a young man, standing near her. He is knocking at our gate, and we inquire of him what they want. The mother says, "Bagy, Hakim, Hakim," in Turkish, meaning "Sister, doctor, doctor." "What can the doctor do for you?" She gets very angry, as she is tired and weary of looking for us, and says, "Why do you tempt me to curse myself?"

"What do you want with me?" "We want to see the new hakim who has come from Yengalanga." Then her son says, "Nana, (mother) that is the doctor." She begins piteously to plead for sight, as though sight were in the doctor's power to give. We tell her we cannot help her, and she hopelessly turns to her son and says, "My son, come; if this new hakim cannot help my eyes, no one can. Come! Allah



PERSIAN CHILDREN OF THE POOREST CLASS.

THREE GREAT CONVENTIONS.

Delegates of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union from all Lands to Assemble
Next Month in Conference in Toronto, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.



TOBER will be a memorable month in the great organizations which have done so much not only in the case of Temperance, but for the moral tone of the community. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Canada will hold its annual convention in Toronto, October 20. The annual convention of the United States will open in Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 29. The World's Convention in Toronto Oct. 23. Our readers will be glad to see the portraits we publish on this page of the prominent workers in connection with these great meetings. The five ladies in the group are the officers of the W. C. T. U. The four ladies whose portraits are at the head of this article are the officers of the United States National Union. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Vice-President; Mrs. K. L. Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. C. Hoffman, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Treasurer.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION, held in Toronto, October 23 to 26, 1897, is a mass convention, but a delegated membership of each national union being delegate for every thousand members. These representatives, the biennial meeting is composed of the general officers, presidents of affiliated national unions, now numbering forty-six; thirty superintendents of departments, a specialist in her line of work, and the under-the-world missionaries, whose heroic efforts have made possible such a meeting of the world's womanhood. The total membership of the World's Union, including honoraries and children, is estimated to be five hundred and

The Toronto Convention will be the most international as well as the largest yet held. The following are some of the distinguished delegates who will be present. General officers: Frances E. Willard, LL.D., President, Evanston, Ill.; Lady Henry Somerset, Vice-President, Eastnor, Leicestershire, England; Miss Agnes E. Ripley, Derbyshire, England; Miss Anna A. Gordon, Assistant Secretary, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Mary E. Sanderson, Treasurer, Danville, Quebec. From the British Woman's Temperance Association: Mrs. Lile and Miss London; "Sister Lily," of Hugh Hughes' West London Mission; Miss Hughes, Manchester; Miss Sarah J. Lile and Miss H. B. Cotterell, Somerset; Miss Reid, Miss Bleley, Penarth, South Wales; Miss Pearce, Kent; and Mrs. Sh. London. From the National W. C. T. U. of the

United States: Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, World's Superintendent Peace and Arbitration, Winthrop Centre, Me.; Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, Sup't Purity Department, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Elizabeth W. Greenwood, World's Superintendent Evangelistic Department, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, World's Superintendent Young Woman's Work, Skaneateles, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, World's Superintendent Scientific Temperance Instruction, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National Vice-President, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, National Corresponding Secretary, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, World's Organizer and National Recording Secretary,



MISS AGNES SLACK, MISS ANNA A. GORDON, MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, LADY HENRY SOMERSET, MRS. MARY E. SANDERSON
OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, Assistant Recording Secretary, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Helen M. Barker, National Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, President Illinois W. C. T. U., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.; Mrs. Lucy Thurman, Jackson, Mich., and many others. Australia will be represented by Miss Vincent and Miss Cummings, Sydney; Lady Windeyer, Superintendent of Franchise, New South Wales; Mrs. Kirk and Miss Ware, Victoria; Miss Waldeck, Tasmania, and Mrs. Ardell, New South Wales. Other foreign countries will be represented as follows: Syria, by Miss Layah

Barakat; Armenia, by Miss Rebecca Krikorian; Finland, by Miss Ericsson; Iceland, by Miss Olafia Johannsdottir; Egypt, by Miss McDowell and Mrs. Franc Griffin; Madagascar, by Miss Clark; Chile, South America, by Miss Marion Milks; Hawaii, by Miss Mary E. Green, Honolulu; Japan, by Mrs. Kaji Yajinia.

Toronto W. C. T. U. has had most generous co-operation of the City Council and citizens in preparations to entertain the Convention in a royal manner. The City Council has made a grant of \$500 for the expenses, and granted the gratuitous use of the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens for the day meetings. The four evening meetings will be held in Massey Music Hall, which has a seating capacity of 4,000.

On Friday, October 22, a banquet will be tendered the delegates by the Toronto Committee. On one evening a demonstration will be given by children of Toronto to represent the world-wide movement of the W. C. T. U. On Sunday, distinguished speakers will occupy many of the pulpits, and Lady Henry Somerset will preach the annual sermon to the delegates on Sunday afternoon in Massey Music Hall.

One of the interesting sights of the Convention will be THE GREAT POLYGLOT PETITION, with its seven miles of signatures from fifty different nations, praying the governments of the world for the protection of the home from the alcoholic and opium traffics. The petition has already been presented to the President of the United States (then President Cleveland), and to Queen Victoria, and at the close of the Convention will be presented to the Dominion Government. On the day following the Convention, October 27, a Purity Conference will be held, presided over by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, Superintendent Purity Department for the United States.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION. Miss Frances E. Willard writes us as follows: "It is probably no exaggeration to say that the annual gatherings of the National W. C. T. U. are the most interesting conventions of women that have ever been held in this country in the interest of philanthropy. The delegates usually number about 400, and aside from the official members each delegate has a thousand women back of her who have paid their dues in the same year that the convention meets. Every State and Territory has its regular officers, and nearly all are well organized. I

often happens that after a woman from Indian Territory or some distant State has spoken in the National Convention, one will follow from the State of New York; then we may hear a voice piping up from Idaho and another from Louisiana or Oregon, from Connecticut or Ohio, so that the charm of the convention is the widely varying personalities that result from wide differences of environment. Each evening there is a mass meeting and we try to have something of the dramatic on these occasions. Last year at St. Louis we represented nearly all of our sixty different lines of work by object lesson. For instance the depart-

ment of mercy was given, and consisted of a group of children with a St. Bernard dog; that of "Work for Lumbermen" by a man dressed in the exact garb worn in the northern forests, with a big axe over his shoulder labeled 'Prohibition,' (which was being 'laid at the roots of the tree,') and so on, while the audience became constantly more interested and enthusiastic.



THE WORLD'S POLYGLOT PETITION.

"We always have one evening when the young women furnish the programme led by Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, the head of the department, and they are good students of the picturesque. At our twenty-fourth annual convention we expect that Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Superintendent of the Scientific Temperance Instruction in our Public Schools, will have a drill of school children in the temperance textbooks, while Mrs. Helen G. Rice will on another evening present a procession of the Loyal Temperance Legion, our juvenile society which is under her care throughout the United States.

"Our State Presidents are women of remarkable individuality, bright, energetic and rich in experience; nearly every one of them will speak. This year our platform will be if possible more explicit than usual in favor of the total prohibition of the liquor traffic and social vice. It will also give no uncertain sound in opposition to the barbarity of lynching and in favor of a universal treaty of arbitration.

"Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Women's Temperance Association, and Vice-President-at-Large of the World's W. C. T. U., is expected to be with us, also Lady Windeyer, and several other chief workers who are the chosen delegates from Australia. A dear little woman has already arrived from Iceland, the niece of the Prime Minister and the leading woman on the island. She has traveled all over it in her energetic determination to organize our society and to make it at home in that most northern of all inhabited countries, Armenians, Syrians, and other Orientals will be with us, among them Rebecca Krikorian, whose address last year was a memorable event."

The officers of the National W. C. T. U. are, Frances E. Willard, President; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Vice-President-at-Large and President of the W. C. T. U. of the State of Maine. It is perhaps enough to know of Mrs. Stevens that she has been for seventeen years President of one of the strongest state auxiliaries of the National Society and has never had a dissenting vote from the noble temperance women of Maine.

Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary, is a minister's daughter, and a graduate of the theological department of the Boston University, wife of a business man in Newton, Mass., a remarkably capable speaker, and organizer, a woman in whose nature strength and gentleness are mingled in the proportions that make a true Christian.

Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman of Missouri, the Recording Secretary, is a good organizer—a woman who always arouses warm affection in those who are associated with her and who know her great good heart. Mrs. Hoffman's husband was a physician; she is a widow and makes her home in her son's family at Kansas City.

Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Treasurer, (formerly President of the Dakota W. C. T. U.) is the wife of a Baptist minister, and has a pleasant home in Chicago, her daughter, Mrs. Horning, being associated with her in our work as National Superintendent of the Press department and Vice Secretary,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed

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Heart and Head.

WHAT does the capacity of a man to read amount to if he reads bad books? What does a man's capacity to write amount to if he writes bad sentiments? Better not be able to read or write at all. Knowledge is power for good if sanctified. Knowledge is power for evil if unsanctified. Robespierre, and Rousseau and Byron were illustrations of what men with magnificent mental endowments will do when they have no moral restraint. Those men might better have been born, and lived, and died on the lowest round of ignorance, than to have risen and cursed the world with their cruelties and nastiness. The youth of this country need something besides reading and writing and arithmetic in order that they may be prepared for good citizenship. The great pest of this country today is the educated villains. They know enough. They know too much.

There is no machine more useful than a locomotive. Here I see one standing. Piston-rods, cranks, axles, cylinders, driving wheels, throttle-valve, all perfect. A good engineer gets on that locomotive, fastens it to a long train of cars, drags an immense value of freightage or life across the continent. He does well. A reckless engineer comes up to that same locomotive, gets on, and puts it at the rate of fifty miles an hour; comes near a dangerous curve, leaps off, while the train goes on into shrieking and death. That is just the difference between educated mind without moral principle, and educated mind with moral principle. In either case it is a powerful engine. In the one case it draws a long line of good influence across the earth. In the other case, Christian principle jumps off, and moral restraint jumps off, leaving the train to go into terrible demolition. Ignorance is bad, but intelligence is worse if immoral. Almost everybody talks about the days of Greece and Rome. They had no such intelligence, so many artists, and painters, and poets, and thinkers. No doubt about it. But how about the morals of Greece and Rome? Why is it that when a gentleman is traveling with his family in Europe, and he comes to the museum containing the relics of ancient art, the painter taps him on the shoulder and says, "Only gentlemen will pass in there." Why? It is because the paintings and the sculpture of ancient Greece and Rome were abhorrent to all decency, and splendid Gouth and magnificent Pompeii were worse than

the Five Points in the worst days of the Five Points. Intelligence, art, eloquence, without without the Christian religion, are defamation, ruin, disaster, woe.

Looking After One's Descendants.

IN looking over the genealogical table of a certain American family that I need not mention by name, I discovered this record: Benjamin, according to the provision of his grandfather, was educated at Harvard, and graduated in 1803. He studied law with his uncle in Groton, Mass., and then removed to Bath, Maine, where, a distinguished lawyer and politician, he died in 1833.

That grandfather settled the standing and destiny of his grandson and many of his descendants. Of course, all young men do not have such opportunities; do not improve them. "According to the provision of his grandfather." There is a great deal of virtue in the provision of a grandfather. The same amount of money, given as money, would not have gone so far. The grandfather not only provided the means, but he also provided how they should be laid out. Let grandparents make provision for the proper, and, if need be, the superior education of their grandchildren. Let them not only give their grandchildren wise counsels and earnest prayers, but make provision for their large Christian culture. This is the way to help the family, and to help the State, and to help the Kingdom of God.

It is an agreeable outcome of the present study of genealogical tables to find, as some of us do, that we had an ancestor who landed at Jamestown or on Plymouth Rock, or stood at Bunker Hill, or at the Battle of Bennington, or at some obscure post of civilization, when the nation was going through the birththroes of freedom. It makes a man better able to act a noble part in his own day and generation, to discover that his ancestors were not wanting in theirs. The English are proud of bearing a great name, and ingeniously prepare coats of arms with mottoes to keep alive the deeds of those who have gone before them. Americans are coming more and more to feel their need of the same conservative force. We want to anchor to what is noble and heroic in the past; we want to be inspired by what has inspired our sires. So we say, Let the sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the Colonial Dames make the most of their ancestors. It will insure a longer and better life to the republic.

Boy Desperadoes.

IT is said that two boys, not yet in their teens, the other day resisted a posse of men with revolvers, and after firing several shots at them, escaped to the woods. These boys two months before, ran away from their home because they were punished for disobedience. They have since been with a band of robbers who have infested the neighborhood. The boys are severally eight and ten years old. It would be interesting but sad to learn upon what food these babes and sucklings of Cherry Creek, N. Y., have become outlaws. Who wrote the books they have read? What companions have they been allowed to select?

We boast of our Christian civilization, but scarcely a day occurs in which the newspaper press does not reveal and send all over the land in print deeds of strange and awful violence. And they are not only strange and awful, but they are often perpetrated on persons in the nearest and most tender relations with the perpetrator. The Bible phrase, "without natural affection," is applicable to their authors. Here are two lads who not only resist parental control, but defy the officers of the law, join a band of desperadoes and make a common cause with them. It takes no prophet's glance to anticipate what will be their destiny. Meantime let us give our boys to read the lives of heroes, and not desperadoes.

Interesting Peculiarities Of Great Men.



THE first peculiarity I shall notice is, that the masters of the intellectual world are, as a rule, of small stature; the divine afflatus is not lodged in an ample tenement of clay. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was very small; and Newton, like Plato, was stout, short and compact. Pope was both small and weak; Moore, "a very little man." It is true that Johnson and Scott were burly fellows, but Johnson shook and rolled like a jelly fish, and Scott was paralyzed from childhood. However, though "little bodies" generally "lodge a mighty mind," there seems to be some preserving quality in mental labor. Men of great promise have died young, but true genius is of better stuff; and the long lives of men of great mental power is, and has long been, proverbial. It must, however, be noticed, that eminent thinkers seldom leave behind them children. There was a line of Plantagenets, but not of Shakespeares. Who can declare the generation of Milton, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Pope, Gray, Swift, Goldsmith, Johnson, etc. Moore outlived his family, and Scott has not now a grandchild alive. As Mr. Greg says, "the fittest do not survive."

One of the most remarkable chapters in the history of great men could be written on the tools with which they have worked. Ferguson made the most marvellous things with a common penknife. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat. A prism, a lens and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light, and the origin of color. An eminent scientist once asked Dr. Wollaston, to allow him to see the laboratories in which he had enriched science by so many grand discoveries. And the doctor took him to a small room, and pointing to an old tea-tray containing a few water-glasses, some test-papers, a little balance, and a blow-pipe, said "there is all the laboratory I have." Stohard learned how to combine colors by studying butterflies' wings. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie for pencil and canvas, and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson drew his map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars; Franklin robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by the help of two sticks and a silk handkerchief; while Rittenhouse first calculated eclipses on his plow-handle. My readers can entertain themselves by continuing the list up to the present day.

I will notice next curious facts concerning the circumstances under which great works have been composed. Bossuet wrote his grand sermons on his knees. Bentham always played the organ before writing. St. Bernard composed in the woods. Luther liked to have his dog at his feet. Calvin always wrote in bed; so did the poet Thomson; and Pope could not write till he had roused his nervous system by loud and rapid declamation. Yet some of the books most of all admired were never intended for publication, such as Fenelon's *Telemachus*; the charming letters of Madame de Sevigne; and the delicious diary of Samuel Pepys.

The attachment of great men to children and animals is another prominent characteristic. Cato, however busy he was, would never leave his house until he had seen his wife wash the baby. Cicero, after finishing an oration, called in the children and had a romp with them. With the exception of the old bachelor, Charles Lamb, I do not recall an eminent thinker of the last two hundred years who has not been noticeable for the love of children. Some had attachments equally strong for animals. All have heard of the butterfly of Virgil; the dove of Mahomet; the live snake which Goethe kept in his chimney corner; Rembrandt, next to money, loved his monkey; Mazarin employed his leisure time with his pet ape; Richelieu kept squadrons of cats; Cowper was never more happy than when feeding his hares, and the dogs of Scott were a very important element of his life.

One of the most honorable and remarkable facts about literary men is that they are almost free from crime. Here and there an incurable spendthrift like Savage appears, or a free-handed insolvent like Steele; or a maddler in money matters like dear old Goldsmith; or even a mean coward like Rousseau. But as a class they are above crime, and also innocent of that debauchery so mistakenly ascribed to them.

The last words of great writers and thinkers make the best commentaries of their lives, and some of these are very beautiful. Thus, Dr. Adams, of Edinburgh, as great a teacher and thinker in Scotland as Arnold was in England, said as he passed away, "It grows dark, boys; you must go home." "Draw back the curtains," said Goethe, "and let in more light." Humboldt died in brilliant sunshine, and his last words were: "How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven." "God bless you, my dear," were Dr. Johnson's last words, and "God bless you; is that you, Dora?" were Wordsworth's. Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, and Mrs. Hannah More, died with one word on their lips, but both breathed the

same spirit. "Happy" was the utterance of the former, and "joy" that of the latter. The last sound that escaped the poet Campbell was an exclamation of delight and surprise; and Etty, the great painter, gaily watching the progress of dissolution go within his frame, exclaimed as he expired, "Wonderful! wonderful! This is death!" The last utterance of Douglas Jerrold was quick and terse as his conversation always was. He was asked how he felt and answered calmly, "As one who is waiting and waited for." Are not such utterances as these the fitting farewell of great hearts and great minds, who, being dead, yet speak to us?

Amelia E. M.

BRIEF NOTES.

We have on hand a number of copies of Dr. Talmage's famous book, *From Man to Throne*, which have been very slightly damaged in packing, and which we will dispose of at almost nominal price of **65 cents per copy**. As the number is limited, our readers will do well to avail themselves promptly of this extraordinary offer, and to secure copies. *From Man to Throne* is a work where acknowledged to be the grandest of Dr. Talmage's pen. It describes his sayings to, through and from the Holy Scriptures. There are about **200** illustrations, many of them remarkably fine Oriental views, have never appeared in any other publication. The book was originally published at which was the lowest price at which a copy could be procured. These copies are new, but we require all the available space for our Shipping Department for the tremendous stock of Premiums which it is necessary to store there, to meet the requirements of a holiday season. We prepay express charges.

Rev. Thomas Lewis, the well-known Baptist missionary in the Congo country, reports baptism of seven native converts at San Sal, the oldest mission station on the Congo.

We are asked to remind our readers: the annual meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union of New York State, will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., October 28 and 29.

Dr. A. J. Diaz, the famous Cuban Evangelist, is having wonderful success in Mexico. The result of meetings already held, one hundred thirty-four persons have made profession of and have received baptism.

Rev. R. Ashley Cake, of Port Republic, N. J., evangelist of the Life Saving station, has been busy during the summer going from station along the Atlantic coast preaching times five or six times a day. The work has most encouraging and several remarkable conversions are reported.

A sensible remark addressed to workers, men, but equally useful to employers, is credited to the Pope. Addressing a French deputation recently, he said: "We consider it our duty to remind you to-day of the principles of equity and justice which alone can furnish a solution to social questions."

Rev. A. B. Simpson's appeal for funds to complete the erection of the buildings of the national Christian and Missionary Alliance, South Nyack, N. Y., has resulted in the raising of sixteen thousand dollars. Several well-known friends of the Alliance bought lots on the hill intended to erect cottages near the Alliance building.

Rev. William E. Needham has been holding interesting meetings during the summer on the banks of the historic Brandywine on Sunday noons. On a recent Sunday, preaching near Leesville, Pa., using for his pulpit the old covered wagon that has served in so many revivals, an audience of nearly twelve hundred persons gathered. Among them were a large number of men who had come several miles to attend service.

The Fulton Street Daily Noon Prayer Meeting celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its foundation on Thursday, September 23rd, at rooms, 113 Fulton Street, New York. Rev. Ward B. Coe, D.D., presided. An interesting feature of the celebration was the presentation of a Meeting of a handsome portrait of the founder, Mr. J. C. Laphier. This has been hung up in room in which the prayer-meeting is held. Laphier is still living, and is in his eighty-year.

Miss Emma C. Nason asks us to thank those of our readers who have contributed to support of her work among the lumbermen. Work during the past year has been wonderfully blessed, and Miss Nason is looking forward fully to another year's labor. Although it is specially a King's Daughters' work, she says Miss Nason is rendering to Christ and humanity by reaching the wanderers and the victims of crime and cruelty, deserves the sympathy and help of Christians. Her address is Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell P. Johnstone have been holding open-air services on the streets of New York several evenings in the week during summer under a permit from the Mayor. They have had large audiences, usually very attentive and have often had the gratification of directing inquirers to Christ at the close of their meetings. They give away tracts and Gospel portions, for their means will allow. They receive no salary for this work and when friends, who know of laborers, give them money, it is spent in a supply of the Bible portions for distribution.

An interesting proclamation has been issued by a prominent Chinese governor warning people under his sway against molesting the missionaries. The Governor states his conviction that if the Chinese knew the real character of the missionaries they would not be disposed to injure them and he therefore describes them and their work in such a way as to interest and attract them. He assures them that their object is to induce people to lead virtuous lives. His proclamation concludes with a warning to any evil disposed men who disregard his proclamation that he will punish the full extent of the law any person found molesting the missionaries or their property.



MOUNTAIN FIGHTING.

Away from civilization, in that wonderful mountain land lying between British India and Afghanistan, a few scattered garrisons are now surrounded by ruthless and fanatical foes. At intervals of only a few days, telegrams from the American press, of this or that having been attacked by an enormous horde of wild, fierce mountaineers, sometimes holding their own with great loss at fearful odds, and at other times being obliged to fly for their lives. The Afridis, the Orakzais and other tribes along the border, have all manifested symptoms of rebellion. Perceiving that the garrisons of the outlying forts were insignificant numbers compared with their own forces, the tribes have attacked them with confidence, and have seized important mountain passes which give them access to Punjab and Kashmir. The Government of India is preparing a strong expedition to relieve the besieged forts and recapture those which have fallen, but it is doubtful whether it can reach the mountains in time to save several of the most distant garrisons. The difficulties in the way of such an expedition can be understood from the fact that a force under General Jeffreys, which was sent out early in the month to drive the Mohmands back, was surrounded and suffered severely; the general was wounded and narrowly escaped capture. A strong suspicion is entertained that the Ameer of Afghanistan is secretly supporting the movement, and that he is assured of the protection of Russia. Some of his correspondence which was intercepted, confirms the suspicion. The chief cause of the rising, however, appears to have been that exaggerated reports of the Turkish successes in Greece have reached the tribesmen. To the ignorant men, the war was not so much between Turks and Greeks as between Mohammedans and Christians. They are fanatical Mohammedans, and led by the Moslem leader, known as the Mahad Mullah, they have come to believe that they have only to attack the Christians near them, to win like victories. It is reported that emissaries from the Sultan of Turkey have reached the scene of the disturbance, bearing messages from him. This may be the fulfilment of the threat which the Sultan made during the negotiations on the Cretan difficulty, that if England continued to show hostility to him, he would retaliate in a way she little expected. The Mohammedans regard him as their sovereign head and there is little doubt that they are obeying him in these outbreaks. But like the man who serves Satan, they are working to their own destruction.

Leaders of this people cause them to err; and they are led of them as they are destroyed. (Isa. 9:16.)

A Debt to Be Paid by Death.

A protracted trial which has just been concluded in Vienna reveals an unnatural speculation on the part of a brother, which has received appropriate condemnation. It appears that rather more than two years ago a young spendthrift who was a roue and a gambler was completely at the end of his resources. He appealed to his brother for a large sum of money which he must have to save himself and an honored name from disgrace. His brother had frequently helped him before, and was tired of appeals which seemed to have no end. He refused to furnish any more money, but under continued pressure, he finally agreed to advance the sum needed on certain conditions. These were that within two years from the date of the loan, the borrower should either marry the daughter of a millionaire and repay with the money he received as his wife's dowry, or would commit suicide. Believing that his brother would not succeed in the latter alternative, he immediately made arrangements to recover on his taking the

latter alternative. He insured his brother's life with several insurance companies, stipulating in every case for the insertion of a clause in the policy, binding the insurance company to pay without regard to the manner in which the insured met his death. As he had anticipated, his brother's efforts to marry a wealthy lady within the stipulated time, failed. Thereupon the man shot himself and his brother demanded payment of the policies. But the insurance companies had in some way learned the terms of the unnatural bargain and caused his arrest for fraudulent dealing. In the course of the trial it was disclosed that another brother of the deceased and a sister had heard of the terms of the bargain, and each had taken out policies

of the famous charge, telling of the leisurely ride into the valley of death, which was lined on both banks with Russian cannon, while the guns at the head of the valley poured a destructive fire directly into the faces of the advancing column. He told of the mad charge which rose from a trot to a gallop as it neared the guns, of the hand-to-hand fight and then the retreat between the two lines of guns—a thrilling story of heroic daring. After writing the reminiscences, he went out and got drunk as, unhappily, he was in the habit of doing. While he was on the street he saw his wife, who, harassed by his drunken habits, had been obliged to leave him and had not lived with him for several years. He tried to follow her into a store and when he was prevented, he became angry and tried to strike her with a stick. She escaped the blow by drawing back into a doorway, and as he charged at her again, turning half around in raising his stick, his wife, who is lame and carries a cane, struck him with the cane on the back of the head. He staggered a few steps and fell down dead with a fractured skull. His wife gave herself up to the police, but there were so many wit-

putting on the Justice's desk the baby she carried in her arms, turned and quitted the court, and her husband followed her. The Justice stared in amazement, when the interpreter, who had held a whispered conversation with the defendants, explained that they expected the man would be sent to prison and had left the baby as security or bail for his reappearance. The Justice took the child home, and his wife cared for it until morning, when the Hungarians returned, and throwing down bills to the amount of the claim and costs, reclaimed their child. They had borrowed the money from some of their fellow countrymen. They evidently considered their baby the most valuable piece of property they owned, and had no doubt of its being accepted as sufficient security. It may be hoped they will never have cause to lower their estimate of its value. They will not, if they act on the scriptural view of their responsibility.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. (Psalm 127: 3.)

Unique Church Material.

The strange story of the building of a church at Waterloo, Ia., is told in a scientific journal. It appears that a number of Presbyterians at that place determined to erect a house of worship. Their chief difficulty consisted in the distance from which they would have to bring the stone, as there were no quarries anywhere in the neighborhood. There was, however, a large boulder in the middle of a plain near the town, which it was decided to use as far as it would go. It projected from the earth for about eight feet, but no one knew how much of it was under ground. The work of excavation was commenced, and to the astonishment of the workers, it was found that the boulder extended a long distance. When completely uncovered, a rock was disclosed twenty-eight feet high, thirty feet long and twenty wide, weighing at a rough estimate, twenty-five hundred tons. Work was begun on the gigantic monolith with drills and dynamite. The pieces as they were broken off were carried to a mason's yard and shaped into building stones. The transformation is now complete, and this huge boulder which had lain undisturbed for countless years and been covered with the deposits of ages, is now turned into a beautiful church. The living Church is built in the same way, only that the transformation in that case is not by human skill but by the Spirit of the Lord.

Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house. (1. Peter 2: 5.)

Paid Twice for Liberty.

A suit now before the Supreme Court in Boston, Mass., for adjudication under a disputed will brings to light a remarkable story. The will in dispute is that of a colored man who was born in slavery in Virginia in 1812. He was an active, industrious intelligent youth and his master consented to his learning a trade. He was apprenticed to a blacksmith and succeeded so well in his business that he made his owner an offer to purchase his freedom. The owner valued him at eight hundred dollars and this the young fellow agreed to pay. By hard work and frugality he managed to accumulate the required sum and paid it over, but his owner repudiated the bargain. He took the money but postponed giving the young man his freedom. Soon afterwards he died and the young man was sold with the other slaves on the estate. Undeterred by his disappointment he bargained with his new owner to buy his freedom for four hundred dollars. A second time he earned the money and again he was cheated. His owner retained both slave and money. Then he was exasperated and determined to run away. He was, by this time thirty-five years old and had many friends whom he had faithfully served in his business. They helped him to escape and shortly afterwards, his wife who had made a friend of her mistress, was given her freedom and followed him. After the war he settled in Boston and built up a large business. When he died in December last, he left property worth forty-thousand dollars. Many a man who has been in the service of the enemy of souls, looking back at the cost of his service, has felt as this man did and, hopeless of buying his freedom, has fled for deliverance to him who can make him free.

What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? But now being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life. (Rom. 6:21)



THE KHYBER PASS BETWEEN AFGHANISTAN AND BRITISH INDIA.

on their brother's life. The trial has resulted in the conviction of the accused and his sentence to two years' imprisonment. His brother's death for which he is morally responsible, has not benefited him. He has missed the benefit it was intended to bring, not through his own negligence, but by the interposition of the law, which justly treats his revolting act as a crime. Not so is it with the sinner who fails to secure the prize, to gain which for him, the Divine Elder Brother of our race died on the Cross. The sinner's crime consists in neglecting to secure the prize.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation. (Heb. 2: 3.)

A Hero's Shameful End.

The Montreal papers record the disgraceful death of a trooper, who was one of the famous six hundred immortalized in Tennyson's well-known poem describing the heroic cavalry charge at Balaklava. There were only two survivors of the charge on this continent. One of them lived at Montreal. He wore two medals with four clasps showing that he had fought at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol. The day before his death he wrote for publication an account

nesses to prove that she struck the fatal blow only in self-defence, that she was promptly released. It was an ignominious end to a heroic life: but when a man yields himself a slave to his own appetites he knows not what shame may be in store for him.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine. (Prov. 23: 29.)

An Infant Bail.

A Justice of Haverstraw, N. Y., was placed in an embarrassing position a few days ago, by the strange bail left on his hands by two Hungarian immigrants. They had been summoned before him at the suit of a woman who had supplied them with furniture. They had paid one-half the cost of the furniture, and agreed to pay the other half in weekly installments, but had moved to another town, five miles away, without notifying their creditor. She had spent a considerable sum of money in trying to trace them, and when she did find them, she charged them with fraud. The case was proved, but the Hungarians, through an interpreter, declared they had no means of payment. Suddenly the female defendant rose, and

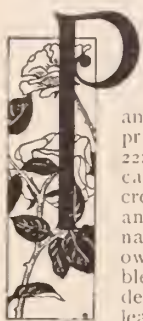


THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PAUL A PRISONER.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 10. Acts 22: 17-30. Golden Text, 1. Pet. 4: 16.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



PAUL must go the way his Lord had gone before him. Peter had said, when quite ignorant of his ability to perform it, "Lord, I am ready to follow thee to prison and to death." (Luke 22: 33). The Lord had not then carried human nature to the cross, and purchased the right and power to impart his own nature in its place, which his own life on earth proved capable of enduring prison and death. The Apostle Paul had learned the great secret of the true power of a Christian life. "Christ in you the hope of glory." He did not, and could not shrink the "bonds and imprisonments" which he knew awaited him; he only sought how, in the things which befell him, he could be true to his calling, and might witness faithfully for his Lord. When he was being borne by the soldiers into the castle because of the violence of the multitude, far from having any fear for his own safety, his only care was to use the opportunity afforded him of getting the ear of the excited people to bear his testimony for Christ.

Just at the entrance of the castle, he asked the captain permission to speak to the people. The captain gave him leave, and standing on the stairs, and beckoning with his hand he obtained silence, and spoke to them in the Hebrew tongue. Speaking of his antecedents, his birth in Tarsus, and education in Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel, he went on to describe his zeal for the law in persecuting the Christians to the death, and the sudden, unexpected stop to this procedure when, from heaven itself, the Lord Jesus was revealed to him. He told of his blindness for three days, his healing through the laying on of the hands of Ananias, and the renewed message from God through him, "The God of our fathers hath appointed thee to know his will, and to see the righteous One, and to hear a voice from his mouth. For thou shalt be a witness for him unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. And now, why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name."

Paul made no apology or explanation; he simply made his statement and left the result with God. And then he related what is told in no other place. "And it came to pass when I had returned to Jerusalem [after his bold testimony in the synagogue at Damascus], and while I prayed in the temple, I fell into a trance and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: because they will not receive of thee testimony concerning me." The old apostle was treading on dangerous ground. Men who have not the spirit of the Lamb of God cannot tolerate anything which convicts them; it is like touching an open sore to tell them of anything in which they are in the wrong, and it stirs up the most bitter enmity. They are so convinced of their own goodness that they are indignant with any one who does not justify them in their good opinion of themselves.

Oh the miserable deceitfulness of the human heart! Grace makes us humble; a God-filled heart shrinks from no discovery of its own treachery and evil. The light of Christ within is too strong for the darkness to take refuge in any corner; all must come to the light. Paul had had enough experience in his dealings with the Jews to be quite aware that he was treading upon their national conceits, and that the audience would be exasperated at what they would regard his presumption in asserting that a revelation from heaven would be vouchsafed to him which would be sufficient to prove them guilty of being

murderers of their Messiah. But it might be his only chance, and he would not be guilty of the blood of those souls, he would, as God gave him the opportunity, bear his testimony, and leave the results with God.

"And I said," he continued, "Lord, they themselves know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee: and when the blood of Stephen, thy martyr, was shed, I also was standing by and consenting, and keeping the garments of them that slew him." Others besides Paul had seen that wondrous face of Stephen "as it had been the face of an angel," and heard him say how he saw heaven open and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Perhaps some of the very multitude now present had heard the prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." But they had gone on resisting the Holy Ghost, and to be reminded of their sin led to no sorrow, but only greater fury. And when Paul asserted that the Lord who appeared to him in the temple and said to him, "Depart, for I will send thee forth far hence unto the Gentiles," they broke all bounds and an angry cry arose from many voices, "Away with such

them, and a great clamor arose, so that the chief captain commanded the soldiers to seize Paul by force from among them and bring him into the castle. There he met with God. The night following the Lord stood by him—not a vision of Christ, but his very presence—and said, "Be of good cheer, for as thou hast testified of me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

"God is faithful." Against the persuasion, and against the messages of his friends which purported to be from the Holy Ghost, Paul had come to Jerusalem, sure that he was in the will of God, and that in the future a journey to Rome lay before him. It was indeed like the Lord to give him this confirmation of his previous leading.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

OUR last week's lesson left Paul on his way to Jerusalem, bearing the gifts of his Gentile churches to the poor Christians in that city. In this week's lesson we find him a prisoner in the hands of the Roman garrison. The events which led to his arrest need a brief explanation. On his arrival he secured a lodging, and the next day had an interview with James, the brother of our Lord, and the leaders of the Church. They appear to have given him a more cordial welcome than on his previous visits. The money he brought may have had its influence. It had probably been badly needed, and, in any case, it was



TEMPLE AREA AND THE CASTLE OF ANTONIA, WHERE PAUL WAS IMPRISONED.

a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live."

The chief captain was a Roman, and he was at a loss to understand this bitter enmity of the Jews against Paul, but he delivered over his prisoner to the centurion to be examined by scourging. To this Paul objected on the ground that he was a Roman citizen. Then Paul was unbound, on the morrow the council were called to sit in judgment upon him. His first words were, "Brethren, I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day." Few men could dare to make such an assertion. And few men believe in the possibility of such a life. The high priest was so infuriated that he commanded them that stood by to smite him on the mouth. Why? Because he did not believe that a man could live in all good conscience. And when Paul objected that this was unlawful and spoke a word of judgment against Ananias, he at once acknowledged when he found it was the high priest that he had been in the wrong to speak against a ruler.

But, seeing that the council was composed of Pharisees and Sadducees, Paul took advantage of it and said, "Brethren, I am a Pharisee, a son of Pharisees, of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." Jesus and the resurrection, the resurrection proved by the fact that Christ had risen from the dead, was the foundation of all his teaching. This word caused a dissension in the council some of the Pharisees saying they found no evil in him, his story might be true. A spirit or an angel might have spoken to him, while Sadducees denied

practical evidence of the brotherly feeling which Paul must have inculcated in his recent teaching. The subject of Paul's safety was considered at this meeting. The Jewish Christians were aware of the hostility of the Jews toward him. They told him of the reports of his teaching which had been brought to Jerusalem. He had been accused not only of preaching Christ, but of teaching the Jews in heathen lands to disregard the commands of Moses. We do not know if this was true, but we do know that he had taught that circumcision did not avail anything, and that observance of the ceremonial law was no longer obligatory on the Jews. The difference between teaching that any course was useless and unnecessary, and that it should not be followed, was not so very great. However, it seemed to be important to Paul and the Jewish Christians. They advised that Paul do conspicuously an act which would show his personal respect for the law. An opportunity was then within reach. There were four men who were fulfilling the Nazirite vow. Paul might join them in its performance and bear a share of the expense, which, as may be seen by a reference to Numbers 6: 13-18, was considerable. It was a common form of benefaction in that day for some wealthy man to defray the expenses of poor Nazirites. Agrippa did it extensively in order to show his respect for the law. Paul being anxious to conciliate his friends, consented, though to him, the whole proceeding was worthless. The concession, however, had an effect opposite to the one intended. It precipitated Paul's arrest. Going into the tem-

ple with the four men, with their heads, they would be the observed observers. The city at that time swarmed with Jews who had come from many lands to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. Among them were from the province known as Asia. These knew Trophimus, one of the Gentile converts who had come to Jerusalem with him. Hearing that Paul was in the Jews' court of the temple with companions, the men who were fulfilling the Nazirite vow, they leaped to the conclusion that Trophimus was one of the Gentiles, and Paul, of course, had taken Trophimus beyond that court as a pretext to seize Paul was needed. This false charge served the purpose. A uproar was stirred up, and if it had been for the prompt action of the Captain, whose duty it was to keep order in the temple, Paul would have been killed. The Captain rescued him, was taking him into the castle for when Paul asked permission to address the mob and remove their misapprehension. It was a bold step, showing a brave man Paul was. His address was a masterly plea, but it could not effect the impossible. The Jews were too prejudiced against him to be pacified by words. Their violence was so much that he was taken into the prison to him from being lynched.

He said unto me, Depart. We may not have known of this vision of Jesus if he had not referred to it in this address. Nothing is said of it in the history. It fell into the error that men often feel. When the Lord told him to depart, he regarded the matter with him reciting why it was better to remain. Some men fret and worry when they leave a town, or a work where it seems to them they are specially qualified to do. It shows a lack of faith. We are sure that God's way for us is best. The story is told by a famous writer, of a father whose son was in business at a place of great service to him in a conflict of capacity, decided to send him into the employ of a firm in another city. The son objected, said he liked his work, and was no one to take his place and do his work. The father said he liked the city where his father prospered to send him. His mother protested, was sure her son would fall sick with one to look after him. But the father was firm and the boy went. When he came home on a visit at the end of a year, he was a changed youth. He had acquired a manly bearing, had learned new methods, and had improved in the discipline of strangers. In one place he had learned more than he would have learned at home in five.

The Chief Captain also was a Roman. after he knew that he was a Roman. We do not know how Roman citizenship came into Paul's family. It was an honor, coveted by all men of that time. Wherever the Roman citizen was he was treated with consideration, was dangerous to do him an injustice, show him an indignity, or to injure him in any way. He had the right to appeal to Caesar himself if any wrong was done him, and if he could get justice in any other way. Probably Paul's father rendered the empire some distinguished service, or he may have been an emancipated captive and so gained Roman citizenship; we are not told; but he was a Roman citizen, and Paul inherited the privilege. Every one who has traveled in foreign lands knows how great a protection it is to be the citizen of some powerful nation. In 1869 a man was arrested in Cuba on some frivolous charge, and hurried through a perfunctory trial, condemned to death. He was by birth an Englishman, and by naturalization a citizen of the United States. The consuls of both nations interfered on his behalf, but the Spanish officials were so determined, and they decided to go on with the execution. The consuls then wrapped the flags of their respective countries around the man and dared the shooting company to proceed. These ignorant men realized that the consequences might result from the flags of the United States, England, and like the men who were to scourge Paul (or examine him, as it is pleasantly phrased), they did him violence. The citizens of Christ's dominion cannot be injured or neglected with impunity. (See Matt. 18: 6.)

LITTLE GOLDEN-HEAD.

A STORY OF CHILD-LIFE.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By R. D. L.

ONG the children who were sent from New York, to a town where I was staying, on the Housatonic for many years since, was a bright girl called Lillian. The long-continued drought had produced sickness in the overcrowded cities, water suffering than ever before among the poor and afflicted. They were gathered assembled at the station on a bright July afternoon, to see the train, heavily laden with children. The creature attracted much interest by her spiritless and unchildlike. She crept noiselessly down the car. We had heard of her gayety. She had been likened to a dream—all mirth and joy. Her mother had died a few months previous, and some kind-hearted city people had especially pleaded to have loving care of this little one, for she was very sensible. Everybody seemed to want this peculiar child. Entire devotion would be given to her in many homes, so being was she in looks and actions, so evident that she, of all the number, most needed care. It was decided to send her where there were several children, the hope that their cheerfulness would win her back to brightness. She was sent to some good people on a farm, near the station, a land really "flowing with milk and honey."

She slept from exhaustion, soon after her journey to bed that night. The next day she awoke, and the hens were clucking, and the cocks were crowing, and the sun was shining, and she felt a sense of duty. She got up, and on her listless face, and her sickly and feeble form, she saw the firm, healthy-looking children, and she felt a foreboding that to her, nearly

the tonic of pure country life, of oatmeal, real cream, butter, fresh bread and wild eggs was tempting. This time the children started for a romp, and she did justice to their meal. She went with them, but only gazed at their sport.

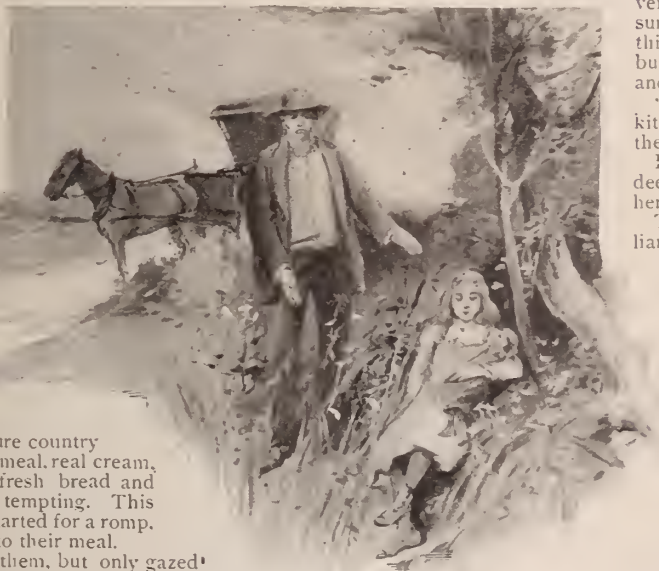
"said Agatha, the oldest of the children, and one who felt a mother's care for the flock of city birds.

Lillian sighed and sat down to watch the kittens. A kitten crept into her lap, as if to comfort her. She stroked the little creature, and they became fast friends. The old cat, and her three other kittens, found their way to the mission, and Lillian found them as if by a magnet. Lillian had been silent until now. She was with a cooing, tender, voice to sing to the kittens. The children found some of the clothes to dress her kitten in, and she whiled away part of the forenoon. Her interest in the little animal, the kitten, folks bethought themselves of a rag doll, cast-off doll in the attic. It was large enough to seem like a "real" one. Henceforth, Lillian and her pretty rag doll were inseparable. Day after day she played with the kittens and the rag doll, but seldom joined in the frolic of the other children. They humored her, and let her have her own way for it seemed to her that to do anything that wasn't her own, as she didn't stray away, they were so mindful of her as time went on. One afternoon they played and romped,

utterly forgetful of Lillian. Suddenly she was missed. They could find no trace of her whereabouts. The grass was closely cropped where she had been playing, and beyond it was a little taller, but if she had gone through it, her gentle step had left no mark. The doll's bonnet was in the grass where Lillian had been sitting. That was the only thing left to indicate her playground.

Long and carefully they searched in every direction. Dark night settled over the landscape, and yet no trace of her was found. Early the next morning the "hands" on the place renewed the search. They went hither and thither, over fields and down dales, while the master of the place drove in his wagon along the country road, hoping to meet the runaway. He drove far into the open country, and after awhile espied a little pigmy at the roadside, almost concealed by iron-weed, golden-rod and tall grass. His heart gave a leap, for the tangled locks that floated in the wind he knew belonged to "Little Golden-head." Just such another little head he had doted on, but he laid it under the buttercups and daisies some years ago.

"Lillian!" he cried. She turned slowly, seeming to be stupefied. The man's eyes had searched for the wanderer with such loving intensity that they felt scorched and burned. Now that he had found her, with the relief



HE KNEW IT WAS "LITTLE GOLDEN-HEAD."

came a sudden flood of blinding tears. Lillian seemed hardly to know him. He descended from the carriage and gently approached her, but she shrank away, hugging her dolly tightly to her heart. Little by little he coaxed her to him, and soon he knew by her burning fever and hot breath that the night had done bad work. He took her in his arms and held her inside his coat. When he reached home, his kind wife put her to bed, and the nearest physician was called.

They could gain no information from Lillian as to where she had wandered. For several days the fever raged, and when it abated her memory came back. Little by little she coaxed her to tell.

"Where did you go, my dear?" asked the kind hostess.

"Well, dolly and I saw some daisies in the tall grass, and such beautiful butterflies kissing them, that we walked along and along, until we came to a fence near a road. Then we got frightened and called to Minnie and Lucy, but they didn't hear us; and a queer little man came along just then and picked us up. We were so

frightened that we cried and cried, but he gave us some candy and cakes, and told us a story. He was awful queer, and so black we didn't dare to stir. His pony was Madge and his dog was Fido."

"O, I guess I know who Fido's master is," cried the farmer's wife. "Did he have a hump on his back?"

"Yes, a great bunch on it."

"O," said the woman, "he's a poor, silly fellow, Lillian. If he hadn't been silly he would have asked you where you lived and brought you back to us. But tell us, child, where he took you?"

"Well, I don't know, but we went on and on, and I cried so he said he couldn't do anything with me and he would put me out. So he stopped on the road and took me out, but left dolly in the wagon. I screamed for her to come, and then he gave her to me."

"Well, then, where did you and Dolly go?"

"We didn't see any more daisies, but we saw some yellow flowers and some black and yellow birds, and we went over to talk to them. Then it got very dark, and the stars came out, and we couldn't see any more, so I wrapped dolly up in her skirt for her hat was gone, and I took her cloak for me; then we were so tired we laid down in the grass near a big tree."

"The stars were so bright," continued the child, earnestly, "and there were so many of them; they seemed to be winking to each other. I thought one great bright star was the one they told me was my mamma; so I called to her, but she didn't hear. Then some one seemed to tell me of a little baby, as she used to do. They called him Jesus; he was born in a stable and laid in a cradle of straw near the cows. Mamma told me he grew to be a man, and he took care of her, and me. I never saw him, though; but I thought if he used to take care of mamma and me, he would see dolly and me now, and so we fell asleep."

"I woke up once, so cold! Then I felt very hot. Next time I woke up I saw the sun come up, and I didn't think of anything but my mamma 'till I was in a buggy, and then I went to sleep again," and she smiled weakly.

"Lillian," said the motherly dame, "the kitties have missed you, and I will bring them in for you to see."

But Lillian had already dropped into a deep slumber, the dolly still nestling in her poor, little, tired arms.

That night a sudden change came. Lillian lingered a day or two and then passed beyond the stars, where no fever comes, nor death, nor tears.

My former friend has had other Fresh Air children at his beautiful place since that summer, but one thing is always understood: that no golden-haired child must come his way since his heart lies with the two that rest in the churchyard—his own darling and little, golden-haired Lillian.

Great Men's Love of Music.

It appears that painters have little musical taste, (writes Signor Graf, a famous authority), and less inclination for that art than sculptors and architects; but many literary men have neither inclination nor taste. Dante had exquisite mental sensibility.

Shakespeare was a lover of music. Goethe, while not passionately fond of music, enjoyed the art of Mendelssohn and admired Beethoven. Klopstock had a nice ear, and music threw him into ecstasy. Byron was not able to hear music without weeping. Moore and Shelley both wrote poems on music. Hugo, in one of his poems, asks his friends, "Who among you, feeling oppressed by sadness, does not find comfort and consolation in music?"

Then, in marvelous verse, not to be found in any other literature, he describes the grand, varied, powerful music of the orchestra, the multifarious miracle of the symphony. Leopardi, passionately fond of music, does not speak of musical instruments; but apparently held that the human voice was superior to any instrument. A hundred modern instances might be cited to show the influence of music upon some of the greatest works of literature and art, and how the strains of voice or instrument have helped to create noble ideals.

MEMORIES OF MONT-LAWN.

One of the Teachers Tells of the Last Week at Our Children's Home.

ALTHOUGH our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn is closed for the summer and the pretty dormitories and play-rooms are tenantless, the follow-



THESE TOTS REMEMBER MONT-LAWN.

"Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed of the good times I had."

ing letter from a member of the Matron's staff will interest all who have read the articles on the subject that have lately appeared in these pages:

"The last week before the closing of the Home was one full of happiness for the little guests who were then at Mont-Lawn. There was not a cloud in the sky all week long, and the bright, sunny hours were filled with the sound of the merry laughter of children from morning until night. The very hot weather of the last few days made the swimming-pool especially attractive, and at all times during the day one could hear the screams of delight as the youngsters floundered about in the cool water."

"Then the teachers used to take parties of girls and boys for long walks through the wood, where they gathered ferns and wild-flowers. Especially did they love the bunches of golden rod, which grows so abundantly on every hill and in every valley. When tired of gathering nosegays, they would stretch themselves on the grass, or sit with hands about knees to listen to a wonderful fairy story which of course, began with "Once upon a time."

"When grown men and women, I wonder if they will not often lovingly remember the good times of Mont-Lawn. And will they ever forget the stories they listened to with such childish delight when there? They have taken great pleasure, too, in their tramps across fields to deserted orchards, for apples, pears and grapes; and every bag, basket, coat and cap has been filled to overflowing, that they might be able to carry some of the precious fruit home and share it with a less fortunate brother or sister who has not been for a summer outing."

"But the crowning feature of the whole week was the farewell service in the chapel. The patron of the Home, Dr. Klopsch, spent the day among the children, and a number of friends visited the Home to hear them sing, on this, their last day at Mont-Lawn."

"Dr. Jewett, who so kindly gives the use of this beautiful place with its broad acres for the benefit of the poor children, was present, and as he came upon the platform, and looked down on the two hundred little faces, everyone could see that he regretted their departure."

"I think we may safely say that every child who has been at Mont-Lawn has gone home happier, healthier and better in every way for having been there."

C. RUSSELL.

All contributions for the Mont-Lawn Home are promptly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE MODERN JEW IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.



STREET LIFE IN JERUSALEM.

Oriental Tardiness and the Telegraph—A Dancing Bear—Snake-Charmers—An Eastern Wedding Procession.



THE WATCHMAN AT THE GATE.

and in our stroll about the streets of the Holy City, it is the unfamiliar in both scene and object that we shall meet with everywhere. It need hardly be stated that, from the life of a large city, only incidental pictures can be given.

Approaching us is the telegraph messenger. About such a wonderful convenience of civilization as the telegraph there is to Americans nothing strange; but it becomes so in many respects the moment we pass into the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey. We think of it as a means for annihilating time and space. It is our most rapid method of communicating our thoughts to those at a distance from us. In Turkey all this is reversed. Our message will go when the operator gets ready to send it. The message that comes to us will be delivered when the operator has spelled it out in his bungling fashion, copied it, taken a smoke, and gets the messenger started. I think that

Americans need more patience in dealing with telegraph officers in Turkey than with any other class. They have a printed list of places to which messages can be sent, but with difficulty that they can read the names, and it takes them an hour or more to find the one desired. If you take the list and point out the name to them, they will not believe you, but will continue their slow and tedious search. The message must be written, they insist, so that they can understand it; in itself a formidable task. Should it contain what they call "code words" the message would be rejected. I have known a prominent officer of the United States Army to send, or attempt to send, an important message to America. It passed muster in Jerusalem and was forwarded via Constantinople. There the officials declared that it contained code words and it was returned. This two days had elapsed, and the message had in fact not yet started towards the land of freedom.

ACROWDED street in any city in any part of the world is a place of wonderful interest. Our fellow-men who, in any given instance, represent its life or activities, may neither look nor act like ourselves, hence our curiosity is excited by all that is seen and done. Novelty is something that all are fond of, and in our stroll about the streets of the Holy City, it is the unfamiliar in both scene and object that we shall meet with everywhere. It need hardly be stated that, from the life of a large city, only incidental pictures can be given.

No arguments availed to convince the officials that they were in the wrong. Moreover, the message had been prepaid; (indeed, the Turks are very prompt and business like in looking after that part, and always requiring payment in advance and "in good money.") and the officials promised to refund the amount. As United States Consul, I had correspondence about this case with the Turkish authorities, with our Minister at Constantinople, and with the State Department at Washington, but nothing came of it; the message was never sent from Jerusalem, and the money that had been paid for it was never refunded. But our army officer was disgusted, chagrined, and angry; no language was adequate to express his contempt for those officials.

"What is to be done in such cases?" my readers inquire. Nothing whatever. Choke down your feelings, that is all. But you may remember, if you choose, that this is only one of a score or two of ways in which Turkey annoys the citizens of the United States of America.

Our telegraph messenger who has been walking very leisurely is close to us now, and we notice a loose scarf about his neck. This he wears summer and winter. He carries a cane, but why he puts this extra burden upon himself I do not know. His little side bag is supported by a strap over his shoulder. He has something for us, and he demands a present for bringing us what he calls "good news." There are

two messages, one from Egypt, and the other from Beirut. The former, is thirty-six hours old, the latter forty-eight. Surely Oriental lightning is slow. A message from either Egypt or Beirut ought reasonably to reach Jerusalem in about an hour, or two hours at the outside. Beirut is ten hours by steamer from Jaffa, and it has frequently happened that a person coming from Beirut to Jerusalem has sent a telegram announcing the fact, and arrived at his destination a day before the message. I have

elsewhere shown that the Turks do not regard private messages as sacred, and it likewise seems impossible for them to comprehend the fact that messages should be sent and delivered with the utmost promptness.

Here are two men approaching from opposite directions. All of a sudden their steps become rapid, one drops the bundles he has in his hands, and in an instant they are in each other's arms. Is it a quarrel? All this has been done so quickly that we have had time neither to think nor to speak. But nothing unusual has happened. These men are friends who have not met in a long time, and here, regardless of the crowd, have fallen upon each other's necks and are kissing each other's cheeks. The many people about take no notice of what is going on between these men, and this phase of street life is strange only to people like ourselves.

At the next turn, we come upon a singular crowd. Men, boys, children, peas-

ants, merchants, everybody has stopped to look. In the open space in the centre of the throng of people, a large dancing bear is entertaining an eager audience. Everybody is a little afraid and keeps at a safe distance, and yet everybody is intensely interested. Street shows of this kind are not very common in Jerusalem; it is the man with the monkey who appears most frequently. In either case there is plenty of excitement, and the amount of pleasure which multitudes appear to derive from such scenes cannot be measured by any American standard. By the masses, the advent of the bear is hailed with more joy than is the arrival of the greatest European general or prince. These shows appear at intervals and then disappear; but where they come from or go to is to me unknown; and a greater mystery is where the owners of these animals get money enough for their support. The impoverished crowds that enjoy such amusement cannot afford to give to it a total of ten cents a day.

In another part of the city we encounter another group of people not so large as that drawn together by the dancing bear, and not nearly so excited or enthusiastic. Still the bystanders are all curious to see what is being done. The attraction in this case is unique, something that would never be seen in America. We have here a snake-charmer. He has his live reptiles with him, two of them of medium size, and one fully six feet in length. These he carries in a bag slung under his arm, just such a bag as was used by David for carrying stones in his contest with Goliath. These bags are in common use to-day by the natives for their food and any small objects which they wish to take with them. Some natives still adhere to their own picturesque dress, while others have attempted to Europeanize themselves by wearing trousers which do not fit. In my large natural history collection, including all the birds, animals, reptiles, and insects of Palestine that I could obtain, I have thirty or more snakes which were all secured for me by these snake-charmers.

The snakes were brought alive in such bags as I have described, and sometimes the men would bring their bread and snakes in the same bag. These men were very black, they were strict Moslems, and when they came to put the snakes into the jars of alcohol which I had prepared for their abode, they dreaded the spatters of alcohol on their flesh more than they did the poison of the serpents. There are not so many snakes in Palestine as many persons suppose, and in making my collection these men were occupied, at least they were on the lookout for them for nearly three years. A peculiarity of these men was that they were very reticent. I never could learn much about the secret of their art, or why they should want to do this work. Their faces are far from attractive, the expression on them unusually strange, and I felt that I should not care to meet them in a lonely place at night.

As we pass along we notice at a sional door here and there a black standing, sitting, or perhaps half on a mat. He is the "porter" of the



ORIENTAL SERPENT-CHARMERS.

The name of a door is *bab*, and it is called *barwab*, which foreigners pronounce *boab*. His office is a humble one. The name for water is *natoor*, and mortal offence would be given if we were to speak inadvertently of a watchman proper as a "boab," though in the position of the two being so wide in Oriental eyes. Some families employ a door-keeper, they cannot afford even the trifling expense necessary for his wages, so keep up appearances, for the presence of the door of such a functionary is so to imply that the family has some means.

We are now approaching the Jewish quarter from the interior of the city, and in time to witness a wedding procession. Native wedding processions are common, but they generally occur at night, with torches, drums, and shouting necessary to make them a success. On the present occasion, natives participate to a certain extent, but the wedding is for foreigners, both English. The bride is unusual for Jerusalem. The bride is in the church and the bride's carriage, on the way thither with friends, and both horses and car-



WATCHING THE DANCING BEAR.



A WEDDING PROCESSION AND CONSULAR ESCORT.

lems, they take pride in the festive of a Christian wedding. The men stand in the second row from the front of the guards of the American Consulate. All the *kawasses* appreciate being upon to serve at a wedding or at a funeral in either case they receive a "present" according to the means of the family interested, and at a wedding they share liberally in the refreshment provided.

SELAH MERRILL

The Christian's Hardships.
oub in New Aspects—Voluntary Sub-
mission to Burdens Imposed on the Chris-
tian for a Divine Purpose.

“Trouble can never be so tolerable to any one as it is to the man who can look at it as discipline. He is spared the irritation that results from regret. The self-reproach for something done, or omitted, or self pity for misfortune, are both to him. Accepting the trial from God's hand, he feels that it is sent for a definite purpose and that it is to him in the end. Bitter it may be to bear, but if it brings sweet results it is no longer an empty sorrow. Trouble invites us in the passage of the world with the topic (Heb. 12: 1-13) to a still more lofty view of it. He who looks at it as a token of divine love, a Christian whose lot is easy and who has no trouble has cause, according to the Apostle's reasoning, to doubt his faith. Every son is scourged; it is the discipline of the family. The word, discipline, is not used, but it is the meaning. The view in which the burdens of the Christian are met. Chastisement is not punishment, it is the process of eliminating the weakness and strengthening of good in God's children. Like the rough wind which sweeps the tree to spread its roots more firmly in the earth, trouble is intended for the child of God take firmer hold of his privileges and draw fuller from the inexhaustible treasury of God's love. The other view is that of witnessing. Children are witnesses for him in the world. When trial comes, how does the Christian act? Is he cheerful and content? The world sees him and wonders how he is able to bear so well the trial that crushes others. Whence comes his serene equanimity? The Christian directs every observer to God. He shows how God supports the sufferer in his sickness? The bed of pain may be a pulpit from which the lesson of God's support that God gives. Is it bereavement? The world wonders what there is unshaken love for him who has given and who has taken away. The Christian's property? The Christian is content, having a God who is able to supply all his need. The world needs to know what God does for a man and the support religion affords in a crisis. He heeds to words but when it comes to patience, the faith, the strength in trial, it realizes that there is a power in godliness that the world never gives. And we are encouraged by the example of witnesses by whom we are sustained. Not witnesses of our comfort, but sometimes understood, but witnesses for God who have gone before. They bore their testimony in their lives even to the shedding of their blood. Their example is to inspire us. What is the result to be achieved? To have we to aim at? Laying aside our sight, we are to run with patience the race that is set before us. Whatever would impede our progress in the divine life is ruthlessly put away. The inner life is that of a foot-race. The contestant is not concerned about his appearance; he is only concerned about the use of his strength. He avoids the sin which besets the racer avoids articles of diet, which reduce his strength and endurance. Everything is subsidiary to the one thing that he may run. The Christian is running. Things that others may laugh at he puts away from him, that he may win the prize. That is his one desire, which he is ready to sacrifice all to win. He finds that some amusement has been found to fill his mind and disturb his peace. He enjoys it and it is accounted for; others indulge in it and there is no cause to reproach him. But he puts it away; it is a candidate for higher honors. It has been bought with a price and is not the better things. It is hardship, it is denial; but if that is the way to win the prize, he will take it. He might have content with the half-and-half life of the selfish most Christians, but if he has set himself in the race for the prize, he will endure the hardship. It is worth the while, worth all it costs, and Christ is the path before him.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Pleasures Forevermore.

"At thy right hand."—Ps 16: 11.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I lift my thankful song To God, my Help and Guide; To Him my life and
2. In Him is life and peace; I trust His love and might; He bids the strife and
3. My heart is glad in Him. My portion He prepares; His watchful eye is
4. A - long the nar - row way, My Sav - iour goes be - fore; He leads to realms of

CHORUS
way be - long; No e - vil shall be - tide. He will show me the path of life;
tum - ult cease, And makes the darkness light.
nev - er dim; For me, for me He cares.
end - less day, And pleasures ever - more.

In His pres - ence is ful - ness of joy: At His right hand there are

pleas - ures, are pleas - ures for - ev - er - more; At
pleasures ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

His right hand there are pleas - ures, There are pleasures for - ev - er - more.
pleasures ev - er - more,

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1" By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

LET ME WIN A SOUL FOR JESUS!

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

LET me win a soul for Jesus!
Win a dear and deathless soul;
I would count it higher honor
Than the grandest earthly goal.
Let me win a soul for Jesus!
Souls are of such priceless worth,
I would count it richer treasure
Than the richest gems of earth.

Let me win a soul for Jesus!
Let me point the longing eyes
To the Christ who died for sinners—
To the willing sacrifice.
I would catch the glad hosannas
Sounding from the harps of gold,
When another soul is ransomed,
And another name enrolled.

Let me win a soul for Jesus!
"He that winneth souls is wise."
I am longing for the honor
Of a bright, immortal prize.
Saviour, draw me nearer, nearer,
Till my soul is all aflame,
Till I long to win them, only
For the glory of thy name.

E. Corinith, Me. MARY B. WINGATE.

HIDDEN POWER.

AS the light reveals such marvels,
By its beams, themselves unseen;
So does Christ reveal his presence,
Shining from the lives of men;
As the Tree of Life Eternal
Far and wide its branches spreads;
With each century growing broader,
Fruits, with leaves of healing, sheds.

Seeds in lands remote all scattered;
Springing fair in every clime.
Banyan groves from single plantlets
Waving in perennial prime.
In the bell the chimes lie slumbering
Till the stroke that bids them wake;
Then, the distant echoes waiting,
Into joyous music break.

Thus the Lord of Life is working,
Thus we labor with our Lord;
Oft in silence, long in darkness,
Till he speaks his wondrous Word.
Then the gates of morn are opened,
Glow the earth with sunrise gold;
We behold a waving harvest,
Riches of the years unfold.

Berlin, Mass. —PHERE A. HOLDER.

Promises to the Jews.

Definite Pledges Given in Prophecy of the
Return and Permanent Settlement of
the Jews in Palestine.

By REV. B. D. CHARLES, D.D.*

That very remarkable prophecy, Jeremiah 32: 37-41, there is a carefulness of detail and an emphasis as to pledges which is seldom found anywhere but in a legal document or a business contract. Here the prophet states four distinct things in regard to his people. The first is, he asserts that he, God, will "gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them in my anger." The second point is that he will "bring them into this place," Jerusalem, and "will cause them to dwell there in safety." The third is, "I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Now you can see that this third point has never taken place. At no time in the history of the Jews has such a covenant existed. For God has turned away from them for many, many years, and has not done them good. And at no time in their history has God put his fear in their hearts, that they have not departed from him. The Jews at this day still reject their Messiah, and as a nation have cast him out. Therefore this covenant is still a thing of the future, so far as the Jew is concerned. The fulfilment of this prophecy is reserved until his people are restored to their own land. This brings me to the fourth point. "I will plant them in this land assuredly," or, as the Hebrew expresses it, "in truth." Here you see the Lord uses a peculiar expression. "I will plant them." The idea is that he would make of them a fixed and organized population. He would establish them there that they would never again be rooted up. They would no longer be wanderers, but a permanent population, and he would prosper and increase them in their restored country. Read now Ezekiel 37: 21-28. There you will find further details. The Jews are to be gathered out of all nations. It seems to me there can be no mistake about this prophecy. There never was a time when the Jews were scattered among all the nations as they are now. Since they were despoiled by the Romans they have been without a home. In their previous captivity they were only taken to an individual country. This prophecy has reference to their present dispersion, over the whole world. Then what does it teach? The Lord will gather up his ancient people from among all nations and will reinstate them in their own land. They form part of all the kingdoms of earth and speak all languages. Then they will come together, and "David, my servant," or rather the descendant of David, who is Christ, shall rule over them. Here God reiterates his oft repeated declaration, "I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen . . . and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land." Their own land is one definite country. All the world knows that Palestine is the land of the Jews. Then into that country God will gather them. Another characteristic is to be theirs when they return to their own land. They are to be made "one nation." This has not been true in their previous history. There were shameful jealousies among them when in their tribal state. They would wage war among themselves, and destroy thousands of their own people. And afterwards, when they became a great nation, they were divided for generations. They had ten tribes under one king and two under another. Wars, with all their evil consequences, were frequent. But when they are gathered back to "their own land," they will be governed by one king. The declaration is definitely made, "They shall be no more two nations," nor "divided into two kingdoms any more at all." "David my servant shall be king over them."

* From his new *Lectures on Prophecy*. A volume of sixteen lectures, embracing the whole course of prophecy from the earliest to the latest prophets; 325 pages; price \$1.25. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Ireland's Peasant Homes.

Humble but Comfortable Dwellings of "Stone and Turf"—Simple Lives—The Shadow of Famine in the Land.



BRITISH royalty has recently been visiting Ireland, and the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York has aroused a feeling of hearty enthusiasm which has been shared throughout a very large part of the Emerald Isle. There is little doubt that the visit will have the effect of popularizing the reigning royal family in Ireland, whose people have justly complained that, though they contribute largely toward the royal exchequer, they are neglected as far as recognition is concerned. The Duke and Duchess seem to have resolved, by a brilliant programme during the tour, to make amends as far as possible for this neglect. They have been splendidly entertained at Dublin, and have visited many other cities, including some of the famous historic and picturesque places of the "Green Isle." Altogether, their reception has been most cordial and generous and their visit will probably be followed by others, for the purpose of cultivating closer ties of friendship with the Irish people.

But while all this merrymaking has been in progress, a shadow of impending trouble has been gradually gathering over Ireland. Is it the shadow of famine. Fifty years ago, as some still living there can doubtless remember, the country was prestrated, owing to the failure of the potato crop. One half the peasant population was starving and the government in 1847 had on its hands the support of three million souls, including women and children. That terrible experience, causing untold hardship and a multitude of deaths, was followed by an exodus of large proportions, chiefly directed toward our own shores.

The recent general failure of crops in a large section of the Irish agricultural districts has given rise to the apprehension of another season of privation, if not of actual famine. The present harvest is said to be the poorest in many years and it is more than probable that the coming winter will be the hardest the peasantry have had to face in a generation. It is announced that the government, being fully alive to the situation, has already taken the necessary steps to meet actual suffering.

Our photograph on this page presents a scene which will be familiar to all who have traveled in the rural districts of the "Emerald Isle." The itinerant milkmaid and her patient donkey as burden-bearer, is a figure common to many parishes. Even in the best of times, the poor find the winter struggle, and the women, no less than the men, have to perform their full share of arduous physical labor. Should famine come, there will be suffering in many a "stone and turf" dwelling.

A Ministering Angel.

It is related by a Western contemporary that the daughter of a Denver, Colorado millionaire has labored in missionary work on the west side of that city during the whole of the summer just ended, and when the atmosphere was most oppressive. Concerning her work, the writer says: "She was telling a class of women of the Christ who died on Calvary, that even little ragged poor boys must have everlasting life. She talked from the heart. They were impressed by her manner and by the simplicity she told them. My thought is naturally centered on the fact of that aristocratic young girl, who left an

afternoon of leisure for work among the offspring of the toilers. When I listened I did not know who it was, but I afterward learned it was the daughter of one of our wealthiest bankers. I inquired further, and found that she was welcomed as a ministering angel in many a poor man's home. A friend told me that he knew of a family for whom she baked bread on more than one occasion. To take flowers to the sick, comfort to the distressed, food to the famished is her chief delight."

Chiding the Children.

We little know what effect our thoughtless and meaningless words of comment and chiding for every small matter that goes wrong produce upon the half-grown girl and boy, writes Florence Hull Wintergreen. They are apt to be reserved, and to become sullen under restraints they dislike, and when this sullen attitude once sets in we may say farewell to all confi-

read the advertisements on the labels on the canned goods time after time. The way in which these men, who have come out from the wilderness, devour the news in a paper, is a sight to behold.

The method of keeping their supplies is unique, for of course there are no refrigerators in the Klondike country. The usual way is to build a 'cache,' a little enclosure set on eight poles from which the bark has been scraped. The provisions are placed on the 'cache,' and then all is covered with a tarpaulin. If the provisions were left in the cabin they would not be safe. Bears, if plentiful, will even tear the roof off a cabin to get at provisions, whereas they will not climb the thin posts, when the bark has been stripped off.

Right Uses of Wealth.

Our children should be taught early that all riches is a stewardship, and that they will be accountable for the uses to which they put their possessions and their opportunities; that wealth is not to be desired for the opportunities it brings for indulging personal gratification, but for the larger opportunities it affords its temporary owner for becoming a benefactor and a blessing to others. A right use of wealth has seldom been more practically exemplified than in the case of Miss Helen Culver, whose gift of four biological laboratories, costing \$325,000, and an endowment fund of \$700,000 to a medical university, was formally handed over to the

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A CROSS old woman of long ago Declared that she hated noise; "The town would be so pleasant, you know, if only there were no boys." She scolded and fretted about it till Her eyes grew heavy as lead, And then, of a sudden, the town grew For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street There wasn't a boy in view; The baseball lot, where they used to run, Was a sight to make one blue; The grass was growing on every base, And the paths that the runners made For there wasn't a soul in all the place Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day, Why should they bark or leap? They wasn't a whistle or call to play, And so they could only sleep. The pony neighed from his lonely stall And longed for saddle and rein; And even the birds on the garden wall Chirped only a dull refrain.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and There was less of cheer and mirth; The sad old town, since it lacked its boys, Was the dreariest place on earth. The poor old woman began to weep; Then woke with a sudden scream; "Dear me!" she cried; "I have been a And, oh! what a horrid dream!"

In a Court of Birds.

THOSE who are versed in bird lore and who make a study of its habits and peculiarities of our feathered friends, relate many singular instances of intelligent action—apparently the outcome of a sort of instinctive reasoning. In *Animal Friends*, George E. Mearns tells of a court of crows held near the Palisades on the Hudson River. He says:

Here the birds hold their court over and terminer, and dispute according to their notions of right and wrong. A few days ago an offense of the criminal was can conjectured, but the proceeding the trial were conducted in the manner possible. Every member of the court seemed to be extremely anxious to speak at once, the cawing was deafening. A sentinel on a neighboring rock so interested in the proceedings failed to see the stealthy approach of a stranger.

The crows were all assembled around a barren rock on which the criminal and a large black crow who seemed to be the leader of the flock. The criminal had his head and fluttered his wings, as if anxious to escape. Half an hour's wild cawing, the trial of the court was apparently concluded, suddenly there was a wild commotion and the whole flock pounced on the criminal and killed him. The court was satisfied with the proceeding and returned to their various duties, gathered in small groups, cuss in crow-fashion the result of the trial.

The sparrows also hold criminal trials upon offenders against their own tribe rarely kill a criminal outright, but the such severe punishment that the offender is not likely to repeat the crime. They are as noisy and quarrelsome as the and court proceedings are conducted in a manner that would distract any human. When the offender is found guilty, a number of the flock are detailed to punish him, which they usually do by upon the poor bird and pecking him severely. After losing most of his feathers, he is mitted back into the fold on probation long as the absence of the feathers makes a criminal, he is in disgrace, and he is not particularly cultivated. Few sparrows may be seen hovering on the top of many flocks. Occasionally other may have caused the loss of the feathers usually the bird is one that has been punished for some offense.

The offenses which deserve punishment among the birds differ according to species. Some are horn pilferers, and every is looked upon by them as legal, but most of our song birds respect the property. Martins will punish any member of their tribe that steals the nest or, in any way interferes with a young pair.

What must these little wayfarers of the men, who shoot, trap, stone and rob them without mercy? If it capable of thought, they must regard as types of a species of terrible m ing monsters, who exist only to t and slay. Their example ought to us to be humane to all creatures.



AN IRISH MILK-MAID AND HER PATIENT, FOUR-FOOTED CARRIER.

dential intercourse between parent and child. To avert such an evil we will do well to apply all our powers of tact and kindness. Let us avoid arousing the spirit of perverseness that stirs in every young creature at this period of life, and by enlarging his opportunities for action as his ambition extends, soothe any budding revolutionary ideas, and inspire in him the trust and confidence in parental benevolence that will be his safeguard when he needs advice and assistance. For youth never stands in deeper need of wise guidance than at this time when there is a desire to dispense with it. But the guidance must be so wise, so tactful, so gentle, that even the most independent young soul will feel that love, and not force, is the motive power that draws him toward what is best, and that he is restrained by nothing except his own honor and trained sense of right.

Klondike Miners' "Homes."

The homes of the Alaska gold miners are rough "shacks," or cabins, and in the winter it is a struggle to keep warm. In the long evenings they go to each other's "shacks," chat together and endeavor to make the time pass pleasantly. Reading matter is at a premium, and should any paper, periodical or book make its way to the camps, it is read and re-read by scores of the miners. So scarce is reading matter that the miners have been known to

institution a few days ago. In consummating the enterprise, she said: "This is the happiest moment of my life. I believe this money could not have been utilized to a nobler purpose than to devote it to that science whose object is to assuage the sufferings of humanity and to make life endurable and enjoyable here on earth."

The Family System in India.

The family is a unit in India and lives by cohesion. Nathu is a soldier, Juma a chuprassie, Piroo a policeman, and the clever little Ram Charan a pleader. They all belong to the same village and plot of land. Africa, Benares, Lahore, Bombay may be their residences, but Kot Changa Manga is still their "home." There their wives and children are, and all their uncles, aunts, sisters, cousins to the last degree, and there all the wives, husbands and children of each gravitate. All live on a common fund. Whoso is not earning money lives on those who do earn. No distance, no occupation separate them or alter their position in the family government. The Indian family is as one man. The Englishman says every man for himself. The Indian says every man, woman, and child for the family to the uttermost edge. Hence there is no Poor Law in India. The intense and utter selfishness of the Indian is loosened only for his family. Beyond that his ideas do not go.

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

THE little finishing touches which are given to the toilette have a great deal to do with its beauty. A pretty ribbon around the neck, a dainty bit of trimming, a gown in the afternoon, and a general neatness and tidiness go far to make every plain costume beautiful. Women sometimes grow indifferent to their dress, and while this is seldom true of young, it is deplorably true of those growing older. At the very time when a woman should care most to present attractive appearance in the eyes of her husband and children, when her own has lost some of the delicacy of her days and the texture of her dress is finer than formerly, she, so to speak, neglects herself to pieces, neglecting the dentist, taking no pains to keep in the fashion, and going about like a woman when she has still a right to be a model to all beholders.

There is a certain sort of chocolate-print much affected by women in the city, probably with the idea that it is smart, which it does not. I have seen a farmer's wife attired in an evening gown of this sort and wearing it along, while she had attractive things lying up in her closet which she had never slipped on, and in which she had been charming to her sons and daughters. One such woman I recalled with her in a summer long ago, and it used to trouble me first how much she had to do, and how hard a way she took to do it, and how little she cared about her dress when all was done.

One of linen around the neck costs nothing, and a collarless gown innocent of any appropriate finish suggests a toilette for an execution. My worthy neighbor by any chance had any sort of finish about the neck of her dress, her hair was tightly skewered up in a knot at the back of her head, and the whole appearance made one think that she must always have been deterred by vanity behind her. And yet, when her one could see that she had a face, that she still had soft eyes and features were regular, and that she had a little more care to bring her hair and give her more of the look which had borne in the days of her youth.

a garment which I would like to have forever if I could, and that is a style of apron also very much worn by middle-aged women about their houses. This forlorn-looking thing is usually of blue checked stuff, gathered into a band and finished with a band at the bottom and tied around the waist. Of all deforming, ugly creatures the most hideous. Once, some time when driving with a friend over the New Jersey, we met with an accident. Our horse balked at a certain point on the road, aware, I am afraid, that the man driving him. He backed up and possibly could over an embankment and into a meadow, where he was much the worse for the experience, the way of bruises and general discomfort, although we fared better.

than our carriage, which was broken to splinters.

I remember my search for help to disentangle the horse, who lay prone amid his harness, and in all the wretchedness of the disaster I still recall the figure of fun presented by the good woman who stood at the door of her little cabin receiving the story of our disaster with uplifted hands. She must have weighed more than two hundred pounds. She had on a chocolate-colored gown, around her waist was tied a blue checked apron, and she looked exactly like a feather-bed standing up with a string around the middle. I wondered then and I wonder now how anybody can be contented, even in the backwoods, dressed in such a way as that. Still she is one of a class, and her life passes with little recreation and small chance of change or excitement, so that a calamity at her doorstep is to her rather a boon than otherwise, giving her something to talk about for days to come. A pretty gown would not hurt her in the least.

Returning to our subject, every woman who cares about the finishing of her toilette, whether she be older or younger, should adopt some becoming style of hair-dressing and should cling to it unmindful of passing changes in the fashion. For elderly women nothing can be more beautiful than a soft, white cap such as we see in portraits of Queen Victoria. When the hair has grown thin on the top of the head and the back hair is scanty, certainly a pretty cap is a soft and beautiful adjunct to the toilette, though at present in America most old women scorn to wear one. In my girlhood we were very much given to the wearing of ribbons and rosettes, and every young woman possessed a number of head-dresses composed of lace, ribbon or feathers, without which she never thought of finishing her afternoon or evening dress. A favorite one was composed of a circlet of wire wound around with ribbon and finished on each side with a large and elaborate bow. We had these in pink, yellow, green, purple, and brown, and would no more have thought of dressing our hair without them than of not dressing it at all.

Then came in puff combs. These little combs were slipped in the hair, which was adjusted over them and made to look very wide and full at each side of the face.

A MINISTER'S STATEMENT

Rev. C. H. Smith of Plymouth, Conn., Gives the Experience of Himself and Little Girl in a Trying Season—What He Depends Upon.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.



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Good Wife, You Need

You may often see this style in the portraits of women who were girls in the fifties. There is at present a sort of revival in the fashions of hair-dressing of thirty years ago, and a return to the elaboration of puffs, curls, braids and artificial hair, which then was in favor. Let us hope that it will be a passing fancy, because beautiful hair well kept is sufficient to itself and needs no addition in the way of braids and curls fastened on by the art of the hair-dresser. The hair needs a great deal of brushing to keep it nice and should be frequently washed.

Let no one think that consideration for the body is either foolish or sinful. The body is the soul's house, and we should at least care as much for the house in which we live as we do for the residences which we build for ourselves.

Margaret E. Sangster



Inside of a Hundred Homes

Glimpses into one hundred of the daintiest furnished homes in America, showing what good taste can do with little money. See October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Other features: Stories by Mary E. Wilkins and Hamlin Garland; "Shams of the Modern Girl," by Ruth Ashmore; "A Chicago Girl in Europe," by Lillian Bell.

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GREECE'S SAD PLIGHT.

Ruined by the War, her Cities Devastated and her Faith in Christian Europe Shaken.

SELDOM has a sadder picture of the condition of a war-swept country been presented than that contained in the letter below, written by a native Protestant minister in Andros, Greece:

ANDROS, GREECE, July 2.

You have heard about the destructive Greco-Turkish war which began some time ago. Foolishly the Greek nation got involved in it, and after she began she found out that she was not only fighting the Turks, but all Europe. With what courage the Turks fought when they knew they had all Europe with them! They have ruined Armenia, they have ruined Crete, and to-day Greece is ruined. The Turks, from the frontier to Domokos, (where they are now), committed all the crimes against the Greeks that human minds could devise. And all this is done in or through the sanction of Christian Europe, so-called. We want to know how we can preach a Protestant Gospel here, after the Protestant nations have done what they have in the way of sanctioning the Turks in the terrible devastations. How can we tell the people here that the Bible is printed in England, when they have been so inhuman in Crete, where they bombarded the Greeks? England was the first to throw the bombs. For England to take Cyprus and Egypt, and for France to take Madagascar did not disturb the peace of Europe. But when Greece tried to stop the massacres by the Turks in Crete, the powers said it was disturbing the peace of Europe.

The islands and large cities are full of refugees from Crete and Thessaly, and the Greek subjects from Turkey have had to flee for their lives and leave their property. All these people are now poverty-stricken, and the Greek nation has now more than she can do. Besides the refugees, the Greek people are now in a suffering condition. The small crops which have been raised here are destroyed by the drought. The young men were taken to the war and some have been killed. In the

towns and villages very few are left but old men, women and children, without any means of support. Work is scarce, and stealing and breaking open of houses has begun. It is heartbreaking! Some have lost husbands and sons; some have lost wives and daughters by the cruelty of the Turks. Wherever the Turkish army has passed, it is as though a fire or tornado or flood had swept.

The Greek people feel that they have been deserted by the European powers, but thank God that there is a Christian nation in the far West, and that is the American nation, who have always been and still are sympathizing with them! There are no words or language to express their gratitude to America, for not only are they now receiving help from them, but ever since the war in 1821 Armenia has shewn much kindness to the Greeks.

Your brother in Christ,

A. D. ZARAPHONITHES.

New Medical Discovery.

A Positive Cure for Dyspepsia.

This may read as though we were putting it a little strong because it is generally thought by the majority of people that Dyspepsia in its chronic form is incurable, or practically so. But we have long since shown that Dyspepsia is curable, nor is it such a difficult matter as at first appears.

The trouble with Dyspepsia is that they are continually dieting, starving themselves, or going to opposite extremes or else deluging the already overburdened stomach with "bitters," "after dinner pills," etc., which invariably increase the difficulty even in some cases they do give a slight temporary relief. Such treatment of the stomach simply makes matters worse. What the stomach wants is a rest. Now how can the stomach become rested, recuperated and at the same time the body nourished and sustained.

This is the great secret, and this is also the secret of the uniform success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. This is a comparatively new remedy, but its success and popularity leaves no doubt as to its merits.

The Tablets will digest the food anyway, regardless of the condition of stomach.

The sufferer from Dyspepsia according to directions is to eat an abundance of good, wholesome food, and use the tablets before and after each meal and the result will be that the food will be digested no matter how bad your dyspepsia may be, because as before stated, the tablets will digest the food even if the stomach is wholly inactive. To illustrate our meaning plainly, if you take 1,000 grains of meat, eggs or ordinary food, and place it in a temperature of 98 degrees, and put with it one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, it will digest the meat or eggs almost as perfectly as if the meat was enclosed within the stomach.

The stomach may be ever so weak, yet these tablets will perform the work of digestion, and the body and brain will be properly nourished, and at the same time a radical, lasting cure of dyspepsia will be made, because the much abused stomach will be given, to some extent, a much needed rest. Your druggist will tell you that of the many remedies advertised to cure dyspepsia, none of them has given so complete and general satisfaction as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and not least in importance in these hard times is the fact that, they are also the cheapest and give the most good for the least money.

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Elements of Church Organization in the Communities of Gentile Believers, as seen in the Epistles. (Eph. 2: 1-6.)

From the Acts of the Apostles and from the Epistles we get only glimpses of the character of the churches which Paul founded. They seem to have been of a very simple kind. Original families meeting together in private house, belonging to the most prominent member of the group, constituted the church. (See Colossians 4: 15.)

Worship probably consisted in the singing of certain psalms, and together about the life and teaching as they had been recounted by him when he first preached in the city. The little companies may have had some fragments of the narrative in which the Gospels were afterwards compiled, and these would be read in the weekly assemblies. Some Christian visitor from Jerusalem would be present occasionally, who would give an address which only too often reflections on the Apostle, caused distressing doubt to the hearer. Probably the Lord's Supper was celebrated every Sunday, and the talk would be of Christ's coming again, which was to occur in a short time. Gradually, by casual references in Paul's letters, that a more formal organization of elders and teachers were appointed, and groups of churches were placed under the oversight of a bishop, Timothy. The letters Paul wrote were entirely copied, and the copies distributed among the churches. There is no mention in this fact in Colossians 4: 16, but it seems, however, to have been the order of worship, or any formal assembly.

The members were such as believed in Christ, and had been baptized. The Spirit was among them, and they were moulded and allowed to develop. The hostility of the world, on the one hand and the heathenism, on the other, would be likely to drive the church into closer union with each other, and the expectation of the coming of Christ would be liberal with each other, rich helping the poor, and a loving spirit prevailing. There seems to have been, in any of the churches, a community of goods, which was effected in Jerusalem (Acts 4: 34-35), but the sense of brotherhood and practical. From the epistles to the Corinthians we learn, too, of a system of church government, which was organized, as the church was kept discipline on an offending member, but it seems to have been done in a church, and not by any ecclesiastical authority. The church was alive, and was natural and unrestricted.

BOOKS RECEIVED.
On Prophecy. By Benjamin H. D. Pp. 320; price \$1.25. Published by W. H. Revell Company, New York, & Toronto.
Soul Teaching of Jesus. An Essay on Sociology. By Shailer Mathews. A.M. Pp. 155. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

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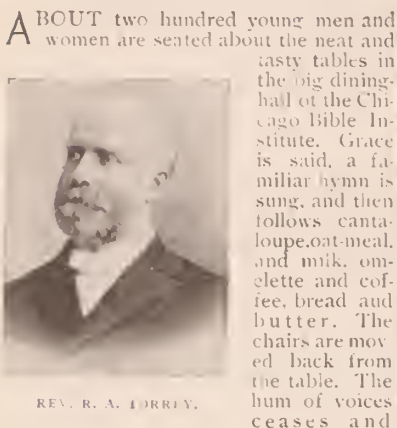
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A Breakfast at the Moody Bible Institute.



REV. R. A. TORREY.

ABOUT two hundred young men and women are seated about the neat and tasty tables in the big dining-hall of the Chicago Bible Institute. Grace is said, a familiar hymn is sung, and then follows cantaloupe, oat-meal, and milk, omelette and coffee, bread and butter. The chairs are moved back from the table. The hum of voices ceases and

some one is called on by Dr. Newell, the Assistant Superintendent to lead in prayer. "His blood avails for me," is sung, and then Dr. Newell preaches a ten-minute sermon on "Liberty in right living." All then kneel a moment in prayer, and breakfast is over, giving food for body and soul. We see why this Institute has been called the "West Point of Christian work." It is a sort of spiritual arsenal, an oasis in Chicago's busy commercial life. 160 male and seventy-five female students are in attendance at the lectures of Rev. Dr. James Grey of Boston. In his lecture on "Preaching," delivered after breakfast, he urges practical points that are new to many. Such as dependence on the Holy Spirit in selecting the text, its division and simplification, synthetic reading of the Bible, etc.

The Y. P. S. C. E., Y. M. C. A. and the revival movements of the present time have opened up new fields of usefulness for devoted men and women. Around the breakfast table are men and women preparing for different fields. One young man is going to the Congo, another to Abyssinia, still another to South Africa. Among the 400 students enrolled during 1896, twenty-seven denominations were represented: eighty-nine were Presbyterians, eight-two Methodists, sixty-one Congregationalists, fifty-six Baptists. Twenty-seven different states and 108 professions and occupations were represented.

Rev. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Bible Institute is a man of firmness of character, yet deeply spiritual, as his sermon at Northfield this summer indicated. Mr. Moody has the love and respect of all. The love of the Master pervades the entire institution. W. J. PECK.

Truth from a Great Soldier.

Count Von Moltke in his life time, told the Germans a plain, though not very acceptable truth, when he said: "Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France." Were France to invade her territory thousands would rally to the defence of the Fatherland; yet intemperance attacks the home and community and performs its destructive work year after year, and she looks on with blinded indifference and unconcern.

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in a majority of cases is caused by a derangement of the nerve centers in the brain which control the action of the stomach. Bad news will often destroy a good appetite. The brain receives the news and through its nerve centers, communicates it to the different organs of the body. When the nerves of the stomach become over-worked and debilitated, it becomes unable to perform its duties, and soon gives signs of distress, followed by a refusal to withhold all that is forced upon it. The result is dyspepsia.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health.

Mr. Frank A. Bond, Middlebury, Vt., says: "Until 6 months ago I suffered from indigestion bordering on dyspepsia, producing such nervousness that at times I could not control myself. I used Dr. Miles' Nervine and Nerve and Liver pills, fully restoring my health." All druggists guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book free. Address, Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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You will get a new notion of what a lamp chimney can be, when you use a Macbeth; and of what it can do, when you get the right one. Get the Index.

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WEAK CHRISTIANS!

body Declares that Bible Study is the Church's Greatest Need.

MY I, through the columns of your paper, give voice to the profound conviction that the greatest need of the Church of Christ to-day is the study of the Word of God. Everywhere I go, meeting with weak Christians, those who "try" to be saved; those who have assurance of salvation and are utterly powerless to reach about them who are without God and help in the world—and that they are not grounded and settled in truth.

It is not need to be reminded of Paul's word to the Ephesian elders: "I commend you to God and to the Word of God, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all who are sanctified?"

Some measure to meet this need and some who through the study of the Word of God desire to be "thoroughly furnished to every good work," there has been opened in Northfield a training school. Here young women and those desiring to enter on some form of Christian work, may prepare themselves to be "the Master's use," through study of the Word, methods of work and contact with experienced in winning souls and living others. This school being held in the large Northfield hotel, we are able to accommodate a large number of students. The fall term begins October 1st. We would be glad to hear from any who wish to fit themselves for work in the vineyard. Circulars will be supplied on application.

D. L. Moody.

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and Young Men's Home.

Lited at 105 Bowery, New York City.

(operated under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

One hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recitation of last Annual Statement.

Open Meetings Held	337
Aggregate Attendance	80,230
Individual Conversions	5,137
Out-Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,913
Caldered in Restaurant	628,673
Admitted to Free Dispensary	2,300
Emergency food for	1,200
Parties Attendance (three months)	770
Benefit at Mrs. Boyd's Women's	
Reception	2,300
Individual Conversions at same	250
Receipts	50,850

Following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Mission since last issue:

Unacknowledged (corrected)	\$540.90
From the readers of the C. H., E. Shelburne	1.00
Circle of K. D. & Sons, Oswego	2.00
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W. Getchell	1.00
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	592.90

Contributions will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Buddhist Logic.

It is one of the strongest weapons of the Buddhists of India, in arguing in support of their peculiar beliefs. It sometimes happens that their logic recoils upon themselves unexpectedly. A Christian, in talking with a disciple of Buddha, the latter expressed an utter disbelief in the Christian's God and heaven, because he could be located anywhere. There his attention was called to a Buddhist sutra. "The Questions of King Mirabha." "Venerable Nagasena, where is wisdom dwell?" "where, O king?" "en, sir, there is no such thing as wisdom." "ere does the wind dwell, O king?" "anywhere, sir." "there is no such thing as the wind." "I answered, Nagasena."

The Oriental mind, the logic was irrelevant, and the Buddhist, though still believing, was silenced.

LIKE A MIRACLE

How a Locomotor Ataxia Sufferer Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James Crocket, a sturdy old Scotchman, living in Detroit, Mich., at 88 Montcalm Street, was asked about his wonderful cure.

"First," he said, "I must tell you something of my life before my almost fatal sickness. I was born in Scotland in 1822, and came to this country in 1848. I am a marine engineer by trade. In 1872 I was in the employ of the Cleveland Navigation Co., and for fifteen years I was chief engineer on one of their big passenger steamers. My first boat was the K. N. Rice, which was burned at the docks. Then I was transferred to the Rubie, which was chartered to make the run between Detroit and Cleveland.

"I bought out the new steamer the 'City of the Straits,' and for years acted as her chief engineer. It is a great responsibility, the position of chief engineer on those big passenger palaces. Thousands of lives are held in the keeping of the engineer. The anxiety causes a great nervous strain, and the strictest attention is necessary. Not for a moment must he lose his watchfulness.

"For fifteen years I carefully watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken sick, and in less than a week I was prostrated. I had the best of physicians. I grew gradually worse, and at the council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never be able to be up again. They said I had worn myself out by the long nervous strain caused by watching and worrying about the machinery. For three long years I was unable to move from my bed without assistance. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again.

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable. My wife used to put eight or ten hot water bags around me to stop the pain. Those that came to see me bid me good-bye when they left me, and I was given up. The doctors said nothing more could be done for me.

"We tried every known remedy, and my wife kept reading the articles about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me. Finally she said they only cost 50 cents, and she wanted to know if I would try them. To please her I consented, and the first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. It came slow but sure, but what I am to-day is due wholly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I am nearly seventy-five years old to-day, and there is not a man in the whole city that can kick higher or walk further than I can to-day. If any one has locomotor ataxia that reads this, let them come and see me to-day. Can you tell me a man to-day in this big city that can do better than that?" said Mr. Crocket, as he kicked the reporter's hat, which was held high above his head.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People made me what I am to-day. I only wish I could persuade others to do as I did, and take them before it is too late."

(Signed) "JAMES CROCKET."

Before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared James Crocket, who signed and swore to the above statement as being true in every particular.

ROBERT E. HULL, Jr., Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y., for 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

From the Land of the Kangaroo

Where Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption are Unknown.

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Nature's Own Remedy

It creates the same conditions in the atmosphere of your home as found in that distant land. The first and only treatment for diseases of the respiratory organs ever endorsed by the medical profession.

Physicians have found "Hyomei" the only germicide which kills the bacilli of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. They have also discovered that the Australian Dry Air Treatment is the only way by which all the diseased parts of the head, throat and lungs can be reached and cured. So positive of this have they become that not one physician in good standing in medical society can be found to-day who will advise to treat these diseases by the old methods—sprays, douches, atomizers or steam vapors—all such treatments being considered worthless, as moisture of any kind can not enter the bronchial tubes or lungs. Not only this, they have proved positively dangerous, as nine out of every ten persons who suffer from deafness and loss of sense of taste and smell, can trace the beginning of these afflictions to the time when they commenced the use of such barbarous methods of treating the delicate air passages.

"HYOMEI" Cures by Inhalation.

It is the one treatment indorsed by the physicians. It is the one treatment which does not require the use of sprays and atomizers. It is the one treatment which the manufacturers have enough confidence in to guarantee.

It is Nature's own remedy. Taken with the air you breathe, it reaches all the parts affected, killing the disease germs of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Rose Cold and Hay Fever at once, and bringing such relief to the sufferer as can be obtained in no other way.

There is no danger, no risk. Your money is refunded if it fails to relieve.

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FREE \$150.00 IN CASH.

We print here a list of words. They are sets of letters jumbled together, from which can be made the names of cities in the United States. For instance, CGOIHAC can be transposed into Chicago, and so on down the list. We will give:

- First Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to ten persons first sending correct answers.
- Second Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to next 20 persons sending correct answers.
- Third Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to next 50 persons sending correct answers.

Should more than the required number send correct answers, the awards will be made according to date letter is mailed, hence it is advisable that your letter should be among the first. You can win one of these prizes if you are quick and use your brains. The above rewards are given free as an inducement to read New Ideas, a handsome 16-page illustrated journal covering an entirely new field. It gives information about the latest inventions and progress in science, illustrating the most striking novelties for business and household use. Its subscription price is the only cheap thing about it. Send answer to-day!

OUR CONDITIONS.—You must send with your answer 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Six Months' Trial Subscription to New Ideas.

ALL SURE OF A PRIZE.

Aside from the prizes above named, we will give a special prize to each person who sends an answer, whether correct or not, provided that 25 cents in silver or stamps are sent for six months' subscription to New Ideas. These special prizes are awarded along the line of Novelties, Music, Decorative Art, History and Fiction. Be sure to state in letter which you want. This contest will close Saturday, Oct. 30th, and names of prize winners will be announced in Dec. number of New Ideas. Address New Ideas, Sta. K, 115 Philadelphia, Pa.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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EUROPE'S NEW ALLIANCE.

Memorable Meeting Between President Faure and Emperor Nicholas II.—Publicly Cementing a Union before all Europe—A Photograph that is Historical.

THROUGH its correspondent in Paris, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present in this issue a photograph of remarkable interest and which may already be regarded as historical. It is the only authorized photograph of an event that has agitated all the great political centres of the old world, and has set its statesmen and premiers to thinking seriously of the possible results of an alliance between two of the most powerful of European military nations, the great Muscovite empire and the French republic. What such a union of interests may ultimately mean to other European powers—and particularly to Germany and England—remains to be seen. It is significant to note that the Czar and his ministers spared no effort to impress the watchful European governments with the warmth and cordiality of his welcome to President Faure, and the genuine desire of the Russian people of all classes for a close alliance with the French Republic. Important public functions were expressly arranged for M. Faure's participation: splendid banquets were spread for him and his companions; he was lodged in the most magnificent palace, one of the most magnificent royal residences in the Czar's realm; there are many fine palaces (and the same in which Dr. Talmage and Dr.

were designed to reach the ears of listening Europe. These addresses were tantamount to a formal declaration of the alliance that had already been the absorbing topic in European Cabinets.

Our photograph shows the group of hosts and guests on board the warship in the harbor of Cronstadt, and was taken a few minutes before they adjourned to the celebrated lunch at which the magic word "alliance" was uttered by the Russian Emperor. The young potentate and the Chief Magistrate of the French Republic stand in the centre of the picture, one as usual, serious and preoccupied, the other, with his inevitable, good-humored smile. Behind the Czar, to his right, is seen Admiral Gervais, famous for his visit to Cronstadt five years ago. Directly between the Czar and the President stands the Grand Duke Vladimir in field marshal's uniform. Directly behind the President is the High Admiral of the Russian Navy, the Grand Duke Alexis, and next to him is General de Boisdeffre, Chief of Staff of the French Army—altogether a notable collection.



THE EMPEROR'S DROSCHKY.



THE MEMORABLE MEETING BETWEEN PRESIDENT FAURE AND THE CZAR, ON THE WARSHIP "ADMIRAL POTHUAU."

Nich were entertained when they visited Russia in 1892, as ambassadors of the famine-stricken provinces; he was lionized in public and in private; he was the Emperor's own guest on his private yacht, and he was entertained at luncheon on the warship, *Admiral Pothuau*, when speeches were made on both sides which

However, it is a blessing to know that none of these men are constitutional "fire-eaters." Most of them have witnessed the horrors of war in their time, and would shrink from embarking in general hostilities. The idea of settling the differences between the great nations by arbitration is not as remote as most people imagine.

LIFTING UP THE MAGDALENS.

The "Home of the Good Samaritan" in New York and the Work it is Doing among Unfortunate Women—Many Girls Rescued from Lives of Sin.

In these days of multiplied Christian effort on every hand, when our churches, our societies and our varied organizations are all actively engaged in spreading the Gospel and vying with each other in the effort to bring others into the kingdom, the Magdalens are not forgotten. It is denied that there is in some an aversion to undertaking Christ-evevolent work among these unfortunate; but there are, on the other hand, noble hearts and lives consecrated to the work of raising these poor creatures from the mire and bringing them into the Gospel fold. The Home of the Good Samaritan was at No. 244 E. 65th Street, New York, Dec. 14, 1896, for the purpose of raising friendless women, who were living in sin and desirous of leaving that life, or who, being friendless,

the "Whosoever" might be cared for. In October, 1896, she received the first subscription toward a fund to establish a

parents and friends, some transferred to other homes, and one was married. The conductors of the Good Samaritan Home have seen many souls born into the kingdom, and have been able to help many a poor wanderer to a better way of living. The work reaches down into the depths for sin-steeped souls, and also watches

which it has been carried on. At present we have three regular monthly contributors at \$10 each, leaving the balance to be raised as best we can. We find it hard to supply the proper clothing for the girls, and would be grateful for any articles of wearing apparel, as we have to supply almost all the girls with one, and sometimes two changes; this being particularly necessary when employment is secured for them. However, we can use almost anything that is useful about a house. Our books are open for inspection."

This excellent work has received the strongest endorsement from many city pastors, mission workers and others, and deserves the warmest support of all who have the rescue of homeless and unfortunate girls at heart. Any inquiries will be gladly answered by Mrs. Falke, and all contributions in aid of the work sent to her at No. 244 East 65th Street, New York will be acknowledged by mail.

Services in a Jail.

Evangelist S. F. Grady, of Trenton, N. J., who is conducting an excellent Gospel work among the prisoners there, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "Our service in the jail last Tuesday was very interesting. It is surprising that men of apparent culture and refinement are so frequently found in such places, but the fact shows what poor fallen humanity is, in its natural, unregenerate condition. While some seem to have hearts harder than the stone walls by which they are surrounded, or the iron bars by which they are confined, there are others whose hearts the Lord opens, as he did that of Lydia, to receive the truth, and the interest they take in the services is truly inspiring. Gospel hymns are frequently rendered in a manner which would do credit to any Christian Endeavor Society or church, and there is evidently a sincere desire on the part of some to live a new and better life. I have been invited to go to other places to preach to prisoners, but thus far have not been able to do so for lack of means."

The Nashville Centennial.

Great success has attended the Nashville Centennial Exposition during the summer months. Large and representative delegations from many different States have visited the Exposition. October 11th has been designated as Brooklyn day, October 12th, New York State day, and October 13th, New York City day, and it is expected that on those three days, the attendance from the Empire State will be the largest since the open-



GROUP OF RESCUED GIRLS AT THE SAMARITAN.

Home for Friendless Women. In December, having received much encouragement, she began to look about for a house suitable for her work, and after much searching, finally secured the building at 244 East Sixty-fifth street. It has twelve rooms and all conveniences. When the Home was opened, friends of the work in different parts of the metropolis sent coats, blankets, pillows, and sheeting, and the workers were enabled to care for some girls even during the first week.

Mrs. Falke's labors at the Home have been wonderfully blessed. During the

was rescued lately, was very ill and it became necessary to send her to a hospital for a time. Three months she lay there, oft-times sick unto death, but diligently reading her Bible. The change was as from night to day. And now, such is the transforming power of divine grace, that her old companions in Chinatown and the slums would probably be unable to recognize her.

As a rule, the stories of these girls are sad ones. Evil influences at home, vicious parentage, bad company, neglect of church and all religious influences, aid in bringing about many a downfall. In some cases the girl seems to have lost every true, womanly instinct, and in the effort to begin a new and better life, the struggle between right and wrong at first is almost visible to the eye, as the different emotions and moods come and go. Many of the girls have been soundly converted, and are working to-day and earning an



MRS. FALKE AND HER ASSISTANTS AT THE SAMARITAN HOME.

danger of falling into sinful ways and evil companions. On April 21, a little woman, to whose heart Christ's sake had spoken peace and forgiveness, began to pray that a way might be opened for her to tell her sisters who were living in sin, of the wonderful love of Him who came to save. She had been in sin for years. Often she had read God's Word, but paid no attention to it, and though various ministers and Christian workers had endeavored to show her the way, yet all their efforts had come to nothing. She knew that her old companions were sceptical of the truths they heard. They supposed that these Christian workers had lied all their lives, but that for a woman there was no hope. Too long her only idea of God was a vague memory of childhood's happy days, which was quickly laid aside as something to speak of—a memory of a dead mother.

Years after the little woman's conversion, God providentially opened the way for her to begin work. She did so, and it was a burden that few would voluntarily undertake, but she did not mind. Who so fitted to help others as she? She can say: "He did it for me?" Her duties were very simple. Two men, who knew of her change of heart, gave an allowance of ten dollars per month for her expenses, and for her scant remuneration she labored for two years, visiting the hospitals, the Island, the various city prisons. She was permitted to take a number of calls to various homes and institutions. When she started out, it was with the belief that there were enough homes established, but this illusion was dispelled. Mrs. Falke has often gone from home to home trying to get a girl accepted, only to find them with no openings, or unable from some other cause to receive other cases. On such occasions, she would take the girl temporarily into her own home.

After many struggles and disappointments, Mrs. Falke began to pray that she might be enabled to open a home, where

first nine months 108 girls were cared for; employment was secured for 37; 17 were sent to hospitals; some being restored to

honest living at suitable occupations. Mrs. Falke says: "The work has cost \$1,018.91 for the nine months during

ing of the Exposition. Our post graph, which appears on this page, shows a general view of the grounds and buildings.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, AT NASHVILLE, TENN.



RUSTICITY IN A PALACE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Genesis 45: 28. - - - - - I will go and see him before I die.



JOSEPH had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after, persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to one hundred and forty years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness-stand in England swore that he remembered an event one hundred and fifty years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at one hundred and forty years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived one hundred and forty years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived one hundred and forty years, and the names of eleven persons who lived one hundred and fifty years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long-absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says, "You don't mean Joseph, do you? my dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready. I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man, and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of paternal affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both

So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and unfailing thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvests reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and now they are seventy-five, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at seventeen years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy of seventeen years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O, parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membranous croup. I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains, and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until eleven o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treat-

ed his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost the midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the Capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindnesses. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what door sill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over those mosaics! Then, he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he

hangs on! Seventy years and not yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will they ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, an up to the drug-store and get something that makes him worse, and economize a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount which they never pay. I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so innately resigned to Providence that I like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the eagles shall eat it." In other words, an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you you have the honor of providing for parents. The blessing of the Lord of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had acquired a fortune. There the octogenarian and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of ages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dining over the past; and there was a room in the house where he was no come, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when he had passed, the neighbors came out to express all honor possible, and carried him to the village Machpelah, and put down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Your successes with the old people, probability is, that the principles thus culminated achieved your fortune. Let them a Christian percentage of 1 consideration. Let Joseph divide Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the hymn of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to their parents. The brutal world calls these sacrificing ones peculiar or angular, if you had had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is to take care of five rollicking, roving children than of one childish old man. Among the best women of our land are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were away they were soaking the old man's feet, tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in cotillon, they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism, and spreading petals for the lame back of the septuagenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our knowledge there has been some queen of self-sacrifice to whom jewelled hand after jewelled hand was offered in marriage, but she stayed on the old place because of a sense of filial obligation, until the life was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname, but she calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. Half-dozen ordinary women have much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of a hand. Although the world has seen thousands of years, this is the first apostrophe of maidenhood, although in the long list of those who have declined marriage they might be qualified for some commission are the names of Anna Rogers, Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Lyon, and Anna Etheridge, and Geo. Willets, the angels of the battle-field, Fair Oaks, and Lookout Mountain, Chancellorsville, and Cooper's Shoals; and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three greatest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibates.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne in heaven for her arrival, and on one of those thrones in heaven there is a valuable jewel, the one bright jewel of the Kohinoor of London Tower, and other larger than any diamond ever cut in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to me, I will do it to mother." "Over the Hills and

house" is the exquisite ballad of Will Gordon, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prospered sons; but I thank God I may find in my text, the hills to the palace."

As to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us with the story of the man who stole the eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and the story of the man, who tried to dethrone his father. But history is beautiful with stories of filial duty. Epaminondas, the warrior, was his chief delight in reciting to his mother his victories. There goes Aeneas mourning Troy, on his shoulders Ance his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. The beautiful Ruth escorting her venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the dogs. John Lawrence, burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in his death by his children, who said: "O mother, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of his passion, provided for his old mother. He kept his resolution, "I will go and die before I die," and a little while after, we find them walking the steps of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the minister proud of the shepherd.

My say in regard to the most of you, your parents have probably visited you the last time, or will soon pay you a visit, and I have wondered if they ever visit you in the King's palace. You say, "I am in the pit of sin!" I was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was in prison. "Oh," you say, "I have a fair chance: I was denied the kindness!" Joseph was denied the attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am away from the land of my native land!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? He brought him to that emblazoned palace; and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be emancipated. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion to heaven, and find you amid the alabaster walls of the throne room and living with the angels! They are coming up the steps of the epauletted guard of the palace, and says: "Your father's home, your mother's coming!" And under the arches of precious stones and the pavement of porphyry you see each other, the scene will eclipse the scene on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck. Broh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of the little child. Their stooped posture straightened into immortal symmetry. Their feeble, old, so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and led us that you were wayward and listless after we left the world; but you repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here; and as we used to say you on earth before we died, now we say you in your new home after our resurrection." And father will say, "Mother, do you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee. Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter calls 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest.'" That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection speculation. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the Cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famine-stricken caravan turned into the rich pasture of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

Prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THEY DIED FOR THE FAITH.

Brave Armenian Pastors who Welcomed the Martyrs' Fate.



THE martyr roll of Armenia—the largest and the saddest since the great massacres in the early days of the Christian Church—contains many bright and shining names. During the dark days of 1895-96, when the slaughter of native Christians was in progress in every important city of Anatolia, and when even the villages and hamlets were turned into shambles, the Armenian pastors bravely faced death with their flocks, like true shepherds. Their names and memory deserve to be cherished by the whole Christian world.

One of the leading missionaries in the Armenian field has forwarded a number of photographs of these pastor-martyrs, several of which appear in our illustration on this page. Rev. Sarkis Narkashjian was the pastor of Choonkush, and met his fate there among his flock. Pastor Boghos Atlasian was killed at Harpoot, his father, wife and wife's sister also falling victims to the Moslems. Pastor Juus won the martyr's crown at Cutturbul, near Dabekir, and Pastor Aboshe Jacob was also slain at Cutturbul, which is on the river Tigris, opposite Diarbekir. Of the two classes in the Theological Seminary of Harpoot, two students in each class were killed in the great Harpoot massacre of Nov. 11, 1895. One of these young martyrs appears in our photograph. Other victims of note in the Evangelical Armenian Church were the Pastor Ghazaroos Hoosepian and family, who were slain at Chermook, Rev. Krikor Tamzarian, pastor of Ichme, Rev. Mardiros Siraganian, of Arabkir, Rev. Garabed Kilijian, of Sivas, Rev. Mr. Stephan, of Marash, Rev. Krikor Baghdasarian, of Harpoot, Rev. Melcom Minasian, at Shepik; the pastor at Severeck, the pastor at Adiaman; Rev. Hohnannes Hachadorian, pastor at Kilibisse, Rev. Hanoys Melki, pastor at Karabash, Rev. Mardiros Terzian, pastor at Keserik, Rev. Hagop Abn Hayatian, pastor at Urfa, Rev. Hanna Sehda, preacher at Sert, and many others.

Besides those already mentioned, there were hundreds of clergymen of the Gregorian Armenian Church who fell victims to the fanaticism of the Turkish and Kurdish hordes. In Erzeroum seventeen, in Van eleven, in Sivas nineteen, in Harpoot eighteen, in Trebizond six, in Diarbekir nine, and probably a score in other places all fell victims during the massacres.

Hundreds of Christian churches were raided, looted and either demolished or transformed into stables or headquarters for Turkish or Kurdish notables. The darkest page in Armenian history is that which tells of the slaughter of over 60,000 of its defenceless people and of hundreds of faithful pastors who gladly welcomed a cruel death rather than deny the blessed Saviour.

The Bowery Mission's Work.

On September 25th Messrs. J. H. Wyburn and D. T. Mershon, associate superintendents of the Bowery Mission, completed their first year in the work of the Mission. It has been a year of great progress. A second new restaurant has been opened, and a third is now being fitted up, these places being for the convenience of the very poor who can only afford to pay a nickel or a dime for a meal. But the most encouraging results have been in the Mission work among the outcast and the drunkard. God has wonderfully blessed the Mission's work, and many men who

have been saved through the year are now going out into other missions and churches, telling the story of Jesus and his love. The occasion was also Superintendent Wyburn's ninth anniversary in the new life. Mr. S. H. Hadley originated the custom among the converts of celebrating the day of their "new birth." "After a convert has been faithful for a year," Mr. Wyburn explains, "he reads the lesson and gives his testimony from the platform, inviting his friends to come and rejoice with him, and that is just what I did, and gave God the glory for nine years of victory through his grace alone."

A Bowery Transformation.

What Faith Did for a Despairing Man who Came to the Mission and was Led to Christ.



ONE night recently the usual evening service was going on at the Bowery Mission in New York, when a man after one or two hesitating looks through the window, entered and took a seat near the door. There are too many wretched-looking creatures coming in at that door, for any one to cause remark by a miserable appearance; but there are many degrees in poverty and misery and this man seemed to have reached the superlative. His clothes were ragged and they looked as if they could scarcely be held together sufficiently even for the Bowery standard of decency. They were dirty, too, as if their owner had been lying

for her, so she had to go and I don't know where she went. I have not seen her since then."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a truckman when I am anything, but I can't get work. It would not be easy to find anyone who would trust me with a horse and wagon. When I want to drink, I must drink, if I can get it."

"You seem to have been drinking to-night?"

"I have, but not much. I did not have the money. I'd have had more if I could have got it, but what I had made me bad. Perhaps it was having nothing to eat all day. Bowery whiskey is pretty strong on an empty stomach."

Yes, he would be glad of a bed if he could have one. He had slept on a seat in the park two nights, but the "cop" had chased him away, and he had been looking for a wagon that he could crawl into.

He looked better in the morning after a wash and his clothes had been brushed. Breakfast in the restaurant under the Mission improved him still more, and he was in a condition to "take stock" of himself. Mr. Wyburn talked to him as he talks to thousands, and told him the story of his own conversion. The poor creature listened intently. He had no hope of ever doing any better. The coroner would have a job some morning with him when he had fallen under a car, or off a pier into the river. That would be the end, and there was not a soul on earth who would shed a tear over his death.

It was not easy to get such a man to hope or to make any effort. Mr. Wyburn broke off the conversation to pray with him. He felt he needed help and as in many former experiences help came. The man was induced to trust in a strength higher than his own.

Three weeks afterwards the man asked permission to tell his story in the Mission. He wanted, he said, to say something to encourage the others.

"I met my wife last night," he said, "and I mention that first, because it means so much to me. I had not seen her for years. She thought I was dead. I told her of the change in me, and how Jesus was keeping me from the drink and how I trusted it to him and I was being held safe. She could hardly believe it. But she was glad. We are together again now, and we are going to begin housekeeping. But that is not all. One of my old employers is good to me. I just told him everything, and he said he would give me a show. Well, I am back again and earning money. I have got a decent suit of clothes and money to pay my board. I have got my wife and I shall soon have my home."

"Now, how did the change come? That is why I am speaking here to-night. I want you to know, because what changed me can change anybody else. There are not many in as bad a state as I was. I was so desperate that the men who knew me turned away from me as they would from a mad dog. They never believed I'd change and I did not believe I should myself. But I have and it was not my power that did it. I could no more have done it than I could have lifted myself up by my bootstraps. Christ did it for me and I tell you One who could save me, can save anyone. I have heard people talk about salvation many a time and I thought it meant being saved from hell when you are dead. But I did not know it meant this other kind. You should have seen me as I was three weeks ago, sitting down yonder on that seat, if you want to know what being saved means. I know and I want you all to know how Jesus saves. I am not used to speaking in public, but I wanted to say to any man who needs help that I've proved that Christ can and will save any one who will trust him."



1. A STUDENT MARTYR. 2. SARKIS NARKASHJIAN. 3. PASTOR ABOSHE JACOB. 4. BOGHOS ATLASIAN. 5. JUUS ANSHALEVAN.

A GROUP OF MARTYRED ARMENIAN PASTORS.

HAWAII'S BURNING QUESTION.

The Islands Agitated over Annexation—An American Missionary Graphically Describes the Situation—Will Japan make Trouble?

FEW missionaries are better known or more widely loved in America than Rev. S. L. Baldwin and Esther P. Baldwin, his devoted wife, both of whom have spent many years in the Chinese mission field. They are now on their

Soon we were beyond the Golden Gate, and all traces of the dear home-land were lost to view. The Pacific was never truer to its name, the deep, dark-blue waves just the right size and roll for reasonable sailors, with the over-arching sky of the delicate, clear blue, set with fleecy clouds, and perfect moonlight nights to match the days. Six of such nights and days brought us to Honolulu, the New York of that wonderful little new republic, toward which American eyes, and some other eyes, are turned just now with so much interest. All the way to Honolulu there was no little buzz of interest in our little steamer world, for had we not in our company Admiral Miller and staff, of our Navy, going to take command of the squadron that is, and is to be, in Honolulu waters, as well as special correspondents of several

well kept, and lighted by electricity; many of them bordered by beautiful blooming hedges and stately palms. Horse-cars serve the need at present, as even a native is poor who does not own a horse. Native and foreign women alike ride astride. The later, wearing divided skirts, are most

are as yet limited to scholars who native blood. We were privileged to schools and museum under specially favorable auspices. The teachers, as in other schools, are chiefly American. We were hospitably entertained at luncheon by the lady teachers of the girls' school, and then we were shown through the building, so perfect in its design, appointments, and beautiful with its final finish of polished native work. Thence we went to the boys' school, where Prof. Richards, the culture

Christian, son of our Mr. J. S. Richards, New Jersey President, conducted through boys' training and sports, education, the native took up the giving



REV. S. L. BALDWIN.

ESTHER P. BALDWIN.

way back to China for a special visit. Mrs. Baldwin has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following letter, describing affairs at Honolulu, which will be found exceedingly interesting at the present time:

"The fact that this year 1897 is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of missions in China by the Methodist Church, explains why my husband and I are on this broad ocean, making our way to the other side of the world, the request having come from our China mission that we and other of our early missionaries should return at this time, visit the work and join in the grateful celebration. Thus much of personality is given preliminary to a series of letters I hope to write for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from China, Corea and Japan, countries to-day so full of interest not only to Governments, but also to all who are watching and working for the coming of Christ's kingdom to all nations.

"We began our long journey of seven months at the Jersey City station. From a luxurious Pullman car we waved our final good-bye to our dear ones and a large company of friends, the whistle sounded, and our train was off. Swiftly we sped for five days and nights over the three thousand miles to San Francisco. We tarried there only a few days, but long enough to see great changes—some for the better since last we were there, more than twenty years ago—and to take a look at the prosperous Chinese and Japanese mission work. On August 5th, amid the Chautauqua salute and good wishes of many friends, we came aboard this great

enterprising papers?

"Beautiful beyond description is the trop-

graceful in bearing, and they set an example which is very generally followed on these islands, and which, in time, may be followed still more widely; while the native woman, with wreaths of flowers about her neck and in gay, sweeping robes on each side of her horse, in the very aban-

interesting information. The most article in the museum is the fan-like feather cloak, of circular form, a million dollars, made wholly of canary-colored feathers—two only are found, one under each bird now extinct. This circular only by royalty. These school museum, are all heavily endowed.

"The record of heroic mission, yes, and faithful service in Hawaii, constant refutation of the charge that missionaries and their descendants prospered at the expense of the natives. If the children of these founders, that is good in Hawaii are to-day prosperous, prominent citizens of the islands, it is only in illustration of the fulfillment of the promise to those who all for Christ's sake. These pioneer missionaries taught the poor natives of the islands, gave them schools, and best of all the Gospel, and through these, the blessed of God, transformed the islands and the people. They found dreary, barren islands. They imported all manner



HAWAIIAN FLOWER MERCHANTS.

ical verdure of hospitable Honolulu, sunny are its skies and mild its climate, and its people are as equable as their climate in their unvarying hospitality. It has been said that Honolulu has no weather, that her rains do not wet people and her winds only add to their comfort, but just now Honolulu has weather. Annexation breezes blow steadily from government buildings, through the beautiful homes and grounds, and even the native is inspired by its vigor to form Annexation clubs to which it is said twenty-five per cent. of the native population belong. While this invigorating breeze is felt everywhere ashore, our Philadelphia and Marion lie peacefully beside the Japanese Naniwa, and the latter's guns joined our own in parting salute to the retiring Admiral Beardsley, and welcome to his successor, Admiral Miller. This same Japanese representative is no toy of the sea, and we heard it whispered low among Americans that she can make short work of the Philadelphia and Marion, but not so with the Oregon, which will doubtless shortly take her place beside her two sisters, when it will be three to one unless the Naniwa receives company. Five days of expected delay gave us the much coveted opportunity to visit the chief places of interest in and about the city of Honolulu.

"The streets of Honolulu are broad and

don of perfect equestrianism, seems a part of her flying steed.

"Schools, hospitals, and homes for the needy are well supported. The public schools are in the care of wise Commissioners, not politicians seeking votes—but men who really have the education of the children at heart. It is said that of 12,000 children under the age of fifteen years, 10,000 are in school. Can we in any State excel this, and will annexation help in this respect?

"The celebrated Kame-hame-ha—so this word is pronounced and not as we are accustomed to say, "Kam-e-ham-e-ha"—schools for boys and girls, with industrial departments, are the truly royal gifts of Princess Pauahi, the wife of Hon. C. R. Bishop. Mr. Bishop is most faithfully carrying out his late noble wife's plans for the good of her native people, by the addition of the large, handsome museum with its wealth of rare curiosities, illustrating ancient and modern Hawaiian life with that of other islands. He is also now building a fine church on the extensive grounds. The available farming lands of the islands are divided, we are told, into three chief estates: the Crown and Government lands, and the Bishop estate. The last is said to be the most valuable, and is held in trust by trustees who manage the estate and expend the income in sustaining the schools which



A NATIVE CANOE.

of beautiful trees, flowering shrubs and fruits, which seemed at once to recall to Hawaiian air as to their proper home, and so far surpassed their growth in the native soil that the term Paradise is often applied to Hawaii, seems but a fitting word; and all this wondrous work of people and place was made in time, for we were privileged to meet Parker, the oldest missionary on the islands, ninety-two years old—a beautiful woman, still mentally clear, went first to the Marquesan Islands, where she saw cannibalism with its horror, and then coming to Hawaii saw her degradation and desolation. She came to-day to see Hawaii civilized and Christianized, and to dwell in its chief city, once a barren plain, now a well-planned city of 30,000, having fine streets lighted by electricity, elegant public and private buildings, banks, schools, churches, hospitals, homes for the indigent, with everything that goes to make up a modern city life, with, alas! some of its evils with this advantage, that there are real statesmen in its government, who have the real good of the people at heart.



NATIVE CHURCH AT HONOLULU.

steamer, China, and sailed out on the broad Pacific, with our destination the far East.

INDIA'S GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

A Calcutta Pastor Sends Thanks for the "Everett's" Cargo—Ten Thousand Camel Loads of Grain—Pandita Ramabai's Refuge for Child-Widows.

THE latest mail

from India brings many letters of thanks for the help rendered by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the national crisis. In a personal letter to a friend in this city, Mrs. James Smith, of Ahmednagar, writes:

"One turns to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with a sense of refreshing and relief. Nothing that I could say would fully express what has been the result of the noble efforts put forth by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Christians in the homeland, for the relief of famine sufferers. I do not know what we should have done without the generous gifts sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and

I should find it quite impossible to tell the good it has done, even in our small part of

have those who can work go to the camps and earn at least their own support, while we distribute to the helpless and aged, and to the wives and families of those who cannot take them with them and avail themselves of the relief afforded these."

Another interesting letter, relating chiefly to the shipload of corn, is the following which comes from Rev. Frank W. Warne, who has charge of the church in which Rev. J. M. Thoburn used to preach before he was elevated to the bishopric:

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I reside in Calcutta, and having had something to do with the arranging for the arrival of the shipload of corn, have seen much of the correspondence, and feel like writing to assure you that the gift has been greatly appreciated. First, the officials of the English Government who have had to do with the Famine Relief, have treated the whole movement with the greatest courtesy, sympathy and appreciation. It was a pleasure to call on them and arrange matters for the meeting of the ship, and the planning of a welcome to Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs. The official interest manifested in arranging to have the ship met, and in giving a dinner of welcome to your representatives, to which the highest officials in Calcutta at the time were invited, was all that could be desired. But the

donated the corn. There will ever be a pleasant memory in India of the coming of the American shipload of corn.

Yours truly,

FRANK W. WARNE.

Following is the article referred to by Mr. Warne, which shows how the gift of American Christians was appreciated by an English official:

"Visiting the 'whaleback' *City of Everett*, my thoughts flew to Bhera (a terminus railway station in the western Punjab) where, a few years since, during a season of scarcity, thousands of camels were employed to carry grain to the interior. This led to my making a rough estimate of the show that the cargo of the good ship would make if loaded on camels. The cargo is, I believe, 2,500 tons or 70,000 maunds. Now the Government regulation load for a camel is five maunds; but, with a compact burden, a strong animal will carry seven. Thus ten thousand such beasts would be required. Fifty miles, therefore, would be covered by the procession, and a person unaccustomed to the scene presented by the baggage requirement of a large military camp might suspect that he had about seen 'the world's show' of camels were he only to see the number required to carry the burden of the corn-ship in port.

"Again, twenty-five years ago all the grain sold in the Naini Tal bazar was carried up on ponies, which might have been seen struggling up the hill in single file. Now an unbroken line of sixty miles of ponies would be required for the same purpose. But to return. The arrival of

this corn-ship is a great boon as it were at the nick of time, for however sufficient the present rain may be, very little of the *kharif* harvest can be reaped before November and the bulk of it not for a month later. We know 'It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back' and doubtless the next two months will be the time of the worst suffering in some parts. In respect to the gift itself, the intelligent classes of the natives can hardly fail to appreciate the action of a government and people who have no political responsibilities here whatever."

On this page is a photograph sent us by Pandita Ramabai of the dwelling house or Bungalow of Sharada Sadan, where she is caring for over a hundred child-widows and destitute women. When the pressure of the famine grew so dire about eight months ago, Ramabai had a talk with her assistants and the inmates of the home. They were all deeply moved by the stories of suffering which had reached them. It was impossible with funds then at Ramabai's command to receive more inmates under the usual conditions, but in view of the dire need, which necessarily meant bitter want to the widows who would be the first to feel the pressure, they agreed to live on one meal a day.

Ramabai encouraged by this offer, thanked God and took courage. She went a long journey into the Central Provinces. She found large numbers of women and girls starving. Over a hundred of them she collected and carried to her home at Poona. "I saw many of these young widows," says Miss Grace Wilder, in a letter to the *Missionary Review*: "Their skeleton forms and gaunt looks said more than their words. They were under a temporary enclosure of bamboo poles, covered with cloth and matting. When I said: 'Ramabai, you now need buildings,' she replied: 'Yes, and the Father will send the money.' We learn that the number of famine widows, or deserted wives whom Ramabai has taken into her home is now 149 and she is making preparations to receive more." It must be gratifying to our readers to know that their gifts have helped this goodly woman to extend her work, as she has received several grants from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund.



ONE OF THE RESCUED.



SHARADA SADAN, THE REFUGE FOR WIDOWS ESTABLISHED BY PANDITA RAMABAI.

the ground covered. At all meetings for consultation on the best use of the means thus put within our reach, there has been a most profound feeling of gratitude to God, and to those who have borne the needs of these poor people on their hearts, and so generously contributed toward them. If they could only see or realize even in part what they have done, they would be amply repaid.

"During the past few months, I have been visiting among the middle classes of the city. They are industrious people, weavers and copper workers, whose trade is at a standstill, owing to the hard times and high prices. People make very little clothing, and very few cooking vessels do in times when food is so hard to get, and there is no demand for their wares. They are very hard pressed, and it has been such a joy to us to be able to distribute small sums among them from time to time, enough to provide them with food till the much-wished-for rains should come. I have nearly come to the end of my share of the money to be distributed, but trust more will come. It is hard sometimes to refuse help to some not so needy, but in order to reach those worse off, we are obliged to do so, otherwise the funds would not hold out. We try to

substantial assistance given in the distribution of the corn to the sufferers after the Government had spent enormous sums for the care of the millions suffering from famine, is truly praiseworthy. It ought to go far to unite the hearts of the two nations, and has been by the English people much appreciated. It is a source of great satisfaction throughout India that the grain was sent. I trust you will thank all the friends who have donated the corn. Mr. Lambert and Dr. Hobbs and the rest of the committee acted in the greatest harmony about the matter. It would have gladdened your heart if you could have seen all the letters of thanks that have come in. In sending you the thanks of the missionaries and the poor sufferers, I feel that I cannot do better than send you part of an article contributed to the *Indian Witness* of Calcutta by an official of the English Government, who has had to do with famine in India in former years, and who visited the ship and who describes the magnitude of this gift in a way that your readers can see what an immense quantity of corn there is in a ship-load such as has been sent to India by the Christian people of the United States. This ought to have a wide circulation amongst the people who have

ESTHER P. BALDWIN.

This letter was written, the Treaty of Annexation has been formally ratified by the Hawaiian Senate.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Resumption of Church Work.

DURING the summer the churches suspend specie payment and circulate paper; promises to pay! With autumn, they begin to do a cash business at the old stand. It is virtually recognized now, that this is a kind of necessity for pastor and people. It has been our lot, the present summer, to meet many churches that we have known in other years. Though the attendance has been of other people than the usual ones—because of the summer absentees—we have been cheered by the avidity with which they have heard the truth, and often by the large numbers present; strangers more than supplying the vacancy created by those away. And it has been especially grateful to mark the constant and faithful work of the Young Peoples' Societies. Preaching, we believe, will always be a great function in the Christian Church. But a record of related work still maintained in the absence of so many, has proved to us that the fire is not allowed to go out upon the altar. And with the autumn comes back the multitude who have had their respite, to resume their share of the burden, and pour new life into the activities of the great body of believers. May God make the year a bounteous one!

Vacation Casualties.

EARLY in the summer we quoted a remark of Queen Victoria, that seasons of recreation seemed so full of casualties. There is philosophy in this. In leisure hours there is a temptation to try unusual, if not perilous experiments. We made that beautiful trip through Lake George on *The Horicon*. To our own personal knowledge, Lake George has some very sad memories. Three or four years ago, from the very hotel where we had been several weeks domiciled, a group of young ladies started for an evening's entertainment on a small steam launch. The young man who improperly undertook to steer was unaware that close to the landing of the next hotel was a broken foundation of a previous wharf. He drove straight upon it, wrecked the vessel, and right within hailing distance of the hotel they had just left, six or eight of these young ladies were drowned. A little farther down the lake, this very year, a young man blinded for the game of blind man's bluff, was precipitated from the piazza of a private cottage and killed instantly. At Ocean Park, just

before our visit there this summer, a clergyman with two grown-up daughters barely escaped drowning through venturing out so far that they were unable to return. Nothing but the life-boat saved them. And when rescued, they fainted away and lay prostrate for weeks.

Concerning Money.

THE more of it a man gets the better, if he gets it honestly and employs it usefully. But it is a question all the time asked: How large an estate ought one man to have and pass down from generation to generation? The prosperity of a country may be estimated by the multitudes of people well off, and not by the over-wealth of a few. There have been some nice little properties gathered at different times. Xerxes stole \$100,000,000. Mr. Crawshaw, the iron manufacturer of England, left an estate of \$35,000,000. I translate the pounds into dollars. Apicius finding himself reduced to \$4,000,000, poisoned himself; he was getting so poor! Julius Caesar wasted \$2,085,000. Tiberius bequeathed \$118,120,000. Scorus paid for his country residence and palace, \$5,852,000. Esopus spent for one dish of food \$400,000. Cleopatra dissolved a pearl worth \$400,000 and drank it at a banquet, and gave to Antony, her lover, a diamond worth \$4,000,000. The peacock throne of the Great Mogul of Delhi cost \$865,500,000. Look back through all these ages and you will find that just in proportion as such enormous fortunes were accumulated and such fabulous expenditures were made, there were vast numbers of people who had nothing to eat. The life-blood of the nation was drained to fatten these financial giants. The time will come when the amount of estate that can be passed down from generation to generation will be limited by law. Let men gather all they will during lifetime, and make what use of it they can, but let them not by avalanche of bequeathed wealth crush the next century. The evil, however, in most cases, corrects itself. Two generations generally finish an overgrown fortune. The estate of Tiberius, which I just now mentioned, \$118,120,000—Cleopatra spent it in less than twelve months; spent it all. On a small scale, you and I see the same things repeated. The wheelbarrow is the descendant of the chariot. Many of the female clerks at Washington, in Government employ, on small salaries, are the daughters and grand-daughters of senators and prime ministers and millionaires of a previous generation. In nine times out of ten, inherited wealth is inherited curse. In a machine-shop in Columbus, O., hard at work, with his coat off, was a young man worth \$3,000,000, given him by his father, the wealthiest man of that city. This is the only instance of the kind I ever heard. Not one young man out of a million could resist such mighty temptation to idleness and dissipation. Over-shadowing fortunes may last twenty or forty years, but when the children, or grandchildren get the money into their own hands, do they not make it fly? This result is bad for the boys, but good for society. The fewer great fortunes, the better in any country. Once in awhile there is a George Peabody, but that kind of crop is not very luxuriant. One to a century.

Wanted—A Good Christian Home.

A GOOD Christian home, for a girl of twelve years of age! This is how the whole advertisement reads. But this is only one of thousands upon thousands of children, who want such a home. To-day, it will be a benediction to the children. But in a few years, the benediction will come down upon the hearts and lives of those who furnish such a home. We have watched this thing, and seen how it works. Homeless little ones become ministering angels to the lonely and childless. This is the manner in which God is merciful to those that are merciful. This is the way in which the

Father of the fatherless takes care of his fatherless children, in a twofold sense. First, he gives homes to the homeless; and then, he converts the homeless into caretakers and nurses and so keeps up homes for the aged and infirm, who are descending toward the valley. God send all homeless girls to kind Christian homes.

The Hardships of Klondike.

GOLD cannot be had without exposure. If this does not come in some form, it will in another. Fiat money is all a fraud. If a man will not dig, he must beg, or starve. The enterprising young spirits, who have ventured all on their trip to the gold regions of Alaska go out expecting hardships; and they will come. It is more rapid, the work of getting gold in Alaska, than on a farm in Kentucky or Vermont. But, with the rapidity, come the hardship and exposure. On an interval farm on the banks of the Connecticut, a man will labor on, until at seventy perhaps, a quiet decline overtakes him. He has never been poor, he has never been rich. But, for three score years and ten, he has been comfortably well-off. And he dies in peace, and his friends and neighbors bear his dust to its quiet resting-place. Literally, he is gathered to his fathers. For there, side by side, they sleep for generations before him. Which is the best way of laying up earthly treasure, each man must choose for himself. But where are the greater hardships and exposures, no one can doubt. They are in Alaska, and not in Tennessee.

Home Conversation.

IT is a heresy: "Little children should be seen, not heard." How can they ever know, unless they ask questions? We think that parents should talk much with their children. They are set in families for that purpose, to answer questions; to talk about things and explain them. If there is anything the writer especially regrets about the training of his children, it is that he was not more careful to cultivate their confidence in the intimacies of home-life. So many thoughts are going on in the minds of children that need direction; so many inquiries are awakened which need to be patiently and helpfully answered.

The great trouble with the American man and the American woman, too, is the burdens and pressures of life are so heavy that they do not grant themselves or their children that relaxation of mind which is requisite when children are allowed their share of social attention in the home-life. We think, in this respect, that the German home-life is full of suggestions for us. Let us talk more to our children about what interests them; live at their level more.

One Day in Seven.

GOD blesses men by withholding from them one day in seven. He calls it his day; and so the bells out of ten thousand steeples hasten to proclaim it. It is new every week. It comes commanding us to make ready for God's worship; to meet him in the sanctuary. Or, if we are shut in at home by duties or affections, to meet Him at home; over the family Bible, where are recorded the names of our sires. Or, if we are far away from sanctuary privileges, to meet him in his works, as we look at the seas which are his, the hills, which are strong with his strength; as the sun greets us in its rising and setting. There is no place where the Lord's day cannot be kept. There in the wilderness, on the sea-voyage, as we tread the heights, the day is still his, and he says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And so rests the miner in the bowels of the earth, and the mountain-climber on Mont Blanc, the blacksmith and the husbandman; all hallow the day, and treat it as God's. For it is only as we treat it as his, that it becomes our own.

BRIEF NOTES.

One of Mr. Moody's pithy sayings is: "The actor is what a man is in the dark."

The Evangelical Alliance in Great Britain held its fifty-first annual conference at Cam September 27-30.

It was a favorite saying of Bancroft historian, who was a vigorous old man at the time that the secret of a long life is in never losing temper.

Bishop Hartzell and wife will sail Southampton on Oct. 9 by the steamer Castle for East Africa. They will be accompanied by the Rev. E. H. Richards and wife and the A. L. Buckwalter and wife.

Canadian Presbyterians have sent to Klondike a young man, a student of the year of Manitoba College, to do missionary work among the gold-seekers. He has started for and will be in Dawson City in the spring.

Rev. D. M. Stearns, of Germantown, expected to return from his trip around the world on Nov. 1, when he will resume his popular Bible classes which have been conducted in his absence by Rev. George C. Needham and

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Terhune ("Marion land"), accompanied by their daughter, Mr. Rick, sailed for Europe and the East on Sep 25. They will be absent a year, the trip planned for the benefit of Dr. Terhune's health.

Sweden and Norway are now among the soberest countries in Europe. In the beginning of the present century they were the most dissipated countries in the world. Their present comely sobriety, says a recent visitor, is the result exclusively of stringent liquor legislation.

The Federal Convention of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, will be held at Ing, Pa., Nov. 12-14. The Brotherhood has active work for a decade of years. It is preparing, therefore, to celebrate this fact by raising a "craze" to mark its progress, and make it a point for fresh energy and wider usefulness.

After three years abroad spent in recreation and study, Professor George D. Herron is now to have regained his strength, and will take work in Iowa College, Iowa, in the fall. abroad Professor Herron has attracted much attention in England, where his friends have invited him to deliver a course of lectures in the spring.

Dr. D. L. Moody announces the opening of the Training School for Christian Workers season on October 1. Accommodations have been provided for an increased number of inmates giving full particulars as to terms of admission may be obtained by sending postage to Mr. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

Dr. Rosetta S. Hall, the well-known cal missionary, sails on Oct. 11 for Corea, where she will have charge of the work for women and children at the East Seoul, the capital. Dr. Hall is the widow of W. J. Hall, who gave his life to medical work in Corea, and whose devotion to his work in the battlefields in the recent war led to his death.

Of the 1955 ministers belonging to the Baptist Denomination in Great Britain and no fewer than 1556 are, according to the annual report of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, pledged total abstainers from all intoxicating drinks. A large percentage of the mission work on the foreign field are also included in the total abstinence list.

Dr. Prabhakar Balaji Keskar, a Hindu Brahmin and a convert to Christianity, is visiting to this country. Dr. Keskar who is connected with the American Mission in Shanghai, is prepared to address church day schools, church societies, and other groups on the progress of mission work in his native India. He may be communicated with at No. 131 Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"After ten months of Protestant work in England, Scotland and Ireland, Father Charles the venerable Canadian ex-Roman priest, turning home," says the London *Freeman*, "He addresses a message of thanks and blessing to his friends." He has had four months of rest since he left his home, but is now fully revived and though he is eighty-nine years old is still to renew his battle with Romanism.

The special appeal of the American Board of Christian Missions has met with a liberal response. The statement for the financial year shows that the entire year was \$609,388 against \$508,000 for the previous year, a gain of \$101,388. The August receipts showed results of the Board's appeal. They were more than those of August, 1896, by \$50,534. Not less, the Board begins its new fiscal year with a debt of \$45,130.

The American Missionary Association college for the colored people, situated at Fergus, Ala., has closed its thirtieth year. Nearly seven hundred pupils in all grades were in attendance, an excess of one hundred over the previous year. About forty of these pupils have charge of Sunday-schools every where and members of the theological department number about fifteen hundred people. The year last year was \$276,000.

The Evangelistic Mission on Dauphin Island, Ala., is greatly in need of help. E. O. Stombaugh who has conducted the work for several years among many difficulties, so that the proximity of the yellow fever season caused work all over the island to shut down at times are very hard. Our readers who heretofore aided this worthy Mission can doubly valuable service now at this crisis by aiding Mrs. Stombaugh with their prayers and contributions.

Rev. A. B. Simpson is presiding at the annual convention of the Christian Evangelical Alliance in New York. The session will be held in the American Tract Society building, West Forty-second Street. The sessions of the week will be held in the Carnegie Music Hall, 692 Eighth Avenue. Among the speakers are Dr. John Robertson and Rev. McCall of Glasgow, Scotland; Henry Barclay Swete, the Rev. Dr. Robert Cameron, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Dr. John Salmon, Toronto; the Rev. Dr. W. L. McArthur, Pittsburg, Pa., and the Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson.



MEXICO'S TRAGEDIES.

OUR sister republic has been agitated for several weeks past by a series of mysterious events, the true explanation of which, it is suspected, has not yet been given to the public. The first of the series was an attack on Gen. Porfirio Diaz, the President of the Republic, on September 16, the Independence Day of Mexico. As is usual on that day, the President held a review of troops in the Alameda, the beautiful park of Mexico City. As he was walking in the park, accompanied by his ministers and officers of his staff, a middle-aged man armed with a poniard, rushed from a crowd of sight-seers and tried to assassinate him. Gen. Mena, a member of the President's Cabinet, grappled with the assassin and disarmed him. The President seized him, put handcuffs on him, and carried him into the prison. Public indignation was intense, and there was talk of the prisoner being lynched. It was proposed to try him by court martial, but the President ridiculed the idea, and the light of the attempt upon his life, shed on the case being dealt with by civil authorities. He was accordingly taken to the City Hall, and was left in the charge of the police. He gave the name of Arroyo and appeared to be an anarchist, with no personal grudge against the President. Shortly after midnight a crowd of men broke into the prison, overpowered the guard and murdered the President with long knives. President Diaz was highly indignant, and the case began to inquire why a prisoner in danger of lynching should be kept in an insecure place guarded by unarmed men. Believing that the police had connived at the murder, developed rapidly into a riot that they instigated it. The President promptly removed Col. Velasquez, the Chief of Police, from office and placed him and several of hisordinates under arrest. Being released, Col. Velasquez confessed that he had directed the murder of the President. His excuse was that he was an admirer of the President and considered that Arroyo's crime deserved summary punishment. He demanded for a further hearing, but on September 24th he shot himself in his room in the prison. Whether the suicide was prompted by chagrin at finding that his crime had exasperated the President, or whether he was more facts to come out, showing a plot which Arroyo might have uncovered if he had been suffered to live, are questions not yet answered. Velasquez probably did think he was doing the President a service when he caused the death of his assailant. It is a pity that he did not know, or did not remember that a President many centuries ago tried to serve his master in the same way, only to find his service similarly repudiated. The words uttered on that occasion have been recorded in this:

Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness. (II. Samuel 3: 39.)

Victims of Drugs.

A medical journal calls attention to the increasing number of physicians who fall victims to the morphine and cocaine habits. It cites the case of a lectureship in one of the colleges of New York which became vacant a few years ago by the collapse of the lecturer through his becoming addicted to morphine. He has had three temporary successors, of whom two have fallen in the same way. "Scarcely a year passes," it says, "without the disappearance of some more or less prominent practitioner and it is usually the use of some drug that causes this retirement, which is sometimes temporary but more often lasting. Cocaine has been one of the things very much used by them, but morphine, opium and other narcotics are as much in use.

The fact cannot be denied that no class of professional men produces so many victims of these drugs. And the most surprising feature of the whole affair is that they are the men who would in the ordinary course of affairs be least expected to yield to such temptations." The fact shows that knowledge alone is not sufficient to keep men from evil. And it is so in religion. The Apostle had to reprove teachers in his day who did not do as they taught:

Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? (Rom. 2: 21.)

An Embarrassing Light.

A prisoner in the State prison at Trenton, N. J., was prevented escaping from the prison by a search-light which illuminated the roof. He has been three years under sentence and has four years more to serve. He has been considered a good prisoner, but it appears that during almost his whole term, he has been arranging plans to escape. One of his first steps was to unravel a piece of carpet to make a rope. He succeeded in getting possession of a strong knife which with great labor he made into a chisel suitable for removing bricks. Out of an old blanket he made a pair of trousers

light which proceeds from the great White Throne at the last great day:

Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be re-proved. (John 3: 20.)

An Unbrotherly Act.

A crazy scheme to rob a drunken man was adopted a few days ago. Late at night a policeman found a man on the Boulevard lying around under the influence of liquor. As he did not appear to know where he was nor even where he lived, the policeman thought the best thing he could do was to arrest him. Accordingly he took him to the West Sixty-eighth Street Station. While the prisoner was being interrogated by the sergeant at the desk, a young man walked into the station. "Sergeant," he said, "I am this man's brother. I'll take him home if you'll let him go. He has done no harm. He has only taken too much to drink." The sergeant, replied "All right, take him home. That is the best place for him." The two went away together, the drunken man seeming to be getting more dazed and stupid every minute. The policeman watched the two going along the street and opined that the brother would have no easy task in getting his charge home. Presently a boy ran into the station and reported that a drunken man was being robbed two or three blocks away. A policeman was sent to the place indicated and found that the thief was the young man who had claimed to be the drunkard's brother. He brought both back to the station and entered the charge. The sergeant said, as he locked the drunken man in a cell, "He will be safer with us than with brothers of that kind." Unhappily, there are too many brothers of

Lake Bennet, only forty miles distant, and even those that reach that point will be unable to get to the Klondike this year, as the winter season has already set in. What will be the fate of these thousands of men and women, who are thus doomed to spend the long winter in camp in this terrible region, I hesitate to predict. Capt. Lee thinks that many were induced to take that road by persons who expected to make a profit out of the travelers and cared nothing for their safety. Unhappily, the pathway of life is beset by such people, and some of them lure the travelers into paths where they lose their souls. The Bible utters an earnest warning against such tempters:

Through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandize of you. (11. Peter 2:3)

Not Entitled to the Name.

An actress well-known in New York, has been fined in the Supreme Court for using a name to which she has no right. It appears that some years ago, her husband, who is a Baron, brought suit for divorce, alleging that she was guilty of misconduct. The court heard the evidence and granted the divorce. Nevertheless, the divorced wife made no change in her title, but continued to call herself a Baroness and to use her former husband's name. The husband called the attention of the court to the fact, and asked that she be enjoined to discontinue the practice. The court has acceded to his request and has fined the actress fifty dollars for contempt of court, as she had practically disregarded the judgment which severed the marriage relation and deprived her of the status of the Baron's wife. In

passing sentence, the Judge said it would be a grievous wrong to the petitioner for the woman to call herself by his name after all relations between them had ceased, and it would also be a wrong to the public which might be deceived by the use of the name. The same principle operates in religion. The greatest injury that the cause of Christ sustains comes from the conduct of persons who call themselves by his name but have no right to do so.

Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. (Matt. 7: 22)

A Sun of Suns.

At the recent session of the Academy of Sciences in Paris a remarkable paper was read by M. Delauney, on the centre of the universe. He explained that since the means of measurement had been in our possession, a sufficient time had not elapsed to show what the orbits really were. Many stars traveled apparently in straight lines, some in one direction and some in the opposite

direction. This, however, was due to the fact that their orbits were so enormous that the distance traced while really oval or circular seemed to be straight, as only so small a proportion of the orbit had been covered since astronomers commenced their observations on a scientific system. He found, however, that our sun with its planets and their satellites and the other systems whose paths had been closely observed, moved in an orbit of which Sirius the dog-star is the centre. Calculating with this star as a hypothetical centre he found that the motions of the stars nearest to us fell into an orderly system which convinced him that Sirius was a master sun. Whether it, in its turn, with its suns moved around some centre infinitely distant, could not as yet be determined; but he was convinced that Sirius was the centre of the orbits of all the celestial bodies within the reach of the measuring-rod of astronomy. When the discovery was first made that the sun was not the centre, it had been thought that Alcyone in the Pleiades was the master sun, but it had been found that there were orbits followed by some stars, of which it could not be the centre, while every orbit that had been traced might have Sirius as its centre. Until a similar discovery is made, the affairs of our lives seem, like the orbits of the celestial bodies, to be only confusion; but when we realize that God is the centre and controlling force, we find that order reigns.

All things were created by him and for him, and he is before all things and by him all things consist. (Col. 1: 17.)



MUNICIPAL BUILDING IN MEXICO IN FRONT OF WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS ATTACKED.

and a cap, and with some acid bleached the stripes from a shirt. When these preliminary arrangements had been made, he began work on the wall of his cell and made a hole large enough to squeeze through. On the night he fixed for the attempt, he left his bed and dressed himself in the clothes he had prepared and crawled through the hole in the wall. Making his way to the attic, he cut a hole in the tin roofing and emerged on the roof, carrying the rope with which to make the descent. But there a difficulty presented itself that he had not foreseen. The roof was as light as day. The new electric search-light was directed to the roof, and he must walk across a path as brilliantly lighted as by the sun, to reach the corner of the roof from which he must descend to reach the roadway. He would be in plain sight of the prison guards on the walls who might shoot at him, or in any case could capture him as he let himself down. He stayed all night in the shadow of a ventilator, hoping that the search-light would be shifted long enough for him to run across to the corner, but the light was swung for a moment only at short intervals, and he knew it would be suicidal to make the run. The dawn came and found him shivering on the roof after his long night-watch, and he was caught and his plans revealed. Bolts and bars and strong walls had been overcome, but he was foiled by the light. There are many whose evil deeds escape detection in this world through skillful hypocrisy who will be exposed in the

that kind—men who claim brotherhood to cover sinister designs. Even men who would scorn to rob another, do not always realize what the duties of a brother are as Christianity defines them. So far from injuring or defrauding a brother we are required to make sacrifices for his welfare.

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (1. John 3: 16.)

Impelled Gold-Seekers.

A sad story of danger and hardship is told by Capt. A. H. Lee, who has been investigating the overland route to the Klondike. He says: "I went from Seattle by ship to Skaguay and Dyea with a large crowd of gold-seekers from British Columbia and the United States. Skaguay and Dyea are two small bays, about three miles apart, and from the former runs the trail over the Chilkoot Pass. Some 3,500 gold seekers have passed over it since last spring. If all the gold seekers had gone by that route many of the hardships complained of now would have been averted. But a large number have gone by the White Pass, which they heard was an easier road. The result has been disastrous. There are now, at least, 7,000 men and 3,000 pack animals blocked in the eighteen miles between the sea and the summit of the pass. The route is blocked by great boulders, precipices, mountain torrents and bog holes, and the almost constant rain and snow have greatly increased the difficulties, and dangers which already existed. There is no possible chance of one-tenth of the parties now on this trail ever reaching

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Paul Before the Governor.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 17. Acts 24: 10-25. Golden Text, Isa. 41: 10.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



THE plot of the Jews to outwit the chief captain and to take Paul's life by force, having come to naught, they seek other expedients. In that day as in this, the eloquence of special pleaders could be had for money, and cases were then, as now, largely biased by the representations of these, whose enthusiasm was stirred, not so much by the merits of the case, as by the market value of their words. The Jews hired Tertullus, a well-known orator, to plead against Paul, and now they were sure of their cause. But neither they nor Tertullus himself estimated the odds which were against them; they either did not know, or were callous to the fact, that they were fighting against God. His Word must prevail against man's. Creation and resurrection are in the Word of the living God; what "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" must the words of man be when weighed against such Omnipotence!

The high priest introduced Tertullus, who laid information against Paul. When the prisoner appeared, the orator commenced by a flattering speech to Felix, and then proceeded to charge Paul as "a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes, who also hath gone about to profane the temple." Having thus accused the prisoner, Tertullus, who had an object in his flattery of Felix, began to complain of the chief captain of Jerusalem as one whose administration of justice was far from perfect. If he could arouse the emulation of Felix, and make it worth his while for his reputation's sake as a judge to condemn Paul, he would do so. "We would have judged the man," he said, "according to our law. But the chief captain, Lysias, came upon us and with great violence took him away out of our hands, commanding his accusers to come unto thee; by examining of whom thyself mayest take knowledge of all these things, whereof we accuse him." The Jews also endorsed all that this man said.

Paul had learned many lessons in the school of Christ, but there was still much for him to learn. His Master had laid down his life for those for whose sake he had come down from heaven, emptied himself of his glory, and taken upon him the likeness of sinful flesh. Unappreciated, unrecognized by the majority, even of the Jews, he had left this world; and his life had looked as though it had been a failure. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master" (Matt. 10: 25). Paul was going the way of his Master now; but he had to learn through many examinations the kingly dignity of him who as a lamb dumb before her shearers opened not his mouth (Isa. 53: 7). It was part of Paul's vocation to bear the name of Christ "before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel," and to suffer great things for Jesus' sake (Acts 9: 15, 16). His God could trust him, and having fulfilled that which was written of him concerning the Gentiles, he must go on to bear the name of Christ "before kings and the children of Israel," though it should be to the character of a prisoner at the bar, and he must learn also not to think this a strange thing which happened to him, but to rejoice that he was a partaker of the sufferings of Christ (1 Peter 12: 13).

The moment was come when the prisoner was called upon to make his defence. Far from the insidious flattery with which Tertullus had spoken, Paul simply said: "Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge of this nation, I do the more cheerfully answer for myself that thou mayest understand." Paul

takes for granted that Felix desires to be just in his judgment. Then came the simple statement of the facts. "There are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship. And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues nor in the city: neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me." This was the main point. Every accused man has a right to ask for proof of the charges laid against him. In this case it was not forthcoming. Jesus had suffered although nothing was proved against him. Paul must follow in the same path.

"But," he continued, "this I confess unto thee, that after the manner which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets; and have hope towards God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. And herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." The same man who was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision which had met him on his way to Damascus laid to heart and regulated his life by all the Scripture truth which God had made known to him. Everything was a heart matter and a matter of conscience with him. He lived what he knew, the truth became part of himself; he trembled at the word of God. He was no forgetful hearer of the Word, but in every sense a doer.

Every truth of God which we know and which does not become an exercise of conscience, that in that of which it treats, we may be void of offence toward God and man, is like the manna which, when it was kept bred worms and stank. The bad, malarious atmosphere of the Church of Christ to-day comes from the corruption of truth which is not carried out in the life of God's children. It is an awful thing to feast our intellect and our feelings on the truth of God, and yet when it comes to the point of doing the very thing which we have admired in doctrine, to be found unwilling! It is a terrible thing to love the faithful preaching of the Holy word of God, and the society of God's truest servants, and yet to act under a test as though no such truth was known to us, and as though the power of Christ dwelling in us were but a grand idea and no practical reality. Nothing hardens the heart so much as studying the Word of God with an unexercised or unbowed conscience.

Paul went on further to state the facts of the case, the object of his visit to Jerusalem after years of absence to bring alms to this nation, how certain Asiatic Jews had found him purified in the temple, how there was neither multitude nor tumult, but that when before the council he had cried, "Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day." There was a ring of truth about the statements of Paul against which all the eloquence of the great orator could do nothing. Paul did not take his first examination in God's school before a heathen governor, "Felix deferred them till Lysias should come down," and the men who had counted on their success against Paul were simply made instruments in God's hand to perfect his education! Paul was delivered over to the charge of a centurion with special privileges of liberty and of access by his acquaintances. God had given his servant special favor in the eyes of this man.

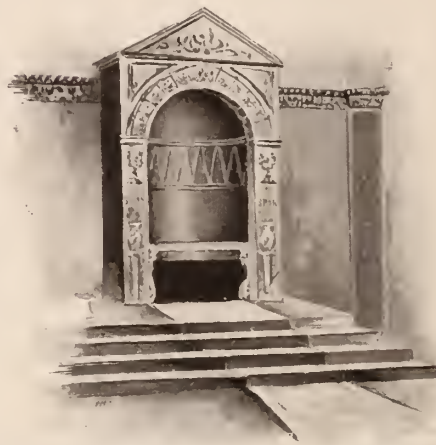
All which happened only carried out the word of God and his purposes for Paul; he was to testify before kings and rulers. Some days elapsed and Felix with his wife Drusilla, who was a Jewess, the daughter of the same Herod who had slain James the brother of John with the sword and who had imprisoned Peter, sent for Paul. It was a great opportunity,

Felix did not on this occasion call for him as a prisoner to stand before a judge, but that he might hear him concerning the faith in Christ. God had opened the door for this testimony, and he who had been wont to speak to multitudes in his great missionary journeys knew what issues of life and death for eternity hung upon these moments. No time was lost in obsequious flattery; the man before whom he stood was a sinner, and God Almighty was present there. In the light of eternity, he must speak the truth and God would be responsible for the consequences. He reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and Felix trembled; the word went home.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

THAT must have been an agitating meeting on both sides, when by the order of Lysias, Paul was brought face to face with the Council. What strong memories it would call up! Probably there were men in the Sanhedrim who had once counted Paul their friend and as they witnessed his zeal for religion, and thought that he would fill a high place in the na-



A ROMAN SEAT OF JUSTICE.

tion, and be ready to take up their work when they were dead. They had not seen the fiery, energetic young zealot, who was impatient with the liberality of such men as Gamaliel and was eager to undertake long journeys and go on missions of persecution, since, twenty-one years before, he had come to the high-priest for letters authorizing him to arrest the Christians of Damascus. But they had heard of him and now they saw him again, himself a Christian and a prisoner. As Paul looked on them, he must have recognized many an aged man whom once he revered and whose words had been to him as the words of a prophet. Now they were his accusers and were eager to have him put to death. It must have been a painful meeting. But there is no trace of the agitation in Paul's speech. He was on familiar ground. Many a conflict must he have witnessed in the old days, between Sadducee and Pharisee, in that same Council, and as he saw before him there representatives of the old parties, it occurred to him to turn their animosity away from himself and against each other. The declaration that he was a Pharisee and the son of Pharisees divided the Council at once. The Pharisees took up his cause. Maybe, they said, referring to his description of his conversion, an angel had spoken to him. The Sadducees did not believe there were any angels, and this suggestion would arouse their contemptuous anger. Lysias, who probably did not understand Hebrew, would be puzzled by the conflict that ensued. He was concerned for the safety of his prisoner, who, being a Roman, and having already cause for complaint against him, must not be placed in any danger through his neglect. So he carries him off to the castle, and afterwards, learning of the conspiracy against his life, rids himself of further responsibility by turning him over to the Governor of the province. His letter is a curiously untrue statement of the facts. To us, who know what actually occurred, it is amusing to see this man taking to himself credit for rescuing a Roman citizen, whom at the time he supposed to be an Egyptian. Paul fell into

bad hands when he was committed to Felix. He was, as we know from historians, a wicked man and a corrupt. He had been a slave, and it was said of him after his emancipation and his promotion to the governorship, that he ruled a slave might be expected to rule. He took bribes, he was cruel and he was immoral. This very woman, Drusilla, Luke calls his wife, was no wife. She was the daughter of Herod and wife of Azizus, Prince of Emesa, and eloped with Felix and was living with him in sin. She and the son she bore to him perished about twenty years after in the eruption which destroyed Pompeii. It was degrading to Paul to plead such a man. But more degrading to Tertullus, the orator hired by the council, who stooped to flatter Felix, was his defence of himself against the charges the Council brought against him. He could not avail with such a judge as who would release any prisoner who pay a sufficient bribe. Probably he had this in view in having Paul before him, when Drusilla was at hand. He must have been astonished at Paul, instead of trying to bargain for his own release, took the opportunity of his distinguished hearers of their own. It was a courageous thing.

No subjects more offensive to Felix could have been chosen, than rigidity, self-control, and a futurement. Drusilla does not seem to have been moved, but Felix was affected. He quieted his conscience, as so have done, with a promise of attention, and so he passes out history another victim of prostitution.

The way which they call heresy is not right to denounce people who differ from us. There may be mental constitution a need which is satisfied by doctrines for which we have no respect, and they are beauties in ceremonies which seem childish. Two clergymen were visiting a farmer and stayed with him to tea. One of the clergymen no longer approached the table than he uttered an exclamation of delight. Picking one of the cups, he spoke of the wonderful beauty of the china. He placed plates up to the light and asked others to see how thin they were. In ecstasies over the wondrous of that had been in the farm house for generations. The other clergyman took little interest in his talk and could not arouse to enthusiasm over the china, but when the farmer took out of a board some old books, one of which was a black-letter commentary, he became excited. He turned the pages over and pointed to the quaint initials, and came eloquent over their beauties. The farmer thought both the men silly, for the china nor the books seemed precious to him. "What a heap of nonsense," he said, "talking surely," he said. "Now if you will to see summat worth seeing, come down to me and I'll show you the finest ter pigs in the county."

Touching the resurrection. A great contrast may be seen in the use of the Vatican in Rome. In one corner are on one side the graves of the popes and on the other the memorials of the Christians. The contrast in the emblematic shows how much faith has been to cheer and bless the world. On one side are sculptures of lions seizing horses and other scenes of destruction, and epitaphs full of despair and gloom. On the other side are sculptures of the Good Shepherd carrying his lost lamb, and epitaphs full of hope as that on one Alexander, who, says the inscription, "is not dead, but is living by the stars."

A centurion to keep Paul. The servants of God have sometimes regarded a misfortune, an experience for which have reason to feel grateful. We never have had *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan had not been shut up in jail. German people got their Bible from Luther being shut up in the Wartburg. They would both have been too busy to do the work, if they had not been out of their occupations and completely idle. It seemed to them a deprivation that they could not preach, but they have reached only hundreds with their voices, while with their works they have reached millions and have helped a generation since their day.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Pisant Life in Thessaly.

the veliest of Greek Provinces—Its Ancient Implements and Antiquated Customs—Where the World has Stood Still.

AMERICAN or European sojourners in Thessaly are continually and painfully impressed with the difference between the Thessaly of Greek history, romance, and poetry, and Thessaly

Old Thessalian coins and medals some emblem of enterprise, plenty of progress. Thessaly of to-day bears an impression. Thessaly has been a theatre of contending forces perhaps Greek spirit, outworn by accepts dead quiet at any price. fertility of the soil has always made a temptation to invaders. Yet it is far from supplying her own needs. The methods of cultivation are what they were centuries ago, the implements employed being of a primitive type. The soil is fertile and can produce as much grain as is but Thessaly depends upon outside sources for supply. Thessalian farmers, rich, but owing to mismanagement, and next to no means of transportation, they can be turned to profitable use. Remains of magnificent roads and famous bridges of former engineering skill, modern roads and railways are unknown.

Fields and plains have no lines of fence or over these creep the cart or wagon drawn by bullocks or oxen. The wheels are spokeless, disks. How this slow peasantry would be astonished if the swift wonders of the engine should rush, or the mystery of an electric car guide along their high-

Thessalians belong to the Church, and in their towns, often without a door you will find always a "holy picture" or statue. The old to the old marriage ceremony, and call it by the old Greek name. Girls are married at an early age, thirteen to fifteen. If the well-to-do, she may carry with her in coins worn in a head dress. The Greek church calls for innumerable fast days—not less than one hundred and ninety-five out of three hundred and sixty-five days—so that the work of the true Thessalian is considerably reduced, and the Mohammedan who has not so many ecclesiastical days, has the advantage of him. They are ignorant of the laws of drainage and are greatly afflicted by miasmas. This may possibly explain the coming of the cable dispatches which are at 10,000 troops of the Turkish occupation have been stricken by fever and are to be sent home.

Thessalian farmers lay out their fields here and there without system or order and plant the same cereal over and over in the same place until the soil is exhausted. The people are temperate, sunny, cheerful and are of splendid physique. They are hospitable, too, and attach much to the advantage of travelers in a country where the only accommodations are high dilapidated khans offer is a roof and a fire.

Life and occupation are simple and primitive enough. They live in huts of mud or sheds of wood. Thessalians occupy themselves with poultry, milk the goats and churn the milk in the turning apparatus their forefathers

used. Perhaps the housewife has silkworms to look after, and if so, she may carry a lot of them around in her bosom. Her husband and sons may be working in the fields, loading and driving one of these curious carts, or out with their fishing-nets in the sea of Larissa. Her daughter is in the mulberry grove, or picking cotton, binding sheaves after the reapers, or she may be following the plow—in which case the plow is of the same pattern that was used in the days of Homer. They count time by the old calendar, which the rest of the world has long discarded.

Rule Your Tongue.

It is too often an unruly member, and needs constant watching. Among young people there is a proneness to gossip and small-talk, and the tongue is in great danger of evil-speaking, and of utterances that may prove disastrous to the young character. When your tongue begins to

matter. Especially on rising in the morning does she remember this. The careful girl thinks that, at the beginning of the day, one should be at one's best and freshest, and therefore her appearance is quite as presentable at breakfast time as at any time later on in the day.

Feeding a Baby Bear.

Among the many strange experiences of the Arctic exploring party in the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition which recently



FEEDING THE BABY POLAR BEAR.
IT IS SUPPLIED WITH MILK THROUGH A TUBE.

One of our illustrations, reproduced from the *Graphic*, shows the method of feeding the little fellow, who looks cunning enough to have just come



A THESSALIAN FARMER'S OX-CART.

run away with you and to drag you along with it in the snare—the voice within will warn you in time—tell it to halt! and then see that it minds you. You don't belong to your tongue; your tongue belongs to you. Make it keep its place and do as it is told. Never let it be said that you are ruled by your tongue, or will permit your tongue to pollute your heart. It will help you rule your own tongue, if you seek the company of those who are trying to rule theirs. Each will then be a help to the other. A boy who is a slave to his tongue should be avoided. Let the motto of every youth be, "Victory over the tongue."

The Careful Girl.

When a young girl has been trained to habits of tidiness, the training tells in all her after-life. She does not come to table or go out to business with a portion of her attire in a torn or rumpled condition. All her little belongings are put away in their respective places with the utmost care, being brushed or dusted first if necessary, or mended if a stitch in them should chance to be needed, for she understands the importance of detail in the smallest things if the effect of the whole is to be good. Not only is the putting away carefully attended to, but also the putting on, for the careful girl realizes it is her duty to look her best, and that she owes it to society to take pains in the

out of one of those children's story books in which good little bears abound.

The Dangers of "Nagging."

Incidents illustrating the evils that result from the habit of "nagging" are of frequent occurrence. A French lad was greatly depressed in consequence of the reproaches of his disappointed father. The boy, a student in Paris, had failed to win a prize at the annual examinations, and was sharply reprimanded by his father on his return home. He was terribly depressed, and told his mother that if the reproaches were renewed he would kill himself. At dinner his father returned to the subject, whereupon the boy tried to carry out his threat. A doctor declared that in the absence of complications the wound would not prove fatal. A similar case is that of a young girl who was goaded into a lunatic asylum by the constant pressure put on her by her father to study incessantly for an examination. The tendency to worry young people into frantic efforts to distinguish themselves is one of the results of the spirit of competition which is making modern life increasingly difficult. But reproaches poured on failure are inflicting more misery than is generally known. Sometimes failure is a real road to ultimate success, while quick success may be preliminary to failure.

FANCIES OF CHILDHOOD.

ONE of the most interesting books on childhood that has recently been published, is a volume by Mr. Jas. Sully. The author has made a loving study of the subject concerning which he writes. There are many things in Mr. Sully's book that would charm adult readers who would readily recognize his pleasant pictures of childhood and its peculiarities. "A strong and almost universal impulse of childhood," says Mr. Sully, "is

acting or 'pretending,' as they themselves call it. This passion for play in most children is so active as to be a wife longing. Nothing can stop it. The child lives in the ordinary and prosaic surroundings of the average house here, however, he finds his opportunity. The floor of the room is magically transformed into a prairie, a sea, or other locality; the hidden space under the table becomes a robber's cave; a chair serves as horse or ship or other vehicle, to suit the exigencies of the particular play. Children—especially lonely children—under the acting impulse, create not only scenes, but imaginary beings, as if they believed them to be real. One little fellow of four passed much of his time in journeyings to Edinburgh, 'London town,' China, and so forth in quest of his two little boys who roved about with their 'mamsey.' They paid him visits when he was alone, always contriving to depart 'just two tiny minutes' before anyone came in. A little heroine took to nursing an invisible 'iccle gaal' (little girl), of whose presence she seemed perfectly assured.

"Another of the universal impulses of childhood is to impart life and feeling to the dead things which are their toys. This instinct finds its chief manifestation in the relations between girl children and their dolls. It is extraordinary how close and real is the sympathy between the child and her doll. Children wish their dolls to share in their things, to be kissed when they are kissed, and so come close to them in experience and feeling. Not only so, they look for sympathy from their doll companions, taking to them all their childish troubles. So far is this feeling of oneness carried in some cases that the passion for dolls has actually rendered the child indifferent to child-companions. Not only in this lavishing of tenderness and of sympathy on the doll, but in the occasional discharge on it of a fit of anger, children show how near it comes to a human companion. The punishment of the doll is an important element in nursery life. It is apt to be carried out with formal solemnity and often with something of brutal emphasis. Yet tenderness being the strongest part of the doll-attachment, the little disciplinarians are apt to suffer afterwards for their cruelty.

"Sometimes the child surprises you by an unexpected word, which he has formed on the model of some words he does know. The results are often quaint enough. One small boy talked of the 'rainer,' the fairy who makes rain, and another boy dubbed a teacher the 'lessoner.' Two children invented the quaint substantive 'thinks' for 'thoughts,' and another child used the form 'digs' for holes dug in the ground. Other doll inventions occur, as when one girl asked to see another woman 'deading,' and neatly expressed the act of undoing a parcel by the form 'unparcel,' and when another child spoke of his metal toy being 'unhotted,' lacking our word cooled, and asked, 'Can't I be sorried?' for 'Can't I be forgiven?'"



"SAINT RUTH."

The Story of a Mistake in Choosing a Life Partner.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

By EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

Author of "A Princess in Calico," "God's Porcelain."



Two young men were sitting before an open fire chatting together of social problems. Geoffrey Charlton, was cynically contending that the church did not really believe in Christianity as Christ founded it, and did not embody Christian principles in the lives of its members. His friend, Charles Maynard, protested against this view, and declared it was a libel on Christian people to assume that every one was a hypocrite with a stone for a heart.

"I know," Geoffrey admitted, "that there is a great deal of philanthropy preached and practised, but we have none of the real spirit of Christ in the churches."

There are none who really practice self-sacrifice, which was the essence of Christ's life and teaching. It seems to me the old Bible has become obsolete."

Charles Maynard looked sadly at his friend. "You are an odd fish, Charlton! The sadness of your cynicism disarms my criticism, but I believe it would be possible to prove you in the wrong; your assertions are too sweeping. Take women as a class for an example. There is no end to their devotion; and self-abnegation, I take it, is the master passion which rules their lives."

"I have never met a woman yet," said Charlton, "nor do I expect to meet one, who would not count the world well lost, and throw duty to the winds, for love."

"You unconscionable old Diogenes! I should not wonder if before five years are over you were to find at least one woman worthy of her name, and have to hide your cynical head in the dust at her feet."

"That is not likely," said Charlton. He rose and crossed the room to get his overcoat. "I have an engagement for to-night, so I will say good-bye. I will not forget to let you know if I should meet your ideal woman." He shook hands with his old friend and went out into the night.

Some weeks later he lifted the knocker of an old-fashioned house which stood on the outskirts of the college grounds.

The door opened and a young girl stood framed in the doorway. A magnificent spaniel at her side eyed him doubtfully; behind her a low, wide hall stretched the depth of the house and opened into a rose garden whose fragrance permeated every room.

"I have been led to hope," he said "that I might find a home here for the summer. I want perfect quiet for study. I think you will not find me a troublesome guest." He smiled winningly as he handed her his card.

She bowed, with an answering smile in her eyes and lips. "Down, Leo! If you will look in, Mr. Charlton, I will call my room."

The preliminaries were not difficult to settle, and Geoffrey Charlton found himself the next day in possession of a large room whose bay windows opened into a garden which was an old time wilderness of delight. Flowers blazed at him from deep old-fashioned bowls on the low window seats, the red muslin curtains were draped with dainty rows of ribbon, delicate cretence covered the roomy armchairs, and the bed linen was white as driven snow. Here, for awhile at least, it would be possible to forget the world.

Mrs. Hall, with her niece Ruth Howard, and Nora, the dog, were the only occupants of the house. It was a new experience to them to have a boarder. The elder woman explained this to Charlton with clumsy politeness.

"Ruth hopes you will tell us if anything doesn't suit. It is very hard for people who have always had enough to live on, but the times are so dreadful bad now. Ruth thought it was best."

He begged her to assume Miss Ruth that everything suited him to perfection.

Sunday afternoon he strolled across the college campus and took tea at Professor Brockton's house. When he came back he heard a clear voice singing. He whistled under his breath.

"What a voice!" he murmured,—"for the stage."

The tree toads began their sonorous piping, and the crickets chirped merrily under the bushes. He grew drowsy and stretched his feet with a delicious weariness into the low window seat. Then the singing ceased, the lights went out, and all was still. He awoke with a start. The morning light was dawning through the windows. Overhead Ruth was stepping lightly. He looked at his watch. It was half-past five. He felt stiff and sore. He would go out and walk it off. When he

tation to make their house his home, but it did not prove a congenial resting-place; the children were noisy and uncouth. Mrs. Brockton was a commonplace woman, absorbed in her house-keeping and an apparently bottomless mending-basket, and the Professor's social nature had become atrophied by continual overdoes of knowledge. He began to think a unique personality might prove a more profitable study than academic lore.

He opened his door one evening and crossed the hall to the opposite room, where Ruth and her aunt sat sewing. In his hand he held a late magazine, open at an exquisitely tender sketch from the German. With Mrs. Hall's permission, he would read it aloud.

She nodded. He was "welcome." She "always liked to hear readings." Charlton winced. The homely phrasing grated on his fastidious ear.

When he finished, Mrs. Hall was asleep; Ruth's eyes were shining like stars. She bent towards him, her sewing forgotten in her lap.

"Well, Miss Howard, do you like it?"

"It is beautiful!"

"And the hero—?"

"Ah, he disappoints me—at the last."

"They all do," he asserted, cheerfully. "Water cannot rise above its own level, you know, and every man has his limitations. It is one of the penalties of human nature."

She hesitated.



"LEO," SHE WAILED, "LEO, SPEAK TO ME!"

came back, Ruth was in the rose garden. He watched her as she went up and down among the bushes, stopping at intervals to caress Leo, who followed closely in the narrow paths, and, when she stopped, sat watching her, his soft eyes full of a benign affection. There was a swift directness about her movements which pleased him. He met her at the door and took the laden basket from her.

"You revel in flowers Miss Howard."

She lifted her fearless eyes to his. "I rejoice in them, Mr. Charlton. To me they are a living gospel. See these pure cream beauties, they go to deck a young girl's coffin; the pinks are for a children's party; and the pansies are to soothe the last days of one who for years has had a living death; they are so brave and helpful." She gave them soft touches with alert fingers as she spoke.

"Do others read your gospel?" he asked curiously.

"I think they do—sometimes. I try to send the right word, always."

The days slipped by almost imperceptibly. He saw but little of Ruth. She was always busy, and there was a strange intusness of purpose about her which he felt as a tacit rebuke. He found the time hang heavily after the hours which he devoted every day to study were over. The Brocktons had given him a cordial invi-

"Mr. Charlton—you have read so much—among all the books—have you ever found—a hero, like Jesus?"

Her voice was full of a tender possession, as though she had named her dearest friend.

A deep hush fell upon the room. Outside a sleepy katydid piped a shrill good-night; Leo drew a long, deep breath, as he lay dreaming at Ruth's feet, and the old clock in the hall ticked off the minutes with a solemn distinctness. At length Charlton answered:

"No, Miss Ruth," he said, quietly, "I never have."

He went out after that into the rose garden and paced up and down the narrow walks far into the night. He felt strangely moved. "It was almost as if He were real to her!" he said in an awed whisper, and as if—she loved Him!

After this he read aloud every evening. Kernels of truth from Epictetus, poems in prose from Ruskin, the versatile wit and wisdom of Shakespeare, or the mystical beauty of Browning. He was an accomplished elocutionist, and Ruth's fresh nature responded like an Aeolian harp to his magnetic voice. He watched the lights and shadows chase each other over her expressive face with ever-increasing attention. He had never imagined human nature could be so interesting.

He fell into the habit of accompanying

them to church, that he might play of her countenance under its lively religious emotions. As he took her clear-cut profile raised to the kindly face of the old minister, conscious that she had forgotten existence, and, to his surprise, she was not a pleasant one. Where he wondered, and what visions of intent eyes beheld? That her content to feed upon the platitudinous venerable preacher, he never for a moment imagined.

"Miss Ruth," he said one morning the aroma of coffee and grid stole out from the kitchen, who was feeding one of the many unfound their way to her door. "Miss Ruth, do you know getting the tramp problem into a tangle? Cold bread are barely permissible, but when to luxuries, it is putting a premi vagabondage in a manner app one who is a lover of his country. She smiled up at him.

"Could I treat my Lord—so?"

He looked at her curiously.

"You remember the legend of tofero?" she said, softly.

"And do you see the Christ beggar?" he asked, presently.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it of the least!" So she answered.

He followed her one day into the garden. She was bubbling with merriment and talking all nonsense to Leo as she gazed neck with flowers.

"Can you spare time to choose Miss Ruth—for me?"

She went swiftly to a bush in the corner of the garden and brought a crimson beauty.

"Will you interpret its message?"

She caressed the velvet petals.

"To me it means something of life, Mr. Charlton, is one of its things."

He bent his head while the dog to his cheek.

"I accept your kind offer of a possible future might," he said, gently, "otherwise I am not worthy to wear your gift." The lapel of his coat trembled and she fastened the rose buttonhole with fingers that trembled. It would have been hard to refuse.

"What makes you so happy?" he asked abruptly.

"I am an apostle of the sunshine. Do you not think the Lord gives us everything the least we can do to be happy?" "Everything!" he repeated ulously.

"Yes," she answered brightly, "much as is best for us do we can wait—for the rest."

"But do you never grow tired of the monotony of stillness? Do you pine for the world, Miss Ruth?"

"Do you think we need the world, Mr. Charlton, when we have God?"

"She has given me her creed to himself as he strode along the street, "as high and pure as her as unnatural," he added, bitterly, "not last. It is bound to break under the test—when it comes."

The next morning he was awoken by low, intense cries which came from the rose-garden. He dressed hurriedly and went out. Ruth was crouching on the ground beside Leo, who lay rigid, eyes fixed and staring with a blackness of gaze. Nora stood by her hands and Mrs. Hall looked helplessly. Charlton came nearer, not heed him.

"Leo," she wailed, in a voice seemed to smite the air, "Leo! Tell me what has hurt Leo!"

The dog gave a convulsive shudder tried to struggle to his feet. She turned to him to help him. Charlton interposed hastily.

"Miss Ruth, be careful. Leo is poisoned—with strychnine! Help, but, in his agony he may harm you."

She turned on him a look of help. "You do not understand," she said.

"Leo is my friend."

The dog gave a quick, hard shudder his dead body fell against his

(Concluded next week)

READY FOR SERVICE.
be: Whatsoever he would like to have
me. Ex. 19: 1-8.

When we pray, "Thy will be done," we sometimes fail to grasp the full meaning of the prayer. There is a sense in which his will certainly will be done, and nothing can prevent it, but there is an- sense in which it depends on us it will be done. God treats man with respect and consideration. He see us work out our own salva- very gladly does he help us, and as power as we need it, and feel our weakness and go to ng his aid, it pleases him that to him. The easier course for d have been to use compulsion. would have been to produce au- not men. He leaves us the choose between the evil and and makes it clear to us that e is in our own hands. His will temptation out of evil, but we are passive agents in it: we must d working we receive help. of "Thou shalt" and "thou " has passed away, and it is that we intelligently perceive se and choose that as our own life. If we do evil the evil re- ourselves; if we are stubborn, y kick against the goad; but if e docile and tractable, we are in of development.

The writer tells a pretty story of a training of his son. The boy, ischier, breaks an expensive t, by which his mother sets se. An ordinary father would ve beaten the lad for his oi- d there the matter would have This father wanted his boy to a different method. A few ward, he asks the boy to go k with him, and bids him n him a famous box of domi- n is the boy's special treasure. place of call is a store, where erpots are sold as the one the e. The father inquires the one, and being told, remarks cannot afford to buy it. "Poor must wait a little longer for r-pot." The next call is at of a dealer in such curiosities x of dominoes. The boy's wn to him, and is duly ad lf," says the father, "my boy ow tired of his toy, I suppose u buy it of him. How much u give him for it?" The deal- it over again and names a Well," says the father, "some ps he may want to take your d they leave the store. They lock or two, and the father s other call, but the boy is miss- a few minutes he runs up to without his precious box of and with money in his hand, sold the box and he cries, pa, we can buy mamma an- ver-pot."

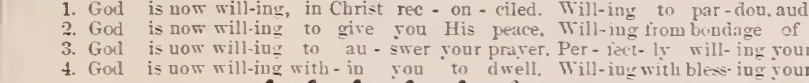
ly learned a lesson by that in- was not likely to forget. His s glad to see him spontaneously e delicate suggestion, and he n for his conduct. That is the training we get at the hands of nly Father. Opportunities are our way. He would have us hoice in his ways, not wait to be ome Christian friend needs help way. Perhaps he is sick and o have a friend come and sit and talk to him, or read to him, eer him and relieve him in his a friend may be in poverty and neone to interest himself in ob- employment for him. Or a man struggling with temptation and e overcome. A kindly grasp of and a cheering word may give ourage. Are we ready in such hese and a thousand other op- s come to us. The service may e, but such as it is, it is ours, and e take it or leave it undone. It nificant thing that Christ did. ook a towel and girded himself and the feet of his disciples. Ai- o follower, of his should consider er e that he can render, a service el" for him to do.

OUR
SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

God is Now Willing: Are You?
-Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ.-2 Cor. 5: 18.

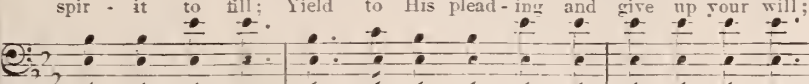
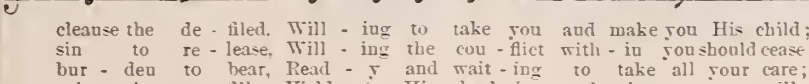
EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



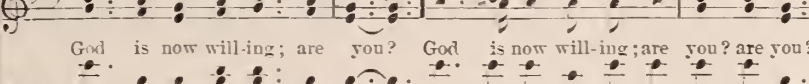
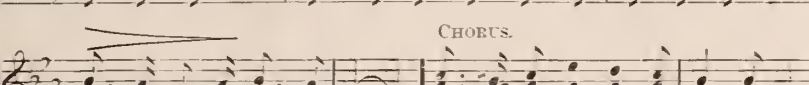
1. God is now will-ing, in Christ rec - on - ciled. Will-ing to par-don, and
2. God is now will-ing to give you His peace. Will-ing from bondage of
3. God is now will-ing to au - swer your prayer. Per - fect - ly will-ing your
4. God is now will-ing with - in you to dwell. Will-ing with bless - ing your



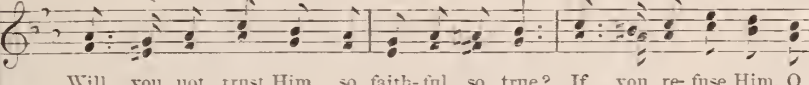
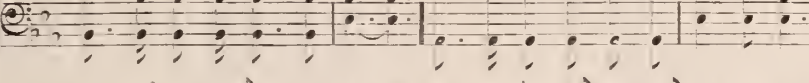
cleause the de - filed. Will - ing to take you and make you His child;
sin to re - lease. Will - ing the cou - flict with - in you should cease;
bur - den to bear. Read - y and wait - ing to take all your care;
spir - it to fill; Yield to His plead - ing and give up your will;



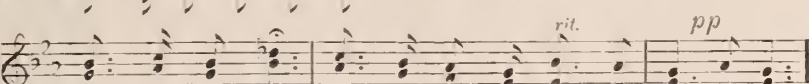
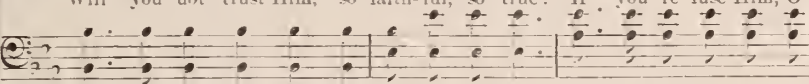
CHORUS.



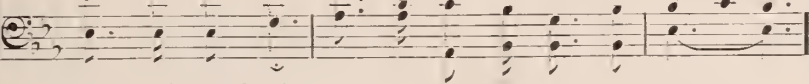
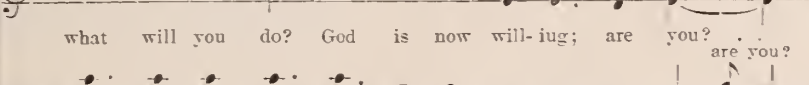
God is now will-ing; are you? God is now will-ing; are you? are you?



Will you not trust Him, so faith-ful, so true? If you re - fuse Him, O



what will you do? God is now will - ing; are you? are you?



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

WHERE WILL WE BE?
'TIS a question most solemn
That oft comes to me.
When I think of the future—
'Tis where will I be?
O! where will I be
At the great Judgment Day—
When the world and its glory
Have all passed away?

We are told, there are mansions,
For the good and the best;
Where the saints of all ages
In glory shall rest.
Where music, sweet music,
Does unceasingly roll;
"And the smile of the Lord,
Is the feast of the soul."

We are told of a place
Full of sorrow and woe,
Where the wicked, like waves,
Are tossed to and fro;
Where the bad of all ages,
No Redeemer can see;
In which of these places,
O! which shall it be?

'Tis a matter most solemn
For you and for me.
To consider the future,
And where we shall be.

The door of the "Ark" is wide open to-day
For poor, erring children, like you and
like me.
And Jesus our Jesus says: "I am the Way."
Trust him, and with him, we forever will be.
Woodbridge, N. J. —D.

HE AROSE.
THEY laid the Master in a rock-hewn cave,
For over him had rolled death's chilling
wave:
But he could not be holden of the grave,
And he arose.

Ah! death and hell their fury then displayed;
And his disciples hung aloof, dismayed.
But death's inherent weakness was displayed
When he arose.

The world's poor guards kept vigil by the
tomb.
And thought the grave revealed his mortal
doom:
But he despoiled the sepulchre of gloom
When he arose.

When men shall lay these mortal frames
away,
It will be only till the dawn of day.
When night and death and hell shall flee
away.

And we shall also rise.
Frank, Conn. —W. C. MARTIN.

THE TWO WITNESSES.
A Suggestion as to the Identity of these
Mysterious Martyrs of the Latter Days.

BY REV. B. H. CHARLES, D.D.*
HE prophecy with reference to the two witnesses in Revelation 11: 1-13, has mystified the minds of theologians probably more than any other in the whole Bible. There have been more theories started with regard to them than any other within my knowledge. Nearly every writer has something different from all the rest.

All manner of persons and things have been brought forward and made to do duty in this field. Some have thought that the two witnesses were eminent bishops in pairs, who flourished in the past. Others have interpreted them to be sects of people who protested against the errors of Rome, as the Waldenses and Albigenses. Others hold that John, the Baptist and our Lord Jesus Christ are the two witnesses. Others that they were John Huss and Jerome of Prague; others Luther and Calvin, etc., etc. Some claim that they are the New and Old Testaments; others the Jewish and Gentile churches in the world. In truth never was there a passage of Scripture landed back and forth to do service along all lines as this one. Let us examine the Bible and see what is said about witnesses. It is the source whence we must get our religious knowledge. Can we recall any passages that will give us the key to solve this difficulty? When the Son of God had given his disciples his last charge, he said to them, Luke 24: 48, "And ye are witnesses of these things." This is directly to our purpose. Language could not be more explicit than this. Not only so, but these are the words of Christ himself. Paul also, in 1. Corinthians 15: 14, 15, says: "If Christ be not risen, then . . . we are false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ." And Peter says, Acts 10: 39: "And we are witnesses of all things which he did, both in the land of the Jews and in Jerusalem."

Acts 1: 8. Jesus says, "And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Acts 3: 15, in speaking of Christ, Peter says, "Whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses;" and 5: 32 we have, "And we are his witnesses of these things." Other passages can be adduced, but this is sufficient on this point. Here are the Saviour, Paul and Peter, declaring the same thing. Therefore we conclude that the Christian ministry with co-laborers in the Word, the body of his faithful preachers, who declare the truth to the people, form one of the witnesses of Christ.

We must adopt the same method to find out what constitutes the other witness. We must appeal to the Scriptures. To get at this point let us begin at the beginning. When God gave the law to his people, he said, Ex. 25: 16, "And thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee." The word "testimony" means a "witness, evidence, proof of some fact." Now in Psalms 19: 8-11 the Word of God is described in these remarkable words: "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple," etc. And I may affirm that throughout the whole Bible, God's word is spoken of as a testimony. It bears witness to the truth. From this we conclude that the "Word of God" is the second of these witnesses. The two witnesses, "My two witnesses," are all co-laborers with Christ, especially the Christian ministry and the Word of God.

Let me call your attention to their fate. They were both "killed." This may be literally fulfilled. The Word of God may be publicly burned throughout the whole world. The ministry may be persecuted unto death. But the language is capable of another construction. It may be that both of these witnesses in the struggle of those days will be deprived of all their power. They may be symbolically or declaratively dead. They will be placed under such great contempt as to be what we call a "dead letter."

* From his new work, *Lessons for Preachers*, pp. 320; price, \$1.25; published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Toronto.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

John Wesley's Pulpit.

An interesting piece of masonry has just come into the possession of the Weslevans of Wednesbury, England. This is a flight of stone steps which served John Wesley as a pulpit in his open-air services in that town. He visited the town at intervals during the forty-seven years between 1743 and 1790, and preached no less than forty-five sermons standing on this flight of steps. They were at that time the entrance to a public building in a wide open space known as the High Bullen. It was a convenient place for an open-air meeting and the steps furnished a suitable place for the speaker to stand. The steps were used also as a horse block by farmers and dealers who, after transacting their business in the market and visiting the saloons, found it difficult to mount their horses. At one time the magistrates used them as a bench when they held court in the open air. Certain town improvements made some years ago involved the removal of the old steps and they were put in the Parish Churchyard. The Weslevans of the town, however, have now secured them and have set them up in front of the Spring Head Wesleyan Chapel. They are protected by a railing, and bear the following inscription:

From this horse-block John Wesley often preached. It originally stood in the High Bullen, and was erected here in 1891. The best of all is God is with us.

It is suggested that a statue of the great preacher should be placed on the top.

GIVING BY STEALTH.

—The *Calwer Missionsblatt* relates an amusing story, given by a missionary. He was at home, and with a friend stopped to dinner with a wealthy, childless farmer-pair, who had been present at the previous missionary meeting, and seemed much interested in it. The missionary's friend informed him that this couple had formerly been active and liberal Christians, but had of late years seemed wholly taken up in money-making. However, they received the two gentlemen with great cordiality, took their admonition as to the danger of worldliness in excellent part, and inquired eagerly after additional missionary news. At last, when the farmer chanced to be out of the room, his wife slipped a gold piece into their hands, whispering: "Take this, but don't let my husband know, he is so close." When they took leave, the husband went with them on the way, and on parting, put a gold piece in their hands, saying: "Don't let my wife know of this, she cannot bear to part with money." Let us hope that when they found each other out they resolved to keep on crucifying Mammon.

A KISS FOR A CROSS.

One of the American bishops who attended the Conference at Lambeth, England, tells an amusing story of a brother prelate. It appears that the latter who was in a distant colony had the misfortune while in London to lose a cross which he wore as the badge of a certain brotherhood by which he set great store.

It was found by an American brother bishop, who recognized it, and who, besides being eloquent and handsome, had a keen sense of fun and humor. He immediately on finding the cross gave it to one of his friends—a lady—telling her to wear it at the service on the following day at St. Paul's Cathedral. This she readily agreed to do, remarking laughingly: "Well, I shall not now give it up without a consideration."

At the conclusion of the final service at St. Paul's, when the chaplains and others were waiting for their respective bishops

before adjournment to lunch, the venerable prelate who had lost his cross, on coming out of the cathedral, suddenly espied it hanging from the lady's neck.

Without any warning—and, we presume, primed by his joke-loving American



FLIGHT OF STEPS FROM WHICH JOHN WESLEY PREACHED.

brother—he rushed forward and accosted her in a manner in which we believe the stately English episcopate only salute their wives and daughters. He took her affectionately by the hand, and gave her a resounding kiss, exclaiming as he took the cross from her neck, "I've got it! I've got it!" to the intense amazement and bewilderment of the recipient of the "consideration," and to the infinite amusement of the chaplains and the crowd.

DEMON GOLD.

We have often heard of gold coming to men from the devil's hands when they will pay him the price of sin that he demands for his gift, but there is an actual instance on record of gold being obtained from the devil's mouth; only in this case it is not of Satanic origin, but from a great rock in Canada called the "Devil's Head." This block of solid granite bears a most grotesque resemblance to a human head—its cavernous mouth partly open, its features distorted with a horrible grin. Rude art has supplemented Nature in perfecting the resemblance. It is commonly known as "Devil's Head," but is also called "Skull Rock." It is about twenty feet high above the cliff, and about twenty-one feet in width at the widest part. Ears, eyes and mouth are plainly visible—the latter appearing in the form of a cave, which extends back in the stone about ten feet, and then, like a throat, shoots down into the hill.

There is hardly an explorer who has entered the productive goldfields known as the "Rainy and Seine River El Dorado" who has not touched with the palm of his hand a spot just above the

eyes, in the belief that this act would bring him luck in his search for the precious metal. Perhaps the reason for this singular superstition is the fact that the first gold-bearing rock ever found in this region was taken from the mouth of this head. The superstition is prevalent and persistent, and the "lucky spot" has been rubbed so often that it is bald and shiny, and destitute of the mossy growth which clings to the rock elsewhere.

The Indians believe it is the petrified skull of a great warrior, and have buried their bravest men near the spot.

TAKING IT OUT.

A sermon was once preached in exchange for horse-shoes to the satisfaction of a clergyman and a blacksmith in a village in Connecticut. A local clergyman had his horse shod, and the blacksmith declined pay, saying that he would "take it out in preaching;" but the obstacle in the way of payment was the distance to the meeting-house. The preacher, not willing to see a good work hindered, proposed a service in the vulcan's courts, and gave notice from his pulpit the following Sunday that he would preach by request, at "Hop Holt's" blacksmith's shop, Tuesday evening at seven o'clock; and the payment was thus duly rendered. It would be gratifying to learn that the sermon was blessed to his soul. If so, he would have reason to be thankful throughout eternity that he made such a bargain with the clergyman, even if he had shod the horse with gold. (Isaiah 13: 12.)

The Old Way.

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Indigestion by Dieting a Barbarous and Useless One.

We say the old way, but really it is a very common one at present time, and many dyspeptics and physicians as well consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others or to greatly diminish the quantity usually taken, in other words the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but still the moment Dyspepsia makes its appearance a course of dieting is at once advised.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting or starvation to a man suffering from Dyspeptic, because Indigestion itself starves every organ and every nerve and every fibre in the body.

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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Ladies and Older Ones.

IN the old days, girls were very carefully guarded against appearing hoydenish, or rude. To be called a tomboy was a dreadful disgrace, and while their parents were permitted to run, to shout, to play freely out of doors, to climb trees, and develop their muscles, the girls of the day were brought up to be "little ladies." The pendulum has swung the other way. Young daughters do whatever they please in the line of out-door exercise; they run on their wheels like fairies, they play basketball, they practice gymnastics as keenly and as gracefully as the boys. The other day at a great party I saw a hundred little girls riding on their bicycles with a grace and ease which simply surprised and delighted me. And the military precision of their movements and of their obedience to the drill of the lads, and when their mothers jumped from her wheel, and the girls of the day, every one of them heeded her command. Little women were, it was just beautiful to see the bright eyes, rosy color, and the health and vigor.

It is that there is a golden mean, and when, the other evening in the parlour, I saw a fair young mother quietly standing by her daughter, her gentle arresting hand, light as a rose leaf, to hush the too noisy merriment of the child, a picture of the good old days and ways. I remembered when refined and gentlewomen deprecated in their daughters anything too pronounced manner, and when loud laugh-shout speech were impossible to the children of a carefully guarded

girl that it still gives me a pang to recall my own youthful impatience with the restraints which were educational. I have been thankful all my life for the girls of 1897 who pick up the period, college-slang and the might take a lesson from their mothers and their grandmothers. We were not allowed to use any of that sort, neither "mercy," "dear," nor "gracious," nor "oh!" nor any such word or phrase was to help out conversation. Let the simple be the rule, and to the quiet expression of fact, by way of affirmation or denial, ladies were to be low-toned, and any needless emphasis, and that they owed a duty to their tongue, that they must speak it, and find in it a sufficient reason whatever they wanted to say. Mothers and daughters sharing together, talks of mine, have conformed their desire to have them practical. One is very practical. Supposing of all ages decide that we form an Anti-Slang league, that we use a single phrase which has any slang, that we will try habitually to close our thoughts in our every word in the most fitting and beautiful phrase can choose. What a difference soon be perceptible in our families and at our various meetings. All that is needed is to follow the lead of one, to make a movement towards real ladylike manner and speech. The heaven spreads as swiftly as the wind, and one little band here, there, all over the broad land, leads us to the twentieth century, to improved manners and morals, and you cannot ever divorce good from good manners for any length of time.

As we older women, who are growing a little careless as our children multiply, should refuse to be out-

done by our juniors. What if we should practice more assiduously than we have hitherto or lately done, the small, sweet courtesies of deportment, should be polite to the family, should repress the too hasty reproof, and more serenely live, and dispense smiles and sunshine with the daily bread? We cannot but own that there is room for improvement in some parts of our lives and conduct, especially if we have grown imperious or tart or bitter? What says the apostle? Let all bitterness and wrath and clamor and evil speaking be not so much as known among you!

Margaret E. Sangster

Divinely Protected.

It was a most remarkable fact, in connection with the recent severe earthquakes in Assam, that while many lives were lost and a great deal of property destroyed, not a single missionary was injured and very few mission buildings, so far as heard from, suffered serious damage. This fact has not escaped the attention of the native population, who ascribe the immunity of the Christians to divine protection. One missionary, Rev. E. G. Phillips of Tura, writes: "Our buildings have proven to be nearly earthquake proof, while government buildings were wrecked beyond repair. The effect on our work promises to be quite marked. Heathen, to whom the Gospel had been preached, are in numbers now resolving to become Christians. One village in the interior has become Christian *en masse* and asked for a teacher."

Mrs. P. H. Moore of Nowgong, writes: "Our two mission bungalows stand, although the walls and posts have been severely racked. Our chapel is not injured. The native Christians rushed to our compound, some screaming, others praying. There was not much sleep that night. The Christians gathered in the chapel, and after a prayer meeting, tried to sleep between the slight shocks, which continued to come every half hour or so. Oh! that this manifestation of God's power may lead the people of Assam to put their trust in the true God."

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A helpful article by Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Lung Diseases, Colds, Catarrh, and Bronchitis.

(From Dr. Hunter's Lectures.)

The lungs are the great vital centre of the body on which the health and proper action of all other organs depend. If we cease to breathe for but five minutes, we are dead at the end of that time. In rare and exceptional cases the flame of life has been rekindled by artificial respiration, but, as a rule, people sound and well, when suffocated, are dead, beyond restoration, at the end of five minutes. Have you ever thought why this is? It is because the functions of every organ stop the moment we stop breathing. Breathing enables the heart to beat, the blood to circulate and the brain to send forth sensation and motion to the entire body.

The Lungs, the Brain and the Heart constitute the tripod of life, and while they act we cannot die. The heart depends on the lungs for its power to circulate the blood, and the blood depends on the lungs for its purification. Every moment of life carbonic acid is being generated in the blood by the action of the organism, and must be expelled and gotten rid of by the act of breathing. That is God's appointed means of purifying our blood. When we stop breathing we retain the carbonic acid in the blood, and five minutes are long enough to accumulate sufficient to poison and stop the whole machinery of life.

Hence it is that all affections of the lungs are serious, however slight they may seem, because to some extent they prevent full and free breathing, and in the same proportion injure the general health. Take, for example, a cold which, by inflaming the air passages and air tubes of the lungs, causes swelling of their mucous lining, thereby diminishing the size of the tubes through which we breathe, and still further obstructing them by viscid secretions of phlegm and mucus. As we cannot breathe through tubes that are narrowed in any part, or obstructed by foreign matter in them, as well as through those that are open and free, so every cold while it lasts lessens our breathing according to its severity, and in the same degree diminishes the purity of our blood, hurts our circulation, clogs the heart and irritates the brain and nervous system.

All diseases which affect our lungs injuriously begin in the mucous lining of the air passages—nose, throat and bronchial tubes. This membrane is peculiarly exposed to alternations of temperature of the air and to smoke, gas and other irritating and noxious matters diffused through it, all of which being drawn in with every breath, inflame it and set up disease.

In health the mucous membrane is moist. When it becomes inflamed by cold, smoke, dust or other irritating causes, it becomes dry, its natural secretion being suspended, and yet you cannot breathe through the air-passages freely. They are stuffed up by the swelling of the membrane. If the inflammation be in the nostrils the membrane becomes red, tender and so irritable that contact with the air in breathing provokes sneezing. After a time the membrane begins to secrete a thin watery fluid, so acid in character that it frets and scalds the nostrils and lip over which it flows. By degrees this watery secretion becomes thicker, less irritating, of a more yellow color. This is the usual course of what is called a cold in the head, or acute nasal catarrh. If this disorder goes down to the lungs, it is said to be a cold in the chest, or, in medical language, bronchitis. It travels from one part to another. Beginning in the nose, it gradually creeps down the windpipe to the lungs. The

chest then feels tight, stuffed, constricted. The voice is hoarse, and there is a sense of soreness and roughness in the windpipe.

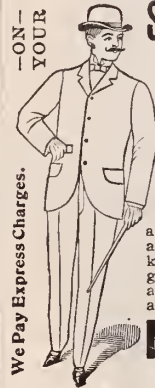
Such are the usual symptoms which attend an ordinary acute attack of catarrh or bronchitis. But it is the chronic disease we have chiefly to consider in treating of lung diseases. The acute stage passes away, leaving the patient almost as well as before it, but more liable to occur again, until in time it settles into a Confirmed, Chronic Catarrh, or Bronchitis—a condition of the lungs full of interest, because so often mistaken and so liable to be mistaken for consumption, of which indeed, it is generally the forerunner.

(To be continued.)

Signed, ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,
Specialist in Lung Cases,
No. 117 West Forty-fifth St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in Dr. Hunter's work will receive his books free, by addressing him as above.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS A. BANKS, D.D.

The Author of Memorial Day.

SURELY no one thing has done so much to soften the bitterness which civil war left in our country as the beautiful ceremonies connected with Memorial Day. As the years have gone on and every Memorial Day the Southern soldiers have been more and more wont to



MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

cover the graves of their dead foemen with a wreath of Southern flowers, and again and again gray-haired veterans from both the "Blue and the Gray" have met beside the Hudson to do honor to the great commander who at Appomattox said: "Let us have peace," the cold mist of suspicion and mistrust have blown away until again we see eye to eye.

Mrs. John A. Logan, the wife of the heroic volunteer General, and herself a brave personality, has just honored me by telling me the story of the conception of Memorial Day.

Mrs. Logan, in company with Colonel Charles L. Wilson, of Chicago, then editor of the Chicago *Journal*, his niece, Miss Anna Wilson (now Mrs. Horatio May, of Chicago), and a Miss Farrar, made a trip in March, 1868, to Richmond for the purpose of visiting the fortifications and battle-fields around that city. General Logan was to have accompanied them, but could not leave his duties in the House of Representatives to do so, as some important measure was pending at that juncture. When they returned, they reported to him all that they had seen during their visit. Among other things, Mrs. Logan was particularly impressed by the evidences of desolation and desolation which she witnessed everywhere, that which seemed to her to be particularly emphasized by the innumerable graves which filled the cemeteries, many of which were those of Confederate soldiers. In the summer before, they had all been decorated by wreaths of flowers and little flags, all of which were faded, but which seemed to the tender-hearted woman to be a mute evidence of the devotion and gratitude of those people to the men who had lost their lives for their cause.

In speaking of this, General Logan said, that it was not an original custom with the people of the South, that the classics are full of descriptions of the customs of the ancients in decorating the graves and emblems of their dead; and that he considered it a most beautiful custom and one worthy to be copied, and as he was then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that he intended issuing an order, asking the entire people of the nation to inaugurate the custom of annually decorating the graves of the patriotic dead, as a memorial to their sacrifice and devotion to country.

He issued the first order for May 30th, 1868, and it was so enthusiastically received and generally observed, that he concluded to cause it to be a national holiday by a joint resolution of Congress, and to make

it one of the duties of the Commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic to issue an order every year for its observance. And, through his efforts, it was accomplished, and has passed into history and has made a beautiful custom perpetual.

Mrs. May, of Chicago, is the only living member, besides Mrs. Logan, of the party whose visit to Richmond was the immediate cause of a general call for a Memorial Day. General Chipman was then Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic, and General Logan sent for him, and they talked the matter over, and the order was signed by General Logan and General Chipman as his Adjutant-General of the G. A. R.

It was then the intention, also, to secure an appropriation, every year, from Congress, to publish the proceedings of Memorial Day, so as to compile in that way, the patriotic addresses that might be made; but it became so voluminous that it was found impracticable; and hence, there was never but one volume issued, which was entitled, "National Memorial Day." It was edited by Major Faehes, who is also now dead.

It will thus be seen that Memorial Day was born out of a partnership between a woman's tender heart and a man's noble purpose. It is also sweet to reflect that South and North united at its birth. The Southern mourners were the first to cover the graves of their dead with flowers, and their Northern brothers to call to it National attention, and make the custom as wide as the country.

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If you are skeptical about its merits or don't need one now, send for our handsome illustrated pamphlets, "The Test of Time," and "Testimonial Wonders," mailed free for the asking. They give full particulars.

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in Church Development.
 The conception of a Unity of Christian
 Churches in Many Lands Without Or-
 ganization. Ephesians 3: 14-19.

A remarkable feature
 of the growth of Chris-
 tianity in the Apostolic
 age is the fact that the
 scattered churches, which
 must in the nature of
 the case have been inde-
 pendent, did not go their
 ways, but were bound together in
 a general idea of a united church.
 There are no indications either in the
 Epistles or in the Acts of an organic union,
 or federation, which could make
 members of the larger whole.
 It must, however, have been influ-
 ence which even in those days
 of communication, sufficed to pre-
 vent isolation, and which brought
 to practical union. Prominent
 among these was doubtless the concep-
 tion of the church emphasized in the
 Epistles. There are indications that
 the circular letters not intended
 for exclusive use of the churches to
 which they were addressed, but were to
 be sent to all, and the copies sent to other
 churches.

In the works of the Fathers
 this idea is frequently mentioned.
 It would be as one element of
 the possession of a common litera-
 ture, this literature, too, the idea of
 the church as a kingdom of which
 Christ was the head was reiterated and
 various images were impressed on
 the minds of the members. They had, too, before
 the Roman Empire, a pattern
 showed them how widely scattered
 the diverse in race and customs
 were welded into one nationality
 maintaining individuality. Familiar
 with this idea, and continually having
 before them by the hostility which
 existed the same way the Christian
 Church and the Christian from
 the Galatians, the sense of brother-
 hood and trial would grow up.
 Finally, it is evident that there were
 preachers who followed Paul's steps
 on long journeys not exclusively
 for monetary character. It was easy to
 at very slight cost. The injunc-
 tion of hospitality must have had their
 effect on the churches, and the new ar-
 rangements would preach to the church
 freely entertained during his
 journey would be sent forward to the
 churches on the great Roman roads.
 It is, doubtless, the mother church
 which would be the centre around
 which the idea of union gathered, but
 the destruction of the city and the
 dispersal of the Christians that centre
 was lost. The essential unity of the
 church would, however, continue in the
 hearts of believers to be an ideal ready
 for practical use, whenever under more
 favorable circumstances a scheme of or-
 ganization could be developed.

CHRISTIAN ALLEGIANCE.
 The Royal Claims on All who Become
 Members of his Kingdom. Acts, 5: 15-32.

In reading the Gospels
 we find a phrase in fre-
 quent use, especially by
 Christ himself, which has
 lost its prominence in
 modern Christianity.
 Christ said the Kingdom
 of Heaven was this, it
 was like this and like another
 it would not be regarded as a
 power or a teacher; he was a King
 and royal prerogatives. Through-
 out his public career, gentle and ap-
 pealing and humble as he was, he
 claimed to be a king. He re-
 fused to place himself at the
 head of an army and at the last, when his
 kingship was made the basis of
 judgment of him, though he still de-
 clared himself a King and suffered as a
 slave. Nor did he demand taxes as
 his did. He bade the people pay
 tribute to Caesar. Nor would he be a judge
 of the Hebrew Kings had been. Even
 when he was presented to him for ad-
 ministration, he repudiated the function.
 The conception of the royal functions
 was not any of these. Like God
 he called the nation into being and
 gave it its laws, Christ called a
 new existence and enacted its
 laws. He did not condescend to argue,

or to convince men of the truth; he com-
 manded and declared his will with the
 majesty of the purple.

This is an aspect of Christ's character
 that we cannot afford to overlook. He is
 King and his kingdom is the kingdom of
 God. Now we know very well what is
 required of subjects of a king. Implicit
 obedience and unwavering allegiance and
 devoted service are expected by earthly
 monarchs from their people. Even when
 the King is despicable and unjust, his
 royal station claims and receives the rever-
 ence of his subjects. These Christ requires
 of every one in his kingdom. As we say
 to foreign immigrants who desire to be-
 come citizens of our great Republic, the
 desire is their own, but if they are re-
 ceived they must obey our laws and we
 take a solemn pledge from them that
 they abjure all other allegiance and give it
 entirely and exclusively to our Govern-
 ment. So in Christ's kingdom there are
 no unwilling subjects. Each one has been
 received on his own application and from
 each the pledge of allegiance is required.
 This, at first, was the sole condition of
 membership in his kingdom. The new
 member must confess Christ and follow
 him. It was not a creed, but conduct and
 duty that Christ insisted upon. The al-
 legiance he required was to supersede even
 the relations of a son to his father, of a
 husband to a wife. It was the most sac-
 red of all obligations. This allegiance he
 still requires.

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SAPOLIO

THE KING AND THE THIEF.

Ortial Tale, which Carries with it a Moral for To-day.

Among the Hindoos a remarkable addition is preserved, which a missionary correspondent describes in a recent letter. A thief, upon sentence of death had been passed, thought, while in his cell, of a by which he might save his sent for his jailer and told he had a secret to impart to the which his royal master might be- sessed of enormous wealth, but could only impart it in a personal with him. Word was taken to the ordered the condemned thief to ht before him. After many sa- prostrations, the man informed sty that he knew the secret of ld grow on a tree in the same uit, and offered to make the ex- at once.

ing was naturally anxious to the man's knowledge, and plac- elf under his directions, he, ac- d by his chief minister, the st, and a few of his most favored went with the thief to a place e city wall. The thief selected d taking a gold coin from among said, "If this be sown in the t this spot, then it will bring e upon the branches of which hang clusters of golden coin as the clusters of grapes upon a there is one essential condition: planted by the hand of a man ever been guilty of a single dis- tion. My hands are not clean. the coin to his majesty the

g then took the coin, and held y in his fingers for a few sec- as he passed it to his chief e he said, "I remember when I took a small sum from my easury, and therefore I think minister should plant it." The e with words of caution, said, "I should not like this most experiment to be exposed to ility of failure through any over- y part; and as I receive the taxes people, and am subjected to so tations, it is just possible that are not altogether clean; so, with permission, I shall pass it to gander-in-chief of the Army." neral would have nothing to do With military brusqueness he no: I handle the army money, tions, and pay the forces; give high priest." Even the priest epared to take the responsibil- id, "You forget that I collect and allot the sacrifices; I can-

quickly out-spake the thief. e, why hang me as a thief. e five highest men in the king one will answer for his own hon- The king saw the force of the er and pardoned the thief.

of course, is but a story, but it along moral. All have sinned short of the law of God; we en God's law, and not one can brother, "I am better than you," and condemnation; but behold news is brought unto us. There teous One, and the fruit of his essage is the wealth of salvation to lieve.

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will be glad to know that the new recovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured diseases caused by Uric acid in the disordered action of the Kidneys or as. It is a wonderful discovery, with 20 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts on the blood and kidneys, and is a true as, quinine is in malaria. Rev. W. B. of Washington, testifies in the *New an Witness* that Alkavis completely Kidney and bladder disease of many ng. Many ladies also testify to its ters in disorders peculiar to woman- r the Church Kidney Cure Company, th Avenue, New York, are the only this new remedy, and they are so anx- its value that for the sake of intro- will send a free treatment of Alkavis ail to every reader of *The Christian* as a sufferer from any form of Kidney disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheuma- tism, Pain in Back, Female Com- orner affliction due to improper action of or Urinary Organs. We advise all to tend their flames and address to the d receive the Alkavis free. It is sent y free, to prove its wonderful curative



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There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *WOMAN'S WORLD*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

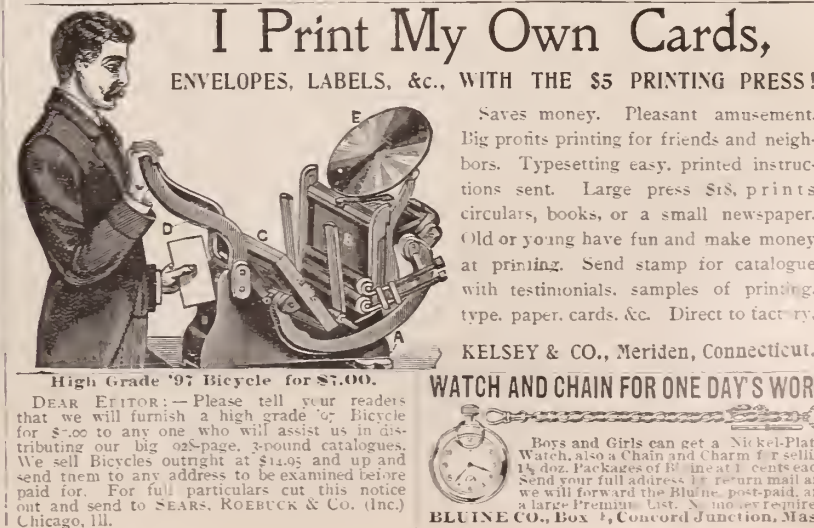
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Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A - I - A country of South America. | 16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler. |
| 2. - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water. | 17. - - C T O - I - Another noted ruler. |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea. | 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe. |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river. | 19. A - S T - A - I - A big island. |
| 5. T - A - - S Well known river of Europe. | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States. | 21. T - - A - One of the United States. |
| 7. H - - - - X A city of Canada. | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water. | 23. - U - - N A large lake. |
| 9. - E - - E - - E One of the United States. | 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet. |
| 10. - A - R I - A city of Spain. | 25. C - R - A A foreign country, same size as Kansas. |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well known island. | 26. B - R - - O A large island. |
| 12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R - D Popular family magazine. |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world. | 28. B - H - I - G A sea. |
| 14. S - A - L E - A great explorer. | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean. |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States. | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa. |

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The *Egeria Diamond* is a perfect imitation of a *Real Diamond* of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of *Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality*. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the *Scarf or Shawl Pin*, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, *Woman's World*. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

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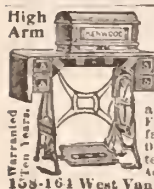
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 41.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE SOUTH'S WHITE HARVEST.

By Time Among the Cotton-Pickers—How Educational and Religious Work is Progressing—The Famous "Black Belt" and its Thriving Plantations.

The time of harvesting is on in the cotton-growing States of the Union, and fields are alive with busy pickers, gathering the white treasure of the cotton bolls. Up or down between rows, each picker goes, pulling the cotton out with both hands as he travels, and dropping it into a bag which is slung about his neck or waist. When he fills this bag, he empties it into a larger sack which stands at the end of the row. His wife may make convenient use of her skirt or apron as an immediate receptacle for the cotton she gathers, and perhaps his pickaninny will follow the mother to the field. The college graduate who tries to pick cotton against a negro, will feel at the end of a day's work that his education has been neglected. It is no easy thing to pick cotton, but the white man will work hard all day and find when night overtakes him that a pickaninny has the advantage of him, perhaps, by two hundred pounds, since, work done, he can, about twenty-five pounds will be the

River. A traveler, with preconceived ideas as to the limits of our cotton belt, would be surprised to see how bales of cotton block the streets in front of warehouse doors in Petersburg and Richmond. If he has just come from Atlanta, Ga., he may be perplexed to decide which of the three towns presents the appearance of the busiest cotton market. Of course, however, it is to Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia that we look for our heaviest yield of this raw material which goes into the composition of so many useful and beautiful fabrics. The area of the United States under cultivation in cotton exceeds twenty million acres. About fourteen millions of this total lie in the four States just named. Nearly all the work that is done in cotton fields is performed by negroes. When it is considered that three-quarters of the four million negroes who inhabit the Black Belt live on plantations, it will be seen what an enormous field of usefulness is being opened up to the missionary agencies at work in rural districts. In all the educational and missionary work which is being done for the Southern negro, the interest of the cotton-picker is never lost sight of for a moment. This class of work is progressing rapidly; every year its field of influence is enlarging and new recesses of darkness are being penetrated. The work which is done in the large colleges, normal, and high schools of prominent cities



HARVEST TIME IN THE ALABAMA COTTON FIELDS.

fruit of his labor. Women are everywhere conceded to be the best pickers, three to four hundred pounds being a not infrequent day's average. The cotton-growing area extends further north than is commonly supposed, very good cotton being produced in considerable quantities as far north as James

reaches the country, for from these centres trained teachers and preachers of the negro race go forth, bearing messages of light to their brethren who dwell and labor in rural districts where the darkness of ignorance and superstition is a "darkness

(Continued on page 763.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Constant Reader, Lawndale, N. C. Would you consider it wrong for two young persons who are deeply in love to marry? The lady's mother is not willing. The lady and gentleman are both leading Christian lives.

Young people, in such cases, are apt to overlook obstacles which to older folks may appear serious ones. It is probable that the lady's mother, in objecting to the union, may not be influenced by any selfish considerations, but solely by a desire for her daughter's welfare. At all events, her objections should not be thoughtlessly overruled. Hasty marriages are usually followed by long and bitter regrets. If both young people are true Christians, they will doubtless succeed in winning the mother's consent in the end, after she has been convinced of the young man's worthiness.

The following card from our Editor will answer several letters to THE MAIL-BAG:

"I do not break my ordinary rule of not responding to defamation, but being a Puritan in my belief and practice concerning the Sabbath, I make the following explanation.

"A man in Minnesota has asked and received the opinion of many ministers and influential people, publishing a symposium, about my preaching on a Sabbath, last July, at Clear Lake, Iowa, to which place he says people came by rail train and broke the Sabbath. I did exactly as any clergyman would have done. For many years under the management of others I have preached and lectured at thirty or forty Chautauquas, camp meetings, and other out-of-door assemblages from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf, preaching on Sunday and never lecturing. People have the habit of coming from a distance to the meetings. Let me ask that man from Minnesota how I can find out the modes of their coming? My custom is to arrive Saturday night, and come away Monday morning preaching on the Sabbath between, and knowing no more about the modes by which the people have assembled than the person who reads these words. Ought I three or six months before I go to my engagements visit all those regions and find out by what conveyance the people will come to the service, and ought I decide not to go unless they come afoot, or in wagons or on horseback? Let the man in Minnesota who is trying to make me out a Sabbath-breaker, and those who have helped him in his symposium, understand that it all resolves itself into one question—shall I preach the Gospel at all in summer? As sure as I preach people will come from a distance, and I have not control over their modes of coming. May God preserve to us the sanctity of the Sabbath, and keep us from the meanness and wickedness of misrepresenting its friends."

Washington, D. C. I. DEWITT TALMAGE.

M. J. D. Piper City, Ill. How old was Samuel when his mother weaned him? and how old was he when his mother dedicated him to the Lord?

Original mothers, in those days, nursed their children until they were from thirty months to three years old, and the day on which the child was weaned was a festival. It cannot be stated how old Samuel was when this took place in his case, but from the fact that he was not weaned until he was placed in the care of Eli, and dedicated to the Lord, the fair presumption is that he must have been about three years old.

D. D. De Motte, Ind. Is it true that the Sabbath is a day for visiting the friends, driving a team eight or ten miles, going on foot for ten or more miles, and coming back at night to the same way, attending church in that place once or twice, 2. If I sin against my brother or neighbor (say to slander a Christian) is it my duty to ask forgiveness from him as well as from God, and is restitution according to the Bible?

Your question would seem to imply that the journey was a pleasure jaunt, with church attendance as a mere incident. If this

be so, then it was desecration. If on the other hand you felt that you had an urgent duty to perform which could be done in no other way, it may have been justifiable, but on no other ground. The matter can only be decided by your own conscience. 2. Yes.

Mabel F. H., Cincinnati, O. Is the large and brilliant star which has appeared in the heavens during the past week, the so-called Star of Bethlehem? Has this star any relation to the real Star of Bethlehem? How often is it visible?

Although our correspondent's designation of the star she inquires about is extremely vague, we have no doubt that she refers to the planet Venus, which in September was very brilliant,

received packages of Sunday School papers. I want to thank these dear brothers and sisters for their kindness. It was a delightful surprise to-day to our Sunday School when I read those letters and distributed the papers.

We are indebted to a subscriber (L. M. Landon), for this copy of the famous "Mother Shipton Prophecies," referred to in a recent issue of our MAIL-BAG:

A house of glass shall come to pass
In England; but alas!
War will follow, with the work
In the land of the Pagan and Turk,
And state and state in fierce strife
Will seek each others' life.
But when the North shall divide the South
An eagle shall build in the Lion's mouth.
Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Primrose Hill in London shall be
And gold found at the root of tree.
Thro' hills man shall ride
And no horse or ass be by his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall creep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found mid stone
In a land that's now unknown.
Fire and waters shall wonders do
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The Jew that was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian be borne and born.
Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance.

ful, contemptuous feeling that is incongruous with the love and meekness which characterize Christ's disciples, leaving the reasonable person who speaks in this manner, means, a Christian, and is therefore in a state of condemnation.

James P. McN., Paterson, N. J. Who is the author of the poem on "The Bird with the Wing?"

The beautiful verses to which you refer supposed to have been written by a convict in Joliet Prison. The first lines are given below:

I walked through the woodland meads
Where sweet the thrushes sing
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soared so high again.

Subscriber, Poyntette, Wis. Who were the inmates that went from Babylon to be with Ezra, and what was their position in Jewish polity?

"Nethinim" is the name given in Hebrew books written after the exile, to hereditary temple servants who were a to the Levites, to perform the subordinate duties. The name means "devoted," apart. Leading Jewish commentators almost unanimously that the progeny of the "Nethinim" were the Gibeonites Joshua decreed to be perpetually hereditary bondsmen or slaves of the Jews. Those Gibeonites were persecuted by Saul, and under David and his successors, rulers, aliens and captives were consigned to the duty of "Nethinim," doing menial not only to the priests, but to the people at large. This is confirmed by the fact that there are many foreign names in the list of those who returned from Babylon.

Robert B., Montreal, Can. Was the Gospel first introduced into China?

In A. D., 635, the Nestorian missionaries brought a Syriac version of the scriptures in China, and in 681, mentions the "seven sacred books" (the New Testament), as been translated into Chinese. In 1200, John Corvino translated the Psalms and Gospels into Chinese. There have been modern translations.

Ellen D., Chillicothe, Mo. Who was the missionary who lies in the dome in Fulda, Germany? Moniface, the so-called "father of Germany" chose it as his resting place.

C. W. Everett, Mass. 1. What is there that Jesus was doing from David, if we accept the tradition that Joseph was his father? 2. How do you know John the Baptist's genealogy? (John 1:33) that he knew Christ, with the their mothers were consigned to the duty of "Nethinim," doing menial not only to the priests, but to the people at large. This is confirmed by the fact that there are many foreign names in the list of those who returned from Babylon.

Reader, Cherry Grove, O. If it is proposed we can see no objection. — Free Austin, Ill. Vote according to the dictate of conscience, for the best men. Subscriber Corner, N. J. Certainly not; it would be an appellation. — S. M. A., Chatham, N. know of none. — Reader. It is "the million a countless multitude of stars, at such a as to seem a dim, whitish mass. — H. M. Wells, N. V. None of the three are in any publication of the sort. One in many questions in the same way that main unanswered. — Friend, Method. N. full information regarding Mormon faith tie write to Gen. Eaton, The Concord, ton, D. C. — Theodore S., Port-de-France. Your question as to the origin of the Creed was fully answered in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. — Mrs. O. P. I. homa, Tenn., would like to hear from you of this journal with a copy of a poem, entitled "Starless Crown." — Mrs. E. W. H. Green writes to ask: "Who was the author of the 'Lishi'?" — R. S. McL., Yates Centre, O. never heard of the piece you mention which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. — Laura G. Sanford, an unknown author, and was merely for us by Miss Sanford. — Reader, Park H. Consult a reputable physician in your own neighborhood and pay no attention to advertisements. — H. G. M., Lafayette, Ind. It is probable of an inscription in the Swedish language. — Lotte, E. G., Syracuse, N. Y. It depends upon the quality and character of the work had better try some of the weeklies. — M. ver, Colo. You would be uncharitable to the person you mention as a hypocrite. The opinion of opinion was gradual and undoubted though as we believe mistaken.



THE FAMOUS "W"-SHAPED CARRIAGE ROAD UP PIKE'S PEAK.

Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains near Colorado Springs was discovered in 1806 by Gen. Zebulon M. Pike. On its summit there is a meteorological station of the United States Weather Bureau, and a mountain railway now connects the peak with Manitou Springs at its foot. The old winding, "W"-shaped road up the face of the hill, which is shown in the photograph, is still used by tourists who visit the peak in wagons drawn by stout teams.

rising about three o'clock in the morning, and being conspicuous for two hours before sunrise—much superior to any other heavenly body, the sun and moon alone excepted. A leading authority on astronomy, whom we have consulted before answering Mabel's letter, writes as follows: "The inquiry whether Venus is the Star of Bethlehem has become something like a stock query among astronomers. A few years ago, the Greenwich people were so bothered with inquiries, which were specially numerous just then, on account of a very prevalent opinion that the end of the world was close at hand, that they had a lithographed reply printed, reading: 'The object you inquire about is the planet Venus. It has nothing to do with the Star of Bethlehem.'"

We lately published an appeal from Mr. W. W. Woods, Pine Grove, Union Co., Oregon, for books and papers for his Sunday School. He now writes:

"Little did I think my letter would meet with such prompt and generous response. I am in receipt of many letters from dear brothers and sisters in Christ, saying they had seen my appeal in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and notifying me that they would send us some books. Besides this, I have

Before her people shall be free
Three tyrant rulers shall she see.
Three times the people rule alone
Three times the people's hope is gone.
Three rulers in succession see
Each spring from different dynasty.
Then shall the worse fight be done,
England and France shall be as one.
All England's sons who plough the land,
Shall be seen book in hand
Learning shall so ebb and flow.
The poor shall most wisdom know.
The world to the end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

I. H. L., Philadelphia. In Matt. 5:22, last clause, we read, but whosoever shall say, 'Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.' Will you kindly give me your views on this? The question was put to me by an inquiring boy and one who is more ready to doubt the Bible than to accept its teachings, and I really felt unable to give a satisfactory answer. I thought I would ask of a good authority, and both of us would be helped in it. I did not want to leave him with the reply that I had to give, as it was of little help.

The use of such an expression shows, on the part of the speaker, a bitter heart and a great lack of sympathy and charity for others. It implies not only angry temper, but a scorn-

MOUNT HOLYOKE'S HELPFULNESS.

Noble Woman's Struggle for Learning Inspired Her to Establish the Famous Educational Institution to Help her Sisters.

Centennial celebrations appeal to the women of the United States with better cause than that which is seen recently in Massachusetts. It



MRS. E. S. MEAD.
PRESIDENT OF MT. HOLYOKE.



MARY LYON.
FOUNDER OF MT. HOLYOKE.

voted to it the best years of her life. How she had toiled and hoped and struggled can never be known. The twenty-seven thousand dollars its building had cost had been collected in sums ranging from six cents (there were three contributions of that amount) up to a thousand dollars, of which amount there were two donors. Altogether eighteen hundred persons subscribed for the erection of the college, and Mary Lyon had the joy of seeing her hope realized. There was

no endowment for the young institution, but pupils came; and its founder had thoroughly considered and matured plans for making it pay its way. She offered its advantages for sixty dollars a year but she stipulated that each pupil should give seventy minutes of her time every day to the domestic work needed to be done in the institution. This rule was established not altogether for economical reasons, although with a treasury so straitened, those reasons necessarily had weight, but in order to help in the moral training of the pupils. She held that the duty gave the pupils "wholesome exercise, and tended to abolish caste and to dignify labor."

In the second year of the school the course of study was widened to include Latin and French, and it was Mary Lyon's

for the home tuition of their daughters, nor the very poor whose daughters were, under the hard necessities of their lot, forced to earn their bread with a minimum of education, but the great middle-class, the back-bone of the country, who could, and would, economize at home, that their daughters might have a college training—these were the people who availed themselves of the opportunity. Two hundred girls were clamoring for admission in the year 1840, and how could they be received into a building which had its dormitories and class-rooms under one roof? In the next year a wing was added to the south side of the original building, and a few years later a wing was added on the north, and subsequently all these were connected in the noble quadrangle the memory of which lives in the grateful recollection of many a matron in this and other lands.

It was this building of tender associations which was almost wholly destroyed in the fire of September 27, 1896. The fire was discovered in the afternoon and immediately the students set valiantly to work to save the precious library, the pictures and appliances of the college. Many of them knew that while they were thus working for the public good, their own wardrobes and trinkets were being left to the mercy of the fire, and no small number actually did lose their all. But the library was saved and much of the College's property. Arrangements were at once made for quartering the students at South Hadley, and the lectures and recitations were immediately resumed. There was an insurance of \$127,000 on the building, and with this and liberal gifts from Mr. J. D. Rockefeller and other friends of the institution, added to the gifts of former alumnae, the work of rebuilding was commenced. Many of the noble edifices which are to replace the modest original structures are now either finished or are approaching completion. Of two of these buildings we are enabled by the kindness of Messrs. Gardner, Pyne & Gardner, of Springfield, Mass., the architects, to give pictures, and with them the portraits of

Mary Lyon taken from an old miniature and of Mrs. Meade, the accomplished lady who is now at the head of the Institution.

Among the names of the graduates of

The South's White Harvest.

(Continued from First Page.)

that may be felt, but a darkness which is not easily realized by those who have never seen for themselves its vagaries of excitement and half-pagan worship.

The American Missionary Association, which is one of the most effective agencies in this class of work, shows in its latest reports that, in one year, it organized twenty-six new churches in the South. It has kindergartens, elementary schools, high schools, normal schools, and colleges, established throughout this section, from Virginia to Florida. Of these a generous proportion of well-known institutions is found in the darkest part of the Black Belt. A typical example of the work which is being done is illustrated by the Tougaloo University in the heart of Mississippi. Four hundred and fifty thousand negroes live within a radius of seventy-five miles from Tougaloo, the entire negro population of Mississippi being seven hundred and fifty thousand. Here, at Tougaloo, among the great oaks, we find this institution with its model kindergarten department; its model primary and intermediate schools, and its classes in the collegiate, theological, manual and industrial work. The agricultural and nursing schools are of special interest. The negro student is provided with opportunities for making of himself or herself a preacher, teacher, skilled artisan or agriculturist.

In the State of Alabama, a large number of schools and colleges, conducted by this one organization, may be easily called to mind. For instance, the college at Talladega, and the flourishing normal and high-schools at Florence, Selma, Marion, and Mobile. A policy early adopted and steadily adhered to by the American Missionary Association is to withdraw elementary schools from the cities and towns establishing them in more remote and benighted places, as fast as public schools make provision for the colored children of the cities.

A little school in Cotton Valley, Alabama, founded by the Woman's Home Missionary Association of Massachusetts, in a remote rural district where no school existed, furnishes in its history an illustration of how such work is needed and appreciated in out-of-the-way places. This school is now under the direction of the American Missionary Association, although its founders still support its teachers. Recently the school had to be enlarged to accommodate the crowds of children who sought its opportunities, and

the recognized influences for good which go forth from this little centre cannot be measured.

Too much cannot be urged in favor of the kindergarten movement. The kindergartens established here and there among the negro people of the South, are doing so much good that it is to be hoped kindergarten privileges will soon be within the reach of all the little pickaninnies of the cotton fields.

As the work is better understood and its effect upon the moral and mental advancement of the colored people more clearly perceived, observant Southerners are ready with outspoken commendation and practical co-operation. Governors of states and other public officials and prominent business men stamp the work with their approval by visiting the schools, acting as trustees, and in other ways furthering their interests; and the local press is ready with generous notices when occasion demands. Whatever tends to make the negro a more intelligent citizen is clearly to the advantage of his white neighbor, and that the missionary and educational work which has been done for him has had this effect upon his character whenever he has come under its influence is gladly recognized.



MARY BRIGHAM HALL.



MARY LYON HALL, THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

hope to eventually include Greek and Hebrew, but these were not added until 1872 and 1895, respectively. The institution was originally modestly styled a "seminary," but in 1888 it had attained so high an eminence, and had so deserved a reputation for thoroughness in educational methods, that the Legislature of Massachusetts granted its application to assume the status of a college, with power to confer degrees. The faculty during the first year consisted of four teachers and three pupil assistants, and that year there were not more than eighty pupils. This year the number of pupils is four hundred and ten, and there are thirty-eight teachers and seven library and laboratory assistants. Thus has the college grown and developed, justifying to the full the principles on which it was founded and fulfilling the noble purposes of its heroic founder.

In the first year of the history of the Institution, the demand for admission became so great that enlargement was necessary. The applicants came from the class that Mary Lyon had specially in view in founding her college. Not the rich who could afford to engage professors

Mount Holyoke which have become famous are Miss Ada Howard, first president of Wellesley College; Miss Abby Ferguson, president of Huguonot College of Wellington, Cape Colony; Miss Sarah Eastman, the principal of Dana Hall, Wellesley; Miss Helen Peabody, founder of the Western Female Seminary, now the Western College, Oxford, Ohio, the first school founded after the pattern of Mount Holyoke; Miss Laura Watson, principal of Abbott Academy, Andover; Caroline Yale, principal of Clark Institute for Deaf Mutes, Northampton; Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, the founder of the International Institute of Spain; Miss Lucy Stone and Miss Lucy Wright Mitchell.

received, observant Southerners are ready with outspoken commendation and practical co-operation. Governors of states and other public officials and prominent business men stamp the work with their approval by visiting the schools, acting as trustees, and in other ways furthering their interests; and the local press is ready with generous notices when occasion demands. Whatever tends to make the negro a more intelligent citizen is clearly to the advantage of his white neighbor, and that the missionary and educational work which has been done for him has had this effect upon his character whenever he has come under its influence is gladly recognized.

of the birth of Mary Lyon, the of Mount Holyoke College. How the cause of higher education owes to the heroic founder of the on to which she gave her life no rightly estimate. In 1797, when Lyon was born, there were not only lions for the higher education of but there was a prejudice against very long before, in a Connecticut resolution stood on the books of erning body, declaring that the ould "not be at any expense for g girls." Perhaps few town couns so blunt in the declaration of ions, but there is no doubt that ion was held pretty generally else. In Mary Lyon's day there were and twenty colleges for the n of young men, but not one in girl, howso- elligent she e, could en- privileges rded to hers.

Lyon set to change She had school in e town of d, Mass., l attended in New ate and at e N. H. but l could she would give girl eager vledge the e that a boy sily obtain. s was of a t easily ed. She her bro- ain gram- which he brought home at night, erwards induced his teacher to one lesson a week in Latin. is time she kept pace with her in his studies though burdened necessity of having to earn her ng. With arduous labor and in er difficulties she succeeded in g herself for the post of a young n a country school-house. Like oper in New York, the difficulties encountered and overcome, in- er with the resolve to help other in the same ambitions and the dent thirst for knowledge. Her ashe herself, described, it was to permanent institution commem- he work of training young women eatest usefulness; designed to be s with every advantage that the education in this country will y put within the reach of students erate means such opportunities he can find better ones." The ildings of Mount Holyoke with os of efficient teachers and its per- eational appliances is the embodi- et this heroic woman's ideal. t Mount Holyoke College began its work er modest style in 1837. Mary Lyon forty years old, and she had de-



CORN-HUSKING TIME.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., As a shock of corn cometh in in on the Text: Job 5: 26. - - - - - his season.

GOING at the rate of forty miles an hour a few days ago, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that the corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Sometime during the latter part of next month, the farmers will gather one day on one farm another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or threshing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, dis-imprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in the merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything

about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn-stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn-shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn-shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say: "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swelling of the ear, and then there was a pull and a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping off before the corn was

free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice.

The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders, are only paying in instalments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God, that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going around with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear, and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was nice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins.

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also, that in the time of

husking it was a neighboring reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter fires roaring around the glorified logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of the modern stoves and registers are the degenerate descendants, the fire used to gather and spend the evening and there would be much sociality; it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers in and they came in the very best in and they came from beyond the miles and they came from beyond the miles and they came from regions two or three miles around. Good spirit reigns preme, and there were great handshakes and there was carnival, and there was recital of the brightest experiences of their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of a player have swept the chords.

The husking time was the neighborhood reunion, and so it will be just that. There they come! They slept in the old village church. There they come up! They ran amid the fountains and the sculpture of the parterres of a city cemetery. They come up! They went down the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides of Potter's Field and out of the seamy sonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off their physical ailments husked off their spiritual dependencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the fashioned grain, visible and consoling.

Some of them on earth were so greagable Christians you could understand it in their presence. Now if even they are so radiant you hardly have been husked off. They did not come on earth to be disagreeable. They were well enough, but they told you how you looked, and they told you how hard things they had heard about, and they told you how often they stood up for you in some battles which wished almost that they had been in some of the battles. Good, pious, uncrated, well-meaning disagreeable.

Now, in heaven all their offenses have been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one is as happy as he can be. Heaven is a neighborhood reunion. All kind of queans, all songsters, all millionaires, banqueters. God, the Father, the children all around him. No "good" in all the air. No grave cut in the hills. River of crystal rolling over pearls, under arch of chrysoprasus. A sea of glass mingled with fire. And the gate of the granary and see it come in; out of the frosts into the shine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and twisting, and the wrenching, and the husking time of earth into the wide open of the King's granary. "Like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, Heaven, a great sociable, like the joy of the husking time, so there feeling so big he declines to come to some one who is not so large as an angel willing to listen to smallest of No bolting of the door of caste to heavenly mansion to keep out the of a smaller mansion. No cliques in corner whispering about a clique in other corner. David taking no airs of a giant killer. Joshua making one halt until he passes, because the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most of preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more than the captive maid who told him he could get a good doctor. O! what a country! The humblest making. The poorest woman a queen in the meanest house a palace. The of lifetime eternity. And what is more about it all, is, we may all get there. I," says some one standing back in the galleries. Yes, you. "Not some one who has not been in for fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of things. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, on olistic railroads, and monopolies in graph companies, and monopolies in

as, but no monopoly in religion. All want to be saved may be saved. Out money and without price." Sal- by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the Of course, use common sense in satter. You cannot expect to get to eston by taking ship for Portland. You cannot expect to get to Heaven ng in an opposite direction. Believe Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt ved. Through that one gate of and peace all the race may go in. t." says some one. "do you really l would be at home in that supernal -if I should reach it?" I think you u I know you would. I remember the husking time there was a great ty of feeling among the neighbors. e at one corn-shock a farmer would work who owned two hundred acres and. The man whom he was talking t the next corn-shock owned but acres of ground, and perhaps all d by a mortgage. That evening, at se of the husking day, one man home a roan span so frisky, so full they got their feet over the traces. her man walked home. Great diffe in education, great difference in means; but I noticed at the husk- ne they all seemed to enjoy each e society. They did not ask any ow much property he owned or s education had been. They all to be happy together in those times.

so it will be in heaven. Our Father ther his children around him, and highbors will come in, and the past rehearsed. And some one will tell vory, and we will all celebrate it. me one will tell of great struggle. e will all praise the grace that d him out of it. And some one y. "Here is my old father, that I ay with heartbreak. Just look at is as young as any of us!" And one will say, "Here is my darling at I buried in Greenwood, and all er years of my life were shadowed esolation. Just look at her! She s seem as if she had been sick a ." Great sociality. Great neigh- d kindness.

At though John Milton sit down on e and John Howard sit down on the other side. No assment. What though- ute Elizabeth sit down side, and Hannah More d on the other side? No assment. A monarch i, why be embarrassed monarchs? A songster i, why be embarrassed glorified songsters? Go dine.

Al the shocks of corn com- in their season. Oh yes, ur season. Not one of aving died too soon, or died too late, or having haphazard. Planted at t right time. Ploughed j the right time. Cut at just the right time. d at just the right time. ved at just the right time. ng in in your season. Oh, that the billions of bush- in the fields or on the y the seaboard might be a e the grand yield of honor, and immortality, when all ocks come in.

I not know how you are constituted, m so constituted that there is noth- t so awakens reminiscences in me odors of a cornfield when I cross it time of year after the corn has ut and it stands in shocks. And I've thought it might be practically for us to-day to cross the corn- d I have thought perhaps, there s be some reminiscence roused e soul that might be salutary and e be saving. In Sweden, a prima u while her house in the city was epaired, took a house in the coun- temporary residence, and she t out her great array of jewels to o friend who wished to see them. neight after displaying these jewels, d living them on the table, and all her had gone, and the servants had e one summer night—she sat think- g looking into a mirror just in front h chair, when she saw in that mirror e of a robber looking in at the win ow behind her and gazing at those

jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos all the more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have re-solved upon a new and an honest life."

O! my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us. "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

IN OREGON WICK-I-UPS.
Gospel Effort Among the Degraded Indians of the Northwest.

HERE is no more attractive field of Gospel effort than that which the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union are now cultivating among the Indians of Oregon and the Northwest. The following story from Oregon gives forcible evidence of the need of elevating influences among Indian children there. The deteriorating forces are surely grave enough to demand counter-acting energy. This account is gathered from a report made to the Union by W. R. Winans, a missionary from Salem, Oregon. Indians are scattered over that section, living where and as they can.

They usually live in groups, a few families in a place, in wigwams made of poles and covered with tule matting such as the squaws make from bulrushes. Frequently they use old clothes, old carpet, sacking, or anything they can find to keep out the wind, rain, and cold. The top is not entirely covered, but has an opening from one to two feet wide for the escape of smoke from the fire, which is built on the ground in the centre of the wigwam. In this fire, they cook their food, and around it they sit or lie on the ground on their blankets, skins, and rags. Husbands and wives, sons and daughters, men, women, and children, old and young, huddle together in one room in which they live, eat, and sleep, and which is often so crowded that its occupants cannot walk about or lie apart. They frequently make their dwellings near some town or settlement where they can beg—nearly all do that—and where they can get their meals and some cold victuals to carry away. For these, they will do some little work, the men cut-

ting or splitting wood, and the squaws perhaps carrying it in or bringing water. If one member of a family gets a job, the rest come and take their meals. Sometimes a squaw does laundry-work, but this is rare, for squaws are not usually to be trusted with the washing of clothes; they are too little accomplished in the art of washing—even their own bodies. If a squaw does laundry-work, she must have cash for it. Notwithstanding their dependence, these Indians are very unaccommodating, and want pay for everything done. Mr. Winans, while stopping

at some place, was asked to preach to the Indians, and consented. Meeting a leader who could speak English, he asked if the Indians would really like him to preach to them. The Indian replied in the affirmative, and seemed highly interested, until mention was made of his getting the Indians together in some place, when the question came: "How much you pay?" Little is being done for the Indians who

are scattered through Oregon and other States, in the way of civilizing and enlightening them. The question is, what can be done, and how can they be reached? Mr. Winans often wished to take picture of Indians, but they wanted pay for being taken. Some Piutes were under contract to clean a white man's land of sage-brush. Mr. Winans wanted to take them in front of their "wick-up," but they would not oblige him by going to it. Their employer finally persuaded them to let Mr. Winans take their picture where they were, and they made a circle of sage-brush, and arranged themselves in it; it was impossible to have them keep still. One of the old Indians is blind—a misfortune befalling many Indians, and probably due to smoke in their wigwams and to general filthiness. Standing to the left in the picture is the leader, Captain Sam, who figured in the war of 1878 between the settlers and the Bannock and Piute Indians. The photograph then taken under such difficulties, appears above.

Largest of Ocean Steamers.
Europe and America brought within Four Days of Each Other.

WHEN the greatest of ocean passenger steamships, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* reached Sandy Hook on September 26th, at 8.05 P. M., it had made the trip from Southampton to New York in less time than it had ever been made before, covering the distance in just five days, twenty-two hours and thirty-five minutes. It was the vessel's first journey across the Atlantic. The fastest time previous to this was six days and thirty-one minutes, made by the American liner *St. Paul*. Six days, ten hours and fourteen minutes by the *St. Louis* is the fastest time ever made on the trip from New York to Southampton.

In this first Atlantic trip, the *Kaiser Wilhelm* also broke the record for the fastest single day's run ever made by an ocean liner, the log book showing a run of 364 knots in one day. *Lucania*, the great Cunarder, had held the championship up to date with a run of 362 knots in one day.

The ship which is setting this new pace for ocean greyhounds, did not have good weather. With the exception of the one day on which she made her best speed, she had cloudy skies and seas more or less rough. Commander Captain Henrich Engelbart believes that, with fair weather, his ship could make 570 knots a day's average. At this rate, the *Kaiser Wilhelm* could come from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, 2,780 knots, in less than five days—four days and twenty-one hours in exact statement. Is this a prophecy that the journey from Europe to America is yet to be reduced to four days? There is under construction at Schichau's yards at Danzig, *Kaiser Friedrich*, whose promised speed will exceed that of the *Kaiser Wilhelm* by one-half knot per hour. The *Friedrich* will make the first trip to New York next spring. The new steamer will not be quite so long as the *Kaiser Wilhelm*.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* is the largest steamship afloat. Her length over all is 649 feet; beam sixty-six feet; tonnage 14,000; draught twenty-six; depth forty-three. The smoke-stacks, each twelve feet eight inches in diameter, rise one hundred and six feet above her keel. The giant steamer brought 1,000 passengers across. The working force, crew, officers and other help included, is 459 persons, and the vessel can accommodate 720 saloon and second passengers, and 800 steerage passengers, and carries about 5,000 tons of coal. The *Kaiser Wilhelm*, which was built by the North German Lloyds was greeted with honors on its arrival in New York, after this marvelous record-breaking trip which promises to bring Europe and America closer together, and almost within four days of each other.



SEMI-CIVILIZED PIUTE INDIANS OF OREGON.



THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE," THE LARGEST OCEAN-GOING STEAMSHIP IN THE WORLD.

A BRAHMIN'S STORY OF THE FAMINE.

Dr. Keskar, a Medical Official Tells of the Frightful Suffering he Witnessed, and of the Deaths which the Government of India would Fain Conceal.

AN interesting visitor from India arrived in this country a few days ago. From Rev. C. Harding, the

in meekness and patience all assaults that their animosity could devise. He has been active Christian work.



DR. PRABHAKAR B. KESKAR.



MRS. KESKAR,
of Sholapur, India



MISS SONUBAI KESKAR.

well-known American missionary at Sholapur, who has been an active worker in the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund, we learn that Dr. Keskar is a man of considerable note in his native land. He has shown in his past history the qualities of a Christian hero, and has dared to put his own life in peril and to suffer the loss of family and friends for the sake of Christ. Mr. Harding writes in the highest terms of his services to the missionaries and the Church, and of his high Christian character.

Dr. Keskar is now a Christian physician, having a large practice in Sholapur, in the Bombay Presidency, and holds an important government office. He belongs to a distinguished family of the high-caste Brahmins, and was born in Sholapur. In 1868 he became convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and was baptized by Mr. Harding. What such a step costs in India, we in this Christian land, are unable to fully realize. Dr. Keskar's father was a merchant and his brothers were honored in the Hindoo community. They regarded his conversion with horror. It was a disgrace to the family, and they spared no effort to prevent his public confession of Christ. Neither entreaties nor threats, however, availed to keep the convert from performing his duty. Dr. Keskar had counted the cost, and he trusted in the promise Christ made to those who give up family and friends and home for his sake. His family were exasperated when they found that he had already abandoned the religion of his fathers, and their animosity was not confined to words. In their indignation against him and all who had let him in his act, they proceeded to violence. They aroused the passions of the populace. A mob tore down the house in which he had found a refuge and severely wounded three of his Christian friends, who bravely sought to protect him from their murderous attack. His elder brother succeeded in carrying him off, and only when the missionaries invoked the strong arm of the law was the convert given up.

For a number of years Dr. Keskar had to bear a series of malignant persecutions. The whole Hindoo community sympathized with his family and joined them in harassing and assailing him. He was driven from his family home and was cut off from all his cherished associations. Every door was closed against him and all his old friends cast him off. But Christ sustained him and his heart was filled with the joy that comes to those who suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake.

"Ever since his conversion," says Mr. Harding, "Dr. Keskar has lived a conscientious Christian life. He has never retaliated on his persecutors, but has borne

Maintaining himself as a physician, he has given freely his time and labor to the Lord's service. As superintendent of our Sunday School, and a deacon of his church, he has rendered us efficient help, and we are sorry to be deprived even temporarily of his valuable services. I com-

from which I come who take one scanty meal a day, as they cannot get enough grain to buy by their earnings. The number of such cannot be found out by any one, but my conviction is it is a very large number. Who can speak about the misery and trouble that the ordinary people undergo? I will give some illustrations: "The cold season has set in. The famine laborers have not yet been located in the huts, and even if they be so provided, the pinching cold cannot be prevented from getting in, because the huts are all made of bamboo matting. Fancy what the miseries of such people must be, particularly their women and children, under such adverse circumstances, without sufficient food, without sufficient raiment, away from their houses and in the thorny and stone-studded jungles and hilly tracts they pass their nights and toilsome days in despair. What else could they do?"

Still quoting from the official reports, Dr. Keskar continued: "A few Mukdams (head-men), who have no discriminating powers compel mothers nursing their young children to do the hard work of breaking stones. The humane agent personally spoke about this treatment to the overseers in charge." This was the state of matters in Dr. Keskar's district when the famine had just commenced. "Since then things have changed from bad to worse. Villages have been deserted, thousands of people have become very weak and are reduced to mere skeletons. Thousands have died from the effects of starvation."

"I have myself seen a man," added the

put down the cause of the deaths as disease in order that they may not be blamed by higher authorities and the future prospects spoiled."

Dr. Keskar's statement comes with the authority of one who is widely known and respected in India, and who, the government official, is not afraid to tell the truth he knows. Speaking of the present poverty in India, he says:

"There is an Indian proverb, the meaning of which is that the professional cultivator is best, that of a merchant is ordinary or middling, and the servant the worst. But in these days the majority of the people have forgotten the teaching of their wise forefathers. They prefer to have an official place even at a very small salary, than to go and work the farm or go into business." In the people of India again take up the glorious cultivation of the soil Dr. Keskar believes a degree of prosperity will be attained. Dr. Keskar brings with him his daughter, who is a friend of Pandi mabai. She intends to follow her father's profession and has come to study medicine in one of our colleges. She hopes she has gained her diploma, to be able to practise in her own land and to cheer her sisters the news of salvation soul, as well as to prescribe for the eryl of the body.

As Dr. Keskar comes from one of the districts affected by the famine, we think he will be persuaded to deliver lectures during his stay and give the benefit of his personal observations on the condition of his own native

Both he and his daughter are highly educated, cultured persons of their race and their visit to any church will be a source of pleasure to their friends.

Our latest mails from Sholapur bring letters from our many voluntary workers in the field, expressing the most grateful thanks for the relief and others containing stories of suffering and death. A similar work to that of the dita Ramabai is being done by Mrs. Bruere, who writes: "We are using the gift from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund mainly in the support of the famishing children. We have received one hundred and fifty of them, including widows. Most of them are to us in a bad condition, in spite of all our care, some have died, but the others are now doing well. We are preparing to receive another twenty-eight who are coming. We began this work in September, 1896, looking to the Lord alone for the funds, as the city was unable to help."



DR. KESKAR'S DISPENSARY AT SHOLAPUR.

mend him most heartily and cordially to Christian friends in America with whom he may come in contact, and trust he may receive the warm-hearted welcome he deserves from the Christian community of the home land."

Dr. Keskar has had a remarkable experience, having literally passed through the famine, and been an eye-witness of many of the harrowing scenes the relation of which has thrilled the civilized world to its very centre. In an interview with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative, the doctor spoke very frankly and fully concerning the famine. He said:

"From the government records that I have with me, from 22d May to 12th June, we can see the real state of the thing in India from the statistics then given in."

Number of provinces affected on 22d June, 12; relief works, 3,115,281; gratuitous relief, 1,108,918; total, 4,224,199.

"This is not the real number of the people who are actually suffering from the famine. The number shows only the people who are engaged in the relief work or who get gratuitous relief. There are people who would prefer to have work, even if they get a small salary rather than beg. An agent of the government says:

"I know several people in the place

doctor, "who came to my door, when I was in India, for charity. He told me that he had lost his wife and sister both within two days for want of food, and that he had left an infant child in charge of a woman, who, with her family, is migrating with him to Mogadur. He himself had no food and no milk for the baby."

"I am a loyal subject of the English government of India and would be the last person, as a Christian, to speak needlessly against them. But I am extremely sorry to say what I know of the official tendency of the government of the people in India. They hide the true number of the deaths from want of food. They will



A CLASS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT SHOLAPUR.

work had to be done. A missionary to the Central Provinces writes that he is sheltering over a hundred orphan children, 58 boys and 43 girls, and she is from the police that there are in town, two hundred orphan children who might be succored, if there were funds in hand for the purpose. We have that we will take seventy-six, and we look to the Lord for their support."

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

THE BITE OF THE SERPENT.

A recent letter from Madanapelle to the *Indian Witness*, Rev. Jacob Chamberlin, M. D., relates a thrilling experience. Timmayyi Reddi, a native who acted as escort, was one day bitten by a deadly hooded cobra while performing his duty. "The snake," the man explained afterward, "seemed like a reddish brown snake of wood, larger than my arm at the head. I saw the head, the eyes, the tongue. Back I sprang with all my might, crying, but the serpent was quicker than I. He sprang into my right ankle he drove those fangs. How his eyes glared as he turned his head off. That glare of his eyes, those horrid fangs, that blood-spurting from his body were the last thing I saw that morning, as I fell over the sugar cane. How the pain gripped my leg. How my heart began to throb. How soon my eyes became dim and but as in death. My uncle sprang in and caught me by the shoulders, just in time to see the serpent, five cubits long, disappear among the thick cane. He ran with me to our house in the village, and there, limp as dead, on the bench at my door's door.

I knew nothing from the time I fell down the cane, but I have heard my uncle and my mother and my aunt so often recount all that happened that day, that I can see it now with my eyes, though they were then closed and dead, I can tell you everything that happened that day. Up went the wail. The village was gathered at our door to see me as I lay on the settee, just barely breathing. "Do this," said one. "It's no use, the death mark is on him," said the reply. Just then there came running up some of your Christians, who had heard the news and seen the commotion in their hamlet a few rods away. "Missionary doctor! The missionary doctor!" shouted they. "Quick! Take the boy to him. He was last night to Timmaredipalle. He is in his tent there now. He wants tails to cure any snake bite brought to him. Take him to him!" "Where is there a cart to take him in?" "Don't wait for a cart! He will be dead before you get him there by the cart road. Take him on your shoulder and run by the short cut. It's only a mile." Panting they brought me to your tent and laid me on the grass under a tree at your tent door. "It is too late; he's dead already," they cried.

You pried open my set teeth, and poured ammonia mixed with water into my mouth; strongly you rubbed the front of my neck and laid it down my throat. Your assistant was pulling open the fang wounds on my ankle with his finger nail and dropping in the poison-killer that it followed up the very course taken by the poison. What wonderful medicine that poison-killing liquid is! In an hour I was clean on the arm of my uncle. I was taken to the house of my great-aunt. I lived through your kindness and skill. The good missionary having by God's blessing cured the man of the snake's poison, decided to do him still more good. He told him of the "Old Serpent" and of the sin of sin: of the great Physician, who would will, surely cure all who will apply to him; all who have that sin-venom in their veins. The fruitage of that intervention may be to him eternal life.

IS OWN SON THE CRIMINAL.

The misdeeds of a child bringing the grief of a parent "in sorrow to the grave" were, perhaps, never more tragically illustrated than in a story of real life which recently appeared in the *Vancouver Herald*. About a dozen years ago, a law-abiding man from the East with his wife, and a son soon distinguished himself as a criminal and was promoted to a judgeship. One night the town was thrown into a state of excitement over a robbery

and murder. The murderer was captured almost in the act, and a young lawyer was chosen to defend him. Practically there was no defence, however, as every one knew him to be guilty. He was a stranger in town, a man thirty odd years old. In those times the law was not slow, and by six o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" asked the judge, after the preliminaries were over. "I have, your honor, if you are to pronounce that sentence," replied the prisoner. "At least," he added, half apologetically, "it is possible that, under the circumstances, you mightn't care to pronounce it." The counsel for the defence here interposed to warn the prisoner that he was acting irregularly. "Will you be kind enough to explain?" the judge asked, his eyes searching the man's face. "Well, your honor," responded the prisoner, without a quaver of the voice, "as I happen to be your only son—" He got no farther. The father's heart told him the words were true, that heart that had grown old before its time through sorrow at the deeds of the son of whose

see my father alive: if I waited until Monday I would be too late. He accused me of a lack of filial love to think of waiting under these circumstances. I went to my room, and with my open Bible before me I fought the hardest battle of my life on my knees. I sacrificed my Isaac upon the altar. I left my father in the hands of God, and the matter was soon settled, and I promised to obey God at any cost. I cannot express the calm peace that filled my soul. On Monday I started for home, and on reaching there found my father very much better. He had taken a change for the better about the same hour that I was pleading with God in regard to my duty in Utica. We have a wonderful Saviour. They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. Obedience is better than sacrifice."

SUSPICIOUS BANK BILLS.

Many incidents are related in connection with doubts that have risen in the minds of the possessors of bank bills as to their genuineness. A contemporary tells of a bank president who gave his wife a present of a sheet of four bank notes, from which she clipped one in a store to pay for a purchase, doubtless, to the great mystification of the salesmen who must have regarded the money with suspicion, although it was perfectly good. The *Youth's Companion* gives another incident in which absolutely genuine bills were brought under grievous suspicion. It is explained that all the bank notes on

to Chicago he there heard an infidel lecturer. He began to doubt and was soon an avowed sceptic. He read extensively with the view of equipping himself with arguments, intending to declare himself an atheist. But THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fell in his way and he read it and took to reading it every week. He now writes us: "The constant reading of your paper has set me right again, and I now believe my sins have been pardoned. I owe it all to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." Such an acknowledgment is every cheering to those connected with this journal and they are thankful to God for such a blessing on their efforts.

A LETTER FROM THE SEA.

Perhaps one of the most singular missionary experiences ever related was that of the Rev. John Thomas, the founder of the Friendly Islands Mission. He had labored for some time at Hihito in Tonga, with little result, his efforts being thwarted by a pagan chief named Ata. Mr. Thomas had heard that the paramount chief of the island of Haabai had renounced idolatry, and was anxious to have a missionary and he made up his mind to remove thither. But as the commencement of a new mission in another group of islands would involve considerable expense, he wished first to hear from the missionary committee in London, who had some time before been written to on the subject. While waiting at Nukualofa, in a state of considerable anxiety and suspense, an incident occurred which clearly showed the superintending providence of God in the affairs of the missionary enterprise. A small box was washed on shore, and brought to Mr. Thomas by one of the natives. On being opened, it was found to contain a letter from the missionary secretaries giving the sanction of the committee for the extension of the mission in the Friendly Islands, and the appointment of a missionary to Haabai, without further delay. The vessel by which this communication had been sent—a schooner from Sydney—had foundered at sea, and all on board were lost. It is said that neither vessel, nor crew, nor any of the goods with which she had been freighted were ever seen or heard of again. The package containing that letter alone—a messenger of mercy for a people waiting for the law of the Lord—guided by him, "whom the wind and seas obey," escaped the general wreck, and was cast on shore at the right place and the right time to relieve the minds of the anxious missionaries, and to enable them to enter the opening which appeared before them for the proclamation of the glorious Gospel of the blessed Saviour.

FOR THE PATIENT'S SAKE.

The following incident is reported in the *Missionary Review*: "The Rev. R. Swallow, M. D. (China), related at a missionary meeting recently at Exeter Hall, London, some instances of his work in the mission hospital at Ningpo, China. 'On one occasion,' he said, 'a girl was brought to our hospital with her leg doubled up. The father asked me whether I could do anything for her. After carefully examining the limb, I said I thought the deformity could be cured in about two months. He said I would have to do it quicker than that, or not at all. In a fortnight he came again, and seemed disappointed. I asked him if he would allow me to take a piece of flesh out of his arm, to put it in his daughter's leg. "Oh, no," said he, and he went off. I asked the mother the same question, and she replied: "No; I would rather she stayed a little longer." Then I called the man, and told him to take my instrument and cut a piece of flesh out of my arm. He took the scissors up, but stammered: "I can't do it." I then picked up the instrument, cut out a piece of flesh from my arm, and planted it in the girl's leg. In a few weeks she went home cured." The incident is very significant of the missionary's spirit. Probably few of them have done exactly what this missionary did, but there are few among them who have not given up home and associations they held dearer than their flesh, in order that the heathen might recover from their soul sickness.



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

Many of these picturesque villages were passed by our Famine Commissioner on his recent voyage to India.

doings he had lately known nothing. It was the last shock the old heart would bear. Before the prisoner had finished speaking the judge's head fell forward upon the desk in front of him. The son must die, but the father's heart broke before he was called upon to pronounce the terrible sentence.

DUTY SHOWN THROUGH PRAYER.

An interesting incident illustrating the power of prayer and its influence in guiding one to the right appreciation of duty, is related in the "Life of Rev. William James Hall," who died a martyr on the Korean battle-field: "One of the hardest struggles of my life occurred while in the city of New York. Late one Saturday afternoon I received a telegram from a physician which read as follows: 'your father is seriously ill, come immediately.' In a few minutes I was at the depot, and started on the first train. At ten o'clock Saturday night I reached Utica. I was then within a few hours' ride of my home, and found that the next train would leave Sunday morning at six o'clock, and that there would not be another train till the following morning at the same hour. What was to be done? I had always spoken against traveling on the Sabbath, but now the testing time had come. Satan never tempted as he did that night. He told me if I would take that Sunday morning train I would

a sheet bear the same number, and are distinguished from one another by being lettered. The note at the top is "A," and the others "B," "C" and "D" in order. A bank had just issued some fresh, crisp bills, and one day a gentleman rushed in all out of breath to inquire if three bills that he had in his hand were good. When assured that they were, he said that he distrusted them because they were so new and because, when he laid them down, the little letters on the face of the bills read "B A D," as he showed by arranging them in that way, and he supposed they must be bad. Perhaps some of our readers may have known men who have made similar mistakes as to other people's conduct. There are some men and women, too, who are ready, on very slender grounds, to suspect others of being bad. It is a good plan to cultivate that charity which thinketh no evil.

A SCEPTIC SAVED.

A correspondent whose name and address we suppress at his request, writes a story the reading of which evokes deep thankfulness on the part of the proprietor and the editors of this journal. The writer says that in his youth he was an orthodox Methodist and was preparing for the ministry. But he was engaged in business and was thrown among sceptical acquaintances and, having to make a business trip

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCHE, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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School Days Again.

WITH the coming of the harvests to the garner, come the school-children to their studies again. Not like Shakespeare's, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." We moderns have cured all that. What with object-teaching and illustrated text-books, our children would rather be in the school-room than anywhere else. And so this exceeding great army of little folks, with satchels slung over their shoulders, some riding in vehicles, some on horseback, some on bicycles, and the vast multitude on what used to be called "shank's mare," are daily headed for the temples of knowledge. How carefully they are dressed by the hands of parents, how tenderly are they kissed each morning and evening; and so the separation from home gradually begins. May God keep the children that play in the streets, that go laughing backward and forward to their school duties; and may they grow up into the men and women which the great Republic of the Future will demand and must have.

Human Homage to the Bible.

AS literature, the Bible has always been regarded as the first Book in the world. Though it busies itself mainly with the history of one people, in the relation of that people to God, its work is all objective. It teaches by entities and not abstractions. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are for all nationalities and all times. Its figures are all dignified, its characters typical. As Enoch walked with God, so may any other man, be he white or black, bond or free. It is sometimes spoken of as the folklore of the Hebrews. It is the folklore of humanity, inspired by the God of humanity and written under his providential guidance. Even the orthodoxy of Shakespeare's genius pales its ineffable fires in the presence of those writers who catch their radiance from the Being who has said, "I am the Truth." There is nothing more beautiful than Shakespeare's recent references to Bible and Bible characters, and especially to Him whose feet "for our offences were nailed to the tree."

Speculating on Mystery.

IT is not necessarily wrong to do this. If we can put two and two together and make four, we have the right to do it. We are not forfidding this exercise of our powers of inquiry. But, our speculations should be reverent and modest. We may

learn something from the manner in which the Saviour treated questions of mere speculation. As for example, when the Sadducees asked him to which of seven husbands that had been hers in this life, a wife would belong in the other world. This was a case of casuistry in the celestial economy. It did not relate to the fact of the Resurrection, but to conditions of adjustment subsequent; a mere question of curiosity. Besides, it was something studied up by his enemies to trip him in his talk.

The Purified Nation.

OUR country in its returning prosperity is reaping the advantage of its hardships. No nation has ever escaped the flame. Through what revolution and rebellion and massacre and regicide the great empires and republics of the world arose to their high position! To bring to your mind the trials, the tests, the revolutions through which all great nations arose to power, I need but recall some passages in the history of Spain, by mentioning the names of Philip V., Charles IV., Ferdinand I. of Aragon; or in Russia, by naming Peter the Great, and Catherine II., and Elizabeth, and Paul I.; or in France, by recalling Louis XIV., and Napoleon, and Louis Philippe; or in England by mentioning Edward and James I., and Charles II., and the Georges. Constitutions and magna chartas are worth nothing unless welded in the fire. No crown ever was lustrous except that which was shapen with the hammers and files and the flames of revolution. Depend upon it, if there is anything great and good and glorious in our government, it came through trial. In looking back upon our past history, I find there was not one trial we could have afforded to lose—not one Burr's rebellion, or South Carolina nullification, or impressment of marines, or threat of foreign government, or commercial prostration, or pestilence, or insurrection. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.

Overtaxing Nerve-Cells.

NERVE-CELLS are the reservoirs of mental force. Their contents are exhausted by over-exertion. Men forget, lose the power of giving attention, become anxious and nervous, irritable, lose the power of self-direction and self-control, are tempted to commit acts of self-injury or injury to others. We all of us know what this means. I knew an evangelist once who, after seasons of protracted work, was compelled to shut himself up from everybody, to do no more thinking, to confine the functions of his nature simply to eating and sleeping. Protracted exertion, exertion by mere will-power, is always dangerous. A friend of the writer, who seemed to be a walking cyclopædia, would sit down to work and would work twenty-four, forty-eight hours, even a whole week at a time, without cessation, without sleep. Though endowed with wonderful brain-power, with equal physique, he died before middle life. If he had lived it might have been "labor or sorrow," because of prematurely exhausted powers. Keep the nerve-cells full. Let them have a chance to fill up, as the dams do when the machinery ceases at nightfall. Do no night-work when you should be asleep.

The Reserve of Revelation.

THE Bible reveals, but it also conceals. "Thou art a God, who hidest thyself." There are certain things, which always elude us, when we ask an answer from the Bible. God intends that there shall be a nimbus of mystery surrounding things not seen and eternal. Perhaps we could not bear the truth. It might dazzle us blind. It might disturb the serenity of our existence here. It might make us proud and irreverent. In the day thou eatest thereof thine eyes shall be opened." Alas, what misery came with this new vision!

COME INTO THE GARDEN.

NOT among the roses and lilies, but into that humbler patch where grow the bulbs, and seeds, and leaves, which give a more human, healthy, and idyllic character to our fleshly meals. Do not suppose there is no interest or romance among these green beds; they have the classic flavor of Greek and Roman gardens, and the romance of lands towards the sunrise. Take the commonest of all our vegetables—the potato, and its history can touch points in our associations that might lead us into far-away magical traditions of the Old World. For the potato is a near relative of the deadly nightshade, of the mysterious mandrake, of the apple of Sodom, and of the dangerous bitter-sweet with its wicked lilac flowers filled with narcotic poison. Even the potato is not above suspicion, for though its tubers are healthy, the berries or potato apples produce every advanced symptom of atropine poisoning. Indeed, the whole family of the Solanum is one with which we associate poisoning, witchcraft, and evil practices.

The onion is now the poor man's esculent; but it was once the deity by whom the Egyptians swore; and it was longed for by the Israelites even when they were fed on the manna from heaven. The Greeks and Romans valued it highly; though the garlic, so dear to the Spanish heart, was an abomination to the Athenian, and no one eating it could enter the temple of Cybele. Escalots came from the land of Ascalon; and leeks are probably indigenous to England, for they are a national badge of the Welsh, the most direct descendants of the ancient British.

Parsley, which will kill the peculiar odor of the onion, has no mean history. It was the food of Juno's peacocks; the warriors of Homer gave it to their horses; Hercules was crowned with it; and a wreath of parsley was one of the prizes at the Nemean and Isthmian games. It was brought to England in 1548 A.D.

If cabbage still preserved the happy qualities which the Greeks and Romans attributed to it, we should all honor it. For Hippocrates and Pythagoras endow it with wonderful medicinal and nutritive qualities; and Cato affirms that the red kind was a positive cure for drunkenness, adding "that by the use of cabbage alone Rome had done without physicians for six hundred years." No wonder that modern doctors think badly of it.

As to lettuce, there is a subtle pleasure in remembering as we cut up their crisp, cool leaves, that the Hebrews ate them with their Paschal lamb; that they made a part of the feasts in the palaces of Shusan; and that the ancients exhausted all their skill and care on this favorite vegetable. The Greeks served them at the end of a repast; the Roman ate them with eggs as a first course. They were brought to England in Elizabeth's reign.

Radishes have an equal interest and antiquity. The Talmud says a great deal about the size and the excellence of the Judean radishes; and the Greeks thought so highly of the radish, that they offered golden ones to Apollo in his temple at Delphos. The Greeks boiled them; and the French peasants of the present day roast them under ashes. They were brought to England in 1545; and Pliny's advice to "water them with brackish water," is still observed there in some sections and with apparent success. Beets and turnips were equally well known, for the Greeks offered silver beets to Apollo, and the story of Curius receiving the Samnite ambassadors, while he was cooking his frugal meal of turnips, shows that this vegetable was among the Romans typical of a frugal life. They boiled it as we do, but used honey, vinegar, gravy, and a little oil as seasoning. Carrots, they ate raw, as a salad with salt and vinegar. Turnips are native to England; but carrots were only introduced in Elizabeth's time, and the ladies then decorated their heads with the beautiful, feathery leaves.

The cooling, watery cucumber was so abundant in Egypt, that even slaves used it plentifully; and it is easier to excuse the Jews longing in the desert for it, than for leeks and onions. Whether they found it in the Promised Land, or introduced it there, cannot be known; but Judea was afterwards famous for its gardens of cucumbers. The cucumber did not reach England until the seventeenth century, and even yet it is there one of the dearest of vegetables. In America, its plentiful growth puts it on every poor man's table.

Peas and beans have a sacred, as well as a culinary character. Peas were the mess for which Esau sold his birthright, and the food Daniel asked for in the court of Nebuchadnezzar. They were called lentils then; and in some parts of southern England, the common people still call them "tills," dropping the "l." The word, pea, comes from the city of Pisa in Elis, where they were grown in large quantities. Beans have many sacred memories. Pythagoras forbade them to be eaten; the Egyptians held it to be a sort of crime to look at them; and the Flamen Dialis were not permitted to name them. In Athens a judicial character was attached to beans; for they were used in gathering the votes of the people, in electing magistrates and drawing lots. This traditionary influence lingers yet. Every one can remember the tragical Mer expedition, and the decimation of Texan citizens by the drawing of the black bean. It is just possible that "blackballing," may have

its origin in the vote of the black bean. It was brought to England in 1509.

Perhaps the favorite in all our basket of vegetables, would be the bunch of asparagus. When we eat it next, let us thank the great Cato for the discovery of this delicious vegetable. The Romans cultivated it so carefully, Pliny says, in his time, three heads were one pound. Like ourselves, they boil very quickly, and when Augustus required haste on business, he was accustomed to "Let it be done quicker than you would of asparagus." It was brought to England in Elizabeth's reign. In this plant, Mr. Ro found a new vegetable principle—a triphosphate of lime and ammonia; but this does not interfere with its popularity. Indeed, if there would tell us more about what we so eagerly eat, it would be the grandest preachment of the gospel of the body, about which generation the whole world lieth in heathendom.

Amelia E. Pa.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. D. L. Moody has promised to take a thorough Evangelistic campaign in adelpia during the coming winter.

While the population of France is decreasing, that of Germany is increasing, and 49,000,000 in 1890 is now 52,250,000—about millions more than that of France.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding successful meetings at Ottumwa, Iowa. Several churches are in the movement. The meetings are in a large tent which is crowded every night.

The National Christian League for the promotion of Social Purity is endeavoring to have the Legislature of New York to pass a law breaching of the seventh commandment punishable and operating against men as well as women.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church has, according to its recently published year book, number of members serving in the British and Navy. The number of declared Wesleyan the two services is stated at 23,467.

Major D. W. Whittle is planning an extensive Evangelistic campaign for the coming winter. He expresses the great pleasure with which his long sojourn in England, he is looking forward to a season's work in his own land.

A conference of comparative Religionists will be held Oct. 19-24 at Nashville, Tenn. building provided by the managers of the Representatives of Hinduism, Mohammedanism and Buddhism will address the conference.

Rev. F. B. Meyer intends spending several weeks in this country early next year. He desires his services may address him in the Mr. D. L. Moody, East Northfield, Mass. more applications are likely to be received than will be able to accept.

Citizens of the State of Maine and visitors from other States are anticipating a rich treat from the festival of the Portland and choir, which will be held at Bangor, Me., Oct. 14-16, and at Portland, October 18-20. They have been preparing for this event for six years.

The American Bible Society issued last year more than one and a half million of the Scriptures. And this was not a remarkable distribution was about equal to the average of the last twenty years. Its entire circulation of 1816 exceeds sixty-three million volumes.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the famous English preacher, who is very fond of fishing, just spending time in the pursuit by saying that sermons could not be dry that were made by him when he was fishing. One of his hearers remarked, "Well, take care they are not watery."

It is interesting to note that in the year's announcements of the well-known C. C. C. Reading Circle, the study of the Middle Ages is to play a prominent part. To the average Dark Ages seem a hopeless chaos, but reality it is a most interesting and important era for it gives the key to our modern civilization.

At the recent International Temperance Congress held in Brussels, Dr. Peters, director of the colony of lunatics at Ghent, said that science would incontestably prove that alcohol was the most frequent cause of paralytic madness. Dame (Geneva) held heretofore by the moral question raised by inebriety.

The Ogden Commonwealth says that it is true that polygamy still exists in Utah nevertheless dying out. The Church is not of it as it once was, and those Mormons who to polygamous connection do it with more secrecy. It thinks the Mormon people persevere and purpose that the practice of polygamy shall cease.

Rev. John Dooley, who is well-known gratefully remembered as one of New York's Missionaries, is now laboring at West Mills. His church there is about to celebrate its anniversary. Mr. Dooley has issued a circular the help of former residents of the town in the church building in a state of repair for the celebration.

A converted Japanese Buddhist being why he had become a Christian when he gave him rest, answered: "Yes, it gives rest to the rest of stagnation, tending down Christ's rest is the rest of a living peace, like the old women who worship at rest, it has no aspiration. It is stillness without strength. Their religion is indolence."

Rev. Robt. M. Woods, an American man who has recently made an extensive tour in India writes to the Congregationalist expressing the pleasure he had in meeting so many Christians. He says: "Some of them are of Christians but many are converts from idolatry, being by birth Brahmans, Mohammedans and Parsees. These men give most interesting accounts of their religious experience, and the idea that conversions to Christianity are among persons of high social standing. Contrary, they assert the opposite, and give incidents to maintain their position."

THE BIBLE

AND THE NEWSPAPER



UBILEE IN SWEDEN.

FESTIVITIES and national celebrations in Norway and Sweden have made the month just closed a memorable one in the history of the kingdoms. The loyal people could not show the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of their king to pass without commemoration. Especially in the north was the demonstration enthusiastic. Stockholm was brilliantly decorated by day and illuminated at night. Grand Te Deums were chanted in the churches, and prayers were offered for a blessing on the king and a continuance of his reign. Among the deputations which came to the king Oscar to offer congratulations was one which brought a gift of crowns (\$59,000), subscribed in part by the people, as an expression of their esteem. This money, with characteristic public spirit, the king will devote to the advancement of medical science. King Oscar well deserves this devotion. Among the potentates of Europe he is the one man of whom his subjects have cause to be proud. He is a poet, a poet and an artist, as well as a statesman, and in each department he has achieved on his merits. He is, besides, a skillful seaman who could command his own navy, and could navigate his ship to any quarter of the globe. As he was the son of his father, he seemed in his early life the prospect of his father's throne. He was therefore educated on the assumption that he would have his own way in the world. He had exceptional talents and a remarkable capacity for study. The young man had no distinctions of no order, and when he went to the navy to his own way up, it was that a scholar was spoiled. But in 1872, his elder brother died, and he ascended the throne, and his simple life since that time has been devoted unflinchingly to the welfare of his people. His wife, a daughter of Duke of Luxembourg, is deservedly popular. The queen is a plain, sensible woman of penetration and a few common-sense counsels are appreciated by her husband. Her four sons have been reared with great care under the discipline of their parents, and have shown evidences of superior capacity. The youngest prince Eugene, especially, has refused to enter the army or navy and devotes himself exclusively to his studies to the credit of the royal family. They are comparatively poor, the only fortune in it having been received from the dowry of the queen. The high character and personal piety of the royal couple have had much to do with the revival of royalty in the kingdom, for the Swedes are inclined to a republic, and the Swedes, who are royalists, remember that King Oscar's dynasty is not the ancient line; but the personal piety inspired by the character of the king against which there is not a word of scandal, has sufficed to sustain the throne. The king, therefore, has proved by his experience, the truth of the royal motto: "The throne is established by righteousness" (Ps. 112).

hung in a high turret, and was supposed to be far beyond the reach of the young men whom its voice rouses from their slumbers. But some of them succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. In the darkness of the night a party of students hoisted one of their number to the roof with a derrick which is being used in the erection of the new library. He crawled on his hands and knees along the roof, taking care to keep out of sight of the watchman, until he reached the belfry. By a stout rope thrown around a pillar, he drew himself up into the turret where the bell hung. He easily detached from the bell the clapper, which weighs twenty-five pounds, and passed it down to his companions. The next morning at the usual hour the bell-ringer tugged at the rope as usual, but no sound came from the belfry. For a hundred years the bell has given to the students the unwelcome tidings that it was time to attend chapel, but that morning it failed to utter its warning voice, and the students slumbered on, with a good excuse for their absence from the service. It was a boyish prank, which will probably be overlooked, but the spirit that prompted it has in older men often led to mischief. People whom God sent his servants to warn of the consequences of their evil deeds have silenced them by imprisonment or death, instead of hearing

its widest part and weighs over eighty tons. He had no means of removing it with him then, but this year he took appliances with him for the purpose, and after some arduous labor dragged it safely on board the steamer and lowered it into the hold. Its arrival at the Brooklyn Navy Yard excited great interest. Smaller specimens are in our museums but none so large had been seen by our scientists before. It appears to consist chiefly of steel with a mixture of nickel, cobalt, copper and tin. It is practically identical with the nickel-steel used for armor plate. It is extremely hard and turns the edges of all tools so far applied to it. The theory of the Esquimaux that it was a missile hurled at the earth by an angry God shows that they have formed an exalted idea of his omnipotent power. It may be hoped that the representatives of the tribe now with us may take back to their brethren in the North some idea of his love and may be able to tell them of the Bread of Life

Mr. Flower recollected that he had recommended to the Legislature an appropriation of five thousand dollars for the purchase of books for the college, and a bill had been introduced, but it failed to pass. Mr. Cornell jocularly asked ex-Governor Flower whether he did not think he ought to give the college a library, as his Legislature had declined to do so. The question was asked in joke, but Mr. Flower astonished the party by sitting down at the table and writing a check on his own account for five thousand dollars, which he handed to the Director. The three gentlemen then returned to the carriage. The stubborn horse, as if satisfied with the benefit to the equine world which had resulted from his balking, started off at a word from the driver. Perhaps, among the books that will be bought with Mr. Flower's money there may be some which will suggest a method for treating balky horses. If such a method is taught it would not be the first time that evil in one has resulted in good to the many. In the providence of God, it has often happened that the evil men have done has been overruled to the good of the race: Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so, for it is in his heart to destroy. (Isa. 10: 7)



OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



KING OSCAR'S ROYAL PALACE AT CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

From Jail to Mansion.

A remarkable example of the vicissitudes of life in the West is given by a Judge of a California Court in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Referring to some recent appointments in New Mexico, the Judge said he knew several of the new officials. He met them during a trip he took in the Territory about thirteen years ago. He was travelling on a train with a number of sociable men who were entire strangers to him, but were quite affable and disposed to talk. They were able to give him information as to the politics, business and society of the Territory and seemed to know all the local affairs. Incidentally one of them remarked that he and two of his companions had that morning been released from prison. The news was something of a shock to the Judge who did not usually come in such close contact with jailbirds. He learned, however, that they had been imprisoned for "contempt of court" and he knew that this was not necessarily a disgraceful crime. The Judge saw a great deal of them during his tour and found that they were very popular in the Territory. The people applauded the act which had brought them under the displeasure of the Court and admired the fortitude with which they had borne their punishment. Their misfortunes had made for them a multitude of friends who were determined to advance their interests. They must have worked to good purpose for of the three prisoners, one was made Governor of the Territory, a second, Chief Justice of New Mexico and the third, Clerk of the Supreme Court. It is not often that men experience such a change of fortune as to go, in so short a time, from a prison to the executive mansion, but their suffering promoted it. So will it be in the day that Christ rewards his servants. If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him. (1 Timothy 2:12.)

and heeding the warning. And so it will be to the end. The two Witnesses who will be slaughtered in the very last days will be the last of the silenced messengers.

They that dwell on the earth rejoice over them and make merry because these prophets tormented them that dwell on the earth. (Rev. 11: 10.)

Arrival of the Arctic Meteorite.

Lieut. Robert E. Peary returned to New York a few days ago on the Steamer *Hope* having completed his preliminary trip to the Arctic regions, where he went to make arrangements for his expedition, which is to start next year. The *Hope* brought a party of six Esquimaux, belonging to the most northerly tribe in existence, who will be Lieut. Peary's guests until he returns with them next year, to begin his search for the North Pole. But the most interesting part of the Steamer's cargo was a gigantic meteorite, said to be the largest in existence. It is not known how long ago it struck the earth, but Sir John Ross the Arctic explorer, saw it in 1818, and other explorers have mentioned it. Lieut. Peary was told on his trip four years ago by the Esquimaux that a huge stone, which had long ago been thrown at the earth by an angry god, was lying on the coast. Guided by them he found the stone and arranged for its removal. It is sixteen feet high and twelve feet broad at

which really came in the person of Jesus Christ to the earth from God.

The Bread of God is He which came down from Heaven and giveth life unto the world. (John 6:33.)

A Horse's Service to His Kind.

A State institution has profited by the obstinacy of a horse. A few days ago Mr. Flower, ex-Governor of New York, was driving with ex-Governor Cornell and a friend through Ithaca, N. Y., on the way from the funeral of Mr. Henry W. Sage. As the carriage passed the State Veterinary College one of the horses stopped short. The driver lashed the animal, but it obstinately refused to move. The college is two miles from the town, so the party could not get another horse. The driver thought the animal would change its mind in a few minutes, so, to occupy the time, Mr. Flower proposed that they should examine the college, which had been erected with funds appropriated by the Legislature during his term. He had gladly signed the appropriation bill, but had never seen the institution. The Director of the college showed the distinguished party through the various rooms, and they were interested in the arrangements made for the education of the students. But the library excited their astonishment. It contained only fifteen volumes,

The Bell Silenced.

The official bell-ringer at Princeton University, whose duty it is to ring the bell that summons the students to morning assembly, was unable to perform his duty on October 2, owing to the mischievous prank of some athletic young men. The bell is

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 24. Acts 26: 10-32. Golden Text, Matt. 10: 32.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



EVERYTHING which happens is overruled by God for the carrying out of his own purposes, and is made to work together for good to them that love God and that are called to be conformed to the image of his Son (Rom. 8: 28, 29). Paul's long imprisonment at Caesarea may seem to those who are not in "the secret of the Lord" to have been a loss of time; but God's economy of time is never at fault; the patience of this naturally impetuous man needed perfecting, and only his God knew how much time it needed. Two years before, he had written to the Corinthian church "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience" (II. Cor. 12: 12). Now he must manifest this "all patience" in Caesarea. Man could see no more than a politic Roman Governor unjustly detaining a prisoner to curry favor with the Jews.

Meanwhile his judges were in sore perplexity. The same difficulty which Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate had experienced in substantiating a charge against the Lord Jesus, now perplexed the mind of Festus. King Agrippa, son of Herod the king, came with Bernice on a visit to Festus, and, in order to help himself out of the difficulty, Festus stated the case to Agrippa. The king was interested at once and said, "I would also hear the man myself." Agrippa came to the court with all possible pomp and every outward circumstance calculated to overawe a prisoner. But Paul lived habitually in a higher Presence; he measured kings and people alike by the God whom he knew and served.

Festus opened the case by declaring the state of the Jewish mind toward Paul and how he had been unable to discover in his case anything worthy of death, and the prisoner having appealed unto Caesar, he had determined to send him to Rome, and he continued, "Of whom I have no certain thing to write unto my Lord. Wherefore I have brought him forth before you, and especially before thee, O King Agrippa, that after examination had, I might have something to write. For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him." Blessed Paul, to have the privilege of following so closely in the steps of his Master! Blessed disciple against whom his enemies were so perplexed to find an accusation! Such is the normal condition of God's true children: "Blameless and harmless children of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye are seen as luminaries in the world" (Phil. 2: 15).

When Agrippa signified to this innocent prisoner that he was permitted to make his defence, Paul replied with an unfeigned heart: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa." But the joy of this prisoner of the Lord was not in any hope which he cherished of being set at liberty. Paul had no plan of life or service in his mind; he was in the workshop of the "Master Workman," and the place of his life was made for him by unerring wisdom. But God had shown him that he must bear "his name before kings," and this present opportunity was part of the plan of God for him; it was like a new stretch of his journey opening before him, and all his heart went out in joy to God who was trusting him now as his witness to Agrippa. In his defence before the Jews (Acts 22), and before Felix (Acts 24), there had been perhaps as great a regard to prove his own innocence as there was for the souls of his auditors. But as he spoke before Agrippa it is impossible not to perceive that the king's soul was far more really

the burden on his heart than that which concerned himself. Again and again the prisoner makes a personal appeal to the king, but never once pleads for mercy or even justice on his own behalf.

As on previous occasions, Paul appealed to his accusers the Jews as the witnesses who could testify to his blameless past; he had become a public character, no one could have any difficulty to ascertain his antecedents. He had been a well-known Pharisee of the Pharisees. "And now," he says, "I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers, unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews." Strange position, and yet one which has been repeated in every age! The Jews hope for the promise and yet persecute Paul for the knowledge and realization of that very promise. Thus it is always. The world and even a worldly church will permit of any religion which holds God far enough away to let them continue in sin and iniquity, but real intercourse with God, close dealings with him, this they will not suffer, for this finds them out in their unreality and sin.

The hope of the promise covers a very wide field. Christ the Messiah is the promised seed of the woman which should bruise the head of the serpent. But again, the promise is "the promise of the Spirit through faith" which was "given to Abraham and his Seed . . . which is Christ" (Gal. 3: 14; 16), and again the promise so often referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, refers to the second coming of our Lord. Truly to receive Christ fully, includes the whole of this wonderful inheritance of the promise, for such as are so filled cannot but wait for Christ; and to them that wait for him he shall appear a second time apart from sin unto salvation." (Heb. 9: 28, R.V.)

And now Paul goes back to the critical moment of his conversion. "I verily thought with myself (it was all that an unconverted man could do, for he had not yet met with God) that I ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did." Paul's life was a real one, even as an unconverted man. He followed his conscience in the dark as in the light. And thus he became a persecutor from conviction, and tells Agrippa to what lengths he had gone in the persecution of the saints at this time, persecuting them "even unto strange cities. Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun shining round about me and them which journeyed with me." And then he described how the whole company fell to the earth, while for the first time, he heard the voice of his Lord, "Saul, Saul why persecutest thou me?" and his question, "Who art thou Lord?"

It would not have been difficult to verify the facts. No doubt some of this company were still living. Paul went on to give the answer of the Lord which had transformed his life. It was indeed a bold testimony. If God were true and this was indeed a message of God, then Agrippa himself and all who were in court needed those opened eyes, needed to be turned like Paul from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. They, too, needed forgiveness and an inheritance among the sanctified. If a man of life so pure that his worst enemies could not find an accusation against him,

had need of such a change of heart as this about which he was preaching, how much more they! The court of justice had changed its character that day. The judges and witnesses found themselves at the bar; and the Spirit of God in Paul was convicting them of sin who were met to convict him!

But Paul went on, still addressing the king. It was a God-made opportunity and it must not be lost, "whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." O how many have met with God at some moment of their lives, and yet been disobedient to what God showed them then!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SELDOM has such a scene been witnessed in a court as that which forms the subject of the lesson. It is not a trial but a religious service. On the bench, is Festus, newly arrived from Rome to supersede the corrupt Felix and with him, King Agrippa and his wicked sister Bernice, who are visiting Festus and have been brought to court to hear the prisoner speak and assist Festus in formulating an indictment against him. The prisoner, a man prematurely old, manacled as was usual in those times, is brought in. Festus had found him in prison on his arrival and had been importuned by the Jewish leaders to have him promptly punished; but the Roman judge was not the kind of a man to give judgment blindly, so he had insisted on hearing the case. But having heard it he was as much



"I AM NOT MAD, MOST NOBLE FESTUS BUT SPEAK THE WORDS OF TRUTH."

in the dark as ever. To him the whole question was trivial. Judaism and Christianity he regarded alike as superstitions. He had proposed that Paul should go to Jerusalem and be judged there by people who understood the subject, but Paul had refused and had claimed his right as a Roman citizen, to be judged by the Emperor or himself. But in sending him to Rome, Festus must explain the man's crime and this he could not do, as he did not understand it. There must be some reason why the people were clamoring for his death. Perhaps King Agrippa who knew the Jews and their superstitions, could explain it. That is why Paul is brought into court. The governor and the king expect the prisoner to furnish evidence against himself. That Paul was in more danger than is shown in the report is evident, and it is also evident that Paul realized his danger. He had not appealed to Caesar when the corrupt Felix proposed to try him, why should he appeal from Festus, who was a much more upright judge? For answer we must look to the policy of Rome. In governing alien peoples the Roman officials had been careful, as England is in India to-day, not to outrage the religious prejudices of the people. They knew the danger of a religious outbreak. They therefore disliked such a man as Paul, who as could easily be proved, wherever he went, stirred up religious antagonism. Rome wanted peace and order in her provinces and could not be expected to look favorably on a man whose residence in any city was sure to be the signal for a riot. Paul must have feared that Festus would give him up to his enemies and have believed that only

when away from Judaea would he have a fair trial. Four times already he made his defence and he was over still. His judges, though convinced of his innocence were afraid to him. He would see whether Nero, such fear of the populace. He might well have refused to plead before Agrippa, but he sees an opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel and he will not speak for himself as Festus invited him to do, he will speak for Jesus.

Should show light unto the Peloubet compares this mission of to that of a man who might go in mines of Siberia, where there are men who have been born there, never seen the light of day. The Government has sent, during the half century, large numbers of nihilists. Persons who were only subjects of belonging to the order, or even who were known to belong to it, were not been convicted of any over were simply exiled to Siberia. More dangerous foes of the Government were condemned to labor in the mines. Their wives were allowed to accompany them if they wished, and many though they knew that their fate was that of a living burial. To the children of these women, the idea of light is inconceivable. If a man is thrown down into the recesses of those mines, explain to those children what life on the ground was like, and what light would have a task in some slight resembling what Christ did when he came to the earth.

Works meet for repentance. Grace, if genuine, brings forth amendment and restitution, if that is possible. Mr. Moody relates that among the women who were seeking Christ, one of his meetings was a lady who had nursed a dying man in his last moments. He was wealthy and had everything that was likely to help him. The doctor had ordered him a very choice and expensive kind of wine, dozen bottles were purchased. The nurse liked it better than anything she had ever run. When her patient died, the bottles remained unused. These she took away when she left the house. Ten years had passed, she had not been able to get rid of them with any twinges of conscience about that, when she began praying for salvation, those six bottles of wine seemed to her a barrier between God and her. She told Mr. Moody about it, and what she should do. He told her she must confess her fault and pay for the wine. She shrank from this as an if it would not do if she paid, so she sold the bottles for church or charity twice or five times the value of the wine. Mr. Moody would hear of it. Finally, the woman heard the son of her patient, confessed her sin and paid him the money. She lived in his house with a heart relieved.

Almost Thou Persuadest Me. Commentators cannot agree about the mark. There are two opinions. One is that Agrippa meant; "I am trying to make me a Christian on slender grounds," or, "Do you expect one brief speech to make me a Christian?" The other opinion, and it is the one which Paul's answer seems to bespeak, is that Agrippa admitted that he was most persuaded to be a Christian, how much that qualification meant, a crowd was standing on the shore, watching a wreck. Several men had been ashore on a line stretched from the ship to the beach. There were other ships, but the line had broken. It was on it at the time, and when it broke into the water he battled bravely with the waves. Two men, holding on to each other, waded out to meet him. He was not more than fifty feet away from their outstretched hands when he began to struggle. Whether it was a fainting spell no one knew, but he was almost saved; but, so far as the sailors were concerned, he might have gone down with those on the ship.

UP SINAI BY RAIL.

The "holy Mount" of the Law to be Invaded by Modern Progress—Route of the Proposed Railway.

ACCORDING to a recent cablegram, Mount Sinai is to be transformed. The "holy mountain" which has kindled the veneration of all ages, is to be invaded by railroads. The



MOUNT SINAI, WHERE A RAILWAY IS NOW PROJECTED.

and line is to extend from the village of Tor to the summit. The journey across the desert to Sinai is an arduous undertaking, attended with peril and to be accomplished under the escort of a brave and honest dragoon with an escort of Bedouin guards and a train of camels. Mount Sinai lifts its majestic crest in the midst of this desert inhabited by tribes of wandering Arabs. The depot of the proposed railroad will be built near the base where it is affirmed that Moses came to receive the law. A stone cross, erected by Helena, Empress of Russia, marks this spot. The foot of Mount Sinai is the fortress of Saint Catherine, founded by Emperor Justinian in the sixth century on the highest ridge of Er Raha it is the "Plain of Assemblage." In the convent is a library full of rare old books and manuscripts, which was from a waste-heap here that Professor Ewald rescued the manuscript of the "Sinaiticus." Since the reign of Justinian, royal pilgrims have not only their object the "holy mountain" itself, but the shrine of St. Catherine. The skeleton of the Pharaoh, the fingers of which are still visible, is to be taken to the convent. The ways of the desert are at the foot of the mountain, the place where the travelers find the way to the summit. It is a secret for the traveler to the convent, the character of the friendliness of the monks who can be admitted. The gate to the wall is a member of the party to be drawn to the convent. Near the top of the convent, the monks must satisfy the monks as to the character of his companions. Provisions for the convent by this "lift," which is described by Edward L. Wilson as "the first passenger elevator in the world." A subterranean passage leads to the garden of the convent. These arrangements were made necessary by many experiences at the hands of the monks. Strange to say, there is also

a Mohammedan mosque on the mountain, hard by that of Saint Catherine. This is permitted as a concession to the Mohammedans, who likewise reverence *Moussa*. The railroad will pass many places

named by tradition as sacred spots. Christians and Mohammedans, far more than Hebrews, have made Mount Sinai a place of pilgrimage. Early in the Christian era refugees from Egyptian persecution sought its fastnesses, and its loneliness drew many an anchorite. To many, doubtless, this invasion by modern progress may appear sacrilegious. Let us take it as happy symbolizing of the fact that the world in its progress is climbing towards God.

France's Coming Exposition.

The Great Show of 1900 to Eclipse All Others—Our Country Prominently Represented—Some Remarkable Exhibits.

IT will gratify the patriotic heart of every true American to know that in the great international display in



MAJOR M. P. HANDY. COL. CHAILLE-LONG.

civilization which is to usher in the twentieth century, our country is destined to be represented in a manner worthy of its size, its population, and its importance among nations. Major Moses P. Handy, who has been appointed a special commissioner by President McKinley for the Exposition, and who recently arrived in the French capital, is thoroughly satisfied after due investigation that the government of our sister republic is sincerely desirous of offering us every opportunity to show the world the enormous strides we have made in almost every branch of industry, art and science.

The Major with his two assistants, Lieutenant A. C. Baker, of the United States Navy, and the well-known explorer and former chief of General Gordon's

staff, Col. Chaille-Long, have been formally received by the Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, who in his turn has passed them over to M. Picard, Director General of the Exposition. To the latter falls the delicate task of allotting space to the various nations desirous of participating in the Exposition. To give an idea of the difficulties that beset his path, I need only say that there is a constant danger of some of the smaller nations, such as the South American republics, withdrawing altogether from jealousy over supposed discrimination in favor of their rivals.

Major Handy has calculated that the American section will require about 560,000 square feet of space. He will probably get 500,000 as things look now. This is saying a good deal, when one considers that some estimates are cut down fifty per cent. But the French feel that with returning prosperity, Brother Jonathan is going to do things on a large scale, and they propose to meet him half way.

Some of the projects for the American section are truly marvelous. As gold-mining has attracted much attention of late years, an American mine owner proposes to spend \$60,000 showing the Europeans how we extract the yellow metal from the bowels of Mother Earth. To do this, he will have to create a gold mine in the first place, on the Exposition grounds. The gold quartz will be brought over in large blocks, buried underground and then brought to light again when the Exposition opens, by means of modern drills and other mining machinery. It will be crushed before the eyes of the wondering public, and treated by the celebrated cyanide process which separates the pure gold from all the other ingredients of the ore. All these operations will be conducted by experienced miners from the Pacific coast and Alaska.

Object lessons will be given of many other branches of industry. An American wood-pulp paper mill will be seen in full operation. This is essentially an American industry; in Europe most paper is still manufactured from old rags. An American newspaper printing office will also be established on the grounds with all the modern improvements and a fast cylinder press; a monster American soda water fountain—an unknown luxury in Europe; and last but not least an American Tract and Bible House, with a museum, illustrating the stupendous progress of American missions all

world. So our readers have a great treat in store for them in 1900—such of them as will be able to afford the trip. And there is no reason why any should have to remain behind. Cheap excursions will probably be run between Paris and New York, placing the trip within the reach of all but the very poor.

Major Handy returns to the United States in about six weeks in order to present his report to Congress. He will be accompanied by his Deputy, Lieut. Baker, leaving behind Col. Chaille Long as representative in Paris. This gentleman's career is one of the most remarkable. Born in Maryland fifty-five years ago, he fought in the civil war and afterwards joined Gen. Gordon in Egypt where he remained several years until forced by illness to return to Europe. Like Gordon, he has traveled through life, figuratively speaking, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. He will probably be put in charge of the Tract and Bible House.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

NEAL DOW'S LIFE-WORK.

"The Father of Prohibition," and the Fearless Foe of the Liquor Traffic.

HARDLY in a generation will the world see another such brave apostle of temperance as Gen. Neal Dow, who passed away on Oct. 2d in the city of Portland where he was born in 1804, and where he spent the greater part of his early life. While still a mere youth he became an ardent champion of prohibition. It was mainly through his efforts that the famous Maine Liquor Law was passed in 1851. In that year, Mr. Dow



THE LATE NEAL DOW.

was elected Mayor of Portland, an office to which he was re-elected in 1854. In 1858-59 he was a member of the Maine State Legislature. When the Civil War broke out, he was appointed Colonel of the Thirtieth Maine Volunteers, and he accompanied Gen. Butler's expedition to New Orleans. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Hudson in 1863, and was exchanged after eight months' imprisonment.

After leaving the army, he devoted himself exclusively to the temperance cause, and delivered thousands of addresses in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain on the subject. In 1880, he was nominated as the Prohibition candidate for President of the United States.

Neal Dow's secret of success lay in his utter fearlessness. In a recent article by Rev. L. A. Banks in these columns, the writer relates this characteristic incident in Dow's career: On one occasion he was remonstrating with a liquor-seller who had been the cause of ruining a very worthy citizen of Portland. The wife of the drunkard had appealed to Mr. Dow and he undertook to call the rum-seller to account. He began by requesting him to sell no more liquor. "I must supply my customers," said the man.

"But don't you see," said Mr. Dow, "this gentleman has a large family to support? If he neglects to go to his office to-morrow he will lose his place. I beg of you do not sell him any more strong drink." The rum-seller then grew angry and said he too had a family to support, that he had a license and would sell to all who called for it, and wanted none of Dow's advice.

Neal Dow's answer was: "So you have a license, and support your family by the impoverishment and ruin of other families? With God's help I will try to change all this!"

How he did change it all, how he sowed Maine knee deep in temperance literature, how he traveled and spoke and argued and conquered, the whole world knows. It is doubtful if the present generation of younger people have much conception of the eloquence this man, who was ninety-three years of age on the 20th of last March, was capable of a half a century ago. His memory will long be cherished by the friends of temperance reform throughout the world.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

In a City of Boats.

Picturesque Life on the Pearl River at Canton, China—An Aquatic Population.



On the north side of the famous Choo-Kiang, or Pearl River, in the province of Kwang-tung, South China, lies one of the strangest cities in the world. Canton—the name is the same in the province of which it is the capital—is built in the form of an irregular square and surrounded by a brick rampart about six miles in circumference, entrance being gained at twelve gates, each of which has a guard-house attached. Across the city from north to south runs a wall, the inhabitants of the northern half being Tartar, and of the other, Chinese. All the principal thoroughfares lead to the river, which presents a scene of activity such as can be found nowhere else. Many streets are devoted to distinct trades, such as "Carpenter Street," "Apothecary Street," etc. "Boat-town," as travelers have denominated the Choo-Kiang at this point, is very picturesque. Our photograph on this page affords an idea of the character of this aquatic population which forms no inconsiderable part of Canton's three-quarter million souls. Whole families live on the water in the simplest of craft; babies are born there, and the little almond-eyed boys and girls of Boat-town are so familiar with the water from their infancy, that it has no terrors for them. The Chinese are essentially a commercial nation, and a majority of the people who live in this floating city of boats and junks, are traders who ply between Canton and the *Hu-men* (or "Tiger's Mouth") as the entrance to the river is called. For a thousand years or more, Canton has been a famous port, and as early as the ninth century, the Arabs traded there. Tea, silk, sugar and raw cotton are among its leading commodities.

Chinese character can be studied in Canton probably quite as favorably as in any other city of the Celestial Empire. It is a strange mixture of piety and business shrewdness. There are nearly one hundred and fifty "Joss houses," and some have over one hundred priests. One of the largest is *Hue chwang tze*, the Temple of the Golden Banner, and another is the "Temple of the Five Hundred Gods." Added to these are many high towers and pagodas, and a Mohammedan Arab mosque over one thousand years old. Priestly influence is strongly inimical to foreigners, and it has been the means of urging the turbulent Cantonese to many disturbances. The Celestial is ruled wholly by his priests, his superstitions and his veneration for ancient custom, and this is startlingly true of the Cantonese, whose violent hatred of innovation has been a frequent cause of trouble. New ideas and methods, whether in religion, government, literature or social customs, are certain to encounter bitter opposition and the "foreign religion," as Christianity is called, has met with this intolerance in a marked degree.

Missionary schools have been among the most successful agencies for spreading the Gospel in China. The first day-school was started in Canton in 1850, and at once became a pronounced success. Such schools are among the most economical forms of Christian effort. Rev. R. H. Graves, a missionary who has spent forty years in China, writes that in Canton, for \$3 per month rent and from \$3 to \$5 per month as teacher's salary, a school can be

conducted which gives Christian instruction to from twenty to twenty-five boys or girls—the pupils furnishing their own books and stationery.

A King's Advice to His Sons.

It is not usually the case that philosophical qualities are found in the kingly mind. There are, however, exceptions, and *The Strasburger Post*, an influential European journal, affords evidence of this in a letter which appears in its columns, addressed by a monarch to his sons. He writes:

Unless you possess qualities which distinguish you before others, it is best, while travelling abroad, to act as if you belonged among the common people. The expenses of your education I defray out of my private purse, not at the expense of the state. It is much better that I should spend my money thus, than that I should leave you a fortune, for your education is of lasting value, and you cannot be robbed of it. I consider it as the most valuable inheritance, and will give the same good education even to the least developed of my sons. You must

refice to themselves they had sent contributions to the relief fund, but as the famine increased they wished to do more. Times were hard, crops short, and the parents looked grave over increased expenses and unpaid bills.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said hopeful, helpful, little Rose, as she washed the dishes. "We can hurry with our work and pick cotton for money to send."

"I don't see why the rich people don't help more," said Lucy. "and then we and other poor people need not help, when it is so hard to spare it."

"It would not be right to wait for them to do it all," said Carl, "for then we would lose the chance to improve the talents given us."

"Yes," said Rose, "and it could not be said of us, 'They hath done what they could.' If we can't send the large amounts that some do, we can send the dimes earned picking cotton, 'You in your corner and I in mine,' as the song goes."

What a sermon they had unconsciously preached on the happiness that comes from helping others!

Simple Flower-Clocks.

Some time ago a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to us a most interesting description of a floral time-piece, in which a great many blossoms, all opening and closing at different hours, were so ar-

A NEW TIME-TABLE.

- I. The city clock strikes one:
Another day of life begun.
- II. The clock strikes two:
Make me ever kind and true:
- III. The clock strikes three:
Bind my heart; O Lord, to Thee
- IV. The clock strikes four:
Be with me, Lord, till life is o'er
- V. The clock strikes five:
Keep my zeal, dear Lord, alive
- VI. The clock strikes six:
Upon Thy word my mind I fix
- VII. The clock strikes seven:
Guide me, Lord, from earth to heaven
- VIII. The clock strikes eight:
Help me, Lord, to watch and wait
- IX. The clock strikes nine:
Wash me in the blood divine
- X. The clock strikes ten:
May I tell Thy love to men.
- XI. The clock strikes eleven:
Make me pure and fit for heaven
- XII. And now full soon,
The clock will strike the hour
Another day of life is done;
And home and heaven are near

Kindergarten Influence

MOTHERS are everywhere to appreciate the value and influence of the kindergarten are being taught through its means, the responsibility of mother and they already how greatly it is in the home, and social relations generally. On subject, Baroness von writes:

"The searching and rearing out of the child at the earliest infancy is satisfied, but the kindergarten method is developed by training. The development of the child depends on the mother. If all women could learn kindergarten method, there would be no crime in the world. The kindergarten taught the mother her child to respect the rights of others, and this is the secret of happiness and morality. The kindergarten leads their children to the means by which the ideals of the little ones are developed and strengthened. The education of the child by the method of kindergarten is the education on which is established a higher patriotism, citizenship and a love of humanity. It is the method which the world needs perfect. All women should learn this method, begin to educate in the



"BOAT-TOWN," A PICTURESQUE PART OF THE CITY OF CANTON, CHINA.

remember always that your father is not bound to place you in influential position because you happen to be royal princes. Important positions demand special abilities, therefore you must study earnestly and faithfully, so that you may be of value to your country and to the world.

If you think that princes have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, you lower yourselves to the level of animals, who are born, eat, sleep and die! Do not fancy that you may insult others with impunity, and that you will not be punished because you are my sons. Your father does not intend his sons to have a chance to act arbitrarily. You will be punished if you do wrong. The fact that your father is a king shall not save you.

Be careful with your money. You may not waste it, thinking you are rich princes and the sons of kings. Do not return with debts; they will not be paid without a question, and you will be punished.

Our readers will naturally ask: "Who is the writer of this wise and thoughtful letter?" He is King Chulalongkorn of Siam, a monarch whom many call heathen. He is a true reformer, very liberal in his ideas and a great favorite with his people. His letter would do to credit to any European potentate.

How Little Ones Helped India.

Isa M.P., of Isom, Ga., sends this charming incident: Carl, Lucy and Rose were the children of Mr. L., a farmer in moderate circumstances. They had read and heard about the famine in India and their young hearts ached for the sufferers in the unfortunate country. Through great sac-

ranged as to mark the time in a way that could be readily understood. These "flower-clocks" are not so rare as might be supposed, nor is their arrangement a new discovery. As long ago as the days of Pliny, the historian, it was known that a combination of forty-six flowers would suffice to indicate all the hours of the day with unfailing accuracy. The flower-clocks of our own day, however, usually have a much larger number. One authority on the subject writes: A bed of common dandelions show when it is 5.30 in the morning and also when it is 8.30 at night. These flowers open and shut at the time named, frequently to the minute. The common hawkweed opens at eight in the morning and closes within a few minutes of two o'clock in the afternoon. The yellow goat's-beard shuts at twelve o'clock noon, sidereal time. The goat's-beard shows true noon all the world over. The sow-thistle opens at five o'clock in the morning, and closes between eleven and twelve. The white lily opens at seven a.m. and closes at five in the evening. The pink opens at eight a.m. and shuts at six-thirty p.m. In the country, farm servants often take their dinner hour from the yellow goat's-beard, which is never mistaken, whether the sun be obscured by clouds or not.

next in the kindergarten, then the school, then the college and finally daily and great education of the child.

The Curfew and the Children.

A proposition is now being discussed in Washington for the introduction of a curfew bell. An enactment is suggested under which the bell would ring at ten o'clock every evening in summer, eight o'clock in winter, and require children under fifteen years to be in the streets. Any who are out at hours, must be accompanied by a parent or guardians, failing which, they are arrested and fined five dollars for offence. Parents permitting their children to run about at night, are also to be fined five dollars for each offence. It is understood that when the Home and Child Welfare Association holds its eighth convention in the city of Indianapolis, December, the subject will be considered. The number of children in the city at large in Washington after night is very noticeable to strangers, and they are picked up by the police for their parents. There are other places where the idea of regulating the hours of the young people seems to be gaining ground.

ONFESSING CHRIST.

Why the Duty Should be Performed, and the different Ways in Which it may be Done.—John 12: 35-43; Rom. 10: 8-11.

Reason sufficient for any course of conduct there must be, to any true follower of Christ, in the fact that Christ enjoined it. The duty of confessing him before men is laid upon us with authority. With almost particular earnestness, Jesus asked for this kind of allegiance. It is due to him that we make the fact known, that we are indebted to him for salvation, and that gratitude requires it. When we consider the fact, too, that he prompts us to confess with all our imperfections before his Father and the universe, it is a small matter that we should confess him before men. But we owe only to Christ, but to our fellow-men, we make our confession of him and love for him. If in our lives we are happier than others, if we have strength in adversity which others lack, then we ought to let them know, so that others may get the benefit. Also, we owe it to ourselves to make it known that we are not ashamed of him. All the glory that comes from a clearly defined position is gained by the avowal. A true disciple is assailed by temptations which do not come near the one known to be a Christian. We should confess Christ is a duty that covers the whole of our lives. The confession of the lip is only a beginning, but it is an essential beginning. The bold and clear avowal of allegiance is required of us, and it is our return to render for all that Christ has done on our behalf. We do not reveal our nationality, nor our political affiliations, and there is no reason why we should suppress a fact which brings joy and glory throughout our lives. The proper mode of confession is that which is in harmony with Christ's people. We belong to that company and should take part with them. If they are imperfect, we are not excused by the fact. Our conscious imperfection should lead us not to expect perfection in ourselves, but if we have any power of grace, we may be able to help our brethren by our association, as we desire to be from them. Another mode of confession is the recommending Christ to others. In every case, then, the frequent sermon, is the avowal by the individual, or social acquaintance that he is a follower of Christ, and that from him comes to him peace and joy and happiness that the world cannot give. Testimony of this kind is a light we do not always realize we are giving it. We may confess Christ, too, by our conduct. If, when sickness, or bereavement, or poverty comes upon us, we are brave and strong of faith, we prove to the world of Christ to support and comfort. We could not do in any other way. The world knows how affliction affects the soul, and when it sees the individual bearing it bravely, it perceives that he is supported by a power greater than his own. It needs strength, and in our conduct may be a clue to its source. Another test of our allegiance, which is the avowal of Christ, is our confession of Christ, is our willingness to take up our cross. How do we behave with regard to our special difficulties? Every one has something disagreeable in his lot. Either in business, in the family circle, there is a demand for patience or forbearance, or resignation. No human nature cannot give. The world makes such burdens from its selfishness, but the Christian may honor himself by taking them up and doing the will of his Father. Our attitude as to worldly amusements, is another practical mode of confessing Christ. May we do this or that? We go to the ball-room, or the theatre? These are questions often asked. It should be a test to every observer that the joys of the world are sufficient for us, and that we do not seek the pleasures of the world which bring darkness to our lives.



Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

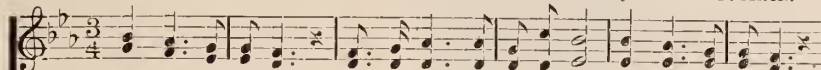
What A Friend Thou Art to Me.

"He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

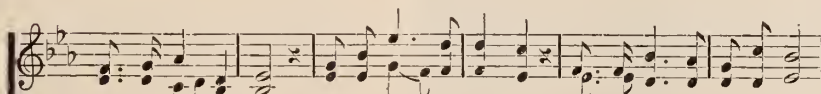
F. J. CROSBY.

(QUARTET.)

Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.



- 1. O my Re-deem-er, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a Ref-uge
- 2. When, in their beauty, Stars un-veil their sil-ver light, Then, O my Saviour,
- 3. Je - sus, my Saviour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the si-lence



I have found in Thee! When the way was drear-y, And my heart was sore oppressed,
Give me songs at night—Songs of yon-der mansions, Where the dear ones, gone before,
I shall hear Thy call,—In Thine arms re - pos - ing, Let me breathe my life a-way,



'Twas Thy voice that lulled me To a calm, sweet rest.
Sing Thy praise for - ev - er, On that peace-ful shore. } Near-er, draw near-er,
And a - wake tri-umph-ant, In e - ter - nal day. }



Till my soul is lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near-er, Bless-ed Lord, to me.



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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1" By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

CHRIST, MY LIGHT AND STRENGTH.

THOU hast given me strength in my need,
Thou has bidden each pain to depart,—
Or hast given me grace to endure,
With a song of sweet praise in my heart.

From the pillow of pain once I rose,
Never more the bright sun to behold;
But the Son—blessed hope—I shall see,
When my feet tread the pavements of gold.

I have stood by the graves of my loved—
"Dust to dust," even now do I hear,
As the clouds slowly fall on my heart—
But, as then, thou, my Saviour, art near.

When the light of my home had gone out,
And I turned from its hearth once so bright,
In my sorrow I leaned upon thee,
And thy love hath illumined my night.

Thou, my light, thou my strength and my shield,
Let me serve thee and live by thy grace;

Lift me up, use me, Lord, as thou wilt—
Then, O Christ, let me see thy dear face.
Albany, Ore. HATTIE S. CAROTHERS.

THE CLOSING DAY.

HOW sweet the hours of closing day
When I my wearied limbs may lay
Upon my couch, and sweetly rest
With not a care upon my breast,

But trust the Lord with all my soul,
As time its onward course doth roll,
Until the morning light appear
That fills my soul with joy and cheer.

Oh, Lord; how wondrous is thy love
That from thy lofty throne above
Dost reach us with thy gentle hand
To lead us through this pilgrim land!

A cloud by day, a fire by night,
That sheds around us holy light
Until we reach the promised land
And ever dwell at thy right hand.

Meriden, Kan. J. S. MOHLER.

CHRIST IS COMING.

Reasons for Believing that the Second Advent will not be Long Delayed.

BY REV. BENJAMIN H. CHARLES, D.D.*



WHILE it is admitted that we cannot know the day and the hour when Christ will come, he did not leave his people wholly without the means of anticipating the period with some degree of certainty. There were indications given which would save those who carefully studied them from being, as Paul said, overtaken by that day as a thief (1. Thess. 5: 4). Christ told his disciples that there should be signs in the sun and moon and stars, and on earth distress of nations, with perplexity; men's hearts failing them for fear, etc. And he then adds, Luke 21: 28-31: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." "Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees: when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." And to keep us from carelessness and indifference he urged us to "watch" and "look" for him, for he would appear when most men would be asleep, and many would doubt, saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning." Few, if any, Christians are living as though his coming were near; and the wicked have no expectation that he ever will come.

There is a time for the people of God to "look up, and lift up their heads." There are certain events which will convince them that Jesus is nigh, and that he is nigh "for their redemption." It is not a time of sorrow, but of deliverance. It is a time for their enlargement. It is a time for them to take on new life, and cast off the gloom of despondency and darkness; and to be clothed in light. I know there are some Christians who dread the coming of Christ. Just as well to think of the wife dreading the return of her husband, or the mother the return of her long absent son, as for the intelligent child of God to fear the coming of his Lord. It is to be a day of deliverance from the power of Satan; it is enlarged service for the Master; it is the realization of many a fond dream, and the entering on the glories of the Messiah's reign on earth. It will be truly a time of rejoicing to all the saints.

One of the points showing us where we stand in God's great plan, is the Saviour's own declaration that all nations are to have the Gospel preached to them before he comes. Read Matthew 24: 14: "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." He does not say they are all to be converted. So far in the world's history no nation ever has been converted. Nor does he say they are all to receive this Gospel; no nation in its entirety has ever done so. But the Gospel is to be preached as a witness. I take this to mean that every man in every nation will have heard enough of God's truth to make him responsible for his condemnation if he should be lost. There are thousands of people in the world who have learned enough of God's truth to save their souls, who never attend a church, nor care for God and religion. The Word has been a witness unto them. They know what Christ came into the world for; they know what salvation is. Yet they smother all this knowledge in their bosoms and go on unto death. In this sense, God's Word is to be preached unto all nations for a witness. They are to hear the message directly or indirectly; it will condemn them, if they do not heed it. We may ask the question, how nearly has this result been reached? How large a portion of the earth is without the Word of God? We answer, that although there are millions who have never heard the Gospel, there is scarcely a single land in which it has not been preached "as a witness."

(To be Concluded.)

* From his new work, Lectures on Prophecy, pp. 320; price, \$1.25. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

"SAINT RUTH."

The Story of a Mistake in Choosing a Life Partner.

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.
(Concluded from last week.)

RUTH was evidently shocked by the death of her four-footed friend. Charlton took the dog's body from her unresisting arms and laid it gently on the ground, then he turned away; her grief seemed a sacred thing.

Suddenly she faced him with blazing eyes.

"Poisoned, you say? Then I know who did it. They threatened to do it long ago because he stole one of their chickens when he was a pup. Oh! it is dreadful! Mr. Charlton, you are a lawyer; have you no code of punishment for people mean enough to nurse a grudge against a dog?" She passed him swiftly and went into the house.

That evening he led her to the farthest corner of the garden, where under a spreading oak, he had dug Le's grave.

"He has a beautiful spot to rest in, Miss Ruth—" he hesitated. "I did not know what flower you would choose—for him."

She gave him a grateful look.

"I thank you for the thought, Mr. Charlton." She picked some of the wide leaves off the tree, and weaving them together, hung them over the pine headboard where Charlton had carved the dog's name. "The oak stands for faithfulness—to me," she said, in a low voice.

He looked at her critically, as, with quivering lips she bent over the humble mound. "What a desperate thing love will be to her when it comes!" Then he spoke:

"Miss Ruth, if you will give me the address of the wretches who have caused you such needless pain, I will make them feel the utmost rigor of the law."

She shook her head sadly as she lifted her white face towards his and tried to smile.

"I let Satan conquer me this morning—I forgot—for the moment—that my code reads, 'Love your enemies.' I shall take no revenge, Mr. Charlton; their own hearts will condemn them."

Geoffrey Charlton came out of the Post Office that afternoon and walked rapidly towards the house which for one bright summer he had called home. He held an open letter in his hand. He went direct to the rose garden. He knew he should find Ruth there. She was standing in her soft, white dress against a background of crimson beauty. He called her softly.

"Miss Ruth!" There was an eager note in his voice. "I have just got word that important business calls me to New York. This pleasant life will be over in a fortnight. Are you sorry?"

The face which she had turned to greet him grew suddenly pale and a shadow seemed to fall upon the shining eyes. He bent over her. The trepidulous, tender mouth was temptingly near. He bent lower and claimed it for his own.

"I love you, Ruth," he said simply.

The fortnight grew rapidly to an end. In after years Geoffrey Charlton was wont to look back upon it as having held his one drop of unalloyed happiness.

The evening closed in damp and chill. His last evening! The thought made him miserable. A sense of impending evil was in the air. He felt strangely nervous. He lifted a little coat of coarse homespun which lay across Ruth's work basket. The sight irritated him.

"To-night Ruth we must settle the

future. I am anxious to get you away from all this nonsense," he gave the coat a contemptuous toss. "You have played Dorcas to all the beggars in Christendom long enough."

"Are there no poor in New York, Geoffrey?" Her voice was tinged with reproachful sadness. It was his first rough word.

"Beggars by the million, my dear, but Mrs. Geoffrey Charlton will have neither part nor lot in them."

She looked puzzled.

"Don't they need me then, Geoffrey?"



"CHARLTON LOOKED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW."

"Need you! Poor creatures, I should think so! But you cannot expect to carry on your old life there. You will not have time, for one thing. I can afford to make my wife a social queen. Ah, my darling, you would grace any palace with that proud-poised head of yours!" He put his arm around her but she drew herself away. A troubled look had crept into her eyes.

"What do 'social queens' do, Geoffrey?" Her voice was very low, but there was a strange quality in it he had never noticed before. He laughed uneasily.

"Do? Everything, I should say. You will be on two or three Charitable Committees, and half a dozen Philanthropic Associations; a couple of Women's Clubs, I suppose, and Musical Societies; and besides, there will be luncheons, and dinners, and receptions, and balls; charitable

whist parties and tennis parties, driving parties and yachting parties, besides the theatre and opera; and, in the summer, the seaside and the mountains. You will have no time even to think, my little Puritan, much less to worry your precious head over the unsightly woes of Five Points or the Bowery."

A grey pallor settled down upon her face and her voice had the far away sound of one speaking under intense pressure.

"We have made a terrible mistake! I have been dreaming these last weeks or I should have realized it. We belong to different worlds, Geoffrey. I love you—God knows how much! but—I can never be your wife." She drew off his ring and laid it on the table with a caressing touch, as though it was some dear dead thing she was putting out of her sight forever.

"You are dreaming now, Ruth," he said lightly, although a strange dread filled his heart. "You see, darling, you could not expect your new life to be like this. In a large city you must follow the fashion."

She smiled sadly.

"Peter followed the fashion when he denied his Lord. The King's children must be about their Father's business."

"But is not philanthropy the Lord's work?"

She shook her head. "It is only an accessory. You have shown me that. When I feel that my whole time belongs to God, could I spend it as you have said? Would I dare?"

"You must marry me, Ruth! If you do

(Continued on next page.)

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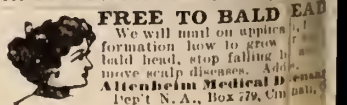


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SAINT RUTH."

continued from preceding page.)

"I shall go to ruin!" he cried recklessly. "Why, your Bible says a single word more than the world. Save at you will have done your part—" "No," she cried, through white, dry lips. "No good was ever accomplished by one recreant to a solemn vow. You would be the first to despise your heart."

"Do not love me!" he said passionately. "You did, you could not treat me

heroic broke in a low, bitter cry. "I love, my love, God knows! I stay for you until I go to my grave; I cannot give up my duty, even for you." She caught his face between her hands and kissed him once, then she left the room with uncertain, tottering steps; her face was ghastly in its pallor, and her eyes were shadowed with pain. At the door she turned and clasped her hands towards him, as was the gesture of renunciation.

Years later the principal hotel in X was filled to its utmost capacity to accommodate the occupants of a vestibuled train that had broken down just outside the town. Handsomely appointed men and women filled the parlors and strolled through the corridors, while the bell boys waited over each other in the hope of a few tips. Among the belated guests one gentleman and lady were conspicuous by many eyes; he for his stern, cynical face and prematurely graying hair; she for her imperious beauty and elegance of her dress.

On a languorous summer evening, the lady threw her gauzy wrap upon a chair with an exclamation of fatigue as entered their private apartments. "I am fairly perishing with heat. When do we go to Paris, my dear?"

"My dear, you are emphatic for an anarchist! Poor Paris! She merits such a fate. By the way, you have been selfishly immuring me in an odious smoking room, I am trying to find the attractions of a more agreeable place. Mrs. Van Grif has reduced to keeping each other at arm's length since both our lords were unable to do it. It was dull work!" She lifted her head and looked up at him, which hung suspended from her lips and swayed it to and fro as she spoke. "Well, there are no attractions. Paris is absolutely devoid of any pretensions that line. But we found a hotel instead. A veritable Grace has been steering her bark over the boisterous sea of life, to rescue callow youths from hidden shoals. We met an old man on the road, and he descanted on the garrulity of age on this latter-day world. I was almost on the point of leaving for myself. But I did not. We are always better at a distance. And that disillusionment travels on the heels of propinquity. We were in an old fashioned house, antiquated looking place! with a hostess, and devotes her whole life to the care of boys who come to attend to her. What a life! And she would grace a palace! Poor Louise! I suppose the chance never came. A pretty name, too—Ruth Howland."

"A snatched exclamation and a sudden made her look quickly at her husband. "What is the matter, Geoff?" "I caught my hand on a pin, that is all," he said, and then he laughed. "It is a peculiar laugh which jarred on my nerves. You are not usually given to making a fuss over trifles." She gave him a look. "You are ill, Geoff—you look like yourself! Shall I ring for some one?" Her hand was on the bell rope, when she was opposed hastily. "Louise! It is so confounding here. I will go out and get cool."

"No," he added "I must apologize for my unpardonable rudeness just now. The fact is I have been feeling like this all day. As to Paris—we can wait until you choose." "I do not see the soft color flush in your cheeks. When she spoke she had a careless self again.

"Thanks, my dear. My beautiful Paris! Now, once more, I shall begin to live!"

Geoffrey Charlton swung himself over the low wall into the rose garden. All day he had been fighting a mad longing to see Ruth once more; now his heart had conquered.

Here at least the busy wheels of Time stood still. Everything was as he had left it ten years before! He heard again the plaintive piping of the frogs, the strident notes of the crickets and the drowsy whirr of Nature's countless unseen artisans, which broke upon his ear like the subdued hum of a distant city. The warm, perfumed air stabbed him with fragrant memories; the moon cast its old-time glamour over the rose crowned bushes, and the honeysuckle, which hung low over the wide hall door, wove the shadow of a cross.

Screened behind a majestic syringa, he looked through the open window of the familiar sitting room. Ruth sat in her own low chair, on the table beside her her favorite bowl was filled to the brim with golden-hearted pansies. Did she feel the need of their brave helpfulness? he wondered. She was putting the finishing touches to a baby's dress, stopping now and then to talk to her aunt, who sat opposite her in a wheel chair, her once busy hands forever done with toil; or to smile brightly at a boy, who, seated at the piano, was trolling college songs in a voice of wonderful scope and richness.

Charlton groaned, while mocking fiends seemed to whisper the words which all down through the ages have wrung a mournful minor among the reverberating chimes in the heart's belfry, "It might have been!"

Suddenly she rose and laid the little garment on top of a pile which was to gladden the heart of some poor mother, stopped to arrange her aunt's cushions and kiss the pitifully drawn cheek, then she crossed the room to the piano, and laid her hand—the hand on which for two short weeks his ring had glistened!—upon the student's shoulder.

"Won't you sing something for me now?" The boy looked up at her, his eyes full of the chivalry which all boys feel toward a good woman.

"The old favorite I suppose. Miss Howard?" He struck some deep chords and his magnificent voice fell full and tender through the quiet room: "Jesus, lover of my soul." Ruth turned towards the window and stood with uplifted face and the old far off look in her eyes. Charlton gazed at the picture hungrily until it was framed in his memory forever. "Thou, oh Christ, art all I want." The singer had reached the third verse now. The moon shone down on the lovely face, which the angel of pain had chiselled. Her eyes had caught the shining of the stars.

"All!" she murmured. She stretched out her hands with a quick, impulsive movement and her sensitive mouth curved in a happy smile.

Just outside, on his knees in the still, scented garden, a haggard-face man whispered through ashen lips the Publican's prayer! [THE END.]

The Power of Christian Song.

Every year, more and more use is being made of Christian song as an adjunct to mission work, at home and abroad: yet until the present generation, music was hardly recognized as an element in evangelistic effort. An observant and experienced worker, writing on this subject, says: "My observation has shown me that those missionaries and missions which have made most use of song and cymbal, voice and viol, and those evangelists who use music of some kind, vocal or instrumental, or both, are by far the most successful in their work: they are happier in that work: they pursue happier methods, and the many who come under their influence, or who accept the joyful Christianity which they teach and exemplify, yield more readily and are better Christians, and better Christian workers than those who are silent, if not gloomy, while others sing and enjoy the full benefits of the new faith they have espoused. These observations extend to many lands, many foreign fields, taking in the work and workers in various parts of India, China, and Japan, in Egypt and Palestine, Italy, Germany, England, and America. In these latter countries the hopeful, happy, successful Christian workers make

large use of music, more particularly of stirring spiritual songs, as all our readers know, and those who use the power of song but little, and yet are blessed with some degree of success, would be manifold more successful, if they did but follow the example of those who have the highest success in the great work."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A new *Life and Times of Gladstone*, by John Clark Ridpath, will shortly be issued by Eaton & Mains, publishers, New York.

Christian Citizenship; a Manual by Dr. Carlos Martyn. Pp. 224; price 75 cents; published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

Hero Tales from Sacred Story; by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.; pp. 295; price \$1.50; published by Funk & Wagnall Co., New York and Toronto.

John Armiger's Revenge. By P. Hay Hunter, author of "Sons of the Croft," etc. Pp. 250; price \$1.25. Published by A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Vision in the Night Season.

THE hands of the clock pointed to twenty minutes of twelve on the night when her boy died. From that moment she ceased to live, though she continued to exist; all in which she had previously taken pleasure fell away from her as the dead calyx falls from a withered flower. There were others to love her and others whom it was supposed she had loved—mother, sisters, brothers, friends—but she moved among them like a pale shadow of her former self, accepting their ministrations gently, but without interest and without thankfulness. She had ceased, in a sense, to live, if life means taking part in human affairs.

Years before when her young husband had been laid in the grave, she had passed through a similar shock to her vitality, and then physicians and wise friends had said, "Give her time; she is young; life and youth will assert themselves, and she will emerge from this present paralysis and torpor into a more wholesome state." Then for months she had remained in a darkened chamber, passively taking her baby into her arms, and if urged to carry him into the sunshine she had seemed like a white ghost in her black robes, and as she held the baby in her lap she might have been a statue for all the warmth and love she showed him. She held him in a wooden way, without feeling, or longing, or desire.

The baby did not thrive, he dwindled and pined, and one day an old nurse who came in to look at him, said, "This little one will soon follow his father. There is nobody to care for him on the earth, and heaven is beckoning him; a baby cannot thrive when tears are always falling in its face." The words pierced the frozen consciousness of the maternal soul; the woman roused herself with a sudden wrench of fright and distress from her apathy, and the tide of mother-love poured back again toward the little one who was all she had left of the husband who had been her earthly idol.

Years passed, and the boy grew more and more beautiful. He excelled in athletic sports; he took the lead in study wherever he was; his joyous face, his perfect vigor and the purity of his nature made him beloved and foremost. More and more his mother became absorbed in him. It seemed as if their two lives were intertwined. Her pride in her boy was so great that she constantly had to hold his expression in check, feeling instinctively that though she may have had a right to be proud, she had no right to walk with her head in the air and as if triumphing over other mothers whose boys were less splendid than her own. The boy more and more grew to be all she had.

Time passed and he took the highest honors in college, then easily entering a difficult profession he gained laurels there. As a surgeon he showed such unerring skill, such wonderful deftness, and such excellence of judgment that it was said of him that before long, even in youth, his name would be known far and near among the great of the land.

She had never taken into account for a single instant that an end might come to the life of her boy. Other mothers lost sons, but her son, a high priest in the temple of health, surely he would be saved for her; and when in all the gladness and triumphant acclaim of his career he was suddenly stricken down with a terribly swift and fatal disease which ran its course with pitiless haste, so that all was over in a few hours, the mother was benumbed with astonishment; she did not realize, even when all was over, what had happened—simply her heart was broken. And now she had no youth on her side; her hair was silver, and though she had borne herself till now with the alertness and apparently the vigor of youth and her eye had not lost its brightness nor her cheek its bloom, yet in this agony of heartbreak she grew old

visibly. A few days and weeks did the work which, in other circumstances would have been done by years. Friends who met her after a short interval did not know her. She slipped out of her usual engagements; she simply lived and hoped for the day when she, too, might hear the call into another life and drift away from the desolation of this. She waited, prayed, longed to die and be again with her boy.

Every night she refused to go to bed until the hour had passed at which Eugene had died. If persuaded by her mother, a woman now in extreme old age, but still possessing her faculties and full of tenderness and kindness—if persuaded by her to lie down earlier, she stayed awake until the clock had struck twelve. One night, as she told me afterward, the house was all hushed and there was not a sound to be heard far or near in the village street. Her room was very dark. As usual, she had left a casement open so that she might look up at the stars. She said, "I liked to look at the stars, because I felt that somewhere on the other side of them Eugene was alive and perhaps he was thinking of me. I had not closed my eyes. I was looking toward the sky, but there were no stars out and all about me was gloom. Suddenly I felt the presence in the room of some one else; no door had opened; there was not a rustle or a breath, but I knew that I was not alone, and as I lay there wondering who it was, or what had happened, I saw a pale rose light like the dawn, beginning in faint filmy vapor and increasing in beauty until the whole room seemed filled with a white and pink and golden glory, and then out of that glory there grew a number of soft palpitating forms.

"It seemed to me as if my room had become filled with angels, and in the very midst of them I saw my boy. His face was more beautiful than it had been when he was with me, and yet a sort of sadness struggled with the joy which should have been his birthright among all those angels. He came close to me, holding out loving hands. He looked at me, oh! so sweetly, with a whole world full of longing and wistfulness in his gaze, and then I heard him say, though somehow the words were breathed into my soul and not spoken in my ear, 'Mother, dear mother, I cannot be tranquil and happy in heaven while you are so mournful on earth. The dear Lord has permitted me to come to you to tell you that while you still stay where you are, you must take up my work and do it with your own. I left many things unfinished which you can do. There are lonely hearts which you can cheer, there are loving words which you can say, but you cannot say or do anything sweet and dear and strong while you go about mournfully, blotting the sunshine with your sadness. Can you not wait a little while till the door opens into this bright world where I am waiting for you? God will send me for you one day; in the meantime work until I come for you. This heavenly life is all a state of going on; it is all beauty and gladness. I have learned more in a day here than I could have learned in a cycle while with you. I am often with you, mother, and I love you just the same.' All the angels seemed to take up the words 'I love you just the same,' and then the vision faded, and I lay back on my pillow with a strange sense of comfort and joy in my soul."

From that hour the bereaved mother awoke from her torpor of anguish and took her part in the world again. Many stricken ones were comforted by her who had trodden the sorrowful way. She no longer mourned as one without hope; she had seen a vision of angels. The dear Christ, in a way of his own, had given her comfort, whether sleeping or waking, only he knows, but the comfort has remained, and she is strong once more.

Margaret E. Sangster

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Gospel Meetings Held	137
Aggregate Attendance	80,230
Professed Conversions	5,137
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	40,943
Meals Served in Restaurant	628,673
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary	2,300
Employment found for	1,200
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Attendance at Mrs. Bird's Women's Meetings	2,300
Professed Conversion at same	250
Free Meals	50,850

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Previously acknowledged	\$592.90
E. G. M. Churchville	1 00
Mother & son, Cambridge	3 00
John Bell	1 00
M. C. Bateman	2 00
Thos. H. Payne	5 00
Friend in Christ, Portland	75
Total	603.65

A Sabbath-Keeping Nation.

Little Belgium, whatever its faults may be, deserves credit for its strict Sabbath observance. All the functions of trade and the wheels of government are practically at a standstill on the Lord's Day, the only activities being those that are absolutely unavoidable. Even the postage stamps bear the significant legend, "No delivery on Sunday." Our illustration, reproduced direct from the

Brussels postage stamp, on a letter received in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, is therefore somewhat of a curiosity.

Chronic Bronchitis.

FROM DR. HUNTER'S LECTURES.

Chronic inflammation of the mucus membrane lining, the air-tubes and cells of the lungs is a very common and very serious disease. It generally results from neglected colds but is sometimes caused by breathing dusts in workshops and irritating gases and vapors in factories. Knife grinders, needle pointers and all who work at polishing metals are especially liable to it. Wood-turning shops and flouring mills are a common cause. Stone cutters as a class are very prone to it. Particles of dust being inhaled irritate the mucus lining of the lungs and make them sore just as dust and small particles getting into the eyes makes the eyes red, angry and sore.

Bronchitis is always a lung disease, because the bronchial tubes ramify every part of the lungs and are the air ducts through which we breathe. To say that a person has bronchitis and yet that his lungs are sound, is absurd and untrue since these tubes form the chief part of the lungs and are the seat of every known disease that affects them. All that can truthfully be said is that bronchitis is not consumption although it is very liable to end in that disease.

The most constant symptoms of chronic bronchitis are cough, shortness of breath and mucus expectoration. Its slight or serious character is shown by the kind of matter raised and the presence or absence of loss of flesh, hectic fever and night sweats. These latter symptoms, when present, show the deep hold it has upon the lung and how greatly it has already weakened and undermined the general health.

A great many bronchial cases are met with in people advanced in life. It begins with a cold in the Fall, which lasts all winter. They cough and expectorate quantities of gray and jelly-like mucus, but on the approach of the warm weather of Summer the cough grows better, and the expectoration almost ceases, only to return with increased severity on the advent of cold weather again. Unless arrested, this form of senile bronchitis cuts short the thread of life, indeed, most old people die of it years before there is any necessity for dying through the want of proper treatment.

In many cases chronic bronchitis is as fatal as consumption itself, and even more so than some forms of that disease. So long as no organic change has taken place in the air tubes and air cells, bronchitis, although resembling consumption in its general symptoms, is always perfectly curable by local treatment of the diseased tubes. But I cannot conceive of the possibility of the cure of any form of bronchial disease by stomach medication or the general means commonly employed. No local inflammatory disease of any other organ of the body has ever been cured without local treatment, and without local treatment bronchitis is as fatal as consumption. The bronchial membrane in time becomes altered in structure and proves forth a matter which has all the qualities of pus; hectic fever and night sweats supervene, and the case tends slowly but surely to death.

There is a form of bronchitis especially remark-

able on account of the great abundance of the bronchial secretion which exhausts the incessant drain made upon it. These patients expectorate a pint or more of frothy mucus resembling gum water. They are pale, thin, and sons blanched by hemorrhage; generally fever—neither quickness of pulse nor heat existing, but the wasting of the body and weakness is extreme. Examined after ulcerations or tubercles are found, not resembling consumption in the state of They die from exhaustion through the drain made upon the fluids of the body, as cases are always curable if timely treatment of tringents and antiseptics applied by directly to the relaxed and weakened within the lungs.

(To be continued.)

Signed, ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.
117 West Forty-fifth St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN who are interested for themselves or to obtain Dr. Hunter's books free, by address above.—Adv.

FREE \$150.00 IN CASH.

We print here a list of words. They are sets of letters jumbled together, from which can be made the name of 8 cities in the United States. For instance, CGOIHAC can be transposed into Chicago, and so on down the list. We will give:

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Second Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to next 20 correct answers.

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Missionary Heroine. Rev Henry Haigh, who recently visited relates this entertaining experi- at Rangoon I attended a service at hel of the American Mission. Over its were present, and the preach- ty-two years of age, who had ar- Rangoon the day before, preached velous fluency. He was a mis- son. As a child, he lived with a tr and mother in the jungles of rma where it was the business of the

father to follow the Karens, who were nomads, on their wanderings. Cholera came, and the missionary died. It seemed the plain duty of the widow to return to America with her only child, that he might be educated. But the thought came, "If I leave these Karens, who is going to look after them? She saw it to be her duty to let her son go home by himself while she remained in the jungle to carry on the work. For seven years and a-half she toiled, doing the full work of a missionary all alone. All the time she prayed, "God save my boy." One day a letter came. He was converted, and wrote, "I think I will be a missionary." She replied: "That is what I want; come and take your father's work." The day before she had welcomed her boy, and now sat hearing him preach. I said to myself, "If ever Christ had a heroine, this is one!"

THE BOND OF PEACE. Concessions in Opinion, but not in Duty to be made in the Interest of Peace. Eph. 4: 1-3.



That there were in the Apostle's time differ- ences between not only the various churches but between individual members of the same church, is evident from many incidental refer- ences in the various epistles. As to these differences Paul is anxious that they should not lead to disunion. As a means of preventing separation he would have them remember the essential unity of the church in cardinal matters. With one God, one Saviour, one faith, one hope and one aim, they might wisely and lovingly ignore the minor differences. The points of union are so numerous and important, that they constitute a bond which proves to be a bond of peace. It was inevitable that there should be different views of truth. As it is to this day, minds differ- ently constituted dwell on the aspects of truth and doctrine which harmonize with their habits of thought. We find one man dwelling on the Divine power and sov- ereignty, while another with equal reason dwells on the freedom of the will and the unqualified invitations of the Gospel. They are two aspects of the same truth, but many a church has been split by the controversies of members who closed their eyes to one of them and persistently em- phasized the other. The Apostle's remedy for such antagonisms, is love and patience and forbearance. Ambition, self-confid- ence, and dogmatic utterance are to be excluded. The man who differs from us, is our brother, conscientious and sincere as we are, and his opinions are to be received with toleration. There is to be a bond of peace, which prevents angry argu- ment and forbids quarrelling. Not that Paul would have us yield on essential matters. He was not for peace at any price. Even with an Apostle so eminent as Peter, a man who had enjoyed per- sonal association with the Lord, Paul maintained his own position, stood valor- ously against him and would not yield, even for an hour. He withstood him, as he tells us, to the face, because he was to be blamed. The bond of peace does not require us to tolerate deception, or sin.

LAY PREACHING.

Every Christian a Preacher by his Life and the Message he is Empowered to Deliver. Acts 8: 1-8.



When persecution fell on the early Church and its members were scat- tered among the nations, each became a centre for the diffusion of the Gos- pel. They do not appear to have waited for the or- dination, or license to preach, which in these days is deemed essential, but as Luke tells us, they all went everywhere preaching the word." Doubtless much of the preaching was crude and unsatisfac- tory: the best of them had but dimly seen the significance of Christ's life and work. But such as they had, they gave and so much cannot be said for all of us in our more enlightened times. Probably the preaching was, for the greater part, merely testimony, but how effective that kind of preaching is! We can imagine the Christian stranger newly arrived in some city, settling down to the labor by which he must earn his daily bread, under

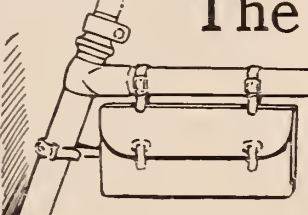
new and unfamiliar surroundings. His coming might cause little remark, but gradually he makes acquaintance with his neighbors and tells them what he has seen, or what has been told him of the Lord. One of them may have to stand be- side an open grave, in that darkness of soul which seems like death itself. To him goes the new arrival, not uttering mere perfunctory words of sympathy, but tell- ing of him who said, "I am the Resur- rection and the Life." To another, strug- gling to free himself of some enslaving vice, he may carry the news of Christ's power to deliver and so in time the whole neighborhood hears the Gospel from the stranger. The need for such work has not passed away. Men have heard of Christ, it is true: but not one in a hun- dred knows him as the Christian knows him, as the Power of God unto salvation. As men have known the lightning which momentarily illuminated the whole heavens, which killed a man, or blasted a tree, but did not know what it could do in carrying our messages, illuminating our streets and supplying motive power, so there are multitudes who have yet to learn what this Christ, with whose name they have long been familiar, can do for them in giving them the power every man needs to shake off the dominion of the flesh. If every man who has felt this power would make it known in his immediate circle, the world would speedily be evangelized and it need no longer be said: "The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."



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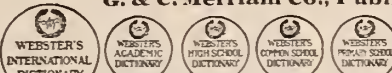
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CUBAN REFUGEES HELPED.

Missionary Work Among the Exiles at Tampa—A Bit of Cuba on our own Coast.

THERE has always been a considerable immigration from Cuba to Florida, and this movement has been accelerated by the war now raging on that beautiful island. Key West and Tampa have always had a large Cuban population. In Tampa, there are not less than 9,000 Cubans. In Ybor City, the Cuban ward of Tampa, one could readily fancy one's self in Cuba. The only language spoken is Spanish, and the dress and customs are thoroughly Cuban. Pretty girls, chattering Spanish, sit on door-steps. Canaries and mocking-birds are singing on the verandah of almost every cottage. These people are very fond of song-birds. They hold their sweet-throated captives at a high price if a traveler asks to buy one. Twelve to fifteen dollars is the least that will purchase a mocking-bird, though higher sums are often asked. And so beautiful is the voice of this bird, that music at this price seems cheap. Very few of the people seem to eat food cooked in their own homes. They buy from public caterers who make a business of furnishing meals, children acting as the carriers.

Perhaps there was never a time in the history of Key West and Tampa, when missionary work could be done so effectively there among Cubans as now. Many Cubans who may now be reached by the Gospel-worker in either of these places, are people of refinement, who will return to their native island when the war ends. If brought to Christ, they will do much toward shaping and purifying the religious life of the coming republic.

An interesting example of missionary work among the Cubans is supplied in the history of the Immanuel Cuban Mission. In 1893, Rev. E. P. Herrick, a Congregationalist minister, who had been a missionary in Mexico, came to Ybor City, and started a mission there. Through the generosity of a Connecticut friend, a handsome chapel has been built, and its day and night services are well attended. The day school, which is operated in connection with it, has fifty-six scholars, and the Sunday School over one hundred members. From this little centre, a light is being diffused which will reach the battle-tossed island in good time. A good philanthropist who wanted to help Cuban-Americans by calling them to worship, might supply to this chapel the yet unfulfilled need of a bell, or might render the very important service of putting the day-school on a footing to do more efficient work.

In A Moslem "Sacred City."

Revolting Orgies in Kairouan, where the Gospel Is Unknown.

IN a recent letter from Sousse, Tunis, F. C. Spurr, a traveler, gives a graphic description of certain superstitious rites he recently witnessed in Kairouan, the sacred city of the Moslems of Tunis—a city in which there is not at the present time a single missionary of the Gospel. He writes:

"We learned that there was to be a performance of the Aissaoui in the Mosque that evening. Four sous obtained for us a place, and towards sundown we found

ourselves in the courtyard of the Mosque. Some twelve or thirteen old men were already seated on a large carpet chanting at a most rapid rate the first chapter of the Koran, followed by the 'witness' to Mohammed. In about half an hour a large crowd had assembled; the tom-tom beaters were all ready, and the holy men were all in place. I should explain that these Aissaoui are men who are supposed to be so devoted to God that He grants to them special privileges in the way of a perfect immunity from all harm. They may eat scorpions and serpents, cut themselves with swords, &c., and yet remain unhurt. They are the most fanatical of the Moslem sects, and at festival times it is highly dangerous for any Christian to be in their vicinity.

"Some twenty-five of the Aissaoui stood in a row, their hands clashing each other. The tom-toms then started, and a choir of professional howlers accompanied the music. In five minutes the scene was one of the wildest and most riotous character: it simply beggars description. Women in an adjoining apartment screamed at the top of their voices; the saints swayed to and fro, yelling out the name of God from their throats until the combined sound was that of an awful pandemonium. Then nine young men suddenly tore themselves from the ranks and dragged off their shirts, leaving the upper part of the body quite naked. There followed the most revolting scene I have ever witnessed. Long, sharp, iron spikes were driven through their flesh—shoulders, stomach and eyelids. Others took swords and gashed away at their throats and abdomens. Two of their number seized a broken glass (which we had previously examined) and chewed it into small pieces. These feats increased the riot; several of the men went simply mad, dashing their bodies to and fro and uttering the most piercing cries. We were in a corner, unarmed and surrounded by these madmen. We had absolutely no protection, so we concluded that the best thing would be to get out if we could, before they proceeded to further lengths, because it is no uncommon thing for these Aissaoui to turn upon any bystander and relieve him of a little of his anatomy. So we watched our opportunity, glad enough to escape so easily. I am expressing a real conviction when I say that I believe we were amongst possessed men that night. But they think it is a sign of sanctity! Mohammedanism in practice is one of the most cruel and demon-like forces of the world. O that the light of the Gospel may soon shine upon these deluded people!"

A Hindoo Rite in Ireland.

A correspondent of the London *Graphic* has discovered the existence in Ireland of an ancient superstitious rite, which is identified with one common among the Hindoos. He says: "The cow ceremonial—an ancient symbol of regeneration—consists in passing selected children for nine successive mornings underneath the body of a cow. Friends and relatives assemble, and with much crossing and prayer the rite is completed. The practice has its prototype in the religion of the Hindoos. Every village possesses a wise woman, or sibyl, who prescribes this ancient rite to preserve children from the 'fairies.' Hindoos use a golden cow in a somewhat similar ceremonial."

Danger in Soda.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover, the soda only gives temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels, and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste and contain the natural acids, peptones and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50cts. per package.

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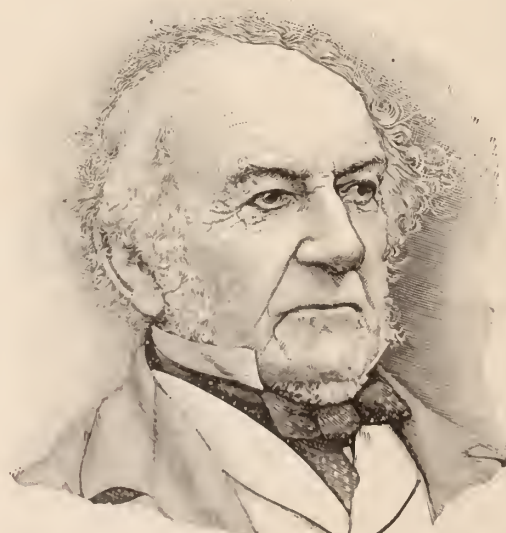


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As stated in the last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all cases of kidney and bladder diseases, and rheumatism. The *New York Herald* publishes the remarkable case of Mrs. A. C. Darling, mother of the gospel at North Carolina, New York, cured by Alkavis, who, after having been afflicted for a long time with kidney and bladder diseases, and after having been treated by the best medical men, was cured by Alkavis. The *New York Herald* publishes the remarkable case of Mrs. A. C. Darling, mother of the gospel at North Carolina, New York, cured by Alkavis, who, after having been afflicted for a long time with kidney and bladder diseases, and after having been treated by the best medical men, was cured by Alkavis. The *New York Herald* publishes the remarkable case of Mrs. A. C. Darling, mother of the gospel at North Carolina, New York, cured by Alkavis, who, after having been afflicted for a long time with kidney and bladder diseases, and after having been treated by the best medical men, was cured by Alkavis.

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Mr. Gladstone has contributed an important article for the next year's volume of *The Companion*, to be published in the New Year's Number.

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The Youth's Companion

The following partial list of contributors indicates the strength and attractiveness of next year's volume:

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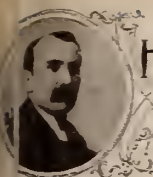
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and more than one hundred others.



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Heroism of the Plodder.

In my mind, there is no grander specimen of the hero on the face of the globe than a boy who finds himself that awkward epoch when he can place for his hands, and his trousers never long enough to cover his in the midst of pinching poverty. seemingly no chance for education or who in such discouraging condi-

others, organized the Boston University Settlement, which is yet a flourishing institution in the old historic North End of Boston.

In 1892, he was field secretary of the University Settlement, which secured his support at the University, and he closed that year by carrying off the honors as the chosen orator of his class.

Let no one imagine that there was no chance for social recognition, or literary work, under these trying circumstances: for during these ten years he was several times president of the literary society. He was president of the College Y.M.C.A. during the entire collegiate course of four years: delegate to Moody's Summer School at Northfield, Mass., and during his senior year was corresponding secretary for Student Volunteer movement for Kansas.

At the end of this ten years' constant cultivation of his mind and heart, he was in debt only two hundred dollars. This was soon wiped out, and after two years' pastorate, desiring still farther to fit himself for usefulness, he spent a year in foreign travel, visiting Egypt, the Upper Nile, and making a long tour in the Holy Land. He made almost the entire round in Europe on his bicycle, traveling in that economical way, over two thousand miles. Now, this was no genius at all: simply a straightforward, honest lad, with pluck and determination, and genuine Christian spirit, who knew how to plod and dig, and who would not be proud of his log-book as I have given it to you? Every church he may serve in the days to come, will feel the buoyant strength that he has gained by these years of "blessed drudgery."

God bless all the homespun heroes who are making their brave fight for a cultured and larger personality.

SAMUEL WILSON NAYLOR.

lights with clinched teeth his toilsome through the academy and college and onal school, and stands, ten years splendidly educated, broadly cultured nobly Christian man of the world. going to tell the story of one such cause he is a type of thousands of boys and girls who have heroic them in every State of the Union. el Wilson Naylor began his fight a education in Washburn College, ka, Kansas, in the preparatory ment in 1883. His family lived on and for the first half year he d at home and went to and fro, five ery day, and looked after the farm ight and morning. The rest of he did clerical work for a man ge him in payment a humble room to meals a day. The third meal, hat time, was always in demand, ver a doubtful quantity, and es did not appear. As he had ble to take Latin during his first ource, he made up the entire year's that language while following a ring the summer vacation. Dur he kept "Batchelor's Hall" with neighbor, the two boys doing n cooking. In 1885 he was elected rier by the students, and earned n this service to pay his board. 86-1887, he was elected steward oarding club, which again paid oard. He was also this year, the e manager of the college paper, died it with such care and effi at, in addition to paying all his t, he was able to refund some hich he had borrowed of rela the previous years. 1888, he continued business of the college paper and Secre- the Senate Committee of the legislature, for whom he worked of school hours. In his senior o, he continued to be business of the paper, and in addition ed States Census enumerator. ote that during these years, while supporting himself by this hard was by no means lagging in his e. He won the highest honors in e debate at the oratorical contest, o, he went to the Boston Univers- of Theology. During the first has assistant book agent, steward oarding club, and occasionally e pulpit of some village church. i, he supported himself in the as the previous year, and dur- tter part of the year, with three

A Fortunate Escape

A BURLINGTON YOUNG LADY TELLS THE STORY OF HER RESCUE.

From the Clipper Burlington, Vt.

A reporter called upon Miss Lillian Warner at her home, 415 St. Paul Street, Burlington, Vt., and begged the favor of an interview.

The young lady is a musician and a pianist of considerable renown, and has her time fully occupied by engagements to play at concerts and other entertainments that are constantly taking place in the city, and the strain upon the strength and nervous energy of the pianist can be easily imagined.

"I never could have stood it once, but I have something now," said Miss Warner enthusiastically, "that braces me for my work. Some little time ago I was utterly unable to attend to my duties, owing to a disarrangement of my nervous system that affected my eyes with all the rest. They became so weak and troubled me so that I finally went away into the country to rest. The benefit obtained from the change of scene and freedom from care was, however, merely temporary, and upon my return to work I rapidly lost all that I had gained and more."

"But did you consult a doctor?"

"O yes, indeed; I put myself under the care of several doctors, and even tried many remedies recommended for cases like mine, but the medicines had no lasting effect, and it looked as though nervous prostration was to be my portion."

"I was about ready to 'throw physic to the dogs' when I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and it was with

but small faith in any benefit to be derived from them that I at last made up my mind to try them."

"Hardly had I taken the first box before I experienced a great relief from the weakness and nervous troubles with which I was afflicted, and my eyes grew stronger every day."

"Are you taking the pills now?" was the next query.

"No; as I told you the first box helped me a great deal, and after I had taken six boxes I felt so well that I left off the medicine entirely and have not taken any now for some weeks. I am able to attend to all my duties, and feel as well as can be, while my eyes continue to improve right along. I do not even mind the long walk from my home to the business part of the city."

Miss Warner further said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up the system, giving a lasting effect and not merely a fictitious strength for the time being.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Smouldering fires of old disease

lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, if you use the standard remedy of the world,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

For many years

I had occasional symptoms of heart trouble, writes Mr. A. M. Ferren, of Albion, O., Nov. 4, 1896, but could not think my heart was affected until it prostrated me. I then suffered for a year, doctoring all the time but continually growing worse, when my druggist advised

DR. MILES'

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which gave me prompt relief and I have required no medicine since. It

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Consumption

If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!



"What I have seen of God's healing power through your demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases—any one of which may be 3/4 years, or be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order for \$1.00 bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE, 150 Nassau St., New York, and London, Eng.

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

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CORN AND MAIZE OF THE ORIENT.

"Indian Corn" Believed to have been Known and Cultivated in Asia and Egypt in the most Ancient Times.

MAIZE, or Indian corn, was believed to have been unknown in ancient times. Although there are instances in the Scriptures where the "corn" is used by the translators, it is variably held to refer to the cereal only known throughout Asia and never to maize, which botanical agricultural authorities declared to have been unknown in the Old World.

authority, came another still more surprising. M. Rifaud, an explorer and scientist, found under the head of an ancient mummy at Thebes, Egypt, a small quantity of Indian corn and some withered maize-leaves. Since these disclosures, other facts have come to light which would seem to discredit the old theory that maize was indigenous to America. It has been shown to be widely

grains in the world. It is exceedingly nutritious, and is prepared in many different ways for the table. In Arabia and Egypt, it is a common article of diet. The Bedouins of the desert carry in small sacks or handbags slung at the side, like haversacks, a quantity of Egyptian corn identical in appearance with our Indian corn, which they use as their principal food during arduous desert journeys. At the close of the day, they roast a double handful of the grain in a metal dish over a fire, and eat it with keen relish. Our photograph on this page presents a scene familiar in almost every Egyptian city.

ready mentioned, concerning the great antiquity of maize, it is not unlikely that, with further light on the character of the ancient cereals, our learned investigators will yet come to the conclusion that the "corn" of the Bible may, after all, have included this life-giving and strengthening food. Maize may have been stored up with other food supplies, in Joseph's granaries, to provide against the years of famine in Pharaoh's kingdom, and it may even have formed a part of the vast crops that covered the waving fields on the Plain of Minkhna, or "Plain of the Corn-fields," in the beautiful Vale of Shechem.



A SELLER OF MAIZE IN ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

the discovery of America. Maize, a nutritious grain, therefore, has been universally regarded as originating in the exclusive product of the Western hemisphere, and it was not until the discovery of the fact that it was found fully developed in a Chinese botanical work of the thirteenth century, that this faith was shaken. Following this discovery Bonafous, a distinguished Austrian

diffused through Asia and the Indian archipelago, and it may have been known in and brought to Palestine by the Egyptians. Moreover, it is said by Viterbo, a writer of note, to have been brought by the Arabs from Egypt and Arabia into Spain in the thirteenth century.

Whatever its origin, it is beyond question that, as an article of food, maize is now one of the most extensively used

and also in not a few in Syria. Maize merchants come to the market-places from the country on the mornings of certain days every week, their asses bearing sacks or panniers filled with corn and other vegetables. In our illustration, an old water-carrier is bargaining with the dealer for a single ear of corn which he has picked out of the basketful.

In view of the recent discoveries, al-

After the reign of Solomon, Palestine became a great corn-exporting country, and although the agricultural interests of the Holy Land, under the blighting Turkish rule, have greatly deteriorated, there is no good reason to suppose that her people, in the palmy and prosperous days of her power, were ignorant of a cereal which seems at that time to have been widely known throughout Asia and Egypt.

A KLONDIKE GOSPEL-BAND.

Captain de Soto and his Brave Little Company of Converts, to March Across the Continent and win Souls in Frozen Alaska.



READY FOR THE LONG JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WITHIN the next two weeks, a little company of courageous Christian converts, inspired by the desire to win souls for Christ, will start on a tour across the Continent to the mining camps of bleak Alaska as their ultimate destination. This little band of seven anticipate many hardships during the journey, much of which will be on foot; but they set out with hopes and full of confidence that He who they serve will see them safely through. After leaving New York City their route will lie through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah, to California, where they expect to reach about the latter part of March or early April of next year. Thence they will proceed to Seattle, Juneau and the Yukon, reaching the gold fields after the snows have melted and soon as they are open to travel. Along the entire route from New York to Alaska, Gospel services will be held at every available point, whether in churches or other places, or, where no other facilities are available, in the open air. Arriving at the gold fields, the Gospel Band will at once begin their evangelistic work in the mining camps.

Captain Alexander de Soto, the leader of this unique expedition, has been actively preparing for the proposed journey for several months, and has chosen his men with special eye to their physical ability to stand the strain of such an experience, as well as with a view to their usefulness in the evangelistic work before them. Captain de Soto has been in frequent consultation with Superintendent Wyburn, of the Bowery Mission, and the latter has aided in many ways in perfecting the plans and equipping his band.

Several members of the party are Bowery Mission converts, and all are frequent attendants at the gatherings in the old mission hall, where in the last few years thousands of wanderers have been won to Christ.

Captain de Soto speaks most enthusiastically of the work to be undertaken by the Klondike Gospel Band. He says: "Our purpose is to spread the Gospel to the gold-seekers in the Klondike, wherever the stream of immigration may lead. Missions are needed wherever miners congregate, but particularly at Dyea and Dawson City. The former is described as a 'hole of vice,' and the latter, according to all reports, is equally godless. I have spent several years in just such places and know what they are. I can tell fathers forget their children, and husbands their wives and their homes; how etched the condition of some of the men is in such places, and how the mining fever seizes its victims and drags them to ruin. Nothing can cure such evils but the Gospel of Christ. I have seen the hardy miners throwing away their gold over the bars of the saloons. Some I have seen going lower and

lower until they became mining camp tramps, and had lost all sense of manhood.

"Our band of rescued men—all of them thoroughly saved—are willing to give their lives to this work. We shall go to Dawson City where our first mission will be started next spring. One of our party is a physician who is willing to rough it with the rest."

Regarding the funds for the equipment and the necessary expenses on the journey, Captain De Soto said: "We shall



F. BAYLIS. DR. CARPENTER. GEO. GARNER. CAPT. DE SOTO. H. M. KETLER. W. LEECH. L. J. PAYNTER.

CAPT. DE SOTO AND HIS KLONDIKE GOSPEL BAND.

give a farewell service in New York, and we hope to receive enough in donations from good people who are sufficiently interested in the work we are undertaking. Our outfit will consist of stout, serviceable suits, blankets and a pack-horse. Each man will carry his tools—a pick-axe and spade, with such other necessities as are usually carried by men starting out on the trail. The A. A. Kiffe Co., of New York City, has generously supplied the outfits. We shall foot it from place to place, and hold meetings where convenient, and preach the Gospel all along during the journey.

With respect to the men who compose the Klondike Gospel Band, a brief biographical sketch of each is given below:

Captain Alexander de Soto, the leader of the band, is a man of fifty-seven years, although he seems to be hardly forty. He is a native of Spain, a lineal descendant of Hernandez de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi. He was intended for the priesthood, but in early boyhood ran away to sea, became a captain, settled in Montevideo, and fought there under Garibaldi. He served in our own civil war, and was also an officer in the Peruvian army during

the war between that country and Chili in 1878. He became an adventurer and gambler, and finally drifted to New York, where he was converted at the Bleecker Street Mission in 1890, and has since been a staunch Christian and a zealous worker for souls. He is a successful business man, and at the present time is an active partner in a prosperous manufacturing company on Long Island, with offices in New York City. Captain de Soto leaves his business affairs in good hands during his absence. He has surrounded himself with a company of men, all earnest and resolute Christians like himself, and willing to make sacrifices to win souls.

William Leach, one of the band, is a native of Somerville, N. J., twenty-six years of age, and the son of a miller. In 1890 he experienced conversion, and in January of this year he fully consecrated himself to Christ. He will be the chief and have charge of the commissariat.

Frederick Baylis was born in England thirty-nine years ago. He has seen army service in Zululand and proved a good soldier. Like other thinking men, he reached a point in life where he realized how empty life and its baubles from a worldly standpoint would be, and he now praises God that he is a soldier of the Cross and is fighting the battle against sin.

Lincoln J. Paynter was born in Reading, Pa., June 4, 1867, received a collegiate education at Ursinus College, and taught in the public schools of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In October, 1896, he attended a meeting held at the Bowery Mission, where he was saved by grace.

Dr. G. Carter Carpenter, who accom-

BARGAINING CHRISTIANS.

From an Address by Mr. D. L. Moody.

BARGAINING Christians are the greatest stumbling-blocks we have in the Church of God to-day. After God had said to Jacob "Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth," he ought to have been girded up so as to be strong all the rest of his life.

Jacob started from home with a lie on his lips. His mother, Rebecca, favored it, and her punishment was that she never saw her boy again. We never make anything by taking God's planning into our own hands. Jacob goes down to live with Laban for twenty years. He resorted to driving sharp bargains with Laban. He worked seven years for a wife and then got the woman he did not want! He reaped the fruit of his sin. If you plant potatoes you won't get cucumbers or water-melons! Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He lived down in Haran twenty five years without an altar. He lived as no child of God ought to have lived. He could have had all of Palestine; God had offered him the title deeds. A man to whom God had promised so much ought not to have done a mean thing. No child of God can afford to do a mean thing.

Some of God's promises are on conditions and some are without conditions. He made unconditional promises to Jacob, yet, although the Lord had said to him, "Arise, get thee out of this land," instead of going out like a prince, he sneaks away like a thief.

He ran away from Laban, who soon after pursued him, and would have destroyed him if the Lord had not turned his heart. Then Jacob turned his face toward Bethel, and the angels of God met him, and he said, "this is God's host." Christians who try to make bargains with God get full of difficulties. Jacob is again guilty and afraid. He begins to divide his people into two bands to meet Esau, his angry brother. He begins to plan again. He could trust God just as far as he could see him and no further.

We often hear of the wrestling of Jacob. When did Jacob prevail? Not until his flesh was weak and his thigh out of joint, and all the good he could do was to just hold on to God. So with us. He will not help us till we give up trusting in our own strength.

And Jacob said unto his household, "Put away your strange gods." If we have idols in our hearts will God dwell there? And Jacob hid the idols under the oak at Shechem. It would be a good thing if we should burn our idols under the oak at Shechem. How about those novels and cards that many love? We must put away such strange gods. If you join the church, pay your debts and keep out of jail, you are told it is all that is necessary nowadays. If there is a grand party coming off, it is more important than the prayer-meeting. Put away your idols if you want God to come and dwell with you.

When Jacob came to Bethel he built an altar and called it El Beth-el. He kept his own name off this time. Jacob got into trouble again. He sent down to Shechem to see how the boys were getting on. They had gone there to trade, and perhaps they had dug up the old idols that Jacob had buried there under the oak. Jacob sent Joseph down to see them, and they sold him into slavery, and brought his blood-stained coat to Jacob. Ah! the reaping-time had come to him at last. We are just as sure to reap as we are to sow. It took twenty long years for Jacob to reap what he had sowed. It is a great deal better to let God choose for us, and not attempt to make any bargain with him.

A young minister in Scotland began to preach on the sins of the present day. The old sexton said to him, "Ah, sir, if you want to be popular don't preach on the sins of the present day." I find that when God writes biographies of men in the Bible, he puts all in good and bad. Grace and government go together all the way through the Scriptures. God rides in a chariot with two wheels—grace and government. You will have a stormy voyage if you try to resist God's will.



THE THREE TAVERNS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., (They came to meet us as far as Ap-
on the Text: Acts 28: 15. - - - - - pii Forum and the Three Taverns.



SEVENTEEN miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and, in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obtusation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the sea-coast to that place: the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, ice-bergs, collisions, and of them are wrecked in harbor. I suspect that if a calculation were made of the cumulative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should go twice to visit the Three Taverns, namely, before they go out, and after they come in. The fact was what aroused Father Taylor to the great sailor's preacher, at the "Apostles' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charleston, he said,

All the machinery of the drunkard making, and destroying, is in perfect running order from the low barges on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it they say "you can't help it," and yet there is Bunker Hill, and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying "the trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before

the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the sea-ports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of sea-faring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship *Home* went out from New York for Charleston. There were about one hundred passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summering at the northern watering places, and they were on their way South, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A life boat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and the mother leaped after it. The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk. Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea-captain. But not until the judgment day when the sea shall give up its dead, and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic dethronement. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the fiery stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him, "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The Admiral answered, "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at two o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." The Three Taverns of my text were too near the Mediterranean shipping.

But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificant town to support more than one house of lodgement. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No; the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent draughts must be taken to slack the thirst created by the preceding draughts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses all Christendom to-day—too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns on every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that reinforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are Three Taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are in another sense Three Taverns now: the gorgeous Tavern for the affluent, the medium Tavern for the working classes, and the Tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first come down through the second and come out at

the third. At the first of the Three Taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side-tables, under pictures approaching master-pieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brains get touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change Taverns, and they come down to Tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, coculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this Tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving away. That Tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters Tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccupping and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about two o'clock in the morning, and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

I am glad to find in this scene of the text, that there is such a thing as declining successfully great Tavernian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had traveled the following seventeen miles of his journey, that he had received no damage at the Three Taverns. How much he was tempted, I know not. Do not suppose he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, mightiest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of Law and Medicine and government and religion. Paul was not physically well under any circumstances; it was not in mock depreciation that he said he was "in bodily presence weak." It seems that his eyesight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it as something remarkable that his shortest Epistle, the one to Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying, "I, Paul, have written it with my own hand." He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endunged, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching at Athens to the most scholarly audience of all the earth, and at Corinth to the most brilliantly profligate assemblage, and been howled upon by the Ephesian worshippers of Diana, tried for his life before Felix, charged by Festus with being insane, had crawled up on the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron hand-cuff on his wrist and if any man needed stimulus, Paul needed it, but with all his physical exhaustion, he got past the Three Taverns undamaged, and stepped into Rome all ready for the tremendous ordeal to which he was subjected. Oh! How many mighty men feeling that they must brace up after extraordinary service, and prepare themselves for other service, have called on the spirit of wine for inspiration, and in a few years have been sacrificed on the altar of a Moloch, who sits on a throne of human carcasses. It would not be wise, or kind, or Christian to call their names in public, but you call them out of your own memory. Oh! how many

splendid men could not get past the Three Taverns.

Notice that a profound mystery is attached to these Italian hostilities. A hotel register tells the names of those who stopped at those taverns; there is no count book as to how many drank there is no broken chalice or jug to suggest what was the style of liquid these customers consumed. So a mystery hangs about the barrooms of modern taverns. Oh! if they would keep a book upon the counter, or a list that could be unrolled from the wall, telling how many homesteads they had sold, and how many immortal souls they have blasted. You say that you will spoil their business. Well, I say it would, but a business that cannot tell its effect upon its customers, a business that ought to be spoiled by you mysterious barrooms, speak and tell how many suicides went out from the tavern, or pistol, or knife, or leap from fourth story window; how many young men, started well in life, halted by you and turned on the road, dragging after them bleeding rental hearts; how many people promised at the marriage altar, until death did them part, were parted by you to early and ghastly separation; how many mad-houses have you filled with maniacs; how many graveyards you dug and filled in the cemetery with many ragged and hungry children you beggared through the fathers; how many you destroyed. If the skeletons of those whom you have slain were piled on top of each other, how high would the mountain be? If the tears of all the orphanage and widowhood you have pressed out were gathered together how wide would be the lake? How long the river? Ah! they must answer. On this subject the Three Taverns are as silent as the grave. Three Taverns, but there are many hearts that throb with most vehement condemnation, and many of them would as far as the mother in Oxford, Massachusetts, whose son had been long from home and was returning, and at Tavern on the way he was persuaded to drink, and that one drink aroused a mer habit, and again and again he drank, and he was found the next morning in the barn of the Tavern. The owner of the Tavern, who gave him the rum, to carry his body home, and his kind-hearted mother afterwards telling of it, said "it was wrong, but I cursed him, I did it. Heaven forgive him and me."

But what a glad time when they come to its last Three Taverns, the sale of intoxicants. Now there are many of them that statistics are able to make more or less accurate guess as to the number. We sit with half-closed eyes and undisturbed nerves and hear that in 1872 in the United States there were ten thousand nine hundred and sixty breweries, four thousand three hundred and forty-nine distilleries, and one hundred and seventy-one thousand, six hundred and sixty-nine retail dealers, and that by this time these figures may be truly doubled. The fact is that these establishments are innumerable, and the discussion is always disheartening. The impression is abroad that the plague is mighty and universal, it can not be cured, and the most of sermons on this subject close with the Book of Lamentations, and not with the Book of Revelation. Excuse me from adopting a scientific theory. The Bible reiterates until there is no more power in repetition to make it plainer, that the only way to be, not half, or three-quarters, wholly redeemed. On that rock of my triumphant stand, and join in the chorus of Hosannahs.

One of the most advantageous toments in the right direction is taking the whole subject into the education of the young. On the same school-days the grammar, the geography, the arithmetic, are books telling the lads a host of ten and twelve and fifteen years of age, what are the physiological effects of strong drink, what it does with the liver and the ventricles of the brain; and whereas other generations do not realize the evil until their own children were blasted, we are to have a generation taught what the viper is before it bites them, what the hyena is before it eats them, how deep is the abyss before it swallows them. Oh! boards of education

teachers in schools, professors in colleges, legislatures and congresses, widen and amend that work, and you hasten the complete overthrow of this evil. It will be done. I have the word of Almighty God for that in the assured extirpation of sin. But shall we have a share in the universal victory? The liquor saloons will drop from the hundreds of thousands to the score of thousands, and then from the thousands into the hundreds, and then from the hundreds into the tens, and from the tens to Three. The first of the last Three Taverns will be where educated and philosophic and the cup will take their dram, but that aware of the power of the example have been setting, will turn their upon the evil custom and be satisfied with the two natural beverages that intended for the stimulus of the race—Java coffee-plantations furnishing the best of the one, and the Chinese teas the best of the other. And some the bar-room will be crowded with people at the vendue and the auctioneer's gavel will pound at the sale of all the pretences. The second of these last Three Taverns will take down its flaming and extinguish its red light and close its doors for the working-classes will be allowed to buy their own horses and wash their own beautiful homes and furnish finely the wardrobe of their own sons and daughters, instead of providing distillers, the brewers and liquor-sellers with wardrobes and mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second Tavern is opened it will be a drug-store, a bakery, or a drygoods establishment, a school. Then there will be only one of the Three dissipating Taverns left. I don't know in what country or in what neighborhood it will be, but look for it is the very last. The last inebriate will have staggered up to its counter and put down his pennies for his drink. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out the vitals and inflame the brain. The last drunkard will have stumbled down its front steps, and the last spasm of delirium tremens caused by the poison will be struggled through. The old Tavern will be torn down, and with its destruction will close the long and awful career of the mightiest of earth's abominations.

The last of the dissipating Three Taverns of all the world, will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the Three Taverns of my text.

With these thoughts I cheer Christian workers in their work, and what rejoice on earth and heaven there will be over the consummation! Within a few days of the greatest of the leaders in this world went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and the world never have another. He has been the consummation to the century. The standard-bearer of the century has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves of Portland, Maine, covered with casks of West India rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The work he has done, the homes he has kept pure, the high moral sense with which he infused ten generations, is a story neither earth nor heaven can afford to die. Derided, belittled, caricatured, and, for a quarter of a century as long as he has lived, he has lived on until the universal newspaperdom publishes his praise and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cathedral organ and his requiem on the other. His life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half past twelve o'clock in the afternoon of October 10, he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministries, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think it was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. But all heaven knew the worth of that good man's life, and the worth of his death-bed, where he said "I am free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the reformed legislators who made laws to repress intemperance, the consecrated platformers who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come"—Albert B. Bascom and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongued patriarchs like H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much

derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian Movement" was there, and John Stearns and Commodore Foote and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend Alfred Colquitt, the Christian Senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come back. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer.

When legislators are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from



THE OLD DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.

the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation losing its grip as Christ ascended; and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come in on the right side and against the wrong side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms, and play harps, and breathe frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied; and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger worlds than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world, and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed. Church militant and Church triumphant but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

One army of the living God.
At his command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood.
And part are crossing now.

Sleepy Hollow's Bi-Centennial.

A Notable Celebration at the Ancient Dutch Reformed Church near Tarrytown—on the Hudson—Memories of Irving.

NEAR the village of Tarrytown, on the Hudson river, New York, at the base of a gentle hill, on which many graves rest, stands the quaint

Dutch Reformed Church whose bi-centennial has just been celebrated in appropriate ceremonial and with eloquent addresses from prominent men. The inscription over the portal says the church was erected in 1699, but the ancient bell hanging in the open tower bears the date 1685, with this legend in Latin: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Babies are still christened from the old baptismal bowl; the old communion service is still used, and, in the early autumn, afternoon services are held here. But the congregation which supports this little church, and by whose care it has been lately repaired and restored, long since outgrew its confines and worships in a larger edifice half a mile distant.

On the slope of the hill, just north of the old Dutch church—"near the summit of the slope"—sleeps Washington Irving, the gentle genius who has made romantic Sleepy Hollow a classic place of pilgrimage for all the world. "Where a grove of oak and yew commences to crown the hill, is a large square lot, bounded by a low fence and a thickly grown evergreen hedge.



WASHINGTON IRVING'S GRAVE.

rial address before the New York Historical Society. Pulpit and press throughout the world spoke his praises. The world was bereaved. For not only a great writer had passed away, but a good, true man.

On Sunday, October 10, 1897, neighboring town joined with Tarrytown and Irvington in celebrating the bi-centennial of the rural church at Sleepy Hollow. The celebration began with morning service in the First Reformed Dutch Church in Tarrytown, where its pastor, Dr. John Allen Knox, preached to his own congregation and to that of the Second Dutch Reformed Church, another daughter of the little mother church whose two hundredth anniversary her offspring joined pious hands to honor. In the afternoon, services were held in the little church, and many former pastors addressed the throng which crowded the building and overflowed into the quiet precincts without. The singing of the choir was echoed by the crowd outside, and the sound of the solemn old hymns went rolling up the hollow along the sluggish Pocantico. The first prayer was by the Rev. John A. Todd, thirty-one years pastor of the Second Dutch Reformed Church. The Rev. John B. Thompson, pastor of the mother church from 1866 to 1869, related impressive memories. In speaking of former pillars of the old church he said, referring to William Landrien:

"No one, I think had a more lively appreciation of this consecrated spot than did William Landrien. So long as he had strength he would harness his horses and drive from his home, over on the Eastern Hill, to this place, every Sunday morning. He would tie his horses to the fence and then repair to the threshold of this house, although no services were going on, and sit there for two and, if the weather permitted, even for three hours, losing himself in contemplation and pious thought. To him such worship seemed more real and satisfying than comfort and a dominion in a new church. When I came here he had grown so feeble that he could not hitch up the horses any more."

"Your fathers," continued the preacher, where are they? He looked out on the sunny hillside, where tombstones cast their shadows, and a solemn stillness fell on the people. "They sleep unto the Resurrection. The peaceful Pocantico murmurs their everlasting requiem—a wordless song." Speaking of the church's twelve pastors as "the Prophets," Dr. Thompson compared their succession to that Greek Lampas miners carrying a light from station to station, and leaning over the pulpit said to Dr. Allen: "How is it with thee, torch-bearer?"

Mr. Moody's Canadian Tour.

Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the noted evangelist, is now conducting a series of gospel meetings in different parts of Canada. On October 13th, he spoke at Quebec; October 14th, to 17th, he was at Ottawa, Canada, and October 18th and 19th, at Kingston. October 20th and 21st, he speaks at Peterborough, Canada; October 22d to 24th, he will be at Brantford, Ontario; 25th and 26th, at Stratford; 27th, at Toronto and 28th, at Winnipeg. He will remain at the latter place for some time. Mr. J. H. Burke accompanies him, and leads the singing at these gatherings.

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THE BIBLE



AND THE NEWSPAPER

A DREADED RIVAL.

UR diplomatists appear to have been taken by surprise by the decision of England to withdraw from the sealing conference, owing to the presence at it of the representatives of Russia and Japan. England's contention is that the two governments which the United States proposes should be invited, are not interested in question to a degree entitling them to representation at the conference. She is going to confer with the United States, and it is now suggested that two conferences be held—one between England and the United States, and another between Russia, Japan and the United States. The utility of the latter conference is not very clear at the outset, the real difficulty is not with Russia or Japan, but with the Canadian sealers, from the English government is held possible. If it arrived at any decision the proper course to be pursued, the conference would have no weight in the other conference, but would probably be recommended. The jealousy existing between England and Russia would be sure to have its effect on the former, the antagonism of the great northern nation dating from the Crimean war forty years ago, which has been replaced in England by an effusive friendship, has been renewed in England, and grows more so from year to year. At the accession of the present Czar there were, for a few weeks, hopes of more cordial relations, owing to his near relationship by marriage to the heir to the British throne. But these were speedily dispelled by the attitude of Russia. The Czar was in the hands of Russian advisers, who controlled the policy of the country without regard to his inclinations and were little disposed to swerve from the principles of former reigns. The statesmen are able diplomatists, though Lobanoff, the chief enemy of England is dead, his policy is pursued by his successors and has been skilfully carried out. In Turkey and in China, and lately in Abyssinia, Russian diplomacy has thwarted England and baffled her plans. It is not surprising, therefore, that any friendly conference in which English interests are not definitely included, England should object to her being seen and should dread the skill which is so expertly employed against her interests. When, however, with success. The day will come when these national rivalries and jealousies will cease, but it will not be until the supremacy of Christ is universally acknowledged.

Just days it shall come to pass... that many shall say, Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord... he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths, for the law shall go forth from Zion and he shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations. (Micah 4:1-3.)

Gravestones.

The work of transforming the old St. John's graveyard in New York into a park, nearly completed. All that remains to show the use to which the plot was formerly put, is six tombstones and a monument. The monument, which marks the grave of two firemen who were killed in a fire in 1834, will stay where it is. The few other remaining slabs will be placed over their companions into a long trench where they will be buried. Crowbar and shovel have been busy prying up or tearing off the stones, and the children of the neighborhood who will benefit from the new park, watched through the ironings with curiosity and some regret. The tombstones will still be of use, for they will form a basis for a new pavement which is to be the playground. In all, about a thousand tombstones have been buried. Persons have removed the bones of their friends or relatives from the old graveyard, the city having given notice in a public time before proceeding with the

work of metamorphosis. It is significant that of the thousand memorials in the cemetery, the one which alone is spared is not the tombstone of some rich or highly honored person, but of two humble firemen, whose lives were sacrificed in the public service. The others have been buried out of sight, and the children will play on the pavement above them. When men live for themselves they are soon forgotten.

Their memorial is perished with them. (Ps. 9: 6.)

Reunited Through the Pension Office.

A veteran's application for the renewal of his pension has led to the reunion of a long separated couple. It appears that in 1875 a man, who was in receipt of a pension for injuries received during the terrible battles of the Gettysburg campaign, was residing in comparative poverty with his

is generally their hunger and misery that drives them back to him.

He began to be in want... and when he came to himself he said... I will arise and go to my father. (Luke 15: 14-18.)

On the Wrong Steamer.

News reached San Francisco last week from Honolulu, of the arrival at the latter port of a citizen of Chicago, who made the voyage there by mistake. He had been spending a few days at Victoria, B. C., and his business in the town being finished, he inquired the best way of reaching Tacoma, the next town on his route. He was told that a steamer would sail for Tacoma that afternoon, and he promptly packed his valise and started for the dock. He knew that he had no time to spare, so when he reached the dock and saw a steamer preparing to leave, he hurried to get on board. The gang-plank had already been drawn in, but he tossed his valise on board, and jumped after it. He congratulated himself on the triumph, always so gratifying to a busy man, of just catching a departing ship or train, and speedily went below to make himself at home for the trip. When he came back on deck, he made some inquiry which elicited the fact that the steamer on which he was travelling was bound, not for Tacoma, Wash., as he had supposed, but for the

sarily increase. Twenty-five years ago the number of bread-eaters, who are the populations of European lineage inhabiting North and South America, Australasia, Russian Asia, South Africa, and Europe, numbered 371,000,000, but they now number 510,000,000. On the other hand, the area of land sown in wheat, which in 1871 was in round numbers 125,000,000 acres, is at the present 158,000,000. That is to say, while the bread eating population has increased more than thirty-seven per cent., the wheat area has increased little more than twenty-five per cent. His conclusion is, that the greatest crop ever grown would not meet next year's requirements, and that the average yield of the land now devoted to wheat, would be nearly three hundred million bushels short of the requirement. Several suggestions are made of ways of meeting the difficulty, the most obvious being to induce wheat-eaters to eat corn-bread. This will be difficult while there is wheat to be had. We could wish that the teachers who are trying to induce the world to accept a substitute for the bread of life found a similar reluctance, but unhappily they find willing hearers, though there can never be a scarcity of the bread:

I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh unto me shall never hunger. (John 6: 35.)

Twenty Months in a Cellar.

A novel method of treatment for a sick child has been adopted with success by a druggist in Williamsburg, N. Y. About nine years ago the wife of the druggist died, leaving a delicate baby boy for her husband to care for. All his soul was wrapped up in the child and he watched him tenderly and saw that the people, with whom he placed him, gave him the most careful attention. But in spite of their care the child dwindled and faded. He was afflicted with a nervous disease, which developed into spinal meningitis. When he was eight years old, the physicians who had been attending him almost broke the father's heart by telling him that there was no hope of saving his little son's life. But the father had been studying the disease, himself, and he determined as the physicians had given up the case, that he would treat him on a system of his own. His theory was based on the benefit of complete seclusion and unvarying conditions. Under his store he had a large cellar hewn from the solid rock and perfectly dry. He partitioned off a square of about twenty feet of this area, laid a thick carpet on the floor and furnished it with miniature furniture of the most beautiful and comfortable kind. No ray of sunlight was permitted to enter this underground room, but a cluster of electric lights in the ceiling gave uniform light night and day. Musical boxes made soft music, and toys, such as boys love, were scattered around. Into this room the father brought his boy and made him understand that the luxurious nest was his own and that the remainder of the cellar was his playground. No one was permitted to enter. The boy heard no voice but that of his father and saw no one else. He was fearfully thin and so helpless he could not dress himself, nor scarcely feed himself. In a few weeks, a decided improvement was seen. The boy grew stronger and showed more intelligence. The absolute quiet and seclusion suited him and he gained courage and cheerfulness. His father spent as much of his time as he could afford in the cellar with him and slept there. As his strength increased, gymnastic appliances were introduced and one day the father brought him a set of carpenter's tools, which proved a great source of amusement. After twenty months of this secluded life, the boy is almost robust, his nervousness has disappeared and he can talk intelligently. The father proposes now to gradually introduce him to ordinary life and send him to a kindergarten school. It has been a strange method of cure but it has been a wonderful success. Persons who heard that a father had shut his son in his cellar for twenty months, if they did not understand his motive, or know the circumstances, would pronounce him cruel. So God's treatment of his children is sometimes misunderstood. It does not follow that a professing Christian is a hypocrite or that God does not care for him when calamity comes upon him. It may be that God sees he needs a time of trial and darkness.

He shall be driven from light into darkness and chased out of the world. (Job 18: 18.)



THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGE AT THE CZAR'S PALACE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

wife and one child at Greene, N. Y. He was of a somewhat secretive disposition and was subject to fits of despondency. One summer day in that year he started out for a walk, telling his wife that he was going to call on a friend who lived about a mile from the village. He was seen going in the direction of his friend's house, but he never reached it. He mysteriously disappeared and from that time until now he was never seen by any one who knew him. After a long search aided by the police and the Grand Army men his wife sadly concluded that he had either been murdered or had committed suicide. She waited ten years and then applied for a widow's pension, which was granted her. She has continued to draw it from that time, but at the last distribution the check was withheld and the woman was notified that her husband was living. He had made an application from Buffalo, N. Y., for a renewal of his pension and had thus disclosed his location. His wife at once communicated with him and learned that he had been deranged during a part of the twenty two years of his absence, and when he recovered had been unable to find her. Probably he never would have found her if his need had not driven him to apply for his pension. It is so with those who wander away from God in the delirium of sin. It

Hawaiian Islands. The Tacoma steamer had been lying next to the one he was on, and in his hurry he had not noticed the difference in the size of the two vessels. He had consequently traveled twenty-five hundred miles out of his way, and would have to travel the distance over again to reach his destination. It is probable that he will never again start on a journey without making sure that he is traveling in the right direction. We hope that he will be similarly careful to live so that he will at last reach the right eternal destination. There are some who indulge the hope that, though they follow a sinful course, they will come out right in the end.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 14: 12.)

The Coming Wheat Famine.

Attention is called in an article in the *Forum*, by Mr. C. Wood Davis, to an ominous series of statistics from which he deduces the prediction that a great scarcity of bread must ensue in the near future. His apprehension is based on the fact that the cultivation of wheat does not keep pace with the increase of the number of wheat-eaters. He quotes figures to show that the present supply is insufficient for the requirements of consumption, and contends that the insufficiency must neces-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 24. Acts 27: 13-26. Golden Text, Acts 31: 25.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



FOR many years Paul had desired to visit the saints in Rome. Writing to the Roman church from Corinth, he tells them so. The same intimation which he had received that the Ephesian elders should see his face no more showed him also that he had "no more place in these parts" i. e. in Greece. He says to the Romans, "I was hindered these many times from coming to you." (Rom. 15: 22; 24, R.V.) and he mentions a thought he had of taking Rome on the way in a proposed visit to Spain. But at this time, although he saw God's mind far enough to know he had to go to Rome the time and way were not revealed, and Paul knew how to wait. When he purposed in the Spirit while at Ephesus to go up to Jerusalem he said, "After I have been there, I must also see Rome." (Acts 19: 21.) And God confirmed this when in the prison at Jerusalem he said to him, "As thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." (Acts 23: 2.) How little any of us know what is before us? How wisely and tenderly God unfolds to us our way as we are able to bear it! Paul's plan was to go to Rome as an evangelist, but God sent him as a prisoner against whom no charge could be substantiated, and thus made his way to come immediately in contact with those in authority!

Paul's journey was in company with other prisoners, they, justly accused, and thus like the Lord he tasted the humiliation of being "numbered among the transgressors." (Isa 53: 12.) It had been one of those things which were gain to him that, touching the righteousness which is in the law, he had been found blameless, but a man who is crucified with Christ loses his own reputation and gets the reputation of the crucified, the despised and rejected, and is accounted no better than Christ has been accounted for him. This was one of the things to which Paul died daily. But in his very submission to all which God permitted, there was a kingly dignity about the apostle, as there was about his Master. It won the heart of the centurion, who had charge of him; and he, when the vessel touched at Sidon, treated Paul with the courtesy that a passenger might have expected, and allowed him to go on shore to see his friends and refresh himself."

Sailing along the coast of Asia Minor, they transhipped at Myra, into an Alexandrian vessel bound for Italy. By this means the voyage was very much lengthened, time was not valued as it now is. The course of the vessel was to the south of Crete and bad weather was expected, so that "sailing was now dangerous." And Paul, who of course, made everything a matter of prayer, knew from his God that danger threatened them. Paul was no coward, for years he had traveled as men would say, with his life in his hand; as faith would say, with his life in God's hands. But now the time was come to speak, and he said, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." Julius was quite ready to treat Paul as a gentleman, but like many another, his pride was too great to receive instruction from one who was in the position of a prisoner. "He believed the master and owner of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." Therefore he determined to make for Phoenice, another and more commodious haven, on the coast of Crete.

A message of God rejected, even though it be about only earthly things, brings its responsibility with it. As Paul had foretold so it came to pass: bad weather

and heavy seas set in, and the passengers and ship's crew were brought to extremities. Finding the coast more dangerous than the open sea they took in all sail, undergirded the ship, and let her drive before the wind. But their case was a very desperate one: the cargo and all that could be was cast overboard to prevent the ship foundering, in case of which all on board would have perished. The storm continued day and night; nothing could be seen: the heavy, furious wind and rain shut out the sun by day and the moon and stars by night; and none could tell in what direction they were being driven. From all but one man, all hope of being saved vanished.

But a man who really trusts in the Lord is at home in all circumstances. God was as real to Paul in the tempest as in the calm, and he knew the stormy wind, not as a thing of chance, but as "fulfilling his word." (Ps. 148: 8.) He knew that this storm, all the perverseness of the centurion, and all the great length of the voyage, taking up apparently unnecessary

to the slaughter, always put to the proof, and the voyage and the storm were in his eyes, only a part of the whole plan of God.

None who were on board that vessel could have failed to perceive another Presence than that of Paul. They must have seen how no trace of fear or anxiety remained upon the face of this man in spite of the toiling sea, with death apparently staring him in the face. Who that was present could ever forget such a scene? Surely the divine calm on the face of God's servant must have communicated hope to the now despairing crew. "I believe God," was the anchor which held Paul, and they saw that it held him fast.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

A VIVID story of Paul's eventful voyage is given in the lesson. Luke, with his characteristic fullness of detail, uses nautical terms from which any modern sailor can understand exactly what happened. A good map of the voyage is that numbered ten in the International Teachers Bibles, given as premiums with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The prisoners were put on board the ship going to Adramyttium, then a seaport of some consequence in Mysia, but now a poor little village. Luke probably accompanied Paul of his own choice, but Aristarchus appears to have been a prisoner, and may have been arrested at the same



AN ANCIENT ROMAN SHIP IN A STORM.

time,—all his two years' detention at Caesarea, combining so to hinder the work of a valuable life,—was a part of the unerring plan of his God, and he was at home. Yet he set himself to wait upon the Lord until he should get the clue of his mind, and so the clue to the situation. And God met his servant. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint, though it be in the midst of a storm at sea, and within sight of death.

After long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." As God had met his servant in the night so he stood with him in the giving of this testimony to his fellow sufferers. Had Paul spent his time in pitying himself that everything was going wrong, that the gospel was hindered, that time was being lost, and that souls were perishing, because he was prevented from leading them to Christ, how could he have been free as God's instrument to surmount the difficulties of the situation? The apostle recognized that God's people like their Lord are a people led as a sheep

time as Paul in Jerusalem. From Caesarea to Sidon was a short day's sail of sixty-seven miles. Thence sailing northward, hugging the coast as far as Cyprus, they appear to have passed to the north of the island and taken a course due west and then northwest to Myra a port still in existence on the southern coast of Asia Minor. We infer that the original intention was to proceed thence by land, but happening to find at Myra a ship on the way from Egypt to Rome with a cargo of wheat, the centurion decided to continue the journey by sea. A southwesterly course in rough weather brought them to the southern coast of Crete, the island which was the cause of the recent war between Greece and Turkey. Paul, with his usual success in dealing with Roman officials, had made friends with the centurion the captain in charge of the prisoners, and now ventured to give his advice about the voyage. But the centurion naturally attached greater weight to the opinions of the seamen and tried to make a better harbor than that in which the ship lay. But no sooner were they clear of the harbor than a wind of cyclonic character struck the ship and drove her out to sea. It looks as though the ship had then begun to leak as the process of undergirding, passing ropes under and around the ship at right angles to its length to keep the straining timbers together, was resorted to. The situation was critical and Paul cheered people on board, 276 in all, by going among them and telling them of a vision in which he had received assurance that their lives would be saved. The wind must have been

almost due east for in fourteen days leaving Crete they reached Malta, six hundred miles away where they found the ship run aground and there by the force of the waves the stern was broken in pieces and the vessel parted amidships. The apostle's assurance was fulfilled. No lives were lost but the ship and cargo were destroyed. The lesson shows in new circumstances and sheds light on his heroic character.

They lightened the ship. People willingly throw away their property in an emergency, when life is at stake it was on board this vessel, they hesitated. Better to throw away the things than to go to the bottom. The valuable things go first, or rather the things the man thinks least valuable. When Stanley was crossing Africa on one of his journeys, knowing that there would be days of solitude, he took with him a small library. But it was necessary to reduce the baggage. The carriers were unable to get on, and one after a while he deserted. Stanley looked through his books and threw out a large number which he thought he could spare. The thing was done at a later stage, and to be done again. When he reached the journey's end, the only book he had with him was his Bible.

A tempestuous wind called Euroclydon. Literally a typhonic wind from the north of the island, and what the Mediterranean sailors now call a north-easter. It is remarkable that even the great apostle enjoyed no immunity from natural forces. God did not interfere to protect him from the storm. The ship on which a man sails may be wrecked; the man which he travels may meet disaster; but he does not keep his children from coming, but he always supports them under. Whitefield used to describe the experience of the Christian as like the process witnessed in a glass manufactory. I found that when some specially pure and transparent glass was needed, we put in one furnace after another, each hotter than the one before it, until it attained the desired degree of fineness.

Fearing lest they should fall into sandbanks. These were sandbanks so named with water that they yielded a weight resting on them, and, moving under it, rose around it on all sides until it was engulfed. No wonder that the possibility of such a fate caused fear. Amelia Barr, in one of her stories, describes a death in such a place. He finds that the road under his feet is coming soft. As he raises his foot to flow into the print it has made in the sand. At the next step his foot sinks to the ankle. He looks around for a hard place on which to plant his feet, but that minute's delay is fatal. He has almost to his knees. He cannot do it. He struggles to lift one foot, but the effort causes the other foot to sink deeper. If he had only a tree within reach to cling to, or if some one was there to take his hand, he might drag himself out. But there is no help. As he sinks, sand rises around him as if engulfing him. He shouts and struggles, but in vain. The sand is soon around his neck. In another minute it has covered his head. When a man is sinking into sin he is in similar danger, and he would have been no hope for him if he had not become his Saviour and extended his hand to him and lifted him out.

I believe God. It was a strange thing to make, because it would seem to be a matter of course that a man should believe his Maker; but if we judge by the conduct, we must conclude that the many people who do not believe God, they believed his warning of the consequences of sin and his promises of happiness through Christ, they would act as they do. A man drove to one winter afternoon and stayed an hour, that he and his horse might have something to eat. "Be quick," he said to the proprietor, "for I want to get to-night." "Which way are you going?" the proprietor asked him. The man told him. "Better not go that way," the hotel man; "the bridge has been washed away, and the river is too high to ford." That settled it for the traveler. He believed the hotel keeper, and he asked him if there was not another way. It appeared that there was, though a long way round; but it was safe, and led to his destination. The Bible is the safe way through life.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

AWAIIAN PROGRESS.

NOTHING is more indicative of the changes, social and political, going forward in Hawaii than the groups that may be found gathered in front of a prominent hotel in Honolulu. While a century ago Hawaiians were half-naked savages, they are now the most intelligent and progressive of all the dusky races; the American tourist, who may be of any group, will quickly feel that this people are rapidly imbibing and expressing new ideas, vim and enterprise. Perhaps the tourist has just come from a visit to Kuaea, that "House of Everlasting Fire" of Hawaiian mythology; he has seen in museums where relics were shown of the oldness and superstition not so very remote; and he has beheld with due reverence the statue of Kamehameha I., in full regalia of Hawaiian chief. He has heard that only in 1819 that the Hawaiians burned the bonfire of their idols, and the next day welcomed their first American missionaries; and in his present journeys he has seen here and there full-blooded Hawaiians, and there, in front of this hotel, among the Hawaiians and tourists to Hawaii, he realizes that Hawaii, whether it ever be politically annexed or not, is becoming American. The ways of the savage are forgotten; the tongue of Hawaii is clothed up in English. Perhaps he has some regret about the latter, for the Hawaiian speech, ringing changes with only a few consonants, and ending every word with a vowel, and its combinations hold a poetic savage spirit which has lived in the nature. Thus, take the names of the elements compounded with *wai* (water), as *Waiu* (Water of Destruction), *Wai'apio* (Singing Water), *Waioli* (Singing Water), and so on. The compensations, even in poetic language, are perhaps more than balance loss. The spirit of progress which, in the appreciation of its beauty, calls Hawaii "Gem of the Ocean;" and the land "House of Everlasting Fire" Christ has seen and thought transforms to the peace of the Pacific.

A FORTUNATE WAIF.

A man once visited an institution for homeless and friendless children in Honolulu. Among the little inmates, he came to one to whom her heart went out to him. She said, "This child I want for my own." "He is not for adoption," said the woman in charge. The woman looked at the child but saw no other child that attracted her as this little one had, and she went away sorrowful. In a few days she came again to visit the child. One day she came with tears in her eyes, and said, "I cannot I have the child I want?" The woman told her then the story of the baby, and the utter depravity of its parents, and that it had blood in the child, and it was a terrible risk to take it. The woman went away again sorrowful, but after three or four days she returned, saying, "I have come for my baby. If you will be more likely to be a good mother to a man with my mother-love and to bring him up in a Christian home, give him the love of God will take care of the rest." The woman prevailed. They gave the child into her hands; she took him home. Years have passed since then, love has been the mother's and the child's, and the little waif has grown up to a man, a honored, Christian manhood. The love of a woman can subdue and sway and save. The love of a woman can enliven and uplift a soul, but greater than the love of Christ in the heart, which enriches our lives and kindles in us the desire to bear one another's burdens and to love one another.

THE MAIMED STUDENT.

A recently published reminiscence of Dr. A. J. Gordon is one which will be the sequel to a story begun on the other side of the Atlantic. One day Dr. Blackie, of Edinburgh, a tenderhearted man, but at times a little irritable,

looking over his class, noticed a young man awkwardly holding his papers in his left hand. "Hold your papers in your right hand, ye loon!" said Professor Blackie. The student stammered something inaudible to his teacher, who thundered at him, "The right hand, ye loon!" The lad raised a maimed right arm and said, "Sir, I hae nae right hand." A murmur of sympathy went round the class, mingled with some hisses for the professor. Blackie's heart was wrung with shame for what he had done. Descending from his desk, he laid his arm tenderly around the lad's shoulders, and looking at him with eyes moist with pity, he said: "I didna ken! I didna ken!" To his class, too, he made an acknowledgment. "I thank God," he said, "that he has given me gentlemen to teach who can come to account when I go astray." This one-handed boy, who was familiarly known as Geggie, was a child of many prayers. His mother, realizing that his injury would keep him from ordinary occupations, prayed that he might be used in the Lord's service. The prayer was answered during Major Whittle's visit to Scotland, for Geggie was one of the first young men in the university to yield to the Major's invitation and to give himself to Christ. Some months later Dr. A. J. Gordon told the story of Professor Blackie's hard speech and contrite apology in the Clar-

heaven, wipe them away, and bring him back to us strong in heart." It was a beautiful farewell from my diocese to hear one who was formerly one of the most awful savages I ever knew, praying for me. Was it not a beautiful reward? My dear wife and I prayed for that man's conversion for five years. We never ceased. He was a great hindrance in the way of the gospel. God seemed to keep us back; but it did us good. His way is always perfect. And so the discipline tried us all. And the last thing I have heard, since I came here, is that he is still bright and earnest, that the old lion is now much more like a lamb. But I can hardly think of him as lamblike."

THE "DEVIL'S CORRAL" TRANSFORMED

What one man's industry and enterprise can do to reclaim even "A Hole in the Ground" from its evil ways is shown by a wonderful transformation wrought in a spot in southern Idaho known variously by the above name and the yet more hopeless one of "Devil's Corral." This spot is near the town of Shoshone and five miles below the Great Shoshone Falls. For ages and ages this "Devil's Corral" has lain a silent, ghostly, hollow, and unfruitful desert, surrounded by giant lava walls, towering above from five to eight hundred feet, and sloping from an angle of seventy degrees to a straight perpendicular. These lava walls, burnt, rent, torn, and twisted into confusing shapelessness, shut in an apparently irrecoverable desolation. The Indian passed around it when fishing along Snake River; the more daring white man looked at it, gave it a name, and made money out of other

dred-and-twenty-acre paradise. Looming into life with five thousand fruit trees, and not a forbidden tree among them. The luscious fruit is a continual joy and a lifetime torture to its owner, and a source of pleasure to visiting thousands. The place should have a new name, now. When it was nothing but lava and rock, it may have seemed like a possession of the devil, but it has been redeemed and transformed and no longer bears the imprint of his ownership. We are encouraged to hope that what enterprise and industry did for the "Devil's Corral," the spirit of Christ will yet do for the whole earth. Then, "instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name."

BURNED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

In the town of Chang-te-Fu, in the province of Honan, China, one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission had been preaching for several months without making any apparent impression on the people around him. They came and listened, but none of them seemed inclined to give up their religion for that of Christianity. But the people were more favorably impressed than they showed. They talked among themselves about the new teacher and his doctrines, and repeated to those who had not heard him some of the points he made. One day, recently, a message was brought to him asking him to visit three sisters who lived in an adjacent village. He went at the earliest opportunity, rejoicing that at last some one wanted to hear the Gospel. He easily found the house, for the sisters were well known through their piety and beneficence. The missionary saw at a glance that they were Buddhists. In their chief room there was an image of Buddha, before which a lamp was burning. It is customary to have these lamps and to tend them with such care that the light continues to burn for long periods; and the owner of the house will boast that the lamp lighted at his birth has never gone out during his whole life. The missionary looked sadly at the image and the lamp, and offered a silent prayer that he might be able to bring into the house the light which came from heaven. He had a Chinese teacher with him, to help him in case the ladies spoke a dialect different from the one he knew. Together they told the story of the Cross, and the ladies, who had previously heard it imperfectly from some friends, were deeply moved. Their gentle natures were attracted by the beauties of Christ's character, and their questions showed their interest. At last they spoke together for a few moments in an undertone, and all were evidently agreed. Then the eldest rose, and, going to the lamp before the image of Buddha, blew it out. "That light has burned," she said, "for fifty years, but we need it no longer. Henceforth we are followers of Christ."

AN INVITATION PROMPTLY ACCEPTED.

Bishop C. C. McCabe recently related this experience, which will be appreciated by all those who are engaged in Christian work:

"I am sometimes startled at the ease with which a soul can be won. Not very long ago, in a strange city, as the hackman got down off his box and opened the door to let me out, I dropped a quarter in his hand, and, as I did so, I grasped his hand and said to him, 'Good-night; I hope to meet you again in glory.' I had often done that, and I thought nothing of it in this case. I went into the house, met my host, and retired to my room for the night. About midnight, my host knocked at my chamber door and said, 'Chaplain, that hackman has come back, and he says that he has got to see you to-night. I told him that he had better wait until morning, but he said, 'No, sir; I must see him to-night, and I know that he will be willing to see me.' When the hackman came up, a broad-shouldered, rough-looking man with a whip in his hand, he stood there in my presence with the tears rolling down his cheeks like rain. Said he, 'If I meet you in glory, I have got to turn around. I have come to ask you to pray with me.' What a privilege it was to pray with that man; what a privilege to point him to Jesus; and yet I never saw him before in all my life. There are ten thousand men in this country who were never invited to come to Christ."



VISITORS IN A HOTEL GARDEN IN HONOLULU.

endon Street Church, in illustration of some point in his sermon. To his astonishment, a stranger approached him at the conclusion of the service and introduced himself as "Geggie." The boy with one hand had crossed the Atlantic, and, a stranger in a strange land, had listened to his own story from an American pulpit. We can imagine Dr. Gordon's delight at hearing from Geggie's lips the sequel to his story and welcoming him as a brother in Christ, a trophy of answered prayer, eager for service in Christ's cause.

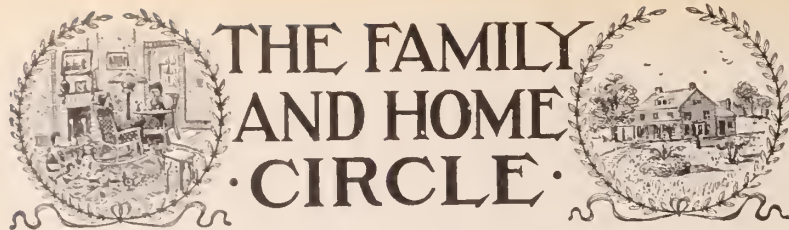
A CHIEF'S PRAYER.

One of the most remarkable instances of answer to prayer for a conversion is related by Bishop Ridley of the Church Missionary Society. He recently went home for rest and recuperation. The last service he held in his diocese was with the Kitkatla Indians. Prominent among the attendants was the famous chief Shenkah, once the terror of the tribe, but now a humble follower of Christ. After describing the service which the people knew was the Bishop's farewell, he says: "I thought the service was ended, the Benediction was given. But up rose a voice, as from a man sobbing. Trembling were the tones, and this was what I heard last in my diocese: 'Oh, God of heaven, have mercy. Have mercy upon us: we are orphans. Oh, God of heaven, thou hast taken our mother, and now thou hast called our father across the deep. Oh, take care of him on land and sea. And when he sees his brothers and his sisters, and their tears come down, oh, God of

white men by bringing them to see it. A miner went down, seeking gold and finding none. Then a young man of ideas and industry, going down into the Satanic corral, saw that it might be reclaimed.

He saw how the rock wall might be turned to good account, and he said: "The north wind can never find its way down here. This place ought to be transformed into a ranch or a truck garden or a fruit farm." He discovered in the highest part of this big basin, two glorious cold-water lakes, connected together, with very lively trout darting through them. From these the entire basin might be irrigated. He also discovered several hundred acres of very choice soil. Against the undertaking was the almost incalculable amount of work necessary to clear and level and irrigate the land. He homesteaded a part of the land, made a desert entry on the balance, and began work. He blazed out a trail along the rocky descent, down which pack animals could travel. Mr. Perrine had to have wagons, scrapers, harrows, ploughs, powder and dynamite, and all sorts of things to work with that even pack-animals could not carry. These were lowered with ropes over a perpendicular lava wall of six hundred feet. Mr. Perrine had some knowledge of engineering and surveying, and he now has, as the result of persistent work, a graded road over which two-horse and four-horse teams can easily travel, winding in and out, back and forth, down through lava walls to the transformed "Devil's Corral."

The "Devil's Corral" is now a four-hun-



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Bhutan and Its People.

Neighbors to the Thibetans, and, Like Them, Also Strangers to the Gospel.



WAY up among the mighty Himalayas, on the southern border of the sealed and mysterious land of Thibet, is the independent kingdom of Bhutan. It lies adjacent to Assam, which is a British dependency to the south. Not even the Alps nor the Rockies present wilder or grander scenery, for the country of the Bhuteas is a succession of cloud-piercing mountains, forest-clad and snow-capped, deep, dark valleys, and swiftly rushing rivers. One would imagine that in so wild and rugged a country, the native population of which must needs be more than ordinarily thrifty and industrious to make a living, the people would be left in peace to follow their own pursuits. But such is far from being the case. Travelers declare that the Bhutan mountaineers, a quiet, peace-loving, agricultural people, are oppressed and poor. "Nothing that a Bhutea possesses is his own," wrote a British envoy; "he is at all times liable to lose it through the cupidity of others more powerful than himself." Might is right, in the most literal sense, in Bhutan; and between official rapacity on the one hand, and the raids of savage tribes on the other, the natives of the lower class are poverty stricken and degraded almost beyond belief.

Our photograph of a Bhutea mother and child conveys an accurate impression of the condition of this class of the population. Physically a splendid race, they have become dispirited, lazy and dirty. Their food consists of meat, turnips, rice, barley meal and tea, which comes to them from China in the form of bricks, and is carried through the mountain passes by caravans. The men are wonderfully skillful as house-builders, and some of their wooden dwellings, made wholly without nails or iron in any form, are ingenious and picturesque, being not unlike the chalets of Switzerland. A chimney is a thing unknown in the Bhutean economy, and the smoke escapes through doors and windows. They have neat little patches of cultivated soil, set out in terraces among the rocks, some of these gardens being supported by stone embankments twenty feet in height. There is very little trade in the country, the sole manufactures being coarse blankets, cotton cloth, silk, leather, wooden bowls, swords, rude spears and arrow-heads. In a total population of perhaps 30,000 nearly 6,000 are soldiers.

Bhutan is a country of climatic contrasts. One section may be annually deluged by mountain torrents and heavy rains, while another section has to resort to artificial irrigation; and the inhabitants of Punakha (the winter residence of the rajahs) may be shielding themselves from the blazing sun at a time when the people of Chasa are chilled by perpetual snows.

Buddhism is the native religion of Bhutan, and there are two branches of the government, authority being divided between the *deb rupa*, or secular head, and the *dharma rupa*, or spiritual head of the state. The country presents a fine field for missionary enterprise, and is practically unoccupied by any Gospel workers at the present time.

An Imitative Sparrow.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an interesting account was given by one of our readers of a robin which she had trained to chirp something very like an articulate word, and to whistle a pretty tune. A still more surprising example of bird intelligence is related by a French naturalist, who trained a common sparrow. His object was to test the vocal ability of the bird, or rather its vocal trend. As soon as it was able to

take care of itself, he put it into a cage containing a chaffinch, a gold finch and two canaries. It soon turned out to be a songster of the first class, for it warbled like the finches and trilled like the canaries, and so perfect was the imitation that it completely deceived the ear. It took up the cry of some crickets that were in a box near its cage, mingling it with its songs. The finches and the canaries never attempted this. For a long time after the crickets had been removed, the sparrow remembered and repeated their cry. It would appear that the notes pecu-

islands and mountains in glorious array; gardens filled with the fairest flowers, giving their fragrance to every wandering wind. The forests almost rival those of Puget sound; wild roses are three feet high. Rounded masses of hard, resisting rocks rise everywhere along the shore and in the woods, their scored and polished surfaces still unwasted, telling of a time, so lately gone, when the whole region lay in darkness beneath an all-embracing mantle of ice.

The Kitchen School in New England.

The first public-school kitchen in America was in Boston. This might be accepted as evidence that education and culture develop the domestic side of woman; and also that its tendency is to lift home-making and home-serving to the dignity of a fine art—where it should be. The New-England kitchen, still conducted by a little circle of Boston women, has lately undertaken the work of supplying wholesome luncheons to the children in certain public schools; 1,600 children are daily provided with five-cent and ten-cent luncheons, far better for the money than otherwise they could obtain. Through-



A BHUTEA MOTHER AND CHILD.

liar to the sparrow are learned by association, for not once did this one utter them, its vocal efforts being restricted to the songs of the finches and the canaries and the cry of the crickets.

Alaska's Snowflakes.

Those of our friends who go to Alaska will not find it an Arctic region the year round. In the short summer it puts on a beauty of landscape that for a time dispels all thought of the Arctic character of its climate during the greater part of the year. John Muir, the noted naturalist and traveler, who has explored Alaska more thoroughly than any other man living, speaks thus of the Alaskan summer:

It is as wild and pure as paradise. Wander where you may, wildness ever fresh and ever beautiful meets you in endless variety; ice-laden mountains, inland plains grassy and flowery, dotted with groves and extending like seas all around to the rim of the sky, lakes and streams shining and singing, outspread in sheets of mazy embroidery in untraceable, measureless abundance, brightening every landscape, and keeping the ground fresh and fruitful forever, forests of evergreens growing close together like leaves of grass, girding a thousand

out New-England, women are making strenuous efforts to introduce cooking into the public schools, and in Providence, Manchester and other cities their work has met with success. In Boston the generosity of Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw has largely contributed to this result; in Providence the Domestic Training Association has taken a hand; and the Women's Christian Temperance Union has been instrumental in a number of towns. A free training-school for domestics has been maintained for many years by the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Schools and colleges everywhere are introducing departments of domestic science, and missionary church-work includes instruction in cooking. In this direction lies the solution of the servant problem. We must dignify house-service and home-making.

And now that the bread tray and the cook-stove are meeting with such distinguished attention, let the broom and the dust-pan receive due honors from philanthropic enterprise.

BEHIND-TIME LAND.

THERE once was a land where 'twas to be prompt, And polite to be always behind, Where dwelt long ago, in a calm undisturbed Many persons of indolent mind. They had no one crying, "Now hurry Or else we shall surely be late." They heard no low grumbling nor sad content From the folk never willing to wait. The diners invited for seven or eight In Behind-Time land came at ten, Receptions and parties began at the dinner And would last until none could tell. 'Twas fortunate this was a tropical clime With fruits that could grow the round year Else planting their seed when they pleased had time Would have brought them to sad despair. The functions and seasons grew late and late, Till, since there was not one who knew Quite how to be prompt, it soon came to pass They could neither begin nor get through. At last in despair at this state of affairs The Behind-Timers all moved away To settle the length and the breadth of the land,— Are there any in your town, I pray —FRANCES B. DILLI.

He was Blessed by General Washington.

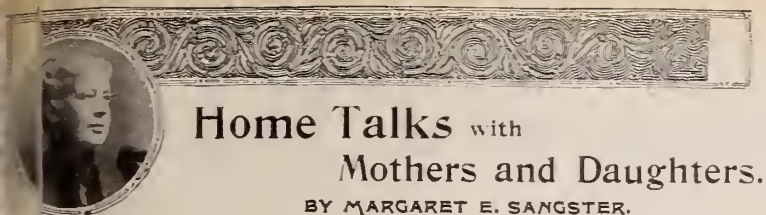
The remains of Mr. Irving's old nurse were, at his request, buried in the same grave with his mother. The faithful woman Mr. Irving once said he remembered George Washington pointing out. There was one occasion when he appeared in a public procession; met a good old Scotch woman, was anxious for me to see him, and held out her arms as he rode past. This, I thought, did not satisfy her; so the next day, walking with me in Broadway, she seized him in a shop; she seized my hand, darted in, exclaimed in her bland voice, "Please, your excellency, here's that's called after ye!" General Washington then turned his benevolent full upon me, smiled, laid his hand on my head, and gave me his blessing. I have reason to believe has attended through life. I was not five years yet I can feel that hand upon my head even now."

In the Time of the Katydid.

In rustling leaves the Katydid "Six weeks to frost?" Out of his den under the eaves, the stinging muscivore creeps out to the sunshine, the bodies of stupefied spiders, and by the thrift of his maternal aunt's delectation. The stinging wasp, stinging spiders, performs an economy of nature's economy, and since they are in a sense "chloroformed" by the wasp is not so cruel a butler as all. Everything has some work to do. The caterpillar which does harm to our trees, is the food of the wasp, and if we kill our birds and scare the wasps we must needs take the caterpillars many another insect from which sweet-throated winged friends feed. House martins are seeking winter homes in the West Indies. Home-loving swallows linger yet awhile, stopping the way, may be, as they see the homes. Sparrows will abide, and lay up crumbs of kindness for themselves against the winter snow.

Look After Your Reading.

Parents would do well to look after the reading of their children, to find out what books they are interested in, and to spend their leisure hours. We have no better criterion (says a judicious father) by which to judge of the character of a girl or boy than from the kind of books they habitually select. She who is fond of history or biography or who takes kindly to interesting natural history, and follows up her interest by a study of plants and animals in the woods and fields about her, we are confident that there is in her a reliable character. We select such a boy for a trusted playmate. It is just as true of the girl or woman, that her tastes in reading indicate whether she is thoughtful or whether she expects to have a butterfly existence.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Who Shall Be The Better Dressed?

A mother's impulse is always to go without the best and newest things herself and to dress her daughter in the best stuffs and prettiest fashions she can afford. Next winter, at the season when it comes to buying a new dress, which will it be, mother or daughter? The mother will insist that her old one can be made to do duty for another season; the daughter will insist that the most fashionable dress shall be spent? You are more for the daughter, I, if you do not know mothers who have so long been that of cheerful and uncomplaining self-denial that they will accept this on their part without the grace of thanks. They have offered themselves to slip into the old, and now they may stay there. They dream that they ever have a glimpse of the injustice of the situation; they never feel desolate and left out. In the family there should be, so far as dress is concerned, a uniformity. One should not outshine another. But a beauty and charm of its own. It is not wisely overload itself with dress. The more simply and even plainly a young girl is dressed, the prettier she is. As youth fades, the dress should be more sumptuous, and the gown should be of richer material, and be more elaborately trimmed for the daughter's. All the giving up of dress should be done by the mother. The mother should insist on her own share of sacrifice. But very rarely, met mothers do not heed this counsel, and who are esteemed to try to outrank their daughters in attractiveness. One so selfish in these, that they are exceptions above the rule. We know mothers who are really a disgrace to their daughters, because they appear in the mode. "Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. sisters?" some one said. "I was told so, but they are not," I can hardly believe it. Mrs. A. is a dumpy and a frump. Mrs. B. is so fat and dainty that she hardly belongs to the same world. The ladies were sisters. One was an orphan except in a dingy gown with a knot of her hair done up in a little knot, her hat of the style of Mrs. Noah when she entered the ark. The other wore well-fitting dresses, and her hair gracefully, and conformed to the mode of the hour. Naturally because of her good sense in this, she had more influence, both at home and in the community, than her sister. Her children were proud of her. It is when children have any reason to be ashamed of their mother, even in external things. A trim and dainty dress is not necessarily expensive. A trimly made and nicely finished dress is more becoming and in good taste as a worn or spotted dress. On the other hand, a muslin gown, with rills and flounces and furbelows, is more than a silk one, as every mother without being told. The first thing I make is, that when there is a difference, the mother's apparel should be finer and more elegant than the daughter's; that when both are to have something new, the mother should come first; that the mother should take as much interest in her mother look pretty and bright as the mother usually does in setting off her daughter to advantage. "If mother would listen to me, dears, she would freshen that faded gown." "That other should have it hard all through, it does me isn't fair." "And fathers are so accus-

way, that they do not usually bestir themselves in these matters. A man delights in the wit, the loveliness, the grace of his pretty young daughter. She is to him another copy of his wife, of the fair girl whom he won in the long ago—"that old sweetheart of mine—" who sits at his table, and puts patches in his boy's trousers, and makes and mends and manages, and asks only to be loved and trusted. But it may happen that the wife feels oddly overlooked when the daughter receives all the praise, all the admiration. The mother's place is first, and it should also seem to be first. The daughter, dear child, comes second; and hers is the lesser place. She should see to it, even if her father does not, that the best of everything be given to the precious mother, the mother best beloved on earth of all women—she whose estate and position were honored above all others by him who stooped from his cross to remember her, and to provide for her comfort in the days of her desolate age.

Margaret E. Sangster

A Bible the First Package.

A BIBLE, wrapped in a small silk American flag, was the first package sent through the Greater New York mail-tube service, when the tubes were formally tested a few days ago. With it went copies of the Constitution of the United States and President McKinley's inaugural address. It was from the post-office to the produce exchange that this message went—happy suggestion and promise, of influence to be felt on the minds of the world. A number of prominent men, among whom were Second Assistant Postmaster-General Shallenber-

Easy to go to Europe.

Persons on small salary are frequently found to possess enough knowledge of history to intelligently trace the footsteps of past generations in historic spots of England and Europe made famous by Story and Song. People whose busy lives have blotted out their recollection of the items of the famous past, freshen up from the Guide Books and local histories enough to make their wanderings through Europe, with its charming cities, villages, lakes, and mountains, its history of the past and indescribable foreign flavor of the present one continual round of pleasure and education. Only those with full pocket books have thus far been able to go to Europe, but now a way has been provided, which permits all to go upon small monthly payments of from \$6.00 to \$15.00 (dependent on destination). No second class, no steerage, elegant powerful steel steamers—two sailing together within hailing distance all the way across. People are booking now for England, Mediterranean and Paris Exposition tours. These voyages are within reach of all, but no passenger can be booked beyond the capacity of the steamer's state rooms. An elegant magazine of foreign half tone engravings with all details sent free on application. Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich.

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ger. Postmaster Van Cott, Assistant Postmaster Morgan, and General James M. Tyner, the oldest living ex-postmaster general, were gathered at the post-office in attendance upon the inaugural ceremonies. At fifteen minutes past noon on October 7, Dr. Chauncey M. Depew put the precious first package into a special "carrier," which he then placed in the opening of the pneumatic mail-tube and started it on its way to the Exchange post-office station, which it reached in a second or two over one minute, the quickest journey ever made by such a parcel before. Other parcels, one of which was a basket of fruit, followed this, the first; and the officers and company together with President John E. Mitholland of the Tubular Dispatch Company, congratulated themselves and greater New York over the perfect working of her new mail-tube service, and brief addresses were made in honor of the hour and the event.

By January the completed system will comprise six pneumatic tubes, two of which will connect the General Produce Exchange with the post-office; two will lead to the branch station at Forty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, and two will connect the main post-offices of Brooklyn and New York.

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All the above bulbs, forty-eight in all, sent neatly packed and postpaid, also catalogue of full line of choice bulbs—if you send only 25c. in silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Bulbs guaranteed true to name and color. 5 full collections for \$1.00. Club with friends and get some FREE. Write to us. We treat you liberally. Address OAKDALE NURSERIES, WALNUT HILL, MASS.

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SAPOLIO

BY A WAY SHE KNEW NOT.

A True Story of the Power of Influence—Written for "The Christian Herald."

BY ELIZABETH M. CLARK.

"THERE'S no use talking to me," said Eleanor. "You see, I know so well what a Christian ought to be that I'd never be satisfied with doing

ful mountain regions of southern France and Switzerland. She joined her companions in Sunday excursions and gay parties; but, then, she "made no profession of religion," as she said to herself, and occasionally to others. Yet there was one thought that Eleanor never could quite throw off or forget: the thought that Lucy's Christianity was real—that Lucy would have been consistent even if she had had to stand alone. So long as there was even one Christian whom she believed in, there was no excuse for her, Eleanor knew.

One Sunday afternoon, however, when most of the party with whom she traveled had gone out sight-seeing, Eleanor started out for a walk, quite alone. She had not been able to give any reason for not accompanying the others, only she "did not want to go." She was not happy, though

(Continued on next page.)



"SHE GAZED AS IF FASCINATED BY A SPELL."

the thing half way," she added.

"But nobody wants you to be half-hearted about it," answered Eleanor's Bible class teacher. "I am sure I don't. What I want most of all for you is that you should become a real Christian. And, as you say, you know perfectly well what that means. Won't you decide before you go abroad? It would be such a safeguard for you."

Eleanor looked very serious. There was that side to her nature, but she did not often let it show itself. Yet her answer did not reassure Mrs. Whiting, for what Eleanor said was: "No, I really can't decide now, the way you want me to. I suppose there'll be the same chance for me when I am traveling on the Continent as there is now in Chicago. Perhaps I'd agree to be a Christian if it did not mean so much to me. I've seen so many professing Christians who are one thing on Sunday and something entirely different on Monday that I don't believe in that kind of thing."

"But, Eleanor, I don't want you to— you know I don't. Surely, there are some people you believe in? And, after all, that is not an excuse you could give to God—that about Christians who don't live up to their profession."

Eleanor's face softened. "I know that," she said. "And then, you see, there's Lucy. If ever I am a Christian, I mean to be the kind of Christian that she is."

Yes, there was Lucy. Mrs. Whiting took great comfort in the remembrance and in the thought that Lucy's prayers would unite with her own in following Eleanor on her continental travels. For Lucy was Eleanor's sister, her senior by a few years, and had lived a consistent Christian life in that wealthy home until a definite call for service had come, and she had "left all" to follow Christ by working for him among the unconverted people of a foreign land. It had been hard for her to leave Eleanor, but she had trusted God and had obeyed His voice.

Mrs. Whiting rose to go. "I hope you will have all the pleasure you are expecting from your trip abroad," she said. "Don't forget that Lucy's prayers and mine will follow you. There are so many special temptations in continental life that I cannot help feeling sorry to have you go without being anchored on the rock Christ Jesus. But God may have some message for you even over there."

Eleanor's trip was a perfect success. At least, so she said in the letters she wrote to her American friends from Paris, from Berlin, and later on from the beautiful

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Answer.....

III. A block of wood measuring 36 inches by 36 inches by 36 inches contains 27 cubic feet. How many cubic feet does a block contain which measures 18 inches by 18 inches by 18 inches?

Answer.....

IV. A frog fell into the bottom of a well 29 feet deep. In getting out, he climbed up two feet and fell back one foot each day. How many days did it take him to reach the top of the well?

Answer.....

V. A man bought a pair of shoes for \$5.00, gave the shoemaker a \$100 bill, and the shoemaker, in change, gave him the change, went across the street, got the bill changed, and gave the customer \$95 in change and \$5.00. Soon after, the man across the street called and made the shoemaker refund the \$100, as the bill was to be a counterfeit. What did the shoemaker lose?

Answer.....

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Way She Knew Not.

(Continued from preceding page.)

not give a reason even to herself. Restless, dissatisfied feeling that she took possession of her. Could sickness? she wondered. She knew; but this she did know, that she could give anything to see Lucy for even Mrs. Whiting. Walking aimlessly along, she heard the singing, but could not see a soul. As a matter of fact, she had not taken many religious services during her mental travels, partly because she went with her friends on their excursions and partly because the few services attended seemed so cold and unreal that they did not induce her to go again. It was promised to be different altogether. The little mission hall which she entered with the sound of the singing, she went inside with the feeling that she was coming as near to her home as she could. It was an informal service. The subject was that of the young ruler to whom Christ said, "Go, sell all thou hast, and follow me," and the speaker dwelt upon the details of what followed. Eleanor might mean. Eleanor realized that it was a message from God to her. She felt almost frightened as she thought she had said to Mrs. Whiting that she would meet her on the Continent in Chicago.

Weeks had passed. Eleanor stood in her room at a Swiss hotel. The table, which stood near an open window, lay a pile of letters and a few small parcels. Some of the letters were open, others had the seal yet unbroken. So it was with the parcels, some of white tissue-paper were wrapped, evidently hastily torn off. She heard a knock at the door, and when she entered with a registered address in her mother's name, she saw the London postmark. The letter explained that Mrs. Saunders had written for an English friend to deliver and enclosed little gift, so that she would reach Eleanor on the morning of her birthday.

The "little gift" from her mother was a ring. Eleanor admired it in her finger, watched the play of the beautiful stones for a few moments and then turned to examine the contents and letters, some of which she had by mail, while others had been delivered to her room by her traveling companion.

She picked up the letter from Lucy, and sat in the straight-backed chair by the window to read it. There were things she liked very much about it, but she did wish the people there would make American rocking-chairs like Lucy's letters; she doesn't read Eleanor to herself. But, as she read, there came a message to her. It wasn't in definite words, but in the difference between her own and her own. As she thought of her self-denial and labor of love for people who seemed to have no idea, the stones in that ring burned Eleanor's hand. It was a good idea, but Eleanor drew the ring away; it did not seem to fit with the letter she was reading. Then a sudden knock at the door. A sudden feeling came over her as she opened the door. "It's a beautiful ring," she said half aloud, "and mamma was good to send it to me. I am not going to give it up just because of Lucy's letter because of Mrs. Whiting or because of the mission. I suppose Lucy would want me to give it to some of her poor heathen. But I am going to be led by other people. I like pretty things, and I know why I should not enjoy them."

She knocked at the door. "A telegram," Miss Saunders, said the bell-ringer. Eleanor opened the door. She opened the envelope hastily, wondering what the telegram could mean. It was a birthday greeting from a friend in New York. "People are very good to me," Eleanor softly. And her conscience told her that it was better to you than all. She looked out of her window and looked down at the blue, unruined depths

of the little Swiss lake on whose very edge the hotel was built. Then she turned to take up again the unfinished letter from her sister, but the sudden movement displaced a little round object that lay on the edge of the table. Once it struck on a rock, and then bounded into the depths below.

Eleanor knew, without looking, that it was the ring. She gazed on that blue water as if fascinated by a spell she had no power to break. It seemed so strange that the one thing to be lost on that birthday should be the one gift that she knew stood between herself and God. It was a message from heaven—a silent message, but one that shook her very being.

Silently she stood up, locked the door, and then knelt by the chair in front of the open window: the water and the sky seemed to bring her nearer to God. For the first time in Eleanor Saunders' life it could be truly said of her, "Behold, she prayeth."

Eleanor did not acknowledge all her gifts on the day she received them. In fact, she wrote only two letters on that birthday, and they were very short. The first was to her sister Lucy, the other to Mrs. Whiting. In the second letter she said, "I wonder if you will remember having said to me, 'God may have some message for you, even over there,' He has had a message for me."

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GOSPEL POWER.

The Apostle's Definition of the Gospel and the Condition on which the Boon can be Obtained. Rom. i: 13-17.



Very significant is the definition of the Gospel given by the Apostle in the passage associated with the Topic. We are accustomed to think of the Gospel as a system of doctrine, a revelation of heaven, or a record of Christ's teaching; but the Apostle calls it "power." After all, that is what we need. Most of us know our duty, know how we ought to live, and what we ought to strive to attain, but we fall short of it. We have to confess that we do the things we ought not to do, and we leave undone the things we ought to do. We do not keep our resolutions and we yield to our besetting sins. We are weak and vacillating. In that condition there is no offer that could be made so appropriate as this of power. And it is the best kind of power. Paul says it is "the power of God." Then it must be unlimited, and, as he is our Maker, it must be suited to our need. There are some kinds of power that are dangerous and mischievous, and we are obliged to enact laws to restrict and curb the power some men have acquired, but we are sure that power that comes from God is beneficial and elevating. And the effect of it is precisely what we desire. It is the power of God unto salvation. We need to be saved from ourselves from this lower animal nature, which is persistently striving to gain the mastery; we need to be saved from temptation and from the evil with which we come in contact in the world. This is the effect of the Gospel. The Apostle adds to his description of it, the condition on which it may be obtained. The power is at the disposal of every one who believeth. The receptive spirit is the sole requirement. Too many of us treat the Gospel as a patient treated his physician's prescription—read it carefully three times a day and laid it on the aching limb. The kind of belief that brings power is the belief that affects conduct, the belief that brings obedience. The man who looks one way, while he is going in the opposite direction, is all right in a boat, with a pair of oars in his hands, but he must not act so in the spiritual life. His eyes must be upon Christ, and he must tread in his footsteps. He must try to live the Christ-life on the earth, and as he encounters difficulties, he must press forward trusting to the power of the Gospel. How it is imparted we do not know; but the fact is proved by everyone who tests it. "All things are possible," Christ told one man who went to him, "to him that believeth." It is so still. The power of God unto salvation can come to us in no other way. By that means alone it reaches us.

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Superintendent Wyburn of the Bowery Mission acknowledges the receipt of flowers from Miss Nellie Bordenstein of Staatsburg, Dutchess Co., N. Y., also frequent gifts of flowers through friends at Gloversville, N. Y.; the Fruit and Flower Mission, New York; and from Miss Florence Evans, Milford, Conn. These are used in hospital visitation work and in making the rounds of the tenement sick, and are very greatly appreciated by the patients.

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2,579, 2,580, 2,581, 2,582, 2,583, 2,584, 2,585, 2,586, 2,587, 2,588, 2,589, 2,590, 2,591, 2,592, 2,593, 2,594, 2,595, 2,596, 2,597, 2,598, 2,599, 2,600, 2,601, 2,602, 2,603, 2,604, 2,605, 2,606, 2,607, 2

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Aspects of the Religious Life of New York, by George L. Walker, D.D.: pp. 208: price 25¢: published by Silver, Burdett and Co., New York.

How to Become Like Christ, and other Papers by Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.: pp. 134: price 50¢: published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Living on God, Daily Messages for a Month by Andrew Murray, Pp. 151: price 50 cents: published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

Primer of Life, By Sir William Dawkins, D.F.R.S., Pp. 336. Illustrated. Price published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Points in the World's Conquest: by J.R. Mott with map of his journey around the world: pp. 218: price \$1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Toronto.

And Formosa, The Story of the Mission to the Hawaiian Islands, by Rev. James Johnston, missionary: price \$2.75: published by H. Revell Co., New York and Toronto.

Local and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians and to Philemon, By Edwin Vincent, D.D. Pp. 201: price \$2.00. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Keys to the Bible: by Dr. Cunningham, Prof. A. H. Sayce and others: a series of Bible studies: pp. 120: price 50 cents: published by Rice and Hirst, 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Modesty and Idealism: by John Watson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada: pp. 292: price published by The Macmillan Co., New York and London.

Canstancy True? Answers from History, Literature, the Bible, and Experience by Dr. J. H. Rice, Prof. Blaikie and others: pp. 173: price published by Rice and Hirst, 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Human Missions and Social Progress, A study showing the influence of Christian missions on the moral and social life of non-Christian peoples: By Rev. James S. Denness, D.D., of the American mission at Beirut, Syria. In two volumes: pp. 468. Illustrated. Price \$2.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

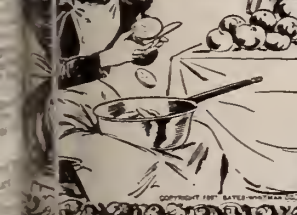
Cholera and Hay-Fever Cure.—Free.
We are glad to inform the readers that a sure cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in the plant, a new botanical discovery from the West Africa. Many sufferers report marvelous cures from its use. Among others, Dr. C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, completely cured by the Kola Plant after suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie in bed for eight days in Hay-fever season for fear of cholera. Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from Hay-fever. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, for eighteen years he slept propped up, being much worse in Hay-fever season. The Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly a wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer from Asthma or Hay-fever, send your address to the Kola Co., 1161 Broadway, New York, who will send you a Large Case by mail free of charge. The CHRISTIAN HERALD who has cured all they ask in return is that when cured you will tell your neighbors about it. It is nothing and you should surely try it.

When cold weather comes it should find the system strong and rugged; otherwise, colds, coughs, pneumonia may ensue. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures sickness by toning up the system.

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From *The Evangelist*, New York: We are personally acquainted with Mr. Larkin of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo; have visited their factory: have purchased and used their soaps and received the premiums offered, and we know that they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.

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Will soften, whiten, beautify and preserve the skin from its natural enemies: wind, dust, and every kind of irritation. These articles exceed in sale any similar preparations, and are sold everywhere. A sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Cream sent on receipt of 10c.
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How often we hear people make that remark who wear a truss like the one above, with iron or steel band, an instrument of torture. Come and see us and get relief from our **IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS**. IT CAN BE WORN WITH EASE NIGHT AND DAY. THEREBY EFFECTING A PERMANENT AND RADICAL CURE, without regard to age of the patient. Holds rupture under the hardest exercise. Call or write for free Catalogue.
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Hay or Straw. 46 Inch Feed Opening. Bell.
Power Leverage 64 to 1. **STEEL**
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is about the actual worth of our new hook on Incubation and Poultry. Complete and complete description of the **Reliable Incubator** & the Brooder of same name, together with cuts and instructions for building poultry houses and much of interest and great value to the poultryman. Sent on receipt of 10c.
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WILL NOT COLLAPSE
and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle.
Sample Free by Mail.
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Parker's Arctic Sock, Best for RUBBER BOOTS.
Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for horse, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c, with size to **J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.** Room K. Take no substitutes. Parker Pays the Postage.
WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.
Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 14 doz. Packages of Blaine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Blaine, post paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.
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THE CONVERTED BURGLAR.
 R. W. H. HAYDEN, a respected resident of Springfield, Ill., and a reader of this journal, has sent an interesting supplement to the story of a fine Burke, the burglar converted in whose history Mr. Moody recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:
 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:
 Sir:—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of August 1, from Mr. Moody, giving some account of the wonderful transformation wrought by divine grace upon Valentine Burke for many years perhaps the most successful burglar in the land. As the leading case of the case were well known to me, I have derived from my brother-in-law, G. S. Van Wagoner, who at the time was on the criminal bench in St. Louis, I feel inclined to correct, in at least one particular, the account given by Mr. Moody. The episode of his being put in charge of a stock of goods occurred before his being given a position in the Sheriff's office, and was in fact: Burke, after his conviction, was utterly unable to find employment, and of his established reputation as a burglar, and walked the streets of St. Louis in extreme poverty, continually beset by invitations to return to his old profession among his former "pals."
 Under these trying circumstances, he was one day by Mr. Mason, of the Sheriff's office, himself a devoted Christian, and he said, "Burke, what are you doing?" Burke replied, "I can't get anything to do. Everybody knows Valentine Burke, and nobody will trust me." Mason said, "Well, I have a job for you. We have levied on a big stock of goods, and want some one to take charge of it." Burke said, "O, Mr. Mason, I can't do that! You know that if the goods were missing from the stock, you would fall on me."
 Mason, however, insisted, asserting that confidence in the renewed man, had finally prevailed. So faithfully did he discharge his duty, that, soon after, he was taken into the Sheriff's office as an employee, and rose during years of service to the place of cashier. One day, long after his conversion, he was chief of police, Harrigan, and but with much feeling, requested him to withdraw his photograph from the gallery. The chief said, "No, Mr. Burke, I am sure we have no use for it. Come and get it." He did get it, and subsequently gave it to the Van Wagoner. The Judge was present at the meeting referred to by Hayden as held in 1880, and became a mission worker.

Dry Bronchitis.

FROM DR. HUNTER'S LECTURES.

In previous articles I have described several forms of chronic bronchitis. There is still another form, called dry bronchitis, in which the matter expectorated is neither profuse, nor watery, nor purulent. It is a glutinous kind of stuff, of a bluish white or pearly gray color. The chronic inflammation which causes it thickens the mucous membrane, thereby narrowing the tubes through which we breathe and shortening and oppressing the breath. Sometimes tubes of considerable size become completely clogged by this tough phlegm, causing great difficulty of breathing.

Of all the forms of bronchitis this is the most common. "In the most favored parts of France," says Laennec, "fully one-half of the people are found, on careful examination, to have thickening of some portion of the mucous lining of the lungs, caused by dry bronchitis." It is the most insidious of lung complaints. Those suffering from it have at first only a slight cough; it may be only a trifling coughing-spell in the morning; they have a chilly sensation in the forenoon, and toward evening are slightly feverish—get out of breath more easily than formerly.

There is always a feeling of more or less tightness and oppression in the chest, which is relieved from time to time by coughing up a quantity of the tough, jelly-like matter before described. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms, attended by great oppression and distress, like asthma. On inquiry of a person so affected if he has any lung trouble, he will almost certainly answer No—and yet during your conversation, will perhaps hack and raise this jelly-like mucus half a dozen times.

Here we have a lung disease which directly tends to consumption, and has most of the symptoms of that disease, and yet is not consumption at all. When it ends fatally, as it often does, an examination of the lungs reveals neither tubercles, ulceration, nor the bacilli of tuberculosis.

In such cases death generally results from suffocation caused by a sudden attack of congestion, which, supervening on the chronic disease, fills the lungs with viscid mucus, that the patient in his weakened condition, is unable to raise.

Bronchitis is not generally treated with success, because the proper remedies are not applied directly to the inner surface of the diseased tubes within the lungs. I had the good fortune some years ago to discover and remedy this evil by introducing and successfully applying a local treatment for this and other lung complaints. I made the air which the patient breathes the carrier of the remedies which are necessary for his cure. Instead of sending them on a roundabout through the stomach and general system, I introduce them directly into the air-tubes and cells of the lungs, where the disease and all the danger lies; and I know by ample experience that this treatment is the only hope there is for the cure of any form of bronchial or lung diseases.

(To be continued.)

Signed, ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
 Specialist in Lung Cases,
 117 West Forty-fifth St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in Dr. Hunter's work will receive his books FREE by addressing him as above.

\$150.00 CASH FREE
 STASHSETUSAM TANIRUP
 GEKEARARS RERITO
 NHIDOP BALMIAEHER
 YOLPIAM
 We herewith give a list of jumbled words from which can be made the names of seven of Uncle Sam's new warships. They are easily transposed when you know how to do it. For instance, the word "RERITO" is "Terror." Try it. We will give:

First Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to ten persons first sending correct answers.
 Second Prize in Cash—\$30.00 to next 20 persons sending correct answers.
 Third Prize in Cash—\$20.00 to next 30 persons sending correct answers.
 Fourth Prize—Kombi Camera to each of next 25 persons sending correct answers.

Should more than the required number send correct answers, the awards will be made according to date letter is mailed, hence it is advisable that your letter should be among the first. You can win one of these prizes if you are quick and use your brains. The above rewards are given free as an inducement to read **New Ideas**, a handsome 16-page illustrated journal covering an entirely new field. It gives information about the latest in entomology and progress in science, illustrating the most striking novelties for business and household use. Its subscription price is the only cheap thing about it. Send answer to-day.

OUR CONDITIONS.—You must send with your answer 25 cents stamps or silver for a Six Months' Trial Subscription to **New Ideas**.

ALL SURE OF A PRIZE.

Aside from the prizes above named, we will give a special prize to such persons whose letters fail to reach us in time for the Cash Prizes, or who do not correctly answer the list, provided that 25 cents in silver or stamps be sent for a six months' subscription to **New Ideas**. These special prizes are awarded along the line of Novelties, Music, Decorative Art, History and Fiction. Be sure to state in letter which you want. This contest will close Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, and names of prize winners will be announced in Jan. number of **New Ideas**. Address: Balfour Co., Sta. K, 217, Philadelphia, Pa.

High Grade '97 Bicycle for \$7.00.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please tell your readers that we will furnish a high grade '97 Bicycle for \$7.00 to any one who will assist us in distributing our big 62-page, 3-pound catalog. We sell Bicycles outright at \$14.00 and up and send them to any address to be examined before paid for. For full particulars cut this notice out and send to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.

\$200.00 for CORRECT ANSWERS!

Most Unique Contest of the Age — \$200.00 Paid for Correct Lists made by Supplying Missing Letters in Places of Dashes — No Lottery — Popular Plan of Education — Read All the Particulars.

In the United States four times as much money is expended for education as for the military. Brain is better than brawn. By our educational facilities we have become a great nation. We, the publishers of **Woman's World** and **Jenness Miller Monthly**, have done much toward the cause of education in many ways, but now we offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also we expect by this competition of brains to extend the circulation of **Woman's World** and **Jenness Miller Monthly** to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions and receiving more money from advertisers of soaps, pianos, medicines, books, baking powders, jewelry, etc., we shall add \$50,000 a year to our income and with this mathematical deduction before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to **WOMAN'S WORLD**. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful **Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin** (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

1. - R A I - A country of South America.
2. - A I I - Name of the largest body of water.
3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea.
4. - M - - O - A large river.
5. T - A - - S Well known river of Europe.
6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States.
7. H - - - - X A city of Canada.
8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water.
9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States.
10. - A - R I - A city of Spain.
11. H - V - - A A city on a well known island.
12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States.
13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world.
14. S - A - L E - A great explorer.
15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States.
16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler.
17. - - C T O - I - Another noted ruler.
18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe.
19. A - S T - A - I - A big island.
20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American.
21. T - - A - One of the United States.
22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States.
23. - U - - N A large lake.
24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.
25. C - R - A A foreign country, same size as Kansas.
26. B - R - - O A large island.
27. W - M - - S W - R - D Popular family magazine.
28. B - H - I - G A sea.
29. A - L - N - I - An ocean.
30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa.

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The **Egeria Diamond** is a perfect imitation of a Real Diamond of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your list of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the Scarf or Shawl Pin. So you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, **Woman's World**. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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J. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SUFFERING IN THE KLONDIKE.

Condition Confronting the Miners at the Gold-Fields—Dangers of the Chilkoot Pass—The Mad Rush for Wealth.

LETTERS lately received in the East from the Alaskan mining-camps, and also from the camps at Dawson and other points on the Klondike, fully confirm the statements made in a former issue of THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD to the suffering and privation which were likely to be experienced in setting in winter season. Earnings had ceased, and the United States and Canadian governments, as by the

pass and freight companies, but were unaided by the gold-seekers. Continued to at Dyea in increasing numbers. In September the snows, white and at Passes unfit for being obliterated.

Some entering capital before the season arc cut a trail to the summit of White Pass, a bagway, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of prospecting for a rail, which it is to build.

At this season there is complete starvation of miners at the entrance of both. Food was nearly scarce, and provisions were sold at famine prices. At Dyea, in Alaska, the miners are housed in the bagways in a state of horrible condition. It was a tent, with a drug-store, and restaurants under the same roof. Many of the gold-seekers lost all their money and belongings, and were driven back with the

severity of the situation. Accounts coming all along the trail were brought by others who had ventured some distance, only to be compelled at last to turn back. On the Dyea trail, matters were in a wretched condition.

Miners who came through before the closing of the passes state that Dawson City is dreading a famine. There is very little food in the place, and several steamers which were expected to arrive with supplies are frozen up on the river, and

exaggerated, and that fabulous fortunes are in sight everywhere.

Our illustration, which is produced from recent drawings made at the entrance to the Chilkoot Pass, gives a hint of some of the difficulties miners have to face who attempt to reach the diggings after the snow has fallen. The Chilkoot trail was the road used by the Indians who brought gold from the Yukon to the Russians at

feared that many others may be tempted by the love of gold to make the fatal venture, before the melting of the snows makes travel safe.

Up to the mouth of Chilkoot Pass the traveler is on American soil, but the British boundary line crosses the pass at that point, and the remaining 67.8 miles of the roughest mountain travel to be found anywhere are all on British territory. This overland journey is thus described by Dr. E. Creve, of Chicago. He says:

There is a chain of lakes, Bennett, Taku and Marsh. There is a way of following certain shores and of avoiding certain sharp rocks and other difficulties, and there are details of local knowledge to be acquired when one has reached the place.

There is a way of building rafts and procuring boats, and there are portages around rapids. All these things are the usual incidents of travel. At the proper season, the fall, there is game; but food supplies must, under all circumstances, be carefully looked after as the chief necessities.

The steamers carry passengers to a point six miles north of Dyea, and following this there is an overland trip of twenty-eight miles. This requires three days, and there is one hard day. The first day, to Sheep Camp, is a pleasant walk. The next two bring the traveler to Stone House, and here begins the pass. There it is necessary to get up early in the morning to get an early start, and that night one may camp three or four miles beyond the pass.

A strong man may cross the pass itself with one hundred pounds on his back in three hours. Sometimes it is like climbing the roof of a house. Sometimes it is in snow and slush up to the knees. There is a wall of rock on one side and a wall of ice on the other—no chasms to fall into, no crevices in the ice. It is not as hard as climbing half way up Pike's Peak, a feat that hundreds of tourists do every year for pleasure.

had an entirely different story to tell.

Packet-ponies, dogs, and sleds are used in the journey, and some enterprising miners have proposed to utilize reindeer, these animals being able to travel much more swiftly than dogs and being heavier

(Continued on page 302.)



GOLD-SEEKERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHILKOOT PASS.

the passengers are trying to reach Dawson City. All who could come away from Dawson City did so before the snows, fearing starvation. Many returning miners have brought large quantities of gold-dust and nuggets, and all declare that the richness of the diggings has been nowise

Sitka. The White Pass has also an Indian trail. At the summit it is only 2,600 feet high, and is said to be comparatively easy of ascent, while the altitude of the Chilkoot is 3,600. A number of lives have already been sacrificed in the attempts by miners to get through, and it is

had an entirely different story to tell.

(Continued on page 302.)

Bided to Save the Young.

What the "Social Settlements" and "Halls" are Doing for Street Children.



THE TYPES OF THE NEW YORK STREET GAMIN.

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with many phases of religious and educational work in New York and other American cities. What is being done for the thousands in crowded sections of the city is enough to make glad the heart of the city-dweller and the sight-wayfarer. One by one, localities, notorious for danger, dirt and mess, are invaded by social settlements, change their characteristics, and the complexion of order and

the best social settlement in New York eleven years ago in Mr. Stanton's efforts to save boys. He took as an unsavory locality and organized a Boys' Club, a Penny Provident Bank, and work then begun among the extended rapidly to the older of the community: larger quarters demanded, and Dr. Coit, accepting of Edinburgh, turned over his mission to the University Settlement Society, broadened the work and secured a new location at No. 26 Delancey. Nine (or more) settlements, under managements, and each having features adapted to special needs of the localities, have followed the original settlement at Delancey. It may be taken as a fair type of an institution which began with the aim to help little children, it is fair to say should have the lion's share of credit, and the Little Women's Club, the Mayflower Club, the Main Club are all for little folks: they have a kindergarten, too. Then there are the Improvement Clubs for men and young women, with facilities for mental and physical culture and manual arts: the bureaus where medical advice is given free, the Literary Society, the Order Club and the Reform Club; and many others of moral and social advancement. The young folks in the locality find that they can always find a wide range of opportunities for education and recreation in the rooms at the Settlement. The East Side Settlement in New York has a counterpart, to a certain extent, in the Whittier House in Jersey City, an institution which has been given at length in the columns of THE NEW JERSEY SETTLERS. The first members of the club were fifteen little boys who ran at large till nine or ten at night. Miss Bradford and her helpers gathered them together, read stories to them and attracted them to the Settlement, providing happier evenings than the street-life supplied. This club was followed by the Mothers' Club, News-Club, Men's Club and others, as well as classes of visitors required entertainment. In these various clubs' effort

has been chiefly directed toward providing wholesome recreations and attractive means of self-improvement; and the general trend has been toward elevating character not so much by preaching and teaching, as by providing a sunny environment. In the educational classes, millinery, dressmaking, Latin, music, cooking, stenography, etc., are taught, the members paying small fees for the teacher and appliances. Yearly expenses are about twenty-five hundred dollars, and are supplied chiefly by voluntary contributions, cheerfully bestowed, for no class of work more thoroughly meets approval.

Surely no service can so make glad the heart of the Good Shepherd, as that which brings little ones in out of the wickedness of the slums, teaches them how to be happy, how to make others happy, and sends them forth again as purifiers and regenerators of the districts from which they came. Take care of the child and the man will take care of himself. And so will the woman. Make social life pure and sweet at the fountain, and its streams of refreshing shall make glad a society in which men and women shall be better and happier.

How Souls are Won to Christ.

Every thought is a seed
Which will bring forth a deed.

We never know to what extent our least act will influence our own times and the



THE BOYS' CLUB AT THE WHITTIER HOUSE, JERSEY CITY.

future; and as a thought must precede an act, how careful should we be that the thought—the seed—be good and wholesome.

There is a little book called "The Dairyman's Daughter," of which millions of copies have been sold, and which has been published in one hundred languages. Leigh Richmond, its author, was led to Christ by reading Willertorce's "Practical Views of Christianity." So also was Dr. Chalmers. Willertorce, the story of whose life and labors would fill volumes, was converted by a book whose widespread influence cannot be measured. This book was Philip Doddridge's "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Philip Doddridge was one of the multitudes who responded to Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted." Baxter was converted by means of a booklet written by a Puritan minister named Sibbs. An humble clergyman—a missionary, as it were—stopping overnight at the house of Baxter's father, gave Baxter, then a child, this booklet. Baxter's father, kind and hospitable to the wayfarer had, in this little expression of human courtesy and kindness, entertained an angel unawares, and planted a seed from which the whole world reaps an ever-multiplying harvest.

Suffering in the Klondike.

(Continued from first page.)

loads. Many horses have perished from the hardships and the terrible strain, and those that survive suffer for lack of proper food, as enough hay and oats cannot be transported for the purpose. Some time ago a party of speculators started through one of the passes with several hundred head of cattle, but many of the latter died on the way, and it was not expected that the party would succeed in pushing through, the snows having already begun to cover the trail with deep drifts.

Navigation on the Yukon River, from St. Michael's to the mines, has been closed since September, and all communication by this route with the American mines along the lower river and those on British soil has been suspended. Before the closing of the river, the steamship companies forwarded several boat-loads of supplies to Dawson City, but it was feared that the stock of food would not be sufficient to last until January, and that three months of severe privation were unavoidable. All this was foreseen at the beginning of the rush to the diggings, but the men who have been seized with the "gold fever" are deaf to reason, and disdain counsel that is born of experience. Returning miners state that in coming through the passes late in the season, they encountered parties of half-frenzied men pushing forward in the direction of the diggings. Halting them, the miners inquired if they had a stock of provisions, and on learning the facts as to their commissariat, warned them that they were rushing on to certain famine. But the admonitions were treated with scorn. "There is gold there, is there not?" asked

The Beautiful Coffee-Blossom.

NEXT time you sip your steaming coffee, give a thought to the condensed beauty and fragrance which nature's hand has pressed into your cup. The coffee-tree has leaves of glossy green, and its small, star-white blossoms some what resemble the jessamine flower in



BLOSSOM OF THE LIBERIAN COFFEE PLANT.

form and fragrance. The berries, at first a dark green, change as they mature to yellow, red, and, lastly, deep crimson. In the heart of the ripe berry, or "cherry," as it is called, two beans, or seeds, are found, except in the case of the much-prized peaberry, where there is only one. There are numerous species of the genus *Coffea*, but by far the most important varieties are the *Coffea Arabica* and the *Coffea Liberia*, the latter the hardiest and most productive of any, and bearing very aptly the name of tree, since in African fields its height exceeds twenty feet.

The Black Republic of West Africa grows coffee of a very excellent quality, and there are fine coffee-plantations along the Congo, and also in Angola, not a few of the plantations being on the stations of Christian missions.

Instead of a single stem, the Liberian plant sends up five or six, or even ten; and when one dies, others continue to bloom and bear. The flowering of a field of *Coffea Liberia* will extend through several months, presenting at once a beautiful picture of buds, blossoms, and berries. The flavor of the famous "Mokka" coffee of Arabia is the finest in the world, but the plant is not hardy, nor will it live in places where the Liberian coffee thrives. Interesting experiments have been made by grafting the Arabian on the Liberian plant, thus combining in a hybrid tree the best qualities of the two great species of that aromatic bean, whose fragrant vapor is a greeting, a gift, and a plea from lands where spiritual darkness may be as dense as sunlight is glorious.

A Cry from Macedonia.

The call from Macedonia—"Come over and help us,"—which echoed through the Christian communities of Asia in Paul's time, is again heard in these latter days. Macedonia needs the Gospel of Jesus Christ; it needs preachers and teachers. In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. B. G. Belen, of Strumitza, Macedonia, makes this eloquent presentation of his country's spiritual needs. We give his letter below, with its peculiar phraseology unchanged, believing that our readers will find no difficulty in apprehending its meaning:

Dear Brethren—I wish to call your attention to the great need at Macedonia in religious matters. I believe you know that Macedonia has four missions, two at Monastir and two at Salonica; but, in all, Macedonia has only three native preachers, i.e., at Strumitza, Kadovich and Velen. In many other towns where are many poor Christians, there is no preacher. Macedonia cries for the Word of God, and blest be they who will send it here. I am very sorry to look at our spiritual lack. I am about fifty-two of age, a Christian, and for eleven years a missionary. The last year, our missionaries, Mr. J. H. H. and Mr. E. B. Haskell told us that the American Board was much debt and can't pay for more, and that now, for sixteen months we were without reading. The towns where these poor Christians live without preachers, are Prizren, Kadovich, Velen, Philip, Kavadar, Gevgeli, Ljupcan, Nulku, Enje, Sere and Drun.

the new-comers, hotly. "Yes, plenty of it," was the reply. "Well—that is what we want. We'll risk the rest," and they resumed the struggle, with faces set resolutely toward the Klondike. Many of those rash gold-hunters will doubtless perish from cold or starvation. To them the Chilkootee will be a pass of death, instead of the gate to the Eldorado of their hopes.

Those who are resolved to visit the mines should wisely wait until next spring before setting out, as the facilities for reaching the gold fields will then be greatly improved. Canada has been surveying, with a view to opening a practicable Canadian route to the Klondike field, and it is probable that next summer will see it in operation. American engineers believe that transportation facilities on our own side of the boundary line can be devised before another season is over, and a railroad has even been talked of, for which legislative action would be needed to secure the right of way. Meanwhile, various ingenious schemes for transporting baggage through the passes are under consideration. Present indications are that the influx to both Canadian and American mining-lands next spring will be something unprecedented.



SINS OF THE TONGUE.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } A certain man named Ananias, with
on the Text: Acts 5: 1-10. } Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, etc.



WELL-MATCHED pair, alike in ambition and in falsehood, Ananias and Sapphira. They wanted a reputation for great beneficence, and they sold all their property, pretending to put the entire proceeds in the charity fund, while they put much of it in their own pocket. There was no necessity that they give all their property away, but they wanted the reputation of so doing. Ananias first lied about it and dropped down dead. Then Sapphira lied about it, and she dropped down dead. The two fatalities a warning to all ages of the danger of sacrificing the truth.

There are thousands of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be," calling it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying. With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars. At times the air in our cities is filled with falsehood, and lies cluster around the mechanic's hammer, blossom on the merchant's yardstick, and sometimes sit in the door of churches. They are called by some fabrication, and they are called by some, fiction. You might call them subterfuge or deceit, or rancance, or fable, or misrepresentation, or delusion; but as I know nothing to be gained by covering up a God-defying sin with a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them in plainest vernacular, lies. They may be divided into agricultural, commercial, mechanical, social and ecclesiastical.

First of all, I speak of agricultural falsehoods. There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Corn-shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always correct. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city market from the country districts. You hear the cry of the dishonest farmer when in almost every street of our great cities a fairer wagon in which there is not one honest spoke, or one truthful rivet, from top to bottom. Again and again his dishonesty comes to our great cities, plundered on the farmer's mile. When New York and Washington sit down and weep over their loss to West Chester County and the new barbed wire around the capital sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all our districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities, but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of

the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safe to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those, who in country life, seem to think they have a right to overreach grain-dealers and merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn. The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant: "You get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easily? While the farmer sleeps, and he may go to sleep, conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep, while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane-deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a monetary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy, is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with outdoor work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. God help the merchants. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life.

I pass on to consider commercial lies. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue. There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every door-knob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on elbow and crying out into the darkness, "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall and on every scroll, and on every traceried window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest. But you and I know that there are in commercial life these who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says, "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says, "I paid \$25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for

it? All right. But suppose he paid for it \$23 instead of \$25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this article?" "It is five dollars." "I can get that for four somewhere else." Can he get it for four somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter.

A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handkerchiefs. The customer says: "Are these all silk?" "Yes." "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them." Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for this customer coming in will after a while find out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping, he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobacconists, and jewelers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about tongs, about forks, about chairs, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehood as one of the crying sins of our time.

I pass on to speak of mechanical falsehoods. Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches; but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows. In times when there is a great demand for labor, it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations, because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather, or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday; they do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come on Wednesday; they do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days; they do not get it done before thirty. And when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer, then they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along; and then some one else gets irritated and outraged and they go and work for that man and get him pacified, and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that "nursing the job!"

Ah, my friends, how much dishonor such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do. "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance; everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed." There is a voice of thunder sounding among the saws and the hammers and the shears, saying: "All liars shall have their place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

I pass on to speak of social lies. How much of society is insincere? You hardly know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart, or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off what we hear. "Not at home" very often means too lazy to dress. I was reading of a lady who said she had told her last fashionable lie. There was a knock at her door and she sent word down, "Not at home." That night her husband said to her: "Mrs. So-and-so is dead." "Is it possible?" she said. "Yes, and she died in great anguish of mind; she wanted to see you so very much; she had something very important to disclose to you in her last hour, and she sent three times to-day, but found you absent every

time." Then this woman bethought herself that she had had a bargain with her neighbor that when the long-prospected sickness was about to come to an end, she would appear at her bedside and tell secret that was to be disclosed. As she had said she was "Not at home."

Social life is struck through with sincerity. They apologize for the fact the furnace is out; they have not a fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they need any better. They decry their meretricious entertainment to win a sheer approval from you. They point a picture on the wall as a work of old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather. People that will lie about nothing will lie about a picture. On small incidents the world to believe we are honest and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and shame. Few people are natural! Frigid around, iceberg grinding against life. You must not laugh outright; that is your duty. You must smile. You must quickly across the room; that is your duty. You must glide. Much of society is round of bows and grins and gasps and oh's and ah's and he, he, simpering and namby-pambyism, world of which is not worth one good round of laughter. From such low scene the tortured guest retires close of the evening, assuring himself that he has enjoyed himself, and is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain caber the rustics gather at a quilting or a paring, has in it more good cheer than the frescoed refrigerators of the palaces.

I pass on to speak of ecclesiastical those which are told for the advancement or retarding of a church or sect, hardly worth your while to ask extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you that an Arminian believes that man can save himself. Arminian believes no such thing, hardly worth your while to ask extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just as they are. A Calvinist believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that infants in hell a span long. A very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that. There never will be a man who will believe that. And yet, from boyhood, I have heard that particular slander against a Presbyterian church going down through the community.

Then, how often it is that there are representations on the part of churches in regard to other churches, especially if a church comes to glory and prosperity. As long as a church is new and the singing is poor, and the altar roundings are decrepit, and the organ is so hardly bested in life, the pastor goes with elbows out, and will always be Christian people in town who say, "What a pity! what a pity! But let the day of prosperity come to the Christian church, and let the church be triumphant, and let there be victories, and then there will be evil reports of the Gospel critical and satirical and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not know corn because it is not ground in the mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception."

But some one says, "The deception I practice is so small that it does not amount to anything." Ah, my friends, amount to a great deal. You say, "I deceive, it is only about a case of corn or a box of buttons, or a row of buttons, the article may be so small you can find it in your vest pocket, but the sun as the pyramids, and the echo of

will reverberate through the mountain of eternity. There is no such thing as a free lunch. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to stand under inspection in the Day of Judgment. You may boast yourself of having made a fine bargain—a sharp bargain. You may carry out what the Bible says regard to that man who went in to make a purchase and depreciated the value of the goods, and then after he had fully boasted of the splendid bargain made, "It is naught, it is naught, the buyer; but when he is gone his price, then he boasteth." It may seem to

Her Bible Made Her Fame.

Mrs. Florence M. Kingsley's Successful Authorship.

As a rule, literary fame comes only after years of patient and painstaking effort; and it is only in those rare instances where true genius, asserting itself, overleaps all obstacles and comes like a sudden burst of sunlight upon the public gaze that we find the exception. Such a genius is Florence M. Kingsley, a native American author, who, within the last three years, has appeared like a comet upon the literary firmament. Mrs. Kingsley's rare biblical scholarship and her remarkable familiarity with Scripture lands and Oriental character and customs are the wonder and admiration of the critics; while her literary skill and rich imagination are the delight of her readers. She has now in preparation a series of "Stories of the Time of Christ," specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the first of which will appear in these columns early in December next. Our readers will therefore be interested in knowing something about her career, the essential facts of which are presented in the following article, written by an intimate personal acquaintance, herself a literary worker.

Mrs. Florence Morse

rected by her mother, who, with the energy of an enthusiastic woman, drilled the girl unswervingly in drawing and English composition. "It matters not what you write, nor on what subject," she would say, "but write you must." One other point was made an obligatory matter in the household, and this was the committing to memory of whole chapters of the Bible. To these first tasks and teachings, perhaps, may be traced Mrs. Kingsley's fine perception and delicate understanding of those characters which surrounded the pathway of the Saviour.

At the age of sixteen she entered Wellesley College, leading there a happy, studious existence for the space of three years, when an obstinate throat affection obliged her to return to her home, which, in the meantime, had been removed to Utica, New York. Here, at the age of twenty-three, she married Rev. Charles Kingsley, Ph.D.; and, for a number of years after her marriage, she assisted her husband in his duties as president of a Young Ladies' Seminary at Milwaukee. It was not until the summer of 1894 that Mrs. Kingsley showed her ability as an author. At this time, in scarcely more than eight weeks, she wrote her first book, "Titus, a



MRS. FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

merry with the laughter and song of children, of whom there are five, with ages varying from four to fourteen years; and she finds her days filled to their utmost capacity with the duties of a mother and the work of a successful writer.

Mrs. Kingsley has just finished a work entitled "Prisoners of the Sea," which will soon make its appearance in the field of new books for the year, and is written in an entirely different vein from its predecessors, since it will be found to deal with life in the seventeenth century. She will also contribute to these columns, in the near future, the first of a series of stories in her own individual style.

LAURA M. Y. LAKE.

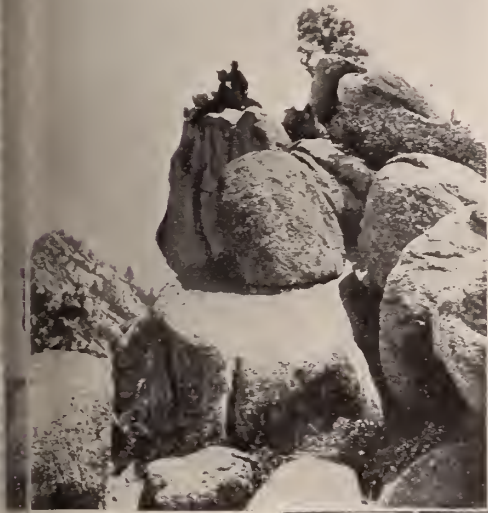
Travel in the Yosemite.

THE season for tourists' excursions through the Yosemite Valley is about closing. Every year a larger number of travelers come by rail across the Rockies or land from steamers at San Francisco on their way to this beautiful valley of valleys. Every year methods of transportation are improved and transit becomes more rapid. Late reports say that the Royal Gorge, one of the most impressive stages of an overland route west, is to be lighted with electricity, in order that passengers going through at night may not miss a full vision of its grandeur. Think of the terrible beauty of the grand canon, when its precipitous walls each side are garlanded with blossoms of electric light—as if stars from heaven had fallen to grace its gloomy grandeur.

Nowhere can one feel more worshipful of the creative hand that made earth noble and fair than in the Yosemite Valley, and nowhere can one stand with more respect before the genius of man than here, where it girdles peak and crag, and fringes dread precipices with secure pathways, along which railroad trains speed safely, bearing human freight. On eyrie heights, where eagles scream, the photographer plants his tripod, and, standing coolly above the clouds, photographs a bit of heaven and earth below him; or, if he be reverent-minded, he wanders like a pious pilgrim under the mighty trees in Mariposa Grove, feeling that indeed he walks in "God's first temples."

The government reservation of these giants of the primeval forest is two miles square, and consists of two separate and distinct groves, standing some little distance apart. In one of these groves there are 365 trees—one for each day in the year; 154 of these trees are over fifteen feet in diameter, and a number of them are over 300 feet high. The tallest of the redwoods, the grizzly giant, as it is called, stands in the lower grove, and from the ground to its first limb measures 200 feet; the limb is six feet in diameter. In this grove also lies that prostrate monarch of the forest, whose original diameter was forty feet, and through whose hollow trunk three horsemen may ride abreast a distance of seventy feet. This tree once lifted its noble head 400 feet toward heaven.

This mammoth grove, it has been said, was discovered by a hunter in pursuit of a bear in 1852; but it had evidently been visited two years earlier, for the date 1850 was found cut on one of the trees. One of the finest of these trees was stripped of its bark to the height of 116 feet, and this trophy, after exhibitions in New York, London, and other cities, now stands in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The tree receives its name, redwood, from the color of the bark, which, like that of the Scotch fir, is deeply furrowed, with ridges much curved and twisted. When young, it is one of the most graceful of the conifers; but in old age its majesty is its chief claim to our admiration, for it has lost its conical outlines, and the mighty limbs are short and often scantily clothed with foliage.



FROM EAGLE ROCK PEAK.

ward a sharp bargain, but a recording angel wrote down the ponderous tomes of eternity. So-and-so, doing business, Pennsylvania Avenue, Broadway, or Chestnut Street, St. Street, told one lie." God extirpate from society the ecclesiastical lies, the social lies, and all the mechanical lies, and all the financial lies, and all the agricultural lies, and make every man speak the truth of his life. My friends, let us make our life correspond to the truth. Let us banish all hypocrisy from our behavior. Let us remember that the time will come when God will demonstrate before an assembled universe what we are. The truth will come out. We may deceive while we live, but we cannot hide it when we die. To life is a masquerade ball. The entertainment gentle ladies appear in garb of kings or queens, or mountain lords or clowns, and then at the close of the dance put off their disguise, so many all their life are in mask. The masquerade ball goes on, and the hand clasps gemmed and dancing feet respond to the gleaming brow. The masquerade ball goes on. But after a while the music comes and blurs the sight. Lights are added into a wail. Lights lower. The masquerade is hardly seen. The dance is exchanged for the sickening garlands that have lain a long time in the damp of sepulchres. Lights fill the room. The scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty, and the lights lower. Torn leaves and quenched garlands. Stench of lamp-wicks quenched. Choking dampness. Feet still. Hands folded. Voice hushed. Lights out.



MARIPOSA GROVE OF THE REDWOODS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Kingsley, whose quaint home in West New Brighton, Staten Island, is picturesquely surrounded by giant trees, was born, in 1857, in the town of Medina, Ohio. Her father was a clergyman, and at a very early age she showed a strong taste for church history and such books as depicted the characters of the Bible. These, one may readily understand, were easily obtained in the family library, for, as Mrs. Kingsley laughingly explains, "I had little opportunity for the ordinary novel-reading of to day."

When a child, her education was di-

portraying the life of Christ and his disciples, and clearly presenting to the reader the era in which they lived and worked.

Mrs. Kingsley is a woman of medium height, with serious eyes of gray, whose thoughtful expression is frequently relieved by a smile of rare attractiveness. She is a woman of varied accomplishments; and before her pen brought her into prominent notice, she found considerable success in painting portraits in oil, possessing the talent and taste of an artist. The home of Mrs. Kingsley is

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

IN MELITA AND ROME.

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 7. Acts 28: 1-10. Golden Text, Rom. 8: 28.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



AU'L had foretold, "We must be cast upon a certain island" (Acts 27: 26). The land on which the ship had gone to pieces was the island of Melita, the present Malta, one of the calling-places for vessels going to the East. At that time it was inhabited by "barbarous people." But God knows how to touch the hearts of the uncultured, and often more real kindness is found among them than among the cultured. "They kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold." It was no small thing to receive, i.e., to entertain, and find food for two hundred and seventy-six people. How few Christian people would have done it! But God never remains in debt to those who know him not, and he found means to make them rather the debtors to those whom they had so much befriended.

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose"—his great purpose to conform them to the image of his Son (Rom. 8: 28, 29). But in making all things work together for good to his own, our Lord so orders it that none can do good to them without coming in for blessings themselves. No one can give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, or even in the name of a disciple, without receiving a reward. Whatever is done to his own he returns as though it were done to him (Matt. 15: 34-45). The widow of Sarepta and the Shunammite were no losers through entertaining the Lord's prophets; and God remembered Abigail, who succored David and his men in a time of need (1 Sam. 25).

No doubt all the ship's crew did whatever they could to help themselves, and Paul was not behind in this. He gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire. But in this little action God had a special purpose. He to whom all things are known knew that in that very bundle of sticks was a poisonous viper whose bite was fatal. It was no accident that Paul, and no other of the ship's crew, should handle this very bundle of sticks, and that the reptile, maddened by the heat, should fasten on his hand. "Behold I give you power over serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy," said our blessed Lord, "and nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10: 19). Paul believed his Lord's words, and was not afraid. Not so the inhabitants of Melita. In common with all heathen people, they looked on all misfortune of whatsoever kind as the vengeance of some angry deity for misdeeds, and thus every one who is in trouble is counted by them an evildoer. Thus the poor unfortunates have not only their trouble, but also suspicion and reproach to bear. They said among themselves, "No doubt this man is a murderer, who, though he has escaped the sea, yet cannot escape death, not to live." Did Paul know their thoughts? We are not told. Probably God told him, that he might see the hand of the Lord upon him, and might recognize the ways of the Lord in making a provision for him to tell the precious things of the Father of men.

Paul shook off the heat, and the fire, and felt no harm. This was the critical moment. The Melitans looked on with nothing but suspicion. They expected to see the man swell with the deadly poison, and that the apostle should feel it also dead. But they watched in vain. The heathen people seeing no harm upon him, changed their minds and said that he was a god. Their superstition did not

embrace such an idea as that there existed a God of love who could and did succor his own who trust him in their time of need. They believed in a supernatural power of evil, but a God of love they knew not. God had given his servant Paul a certain advantage; he would now get the ear of the people.

Open doors now lay before Paul and his fellow-travelers who knew the Lord. Luke, the writer of the Acts, was certainly one. The news of Paul's wondrous deliverance was carried from one to another, until the chief man of the island heard of it; his name was Publius, and in a lordly way he received the whole company, and for three days entertained them with courtesy. The father of this man lay ill with dysentery. Paul, hearing of it, knew at once that he had a ministry to this man. He entered in, and prayed and laid his hands on him, and healed him. This was the commencement of quite a work of healing. "Others also which had diseases in the island came and were healed." It was impossible that this could have taken place without a faithful preaching of the Gospel. Paul

remained three days; thence they sailed to Rhegium, near the straits of Messina, and thence to Puteoli. There, to his heart's great joy, Paul found brethren, who besought them to tarry seven days. Whether this invitation was to the whole two hundred and seventy-six, or only to Paul and his friends, is not clear—probably the former—as the centurion, being in charge of Paul, would not go forward and leave him behind. What happened during those seven days is not left on record, nor yet how far the ship's company learned to know the Lord, as they saw the working of God through Paul in Melela, and here on the coast of Italy; but we cannot doubt that they were like another church which he had founded on this strange journey.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

MALTA was clearly the scene of the wreck of the vessel on which Paul sailed. Coleridge and others have argued that Melela in the Adriatic was the place, but the weight of evidence is altogether in favor of Malta, and the bay now called St. Paul's Bay answers all the conditions of the narrative. It is not necessary to conclude from Luke's use of the word "barbarous" that the people were savages. The Greeks would call any people barbarous who did not belong to one of the great civilized nations. Their kindness to the shipwrecked people indicates a disposition not common with savage races. The miraculous incident of the viper seems to have produced on their



THE APPIAN WAY BY WHICH PAUL TRAVELED TO ROME.

would not allow those poor heathen people to think that through his own power or holiness the healing was accomplished, any more than Peter did, at the beautiful gate of the temple (Acts 3: 12, 16). Thus God repaid the kindness shown to his servants and made known his own name.

It was God's way of evangelizing the island. The centurion may have thought it was a great loss of time that the shipwreck and the detention in Melela took place. But in God's economy, it was far from being time lost. It was more important in his eyes that the ship's crew should see the reality of a life of faith in God than that the ship and cargo should be saved. It was little in God's eyes whether the prisoners should arrive in Rome sooner or later. But that the poor Melitans should hear of Christ, and see and feel in their healed bodies the proof of a God of love, who sent his Son into the world to save sinners, was important. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways our ways, for as the heavens are high above the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways and his thoughts than our thoughts (Isa. 4: 8, 9). Thus it came to pass that the population of the island honored their guests with many honors, and when they took ship to leave, provided them with everything needful. Oh, how wondrously God works! Who need be afraid of shipwreck or of unnumbered strangers, if under the care of God!

After three months' stay in the island they took ship again in a vessel bound for Italy, still a port on the coast of Italy. The first stopping-place was Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, where they

minds a revulsion of feeling like that which took place at Lystra (Acts 14: 11). The viper was probably torpid among the sticks Paul carried to the fire and was stung into sudden activity by the heat. The Apostle's healing of the man sick of dysentery was the beginning of other miracles of healing which rewarded the people for their kindness. Three months were spent on the island, either waiting the arrival of a suitable ship, or for propitious weather. At the end of that time another Alexandrian corn-ship, the name of which Luke gives with his characteristic attention to details, carried the party to Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, and thence "fetching a compass" (that is, going by a circuitous route) to Rhegium. The next stopping-place was Puteoli, on the Bay of Naples. There Paul would see Vesuvius, then silent and inactive, but to burst nineteen years afterward, in the eruption which buried Pompeii, and, among the victims, to kill Drusilla, the woman who, sitting by Felix, Paul had addressed on "righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come." Here Paul found Christian brethren, who urged him to stay a week with them. Apparently Julius, the centurion, consented, for we find later that the news of Paul's arrival was sent to Rome in time for a company of friends to come to meet him. Puteoli was 150 miles from Rome, and a week would allow the time necessary for the journey. By one of the cross-roads the party traveled to the Appian Way, the great street paved with level stones, which was the wonder of the age. Two companies of the Christians appear to have come out to meet the distinguished prisoner, one of which met

him at Appii Forum and the other Three Taverns, this latter a note of resting for travelers to and from Rome, the satirist, who was born the time of Paul's arrival, mention in his day it was infested with low men and rapacious tavern-keepers.

The next day to Puteoli. Such is the one on which Paul was met by his friends in the bay. They came, as it did, from Egypt, with wheat and produce to sell to the Roman market. Nearly fifty years earlier, an Alexandrian corn-ship, approaching Puteoli, passed the waters of the bay a magnitude in which lay an old man, evidently sick. The sailors found out that the great Emperor Augustus, then six years old, who was suffering feverish attack, and was cruising in the bay in the hope that the fresh air would give him some relief. They immediately brought garlands and incense and him the worship that they were wonted to offer to their gods, saying that by his good providence the voyage had been safe. Augustus used to having divine honors paid but it pleased him to have the sailors of an Egyptian ship recognize him as a deity. Superstition was just a little half a century later, when there, and vice and corruption were for Nero was then on the throne.

Paul entered in . . . and healed, was significant that although Luke, a physician, was one of the party, it was not Luke, who healed the sick. Sometimes even now bodily sickness is removed through one who is not the soul. A famous writer tells the story of a young wife who was on the verge of the grave by the ministrations of an aged clergyman. She was afflicted by a mysterious disease which baffled physicians. Her physical condition seemed perfect, but she was pining and both she and her friends had abandoned hope of saving her life. A venerable clergyman who visited her sickness won her confidence, learned that it was remorse for past doing and the fear of discovery were killing her. He pointed her to the Saviour, and she sought God's forgiveness through him and found it. To her husband and those concerned the clergyman imparted the facts, and forgave her as God had forgiven her. The burden rolled from her soul; she rose from her bed of sickness to begin a new life.

Honored us with many honors, did not regret the kindness shown to this large company of shipwrecked men, but added to the deeds already done. The healing sick by Paul had probably much to do with this continued kindness. Jesus used to relate how once, during a cold drive in a hack, the driver, forward in a very awkward way, held close to the window. At the end of the drive the man straightened up as if glad to be relieved of the position. "What made you lean so far out of the window?" Gough asked. "Is a hole in the window," said "and I wanted to keep the draught out of my eyes." Gough stared in amazement. "You mean that you have been kept cold by me with your own window?" The man nodded and said: "Sir, I would give you my head if I could do you any good. My wife and I were miserable drunkards when you were these parts, years ago, and then we became sober, and our lives changed. There's nothing I would do for you that I could."

They changed their minds. Neither sufferer nor his friends have any regard calamity as a proof of any one, seeing another afflicted with ordinary men, should assist these barbarians did, that the greater sinner than ordinary should, like them, change his mind. Spurgeon used to say that afflicted minds him of a certain beautiful house was a beautiful lawn level turf, and farther off the meadows of grass-land. He noted the meadows were mowed once a year, but the lawn had no rest cutting. Every day a man went with the mower. So it was with the preacher thought, with man. The more he was to his God, the more liable to be disciplined.

INDIA IS GRATEFUL.

Thousands of Helpless Natives Still Being Fed by the Missionaries in India During the Weeks of Anxious Waiting for the Approaching Harvest.



MISS LILLIAN E. DEITRICH.

REPORTS by the latest mails from the missionaries in India who are distributing food and supporting the children with the money contributed by readers of this journal show how suffering and death have been preceded by the relief now being administered. This is the critical time—the dark before dawn. The hopes of harvest are a point of realization, but in many the lamp of life would have flickered during the last days of waiting if the missionaries had not in their hands means of help. The suffering of the months has reduced the vitality of the strong man and woman so that their strength is not left to tide over the time still to elapse before the seeds are gathered in.

The missionaries are all grateful that in the last struggle they have been enabled to stand where it is so needed.

Miss Lillian Deitrich of Cawnpore, Miss Edith H. May of Allahabad, and the ladies of the Christian Union Missionary Society, whose names appear on the pages, write of the valuable work they are doing through the aid of the readers of this journal. Miss May says: "The present us by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is of great good to our starving people. We feed on an average fifty children in our compound and give them rice and sugar. Our women do the cooking, and the children file in at four o'clock, sit down in the ground in lines, and their dinner is given to them in these children who are thickened starved which we invite from the streets and the city. We have our 'guests,' who are very dirty and pests indeed, but very thankful. We also carry them when we go out and buy food for the children who really need it. We always have the children eat it before us, for in such cases these even mothers seem to feel feelings of affection and themselves at the food which you meant for the children.

We have had to begin relief work in the schools, because the want is so great. The children in some of the schools fall into a rough weakness, or do not attend school at all, and wander about under the trees

picking up seeds, or digging up roots to eat. We are to give grain in the schools twice a week—in this way using the money sent us by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for famine relief. The women and children come here begging for food, and to them we give daily.

"I have found it better, however, to let them feel they were earning part of it, so I have five or six women working in the garden every day, and by employing the same only twice a week, we thus aid from fifteen to eighteen each week.

"We pay them in rice and dol (a sort of split pea), and they are very thankful for it. In the middle of the day they rest for an hour, and one of our teachers gives them a short gospel talk, after which they have a lunch of parched grain and rice-water. The children are so hungry that if kernels of raw rice fall they will devour them.

"We are also helping in some zenanas where the people are suffering, giving them a monthly allowance according to their need; and we keep rice, and dol and parched grain on hand to give to the hungry ones who come daily to our doors. Some of the people work for their food, others are not able. Sundays, about one hundred gather, and we give grain to the

has, however, quite ceased, and there is a current from the east which may—I hope will be more favorable than the southwest monsoon has been. In the meantime the distress is increasing. The number on famine relief in the Ahmednagar district at the end of last week was higher than it ever had been before. The distress in the town is acute. People are actually starving in hundreds.

"Prices have fallen, and grain which cost four sheers per rupee a week ago now sells for six sheers, but the people have no money to buy. I have set 250 persons at work with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD money. This plan of help is very pleasing to these people. Many of them scorn to beg. When Mrs. Smith goes about among them she often finds persons who are in the greatest distress, but who will not ask for anything. When she takes their names down for work they open their hearts freely as to their needs. By giving away a good deal of our output, too, we are helping the very poorest.

Rev. W. Franklin, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, who is laboring at Byculia, Bombay, writes: "We praise God with you in that we are permitted to be sharers with you of the ministry of the moneys committed to you by God's children. We have received through our own Board from you \$2,500, and through Bishop Thoburn \$6,000; also some of the grain. We are carrying on famine work in twelve stations in the Berar and Khau-

des districts. Our methods of work are as various as the stations. In some they go out in the surrounding villages searching out those who are in distress and giving them tickets for the amount of grain needed for the family; in other stations work is provided for those able to work, and in others people come in from the surrounding country in such large numbers that there is no time for anything but caring for those who come to the station. We have fed as high as 2,700 in one station for a number of days in

succession. The one in charge of this writes: 'You may wonder how I manage such a large number of people alone with my one helper. Well, I don't manage. He who gave the money and sent the people manages the whole affair.'

"The work has gone far beyond anything we had ever thought of. We began in three stations on a small scale, helping the people as best we could with such means as we had, and as we launched out more, more people came, and as the people increased in number, God sent in the means. Now we are feeding about ten thousand people daily in our twelve stations, and we have taken in about a hundred and fifty orphans in our orphanages. We praise God, for all the way he has led, and could the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD but know what they have been privileged to do, no one could ever regret one cent he had contributed. The prospect for crops is fair in our districts. I passed through the stations last week, and many fields of *janari* (the main grain for that part) looked very promising. We may safely say, in every station we are seeing some fruit of our labor in people seeking the Saviour. In some stations I know quite a number are asking for baptism. Some, even before being baptized, have cast away their marks of idolatry and cut off their caste locks, and profess openly to be Christians. Shall we not all stand in faith, that this time shall be a time of ingathering to the Church of Christ? Our missionaries have been so faithful, we do feel God has given especial strength for this time of great strain."



A HINDOO TEMPLE ON WHEELS—MISS EDITH H. MAY.

have the promise that our strength shall be as our day. Please thank those who have so kindly contributed to the needs of the suffering ones here. We know that whatever is done in Jesus' name will not lose its reward."

Rev. James Smith, of Ahmednagar, in a private letter says: "We have had one shower at last, and the farmers are putting in their grain as fast as they can. It fell a week ago, but the clouds have all cleared away, and there are no signs of more at present. The southwest monsoon

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Dr. Charles M. Lamson Elected President of the American Board of Missions in Succession to Dr. R. S. Storrs.

AT the eighty-seventh annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which was held at New Haven, Conn.,



REV. CHARLES M. LAMSON, D.D.

October 12-15, the difficult problem of finding a successor to Dr. R. S. Storrs, in the presidency of the Board, was solved. Dr. Charles M. Lamson, of Hartford, Conn., was enthusiastically elected, and has consented to serve. It was hoped, up to the time of meeting, that Dr. Storrs would yield to the unanimous desire of the Board to continue in the chair he has so well and ably filled for the past ten years, but he was firm in declining. It was felt, too, that his plea of advancing years and the need of relief should be respected. In looking around for a successor many suggestions were received. There was one that would have commanded general approval in the churches. It was the nomination of Dr. A. J. Lyman, of Brooklyn. Dr. Lyman has been a warm supporter and an active worker in the Board, and it was realized that his election would inspire confidence throughout the country. The suggestion, however, was promptly negatived the moment it reached Dr. Lyman's ears. He declared modestly, but positively, that he was not the man for the position, that he was unfitted for administrative work, and besides, that his duties as a pastor and preacher engrossed him too fully to admit of his efficiently performing the functions of the president of the Board. He evidently appreciated the honor that was suggested, but was sincere in his refusal of it. Happily, the name of Dr. Lamson was suggested, and was received with enthusiasm. The nominating committee presented his name and he was unanimously elected.

Dr. Lamson is well known to the churches, especially to those of New England, where he has filled several influential pulpits. He is fifty-four years of age, and is a vigorous and earnest worker. He is a graduate of Amherst, where he took high honors, and has since served on the faculty of that institution. His present charge is the First Congregational Church, of Hartford, Conn., which he has had since 1893. His selection for the high office of president of the American Board is pronounced a wise and discriminating choice. Those who know Dr. Lamson best, predict for him a career of usefulness in his new office, and assure the officers and missionaries of the Board that they will find in him a hearty sympathy and a cordial co-operation that will encourage all in their work.

The Board was also called upon to elect a new vice-president in the place of Dr. Blatchford, of Chicago, who declined re-election. D. Willis James, Esq., of New York, whose hearty support of the Board and his open-handed generosity have caused him to be regarded as a valued friend, was elected to the vice-presidency.

The annual report showed that the Board has now 1,227 centres and 543 missionaries, men and women, assisted by a force of 2,956 native preachers, teachers and other helpers who are preaching the Gospel in twenty-seven different languages and directing a great evangelistic, educational and medical enterprise.

New Christian Herald Premiums!



WE have made more extensive premium arrangements this year than ever before, and so eloquently do our different propositions speak for themselves that it is almost unnecessary to more than merely present them to our readers in order to ensure for them a most cordial welcome.

Of course, our principal premium is the Bible. There never can be too many Bibles, and, therefore, although we have already distributed 400,000 Teachers' Bibles, we do not hesitate again this year to consider the Bible as our principal premium.

About seven years ago the best we could do was to offer a little Pearl Type Bible, so small in size that it answered only the purpose of a reference book. But it was the best we could then do, the enormous prices charged for larger-type Bibles making it absolutely impracticable to consider them in connection with our premium offers. Step by step have we progressed. From Pearl Type we went to Ruby Type, and from Ruby to Emerald Type, and from Emerald to Minion; and now from Minion we skip Brevier, we skip Bourgeois, and advance to **Long Primer**, a type so large that the Bible could be aptly called the "Old Folks' Bible" as far as legibility is concerned, and yet as far as shapeliness and portability are concerned, it does not seem to be any larger than the smaller-type Bibles offered in years gone by. We shall never offer any Teachers' Bible in larger type. The next size type is ordinarily used in Pulpit Bibles. Our **Long-Primer Bibles** are provided with the **finest Thumb Index** ever invented. This Thumb Index is **leather-tipped**, and the printing on it is in **pure gold**, making the lettering stand forth "clear as the noonday sun." You can use it a lifetime and it will never tarnish; in fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never uses on the Holy Bible aluminum or cheap composition metal that tarnishes. Nothing is too good for this Sacred Volume.

Very Large Type Bible.

We call this Bible our **Long-Primer Bible**, and the name very aptly expresses

PSALM 3.

Security of God's protection.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Abishai his son.

LORD, "how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

2 Many there be which say of my soul, "There is no help for him in God." Selah.

3 But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.

5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

7 Arise, O LORD, save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

Specimen of Long Primer Type.

the size of the type. Primers, as we all know, are set in large type, and long primer means that it is very large. This beautiful Bible has a collection of very interesting illustrations, particularly adapted to the requirements of those who love to read and study the Word intelligently. And while we are talking of studying the Bible, it may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. D. L. Moody, the world-famed evangelist, has especially contributed, as the first article to the "Helps"

which this Bible contains, an article on the "Study of the Bible," and no other Teachers' Bible in the world contains

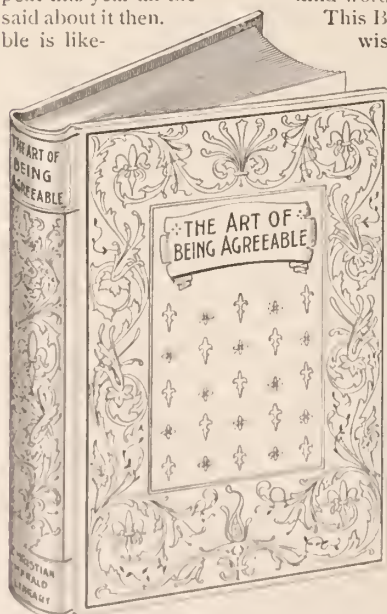


anything from the pen of Mr. Moody. It goes without saying that the Concordance in this Bible is very complete; that the Helps are the latest; in fact, that in every sense of the word our **Long-Primer Teachers' Bible** is the best Bible of its kind now before the public.

This Bible is bound in American Levant, **Divinity Circuit**, Red under **Gold** edges, has silk book-mark, silk head-bands and Thumb Index, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only \$3. The Bible may be sent to one address, and the paper to another without extra charge.

Still Another Bible Offer.

Our **Minion Bible**, the same size as that of last year, is practically the same book as above, except that the type is smaller and that it has no **Thumb Index**, but people whose eyes are good enough for ordinary print will find this a very acceptable book. We had no hesitation whatever last year in warmly commending it to our readers, and we are prepared to repeat this year all the kind words said about it then. This Bible is like-



Miniature Picture Representing the Artistic Front and Back Design of our new Library.

bound in **Divinity Circuit** with Red under **Gold** edges, and in place of the Thumb Index, it has on the inside back cover, in large type, an alphabetical arrangement, by which **any Book** in the Bible may be found immediately with-

out confusion or loss of time. This very excellent Bible, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Two Dollars.

If you can afford the extra dollar, you will find yourself more than compensated by the large type, and the Thumb Index of the **Long-Primer Bible**.

Our 1898 Library.

Our 1896 Library published two years ago, and that published last year, proved so exceptionally popular, that we felt we could not get along without a similar, but **new**, production this year, and we confidently believe that such of our readers as may select this premium will agree with us that a finer selection of books, from a literary, artistic or typographical standpoint, cannot be found on any bookshelf in the country at anything less than four or five times the price we ask for this Library. Of course, the imprint of THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD on the title-page of any book is a guarantee that there is nothing objectionable or improper within its covers, so that our readers may take it for granted that all of these books may be read aloud in the family circle without any misgivings whatsoever. Our authors, as usual, are the best, and the books of course are surpassingly interesting. They aggregate 3,200 pages; bound in beautiful Holland cloth of old-gold shade, with decorations in brown, red and gold, and the whole ten volumes are contained in a neat bookcase, which will protect them from dust and damage when not in use. Here are the titles and the authors:

Crumbs Swept Up.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Stories of Life and Love.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Select Readings and Recitations.

HARRIET M. VAN ORDEN.

Turning-Points in the World's History

HENRY MANN.

The Art of Being Agreeable.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

2000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

Home-Book for Mothers and Daughters

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Treasure Book for Boys and Girls.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

Fun for the Household.

EMMA J. GRAY.

How to Achieve Success.

C. H. KENT.

The entire set, securely packed, with guaranteed undamaged delivery, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Three Dollars.

"Stepping-Stones to Happiness."

Harriet Prescott Spofford, one of the most popular authors of America, has written a book for our Premium Department under the title of "Stepping-Stones to Happiness." It is her latest and brightest production and will, we are sure, secure for her a warm place in the heart of every reader. Replete with delightful literary and pictorial surprises, it is a book that will be read over and over again, and with every reading disclose new charms and increased attractiveness. No book issued during the present year is worthy of heartier welcome. Its influence will prove a blessing and a benediction to every home it enters. Wherever it goes good cheer will accompany it, and homes and hearts will be the better for its

presence. "Stepping-Stones to Happiness" contains **500 extra large** pictures, profusely illustrated from beginning to end, and is just the right kind of book for a **holiday gift**. It is elegantly bound in rich olive-green cloth, with artist's initials and back stamp. It weighs about three



lbs., and is sent all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only \$2. The book when open measures 9 x 15 inches.

"Onward to Fame and Fortune"

Then we have still another premium. It is Wm. M. Thayer's stirring "Onward to Fame and Fortune." It is worth its weight in gold to every man, woman, young or old, who aspires to the world, and to make life a triumphant success. It is full of full of enthusiasm, full of inspiration. From cover to cover, it reads like romance. Every page thrills the reader and irresistibly impels the reader to greater and nobler achievement. Heretofore word been penned in liquid fire, and not have been more intensely, absorbingly interesting.

The 20th Century will feel the impact of which this book will give to thousands of energetic, wide-awake men and women who are determined to take their place among the successful, the triumphant, the well-to-do of this world.

"Onward to Fame and Fortune" contains nearly 500 extra large pictures, generously illustrated with a large number of superior pictures and unusual



portraits. It is very elegantly bound in rich cloth, Turkey-red, with artist's initials and back stamp. It measures 9 x 15 inches; weighs about three lbs., and is sent all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Two Dollars.

AND THE NEWSPAPER

An excellent opportunity is now offered to some of our readers who desire to own a copy of Rev. Dr. Talmage's greatest work, **From Manger to Throne**, to do so at trifling expense. We have on hand a limited number of copies of this fanous book, very slightly damaged in packing, but otherwise perfect, which we will send, all charges prepaid, to any address at the nominal rate of 65 cents per copy. This book, which describes Dr. Talmage's travels in the Holy Land, contains about 200 fine illustrations, many of them being such Oriental views especially taken for this book. **From Manger to Throne**, was originally published at \$4.75, and no copy could be had at a lower figure. As we need all the available space in our Premium Department for incoming stock, we have reduced the figure for the remaining copies of this magnificent book, trusting that our readers will act quickly and send in their orders to enable us to close them out at once.



IN QUIANT OLD SUEZ.

Some of the Sights of the Historic City near which, Tradition says, the Israelites Crossed the Red Sea.

WINTER is the season usually chosen by Europeans and Americans in which to visit the Holy Land, and soon thousands of devout pilgrims will turn their faces towards the East. Since the opening of the great canal, the ancient town of Suez, formerly little better than a mere collection of straggling and wretched-looking mud-brick houses, has grown to be a place of considerable importance. It is built on an angle of land at the north-east extremity of the Gulf of Suez, and less than eighty miles distant from the busy, cosmopolitan city of Cairo. Within the last twenty years English and French dwellings and business houses have multiplied in the ancient, sleepy-looking town; warehouses filled with valuable stores of oriental goods have sprung up, and the bazars—more particularly when steamers are in port—are crowded with buyers. In the bazars one finds a mingling of many nationalities. Dealers are there selling Sinai fowls, and a great variety of fruits and vegetables from the Egyptian provinces. Dates, cotton, silk, oils and odd curios, besides much tawdry oriental jewelry, are displayed in the booths. Our photograph shows a section of one of these native bazars, where vegetables and fruits are on sale, some of the hucksters having their booths on clumsy-looking vehicles for convenience in moving from place to place, and others spreading their wares in cramped, boxed-up quarters, in front of the dwelling-houses. Bazars of this class, being for the domestic trade alone, make no pretensions to the style or attractiveness of those that cater to the tastes and purses of western buyers.

At best, Suez is an unlovely place, and with the desert pressing it closely on three sides, it holds few attractions and little comfort for the traveler. To the Bible student and antiquarian, however, it possesses a peculiar interest. Some eminent Egyptologists have held that the Gulf of Suez at this point was the scene of the miraculous passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea, and that here the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh Menephthah were overwhelmed and destroyed. It is proper to add that Brunsch Bey and other noted investigators dispute the claims of this locality and assert that a shallow lake or morass, known as the *Sabakel Baidawal*, on the northern border of Egypt and close to Palestine, was the actual scene of the wonderful destruction of Divine power, when a third class of scholars indicate the Bitter Lakes, near the head of the Gulf of Suez, as the true locality, assuming that in ancient times those lakes were a part of the continuous water connection between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. There are still others who believe that *Ras Atakah*, six miles south of Suez, was the scene of the triumphant Israelite passage. There are various traditions outside of the inspired story itself, which point to Suez as the place to which the honor of the great event belongs.

Suez is a most desolate of place, and in the hot season is almost unbearable. Rain fogs but seldom, and sometimes not a drop moistens the parched earth in a whole season. It is not a place where travelers who are passing through the canal have to linger more than a few hours.

There are several excellent mission schools, where a good work is being done among the Arab children, by devoted Christian teachers.

What a Quilting Party Did.

In a letter from Syracuse, a lady reader of this journal gives a most interesting and instructive story of the efforts of a band of kind-hearted Christian women of that city in behalf of our Armenian orphan children at Oorfa. She writes:

About a year ago there was a call made on our people to do something to assist the Armenians. Lady Henry Somerset, Frances Willard and others asked all the W. C. T. U's. in the State and nation to do what they could. About this time a small society had organized here a "White Ribbon Home" for boys. Here they provided a home and board at the lowest price they could afford, many of the ladies spending considerable time and money

insists upon going. Away he scampers like an arrow shot from a bow. But the inexorable maternal uncle overtakes him, and he is brought back somewhat the worse for the scuffle. But in days gone by they were allowed to go to Benares and to other holy places. While they were studying there under their preceptors, their caste was determined according to their faculties. In fact, a marked studiousness, a communicative gift, and allied virtues, decided a boy's being placed in the Brahmin class; a love of athletics, a skill in arms, constitutional vigor, intrepidity, decided a boy's being classed as a Kshatriya; and commercial, industrial, or manual aptitudes, decided his being classed as a Vaishya.

The Evils of Fretting.

There are few things which wear upon one's nerves and general physique, so much as the habit of fretting. It is a habit destructive of social happiness. A thoughtful, observant writer says on this subject: Can there be a sight more pitiful than a woman in the meridian of life, with a sharp, fretful face, and worried, strained voice, left, as she is certain to be, to a loveless, broken-down old age? If the fretting mother could get a broader outlook upon life and her relation to her children, and realize the absolute unim-

CONTINUAL PRAISE.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his name shall continually be in my mouth. Psalm 113.

I'll praise God for the friendship
He gives to cheer my way;
The kindly word oft spoken
To drive the gloom away.
But should these friends forsake
And kind words change to ill;
With all the world against me,
You'll find me praising still.

I'll praise him for the springtime
The budding trees and flowers;
I'll praise him for the summer heat
As well as for the showers.
You ask about the autumn?
And winter with its chill?
I'll take them as he sends them
And go on praising still.

I will not go repining,
When God has been so good,
To compass me with blessings,
And all my ill withstood.
Through all life's pilgrim journey
I'll seek to do his will,
And through eternal ages
You'll find me praising still.

—GRANT COLFAX

Teaching Politeness by Example.

Impoliteness on the part of parents is a most unfortunate effect upon the generation, who are watchful of every mood and mood of their elders. It is impossible for a rude father or mother to have well-bred, polite children. A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her year-old son. From a rough, noisy, and disobedient child, he had suddenly become the gentlest and most considerate little fellow in the world. He was attending kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that his teacher's instruction. "Blank teaches you to be polite," she remarked, in a tone of interrogation. "No," said the boy; "she never says anything about it." The mother was puzzled, and all the while when further questions brought only more demands that the teacher ever given her pupils in good breeding. "Well," the mother asked, finally, "Miss Blank doesn't think, what does she do?" "She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She walks around, and is polite. We feel just as anything." The mother could tell about it, his mother began to think through the mystery.

Value of Practical Education.

Don't waste too much time—better waste no time unless you happen to be with the proverbial

spoon"—on mere superficial accomplishments. Try to be practical, and to concentrate your energies upon practical things you desire to get on in life. The world is full of little for a Jack-of-all-trades, or a woman who can do a little of everything prettily, but nothing well. The preparation for those who propose to be in the world's activities, says F. B. Hodge, is found in a practical education. Talented, practical men are in country and city, and are wanted everywhere. Opportunities through commerce, agriculture, trade, finance, are becoming wider than ever, and men of practical abilities and business training are being called in increasing numbers. Where are the thousands of leaders in business to come from? They must come from the ranks of the boys and young men of the present, and now is the time for the training of these young men for these great responsibilities and responsibilities. Undoubtedly, thousands, as of old, will come along without a thought of being fitted and equipped for service.

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.



A BAZAR IN SUEZ, EGYPT.

upon the project, but when this call came we all felt we must try to help the Armenians. One of our members suggested an autograph quilt. She furnished the material and pieced the blocks, forty-two in number, and then asked each member to take a block, solicit names, and with each name to secure a nickel. The names were worked on the block. This is now all done, and the quilt is ready to sell. We have netted \$25. When it is sold we propose to send the money to the Armenian orphans at Oorfa. Would like to have this money go to Miss Shattuck's department.

MRS. S. B. TYLER.

We shall take pleasure in sending the gift to Miss Shattuck, who has charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Armenian orphans at Oorfa, and no doubt she will send a personal acknowledgment of the graceful offering in aid of her work. All honor to the quilt-makers. They have shown what a few earnest, loving hearts can do.

Training Brahmin Boys.

It is highly amusing to see these stripplings. One dressed in ochre-colored garments, carrying a wallet slung to his shoulder, protests to his maternal uncle (who acts as an adviser): "Oh, no, I do want to go to Kashi!"—Kashi meaning Benares, where, for only they need to go and study the Vedas or sacred books, under some famous preceptor. The maternal relationship, as do not prevail. The boy

portance of the things she magnifies into serious faults, she would be startled. What matter if the little son does soil his hands, or forget his manners? What eternal wrong is done if the little daughter does tear her dress or forget her lessons? The worst possible result of either cannot compare with the cultivation of bitter feelings. Can one heal the wounds caused by a sharp tongue so readily as she can take up the stitches in a torn garment?

Breaking a Child's Will.

The evil of breaking a child's will, instead of training it, finds its foothold in many a Christian home, writes Rev. H. C. Trumbull. The father is determined not to yield his will to his child's will. The child is determined not to yield his will to his father's will. In such a case, brute force may compel the child to do that which he chooses not to do; but the victim is permanently harmed, while the cause of truth and right has been in no sense the gainer by the triumph. Oh, what if God should treat his children in that way!

Let the thoughtful parent turn to the child in loving gentleness, not in severity, and never in anger—and tell him tenderly of a better way, urging him to a wiser and a nobler choice.

THE JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.

How the Hebrews of America Celebrated the Great "Yom Kippur" This Year in Obedience to the Ancient Mosaic Ordinance.

HORN of its magnificence, its weird rights maimed and restricted by modern conditions, the Day of Atonement, instituted by Moses more than thirty centuries ago, in the desert of Sinai, was again observed this year by the descendants of Abraham in America. Deeply interesting is it to the story of the institution of the day, and to compare that story with the manner in which it was celebrated in New York, in this year of grace. From the ordinance appointing the day, as it is found in Leviticus 23: 27-32, we learn that it was to be for the whole people, a solemn worship and confession of sins which they were to afflict their souls. Work of any kind was to be done on that day "by not afflicting his soul." In any manner of work, he was to be at rest from among his people. This was to be "a statute forever throughout your generations," and, though a hundred centuries have lived and died since that celebration in the awful stillness of the desert, every year the devout Israelite has above all things separation from the world, and when the day came around, he prayed, and afflicted his soul. In modern Hebrew, in this far western land, no longer join in the elaborate ceremonies which were to be observed on the Day of Atonement. Turning to the chapter of Leviticus, we find many directions for the duties to be performed on that day by the High Priest in representative of the nation. For many days, prior to the great day, he was to separate himself, so that by no accident he might be unfitted by ceremonial defilement for performing his high duty. In later times, special provision was made for a contingency by having a relative of the High Priest similarly prepared, so that if the High Priest were incapacitated, his place might be taken by his substitute, and the nation would not miss the blessings of the day. In one instance, which is recorded by Josephus, was it necessary for the High Priest to perform the duties of the day, alone of all the days of the year, the High Priest was to enter into the Holy of Holies. He was to prepare himself carefully washing himself from the foot, to lay aside the gorgeous robes of his office, and, clothing himself in a plain garment, was to go into the darkness of the innermost sanctuary, and in his hand to sprinkle before the mercy-seat. Sacrifices for himself and for the whole people, were offered, and then came the strange story of the two goats. These animals of similar size, appearance and age, they were held before the High Priest, one on his right hand and the other on his left. In a box were two tablets, one of boxwood, but later of gold, on which was inscribed with the name of the Lord, and the other Azazel (removal). The High Priest brought out, one in his right hand, and the other in his left. If that in his right hand bore the name of Jehovah, it was considered a sin for the year. The goat on the right hand was killed and offered in sacrifice, the tablet in his left hand bore the name of the Lord, the goat on the left was set apart, and the High Priest, putting his hands on its head, confessed over it the sins of his people, the red cloth was then fastened on its head, and the goat was driven into the wilderness and set free. Tradition had it that God accepted the offering and the forgiveness of the sins the High Priest had confessed, the red cloth would be taken away. However that may have been, it is stated that no such change took place in the celebration for forty years prior to the destruction of Jerusalem. As soon as the goat was slain, the High Priest again appeared, and resumed his official robes, and offered more sacrifices, and completed the duties of the day. Not until sunset, and the day was over, might any man touch the goat, or drink water. The meaning of the celebration, as explained by Dr. S. H. Sonneschein, a Reformed Jewish

congregation in New York, is different from the prevalent conception of it. Although Yom Kippur is a day of fasting, it was not originally a day of gloom. On the contrary, it was a time of holy rejoicing, when the whole people enjoyed a sense of peace and nearness to their God. The sins that in a good man raise a barrier between him and his Lord, were put away, and atonement—not in the sense of expiation, but of reconciliation—was made. The word, in the sense of atonement, was the key to the feeling of the people. Nor did the direction to them "to afflict their souls" convey the meaning sometimes given to the words. The soul which was to be afflicted was not the higher entity which raises man above the brute, which was termed the spirit, but the animal instincts, the appetites and desires which pertain to the body, and which the lower creatures have in common with ourselves. The spirit was elevated by the subjugation of the *Nefesh* or animating instinct

mediator; and Yom Kippur sermons always emphasize this point.

Yom Kippur begins at sunset, or rather at the appearance of the first stars in the heavens. An hour before that time a full meal is eaten, for after it neither food nor water must pass the lips for twenty-four hours. After the meal, all repair to the synagogue, where each makes a contribution to the treasury and to the many charities maintained by the Jews of the city. Then begin the public ceremonies of the day. The rabbi, as he reads the prayers, wears, as do many of his congregation, the white scarf—typical of regained purity of heart—which will be wrapped around his corpse when it is committed to the grave. In some of the synagogues the doors are kept open all night, and there are some among the strictest of the orthodox Jews who will never move from the spot on which they first take their stand in the synagogue during the whole of the twenty-four hours of the fast.

Among Liberal and Reformed Jews the observance is by no means so severe, but even with them the occasion is the most solemn of the year. They fast and withdraw from all secular pursuits and attend

Russia and the Nestorians.



It has been recently reported by cable that the Nestorian Church in Persia is about to accept the doctrines of the Greek Orthodox Church and to become a part of the same in order to receive political protection from Russia. It is not likely that the Nestorian Church as a whole will do this thing, although just now the Christians are longing for somebody to help them to tranquilize the country. The mountaineers, where the church is strongest, will not yield a jot of their belief nor help destroy their church's identity. The greater part of the Persian Christians who live in the province of Oroomiah may do so when political protection is promised. Many of these Christians are Russophile on account of their frequent sojourns in that country.

The Nestorian Christians do not number, all told, over 200,000 souls. Geographically they may be divided into three classes. The Christians, Roman Catholics chiefly, who live in the regions of Mosul and near the ruins of ancient Nineveh, are directly subject to the Turks and Kurds and are mostly slaves under the rule of Moslem chiefs. The Christians who live in the Kurdish mountains are by far the most numerous class, and are comparatively free from tyranny, because they live in almost inaccessible mountains. Among them lives Mar Shimmon the Patriarch of the Church, and Nestorianism reigns supreme. The Roman Church has been able to do nothing here. American missionaries have enlightened them educationally somewhat. The English mission of the Archbishop of Canterbury has been more successful. The Nestorians on the whole accept the Anglican missionaries with great favor, as it is the intention of the latter not to interfere with the national church. The Christians who live in Oroomiah, Persia, and who are a cultured and influential class, are not as numerous as the mountaineers, and are under the Persian government, which is perhaps on the side of justice, so that these Christians have no grievance, although they complain of the grinding policy of local lords and fanatic Moslems.

All missionary organizations are helping the Nestorians, yet not even the English has afforded them a real political freedom. The truth is that the missionaries have not the provision of political freedom for their objective point, as such is not their function, although they have given much protection indirectly. When the English mission was established in 1886, the native Christians expected much political assistance, but although the English are greatly respected and dreaded by Turks, Kurds and Moslems on account of their political influence in the Orient, they have not fulfilled this expectation more than other missions. The new faction which is trying to solve the problem of affording politico-religious protection to the Nestorians, began its operations when one or two Russian priests came to Oroomiah and began to enroll the names of all who wanted to go to the Russian church. Enlistment commenced in that part of Oroomiah where Russian influence is in the ascendant, and where workingmen mostly make their living by going over to Russia. It is reported that not one out of a hundred failed to enlist under the Russian propaganda. The priests expect to pass through all parts of Oroomiah, although it is doubtful if they will be successful elsewhere. They are not likely to cross the mountains, for they look for no success there. Their canvass over, they will report to their superiors.

Russian missionaries as such can hardly do more for the political freedom of the Nestorians than other missionaries are doing. Indeed, they may work more harm than good. And if they interfere with Persian politics their stay may be short. But if their mission is merely to pave the way for the introduction of a Russian Foreign Office into Persia, the scheme may operate to the advantage of the Nestorians. Many Nestorians would like to see the Russian flag hoisted over the fertile plains of Oroomiah and the Russian language and civilization taught to the native Christians. There is a class of these people whom missionaries have not touched and will never influence until the latter are made more familiar with Slavic speech and Slavic custom.

PAUL SHIMMON.



AT THE DOOR OF A NEW YORK SYNAGOGUE ON "YOM KIPPUR."

by the renunciation for one whole day of food and drink, as a proof that "man does not live by bread alone." Men felt purer, better, more consciously the sons of God, on that day, and some of the most sacred of family affairs, such as betrothals, were then arranged. It was the Sabbath of Sabbaths, the best day of all the year. In later times, when persecution and cruel ostracism made the life of the Jew a bitter one, the day took on a gloomy and sorrowful atmosphere, consequent on the feeling that God no longer covered the sins of the people, but was angry with them and was punishing them.

While all Jews celebrate the Day of Atonement, now known as Yom Kippur, or more formally as "Yom hakkippurim," the day of covering, there is as wide and varied difference in the manner of its observance as there are shades in the rigor of the liturgical season of Lent; and there are as diversified opinions regarding its proper interpretation as there are grades of enlightenment, piety and liberalism among Hebrew believers. To the most advanced of their teachers, however, the chief difference which marks this day from all Christian seasons of penitence and reconciliation is that it rejects the need of a

the synagogue, where learned rabbis remind them of the meaning of the celebration. To them, as to their more conservative brethren, Yom Kippur brings lessons of consecrated service to God and humanity. What the celebration means to the Reformed Jew, was explained by the late Dr. R. D. C. Lewin one of the ablest rabbis of the Reformed school, who in his work, *What is Judaism?* says:

"The Day of Atonement exemplifies the essential truths of Judaism: 1. Repentance is necessary to every one, because there is no one so good as not at some time to commit sin. 2. God is gracious, all-merciful, and forgiving. He desires not the death of the wicked, but rather that they might return to him and live; therefore he pardons the truly repentant sinner and opens to him the gates of eternal salvation.

"Therefore are these two great holidays—New Year and Day of Atonement—regarded by the Jews in every part of the world with the greatest reverence, not because they think that God is nearer to them on these days than at any other time in the year, but because they feel that these institutions contain the genuine spirit of religion."

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A WEIRD SUPERSTITION.

AMONG the "many inventions" to which Ecclesiastes alludes, as instances of human perversity, one of the most weird is the religion of the devil-worshippers. It is believed to be of Tartar origin, but has spread to Ceylon, and is found among many Asiatic tribes. It cannot rightly be called worship, although the idea of propitiation is its basis. The leaders profess to have power over demons of all kinds and to be able to turn away their wrath. When they are officiating they wear a long robe of elk-skin, to which are attached a large number of bells. They carry long staves, by means of which they leap to an extraordinary height. Their leaps and whirlings and dances are wild frenzy, which leaves them exhausted and half dead. Animal sacrifices have a conspicuous place in their rites. The animal to be offered is slaughtered by having its heart torn out. The officiating magician is then supposed to pass under the power of the demon, and goes through a variety of strange antics, at the end of which he claims to possess knowledge imparted to him by the demon, and to be able to cure diseases and avert calamities.

His Father's Son.

When the Christian is in suffering or misfortune it might help him to bear it patiently if he remembered the name he bears. People expect a follower of Christ to be brave and patient, as he was.

A Boston journal relates the story of a young midshipman, who was shot in the leg while on board his father's ship. At the same moment, his father fell, also severely wounded. In a few moments the surgeon was bending over him.

"See to my father first," said the lad.

The surgeon assured him that his father was being attended to by the most skillful doctor on the ship.

"Then look to poor Bill, there," said the lad. "He seems to be in a bad way. Save him if you can. I can wait."

By and by the surgeon came again. "I've fixed Bill as well as I can. There is no more that can be done now for him. It's your turn."

"I am afraid," said the brave boy, who had not uttered a groan, "you will have to amputate above the knee."

The old surgeon felt a lump in his throat as, after examining the wound, he said, "My boy, I fear I must."

The boy uttered no word of fear or dismay. He simply clasped his hands, and, looking up to heaven, said, "Great God, enable me to behave worthy of my father's son."

The prayer was answered. Not a word of complaint or cry of agony broke from his lips during the operation. When it was over and he recovered strength and consciousness his first words were an inquiry about his father. When he heard that he was doing well, he said, simply, that he could live now if he came to that.

"Poor lad!" said the surgeon, "he had to die, but I never had a braver patient."

A Stingy Man's Gift.

The existence of two natures in one being, about Paul graphically describes in the seventh chapter of Romans seems to have been realized in an amusing way by a farmer. The story, as Sam Jones tells it, is as follows:

Occasionally you run across a stingy man. They are scarce, but you find them here and there. We had one once in our part of the country. His wife was a Methodist, and he used to come with her to church sometimes, but he never would give anything at collection—not a dime

He was very close. But one summer he was touched by the Spirit, and he made a profession and joined the church. He was rather a bright man, and I believe he understood himself, and knew what his besetting sin was.

Well, one day, a few months after he joined the church, the steward went to his farm and said: "Our preacher is getting scarce of provisions, and I came over to see if you would not like to help out." He knew that the farmer's smoke-house was full of hams, and I guess he thought it would not be so hard for him to part with one, as to give money. "Why," said the farmer after a minute's hesitation, "certainly; I will give the preacher some meat."

He went out to the smoke-house, and the steward sat down at the open window. Presently the farmer emerged with a fine ham in his hand. The steward saw him look at it two or three times lovingly as he came toward the house. Before he reached the door, he laid it down in the path, and went back to the smoke-house. He brought another ham, and when he came to where the first was lying, he looked at them both. The steward thought

"What is the obstacle?" the clergyman asked. "Have you made a complete surrender?"

"I have tried," sobbed the woman.

"What is the matter, then?"

"I cannot get over the way Christian people treat me. When I do my work as well as I can, and do my utmost to have things right, I am scolded, and then I get angry and resent the injustice. I am afraid I cannot be a Christian and keep on working for the family that now employs me."

"Give your work up if your employer does not treat you properly," said the clergyman. "God will provide you something better. Whom do you work for?"

The woman looked up timidly and said, "For you, sir."

"It is our Jane!" gasped the astonished man. His own memory supplied confirmation of the woman's complaint. "You need not leave, Jane," he said. "We will see if we cannot change all that." And the minister knelt by the side of his servant and sought grace for himself and her in their mutual relations.

Timely Political Advice.

When Christian men hold aloof from politics, it sometimes happens that unprincipled men get control of city and State government, and great mischief is done. The easiest course for the Christian is to have nothing to do with primaries and elections, but the easiest course is not always the right course. The interests

for me; inside I fulfilled my duty to God."

In his thirty years of bandit life despite his religious scruples, killed between fifty and sixty men, robbed hundreds, and burned to the ground the mansions on nine great estates.

Manchuria's Heathen Coming in.

For many years, the people of Manchuria seemed impervious to all the workings of the Gospel. Now, however, seed sown in patience and prayer, is bearing fruit, and recent letters from missionaries show that thousands are coming into the church and receiving baptism. Rev. Mr. Webster, a missionary at Mai-gai, writes of a place called Tien. "It is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds anxious to join the church. In one month he baptized over one hundred and fifty. Dr. Ross, of Moscow, reports that there were in January, one hundred and twenty applicants for baptism while in towns and villages near Moscow there are eight hundred applicants on the list. At Yi-lu the number of men and applicants is over six hundred. A large church is greatly needed. Mr. Fulton, of Moukden, baptized one hundred and eight persons in September and the new year. Li Fung Mui, a young convert, Li Fung Mui, killed by a heathen, because of his profession of the new faith. This deterred others from coming in, he rarely a day passes without ten or more applicants for baptism appearing and registering their names in the church. When surprise is expressed that it is so bold in view of the murder, they say, 'That was the will of heaven; should it deter us from entering the religion we know to be the true one?'

Transferring Sins to a Calf.

A strange ceremonial, in which the sins of a dead man were supposed to be transferred to a living animal, is described in a letter from Mrs. Longhurst, wife of a missionary stationed among the tribes of Southern Africa. She writes:

As soon as a person known to be dying (a man on this occasion) is laid out, a coin, dipped in ghee (butter) is put between his teeth to be swallowed if possible; if not, it is tied around his arm. This coin is supposed to be needed to pay the expense of the journey to the other world. As soon as the man is dead, the preparation begins; messengers are sent to call all the relations from other villages, other parts of the country, and the funeral car, and the call the Kotas (another tribe), whose presence is indispensable as music. Under the car was a cot on which the dead man was laid, with the corpse in it. All his personal and hunting-implements, together with his flute and walking-stick, were placed around him, ready for use in the next world. At two o'clock, when the spirit was supposed to have entered heaven, the corpse was carried outside the village, where the ceremony of transferring the sins of the deceased took place. One of the men repeated a list of sins, enumerating the sins of the deceased. The following are some of the sins he supposed to have committed, 1,300 in number. He killed a snake. It is a sin (repeated).

He killed a frog. It is a sin.

He removed the boundary-mark of his neighbor. It is a sin.

He made a complaint to the Government. It is a sin.

He showed strangers the wrong road. It is a sin.

He has drawn milk from the holy water. It is a sin.

He has directed his back to the sun. It is a sin.

He has envied his neighbor because of a good buffalo. It is a sin.

He has given no alms to the poor. It is a sin.

He sat on a couch, while his father was seated on the floor. It is a sin.

He has lifted up his foot against his neighbor. It is a sin.

And so on. This continued for about thirty minutes. The Badagas believe that confession of sins, and laying their sins on a calf, complete forgiveness is secured for the dead man. After this the crowd of people, consisting of different companies of missionaries and his helpers, were busy singing the Gospel of the Atonement.



DEVIL-DANCERS OF CEYLON AT THEIR INCANTATIONS.

from his manner he was going to carry both back. But he laid the second down by the first, and went back empty-handed to the smoke-house, returning with a third ham. The steward, astonished at this queer performance, watched anxiously to see what he would do when he came to the place where the two hams lay. As he reached the spot, he heard him say: "If you say another word, you stingy devil, I'll give him every ham in the smoke-house. I'll cure you." He brought the three hams into the house, and hurried the steward off with them. I believe he was afraid until he was gone that he would be beaten by his inward enemy after all. I never heard of a better way of overcoming a besetting sin.

Seeing Himself.

Ministers and Christian workers sometimes do more mischief than they know by their impatience and irritability at home and their lack of consideration for the people under their own roof.

An exchange, describing a revival in a certain town, says that among the seekers for salvation was a woman who was in domestic service in a Christian family. She was in a great deal of distress, and was much worried about her sins, which appeared were sins of temper.

A clergyman went and spoke with her, pointing her to Christ, who is able to give strength and patience. Still the woman could not find peace.

of the community have a claim on the Christian which he cannot safely ignore.

An exchange relates a conversation on this subject between Mr. Moody and a well-known evangelist:

"What is the political outlook?" Mr. Moody asked.

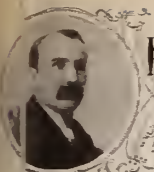
"I don't know anything about it," was the reply, the evangelist adding piously, "my citizenship is in heaven."

"Better get it down to earth for the next sixty days," was Mr. Moody's advice.

A Murderer's Autobiography.

One of the most remarkable books is said these many years is the autobiography of a bandit who died recently in Italy, and left the document with a special request that it be published. It shows how little power mere intellectual knowledge of religion and ceremonial observance have over the life. The bandit, whose name was Giovanni Tola, was for thirty years the terror of Sardinia, yet according to his own idea he was a deeply religious man. He says:

"My favorite books were 'Meditations on the Life of the Holy Virgin' and 'The Bible. Although a bandit, I never neglected my religious duties. Every day I said my morning and evening prayers. I prayed for the dead, went to church, and confessed many times every year. The abbot of Florinas was wont to lead me into church by the secret passage from his house. Outside the police were watching



HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Pastor's Emergency.

There is no walk of human life that calls more frequently for heroic confidence in God and a certain audacity than that of the minister. More than most men are compelled to walk by faith and not



REV. W. D. COUCH.

I am sure that every pastor who reads this story will recall many an incident in his own experience, if he has lived long and earnestly, that will have a touch with the experience I have related. On a Sunday evening in the summer of 1895 that the Rev. W. D. Couch came to his pulpit in Lenox Road, Brooklyn, having prepared a sermon especially for the help of some backsliders in the community, who had promised to be present. It was a warm and rainy day. As often happens in the experience of an earnest minister, the expected did not come. He lingered as long as he could, feeling that his sermon was not at all adapted for the occasion. He knew not what to do. He raised his voice to God and said, "Help me, O God, for I have used a long time to come to this mind, and opened this vision with great clearness. I am now to the leader of the choir. He shall be glad to change the subject. That functionary replied, "Give me something familiar." Mr. Couch said, "Just as I am." and "What a blessing we have in Jesus." Immediately afterward he arose, and read Charlotte Elliott's hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea. The church windows were open. A

young lawyer, the son of a minister, was lying in his room in the second house from the church, the windows of his room open also. He was listening to every word of the hymn. The minister did not know at the time that they had sung the same hymn at the Epworth League Meeting, in the room below, a few minutes before.

The next morning Mr. Couch received a note from the lawyer, saying, "I desire to see you as early as ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. Do not fail to be here at that time. I believe that I have something important to tell you." At the hour appointed the next morning the pastor was in his room. The young man met him with outstretched hand, and with streaming eyes and a voice full of emotion said, "I want to tell you that I have found Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of my soul." He then said, "Let me tell you how it came about. Sunday night I was lying here thinking of the past and the future, reflecting on my father's teachings and my mother's prayers, and I wished that it were possible for me to be a Christian. But I felt that I had sinned against too great light; I had resisted the best influences until it was too late. At that moment in the young people's meeting they began singing.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

and I said, 'Does he bid me come now? No; it cannot be. I remember when he

did, but I have resisted the best influences for good too long. How I wish I might come!' And while struggling with my thoughts, you opened the meeting in the audience room with

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—

and when you had got that far, I said, 'What does that mean? Does he bid me come to him after all? It must be so. "I had a sleepless night. In the morning he appeared. My room was filled with light, my soul with joy. I knew he saved me, but I thought I would wait until the next day before telling you, that I might be certain that it was not emotion only. But now I know that I am his. Won't my father and mother be glad?" He at once expressed his desire to unite with the Church. As the pastor knelt to give thanks unto God, his own face was wet with tears, and he cried out, "Was it accidental or providential?" The young lawyer replied, "God was leading you all, and when you announced your text: 'There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' I said, 'My brother would save me if he could. Jesus is more willing;' and I have found it so."

A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Interesting Letter From India—A Long Summer Season.

The following letter is from the wife of an American Baptist missionary at Nowgong, Assam, India: "After living here for several years I found the climate was weakening me. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla every summer. This I found so beneficial that I now take one dose every morning for nine months in the year, that is, through the hot weather. My general health is excellent, and my blood is in good condition. My weight does not vary more than one pound throughout the year. I find Hood's Sarsaparilla indispensable in the summer, and recommend it for use in a debilitating climate.

MRS. P. H. MOORE.

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International News and Book Company, Baltimore, make a most liberal offer of \$200.00 in gold, for selling 200 copies of "Talks to Children about Jesus." This book is among the most popular ever published. One agent sold 21 in 2 days, another 55 the first week. Freight paid, credit given. They also publish Bibles, and other popular books, and a beautiful set of children's books for the Xmas Holidays. A few General Agents wanted on salary.

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THE ISLAND OF SYMBOLS.

A Geometrical Allegory, Written Specially for
"The Christian Herald."

BY CHARLES K. EDMUNDS.

A STUDENT once set sail in his bark of "Human Insufficiency" upon the Sea of Truth. And as he sailed, the weather was not all fair; but the winds of Infidelity blew, and dark clouds of Doubt gathered to shut off his view of the Sun of Righteousness. Yet, on, he sailed over the waters deep, ever on, cautioning Sincerity to keep a firm hold of the ship's helm.

At last the storms were over, and the skies grew brighter and clearer as he journeyed on.

One day the lookout, Hope, cried, "Land! Land!" And the student, raising the glass of Faith, saw that land was indeed in sight. Then greatly did his heart rejoice, for he said, "Now I shall find treasures vast which will repay me for all the labor and the risk that have been mine."

As the ship drew near shore, the student descried long stretches of white shining sand, washed by the waves of the Sea of Truth. They were the Sands of Time.

He landed, and walking along the shore, came upon some youths and maidens fair sporting on the sands. As he stood and watched them, the younger ones were tracing circles in the sand, some small, some large. Others were piling the sand into cone-shaped mounds; while still others were shaping the wet sand into little spheres and rolling them along the beach, the spheres growing larger and larger, till the little hands, trying to push them farther, only made them break.

These figures and shapes were well known to him, for many watches in the night had he spent over the books of Euclid. But now, as he saw these children playing, there seemed to cross his mind a faint glimmer of some hidden meaning. But his eyes were blind; he was a learned scholar, but as yet he had not understanding.

As he was passing a little group he asked one of the older youths, "Will you tell me, dear youth, what land this is?" The youth replied: "'Tis the Island of Symbols." I cannot tell you much about it, for I have never crossed it. But I am told that it is very small, and that yonder, on the other side, there is a deep, dark river, which is all that separates the island from the great mainland of Eternity.

The student wandered on, and presently came to a path leading away from the shore into the interior of the island. Following this, he soon found himself at the entrance to a vast valley, and throughout this valley there were great multitudes of men. Everywhere men were building. Some, huts; many, cottages; a few, palaces. But every man was building, and none of the buildings were finished. Most men were still at work upon foundations.

"This surely," said the student, "is the valley of Human Endeavor." And so it was.

As he went along through the valley he saw carpenters at work. Pausing to watch, he noticed one of them take a plank, and with his compasses draw a circle upon it, and then proceed to measure and to draw a pattern. Again the student wondered what the hidden meaning of the circle was.

Farther on he came to some workmen cutting marble and shaping it into pillars. And the pillars were round, the sections of them—circles.

Threading his way among scenes of great activity, the student came to a stream, and passed over by a bridge, the arches of which he noticed to be half circles.

On the other side of the stream was a large building, from which there came a great whirling sound. Entering he saw that it was a vast mill in which were being made all sorts of building material. It was in full operation, and all the shafts and wheels were round, the sections of them—circles.

The student saw and wondered. He had not dreamed that the simple figure

treated of so learnedly in Euclid was of such wide use in the industries of mankind.

Hurrying on, he passed out of the valley, and found the country beyond full of hills and valleys of Success. Now and then he came to great forests of Despair, full of gloom and pathless solitude, inhabited by strange and terrible creatures. These forests he avoided whenever he could.

Many times he came to heights of Hope, and, scaling them, he caught glimpses afar off of the mountains of Fame and Fortune, whose sides seemed densely wooded with the forests of Delight.

But, withal, he must ever hurry on, for his soul was full of longing for the treasure he had as yet not found.

One day he took the Train of Thought, which carried him rapidly over the island to the wood of Meditation; and, as he strolled through this lovely wood, he came to the edge of a cool, crystal lake. By chance he cast therein a tiny pebble, and behold, a circle of disturbance spread out over the placid waters—an ever-widening circle, followed by other circles, gently, rippling the surface of the lake.

And he wondered why the disturbance took the form of circles—ever-widening circles.

As he came out of the wood the day was fair, with a blue sky, and all the birds were singing.

Presently Inspiration came and walked by his side, and said: "Understandest thou what thou hast seen?"

He answered: "How can I, except thou teachest me?"

And Inspiration took him up a high mountain, and ever as he climbed, he noticed that his view was bounded by the meeting of the earth and sky—the horizon, which was a circle. And this circle, as he mounted higher and higher, grew wider and wider. At last he reached the highest point which it is permitted to mortals to attain, and from there he beheld the entire island; and he stood and marveled.

Then Inspiration whispered: "Learn (Continued on next page.)"

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WOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Bronchial Consumption.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in the Treatment of Lung Diseases.

Of the many forms of bronchitis the most serious and alarming of all is that in which the symptoms closely resemble those of consumption, and hence called consumptive bronchitis, or bronchial consumption. You must not, however, understand from its name that it is readily tuberculous in character, or produced by the bacilli, which cause true consumption.

In all lung cases I require a portion of the expectorated matter coughed up by the patient to be brought to me, or sent in a small bottle by express, before giving a definite opinion of the disease. If, on examination, I find the tubercle-bacilli present, the case is Consumption; and if no bacilli—Bronchitis. A large percentage of those who die of chronic lung diseases, supposed to be consumption, are really deaths by chronic bronchitis resembling consumption.

A remarkable instance in verification of this recently occurred in my own practice. A lady was brought to me in what appeared to be the last stage of consumption. Her physicians had told her husband that she could not live a week. She had a bad cough, puriform expectoration, night sweats, and was wasted almost to skin and bone. Judging by her symptoms and appearance, it was impossible not to fear that she had come too late. On sounding her chest, however, I was surprised to find no solidification by tubercles, and on examining her sputum a total absence of the bacilli. The history, too, of her sickness revealed that it had followed an attack of whooping cough and gripe. So, although her pulse was 120 a minute, and so feeble as to be hardly perceptible, and the wasting of her body so extreme that she could not stand without support, I did not hesitate to pronounce the disease bronchial and give it as my opinion that, if we could only sustain her strength long enough for remedies to act, she might yet be saved. She was immediately placed under medicated air treatment, with tonics to impart appetite and digestives to help the enfeebled stomach to transform nourishment into chyle and blood. Within a week she showed signs of amendment. Her progress was necessarily slow, as the healing powers of the body were nearly exhausted before the first inhalation was given, but she gradually acquired more and more strength, and within six weeks was able to take short walks in the open air. She recovered perfectly in about six months, and is alive and well to-day.

This case shows the importance of a correct diagnosis and proper adaptation of the treatment in every particular to the conditions to be remedied. Had the true nature of her disease not been discovered just when it was, she would have lost her life through wrong treatment and been recorded as another death by consumption.

In these bronchial cases we sometimes have a false membrane form on the inside of the tubes, just as false membranes are formed in the throat in diphtheria, and in the larynx and windpipe in croup. I have just had a case in which the patient, while recovering, coughed

up a hollow cast of the right bronchus, the casts of several smaller bronchial tubes attached. It came up out of the lungs looking like the branches of a tree.

"Black bronchitis" is a form of this disease in which the matter expectorated is a thick, sooty-looking substance. These cases are common among coal miners and those who live in a sooty atmosphere, or work by night over coal lamps. The dust and gaseous emanations from bituminous coal are inhaled into the lungs, and set up this melanotic condition by the irritation they cause in the bronchial tubes.

Every form of bronchitis is easily cured by local antiseptic and healing remedies applied directly to the lungs by medicated air inhalations, but none of them by stomach treatment. The stomach is not the part affected. The air tubes and cells of the lungs are the seat of every bronchial disease, and remedies capable of changing their secretions and healing the inflamed tubes, when applied to them, cure is impossible. The bronchial and other lung diseases through the stomach and hold out a hope of cure, but treatment is malpractice, and cure is punished as a crime against the sick.

(Signed) ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.
Oct. 1, 1897. 117 W. 45th St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD interested in Dr. Hunter's researches and treatment of lung maladies can obtain his Book free by sending him the above address.



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The Island of Symbols.

(Continued from preceding page.)
from the children on the sands by
that the circle is the first emblem
of the perfect
it is the
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to account the centre thereof;
when you come to him, can
what God's immortal truths
hen that you will see all nature
throughout with Deity itself; that
feel that God not only made the
at that he lives and moves, and
being in the world.
the workmen in the valley learn
as one builds with the circle
basis will his building last; that
le is determined by three points,
ature of God involves the idea of
ity, and that the nature of
is made in the image of God, is
etermined by the three points—
and soul. That a man's life
in a circle of activity, a small
e on the sphere of God's activity.
t a man's circle of activity must
ough the three points—love, serv-
sance, if it be rightly related to
of his nature; so related that the
line joining their centres passes
the centre of the sphere of God's
the ever-widening circles on the
of the lake, from the ever-widen-
on as thou camest up the mount.
at the nature of God as a circle
centre at any and every point
ch man casts his eye; while its
ence is nowhere. For knowest
that there is no end in nature,
end is a beginning? With God
o ending."
udent inclined his ear. And
he understood, for his soul was
e and this time the meditation of
er was with understanding.
came down the mountain-side
was rejoiced, for he had found
e—he possessed the "wealth of
of the island."
ing his way onward toward the
shadows of evening fell upon
voices as of angels were heard
in the distance: "God, for whom
ings, and through whom are all
king of all the earth; sing ye
his understanding."
the student joined the chorus,
I have put my trust in him."

The Tongue of a Child.

Children should be seen and not
the exploded doctrine. A child
not be allowed such free rein of its
that all pleasant and intelligent
ation between elders is interfered

with: neither should a child be suppressed.
The disposition to ask questions is nat-
ral, necessary to mental growth, and re-
quires direction rather than extinction.
Children should be trained in self-express-



THE VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF SYMBOLS.

sion at home. In this training, guidance
is better than coercion. No guidance is
so effectual as that of example. Let elders
—parents especially—by courteous atten-
tion to each other's words, give perpetual
object lessons in conduct. Let them, by
example, as well as by reiterated sugges-
tion, impress upon the youthful character
in its formative period, the fact that it is
not wise or polite to monopolize a conver-
sation; and also that uninterested silence
in the home circle, as well as abroad, is
unlovely. Encourage a child in imparting
to elders the bits of information it may
be able to give, treat its little contribution
to the fund of family knowledge and
entertainment with respect; encourage-
ment will stimulate it to bring more and
better each time—and sometime, it may
surprise you with a treasure-trove. Many
a household has left the world to inform
it that their was a genius in its midst.

A PECULIAR REMEDY.

Something About the New Discovery for
Curing Dyspepsia.

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed min-
ister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y.,
in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has
never been anything that I have taken that
has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have
suffered for ten years except the new remedy
called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since tak-
ing them I have had no distress at all after
eating and again after long years CAN SLEEP
WELL. Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y.,
formerly Idaho, Colo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable
remedy, not only because it is a certain cure
for all forms of indigestion, but because it
seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic
cases of Dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks
of indigestion or biliousness. A person has
dyspepsia simply because the stomach is
overworked, all it wants is a harmless, vege-
table remedy to digest the food and thus give
it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this pec-
uliar remedy. No matter how weak or how
much disordered the digestion may be,
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the
food whether the stomach works or not.
New life and energy is given not only to the
stomach but to every organ and nerve in the
body. A trial of this splendid medicine will
convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia
and all stomach troubles can be cured. The
Tablets are prepared by the Stuart Chemical
Co., of Marshall, Mich., but so popular has
the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia
Tablets can now be obtained at any drug
store at 50 cents per package. Send for book
on stomach diseases free.

HABITS.

Some Have Them, and Others are Not
Without.

A man likes some hot drink for breakfast,
and coffee suits his taste about as well as any-
thing. It seems hard that so many should be
denied coffee because it upsets their liver and
disagrees with them one way and another;
still this condition does exist, and when a man
finds it hurts him, he is generally sensible
enough to leave it out of his bill of fare, for
it is quite a bit pleasanter to feel well all day,
than to enjoy a drug two or three minutes and
pay for it in aches and ails or sickness.

A new breakfast drink has come into use,
difficult to tell from coffee, but made entirely of
grains, and which never produces any dis-
agreeable results. It has the clean, pungent
flavor so much enjoyed in coffee, but while
coffee hurts the system, Postum Cereal Food
Coffee goes to work in downright good earnest
to "make red blood."

It is composed only of the grains intended
by nature for man's subsistence. These are
skillfully blended and prepared in such a way
as to produce a hot drink the fac-simile of rich
Mocha or Java coffee.

When boiled full fifteen minutes after boil-
ing commences, but fat ening and healthful.
Stomach, liver and bowel troubles disappear
when coffee and tea are left off, and the food
drink, Postum, taken in their place.

This toothsome drink goes about three
times as far as coffee, and produces health
and comfort where trouble formerly existed.
It is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of
Battle Creek, Mich. When a man or woman
"feels mean" day after day, or every few
days, it can quite safely be charged to in-
correct habits, and coffee and tea drinking are
the real cause of more bodily disorder than
any one knows. A habit is hard to get over,
but when a delicious tasting article is offered
which produces health instead of tearing it
down, the change is easy to make. Prominent
grocers say it exactly meets a want, and per-
sons who have been kept from coffee on
account of their health, are now having all the
enjoyment of coffee drinking, and getting fat
over it.

"Just as good" as Postum Cereal, are
words used to defraud the public.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give
them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of
Postum have red seals and the words, "It
makes red blood," thereon.

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mailed Free tells
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graphs of them in our latest catalogue. We make all



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clusiveness which can only be acquired by catering to
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all grades. Our line of samples includes the choicest
fabrics in Suits and Cloakings, many of them being
imported novelties. We also have special lines of black
goods and fabrics for second mourning. We pay ex-
press charges everywhere. Write to-day for catalogue
and samples; you will get them by return mail.

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Physician
Writes.

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my hands since my beginning of the practice
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rheumatism in which I have used it, the happiest
kind of results. I have used discretion, perhaps
even more than necessary, in its employment;
that it be given to patients whom I believed
required such a remedy or preparation; but
these are just the kind that refuse to yield to
ordinary treatment, old chronic cases of gouty
diathesis, where there is a tendency to cal-
careous deposits, etc. These are undoubtedly,
or have been, at least to me, the most trouble-
some patients in my practice to give what
might fairly be termed good results. Now
these have been the very kind in which I have
been using Tartarilithine with the very happiest
results to patients and myself. Many valuable
remedies come daily to our aid, but this has
been the most welcome one to me thus far.

Yours very truly,

Pamphlet on the Treatment of Rheumatism by
Tartarilithine sent free.

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B. M. Woolley, M. D., Box 487, Atlanta, Ga.

is like a good temper,
"It sheds a brightness
everywhere."

Helping the Bowery Mission.

During the progress of extensive repairs and improvements at the Bowery Mission Annex, No. 55 Bowery, a number of friends, who are warmly interested in the rescue work among the homeless and the castaways, generously contributed toward the cost of painting and decorating the large hall which is used as a restaurant. Among those to whom acknowledgment is due are the following: Messrs. Walsh & Wertheim, plumbers, etc., \$20; Longwell Dairy Co., \$50; Rockwell's Bakery, \$10; Avery & Doolittle, Commission Merchants, \$10; Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, Montclair, N. J., \$25; Albert Delatour, lumber, \$25; H. Freund, Boston Beef Co., \$5; Wm. Hart, hotel supplies, \$5; Duffie & Welis, commission and produce, \$10; Duryea & Co., produce, \$10; North River Beef Co., \$2; Barth Bros., crockery and glassware, \$5; Bramball, Dean & Co., stoves and ranges, \$26; W. H. & S. J. Griffin, oven-builders, \$5; Cereal Manufacturing Co., \$5. Oil-cloth and rubber materials for furnishing the hall and steps were contributed by Lord & Taylor, dry goods dealers.



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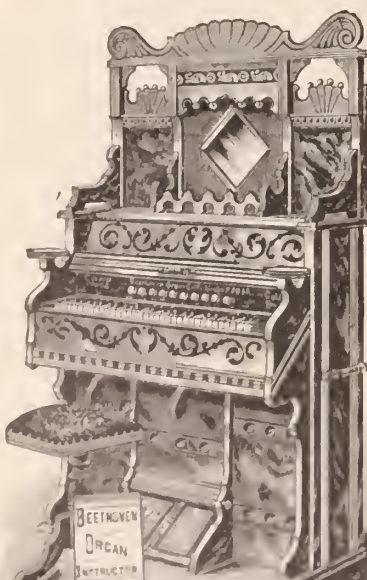
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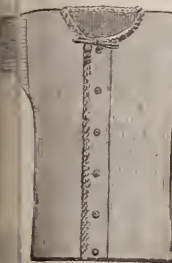
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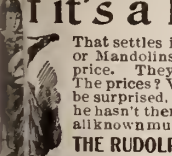
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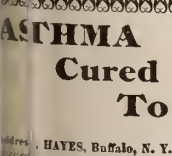


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The Land of Opportunity.

How natural it is that, with the approach of Winter, the minds of those of us who live on the Atlantic Coast, turn to California—a land, the valleys of which, are winterless.

While Eastern fields are covered with a blanket of snow, those of California are bedecked with beds of flowers. While folks of the East are sleighing and shivering those of California are harvesting oranges and olives. While the husbandman of the East is consuming his crops of the preceding summer, his brother in California is harvesting, and adding to his already bounteous store. It must be, then, that to many the accompanying view of the celebrated Maywood Colony, California, will afford a pleasant theme for contemplation; for it is a locality unrivaled in beauty, unparalleled in opportunities, and unequalled in productiveness. The Southern Pacific railway seen running through the center of the tract, runs due north and south. This is the line between San Francisco and Portland and affords most excellent shipping facilities for the product of the colony. Four miles to the east, and paralleling the railway, is the Sacramento River, navigable from San Francisco and Sacramento to Red Bluff, twenty miles north of Maywood. On Maywood Colony, opposite the Stanford Vineyard is a wharf used for landing at which river boats make regular stops. The presence of rich soil and river navigation facilities insure to colonists exemption from high freight rates, in advantage of considerable worth.

Behind the river is seen the Sierra Nevada Mountains which form the eastern wall of the Sacramento Valley. At this point they stand about a mile high and form an effective barrier to the north. This range forms a portion of the high plateau which surrounds Maywood, the distance from the center of the colony to the crest of these mountains being but about forty miles. Should this range be sufficiently high to give a west wind, it would blow from the north, and the valley, just about the same distance, would meet the cold, dry, and low wind of the valley, and in plain view stand the Coast Range Mountains. This range, standing about a mile between the valley and the Sacramento River, would give a west wind, and the valley, just about the same distance, would meet the cold, dry, and low wind of the valley, and in plain view stand the Coast Range Mountains. This range, standing about a mile between the valley and the Sacramento River, would give a west wind, and the valley, just about the same distance, would meet the cold, dry, and low wind of the valley, and in plain view stand the Coast Range Mountains.

You can see in the picture, what a beautiful environment is this Maywood. Located in the prettiest and most fertile valley in the world, at a distance of but one hour, from the nearest ocean, the land is as high as the west coast, but high and in plain view, yet in plain view.

While snow that never melts is to be seen from the colony, the colony itself is in a valley of perpetual summer. Oranges, lemons, olives, figs, almonds, grapes, peaches, prunes, pears and apricots mature to perfection, the mean temperature being 64 degrees. A colonist writing to an eastern friend says: "It is certainly a grand sight to stand here in the valley and cast one's eyes about them and see huge banks of snow on either side and to the north, when with us flowers are in bloom and ripe oranges hanging on the trees." Here the atmospheric conditions are most favorable for the cure of throat and lung affections.

Irrigation here is supplied from the clouds, and the system works well. The average annual rainfall is 28 inches, which amount of water on good, retentive soil, thoroughly cultivated, develops the best of crops.

The settlement here shown contains 7792 acres, which is crossed by avenues in such a way that the

land is cut into blocks of 80 acres each. Each block is subdivided into eight lots of 10 acres each. Most of the land is perfectly level. Some is gently rolling. All is absolutely clear and ready for the plow. In the center of the colony is located the village in which about 500 people live. Here are the stores, churches, the school, depot, post office, hotel and other business places.

In California thousands of families are living comfortably from the product of a 10-acre farm. Thousands of others hold 10-acre orchards as investments, and earnings of 100 per cent a year is not unusual. Maybe you would like such a property, if found to be within your financial reach. Many have the idea that one has to be wealthy to own a 10-acre fruit farm in California. In some of the boomed sections it does take a small fortune to secure such a place, but at Maywood you can buy 10 acres of as good fruit land as there is in the State for \$100.00, and on easy terms. If you want

an orchard planted you can do it, or arrange the Maywood Colony Fruit Growers' Association, an incorporated company, composed of the colony, to perform this service for a minimum of cost.

To those who cannot, or do not want to plant a fruit farm, yet want to make a sale and investment, town lots are offered in an adjacent colony village. These lots are bordered by trees set out in the spring of 1894. In this addition is a beautiful park, now 100 acres old. These town lots are of 25 feet front, 140 feet deep. A limited number will be sold for \$50.00 each.

Foster & Woodson, whose eastern office is Tremont St., Boston, Mass., are the sole and promoters of this colony. A handsome illustrated booklet treating on the immense olive culture in California, together with plans and full particulars of their model home building and investment will be sent upon application. They furnish as finance the Bank of Tehama County, Red Bluff, California, and Rev. J. E. Ray gives the statement for the benefit of those contemplating moving to California.

Whereas many inquiries are made about Maywood Colony and its operator & Woodson, we therefore give the following information for the benefit of all who feel a desire to move to our fair locality. Foster & Woodson are known here. They have been prominent men in this county for years. They are honest, capable men, eminently fair in business relating to Maywood Colony. It is on a sound basis, is solvent, and any of its property are perfectly good. Raising can be successfully carried on irrigation here. The lands of the colony are good, being especially adapted to the raising of fruits and nuts grown in this State. Low in price as compared with other land kind. The Sacramento River does not threaten, and the climate and healthful locality is as good as elsewhere in the State. Prospects for a settlement of happy people is most assured indeed. Water, building material are comparatively cheap. In general way I do not know so favorable a locality in California for home-building by men of moderate means. I have a good knowledge of the lands, and to the end that they may be developed by a good and worthy class of people will select ten or twenty acre tracts for sale. I will not intrust me with this duty. I will not give satisfaction as far as location and environment are concerned, for we all have different tastes, but we will select good, fertile soil, such as is accepted as well adapted to fruit culture.

(Signed) J. E. RAY,

Pastor M. E. Church, Corning, Cal.

Jan. 17, 1896.



THESE HAPPY PEOPLE ARE LIVING UNDER THEIR OWN VINE AND FIG TREE, AND EATING THE FRUIT THEREOF AT MAYWOOD COLONY, CALIFORNIA.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 44.

P. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE "UNEMPLOYED," IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS, AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK. (See Page 823.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mrs. C. E. S. Batavia, N. Y. Will you kindly tell your views in regard to the wearing of ostrich tips by Christians. Is it cruelty to birds?

We have read, somewhere, that the operation of plucking the ostrich feathers, at the proper season, was a painless one. We cannot speak authoritatively, however. Whether plucked, or cut, or shed naturally, the wearing of feathers is an empty vanity at best; and if their procurement gives pain to the bird, it is doubly wrong.

J. E. E. Knowl, Kan. Will you please inform me what encyclopedia you consider the best for the general use of a professional man with but a small library?

For all such we would recommend "The World-Wide Encyclopedia." It is scholarly, accurate, comprehensive, and up-to-date, having all the latest available information on every subject, treated in the most compact shape, and being thus fresher and more desirable than the others. It is published in fifteen handsome volumes, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will send, securely packed in a box, on receipt of \$11.75.

A. F. H. Quakertown, Pa. Is it right or wrong for children or grown people to attend two Sunday Schools, one of another denomination than their own, or to attend a Sunday School nearer home of another denomination? Some ministers call them "Sunday School tramps."

Where children or adults attend more than one Sunday School, they are not likely to profit by either, especially if the schools are of different denominations. The lessons and exercises of one school are quite sufficient to engage the energies of the pupil. It must certainly be discouraging, as well as disappointing, to a teacher, to have inactive or pre-occupied members in his class. Spiritual progress, under such conditions, would seem to be next to impossible. At the same time, we do not believe the situation is one that calls for angry words.

L. McB. Glasgow, O. Who was Drusilla, Felix's wife and Herod's daughter? She was said to be a Jewess.

She was the youngest daughter of Herod Agrippa I., by his wife Cypros and sister of Herod Agrippa II. She was betrothed to Epiphanes, son of the King of Comagene, but the match was broken off and she married Azizus, King of Edessa (the modern Orfa), on the condition that Azizus should become a Jew. Afterward Felix, the Roman Procurator or Governor of Judea, fell in love with her and induced her to leave Azizus, whom she divorced. Josephus, the Jewish historian, confirms these facts, and Tacitus is believed to have been mistaken when he asserted that Drusilla was the daughter of Anthony and Cleopatra. Felix was thrice married, and some have supposed that two of his wives bore the name of Drusilla.

W. H. D. Camden, N. J. Ignorant of the attitude of parents towards the Christian religion, should a Protestant minister upon the request of the parents baptize their child? If not, why not?

We answer, from your letter, that the parents themselves are ignorant of the significance of the act. If they are Jews and still maintain their Christianity, it is hardly conceivable that they would present their child for Christian baptism, either personally or by deputy. Under the circumstances, and unless personally assured of the parents' intelligent comprehension and free consent, a pastor would do well to decline.

Mr. Adolph E. Berghom, Chicago, writes to inform us that the Swedish people contributed \$2,000,000 kroner (about \$750,000 for the recent gift to King Oscar of Sweden—a very handsome and spontaneous tribute to a popular ruler).

J. P. McN's, Patterson, N. J. Inquiry as to the authorship of the poem, "The Bird with a Broken Wing," has been answered from several quarters. The author is Herkiah Butterworth. A member of the firm of Lyon & Smith, Attorneys, Kingsbury, O. T., writes that Rev. L. A. Fanks gives this touching incident on the subject.

A prisoner at Joliet picked up the lines in a prison, was touched, and now purports to have written them. But her had come to prison? Herkiah Butterworth is mentioned in a sermon by Dr. Loring, at Fremont

Temple, Boston, and was inspired to write these verses by a great truth thundered from the pulpit in the words "but the bird with the broken pinion never soars so high again." A short time afterward, the same preacher, preaching in Chicago, pointing his finger at the audience said, "There may be a defaulter before me." He was pointing directly at a young man who was such, and who, convicted of his sin, confessed, and was sentenced to Joliet, where he was serving his term, and thinking how difficult would be his life of subsequent freedom, when he found the scrap of paper containing the words which had previously been inspired by the same preacher; and thus the words of the preacher, reduced to verse before his conviction, were the means of giving him higher purpose after he should have served the term which followed the confession induced by the Chicago sermon.

We take pleasure in giving space to the following letter:

The Editor of The Christian Herald: Some time ago, in connection with an article of which the present writer was the subject, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mentioned my new book, *Bells at*



A VIEW IN WINNIPEG, THE CAPITAL OF MANITOBA, CANADA.

Winnipeg, which now has a population of about 30,000, in 1870 was a prairie village. Main Street (shown in the photograph) is one of the best thoroughfares in Canada. There are many fine buildings in the city, including churches, banks, hospitals, and administrative offices.

Evening. I was much pleased that you thought your readers would be interested in me so much as to care to read of what I have tried to do in my life-time, and care enough to want to own copies of my little volume of poems. I write to tell you that responses have come from all over the country ordering the book and saying that the notice of it was seen in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and for this I am not more pleased than gratified to you for your generous courtesy. With sincere thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has always had and will have a warm place in my affections.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Reader, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Is it right and proper for a Christian to attend a game of base ball? 2. What is the proper hour for Sunday School? In this vicinity all the denominations except ours have their Sunday School at 2 P. M.

1. Certainly; nothing wrong about it, any more than about attending a game of golf, cricket or tennis. Outdoor relaxation is necessary and these are pleasant forms of it. One should avoid contact with any who gamble at such places. 2. The afternoon, between morning and evening service, is almost universally conceded to be the most suitable time, although there are not a few excellent Sunday Schools held in the early forenoon.

A reader recently sent us a note of inquiry regarding the verses beginning:

Do you know any little barefoot boy.

In gate to in a hall,

which were read by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster to the little folks at our Children's Home, Mont Lawn. The inquirer in her note stated

that she had heard these verses at least twenty-five years ago. This is doubtless true. Mrs. Sangster writes us about the poem in question:

The poem, "Do you know any little barefoot boy," etc., was written by me for the old Lee Avenue Sunday School in Brooklyn many years ago—thirty years at least.

Inquirer, Lexington, Ky. I once heard a verse which recites the intellectual prodigies performed by noted men at an advanced age. Can you supply it?

Our correspondent possibly has in mind the lines that run somewhat like this:

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his grand *Oedipus*, and Senonocles Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers When each had numbered more than fourscore years.

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten Had but just begun his *Characters* of Men, Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales, At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*, Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

J. C. G., Whittier, N. C. How much do you suppose it will cost a person in the United States to make the trip to the Paris Exposition in 1900?

Doubtless special excursion rates will make the cost of the round-trip and a short stay in Paris very low—probably less than half what it would ordinarily cost—possibly under \$200.

Young Reader, Wis. Being advised to read the most picturesque historians, biographers and essayists, also the most dramatic orators and preachers, will any one name one or two of each of the above, and oblige?

For history, read Rollins, Gibbon, Greene, Macaulay, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott and Dodge. For biography, Smiles, Morley and any good American biographical encyclopedia. The series of "American Statesmen"

alarmed about your danger, and you finally reached the belief that a certain physician understood the disease and that he could cure your life—how would you feel when you had done your own efforts to cure yourself put your case in his hands? The faith would thus put in the physician, when every life is at stake, may help you to understand what Paul meant by believing on Christ. But he is far more to the soul than the physician can be to the body. He imparts life. If really believe that he is able and willing to save you, not only from eternal punishment, but from sin in this life, and you put your life into his hands, entreating him to save you, and follow his directions, as you would follow the physician's directions, you will get peace for which you are longing.

Constant Reader, Lowell, Mass. 1. Where Jesus has obtained the clothing he wore in his resurrection? As Mary mistook him for the gardener, he must have been wearing ordinary clothing. 2. What became of Christ's body seeing that flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven? 3. Will Jesus be the second time with the same body he had in the first?

1. The four Evangelists, from whom we obtain our knowledge of the circumstances of the resurrection, did not write their books to satisfy curiosity, but, as one of them, "that ye might believe, and believing life." They therefore do not give us information about so trivial a matter as Christ's clothing. We are not, however, so sure as we appear to be, that it was "ordinary clothing." We read of his vanishing out of their sight (Luke 24: 31) and of his coming and standing among them though the doors were shut (John 20: 19, 26), which would suggest a change in his clothing being ordinary. Flesh and blood do not inherit the spiritual kingdom, but there is nothing to show that they may not go to heaven. If spiritual kingdom, the qualification which are spiritual, not by physical rites and ceremonies, as some at that time, as at this, imagine. 3. All we can know about this is the statement of the Bible (see Acts 1: 11):

Student, Germantown, Pa. A friend tells me that the four Gospels were not written until nearly two hundred years after the crucifixion. Is there any basis for such a statement?

The great German scholar, Dr. Harnack, who is an authority you see, made a thorough study of the subject to which he brings a better equipment of learning than any one in this country or in Europe possesses, and he arrived at the conclusion that the Gospel of Mark was in the hands of the churches within forty, and probably within thirty-five years after the crucifixion. It is possible that changes or additions may subsequently have been made in it, but substantially, it was then in its present form. Even the Gospel of John, which marks of having been the latest of the four, Dr. Harnack thinks was written later than A. D. 110.

G. S. S., Providence, R. I. John tells us that the word was with God, and things were made by him, and that him was not anything made (John 1: 1). In the face of this statement, how can the clause of the apostles' creed, which speaks of the Father Almighty, being the maker of heaven and earth, be true?

It is impossible to make the most of the Trinity plain to the finite mind; standing; but it would be foolish to reject the doctrine on that account. One can expect to fully understand it.

Maker? We can, however, get an idea of what John meant. The phrase "the Word of the Lord" was familiar to the people of his time, and is often used in the Old Testament. It meant the outward expression of the Deity—the manifestation of his character and power. This was often personified as wisdom is personified in the book of Proverbs. God is a spirit, and we cannot conceive of him. The Word was understood as this spirit taking form for a temporal purpose. What was said or done by him was equivalent to being done by God himself. This Word was clothed with flesh in the person of Christ for the purpose of redemption. The expression you quote from John 1: 1, from the apostles' creed, are, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, who are in communion and consistent.

Ruth Griffith, Plane No. 4, Md., writes to inquire whether some reader will furnish her with a copy of the poem "Margaret, rare, pale Margaret." Mrs. F. P. W., Springfield, O. It will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.—Mrs. R. C. G., R. I. Yes. She is still living and well for the Master.—John A. J., Morrillville, Pa. We cannot. You had better write to the publisher for all information.—Two Subscribers, Barbara, Calif. Write to the Director of the Washington, D. C.—K. I. H. You can explain your intentions at any time. The rest will be explained to you.—E. L. Conant, N. Y. I do not know the lines, but presume they can be found in any collection of Heber's poems.—Mr. W. L., Jacksonville, Ala. 1. Cannot give the space. 2. The question is answered by J. A. Sartain, Prison No. 2, Pratt City, Ala. Use back numbers of this journal, or good reading matter in his prison work.—The Lake Marion Sunday School, Mukwonago, Wis. would be very grateful for back numbers of School papers.—G. Brown, Woodside, Cal. delay is caused by a pressure of letters. Answer your question.

aring for the Orphans.

The maritan Work of the "Talitha Kumi"
Ho., Jerusalem—An Interesting Letter.

SOMETIME ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a brief communication from a correspondent in Jerusalem regarding the excellent Chris-

have grown two large houses, and the number of deaconesses has increased from four to seventeen. The girls who have finished their school-time either become valuable servants or trained teachers in schools. Others have become Bible women or nurses in hospitals. A good many have become deaconesses, and so the former pupils are working in various parts of the Holy Land as missionaries. But the greater part marry, and during the last

years, to our joy, our girls have married worthy Christian men, trained in the Syrian orphanage, no Greeks nor Latins. In this way already a small number of Protestant Arabic families have been founded.

Talitha Kumi and the hospital are both situated on the Jaffa road, and both are fine large airy buildings.

CHARLOTTE PILZ,
Deaconess.

On this page are presented two excellent illustrations of the work referred to in Deaconess Pilz's letter. As one photograph shows, the Orphanage is a large, plain, substantial-looking building, well fitted,

from exterior appearances, for the work that is conducted there. The Talitha Kumi deserves the approval and support of Christian people everywhere. It is doing a Christ-like work, not only among

A National Beneficence.

Cooper Union, in New York, the Resort of the Struggling Worker and the Ambitious Artisan—What Peter Cooper Did for the Toilers of America.

IF there is a name that is honored by the toilers of America above all others as the name of their friend and benefactor, it is that of Peter Cooper, whose memory is perpetuated in the splendid building that bears his name and which he erected during his lifetime and dedicated to the workers of his native land. Cooper Union is known from end to end of the continent. On the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD our artist has pictured a scene from life, which is repeated almost every weekday morning, from year's beginning to its end. It is the early morning crowd of unemployed that waits at the doors of the great building, sometimes before daylight, and, when they are finally opened, the reading-room is invaded by a host of eager searchers for work. They swarm into the aisles, along which stand the racks whereon the metropolitan daily newspapers are filed, and they stand in front of these journals—sometimes in groups three and four men deep—anxiously scanning the advertisements of "Help Wanted—Males." There is never any jostling or crowding, and all is quiet and decorous. In the course of an hour after the opening of the reading-room, hundreds will have looked hurriedly over the advertising pages, made their selections—jotting down the addresses—and hurriedly departed to see the advertiser and endeavor to secure the situation. In this way and

day "men who have nothing to do" are in the majority.

In the evening another class comes—those who have employment as clerks, mechanics, inventors, artisans of all kinds, and students. They use arithmetics, textbooks on book-keeping, stenography, the various languages, etc., wants of this class being specially considered.

All nationalities are represented in the attendance—Americans, English, Irish, German, Italian, Polish, Russian and German Hebrews, and here and there a fair-haired Swede, or Norwegian, or a dark-skinned Arabian or Turk. There are at the present time 34,045 volumes in the library and 440 periodicals of all kinds on file. Volumes have to be frequently rebound, as the constant handling soon wears out the covers. As might naturally be supposed, the attendance is always greatest in the season when work is scarcest, and this is usually in winter—January being generally the heaviest month of the year.

There are many other departments in Cooper Union that interest the studious and ambitious worker. Saturday nights, lectures are given on subjects of special interest, by men prominent in science, art, literature. Tuesday night lectures have been carried on for the last five years in co-operation with Columbia College, leading to the systematic study of literature and art. The Saturday and Tuesday night audiences range from 1,000 to 2,000. Among the eminent scientists who have lectured there are Tyndall, Proctor, Waterhouse, Hawkins, the famous naturalist, Professors Morse, Youmans, Doremus, and Chandler. Tyndall gave the money received for his lectures—\$3,000—toward founding a Fellowship for American students showing gifts for some particular line of work, and enabling them to go to institutions here and abroad.

Among the famous men who have occupied the platform in the great hall of the Union, were President Lincoln, and nearly every American President since his day. Lincoln made there his famous speech in the campaign against Douglas. Wendell Phillips, Chase, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Sumner, Beecher, Frederick Douglass, Cassius M. Clay, Roscoe Conkling, Daniel E. Dickinson, Schuyler Colfax, Governor Dix, Governor Morgan, Reuben L. Fenton, Governor Morton, of Indiana, and hosts of senators, governors, generals, cabinet officers have also spoken from this noted public forum. Cooper Union was the home of the famous Sanitary Commission which operated in the sixties for the relief of our wounded soldiers and sailors. Here the free-lecture system in New York was inaugurated. It is a home of free speech. The trustees put no restriction on what is said, so long as the speakers and the auditors keep within legal bounds.

Mr. Cooper practically exhausted his resources in constructing the great building, and the endowment fund of \$200,000 was exhausted after his death in making additions. The fund was replaced by his children with \$300,000 additional, making the total given since his death of \$500,000. An additional endowment fund of \$850,000 is needed to liberate the whole building from rental and permit the use of its entire space, according to the founder's purpose.

He Resembled John Wesley.

By the recent death of Rev. Samuel Wesley, in England, at the age of 81, the Wesleyan ministry has been deprived of an interesting and unique personality. He was the only Wesley in modern days in the British Methodist ministry, and was a descendant of John Wesley, A.M.—not the founder of Methodism, who had no family, but one of the notable 2,000 clergymen expelled from church and home in 1662. He had some of the natural characteristics of the Epworth Wesleys and, it is said, he bore a remarkable facial resemblance to John Wesley.



ARMENIAN CHILDREN AT THE TALITHA KUMI.

work now in progress at the Talitha Kumi in that city, where a number of Armenian orphans, fugitives from Asia, have been received and are being taught and educated. To-day we give you a letter received from the deaconess of the Home. She

Dr. Klopsch: Our institution, consisting of an orphanage and hospital, was founded in 1860. Our late director, Pastor Kaisserswerth, being the first four deaconesses, Jerusalem (two teachers and two nursing-sisters) had the intention of beginning a hospital work at the time their first abode was in a small hut, where they had to open the door at night with a key. Pastor Fliedner succeeded in buying a house on Mount Zion, and I situated. At first very few patients ventured to enter the hospital. People could not understand why persons should come so far for the purpose of getting good. After two or three children were received, when I was about to accept the new building the question was asked: "How much do you give?" They have been and are still so much the rich convents that they are usually expected to be paid for the benefits bestowed upon the children.

I have been here now forty years, and the changes are great since I came. At the beginning of our work here we had no bedroom for our little patients. They had to put their mattresses on the floor of the drawing-room, and in the evening they were packed away. We were obliged to have two children in one room. By-and-by the number of children increased to fifty. The number of patients from 600 to 700 a year, and a clinic for out-door patients was added besides.

Our director from Kaisserswerth visited Jerusalem in 1860 after the massacre on the Mount of Olives—where he founded an orphanage, and a large number of poor orphans, increased to 130, and lately thirty to forty have been added to that number from the poor Armenian orphans. Seeing how crowded we were in Jerusalem, he determined to build an orphanage outside the city. The building was begun in 1868—Jan. 27—the new orphanage was consecrated, and we increased the number of children to 127, twelve of whom were those poor Armenians from Constantinople. The hospital had also become a dispensary, and as Jerusalem became more and more unhealthy it was found necessary to build a hospital also outside the city. The new hospital was finished three years ago, with room for ninety to one hundred patients. A week clinic is given for out-patients to take their medicine in our dispensary. The house is a blessing for the poor patient, and we thank God and our Christian friends who enabled us to finish it. He who has blessed us and held His protecting hand over both houses will sustain us now and more.

Our little old hut at the beginning



THE TALITHA KUMI ORPHANAGE, JERUSALEM.

the little Armenian orphans, but also among other orphans in the Holy City.

A New Name for the Gold Craze.

Men of every grade and condition, from all places and vocations (says a writer describing the excitement of the gold discoveries), "are forsaking all other chances of success, and landing themselves, at all hazards of expense and life, in this region of the Klondike river, up among the sources of the great Yukon. The object of this dangerous scramble is gold; the moving cause is the mad love of it. The insane rush that bears down, like a mighty cataclysm, all other interests and all sacred relations, is due to an inflammation of the mind, which we have called klondikitis. The word is derived from the word "Klondike," and the Greek word *itis*, meaning an inflammation. The *itis*, in its manifold physical forms, is no respecter of persons. As every man is made with an appendix vermiformis, and is, therefore, liable to appendicitis, so every man is made with a sense of property, and is liable to klondikitis. Klondikitis is a progressive inflammation."

many others Cooper Union, is a practical help to the worker.

The reading-room is open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., except in July and August, when it closes an hour earlier. It is open on Sundays from noon to 9 P. M. The daily average attendance is 2,000, and on many days as high as 3,000. The Sunday average per hour is greater than on other days. The attendance in 1896 exceeded that of the previous year by 20,000. A little "reference alcove," opened a few years ago, is very popular, and fairly divides honors with newspaper files. Its set of Patent Office Reports is a centre of attraction for mechanics. Its dictionaries, atlases, etc., are also fully consulted, and it is much crowded in the evenings. One-half the total number of visitors, however, come to consult the newspaper files.

The character of the crowd changes during the day. In the morning the majority are looking through the papers in the hope of finding some kind of employment. Many journalists come to consult out-of-town papers. In the afternoon the crowd is of those who work at night and get up at noon. In the middle of the



CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } The righteous is taken away from
on the Text: Isa. 57: 1: } the evil to come.



WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenbergh, in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

I would not live away.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed, at about 86 years of age, found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet, lest it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an Agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defence, lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not Agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and, therefore, I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing, because it makes one's life-work very compact.

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business; others who are five hours; others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business, and who can return home the quickest, is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock, noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn,

the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but, shouldering his scythe, and taking his pitcher from under the tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done, and well done; and the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently, a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage, the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad, that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school-mates or college-mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is, the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid-life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean, it was as smooth as a mill-pond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home, we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in mid-life, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people, it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It

is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air-brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier, who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan. Besides that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during forty or fifty or sixty years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. David lost his son. Though David was king, he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short-lived child, or the long-lived father? Had David died as early as that child died he would, in the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom, his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and, above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household, he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer, and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean, and he put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence, in the fact that it puts one sooner in the centre of things. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. When God put forth his hand to create the universe, he did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle, and kept on waving in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub, around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now the centre is heaven. That is the capital of the uni-

verse. That is the great metropolis immensity.

Does not our common sense tell us that, in matters of study, it is better to move out from the centre toward the circumference, rather than to be in the circumference, where our world is not? We are like those who study the American continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory, is poorly situated. We are down the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the lights to study. Now, when one can get to the centre of things, is he not congratulated? Is it not better to go to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common sense tell us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, being nervously fast to the tire, lest suddenly hurled into light and felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through cracks and the keyholes of heaven—that both doors of the celestial nation will be swung wide open before the trance vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, that is good for neuralgia, and so on, else is good for a bad cough, lest suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitants say, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the centre. What a foolish thing it would be if we should suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, our pauperism of sin and sorrow suddenly broken up by a presence of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and up and down which angels of God walk two and two. We are like persons taking on the cold steps of the national gallery in London, under umbrella, the rain, afraid to go in amid the rain, and the Titians and the Raphaels come to them and say, "Why do you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been long on these cold steps, we are attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter, more beautiful in the gallery, you must go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though preferred cold drizzle to warm hail, and discord to cantata, sack-cloth to purple—as though we preferred plagues with four or five of the keys out to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged places and earth had taken on bridal array, heaven had gone into deep mourning, its waters stagnant, all its harps old, all chalices cracked at the dry lips, the lawns sloping to the river pig with graves, with dead angels under the row. Oh, I want to break up my vocation, and I want to break up my infatuation with this world. I tell you we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if the blessings in longevity I want you know right well there are also blessings in abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, he consoled you ought to feel about the loss of your family that went early. "Taken away from the evil to come," this boy said. What a fortunate escape they had! He glad we ought to feel that they were not have to go through the struggle which we have had to go through. They just time enough to get out of the rain and run up on the springtime hills of the world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put a Helena, staying there long enough to passengers go up and see the bar of Napoleon's captivity, and then they started for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in transit. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon be true, then we ought not to go around in mourning and groaning when another year is going

GRAND RABBI ELYACHER SPEAKS.

The Head of the Orthodox Jewish Faith Interviewed by Our Correspondent—The Return of the Jews—Is Prophecy being Fulfilled?



STASTAS over, the city of Jerusalem was all afoot. It was four P. M. one day last December when with Mr. Antoine Thomas Gellat, the interpreter of the U. S. Consulate, we passed the Tower of David. We were preceded by a *Kawass* with a shield of Stars and Stripes worked on his outer garment, and swinging at his side a sword shaped like the one that fiery Mameluke carried that fatal day when, to escape the trap of death, he rode his war-horse off the embankments of the citadel of Cairo, making a fearful leap, and alighted safely in the valley beneath. Turning a corner in a narrow street, I spied a man who was evidently watching for me. He hastened to acquaint the Chief Rabbi of my approach, and at the rabbi's street door a uniformed *Kawass* received me. We ascended a stone stairway into a small ante-room which was crowded with the Chief's retainers. I was then ushered into the audience chamber—a room some eighteen feet wide by thirty feet long, with a stone-arched ceiling. There were cushioned seats extending almost the entire length of the room on both sides, each capable of accommodating fifteen to twenty persons. On the floor were rugs of exquisite

much changed, and the people, too, by going farther east."

"Are any converts being made to the Jewish faith from the Christians, Samaritans, Druses or Moslems?"

"No," with a sad expression sweeping like a gloomy cloud over his countenance "it is the other way."

His recollection then turned to days long since gone by. He thought of the time when, as a poor young fellow, he had worked hard for little pay in a small shop in the bazar.

"Fifty years ago," he said, "where the grand new hotel stands, and reaching across as far as the church of the Holy Sepulchre, were fields for cattle. Often have I seen the shepherds lead their flocks where now the houses stand close together. Then there was one thousand Jews in the city; now there are five and twenty thousand. Then there were almost no buildings around the outside of the city; now the population in the suburbs is equal to what the whole city was in my remembrance. Yes, we are increasing here, but our young people, many of whom can speak Arabic, French, Spanish, German and English, can find nothing to do here in Jerusalem, consequently many of them go to other lands, but only one out of ten succeeds. Knowing this, a large number remain here in idleness. We have been increasing in Palestine fast, but now the Jews are forbidden to come and forbidden to buy land and build here. The government is afraid we might get too numerous and buy Palestine and once again have a country of our own, hence a stop has been put to Jews buying land and building."

I ventured to suggest that to purchase Palestine was a most honorable way of getting it. He smiled approval. At this point, one of the attendants appeared with a tray, having

brought in a vase-like table-piece filled with sweets, a glass full of small spoons and glasses of water.

Referring to the movement among the Hebrews in America for a revival of the study of the Talmud and Jewish literature generally, the Grand Rabbi remarked, "Here, in Jerusalem, we are at the foundation of things, and are always reading and studying the sacred writings."

"Would you be in favor of establishing more institutions such as Rothschild's industrial experiment at Joppa?"

"Yes, they are very good, and we have more of them, for instance, at Haifa; but we have no commerce, and hence, though we teach them how to work, we have no work for them to do. The Jews can work as masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths, and then help one another and do well by themselves in colonies."

When I told him of my recent visit to the spring of Moses and Mount Nebo, and that although my eyesight was not as

good as that of the great lawgiver, nevertheless the view was grand, he looked most solemn and simply said "Holy ground!"

Grand Rabbi Elyacher has never had a photograph taken in his life and will not now. "The Princess Rothschild asked me for my photograph," he explained, "but I felt it my duty even to refuse her."

A similar request from the King of Italy was treated in the same manner. There is

a gate in the east wall of the city, the pillars of which the Moslems say were presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and they also declare that if the city is ever taken it will be on a Friday and that the enemy will enter by that gate; hence, fearing to trust to guards and iron bars, they have walled up what is known to the whole world as the "Golden Gate."

"Do you think this is in fulfillment of the prophecy of Ezekiel?" I asked the venerable rabbi;

"where he says: 'Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary, which looketh toward the east; and it was shut. Then said the Lord unto me: This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it: because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut.'"

"I believe it is a fulfilment of the prophecy," answered the Grand Rabbi fervently.

Nearly one hour had passed before I took my departure, bidding the patriarchal rabbi good-by. The solemnity, the impressiveness, the deep sincerity of his manner, the full, earnest tones of his voice remain with me as a memory of that interview—an honor I shall not forget.

WILLIAM E. GEIL.

Princess Kaiulani's Visit.

AMONG the recent distinguished arrivals on these shores, one of the most interesting is the Princess Kaiulani, who came with her father from England, her ultimate destination being Honolulu. The princess is the daughter of Princess Miriam Likeliki, of Hawaii, and niece of ex-Queen Liliuokalani. Her father, Mr. A. S. Cleghorn, is the English husband of the Hawaiian princess. It is understood that Princess Kaiulani, who has just completed her education abroad, and attained her majority, comes here at this time for the purpose of asserting her claim to the Hawaiian throne. She and her friends believe that the annexation plans are likely to fail, and with this expectation they are resolved to be on hand to take advantage of any change of public sentiment in favor of the restoration of the monarchy. She will visit Washington to protest to our government against annexation, and will then proceed to Hawaii and await events. As the latest news from Hawaii is distinctly favorable to annexation, the plans of the royalists are not likely to succeed.

Apart from her monarchical aspirations—which, in all probability, will never be realized—the princess is a very charming young woman. She was born in 1875, and received the full name of Victoria Kaiulani. She was named by Queen Liliuokalani as heir-apparent in 1891, and, as the queen abdicated two years later, the monarchists claim that Kaiulani is now fairly entitled to the throne. She left Hawaii when a girl of fourteen to be educated abroad, and she now returns a full and graceful Hawaiian lady, a fine musician, and possessing many other accomplishments that must make her widely popular in her own land and among her own people.



PRINCESS KAIULANI.
CLAIMANT TO THE HAWAIIAN THRONE.



A JEWISH RABBI OF JERUSALEM.

color and design. At the end opposite the entrance was an elevated bay window overlooking the flower gardens of Rothschild's Jerusalem residence.

It was on the floor level at this window that the genial and aged Chief Rabbi of all the Jews—reminding one of the pictures of Moses, with long, white beard, and loose eastern garments and the head-dress so often worn by the Palestine Jew of high standing—received me, and invited me to a seat at his right hand.

"The Hebrews," I remarked, "are among the best citizens we have in the great western republic and it is a common saying that Jews are never seen begging."

"I rejoice to hear you say it," he quickly answered.

Speaking of the new railroads in the Holy Land, I inquired if he thought that, in the long run, they would prove beneficial.

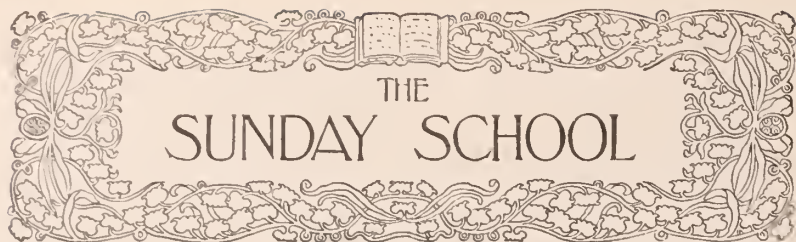
"Yes," he answered, bowing forward, "they are good for carrying goods and people. One can see the ancient land

but I ought to go down on one knee by this milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are three hundred and fifty miles nearer home. We ought to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated deaths. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live through every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, if you will. Do not be nervous lest you move out of a shanty into an Ahabara.

On Christmas Day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morn'g, when I heard a great cry of distress from the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors away as I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the ceiling, as though he had suddenly seen the islands, and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going to labor. The fact was he had already through the "Narrows." In the ante-room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, when he had narrowly escaped from ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or better man than Captain Pendleton you could not find this side of heaven. With a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavy harbor had met him just off the pier.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor on his ship from Liverpool, and he was deeply impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into port that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You'll meet me at ten o'clock tonight." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here you are at twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got lost around and told me to keep right on the course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain: "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of it."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of a cloud the midnight fell upon the sea. He showed him a ship packed with one hundred giggling passengers. He heard them off. Had he been any earlier or any later that point of the sea he could have been of service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began bargaining as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; I've on board is yours; I feel too dishonored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never took any pay except that of his own playing conscience. Oh, at the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of his life may we have always some one tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come to the harbor with as little physical pain and as bright a hope as he had, and that it could happen to be a Christmas morn'g, when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of him who came to save our shipwrecked world. All the better, for what grander Christmas present could we have than heaven?



PAUL IN ROME.

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 14. Acts 28: 17-31. Golden Text, Rom. 1: 16.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



ONE of the wrongs and persecutions which Paul had suffered at the hands of the Jews had abated his love for his own people. It was always his "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel . . . that they might be saved" (Rom. 10: 1). The love of God which was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him (Rom. 5: 5), was in the power of that endless life which was the very being of his inner man, and no wrongs received from those he loved with this love of God could dull or change it. "Both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one" (Heb. 2: 11); he was partaker of the same life with him who loves his enemies, and who, while we were yet sinners, died for us.

Paul had been only three days in Rome before he called together the chief of the Jews. He had previously, as we have seen, known from the Lord that he had a ministry to the church in Rome, but his heart yearned after his Jewish brethren, and he sought if by any means to save some (1. Cor. 9: 22). Just as, when he was brought before Agrippa, he had made use of his own circumstances to seek the soul of the king, so now, with the Roman Jews, he makes use of his position as a prisoner in Rome to draw their attention to the truth for which he was suffering. How clearly we can see, in this, the absolute independence of this man of all personal considerations! He sought no man's intervention to obtain his freedom or to establish his innocence, but he sought to fall into the plan of God, which gave him the advantage of his peculiar position as a prisoner with no indictment lodged against him, to open the great and burning question of the claims of Jesus of Nazareth. Oh to be thus faithful to our God in all and in every circumstance!

When the Jews were come together, Paul addressed them, saying: "Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans, who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Caesar; not that I had ought to accuse my nation of. For this cause, therefore, have I called for you, to see you and to speak with you, because, for the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." This was the point, this the burden which lay upon his heart. For this "hope of Israel" he had suffered the loss of all things, and willingly took upon him the opprobrium of being associated with him whose reputation was that of an executed malefactor; and this he had learned to make his glory (Gal. 6: 14). Only anointed eyes can see glory in such shame. No human reasoning can understand it; it comes of the revelation of the Holy Ghost.

The answer of the Jews was: "We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee." Wonderfully God had prepared the way, that nothing personal should stand in the way of Paul's declaring the truth as it is in Jesus to his fellow-countrymen. They continued: "But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against." Oh how like this is to the way in which the truth of God is met in the present day! What thou thinkest! What is your opinion? This is what men want to know, and many are irritated and angry when you say "It is not a matter of opinion, but of what God has said."

And, again, this sect is everywhere

spoken against—unpopular. Oh, how men fear to be unpopular, to be found not going with the stream! Almost anything rather than that the world would have. Oh, what miserable bondage it is to be enslaved to what men think and what men say! What thou thinkest! As though the truth of God might be patronized by the opinion of man! How men dread what is spoken against! And yet he whose name we, as Christians, bear, was "despised and rejected of men," "a sign which shall be spoken against" (Luke 2: 34). We cannot really take our place at the cross as crucified with Christ without seeing that it is as much our vocation as our Lord's to be spoken against. When it is a real thing with us to know that we please God, and his law is written in our hearts, then we can afford to be spoken against by man, and instead of any hurt feeling, we can indeed glory in the cross which links us with our Lord. One of the dangers of the present day is that so little of the religion is real enough to be spoken against!

The Jews appointed Paul a day, not an hour; for engagements in those days did not crowd and overlap as they do in this age of hurry. It was a whole day which was given to this weighty subject for a Jew—the hope of Israel. "Many came to him in his lodging, to whom he expounded;" and yet more, "he testified the kingdom of God." Exposition and personal testimony, when the one is Scriptural and the other is fresh and genuine, must produce their fruits. Much true preaching is void of fruit, because the preacher either cannot or does not testify: "This I know, for I have myself gone through it." And again, much testimony loses its force because it is not founded upon the Word of God.

Paul persuaded them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets. Taking up the Scripture which they knew best, he began with the law of Moses, the early promises of the Messiah in Genesis, the Passover Lamb of Exodus, the manna, the smitten rock, etc., the tabernacle, the High Priest, the altar, the candlestick, the shew-bread; then the sacrifices in Leviticus, the amplification of much in Numbers and Deuteronomy, the prophecies of Balaam and of Moses; then in the Prophets, the suffering Messiah of the Messianic Psalms and of Isa. 5: 3, the prophecies of Zechariah and of Micah—all so exactly fulfilled in the life of Jesus, must have wonderfully opened the eyes of the teachable and unprejudiced amongst them. So full was Paul of his subject that, with untiring zeal, he went on from morning till evening. Like his Master, the Word of God was life to him; he lived in it. And his listeners remained.

"Some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not." None could remain neutral. The light shone upon them; they could never again be as though the Scripture had not been thus opened to them. Either from the region of mere opinions outside of themselves, they must pass into the region of very definitely accepting this Saviour who had been announced to them, or they must as definitely reject him, but no longer in ignorance.

Wherever Paul went he was a disturber of the peace—the peace of death, which reigns among the unconverted. His Lord "came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law" (Matt. 10: 35). He came to make it impossible for the saved and the unsaved—those who are new creatures in Christ Jesus and those who are living in the flesh—to agree. And Paul followed in his footsteps by the very nature of things. His hearers "agreed

not among themselves." But before they departed Paul gave them a solemn warning. "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias, the prophet, unto our fathers, saying: Go unto this people and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not (R. V., in no wise) understand; and seeing ye shall see and not (R. V., in no wise) perceive, for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted and I should heal them."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

LONG-CONTINUED and persistent ill-treatment could not alienate Paul from his people. As we have seen, whosoever he went, it was to the Jews that he first addressed himself. A less hopeful, or a more resentful man, would not have wasted his efforts upon a people who, not only rejected his message, but raged against him for delivering it. But he maintained his habit to the last. "To the Jew first," was his rule. Being a prisoner, Paul could not, in Rome, go to them in their synagogues, as he had done elsewhere, but he sent for them three days after his arrival, and spoke to them in conciliatory fashion. He did not wish them to think that he was there in the



TRADITIONAL PRISON IN WHICH PAUL LIVED IN ROME.

character of an accuser of his people. He wanted them to understand that he had merely appealed to Caesar in his own defence. His desire to stand well with his own people is pathetic. It was hopeless, but he cherished it to the last. He was, in his own eyes, no renegade Jew, but a man whose misfortunes had come upon him because of his more enlightened understanding of Jewish hopes. They found him handcuffed to a soldier, but they must not on that account regard him as a criminal. It was through cherishing "the hope of Israel," that he had been made a prisoner. But his visitors understood the situation. Although Paul, at this stage, appears to have said nothing about Christ, and although no denunciation of him had come from Jerusalem to the Jews in Rome, they knew that he belonged to the hated sect. It may be doubted whether they were as ignorant of Christianity as their answer implied. A church so important as to call forth the letter Paul had written to it three years before, could not have existed in Rome without the Jews of the city becoming acquainted with its principles. But they were willing to hear Paul's version of the faith, and came to his lodging by appointment for the purpose. Some very decided opposition, not reported in the Acts, must have developed at the interview, otherwise Paul would not have uttered the words recorded, which could have had no effect but to exasperate them. There was nothing he could have said that would be more offensive to Jewish ears, and we infer that he must have received strong provocation to have thus addressed them. The abrupt close of the book is mysterious. Even if the two years mentioned as elapsing while Paul waited for a trial were uneventful, we should have expected

that the historian would have recorded the issue of the trial. But Luke may have been suddenly called away, or he may have been sent away on some errand before his trial, and have closed his book with the events as far as he knew at the time. The opinion that he was acquitted is general, though not unanous. During these two years he is believed to have written the letters to Philippians, the Colossians, the Ephesians and the Philippians, which are preserved in the New Testament.

They will hear it. A missionary turning home to recover his health, service in a heathen land was to place a fashionable church, and a collection of missions was to be taken up. A congregation gathered, expecting to would describe heathen customs and stories of the strange people among he had been laboring. He could not conscientiously do this when he saw him a throng of frivolous and obnoxious unconverted people. He preached earnest Gospel sermon, urging trust in Christ for the salvation of souls. The gentleman at whose house he was staying, said to him after the sermon: "Our people were disappointed by your sermon. They are accustomed to a style of preaching from our own country. They expected something different from you." The missionary replied: "I had but one message, and it is the same message they need to hear above all things, that they were disappointed and I have been in other churches. I cannot do it; I shall soon be going to my field and I am glad if the people there will listen to me. I accept it. These people are not what I need it just as badly, but I reject it, I will take it to the heathen."

No man forbidding him. Paul lays stress on the fact that he was permitted to preach, still a prisoner, as if it were usual and something they should not expect. There is no prohibition any other authority forbidding a minister preaching the Gospel, but sometimes a man is made to prevent a man preaching unpalatable truth. A story, recently published, is vouched for as true in the facts, tells the results of a scientific clergyman's experience. He accepted the position of a church in a large manufacturing city, and was very successful. The church filled an increase of salary was voted at the end of the first year. Afterwards he was called to see a man in a poor street some distance from the church. She was evidently dying, as her visitor learned, from the illness of her husband, who had beaten and her in a drunken frenzy. "He is my husband," she said, "when he is not, but he cannot resist the drink. My people allowed to make and sell that ruins men?" The minister did not know the fact. The woman went on: "I am a brewer and distiller and keepers in your church, and I sent to beg you to tell them of the fact. They are doing, and get them to do it. The clergyman's sermon on the Sabbath morning was a sermon on the stability of Christians for the elixir of their business. Remonstrances and reached him all that week. A sermon of similar tenor brought matter to head. He was bluntly told he was silent on that subject, or quit his pulpit."

Their eyes they have closed. A man was astonished in visiting a sick man who had regularly attended his church to find him so ignorant of the truth of the Gospel. To one of the sick man's friends he answered: "I have often preached on the subject, and I remember at least one occasion you were present." "Ah, sir," said his hearer, "my eyes were closed, but my mind was far from it. It has been my habit for years to go soon as you began to preach, to the events of the past week and to the plans for the next week's business. Many a profitable business scheme I thought out to the minutest detail before you finished your sermon. I never heard a word you said beyond the technical hearing, which carried no truth to the mind. Now I am dying in ignorance of the truth that might save my soul."

INDIA'S LITTLE ONES.

How the Problem of the Orphan Waifs Now Being Housed and Fed with Our Famine Fund is Pressing on the Hearts of the Missionaries.



ZENANA MISSION HOSPITAL, BAREILLY.

FROM E. S. Hume, of Bombay, the Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Committee we have just received a report of a second meeting of the committee to apportion in response to the appeals of the missionaries. Dr. Hume writes: "Words cannot express the gratitude manifested on the faces by those who have shared in the aid contributions which you have sent us in our time of distress. I am preparing a full report which will shortly be sent you, showing how the money has been applied. It was agreed that a report should be sent to Dr. Klopsch begging him to present to the readers of his paper the situation of the orphans who have been received at the various mission stations and for whose support little if any provision has yet been made."

It appears that the missionaries are in great anxiety about these orphans. Having their hands the funds supplied by the readers of this journal, they could not refuse to give shelter to the poor little boys and girls whose parents had perished and who unless received into the missions, would die by hundreds by the roadside. Humanity forbade the doors to be shut against them while money was needed for present needs. The missionaries received them, trusting that, as in the case of Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, help would come in for their future support as they were required. The problem for their future has now become a pressing one. The missionaries cannot turn them out of the homes and the schools without responsibility, but it will need a large sum to support and educate them. They are able to earn a livelihood for themselves. It is hoped that there are many Christians in this country who would undertake the support of one or two orphans and to be put in personal communication with them through the missionaries in whose charge they are. By so doing the work would not press heavily on any, and the interest already aroused for the poor waifs would be perpetuated. Over five hundred orphans have been received by Rev. Dennis Osborne, who is the present Presiding Elder of the Allahabad District. Mr. Osborne writes, dated September 25: "I was informed at the beginning of this year that the work in Western India, and am now the Presiding Elder of the Bombay District. Although an agent of the M. E. Missionary Society, I am a native of India. First of all, let me thank you for my heart and soul, for your noble, self-sacrificing work of Christian benevolence in a suffering land; and let me add my warmest congratulations to that of hundreds on the signal success which has attended your efforts. Your timely and energetic exertions have, indeed, through the blessing of God, been the means of saving many from the keenest distress, and affording the opportunity of Christian training and instruction to thousands. As the sons of India's sons, let me thank you specially for this help, so kindly conceived, and so ably carried out."

violence beyond description urged by sheer want: I have been to regions where it was reported mothers were devouring their own children to satisfy the maddening cravings of hunger! Praise God I have been privileged to carry relief to many, to save not a few from actual death, and to gather hundreds of hopeless waifs—boys and girls—from want and vice into asylums of Christian training and instruction. Both in the Allahabad District last year and in Western India this year, this has been my special study and prayerful duty.

"After much prayer, however, I am led to ask you for a special grant for the great work devolving on me personally in Western India. Here are starving people to be fed, naked people to be clothed, waifs of both sexes to be gathered in and cared for. In Telegaou, twenty miles from here, I have established a famine orphanage for girls, and a similar orphanage for boys here in Poona, under the supervision of Rev. W. W. Bruere. In Bombay, under the care of the ladies of the W. F. M. Society, nearly two hundred famine girls are being cared for, making a total of over



A RURAL BULLOCK CART IN INDIA.

five hundred now, with others coming in almost daily. For these we need not only food and care, but clothing, house accommodation and other necessities. In addition to these the starving poor have to be fed and clothed, and many of them to be cared for at almost every city and station. So in the name of these needy ones, and of the great Succorer of the poor, I ask you for this special gift, for which I shall be ready to account to you.

"It is with much prayer and with earnest expectation that I send this appeal. I believe it will not be in vain; and may I very specially beg the favor of a very early response."

It is a matter for thankfulness that the missionaries at this time have still in hand funds for the relief of the starving. The situation at the present time, while the hopes of harvest are bright, is one of extreme need. The *Bombay Guardian*, which has worked heroically throughout the famine to gather funds for the relief of

the starving, publishes in its latest issue the following from one of its correspondents: "We are still blessed with daily showers at Seroncha [in the famine belt], and if rain or the hope of harvest could feed the people my relief work could be closed at once, but it will need to go on into December. I am so thankful that I need not turn away the poor creatures who come to me, most of whom are women." Another correspondent of the same journal writes:

"So general have been the rains that an impression is growing that distress is rapidly coming to an end. I have no hesitation in saying that distress is not yet very materially lessening. Efforts are being made to make it more difficult to get into poor-houses, and a desire is manifest to close them. But thousands are in such a condition that they cannot work, and those who can are not able to get enough to feed a family with."

"In one railway station where there is a large poorhouse, the 'chucklers' go around the town every morning to gather up the dead. This morning a Bullock Cartload of Dead Bodies, I suppose about twenty, were picked up, piled on the cart like dead hogs, and taken away somewhere. From other points up the line an eye-witness, perfectly trustworthy, reports scenes too harrowing to pen."

"In the last three or four days the distress seems on the increase here. I cannot see how the condition can improve much for three or four months yet for multitudes. Crops are growing. But when they come, how will these multitudes, without money or strength, get a share of them? I doubt not that thousands will perish with hunger between



TYPICAL FRUIT VENDER.

this and December 31st.

"It is no time for philanthropists and Christians either to stay their hands or cease to pray. The God of all the earth still speaks, and will make himself heard even by 'the evil arrows of famine.'"

Rev. Rutonji Nowroji, of the C. M. S., Aurangabad, writes: "I have a large number of Christians in this mission who have experienced much distress owing to the famine, and although I am doing my best for them, their want is but hardly supplied. I have, besides, opened out some relief work, but have too often to refuse applicants for want of funds. If you can assist me as you have been assisting so many missionaries, I shall feel much obliged."

Dr. T. S. Johnson, of the M. E. Mission, Jabalpur, writes: "Though the prospects for good crops are bright, the suffering all around us is increasing at present. We are paying daily more than three hundred persons; giving free meals daily to about two hundred, mostly children; have more than two hundred orphans, and are helping many helpless ones in their homes. If you can give us any further aid from your fund, we shall be very grateful indeed."

A NOBLE GIVER.

The New Vice-President of the American Board a Munificent Christian Merchant.

LAST week, a portrait appeared in this journal of Dr. Charles M. Lamson, of Hartford, Conn., whom the American Board of Commissioners of



D. WILLIS JAMES.

Foreign Missions, has just elected President. As Mr. Blatchford, of Chicago, who has long served the Boards as Vice-President followed the example of Dr. Storrs, in asking to be relieved, it was necessary to find a new man for the office. We are enabled this week to publish the portrait of the well-known Christian merchant, who has accepted the position.

Mr. D. Willis James is a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company, of New York, and a son-in-law of the late Mr. William E. Dodge, who formerly filled the same office in the American Board. Mr. James is a member and an officer of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's church, in New York, but he is no stranger to the American Board. For many years past, he has regularly given five thousand dollars to the Board's treasury, and in some years a still larger amount. A few years ago, when a special emergency arose he increased his contribution to sixteen thousand dollars. Last year when the effort was made to wipe out the Board's debt, Mr. James was a leader in the movement, if not the prime originator of it. He generously offered to give in addition to his regular subscription of five thousand dollars, an additional sum of twenty-five thousand, to which Mrs. James added a thousand on her personal account, thus making a total of thirty-one thousand dollars contributed to the Board by the family in one year.

Mr. James has been a lifelong friend of the missionary cause. At the time of his birth, his parents were residing in England and for some years afterward they visited that country frequently. Mr. James remembers that when eight years old, he accompanied his mother to London to attend the anniversary of the London Missionary Society. There he had the privilege of listening to the veteran missionary, Robert Moffatt, whose labors in Africa have given him the name of an "immortality of glory." John Williams spoke at the same meeting on the eve of his return to his labors in the South Seas, where soon afterward he received the crown of martyrdom on the island of Erromanga. The boy never forgot the inspiring words of those and other missionaries at that meeting, and he has retained ever since the interest then aroused in the missionary cause. The choice of the American Board is, therefore, a singularly happy one and is approved and endorsed by all the churches.

Referring to the election of Mr. James, the *Congregationalist* says: "The churches are fortunate in the one who has been selected to labor side by side with Dr. Lamson. Mr. James is, as we think every one who knows him will admit, an extraordinary man, gifted with great business abilities, yet his spiritual life is as simple and as real as that of a child. The missionary instinct was born and bred in him. He will grace the vice-presidency as his noble kinsman, William E. Dodge, did."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
JOHN KLOPCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Armenia's New Danger.

IF there is the slightest grain of truth in the news from Constantinople, that the Sultan is endeavoring to force the withdrawal of the American missionaries from Asia Minor, it is to be hoped that every energy of our government will be aroused to instant action against it. Armenia—it is geographically known as Anatolia—has been for many years the special field of the missionaries of the American Board. There they have labored faithfully and long, and their influence, notwithstanding all that has been said against them, has been excellent. Large schools and colleges have been built and many other minor institutions of learning have been put in operation. Education and Christianity through these means have been spread abroad throughout Asia Minor, taking the place of dense ignorance, practical slavery and a semi-heathen worship—the outcome of centuries of the blighting Turkish rule. It would be impossible to tell all the good that has been accomplished by our consecrated missionaries and the institutions they have reared and the work they have conducted at Harpoot, Sivas, Cesarea, Oorfa, Aintab and other cities, to say nothing of the magnificent educational work conducted for many years at Robert College,—a work whose benefits have been shared impartially by Turk, Armenian and Greek.

Turkey's latest effort to accomplish the expulsion of the American missionaries by means of diplomacy, after a successful campaign against a weak Christian nation, is a much more serious menace than appears on the surface. It will mean the renewal of the relentless persecution of the Armenians, following the removal of their only protectors. It will mean the cruel surrender to the Moslems of several thousand Armenian children, orphaned by the Turkish troops and the fanatical mobs in the frightful massacres of two years ago, and who have been in the care of the missionaries ever since. Turkey slaughtered many helpless orphans, and left many others to starve. Our missionaries rescued and sheltered them, and placed them in schools and homes. For nearly two years past, a large number of these helpless little orphans have been supported by the money generously contributed by thousands of American readers through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and are being trained and educated by our good missionaries at Oorfa for useful Christian lives.

Shall we consent to the surrender of these little ones—our sacred, immortal charges—to the brutal lust of the Moslems, who will compel them to become apostates from Christianity and to embrace Islam, and wholly ruin their innocent lives?

We believe that our government, through the proper channel and at the proper time, will demonstrate its ability to maintain the rights of its own subjects in Turkey, and will place itself so emphatically on record as opposed to the surrender of the Armenian orphans that Turkey will not persist in the attempt to carry out its long-cherished scheme of driving away the shepherds and making spoil of the defenceless flock.

Kindness to Newsboys.

THERE is no class of persons, juvenile or adult, in our communities who earn their living more honestly than the boys who sell newspapers. Many of these boys are merchants for both morning and evening journals. At work at four o'clock in the morning, and at half-past three in the morning, by unnatural vigilance wakening themselves, or pulled out sometimes by rough hands. In the dawn of the day standing before the folding rooms of the great newspaper offices, taking the wet, damp sheets over their arms and against their chests, already shivering with the cold. Around the bleak ferries and up and down the streets on stormy days, singing as merrily as though it were a Christmas carol; making a half cent on each paper, some of them working fourteen hours for fifty cents! Nine thousand of these newsboys applied for aid at the Newsboys' Lodging House, in New York City, in one year. About one thousand of these boys laid up in the savings bank connected with that institution more than three thousand dollars. But still this great army marches on—hungry, cold, sick—toward an early grave. God pity them! They are immortals, struggling for bread. Many of these newsboys are not only earning their own livelihood, but are supporting a sick mother or invalid father. When you can afford it, buy their wares, and do not begrudge them the money.

Perils of Invention.

IF the Patent Office Reports could tell the whole truth, they would describe an amount of disappointment and lunacy positively terrific. Americans are proverbially inventors. Every Yankee is born with a machine-shop in his head. At five years of age, he begins to whittle, and by the manner in which he does this, you may form a very correct idea as to what will be his mechanical success. If he keep a sharp knife, and whittle the sticks down to a needle's point, you may know that he will be a smooth, graceful mechanic, and he will be sharp in his insight into all possibilities of machinery. But a disposition to invent has sometimes absorbed all the man, and made complete havoc of his intellect and his business. How many prosperous wheelwrights have ruined their business by the discovery of some new carriage-spring, that the world could never appreciate? What estates have been absorbed in the introduction of reaping-machines, and corn-shellers, and drills, and plows, and hay-rakers, and coffee-mills, and churns, and washing-machines? Let this be known, the most useful and most successful discoveries have been those which have sprung to notice while in the regular discharge of every-day duty. Do not make a lifetime business of invention, but go into straightforward industries, keeping your eyes open, remembering that all around about the chemist's laboratory, and the mechanic's hammer, and the merchant's yard-stick, there are constantly playing ten thousand wonders, some of which it may be your duty to launch upon the world's attention. Let us in all honorable ways, encourage those who, amid caricatures, and fatigue, and annoyance, are setting forth the new inventions of the day.

The Grapes We Can't Reach.

THE grapes we can't reach are not, as a general thing, sour grapes; and it is a despicable kind of philosophy that asserts them to be so. Why should we despise good things because we do not possess them? Cicero, indeed, says "that if we do not have wealth, there is nothing better and nobler than to despise it." But this assertion was artificial in the case of Cicero, and it is no nearer the truth now than it was two thousand years ago.

In fact, on the question of money this dictum appeals to us with great force; for though it may be true that some of the best things of life cannot be bought with money, it is equally true that there are other good things that nothing but money can buy. Therefore, to follow Cicero's advice and despise wealth if we have not got it, is to despise a great many excellent things; and not only that, it is to despise also the power of imparting these excellent things to other people. The golden grapes may be out of our reach, but we need not say the fruit is sour; rather, let us give thanks that others have been able to gather and press the rich vintage and to give graciously to the world of its wine of consolation.

In the same way, it has long been fashionable to assert a contempt for "the bubble reputation," whether sought on the battlefield or in the Senate, or forum, or study. But why despise one of the grandest moral forces in the universe? For when a man can get out of self to follow the fortunes of an idea, when he can fall in love with a cause, when he can fight for some public good, when he can forfeit life, if need be, for his conviction, the "reputation" that is sure to follow such abnegation and courage is not a "bubble"; it is a glorious fact—one through which the general level of humanity is raised and the whole world impelled forward.

I do not say that all persons who conscientiously use to their utmost ability the one or two talents they possess are not as happy as they can be. Thank God! life can be full in small measures. But if any man or woman has been given five or ten talents, I do say they have no right to keep them for their own delectation, falling back upon such cheap sentiments as the hollowness of fame and the "bubble reputation." Fame is not a bubble; it is a power whose beneficent achievements have done a great deal toward making this world a comfortable dwelling-place.

A great many high-sounding maxims in use at the present day have lost their application. There was a time, centuries ago, when the humiliations attending any upward climb were sufficient to deter a sensitive, honorable soul. But such days are forever past. Any one now bearing precious gifts for humanity finds the gates lifted up and a wide entrance ready for him. Men and women can make what mark they are able to make, and the world stands watching with sympathetic heart. They will not find its "reputation" a "bubble."

Another fine, windy theme of warning from "sour-grape" philosophers is the hollowiness of friendship and the general insincerity of the world. They have "seen through" the world, they know all its falseness and worthlessness; and, as the world is far too busy to dispute their assertions or to defend itself, the superior discernment of this class of people is not brought to accurate accounting. As a matter of fact, however, people generally get just as much consideration from the world, and just as much fidelity from their friends, as they deserve. A friend may ask us to dinner, but not therefore should we expect that he share his purse with us. Community of taste and sentiment does not imply community of goods. But, for all this, friendship is not hollow, nor are the grapes of its hospitality sour.

I may notice here the prevalent opinion that there is no such friendship now in the world as there used to be. "There are no Davids and Jonathans now," say the unbelievers in humanity. Very true, for David and Jonathan did not belong to the nineteenth century. To keep up such a friendship, we require, not a spare hour now and then, but an amount of certain and continuous leisure. There are still great friendships among boys at school and young men in college, for they have a large amount of steady leisure; and this is necessary to signal friendship. When we have more time, we shall have more and stronger friendships.

The vanity of life, the deceitfulness of women, the falseness of love, the impossibility of happiness, the passing away of all that is lovely and of good report, are old, old, old texts of complaint. Men and women talk about them until they feel ever so much better than the rest of the world; and such talk enables them to look down with proper contempt upon the hypocrisies of society—that is, of their next-door neighbors and near acquaintances—and fosters a comfortable, but dangerous, self-esteem. The world, upon the whole, is a good world to those who try to be good and to do good, and every year it is growing better. During the last fifty years, how much it has grown! How sympathetic, how charitable, how evangelizing it has become! Yes, indeed, if we choose to do so, we shall meet with far more good hearts than had ones, and the topmost grapes are not sour.

Amelia E. Parr

BRIEF NOTES.

By a recent decree of the King of Abyssinia, all the members of the Swedish mission have been expelled from his dominions.

A Bible with white celluloid covers can be washed and disinfected has been manufactured for the use of witnesses in the courts of England.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor's many friends in this country will rejoice to learn that his health has greatly improved, and he is hoping to work again soon.

The English National Council of Men's Christian Associations has decided to send a worker to Egypt and Palestine in the months of 1898, to promote work in behalf of men in various important cities in those countries.

The closing services in Dr. Munhall's Outpouring of the Spirit. Dr. Munhall gave address to the new converts, urging solemnly and earnestly to be true to their consecration.

Successful revival services have been held at Hammon, N. J., recently by Evangelist E. Geil. Several churches united work. Not only did the people of the town to the meetings, but large numbers came from adjacent villages.

There are now upward of one thousand schools of various descriptions for natives in India under foreigners. They range from the day-school up to high-schools and colleges that great empire there are no schools for the natives founded by the missionaries.

The women of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have 46 representatives in Brazil, Mexico, and among the Indians of home; 116 assistant teachers and helpers, women, 12 boarding-schools, 46 day-schools, hospitals. Their gifts last year reached \$800,000.

An effort to raise the sum sufficient to relieve the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of its debt, is proposed by Mr. Harry E. Buckingham, of Baltimore, Md. He offers to be one of a thousand persons to give a hundred dollars each, providing the whole sum is raised.

The protests of the Temperance reformers of Liverpool, England, against the project of a brewer as Lord Mayor, appear to have had their good effect. Instead of a brewer, a lawyer has been accorded the honor. The brewer has been accounted a great tribute to the opinion.

The Advisory Committee of the Christian Endeavor Union is inaugurating a study institute at Clarendon Street Baptist Church to be held on Thursday evenings, commencing October 28. Its leader is to be Rev. James M. No charge is to be made for tuition, and only Bible and a note-book are required.

Three pastors of the Reformed Church of France have recently offered themselves to be sent to Madagascar. This sad event has been without a quickening effect on the French of that Church. In many quarters zeal is waning where it had scarcely been seen before.

At the Conference of Friends of the Friends of the Lake Mohonk, it was stated that the Friends have spent during the last year \$1,000,000 in school and church work. They have 75 churches, with nearly 5,000 members; 87 ministers, 1,000 laymen. Of the 260,000 Indians in the country, not more than 60,000 are in the Indian Territory.

A remarkable revival is reported from the land under the preaching of Mr. T. M. C. At Clonakilly, at Cork and at Palace A people came together for weeks in large numbers notwithstanding the busy harvest season; they had to come long distances. Some people walked twelve miles to be present. Families have shared in the blessing, and a quickening is being felt over large sections of the country.

The Moravian brethren are proposing to establish a new station on Makovik Bay, Labrador, the very place where, in 1752, Eberhard, the pioneer of the Labrador Mission, was murdered by the heathen Eskimaux. The bay is pronounced the best anchoring place in Labrador, and as the midst of the white and half-breed population and right in the route of the thousands of Newfoundland schooners, it is peculiarly eligible for the work.

An account of a sad state of things in the Chinese of San Francisco is given in the North American Review. It states that there are 3,000 Chinese—Chinese—live upon the streets of San Francisco, who are sold to China and conveyed into America under false pretences. As many as 1,000 Chinese girls are kidnapped and sold to Chinese houses of prostitution. Against this fearful condition the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal missions are waging a but difficult fight.

Referring to evangelical work in Utah, Superintendent Wishard of the Presbyterian Church, says that the Methodist Church church members in the Mormon field, a majority of whom are from Mormon families, are large in proportion were formerly Mormon. The combined forces of Protestantism, 5,101 members, many of whom were former members of the Mormon Church.

The autumn convention of the International Missionary Alliance, Western Branch, will be held at the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 12 to 14. The opening will be on Friday afternoon, for organization and reports. On Friday evening the Alliance will be addressed by the Rev. John Henry D.D., of Chicago. On Saturday morning there will be conferences and addresses on the work of the Alliance and the Volunteer movement. Mr. Robert P. of India, will speak on Saturday evening, "Crisis in India" and on Sunday on "The Filled Life." All seminaries included in the Branch of the Inter-Seminary Mission are earnestly requested to arrange for large delegations to this convention. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. L. Duigan, corresponding secretary of the Society of Inquiry, Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.



NASHVILLE'S TRIUMPH.

NILGRIMS from many cities have, during the past few weeks, been making their way in their corporate capacity to the great city in Tennessee to congratulate it on its centenary, and on the great Exposition with which it celebrates the event. The mayors and city officials of Chicago, Brooklyn and other cities had a day set apart for their reception, and Nashville has received their congratulations and done no more to her guests. She certainly deserves to be congratulated. In spite of her many difficulties she has achieved a brilliant triumph. A distinguished visitor expresses the opinion of every intelligent visitor when he says: "It is a beautiful and wonderful Exposition from every point of view; architecturally, because of the dignity and artistic excellence of its many inspiring buildings; commercially, because of the marvellous display of the State products now gathered on its grounds; and financially, because all was paid for in cash the day the gates were opened." Its managers did not attempt to rival the huge undertaking of Chicago in the Columbian Exposition, but it has a beauty and a modest dignity of its own that gratify the eye and inspire admiration for its designers. Nothing could exceed the beauty of its reproduction of the Parthenon. The Government Building with its instructive model of the Woman's Building, a reproduction of Andrew Jackson's birthplace, the Forestry Building containing specimens of all the trees growing in our forests, the Commercial Building with its endless variety of exports, and the Afro-American Building showing the elements of the negro race—the whole, which have been fully described by the correspondents of the press, make up an Exposition which the enterprising Southern States has a right to be proud of. It is as if one building which has a special significance in connection with the cordial receptions of the foreign visitors. This is the History Building, where the relics of the great war remind the spectator of a better time which has come after the period of fratricidal strife. It will be a great day, which is promised to the world, when all nations will join in such celebrations and look back on war and bloodshed as things of the past.

The hall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Micah 4: 3).

Cruelty.
A ruling in divorce litigation was made by Justice Pryor in the New York Supreme Court last week. The applicant complained that her husband had used her vile and opprobrious names, and had made false and slanderous accusations against her. She admitted that she had never used physical violence, but was contended by the husband's attorney that unless personal injury was shown such threats of injury were made in such fear of such injury, the applicant is not entitled to relief. He quoted authorities in support of his contention, but Justice Pryor declined to be guided by them. In granting the wife's petition, he said that inhumanity may be evinced and cruelty inflicted by verbal outrage as well as by bodily abuse, and that fact was proved by human experience and should have judicial recognition. "If the instances of misbehavior, which had been proved to have been casual and exceptional, they might claim some indulgence on the score of infirmity of temper, but, being persistent and characteristic, they stamp the conduct of the defendant toward the plaintiff with a uniform tenor of deliber-

ate cruelty and inhumanity." Many a husband and wife could confirm the Justice's statement from their own experience. The suffering inflicted by the tongue is often worse than could be inflicted by the hand. The enemies the Psalmist most dreaded were those who used that weapon:

Who whet their tongue like a sword and have aimed their arrows, even bitter words (Psa. 64: 3).

His Skin or His Liberty.

A press dispatch to the New York *Sun*, from Chicago, describes a strange dilemma which now confronts a prisoner in the city jail. He is a tailor, who two weeks ago was mixed up in a quarrel with another man who works in the same shop. The men had been bickering all day, and one of them at last in a fit of ungovernable rage seized a bucket of boiling water and flung it over his shopmate, scalding him to a frightful extent. The injured man was taken to a hospital on Washington Boulevard, where for several days he hovered between life and death. The doctors showed him every attention, and were rewarded by seeing him gradually regain strength. But the wounds would not heal. A large surface on the patient's back was quite raw, and the doctors decided that

brother went out for a drive. They took a pair of high-mettled horses and for a short time enjoyed the drive; but something occurred that frightened the spirited animals and they bolted. The brothers were thrown out of their carriage and hurled against a stone wall. The mangled body of one of them was picked up and taken to his home. The other was still alive, but his head and back were fearfully injured. He was unconscious, and when he came out of his swoon he was a raving maniac. He was taken to St. Vincent's, in the hope that by skilful treatment his reason would be restored, but the years flew by without bringing any improvement in his condition. Property worth three million dollars was bequeathed to him, but he knew nothing of it, and a guardian managed it for him. He has been immured in the asylum for thirty-six long years, incapable of any rational thought or conversation, and as utterly ignorant of his wealth as if it did not exist. People who imagine that a large fortune is of itself sufficient to insure happiness might learn a lesson from such a life. Even the possessor of millions is dependent on God for the power to enjoy them. This fact is often forgotten, though instances of it were observed long ago:

A man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honor, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity (Eccles. 6: 2).

Saved by Her Dog.

The heroic defence of a child by a Newfoundland dog is reported from Topeka, Kan. It appears that a farmer in Montgomery county had occasion recently to go into the Indian Territory to transact

so badly injured in his fight with the wolves that he died a few hours after reaching home. His owner mourns him bitterly, and has ordered a marble monument, which will be erected over the faithful animal's grave. We can understand how grateful he must feel, as he remembers that he owes his darling's life to the dog who died for her. But it is strange that while such self-sacrifice wins general admiration, so few people are moved by the story of him who when the whole human race was in danger from its malignant and treacherous enemy, came to earth to do battle in its defence and laid down his life, to save sinful men from eternal death:

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends (John 15: 13).

A Strange Clue.

A notable triumph of detective work is reported by the *Journal* of Detroit, Mich. It was a case that seemed almost hopeless when the detectives were called in. The manager of a company had disappeared with all the available assets of the concern. It was evident that he had laid his plans skilfully and had chosen his time for absconding with the view of taking the largest possible amount of money. Careful search of his effects failed to disclose any trace by which he could be followed and compelled to disgorge. One of the detectives, however, in searching a private desk belonging to the defaulter, found a library ticket, showing that he had for some months past been getting books from a certain public library. To an ordinary mind the library ticket would not have appeared of any importance, but the detective thought it might furnish the clue that was being sought. Going to the public library he obtained a list of the books that the defaulter had borrowed from the library. They all related to Nicaragua and other Central American countries. "That is where he is going," said the detective. A telegram fully describing the missing man was at once sent to the police of New Orleans instructing them to watch the steamers leaving that port for Central America. The next day, he was arrested at the office of a Steamship Company in New Orleans where he went to buy a ticket for Nicaragua. Thus the detective's reasoning was justified by the result. He assumed that he would want to know all he could learn about the place he hoped to reach and the best way of getting there, and therefore it would be well to find out the character of his recent reading. It is a pity that the same rule does not more frequently apply to people who hope to go to heaven when they die. More of them would enter there if they read more about it in the revelation God has given.

These are the statutes and judgments which ye shall observe to do in the land which the Lord God giveth thee to possess it all the days that ye live upon the earth (Deut. 12: 1).

A Miser's Hoard.

An eccentric woman died last week in Boston, Mass. Her home was in the South End and was of the poorest kind. She had no children, and her husband died several years ago. Her poverty appeared to be extreme. Her neighbors pitied her destitute condition, and for some time have been accustomed to send her food and clothing. She was always grateful for their help, but seemed most gratified when their aid took the form of money. In her last illness one and another waited upon her and saw that a doctor attended her. After her death various sums of money were found hidden about her house. Finally a careful search was made. Then a large hoard was discovered. It was hidden in the seats of chairs, in chests with false bottoms, and in recesses hollowed out of the walls. Over \$60,000 in all has been discovered. The strangest feature of the affair is that she left no will, and that a host of nephews and nieces from five States have come to make a claim for a share of the old lady's savings. Inexplicable as her life was, it is not unprecedented. The preacher thousands of years ago saw such people:

There is one that is alone, and he hath not a second; yea, he hath neither son nor brother; yet is there no end of all his labor, neither are his eyes satisfied with riches. "Neither," saith he, "for whom do I labor and bereave my soul of good?" (Eccles. 4: 8).



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND PAVILION OF COMMERCE AT THE NASHVILLE EXPOSITION.

the only way to recovery was by skin grafting. The suggestion has been made that the man who caused the injury furnish the cuticle needed for grafting. It will involve a painful operation, from which he is said to shrink, but he has been reminded that he is liable to a long term of imprisonment for his cruelty, which he may avoid by giving up his skin for the benefit of his victim. It is an opportunity of making a slight reparation which any man who felt real contrition would be glad to have. Such opportunities are not always afforded to the wrongdoer. Some Christians who have become converted late in life, suffer unavailing remorse as they think of irreparable mischief to others that they did in their early sinful life. This in many cases can never be undone, but the promise is given that if they labor for the conversion of souls, they shall have the joy of knowing that through them some have had their sins blotted out:

Let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sins (James 5: 20).

A Millionaire and Knew It Not.

The end of a sad life is reported in the St. Louis journals. They describe the funeral, which took place a few days ago, of a man belonging to a wealthy old St. Louis family. He was fifty-five years of age, and had spent the last thirty-six years of his life in the St. Vincent's Asylum for the Insane. In the year 1861 he and an elder

some business. His five-year-old child, who is his special pet, tearfully watched her father depart and mourned over his absence. As soon as she could elude her mother's vigilance she set out to follow him, having no conception of the distance of his destination. It was more than two hours before her absence caused any alarm. Then her mother anxiously sought her and sent all her help searching for her in various directions. At sunset, the neighbors, who had heard of the child's being lost, joined in the search, and followed all the paths for a long distance, but without avail. Night fell without the child being found. The mother was almost frenzied with terror. Not until the next morning was the child found. She had wandered nearly three miles from home, and being tired out had thrown herself on a bank to sleep. Near her was the Newfoundland dog belonging to the family watching over her slumbers. He was torn and bleeding, and by his side were the carcasses of two great wolves. The ground was torn up around the child and blood was spattered in all directions. The battle between the dog and the wolves had evidently been a furious one. It is not known whether the dog encountered both of his foes together or singly, but he had fought heroically in defence of his little mistress, as the carcasses of the dead beasts showed. The innocent little child was unhurt, and she and her heroic defender were taken home. The dog was



Home Life in Persia.

Dr. Yoseph's Work Among Her Benighted Countrywomen—How the Nomads Live—A Persian Village.



ANY readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are warmly interested in the work of our medical missionary in Persia, Hannah G. Yoseph, whose entertaining and instructive letters have frequently appeared in these columns. Dr. Yoseph, since leaving the United States last fall for her native land, after an eight years' absence, has traveled much at home among the Nestorians, the Kurds and others, and her letters are always brimful of interest, especially to women and children. Her kindly, sympathetic nature and her skill as a physician have already won her a host of influential friends in Teheran, the capital, and in many cities, from Julfa, on the border, to the margin of Lake Van.

The photograph on this page, which has been forwarded by Dr. Yoseph, gives us a glimpse into the life of the wild nomads who dwell in tents. A certain proportion of Kurds spend their summers on the Kurdistan mountains, and, as the season advances, they gradually move down toward the plains of Mesopotamia, carrying their entire establishments and all their properties with them. These properties look poor. This wandering life seems hard, especially on the aged people and the little children, and also on the horse—the patient burden-bearer. But from a sanitary standpoint, this wandering life, with all its hardship and exposure, is better, perhaps, than that of a well-to-do Persian villager. Dr. Yoseph, after her residence here, is oppressed and heartsore over the dense ignorance, which, in her return to Persia, forces itself afresh upon her observation. The science of sanitation is an unknown tongue in Persia. The inhabitants know nothing of the simplest laws of hygiene and medication. In an educational and sanitary sense, the need of Persia is most urgent. Many who are interested in Dr. Yoseph's work have already communicated with her, through Dr. Cochran, the well-known American medical missionary whose headquarters are at Oroniah.

Two-thirds of the Persian population live in villages, a few in tents, the rest in cities. The village home is a mud hut, one story high, of one room, in which the entire family dwell, cook, eat, sleep, and receive company. These huts are so crowded together that they present the appearance of a solid block. This arrangement is of itself sufficient explanation of the prevalence of many relentless diseases among them. They do not know how to keep well; they do not know what to do for their dear ones when sickness comes. The Persian mother in utter helplessness must watch her little one die, when a little timely Western wisdom might save it. The houses are crowded together so closely because Persia is infested by lawless bandits, who go forth to rob and kill. The guest, entering the village home, will do so without knocking, and his hosts, though surprised, will probably make him welcome, and offer a share of such poor refreshment as they have. His shoes are removed instead of his hat, that being the polite form in Persia, and he will sit cross-legged on the floor instead of taking a chair. The floor is mother earth, with straw mats laid thereon; there are no pictures, no newspapers, no books. A voice will seem to proceed from the wall,

or the guest will observe that one of the holes in the ceiling is suddenly darkened as if it were closed. Close attention proves that the next door neighbor is retailing a bit of gossip through a hole in the wall, or that a man's head is stuck through the ceiling to discover who is in and what is going on. This is how news passes back and forth in the Persian village, and mural apertures take the place of the local column in the daily newspaper. Home life among rich Persians in great cities is another thing. While luxurious, it is enervating to the last degree, and unsanitary in the extreme, and the rich Persian mother, dwelling in walled castles, amid rose-gardens where bulbuls sing, knows not what to do for her own ailing body, or that of her little babe.

Cheerful People.

One of the most cheerful men we ever knew, says a pastor, writing in *The Sunday-School Magazine*, was a man of mea-

Sunday School and sanctuary, and that despite the pleasing and restful variety in the services and an intermission between the school and church services. It is a melancholy sight for the grown people in going to church to meet streams of children and youth leaving the church for their homes. It is time for us to stop all foolishness on this line, and to give our best attention to the guidance of our children into the right habit so that we may help them in all things to make the best of their lives.

Housekeeping in Belgium.

In Belgium there is a system of housekeeping schools, which it might be well for other lands to adopt. They are conducted on the most practical principles. Young girls are taught housekeeping in all its branches. They are sent to market in town, and are expected to provide a dinner for six persons upon a limited sum, so that they are first required to get the best articles in vegetables and meats for a small cost. When they return they are taught to cook this dinner, and after they become proficient as to marketing and cooking they are allowed to order others and superintend the cooking. In this way, says a writer in *The Household Magazine*, they are gradually fitted for their duties as future housekeepers. This is the kind of instruction that the everyday girl needs who cannot tell good meat from bad, or fresh vegetables from stale ones. The

A MORNING SONG.

HEAVENLY Father, I would I
Up and doing work for thee
Knowing when my day is o'er,
Night comes, and I work no more
Loving Saviour, dearest Friend,
Be thou with me to the end;
Keep me, with my toil and cares,
Keep me from the tempter's snares
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Fill my heart with thy pure love
Gently lead me by the hand
To the blessed "Beulah Land."

Woodbridge, N. J.

How a Kind Word Helped.

AS illustrating the power of a word to help in the formation of character and the shaping of life, the following incident, related by a writer in *The Ram's Horn*, is of interest. A certain minister believed that every living human body contains a soul, and he was sure that it was his duty to speak the word to the soul before him. "Your name, my boy?" he asked. "Tom, sir." "Well, Thomas, I noticed that boys with red hair, freckles, and a large number of freckles get on well in the world, if they are good." No answer from Tom. The minister went to the meeting-house.

That night, the good man's letter received an extra half peck of oats. The minister went home the next morning, and a change was noticed. He did not spill anything that day, neither did he break anything. He kept out of everybody's way, and a strange light burned in the eyes that had been dull so long. He was faithful at his work for several weeks, and then he told the minister's kitchen stable were too small for him.

"The good man said to the boys with red hair, freckles, and a large number of freckles always get on well in the world, if they are good," was the plank that poor Tom lashed himself to before he plunged in. It seemed to him to be a great sea—the city. He had desires, but the most of one of them all was to be a good boy. He loved him, and guided him to a church where the minister preached in its spirit, and Tom laid hold, like the righteousness of Jesus Christ. He has grown in his business and is one of the most loved and honored citizens of his native town.

Children of Egypt.

Oldest of all lands, the most pitiful in its decay, has yet many homes, especially among the poorest, where happiness dwells. If we enter an Egyptian village and see the sports and pastimes peculiar to the age, the thought comes uppermost in the mind that childhood is the happiest golden time the whole world knows. Dress does not specially trouble the little Egyptians. Some boys run barefooted, even in cold weather, many wear white cotton socks and yellow slippers without any heels. The older boys dress more gayly, in beautiful red or black sleeveless embroidered in gold or silver, or white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Other very loose, baggy trousers, made of the same, handsomely braided, makes a very becoming costume. Little lads are taught, when very young, to be extremely polite and make their courtesy is pleasant to the



A FAMILY OF PERSIAN NOMADS IN CAMP.

gre means and no health. He suffered the agonies of asthma almost the whole year round, and from year to year. His chief business was to get his breath. It would seem that if anything on earth would make one ill, capacious, gloomy, this limited supply of breath would, and yet this man inspired others by his cheerful spirit. One of the most cheerful women whom we have ever known is one who, in the very bloom of a brilliant young womanhood, was stricken down, and for thirty years has been almost as helpless as an infant. Yet time and again strong people have borne the cheer of that invalid's room back into the home circle and into the stubborn concerns of business life. We have often seen people of mettled spirit enduring genuine poverty with a lofty and unconquerable cheerfulness which millionaires would have been glad to buy with millions.

Take the Children to Church.

There is a growing neglect, in many families, with regard to the sending of the little ones to church. Many parents, who have no fear of injury to their children by their confinement in the day-schools several hours in the day for five consecutive days, are very much afraid that after a Saturday of recreation the children will be injured by two and a half hours in the

students are also taught how to set a table, how to mend, how to sew; and they are required to attend lectures on hygiene, so that they may understand the simple chemical laws that naturally enough come into the notice of every housekeeper.

These young students are also taught how to take care of and to manage little children. A real baby is sent by its mother (usually a working-woman), who is only too glad to leave her child in the care of some one. The members of the class bathe it, dress and undress it, and are taught all the practical rules which should govern its diet and general healthfulness. There are also classes in dressmaking and in every useful thing that may render a household comfortable and healthful.

Helping the Weak.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant:
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.—WHITTIER.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A Hero in a Railway Wreck.

ONE of the most appalling railroad accidents that has occurred in several years, took place on the New York Central Railroad, on Sunday morning, October 24th. The State Express, one of the heaviest and fastest trains on the line, plunged headlong into the Hudson river, near the town of Garrison. Nineteen persons perished either from being crushed or drowned, and a number of others were injured. The train, at a certain point of the line, came from beneath the swiftly moving cars and six coaches, three of them, went over the embankment. The engine was totally submerged. Two cars floated off, after the crash. The majority of their occupants were rescued, but the passengers in a day-coach and a combination-car, being wholly submerged, could not be rescued and so perished. Eight of the victims were Chinamen on their way from Canada to New York. Both engineer and fireman went down in their element and were never seen again. There were some thrilling escapes and some deeds by the rescuing men. The passengers in the day-coaches, few of whom were hurt, exerted themselves in helping the wounded and in conducting an almost hopeless search among the floating wreckage for any sufferer who might have been overlooked. In the instance of genuine heroism is related by one of the passengers. With others, he was searching for the injured. A man suddenly appeared before them, his face cut and torn, and his clothing covered with blood. He came limping forward. It was evident that one of his legs had been crushed or less severely. The pathetic passengers approached, and were about to assist him, when he waved them off, shouting, "Has any one seen the other train?" He almost before they realized what he meant, the train shot off up the track, his body distorted with pain, but with a determined courage his eyes that was unstable. He reckoned of his own hurt; he knew that the other train was then thundering toward the wreck, and that a delay might cause the loss of many other precious lives. With his forethought and courage, the man was flagged and a second accident averted.

A Kid That Saved Lives.

When the late Dr. Cocker, subsequently of Michigan University, returned from the Sea Islands and described his narrow escape from the cannibals, his experience instead of deterring others from going there, actually stimulated Christians to undertake the work. Moved by love, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Dr. Cocker and his wife decided to go as missionaries to that very island. Working on a merchant vessel, they decided in inducing the captain to put them ashore when none of the inhabitants were visible. What followed is thus described in the *Spirit of Missions*: "Being themselves on a box that contained all their earthly possessions, the devoted Christian family watched the ship leave its white wings and disappear below the horizon. When the savages, accompanied by their chief and his daughter, came on the scene, they felt the limbs of the missionary, and evidently thought that him was material for a good dinner. The daughter ran her fingers through the long, silky hair of the lady, who, impelled by Christian love, drew the girl to her and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

That natural act won the heart of the daughter. For three days the debate on eating the unexpected guests went on, and at last was decided in the negative by the pleading of the chief's favorite child.

An Ant's Heroism.

A remarkable incident in very humble life is described in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* by a correspondent who takes an interest in the habits of ants. Like the wise king, he acknowledges that he has learned lessons from the conduct of the little creatures, and is not too proud to follow the example they set.

Returning home one evening recently, he found that his gardener had dug a small trench around a maple tree, in order that it might hold water a sufficient time to permit the dirt around the roots to become thoroughly soaked. He took the garden hose and filled the trench with water. Sitting down near the place to rest, his attention was attracted to a group

Then the smallest of the group accompanied the first to dry land. Both returned along the stick to the mound, and the work of rescue began. Why they did not all cross the bridge after the first two had made the experiment puzzled the watcher, but they did not. The pioneers conducted them across one at a time. Each, conveying one ant, went across and conducted its charge to a place of safety, then returned and took another over in the same way. The two pioneers traveled at a great rate and seemed desperately excited. At last the one remaining ant was conducted safely over, but one of the guides was still on the island, having returned to see if there were any more to be saved. By this time the island had almost melted away, and the end of the stick was under water. The ant, left alone, and apparently exhausted by his exertions in saving the others, looked around for some way of saving himself. He found none, and appeared to realize that he was doomed. He went to the highest part of the hillock and settled down to await the end. It seemed hard that he who had been so often on dry land and had saved so many should perish, but he seemed to have realized that all hope so far as he was concerned must be abandoned. But

pastor: "none who trust in him will ever be put to shame."

All the people seemed to have left the church, and Mr. Brown was going away, when he noticed a woman kneeling in one of the pews. He went to her, and bending down, said: "Well, friend, is it all right with you?" The woman raised a sad, tear-stained face and looked at him. "Do you not know me, Mr. Brown?" she asked. The pastor considered a moment and then asked: "Are you not Miss—?" "Yes," she replied: "I have had a great deal of trouble. I am married now. My husband is very much opposed to religion and is very bitter against churches and ministers, and I have given way to him. I have not been inside a church since I was married till to-night, but when I heard you were to preach here, I felt I must come. I wanted my husband to come, but he would not. Oh, Mr. Brown, have I to choose between my husband and my God?" The pastor tried to encourage her, and urged her to pray for her husband, and to lead him to Christ. "He knows the truth," she said, sorrowfully, "but he has turned against it and is very bitter." Mr. Brown bade her not despair. The Holy Spirit could break the hardest heart. "There is a man," he said, as he

saw the young man to whom he had spoken, "who told me to-night that he had been a great sinner, but had prayed for the first time in many years during this service. What God has done for him he may do for your husband." The woman looked, as he spoke, toward the door where the young man was still waiting, as if desirous of speaking to the pastor again. "He," she cried, "he has been praying? Why, Mr. Brown, that is my husband." She almost flew down the aisle, and, throwing her arms around the young man's neck, kissed him in wild ecstasy. "Now," she cried, "let us go home and thank God!"

The Stone Girl.

In a cavity on the side of a mountain overlooking the village of Georgetown, Colo., there is an upright rock bearing a striking resemblance to an Indian girl. A recent traveler, noticing the resemblance, spoke of it to his guide, who told him that a strange legend was associated with it, which his father had heard among the Indians. The story, as he told it, shows that the Indians had a belief in denunciation by natural objects such as was threatened by the Hebrew prophet who said: "The stone shall cry out of the wall, Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and stablisheth a city by iniquity!"

The Indians say that early in this century a meeting was held on the plain where Georgetown now stands, to arrange terms of peace between the Indians of the mountains and the Indians of the plains, between whom there had long been war. But the Indians of the plains were treacherous, and when they had the Indians of the mountains on the plain, they slew them. Among the captives was a beautiful Indian maiden, the beloved daughter of the chief of the mountain tribe, who had accompanied her father to the meeting. She was ordered to marry her father's murderer, and she indignantly refused. The barbarous men gave her the choice of yielding to their command or being burned alive. The intrepid girl still refused to marry the man whose hands were stained with her father's blood. They drove a stake into the ground, and, fastening the maiden to it, burned her to death. As the last white wreath of ascending smoke from the cruel sacrifice curled around the summit of the mountain the earth shook and the mountain was riven. A huge mass of rock fell from its side, crushing many of the treacherous Indians under its weight. As the survivors looked up in consternation, they saw the beautiful maiden whom they had put to death looking down upon them, her form turned into rock, with an avenging frown on her face.



A CATTLE INSPECTION NEAR THE ANCIENT CITY OF LUXOR ON THE NILE.

A reminiscence of ancient Egyptian life is seen in the above photograph. The herds are small now compared with the numbers in the old days, when cattle-breeding, next to agriculture, was the staple industry of the Egyptians. Then rich proprietors possessed large herds, and at stated intervals they were all collected in a plain near the steward's house and counted and inspected. In a representation in the British Museum of such a scene, there is a tablet over each herd bearing the number. Over the oxen the tablet bears the number 834; over the sheep, 974; the goats, 3,234; and the asses, 700. The shepherds and cattle-tenders were a despised class.

of ants on a clod of earth in the trench. There were about twenty of them, and they had evidently climbed on to the little mound at the first influx of the water. They did not appear to be aware of their danger at first, but a little fellow who was near the edge of the rising flood made a circuit of the mound, and, finding it to have become an island that was rapidly crumbling away, went to the group and apparently imparted the intelligence. Instantly there was wild excitement. They rushed hither and thither in a frantic effort to escape. They soon discovered that all ways of escape were cut off, and appeared to settle down in resignation to their fate.

The watcher took a small stick and laid it across the trench to the place where the ants were. They did not appear to understand that it would afford them a path to safety. But in a little while one of them crawled along the stick its entire length and over the grass on to the firm ground. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, he retraced his steps to his companions.

he did not die. The watcher, admiring his courage, took a longer stick and laid it across, and he hurried over it to the companions whom he had rescued.

A Wife's Dilemma.

One summer Sunday evening a great crowd was pouring out of a Baptist church in the south-eastern section of London. The Rev. Archibald G. Brown, called affectionately "The Spurgeon of the East Side," had been preaching there, and people who seldom went to church had gone to hear the famous preacher. As his custom was, Mr. Brown stood near the door, shaking hands with the people as they filed out. Of one young man, a stranger to him, the pastor asked, as he grasped his hand, "How is it with you?" The young man looked at him earnestly and said: "I have been a great sinner, but, thank God, I have turned over a new leaf to-night. While you were preaching I prayed for the first time in many years, and I believe God heard me. I am trusting in Christ." "God bless you," said the

BOOK SHELF

Early Church-Building.*

WITH the advent of Christianity and its great mission, we first meet what is known as the church edifice. The word church, derived from the Greek *kyrios*, meaning Lord, may refer to either the edifice or the assembly of Christian people; hence, the church edifice being equivalent to the house of God. In this will be seen the connection between the Jewish synagogue and the early Christian Church, gradually making such changes as were necessary to adapt it to the requirements and conditions of the Christian service, in which the people were all to participate, and for the addresses which have been a part of the service from the beginning. Vast cathedrals and immense piles of brick and stone did not originate in the necessities of a New Testament church, but in the desires and ambitions of an ecclesiastical aristocracy. Nevertheless, it is not so much the magnificent churches and cathedrals of Europe have done much to advance the development and preservation of Christianity? From time immemorial the best works of man have been the temples or structures erected as places of worship, or dedicated to the Deity; and of these, notably the Dark Ages—the remaining works consist almost wholly of ecclesiastical buildings. Thus architecture, and especially ecclesiastical architecture, has to a large extent been the custodian of the world.

Art and religion are inseparably united in that art is man's worship of God and idealizes the symbolic expression of those dreams and emotions which transcend ordinary modes of expression. Art not only owes to religious impulse its noblest inspirations, but becomes the only means whereby religion can fully express itself. Through music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, Christianity can appeal directly to the human soul with a directness that are irresistible. In the period preceding the fifteenth century there was a growing religious enthusiasm, during which the church was the great social fact and influence that ruled mankind. It inspired, demanded and absorbed all the activity of men in more peaceful moods; took the tribute not only of his heart, but of his hand, and purse, and absorbed it more fully than art.

In cathedrals, temples and churches, we expressed all that we now express in our public buildings, our charitable institutions, our civic adornments and our sumptuous private houses. Into its treasures all those minor works that are now expended to a myriad secular ends; the size, richness, pomp and splendor, the magnificence in effect, and the details in detail of the medieval sanctuaries.

During the fifteenth century churches and cathedrals were built in half of the belief of civilized Europe. This was a period of gigantic religious enthusiasm. At its time, owing to religious revolutions and other kindred causes, architecture a vital art came nearly to an end—no violence, not of exhaustion—with but little if any indications of revival until the past century, which has marked a remarkable architectural awakening, especially throughout this country. Owing to the peculiar social and political conditions under which we live, there is no call for structures other than those designed for religious, civil or domestic uses. We have now entered a new era of religious architecture, and it behooves us to ascertain that the modern church edifice should be. Shall it be an adaptation of some acknowledged type—so-called ortho-

dox? And why orthodox? Was not one borrowed from the synagogue, and the other from the hall of justice? Both were perfectly adapted to their requirements, and therein was their chief excellence; they perfectly supplied the needs and requirements of the service of that day and age. But has there not been an advance, a development during the centuries? Have the needs and requirements of the service remained the same during this architectural dormancy?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tears and Triumphs. A Sunday-school song book. Also appropriate for young people's prayer meetings, etc. Pp. 209; price, 25 cents. The Pickett Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky.

By Adverse Winds. Oliphant Smeaton dedicates to her father, the Rev. Professor Smeaton, D.D., New College, Edinburgh, this story of Edinburgh life. The poem reminds one of Scott's pen. Pp. 450; cloth. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston.

Good Luck. L. J. Meade's love story with this cheerful name, in which a "dear old cherry-cheeked woman with blue eyes and firm, kindly lips" seems the real heroine, rather than those who call her "Grannie," has a good moral, and has been so popular as to call for a second edition. Pp. 268; cloth. A. I. Bradley & Co., 224-226 Congress St., Boston.

The History of the Lady Betty Stair. In which Molly Elliott Seawell tells the story of a true heroine who lived in 1798, when the palace of Holyrood was inhabited by a number of French people—the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.; his Savoyard princess, Marie Therese, and ladies and gentlemen of his suite, among whom was Lady Betty. Illustrated by Thule de Thunstrup. Pp. 144; cloth, \$1.25. Publishers: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Bubbles. By Fannie E. Newberry. Illustrated by Victor A. Searles. A love story, in which fashionable follies and speculations in stocks make rather serious bubbles, and in which worldliness and duty contending, the latter conquers in the end. Pp. 340; cloth. Publishers: A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston.

Fighting a Fire. By Charles Thaxter Hill, who tells how the fire department of a great city is organized and conducted. Mr. Hill is an artist who has been interested in fires and firemen ever since 1882—actively since 1887—and he presents graphic pictures by pencil and pen. Thirty illustrations by the author. Cloth, \$1.50. The Century Co., New York.

The Last Three Soldiers. William Henry Shelton, who served in the war himself, has evolved a unique plot for a story dealing with the great contest. The heroes, three young soldiers of a Union signal corps, stationed on an almost inaccessible mountain, are cut off from communication with their comrades, and lead a Robinson Crusoe life. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. Pp. 324; cloth, \$1.50. The Century Co., New York.

Master Skylark: A Story of Shakespeare's Time. By John Bennett, who tells a story of the days of good Queen Bess, introducing Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and kindred spirits. The hero, a little lad of Stratford town, relative to Anne Hathaway, is gifted with a marvelous voice, and sings before Queen Bess. Mr. Bennett and his illustrator, Reginald B. Birch, give graphic pictures of scenes in old London. Pp. 380; cloth, \$1.50. The Century Co., New York.

Miss Nina Bower. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Frontispiece by Reginald Birch. This story appeals especially to girls, and, aside from its interest as a narrative, will exert a helpful influence as a study in character building and inform young readers of the customs of English children, among whom Nina travels on her trip abroad. Pp. 243; cloth, \$1.25. The Century Co.

Kent Fiddling's Ventures. I. T. Thurston tells a bright story of two young brothers, who, suddenly thrown on their own resources, force such unpromising material as a farm pond to yield an income for their mother and sister, by selling fish and pond-lilies, and by converting its banks into an attractive pleasure resort. Illustrated by G. Le Duc. Pp. 301; cloth. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston.

A Thoughtless Seren. The author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," "The Idd One," etc., tells a bright story for boys and girls. An excellent holiday

Well Known Pastor

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book, teaching a good moral lesson. In pretty covers, with attractive illustrations. Price, 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ONE WOMAN'S DAY.

THERE came to me the other day, in my morning's mail, a letter which touched me so profoundly that I am moved to share a part of it with my readers. The writer is a farmer's wife, and her home is in a distant State, in a beautiful place which I know well, for I have twice spent five delightful weeks there, and have talked to and taken by the hand a great many women situated precisely like my correspondent. I wish I could show her one of my days, which, in another way, are quite as busy as hers, beginning almost as early and ending later at night. Dear sisters, who are bringing up the children and doing endless work which must be done, forgive me if I still insist on my statement that if you will make time for the finishing touches, in the end you will be the gainers. Don't think I am a stranger to your life. I have witnessed over and over again its weary round of domestic drudgery. I have watched its effect on you. I know how it bows the shoulders and bends the back; how it brings pathetic lines into the face; how it tells on your health and strength.

But you have this great joy to think of: that no women on earth bring their boys and girls up better, and do more for the best interests of their period and their country than you do. You are worth ten thousand times as much as are the gay butterflies who flit from bough to bough, whose examples depress instead of elevate their households, and who live only for pleasure's giddy round.

God bless you! Many of our greatest men spent their boyhood under fostering care like yours. Many a statesman, general and great educator looks back with reverence to the plain little hard-working mother, whose chocolate-colored print is in his eyes fairer than an angel's robes of fleecy white.

Here is my friend's letter, word for word, as she wrote it:

Up at 5.30. Skim milk, finish a skirt for one of the girls, so she may go tidy to school, and which, on account of press of work, could not be finished yesterday; feed chickens, make beds, sweep floors, pickle, preserve, and can a bushel of tomatoes, pick green corn for dinner, work over butter, skim milk again, feed chickens.

In doing the work it is necessary to go up and down stairs twenty or more times, and by the time I get a breathing-spell I am too tired to do anything but throw myself on the lounge, curl up and rest a few minutes and then up and at it again.

I am too tired to dress upstairs and change my dress, said dress being a neat, dark-colored calico wrapper; in fact I wear nothing else around home but easy-fitting wrappers, as my health is not good, and I cannot take the time to wash and iron anything else, and my clothes must hang from the shoulders, so my physician says. One daughter assists me at the housework, two are in school; one, a senior, too busy with her studies to help, the other, a little girl, and they must look neat, so we must put the finishing touches on them. Our dresses are made nicely, with ruffles in the neck, of the same goods, but we do wear brown-and-white checked bib aprons tied around the waist, said aprons being very useful articles, if they do not look esthetic. I do all our sewing, dressmaking included, and knit mittens, socks and stockings for winter. We are so near town that we go there to church and school, and we must have things as nice as may be, with a slender purse to draw on.

It is three years since I have had a best dress, which cost not quite five dollars, so you see I have not much time or money to spend for myself, although no one knows but myself, how I would like dainty things, but if I can keep the girls in school until they put the finishing touches to their education, I shall be content.

So long as I keep my body clean, my

hair nicely combed and my dress neat, it matters not much if my dress is dark, or that my apron is tied around my waist. It wouldn't look very neat to go without an apron, and to wear a fancy, light-colored one—oh, my! just try it once in doing the work I've done to-day, and see how often you would have to change it. This has spun out to an unconscionable length, but I wanted you to know how one farmer's wife lived and felt about it. Husband says it is bed-time and that I must go to bed and rest, so I will put the finishing touches to this letter and wish you good-night and many years in which to write for me to read. Sincerely yours,

A FARMER'S WIFE.

I thank you very much for that last kind wish, and now, as a tender mother confessor, will you let me talk awhile with you?

The two or three points on which I must dwell in answering this letter will at once impress every thoughtful woman as they impress me. One is, that my correspondent admits that she is not in vigorous health, yet actually performs labor enough to wear out a strong man, in her plodding up and downstairs twenty times a day, in her multifarious occupations, in her care of dairy, kitchen, chambers and cuisine, to leave out the incessant making and mending of clothing which her tireless fingers get through with between Monday morning and Saturday night. Dear lady, you are wise to wear your loose clothing suspended from the shoulder, but let younger feet than yours trot up and downstairs; let your husband's strong arm do some of the lifting; and occasionally—let things go.

I know one farmer, bless his kind heart and strong hands, who always does the family washing, and has done it for years. I know some farmers' boys who do the ironing for their mothers, and it is well done too.

You speak of lying on the lounge for a rest between times. This is most sensible and judicious, and I shall like to think that you do sometimes take a level rest there, with your eyes shut, and this is very important, your mind, as vacant of thought as possible.

Let me plead with you, however, not to wait till you are dead tired out before you take this needed rest. For years I have made it a part of my religion to rest for two or three minutes at a time. Many times a day I sit back in my chair, close my eyes, keep perfectly still, and think of nothing.

The mere fact of resting in this way for a few seconds is very beneficial, and has a result immediately felt. But, besides this, try a plan which women find very helpful, viz., to go away from the rest of the family for a half-hour just after the mid-day meal, shut yourself up, and do nothing, sit with folded hands with feet on a chair, or lie down, and let everything alone. Every day that you do this will help to make you stronger.

You will be much in my mind, dear friend, and I shall think of you often, and hope some day to see you. Now, don't mind if I add that it isn't fair to give all the finishing touches to the children.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen her faded gown;
She would sometimes take a little rest
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children!

About those aprons! Fancy aprons are absurd for anybody except school-girls, and for them, except as a dressy addition to a pretty costume. But a matron may wear a white apron and make it with a deep hem and broad strings. It will answer every purpose as well as the hideous check one does, and will not soil any sooner. No one wishes to wear a soiled apron about her work, and the clinging to the checked one is, in my belief, traditional only.

Margaret E. Sangster

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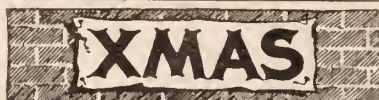
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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE CALL OF GOD.

SOMEHOW, somewhere, sometime God speaks to every one of us, and calls us out of our indifference, to give him our hearts. We may refuse, for we are not mere machines, but we do so at last. He does not call us all in the same way. The call came to Samuel as a child, in the old Jewish tabernacle, at midnight. It came to Moses on the Mount Horeb, as he herded

proper moral environment and background. No one will ever be more clearly self-condemned on the Day of Judgment, when an assembled world is gathered before the Great White Throne, than was that West Virginia lad, struggling face to face with death at the bottom of the Ohio River that summer afternoon.

It is amazing to him, grown now to a man of middle age, to remember how easily and clearly he could study and analyze all this, as with every faculty alert, he was intently planning for his safety and deliverance.

He felt if he could only know which way the current was flowing he would soon find his way out. Suddenly he remembered having read somewhere that the current of a stream flows stronger at the bottom than at the top. He instantly acted on his thought, and quickly dived to the bottom of the river. He at once thrust his fingers into the soft sediment, and he could, by slowly turning his hands around, feel the movement of the current between his fingers. The sensation of that current sent the blood tingling through his veins, for with it came the chance for life. He now knew the way to the shore. Gathering himself for the effort, he struck out with all his remaining strength toward the shore. When he came to the surface he was in the open air. There were the green trees, the blue sky, the fresh air, and the splash and cries of the noisy boys. How beautiful it all looked, and how melodious that babel of sounds!

He swam feebly to the shore and crawled upon a sunny sandbank in a collapsed condition. He swam no more that day, but soon walked home, a thoughtful, wiser, and much older boy. He recognized the call of God, and he has followed it from that day. That lad to-day is the Dr. George C. Wilding, the eloquent and popular pastor of Hedding Church in Jersey City. He has been a wide traveler, and once climbed to the snow-capped peak of Mount Hood, and looked far and wide over the glorious panorama of forest and river and mountains of the Northern Sierras, but Dr. Wilding still claims that the highest vision-point, and the widest outlook of his life was obtained, not from the pinnacle of Mount Hood, but beneath a coal-barge in the muddy bottom of the Ohio River.

R. GEORGE C. WILDING, D.D.

far-in-law's sheep. It came to him as he was ploughing in the field, as Paul on the highway at noon. He recently listened to a story of a boy that came to a boy on the Ohio River, with the soiled trousers above him, when he was in danger of his life. A group were swimming where the Ohio crossed the line of West Virginia, and were diving from the deck of a boat or float near the shore, in order to dive as far down stream as possible without coming up for breath. And then, farther out in the river, half dozen large coal-barges or barges, one of the lads, the hero of our story, dived from the deck of the boat, full of ambition to excel all the others in the company, he aimed to go down the river with the current; the way he turned slightly toward the right hand. When his breath was exhausted, and he began to feel that he must come to the surface for air, he tried to rise, and came upward rapidly to his surprise and horror, he found his head against something hard. He realized that he was beneath a large coal-barge. The stun of the blow confused him, and he could not think of the way he had come. It flashed rapidly through his mind that he was in an area of coal-barges in three feet of open water in the other direction. But which was the direction he could not make out. It shot through his mind that there were the chances for death and but one chance that he was uncertain as to which way he should turn.

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A favorite symbol of the church with more than one of the New Testament writers is that of a building. Christ himself, in his memorable address to Peter, so spoke of it. Paul uses the figure in the passage associated with the topic, to show how there is room in this great work of construction for an endless variety of gifts and graces. The workers are not alike. If they were, the building would be imperfect. Gifts of various kinds were necessary, and were advantageous, if the unity of purpose was kept clearly in mind. It is unity, not uniformity, that the apostle desires. At the time the letter was written there were, as there are to this day, jealousies at times between the different workers and differences of opinion as to the order of worship, which led to disputes. The apostle inculcated the largest charity and tolerance. Each worker has his place and his duty in rearing the building, and deserves the respect and cordial co-operation of his fellow-workers. It is the glory and perfection of the finished building that he would have them think of, not the honor and the reward of individual builders. It is thus that the church has grown through the centuries. When a particular kind of work needed to be done, a man was raised up with special qualifications for doing it. His character usually was not an all-round, lovable character, nor were his views of doctrinal truth always correct and reliable, but he brought to his special work the concentration of faculties needed for its performance. Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, and Wesley, and Whitefield, and Finney, and Phillips Brooks, each in their day delivered the message of God to his time. It was the message the church of that day needed to learn. Differences there were between them which it would be impossible to reconcile, but each added his quota to the great building. The sects and denominations of to-day are following the same lines. Deplorable from some points of view as the divisions are, the church universal has been enriched by each. The beautiful liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church would be to some men intolerably monotonous, but it is inexpressibly dear to others. The theology of the Presbyterian Church is repudiated by the Methodist. But each has added stones to the great building, which would never have been there if no such church had been laboring for Christ. It is the unity of purpose in the diversity of method which Paul is concerned about. As the Japanese proverb has it: "There are many paths to the top of the mountain, but at the summit all the travelers see the same sun."

Li Hung Chang and the Bible.

Some time ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an extract from the letter of a missionary in China, in which it was stated that a number of missionary ladies had presented the Empress Dowager with a handsomely bound copy of the Holy Scriptures. Shortly after that presentation, as was afterwards learned, a number of the ladies of the imperial court procured copies of the Bible, and began to study it, roused to imitation, partly by the example of the Empress Dowager, and no doubt partly by curiosity. Another significant link in the same chain of circumstances is furnished in a recent letter from Dr. Colman, the well known medical missionary stationed at Peking. He says: "At a recent visit I made to his Excellency Viceroy Li Hung Chang, I found him reading a beautiful Russian-leather bound copy of the New Testament. The old gentleman was so intent on his reading that he did not notice me for several minutes. In a little while he raised his eyes, and, looking attentively at me, said: 'Dr. Colman, or, as he addressed me in Chinese, 'Man Tai Fu, do you believe this book?' 'Your Excellency,' I replied, 'if I did not believe that book I should not have the honor of being your physician. I thoroughly believe it.' 'Are you sure it is not all rumor and report?' he again asked.

"'Very sure,' I replied. 'How do you know?' he continued. 'By a test given

in the book itself. Does it not say in the book that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, nor a good tree bad fruit? Your Excellency has admitted to me previously that the condition of the people in Western lands far surpasses anything in the East, and I can assure you that the happiness and prosperity of the various nations you have recently visited are in direct proportion to the nearness with which they live to the precepts taught in that book. Would that your Excellency also believed it!' 'Why, I believe that you would like me to turn Christian!' he said, in a half-joking, half-earnest tone. 'Not only you,' I replied, 'but your young Emperor and all his people.' 'We have Confucius,' he replied, 'and you have your Jesus; are they not much the same?' 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' I replied. Here visitors arrived and the Viceroy had to give them his attention; but as a servant took the book to place it in his library, he said: 'Don't carry it to the library; take it to my bedroom-table. I wish to look at it again.'"

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Judge Frank Ives, of District Court of Crookston, Minn., says: "For some time I have used Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets with seeming great benefit, with few exceptions I have not been so free from indigestion in twenty-five years."

George W. Roosevelt, U. S. Consul to Brussels, Belgium: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, safe, pleasant to take, convenient to carry, give keen appetite, perfect digestion."

Mr. W. D. Tomlin, Mechanical Engineer, Duluth, Minn.: "One box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets has done its work, and I am again gaining flesh and strength."

O. E. Ransom, Hustonville, Ky.: "I was distressed and annoyed for two years with throwing up food, often two or three times a day; had no certainty of retaining a meal if I ate one. Four boxes of the tablets from my druggists have fully cured me. I find them pleasant to take, convenient to carry."

Rev. G. D. Brown, Mondovi, Wis.: "The effect of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is simply marvelous; a quite hearty dinner of broiled beef steak causes no distress since I began their use."

Over six thousand people in the State of Michigan alone in 1894 were cured of stomach troubles by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Full size package may be found at all druggists at 50 cents.

Send for little book on stomach diseases, mailed free by Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

McCALL BAZAR PATTERNS

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"THE STYLISH PATTERN." Artistic. Fashionable. Original. Perfect-Fitting. Prices 10 and 15 cents. None higher. None better at any price. Some reliable merchant sells them in nearly every city or town. Ask for them, or they can be had by mail from us in either New York or Chicago. Stamps taken. Latest Fashion Sheet sent upon receipt of one cent to pay postage.

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Brightest ladies' magazine published. Invaluable for the home. Fashions of the day, Home Literature, Household Hints, Fancy Work, Current Topics, Fiction, all for only 50 cents a year, including a free pattern, your own selection any time. Send two 2-cent stamps for sample copy. Address

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Send 1c. stamp for 100 cooking recipes and special offer how to get FREELESS STEAM COOKER 300,000 in use. AGENTS WANTED. PERKINS LUMBER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Babies Thrive On It.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

LITTLE BOOK "INFANT HEALTH" SENT FREE, Should be in Every House.

N.Y. CONDENSED MILK CO. NEW YORK.

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A complete separation of seeds from raisins is effected quickly and cleanly, by simply turning the handle of the

Enterprise Raisin and Grape Seeder

and appendicitis is prevented. Sold by all hardware dealers. Small size seeds 1 lb. in 5 minutes, \$1.00. Large size, 1 lb. a minute, \$2.50.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA. Philadelphia.



Send 4 cts. in stamps for "The Enterprising House-keeper"—200 recipes.

Unlaundered Handkerchiefs...

All linen. Direct from the peasants in Ireland, and by them embroidered by hand. One dozen like illustration mailed on receipt of \$1.00, or 10c each, four corners embroidered, sheer linen, \$1.75 per dozen, 12c each, worth 25c each. The superfine hand-embroidered hemstitched or scalloped border, 25c each, worth 50c when laundered. Money refunded if you don't pronounce them immense bargains. All selected especially for the holidays. Send P. O. money order or currency.

D. DESMOND, Importer, :: Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRY IT FREE

for 30 days in your own home and save \$10 to \$25. No money in advance. \$500 Knave Machine for \$25.00 \$500 Arlington Machine for \$19.50 Singers (Made by us) \$4, \$11.50, \$15 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents' large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials free. Write at once. Address in full, CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B' 18 Chicago, Ill.

GLOBE INCUBATORS & BROODERS

are positively the Best. Will hatch chickens when others fail. Everywhere winners of highest honors in strongest competition. Our 1896 Catalogue now ready, the finest printed. It contains a full and complete line of poultry supplies at very low prices. Tells how to operate an incubator successfully. Tells all about raising chickens, and how to make money at the business. Everything made plain and easy. Don't fail to send for one, price only 4 cents in stamps. Address: Shoemaker Incubator Co., Box 460, Freeport, N. Y.

\$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN.

International News and Book Company, Baltimore, make a most liberal offer of \$200.00 in gold, for selling 250 copies of "Talks to Children about Jesus." This book is among the most popular ever published. One agent sold 25 in 2 days, another 55 the first week. Freight paid, credit given. They also publish Bibles, and other popular books, and a beautiful set of children's books for the Xmas holidays. A few General Agents wanted on salary.

AGENTS to sell our line of Elegant Cake Icing and Flavoring Powders. Permanent and profitable work. Write for exclusive territory and terms at once. T. H. Snyder & Co., 339 E. 3d St., Cincinnati, O.

The Autoharp



A pleasing instrument; easily learned. Prices from \$3.00 upwards.

Write to Illustrated Catalogue and story "How the Autoharp Captured a Family."

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Sold by Music Dealers
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A Prominent Physician

Writes

SPOTSWOOD, N. J., Aug. 1897.

Messrs. McKesson & Robbins:

Dear Sirs:—Please send me, by mail, more bottles of Tartarilithine Tablets (each bottle 25c). I will also here state, in justice, that the most welcome remedy that has come to my hands since my beginning of the use of medicine. It has given me, in every case of rheumatism in which I have used it, the kind of results. I have used discretion even more than necessary, in its employment, that it be given to patients whom I required such a remedy or preparation. These are just the kind that refuse to accept ordinary treatment, old chronic cases of diathesis, where there is a tendency to carious deposits, etc. These are unduly or have been, at least to me, the most successful patients in my practice to give might fairly be termed good results. These have been the very kind in which I have been using Tartarilithine with the very best results to patients and myself. Many remedies come daily to our aid, but these have been the most welcome one to me thus far.

Yours very truly,

Pamphlet on the Treatment of Rheumatism by Tartarilithine sent free.

McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton St. N. Y.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE TARTARILITHINE CO.

OUR \$5 GIFT

To advertise our victorious... ing furniture from factory to... absolutely free, with every... shown below, an elegant quad... plated teapot, guaranteed to be worth \$5 and... 10 years. A certificate of warranty, signed by... manufacturers, accompanies each teapot. Subscribers... publication need send no money in advance. They... are found as represented and entirely satisfied. For... \$9.00, the wholesale factory price of the teapot, plus... 30 days after shipment; if not, return at our expense.



We offer this couch for trial orders because it is our greatest bargain. Full size—29x72 in. In finest grade of imported figured corduroy any standard shade or color. Full set of Spring edges and end. Deep bluish-tufted. The coverings free on request. The teapot is 10 in. high, 6 in. diameter. Order today. Don't miss it! All that's necessary is to say you're a reader of this (this is important), that you accept Offer No. 4 on 30 days' trial, state shipping directions, and give full shipping directions. Write for details, Robt. E. Strah, FALLEY MFG. CO., 319-321 S. Canal St., St. Louis, Mo. See our other great sample in the Christian Herald, Sept. 1.

WALK ON LAMB'S WOOL—EARS

Wiley's "CAPITOL" Sales

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid for \$5. WM. H. WILEY & SON, P. O. Box 2, Hartford, Conn.

8% MUNICIPAL WARRANTS. Safest short-time paper, earning 8% for details, Robt. E. Strah & Co., Equitable Building, Boston, Mass.

WHAT TO PRAY FOR.

Prayer of Comprehensive Significance Adapted to All Ages and Conditions
 (Lu 11:1-4).

In all ages of the church there have been some who have contended that since God knows best what is good for his children, their prayers are superfluous.

To such a contention there can be no better answer than the encouragement given to the exercise of our Lord himself. He would have us pray always and not faint. The prayer supplied was never intended as a model only, showing the style and character of petitions he should use. While men of different lands and in different conditions have their own special needs to present to God, our Lord suggests some that are universal, in which all may join. And comprehensive they are! The acknowledgment of the divine fatherhood converses of our filial relationship reminds us of the duties involved in our position into the attitude we ought to assume as suppliants before him. The petition is, that the sanctity of the name may be felt universally, and that the homage we pay may be paid in truth. The next clause carries the same step further. We ask that his kingdom may come. Nothing that we desire for this poor, distracted world should be such a blessing as that which is to rule for all men to obey him. All lives to be guided by his principles this would mean heaven begun on earth. We might multiply words, but could not present a petition which would mean more to the world. It comes to the clause which Matthew adds, "at his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. When his kingdom comes, his will will be done. The prayer is the prayer for food. We forget that we depend upon the food both for our bodies and for our souls. When such a calamity befalls as that through which India is suffering the need of such a prayer is made home to us. Then comes the petition, unhappily, all have need to pray. The forgiveness of sins is a boon which alone can give, and it is appropriately prominent in this model prayer. It is joined the avowal which it is to utter truthfully and with sincerity that we, too, in our small way, forgive we desire to be forgiven. To the added petition, which is final. Let's version. Bring us not into temptation, which one translator felicitously renders, "Abandon us not in temptation." A prayer of simplicity and great suitability.

The Missionaries Suffer for Africa
 Since Bishop Hartzell assumed charge of the Methodist missions in Africa, about a year ago, he has traveled thousands of miles in the Dark Continent, on bullock-back, in a hammock, and on foot, ascertaining the condition of the scattered charges. He found the missionaries at the various stations all laboring earnestly and, in many cases, quite unhealthily, for the extension of the Gospel among the natives. Some of these workers have endured great hardships and suffered deep bereavement in the loss of their loved ones, but they have not wavered in their allegiance to the cause of heathen enlightenment. Writing from Angola, the bishop says: "Mrs. Mary B. Sherrett from Dallas, Tex. (one of the missionaries), buried her husband about two years ago, but she could not leave the field, and so with her little boy she proposes to make Africa her home. Miss Susan Collins shows rare tact in taking care of her little family of ten natives. Mrs. Minnie Mead, the widow of the late William J. Mead, and her four children, are a part of the group. Her noble husband died at Nhangua-a-Pepo, a victim of overwork, in the midst of complicated and insurmountable difficulties. The family was alone at the time. His own boys made his coffin, his weeping widow read the burial service; when the natives were carrying the coffin to the burial-ground, they became dissatisfied and put it into the middle of the path and demanded more money, which had to be paid before they would proceed. I felt as I sat before that company that I was on holy ground, and thanked God I had been permitted to come to them and share with them the responsibilities of their difficult work, and be instrumental to some extent, at least, in putting them and the work they represented into the heart and on the conscience of the church."

Common Plain Food.

It is Best for Children or Adults.

Natural grains, meat and fruit will make good blood if the digestive machinery of the body is not interfered with.

The blood when first made goes into the arteries and is of a bright red color. After it has been used some in supplying the body, it is carried into the veins and is there a dark red or purple color. Blood contains the elements to nourish and build up the body, such as iron, soda, lime, albumen, etc., etc.

When the powers of the stomach and the bowels are reduced by lack of vitality or by putting coffee and tea into the stomach, the processes which nature goes through with to change the food into rich, red blood are seriously interfered with.

If a man could see what a "wet blanket" he put over his hard working friend, the stomach, by putting in coffee, whiskey or tobacco, when it was honestly toiling away to do its work well, he would never repeat the outrage and injustice. It is like striking your friend a vicious blow when he is delving away for you with might and main. Don't do it. One feels more respect for himself when he acts the man and permits no form of abuse to strangle and spoil the beautiful work being done for him in the human body. No sort of fun on earth is equal to the fun of being thoroughly well.

If one wants a pungent, piquant, hot drink for breakfast, lunch or dinner, it can be had in Postum, the health coffee. It is made wholly of grains by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited) of Battle Creek, Mich. It can be truly said, "it makes red blood." It brews the deep seal brown color of Mocha; it creams to the rich golden brown of Java when boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, and has an aroma and taste that makes a man thankful that someone has at last made a combination of the grains that gives such a delicious hot drink that one can readily leave off the coffee which has been hurting more than one likes to think of.

Medicines are poor crutches. The only safety is to use food and drink that the Creator intended for man, and when this is done the diseases and sick spells gradually disappear.

Common sense is quite uncommon except with those who give themselves a shaking now and then and look plainly at what they are doing. If a person knows coffee don't hurt him, let him stick to it till he does, then such people thoroughly appreciate Postum. Grocers testify to large sales and the steady use of those who once try it, is evidence of its taking ways.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.

METEOR BALLOONS.



Wonderful home entertainers. Beautiful star-like fireworks, entirely safe. They rise to ceiling and descend as shown in cut. As specimens of our 3,000 bargains we send 10 of them postpaid with catalogue for only 10c.; 30 for 25c.; 100 for 75c. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt St. Dept. No. 61 N. Y. City.

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GOLD DUST

when you can get it right at home? Your grocer sells it. Made only by

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The Latest and Correct Styles.

Buy from the designer and manufacturer. We save you from \$3 to \$6 on each purchase. All garments warranted to give satisfaction. We make each garment to your order.

Style 1500.—Ladies' Handsome Plush Cape—Full sweep, large storm collar, and empire back, collar and front Thibet edged. Entire cape beautifully embroidered in jet and soutache braid. Lined throughout with black Rhadame silk. An excellent cape for the money. Price, \$10.00.

Style 160.—Ladies' Jacket—Of excellent all-wool beaver, latest and best style, inlaid velvet collar, kersey straps applied to front. In black, blue, or green. Price, \$6.50.

Style 1356.—Child's Reefer—Chick and stylish-made, of serviceable all-wool fancy two-tone cloaking; assorted colors, black and green, brown and gold, etc., with pretty star-shaped collar, and empire back. Velvet piped. Sizes, 4 to 14. Price, for any size, \$4.75.

Style 552.—Ladies' Wrappers—Of best grade flannel De Laine, epaulette yoke, straps at shoulder to support sleeve puffs, pointed collar. Collar, yoke, puff-strings, and belt trimmed with passementerie. Full 3/4 yard skirt. In all patterns and colors. Price, \$2.00. We have a full line of "A No. 1" grade calico wrappers at \$1.25. When ordering give bust measure.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE A—IT'S FREE.

Samples of any garment shown in our catalogue sent on application. Any garment sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination before paying express agent. We pay express charges.

LADIES' TAILORING MFG. CO.

225 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Style 1356.



Style 1500.



Style 552.

Attention!

If you will send us the names of ten or more people who have a lively interest in church work, we will pay you for your trouble by sending you, absolutely free and postpaid, a copy of that wonderful little story entitled

INTO and OUT of INFIDELITY.

This is the autobiography of a brilliant man, whose reputation is now national. He here tells all about how he became an infidel, and how he became a Christian. The text is illustrated with pictures, and a more touching story has never been told. Remember: a copy is free to you for five minutes' work for us. Simply send us the names and address of ten or fifteen or twenty of your most active Christian friends, no two of one household, who would be interested in free specimens of our evangelical literature. Sit down and write this list and mail it to us to-day. You will thus secure free a rich little treasure for yourself, and also help spread the glad gospel tidings. Address

Send us names of Earnest Christians Only

THE CHURCH PRESS,
 R. 1301 Y. M. C. A. BLD'G., CHICAGO, ILL.



\$300.00 in Cash Prizes Given
 for recipes calling for
HASTY LUNCH CHOCOLATE

"Made in One Minute."

Competition closes January 1st, 1898. Full particulars by mail.

Hasty Lunch Chocolate, "made in one minute," won first and second prizes in the cooking contest at the recent State Fair held at Syracuse, N. Y. Price only 35 cts. for pounds and 18 cts. for half pounds.

If your grocer will not supply you, send us the price in stamps, and we will mail you a can as a sample, postage prepaid.

J. H. BARKER & CO., 91 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn—New York.



TEA SET FREE

or Watch, Clock, or Toilet Set, with 20 pounds COCKATOO TEAS and a handsome present with every pound. Send for new illustrated premium and price list. THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York, P. O. Box 293.



NO DIRT LEFT

In clothes washed with the "BUST BEE WASHER," 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That's the record. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale. Write for terms.

Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13 St., Erie, Pa.

A GOOD CHEAP FARM WAGON.



to introduce their low metal wheels we tires, the Empire Mfg. Co., Quincy, Mo. placed upon the market a farmers' wagon, sold at the low price of \$19.95. The wagon is only 25 inches high, fitted with 30-inch wheels, with 4-inch tires, straight or staggered spokes. This is made of best material throughout, fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue and full description will be mailed on application to the manufacturers, who furnish metal wheels at low prices, made to any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

CHANGES IN OLD ROME.

Italy's Capital Undergoing a Gradual Transformation—Becoming a Clean and Healthy Metropolis.

OLD Rome is passing away, and a new city of modern progress is arising in its place—a clean, wholesome, hygienic capital. Old Rome was possessed by scores of monastic convents. At the doors of churches and convents bread, soup and pottage were distributed freely to thousands of people every day. Steps of religious houses were crowded with waiting throngs, able to work, yet living without labor upon the church, and through the church upon those whose industry and self-denial supplied the means. The streets were filled with beggars. The city had only two or three thoroughfares to which the name of street might be applied with any degree of fitness. Big blocks of houses, without yard or separations, filthy internally and externally, constituted the city. With the noble Tiber flowing through it to the ocean, it had no sewerage system worth the name; with plenty of cool springs on its seven hills, no decent water to drink. The Vatican stood alone, with broad grounds and good approaches, in that part of the city which is now the central portion. Houses, dirty inside and out, without yards, without separations, constituted the city of the people.

Here, in central Rome, was the old malodorous Ghetto, where Papal government confined the Hebrew population. Without sewerage, without any show of street division, with narrow entrances, sunlight shut out, houses crowded together without any regard for sanitary system, it was impossible for old Rome to be other than dirty and unhealthy. "Roman fever," the result of malarious odor everywhere, became a familiar word, and frightened strangers. It not only slew the dwellers of the fetid cellars, but it drove Roman nobles every summer from their beautiful, but deadly capital.

In the "new Rome," the old Ghetto is gone; streets are opened everywhere; where the Tiber used to overflow its banks and devastate the houses of the poor, there is a substantial level; where twenty years ago there was only pasture, a new city stands, of which renovated old Rome is but a part. The new city has large streets and squares, fountains, palaces, gardens, and electric cars. There are public schools. And children are taught to be clean, as they were not in old Rome. There has been a revolution in sewerage and water supply. Roman fever is practically a thing of the past. In 1881 there were 650 deaths from this disease; in 1894 there were 140. Of these 140, the larger part were not residents of the city, but people who had contracted fever while working in the Campagna, and who had been brought into the hospitals. It must also be considered that, while this death-rate has decreased, the population has increased very rapidly. Up to the middle of the present century, Rome did not number 150,000 people. Its population at present is 400,000 or more.

Protestantism has crept into Rome, and Protestantism is the religion of sanitation and progress; it goes with a Bible in one hand, a broom in the other, and an express train coming behind loaded with shovels and hoes, railroad ties, telegraph wires, electric bells and lights, and school-

books. It has done more than all the other influences combined to redeem Rome.

THE BOWERY MISSION

and Young Men's Home.

Located at 105 Bowery, New York City.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

ONE hundred and fifty beds, Restaurant, and Free Dispensary. Women's Tea and Gospel Service, Saturday 2 P. M.; Gospel Meetings every evening in the year; Sunday Services, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	137
Aggregate Attendance	80,230
Professed Conversions	5,137
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,913
Meals Served in Restaurant	628,672
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary	2,300
Employment found for	1,200
Kindergarten Attendance (three months)	770
Attendance at Mrs. Bird's Women's Meetings	2,300
Professed Conversion at same	250
Free Meals	50,850

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Previously acknowledged	\$605.65
Miss H. R. Johnson	1.00
Mrs. T. A. Murray	4.00
Decatur	2.00
J. R. Toay	.50
Mrs. W. Nicholas	.50
No. 436, N. Y. City	1.50
Alexander Van den Heuvel	1.00
Total	\$616.15

The Cure of Asthma.

NERVOUS AND BRONCHIAL.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

Nervous asthma is characterized by wheezing respiration and great difficulty of expelling the air from the lungs. Its name is derived from the Greek, and means a gasp for breath. It occurs in paroxysms or fits, which generally come on after midnight and last until morning. The wheezing sound is produced by a constriction of the smaller bronchial tubes, caused by spasm. The expectoration during the attack is generally frothy, but becomes thicker as the attack passes off.

There are many varieties of asthma, but in pure nervous cases a person goes to bed feeling as well as usual, and drops off quietly to sleep, but is suddenly awakened after midnight by a most distressing attack of want of breath. His chest feels compressed; he breathes with difficulty, and with a rattling or whistling sound; calls for fresh air; his face becomes turgid or livid; his eyes staring, and his skin bathed in perspiration.

Once set up, asthma is very obstinate and tenacious in its hold. It keeps returning in renewed attacks. It occurs at all ages, but is more frequent in women than men. Asthmatic people, for the most part are nervous and excitable, but gifted with energy, resolution and attainments beyond the average. Its effects upon the system are very serious. It impoverishes the blood, deranges the circulation, ruptures and dilates the tubes producing emphysema, and ends in dangerous enlargement of the right side of the heart.

Bronchial asthma is the chronic condition in which nervous asthma usually ends. As the bronchial mucous membrane becomes altered in structure by the repetition of the asthmatic attacks, it pours forth a thick and tenacious sputum which has all the characteristics of chronic bronchial disease, which may merge into any of the forms of chronic, dry, or consumptive bronchitis. In other words, we have the same varieties of asthma that we have of bronchitis.

The treatment necessary to cure nervous and bronchial asthma must be applied directly to the inflamed linings of the bronchial tubes. We must act on the air, and through the air, which the patient breathes. It must be made the carrier of healing remedies directly into the sore lungs and wounded bronchial tubes.

The cure of asthma by my medicated air treatment is rapid and permanent. The spasmodic attacks are quickly arrested by it, the inflammation of the bronchial tubes subdued, and their abrasions and ulcerations healed. Immediate relief results in all purely nervous cases, and radical cure by perseverance in almost every case of bronchial asthma. No other treatment known to medical science has ever been attended with such success, and it is not possible for me to conceive that any other is rational or can succeed.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in this country afflicted with asthmatic and bronchial disease, and threatened with consumption because of it who can be saved from that danger and restored to health by antiseptic air treatment, who are surely doomed without it.

I have written a book on the lungs in which I describe the treatment of all lung complaints, and tell people who suffer from them just what they require to know and must do to regain health.

Signed, ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,

117 West Forty-ninth St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive Dr. Hunter's book free on applying to him at above address.

(To be continued.)



A Little Child With a Little Cold.

That's all!
What of it?

Little colds when neglected grow to large diseases and
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
CURES COLDS.

AGATE
Nickel-Steel Ware . . .
Is double-coated and never rusts. It retains its polish as long as it lasts. It is not cumbersome like iron, and does not get battered and leaky like tinware. It is absolutely pure and contains no arsenic, antimony or lead, and tomatoes or other acidulous vegetables may be cooked in it with perfect safety. It is the best wearing and handsomest enamel ware made. Notice the bottom of each utensil and see that it bears this trade-mark.

All careful dealers sell it. Postal us to send you our booklet, "KITCHEN UTENSILS," containing guarantees of eminent chemists.

Ealance & Grosjean Mfg. Co.
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Irritable Stomachs

make irritable people. A food that is nourishing and that does not cloy the appetite is

Somatose

Somatose is a Perfect Food, Tonic and Restorative. It contains the nourishing elements of meat. Prepared for invalids and dyspeptics and those needing nourishment and a restored appetite. May be taken in water, milk, tea, coffee, etc.

At druggists, in 2-oz., ¼, ½ and 1 lb. tins.

Pamphlets mailed by Schieffelin & Co., New York, agents for Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

Throw Away Your Truss



if you wear one like this, with iron or steel band. An instrument of torture. Why will you suffer when we can relieve and cure you with our improved Elastic Truss? It can be WORN WITH EASE NIGHT AND DAY, THEREBY EFFECTING A RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE, without neglect of your business. Call or write for free Catalogue.

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Established for 16 years at our present address.

Mitlenace Gas Burners. Invented Aug. 27 (on new principle). "Mantels" superheated. Indestructible, economical, handsome, \$1.00. I sell consumers express prepaid, full local agent appointed.

A. G. MOREY, LaGrange, Ill.

DIREFUL

RHEUMATISM

Cured by a New Remedy.

15,000

Trial Package FREE

To the Readers of this Paper

For Rheumatism

that foe of mankind. I have seen a remedy which has proven its powerful curative power in thousands of apparently hopeless cases, in fact pronounced have been the cures, the testimonies of former sufferers and nature's antidote for rheumatism. A bedridden person, also, who walked on crutches regained their strength through this marvelous cure and that every similarly afflicted person, their friends may learn about it, I gladly mail them a Trial Package, directions for use and information, even if more than 15,000 should be distressed cases of rheumatism 20 to 40 years standing yield to the benign influence of this remedy. I mention a few: In Pittsburg, I cured a druggist whose rheumatism dated back as far as the civil war. Kenterville, Idaho, it cured a man who was bedridden for 15 years. In Tain City, Wis., it cured a man who suffered for 33 years notwithstanding employing 7 physicians. In Se Texas, it cured a man who was afflicted for 41 years. In Amsterdam, I cured a lady (Mrs. P. Persen) who nearly became insane from pain. John D. Engel, 1316 Patterson Ave., Baltimore, Md., was cured after suffering for 9 years, of which shape years on crutches. Mrs. M. Windom, Minn., writes: I am 62 years old and was cured after suffering 15 years. The original letters and cures, besides thousands of others, seen at my office. No one should despair but write for Free Trial Package and other information. Address:

JOHN A. SMITH

No. 188 Summerfield Church dg.

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"Mizpah" Valve
WILL NOT COLLAPSE
and therefore prevent no valve prevents a vacuum collapse them. The ribs collapse when the child is old the bottle.
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From 25¢ to 85¢
Our prices 50 per cent. for
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THE STARLESS CROWN.

turn many to righteousness shall
stars for ever and ever (Dan. 12: 3).

And worn with earthly cares,
yielded to repose.

Before my raptured sight, a glorious
vision rose:

Whilst slumbering on my couch in
midnight's solemn gloom,
angel's silvery voice, and radiance

led my room,
which awakened me,—a gentle whis-

per said.

"Deeper, follow me!" and thro' the
we fled.

Earth so far away that like a
beck it seemed,

Only glory, calm and pure, across
a pathway streamed.

Went—my soul was wrapt in silent
ecstasy;

What the end would be, what next
could meet mine eye,

How we journeyed thro' the path-
less fields of light,

Only a change was wrought, and I
was clothed in white,

Before a city's walls most glorious
beheld:

Two gates of glistening pearl, o'er
streets of purest gold;

At the sun by day, the silver moon
at night;

For the Lord was there, the Lamb
inself its light.

He paced the shining streets, sweet
music filled the air,

Angels' robes with glittering crowns,
from every clime were there;

What I had loved on earth stood
with them round the throne.

"This is the Lamb," they sang, "the
Lion his alone."

More than all beside, I saw my Sav-
ior's face;

He smiled on me with won-
derful love and grace.

He lived before his throne, o'erjoyed
at last

In the object of my hopes; that
length was past.

In solemn tones he said, "Where is
the diadem

That sparkle on thy brow—adorned
with many a gem?

"I have believed on me, and life
through me is thine,

Where all those radiant stars that in
thy crown should shine?

"Thou seest a glorious throng, and stars
on every brow,

Thou seest they led to me they wear a
crown now!

Thy bright reward had been if, such
as I been thy deed,

That sought some wand'ring feet in
the path of peace to lead.

That thou should'st tread the
path of life alone,

Thy clear and shining light which
and thy footsteps shone,

Guide some other weary feet to my
home of rest,

Thy blessing 'thou around, thou
thou thyself been blest."

Ordered from my sight, the voice no
longer spoke,

Heard brooding o'er my soul which
I feared to break,

At last I gazed around in morning's
dawning light,

And I overwhelmed beneath that vis-
ion's awful might.

And with chastened joy that yet I
felt below,

Another hour was mine my faith by
works to show;

For the sinner I might tell of Jesus'
leading love,

And lead some weary soul to seek a
home above.

While on the earth I stay, my motto
shall be,

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Since at last reports a positive cure

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standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of

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Farmer's Magazine, was also cured

of the down for fear of choking, be-

"To live no longer to myself, but him who

died for me!"

And graven on my inmost soul this word of

truth divine.

They that turn many to the Lord bright as the

stars shall shine.

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Judge R. J. Bowman, Alexandria, La., was cured
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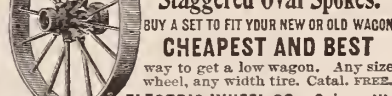
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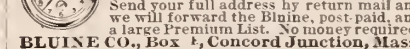
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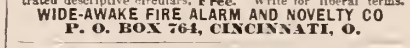
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 45.

W. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 10, 1897.

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THE GRAND COURT OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE, MOUNT SINAI. (See Page 350.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. R. G. E., Galveston, Tex. Were Israel and Judah separate kingdoms before Rehoboam's time?

For seven and a half years after the death of Saul the kingdoms were separate (see 1 Samuel 31:5). Abner kept the northern tribes faithful to Saul's son, Ishbosheth; but after the general and his master had been murdered, the representatives of the northern tribes also gave their allegiance; and David and Solomon reigned over the whole country. The separation in Rehoboam's time was final.

P. X. Z., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Why is a different preposition used in John 3:16 from that used in the eighteenth verse of the same chapter? What is the difference between believing in Christ and on him? 2. What death did Paul die? 3. Why are we directed to give strong drink to those who are ready to perish (Prov. 31:6 and 7)?

1. In the Revised Version the same preposition is used in both verses. We believe a man when we give credence to a statement he may make. We believe in him when we trust his character or ability. We believe on him when we base on his personality a hope for our own future. 2. Tradition, which in this case is worthy of belief, says that the imprisonment described in the closing verses of Acts ended in his acquittal; that he then made his journey into Spain, visited the churches in Macedonia and Asia Minor; was arrested again and taken to Rome, where he was condemned to death, and he was beheaded by the sword of a Roman soldier. 3. It is not to be understood as a command. Lemuel's mother taught him that kings and statesmen ought not to use strong drink. Leave it, she said, in effect, to those who are in misery and whose life is closing. It gives them a temporary oblivion, and in dulling their faculties it has a merciful use.

J. Boughton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Does the unconditional promise to Abraham avail for those who reject Christ? Does Ezekiel 33:12 give any light on the question?

We do not know what promise you refer to. It is probable, judging from prophecy, that the Jews will be restored to Palestine, in unbelief. We gather that their conversion to Christ will take place there. The passage you mention does not appear to us to give any light on the subject. It simply teaches that if a righteous man falls into sin, his previous righteousness will not be weighed against his sin as if it was a debtor and creditor account. He must repent of his sin and seek God's forgiveness for it. A wicked man must do the same, and if he turns from his wickedness his previous bad record shall not be counted against him. God will forgive the sins of the past.

B. E. S., Holton, Kans. 1. Is a Christian right in marrying a divorced man if his wife was wholly unfaithful to him? 2. Is it wrong to eat swine's flesh now as it was for the Jews? 3. Was Christ's reign of a thousand years preterite or follow the resurrection of the dead?

1. If the divorce was procured on account of the unfaithfulness of the first wife, the marriage was dissolved in the sight of God, and the man is justified in marrying again. 2. The dietary laws of the Jews do not apply to Christians. 3. The dead in Christ will be raised before the millennium, but the rest of the dead will not be raised until the close (see Rev. 20:4, 5).

A. I. M., Korymba, Ind. Was Paul led of the Holy Spirit to go up to Jerusalem that last time when he was arrested? Was it not rather a pious impulse contrary to the will of the Spirit and therefore not to definite warnings?

We are aware that a prominent teacher advocates the latter view, and has urged it with some force, but it does not seem to us tenable. Paul evidently believed it was his duty to go. Previously in so many instances he had yielded to the intimations of the Spirit, that we have a right to believe that he would have done so in this case if any had been made. The mere threat or prediction that he would suffer would not deter him. He was ready, as he said (Acts 21:13), not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. These are not the words of a

man wilfully and perversely opposing the Holy Spirit. Agabus professed to be speaking in the name of the Holy Spirit (Acts 21:11), but we do not think he was, otherwise he would have been more accurate. He said the Jews would bind Paul and deliver him to the Gentiles. The event shows that it was the Gentiles who bound him, and the danger was lest they should deliver him to the Jews. The last thing the Jews were disposed to do was to deliver him to the Gentiles. They wanted to deal with him themselves. Prophecies inspired by the Holy Spirit are not so inaccurate in details.

D. B. H., Rogers, Neb. A dispute has arisen in our Sunday School as to the teaching of 1 Corinthians 13. Can you tell me what the perfection of Christians will consist in in heaven? Will there be perfect knowledge as well as perfect holiness?

The teaching of the chapter you refer to is that love is the greatest of the Christian graces. The man whose heart is most full of love is the most like God. It is better to

preachers of different denominations discouraged. They have been insulted while preaching, while visiting, in the streets, and, till recently, treated with perfect indifference. The few American people here have become contaminated, falling in with the great majority. The Sabbath is a gala day. There have been repeated efforts made for civilizing and Christianizing, but discouragements have followed.

I lately insisted upon a Sunday School being organized, which was done on Easter Sunday last, by Bro. Nolan, an aged minister, two ladies belonging one to the Methodist the other to the Christian Church, my daughters and myself who are Presbyterian members. Have now a Union Sunday School of seventy members just as interested as young people can be. This is a town where money can be raised readily for Sabbath desecration—long processions, band practice all day, etc. But for Christian work—nothing. We want a few books—a Sunday School library. One that a Sunday School may have used and discarded, if boxed and sent to us, would do more good than the givers could imagine. Mrs. B. L. Cox, Shiner, Lavaca county, Texas.

The inmates of the penitentiary at Tablequah, Indian Territory, are very much in need of religious literature, papers and books, which should be sent to Dr. C. Harris, Tablequah, I. T. Religious literature would also be appreciated by the Chaplain of the Missouri State Penitentiary, if addressed to him at Jefferson City Mo.

J. McP., Harrisburg, Pa. Does the Klondike Gospel Band, which you mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 20 go to the Klondike under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or the Bowery Mission, or is it an independent concern?

The band is not sent out by either. Its members are a party of young men who are acting on their own responsibility, and are not connected with either of the two concerns mentioned.

G. H. T., Braddock, Pa. It is stated in your

necessary. We can imagine cases in which the duty of the wrongdoer, having sought forgiveness from God, would be to atone for by rendering service to the one who wronged and to make no confession. It would be impossible to lay down a rule for all cases.

Inquirer, Toledo, O. When Paul called a Priest a whited wall (Acts 23:3), was he, as I have alleged, so angry that he did not know what he was saying?

No, he was indignant at the injustice of his indignation remained, but he apologized, as he had unwittingly spoken to the High Priest. He remembered as the man was, he held a high office and respect was due. When he uttered the insulting epithet, he did not know it was the High Priest whom he addressed. Probably he was not wearing his robes of office at

A Subscriber, Milford, Texas, writes: I note with interest an article in your issue of "The South's White Harvest," in which this State is being one of the cotton States, which is correct, as it is one-third of the South's crop, or a fourth at least. Not more than one-fourth of the cotton crop is grown by negro labor. It can make as fast a hand in the cotton-picking laborer, but is not so regular an amount picked per day sometimes it limits you state—sometimes five hundred pounds per day being picked, but a raw very likely pick one hundred pounds per day more if he is quick enough, and I have known in one season to become as expert as had long been accustomed to the work.

J. C. McC., Voutel, Mont. Is there any Christians working on Sunday in Montana? 2. Where can I purchase a telescope with a focus of five or six inches?

1. A Christian will not work on Sunday in the sense of performing labor, which should be done on other days. 2. of no reason why the should not be as sacredly served in Montana as elsewhere by those who profess Christianity. The only justifiable labor on Sunday is that which is demanded by a work of necessity. 3. Write to Prof. Young, Princeton, N. J., for a telescope.

C. L. W., Boome Centre, Cal. I was the author of the "Land of the Living" 'tis of Thee wrong for a child to do Scripture history lessons on Sunday? I think it wrong to use a "tenth" to subscribe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

1. Rev. S. F. Smith, 2. I want to do any "work" on Sunday which properly belongs to the days; but the study of Scripture might well be excepted. She cannot do it at a time, there can be no taking the Scripture on Sunday. 3. No. A religious man may be made a spreading the Gospel, not our homes, but in other cases with many of our students.

Mrs. Eliza S., Granite Falls, Minn. 1. Do you still give the Bible with the paper? Is the name of a salt mentioned in the Bible and how it be found?

1. Yes. By sending your name to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and the International Bible. 2. The Salt Lake or Sea of the Dead Sea. See Gen. 14:3; Deut. 3:17; Josh. 3:15; 2:5; Josh. 18:19. In the Talmud also called "The Sea of Salt."

Elizabeth J., Petoskey, Mich. I should know who those two boys are, the front picture of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Oct. 6th, in the meeting of the President of the French Republic, dressed in naval uniform and standing of ropes.

They are probably naval cadets in service. We have no means of their names.

P. M., Martinsburg. 1. No Christian such language. The merciful of one's on a church record does not make one a 2. No.—Edith C., Carrollton, Ill. 1. A rector of the Mint, Washington, D. C. good.—H. D. S., Brooklyn. Three years of maturity.—Sub'r., Montague, N. J. 1. E. Jewett, Book-eller, Bible House, Reader, Santa Barbara, Calif. 1. Washington, D. C.—Thos. H., Rochester. These questions have been answered in THE MAIL-BAG.—Subscriber, Wheeling, W. Va. Your questions can be answered by a late history or encyclopedia, but to would consume too much space.—M. P. are not at liberty to send the address of C. J. Allan, Clifford. Write to Miss W. man's Temple, Chicago, for all the the subject.—Mrs. Ada McIl, Toronto have already printed it twice. 2. We have whatever in them. They are humble. You will find the entire list, with chapter in Young's or Cruden's Concordance, Baltimore, Md. I notice in a recent paper a lady asking for the poem "The poem was published not long ago in a paper published by the Methodist Book Toronto, Can.



THE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO.

This ancient village, now almost a ruin, is probably one of the oldest inhabited settlements on this continent. The Pueblos were found in the sixteenth century, when the Spanish explorers first visited Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona. They lived in many villages, were a pacific, industrial, Indian race, and had their own family "clans" and totems, their chiefs, medicine-men, priests, and idols. Thousands of such villages are buried under the sands of the Southwest. The greater number of those remaining and inhabited are found in the vicinity of the Rio Grande.

be of loving disposition, kind and gentle and affectionate, than to prophesy, or preach, or speak with foreign tongues. Love will be supreme when all else has become useless. The greatest triumph of the Christian is not in performance, but in character. It is better to be like God, who is love, than to be talented or eloquent or generous. As to your other question, we know so little about the condition of life in heaven that we cannot say what knowledge will be imparted. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that we shall be like Christ? We can trust him that there will be joy and happiness, without being inquisitive as to details.

John P., McCrea, Bank of Commerce Building, Pittsburg, Pa. How could I obtain information about the working of adult Bible classes, or get any of their printed matter?

Perhaps some of our readers can supply our correspondent with the information and printed matter he asks for.

The following letter from a Christian worker, superintendent of a Sunday School, in Texas, paints a picture that must sadden the heart of every reader who is striving for the advancement of the kingdom:

"I am laboring in a barren field—one that requires all the help that can be given—certainly God-given wisdom, tact and perseverance. This is a wicked place in fact. Such drunken scenes as can be witnessed on Sunday would astonish you. I have been here three years, and in that time have seen

ply to "Subscriber, Smith, Mich." concerning Jewish slavery, that "the recurrence of the Year of Jubilee freed all slaves, and the Sabbatical year released all who were in bondage for debt or dishonesty." You give as proof Jeremiah 34:14. This verse shows that there was a recognition of the divine law, for the moment, but verses 11 and 16, show that the law was not really kept. There was a "turning back" from the righteous purpose. I have failed to find any record whatever, in either sacred or profane history of the keeping of the Sabbath Year, or of the Year of Jubilee.

Jacob B. Swarton.—Can a man be in the jewelry business and be a faithful Christian?

We know of no reason why he should not be a good Christian and continue in that business. It is one of the callings specially honored by being mentioned in the Bible and one, moreover, where clever workmanship, artistic skill and taste are appreciated. Doubtless there are opportunities for humbug and deception in this as in other businesses, but an honest, upright man will avoid these and will prosper in his integrity.

Anxious Reader, Troy, N. Y. Is it necessary when God has forgiven our sins to ask forgiveness of one who has been wronged?

It depends on the nature of the wrong. If it is fraud, and the wrongdoer is in a position to make reparation, it should be confessed and reparation made. As to other wrongs, it is conceivable that there are cases in which confession might cause more mischief than good. We do not believe that confession is always

Prise-Ridden Bohemia and the Struggle of its People for Independence—Bohemia's "Grand Old Man"—The "Young Czech" Party.



of the Popes. Huss remained
the situation for the time. He
so far as to burn the Pope's bull
communication in the streets; but
end, the Catholics, succeeded in
him and his adherents into exile.
know, his end was as sad as it
deserved. Inveigled into attend-
the church Council of Constance,
e reform of existing abuses was
only to be discussed, this great
placed upon trial for heresy, and
on of the imperial promise and
duct, was convicted and burned
like July 6, 1415. His friend and
jur, Jerome, shared a like fate
later. Of the labors of the Coun-
instance, James Ridpath, the his-
is truly remarked: "After forty-
this of wrangling, the greatest,
and most imposing body which
dom had ever assembled could
nothing to the world, nothing to

JAN PODLIPNY.
A BOHEMIAN BURGOMASTER.

and reformers the world over. On the whole, however, the Germans seem to be the prime aggressors. They already feel the game to be a losing one, and the thought that the ascendancy is passing into the hands of their despised rivals is goading them into madness. The old Anglo-Saxon theory that the majority is in justice entitled to rule has not yet pierced their heads.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

A MORALIAN REASANT



THREE DISTINCTIVE BOHEMIAN TYPES.

then a wire cable was drawn to Canada at the end of the rope. Along this cableway, a basket-like car was operated, which greatly facilitated the building of the bridge that has been superseded by the present magnificent structure which, on its double-decks, affords carriageways and walks, a double track for steam-cars and the first trolley-line that ever crossed from America to Canada. Yet the little basket-car is treasured by the Buffalo Historical Society, and the great arches of the new bridge are memorials to the skill of Homan Walsh's kite-flying, for how would that first cable or that first suspension bridge ever have got across, but for Homa. Walsh's kite? Kites have been utilized to carry ropes to the tops of high church steeples and lately one was used to convey a cord across the summit of the "Enchanted Mesa" in the southwest; but the grandest mission the kite ever fulfilled was the spanning of Niagara.



DYNAMITE UNDER THE CITIES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } The roar out of the wood doth waste
on the Text: Psalm 80: 13: - - - - - } it, and the wild beast of the field doth
devour it.



Y this homely but expressive figure, David sets forth the bad influences which in olden time broke in upon God's heritage, as with swine's foot trampling, and as with swine's snout uprooting the vineyards of prosperity. What was true then is true now. There have been enough trees of righteousness planted to overshadow the whole earth, had it not been for the axe-men who hewed them down. The temple of truth would long ago have been completed, had it not been for the iconoclasts who defaced the walls and battered down the pillars. The whole earth would have been an Eschol of ripened clusters, had it not been that "the boar has wasted it and the wild beast of the field devoured it."

I propose to point out to you those whom I consider to be the destructive classes of society. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large proportion of many communities. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats. There are in our cities people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them. Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak-thief who snatches a spool of cotton, up to some man who enacts a "Black Friday." More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there are so many of the depraved without somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money-safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue? We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villain, go in there and rot!" when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent." Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals sup-

pose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriated when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other case the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before. The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York saw a lad fifteen years of age who had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged.' That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils; and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf-rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of these offenders.

I stepped into one of the prisons of one of our great cities, and the air was like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. As the air swept through the wicket it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw there one woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child, amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison sleeping on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people, crowded, and wan, and wasted, and half-suffocated, and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man; "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out! Where they burned down one house, they will burn

three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries. Many of the jails are the best place I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cut-throats. We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone, and women like Elizabeth Fry, to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Doctor Wines and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform; but we want something more radical before upon our cities will come the blessing of him who said: "I was in prison and ye came unto me."

In this class of uprooting and devouring population are untrustworthy officials, "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning!" It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. You know as well as I that a criminal who escapes only opens the door of other criminalities. It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. Hundreds of them with their faces in the "Rogues' Gallery," yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished, it is putting a high premium upon vice, and saying to the young criminals of this country: "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal." Let the law swoop upon them! Let it be known in this country that crime will have no quarter, that the detectives are after it, that the police club is being brandished, that the iron door of the prison is being opened, that the judge is ready to call the case! Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society.

Among the uprooting and devouring classes in our midst are the idle. Of course, I do not refer to the people who are getting old, or to the sick, or to those who cannot get work; but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said, "I keep on engraving so I may not hang myself." I do not care who the man is, he cannot afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the criminal classes are made up. Character, like water, gets putrid if it stands still too long. Who can wonder that in this world, where there is so much to do, and all the hosts of earth and heaven and hell are plunging into the conflict, and angels are flying, and God is at work, and the universe is a-quake with the marching and counter-marching, that God lets his indignation fall upon a man who chooses idleness? I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard, and retouching their toilet, and criticising industrious people, and pass their days and nights in bar-rooms and club-houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and card-playing. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours!

Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while away an hour, what will they do when they have all eternity on their hands? These men for awhile smoke the best cigars, and wear the best broadcloth, and move in the highest spheres; but I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse, or stop at the gallows.

The police-stations of two of our cities furnish annually two hundred thousand lodgings. For the most part, these two hundred thousand lodgings are furnished to able-bodied men and women—people as able to work as you and I are. When they are received no longer at one police-station, because they are "repeaters," they go to some other station, and so they keep moving around. They get their food at house doors, stealing what they can lay their hands on in the front hasement while the servant is spreading the bread in the back basement. They will not work. Time and again, in the country districts, they have wanted hundreds and

thousands of laborers. These men will not go. They do not want to work. I like for that class of people that bill of fare that Paul wrote out to Thessalonian loafers: "If any will neither should he eat." By what God or man is it right that you should toil day in and day out, your hands are blistered and our arms and our brain gets numb, and then called upon to support what in the States are about two million loafers. They are a very dangerous class. Public authorities keep their eyes on the

Among the uprooting classes are the oppressed poor. Poverty to a extent is chastening; but after that it drives a man to the wall, and he his children cry in vain for bread, sometimes makes him desperate. I think there are thousands of honest men acted into vagabondism. There are crushed under burdens for which they not half paid. While there is no for criminality, even in oppression it is as a simple fact that much of the delirium of the community is caused upon ill-treatment. There are men and women battered and bruised stung until the hour of despair has and they stand with the ferocity of a beast which, pursued until it can no longer, turns round, foaming and bent to fight the hounds.

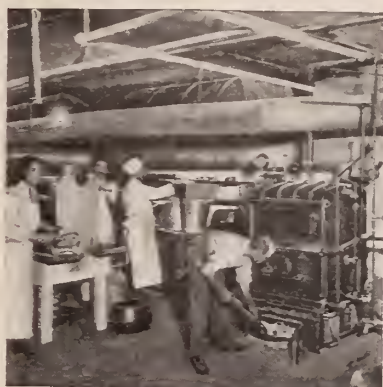
There is a vast underground that is appalling and shameful. Lows and steams with putrefaction go down the stairs, which are decayed with filth, and at the bottom find the poor victims on the floor sick, three-fourths dead, slinking in still darker corner under the gleam of lantern of the police. There has been a breath of fresh air in that room years, literally. There they are women, children; blacks, whites, Magdalene without her repentance, Lazarus without his God! The "dives" into which the pickpockets and the thieves go, as well as a great who would like a different life but get it. These places are the sort of city, which bleed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano threatens us with a Caraccas earthquake. It rolls and roars and surges among rocks and blasphemes and discharges there are only two outlets for it—court and the Potter's Field. In words, they must either go to prison or hell. Oh, you never saw it, you will never see it until the day when these staggering wretches shall be in the light of the judgment throne, while all hearts are being revealed, will ask you what you did to help them.

There is another layer of poverty, destitution, not so squalid, but as helpless. You hear their incessant cry for bread and clothes and fire. They are sunken. Their cheek-bones show. Their hands are damp with slow motion. Their flesh is puffed up with sies. Their breath is like that of a house. They hear the roar of the of fashion overhead, and the gayer of men and maidens, and wonder God gave to others so much and so little. Some of them thrust infidelity like that of the poor girl, who, when told in the midst of wretchedness that God was good, said: "No; no good God. Just look at good God."

In these American cities, where want I interpret, there are hundreds of thousands of honest poor who are content upon individual, city and State ties. If all their voices could be once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and earth and heaven to the rescue. In the most part, it suffers unexpressed sits in silence, gnashing its teeth, waiting the blood of its own arteries for the judgment day. Oh, I wonder if on that day it would be out that some of us had some things belonged to them; some extra things which might have made them content on cold days; some bread through an ash-barrel that might have appeased hunger for a little while; some candle or gas-jet that might have kept up their darkness; some fresh ceiling that would have given them some jewel which, brought to the girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precincts of unclean life; some New Testament

A BOON TO THE EAST-SIDE POOR.

Bowery Mission Annex No. 3 Opened, and Supplying Meals to 3,000 Persons Daily at Cost
—A Glance at the Arrangements of a Great Philanthropic Restaurant.



IN THE ANNEX BOILER-ROOM.

THE Bowery of to-day bears but little resemblance to that thoroughfare in other years. Fifteen or twenty years ago, any one passing along the Bowery would have been stunned by the display of vice and lawlessness. It was a nest of vile saloons, and so many of its basements were dance-halls, whose orgies proceeded at all hours, that it was not surprising that the very name of Bowery should have become a national synonym for all that was low, vicious, and criminal. Its scores of lodging-houses, too, many of a class that gave little heed to the character of its patrons, helped to maintain

and brightness of two broad windows, in which an appetizing array of food is set forth as evidence of what a hungry man may purchase at the hospitable board within, all for five or ten cents! For five cents—the price of a glass of beer or a drink of vile whiskey—a good, wholesome meal is furnished of beef or mutton stew, or of pork and baked beans, or of wheat or buckwheat cakes or muffins with syrup; a generous plate of soup or wholesome oatmeal and rich milk go with every order; also bread with coffee, and a modest dessert. The ten-cent bill of fare is an elaboration of this, a choice of roasts being given, with vegetable, coffee, and dessert added. Ten cents buys an oyster stew or fry, lamb or pork chops, veal cutlets, or a steak. It will do the watcher good to see how many boys, little, hard-working fellows with not much money, go in and order the bowls of oatmeal and milk. It will also do the watcher's heart good to see how many men, passing saloon after saloon on the way, come to the Mission restaurant and pass inside. At noon the doors are packed, the 300 seats in side fill up, and the street in front is full of men who line up to



A CORNER OF THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.

its unsavory reputation. But a great change has come over the noted east-side thoroughfare, so much so that old New Yorkers cannot help marveling at the transformation. The spirit of Christianity has wrought this miracle. Devoted city missionaries, workers in and out of the churches, rescue-bands, and, above all, the far-reaching influence of the grand old Bowery Mission itself, have been the agencies used in this great moral metamorphosis.

When the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, several years ago, undertook the direction of the Bowery Mission, it was decided to make an effort to counterbalance the effect of the saloon attractions on the workmen of the east side, thousands of whom were being ruined by drink. Accordingly, a series of restaurants attractively fitted up, and in which meals should be sold at merely nominal cost, was decided upon. The first of these Annexes was opened immediately under the Mission Building at 105 Bowery; the second Annex, a year later, at No. 55 Bowery, and the third Annex at No. 262 Bowery, near Houston street, was recently opened.

Crowds of pedestrians pause with curious interest in front of Annex No. 3, at 262 Bowery, attracted by the cleanness

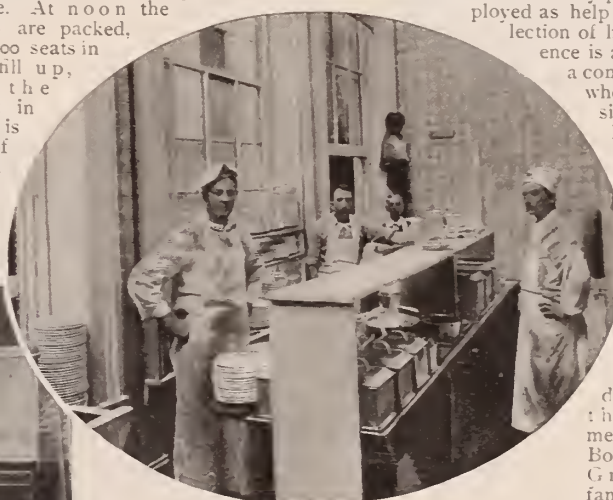
er of the entrance and of the cashier's white desk. The walls are decorated in a clean and cheerful effect of blue and white tiling. Two exceedingly attractive marble horse-shoe counters extend the length and breadth of the hall; and a dividing line is made between them by a row of graceful columns and a pretty enameled hand-rail arrangement, provided with a curtain and sliding rings. The Annex is open and the regular bill of fare on call all night as well as all day. The Mission doors are never closed against the hungry. At night its welcoming arc-lights shine out with clearer glow than the red globes of the dram-shops, which above, below, on side-streets, everywhere, gleam forth like danger-signals.

To the rear of the counters is the pantry, its long steam-table loaded with great pans of savory food, and all astir, night and day, with busy, white-capped help. In the basement below is the generator which furnishes steam, not only for the four forty-gallon iron kettles near by, in which potatoes and stew and soup and oatmeal are simmering away forever, but also heats the large dining-room above and gives the triple sets of nickel-plated coffee-urns a perpetual fountain of supply. Here in the basement is the model bakery, in which bread is made for our three Mission restaurants: the butcher-shop where meat is cut up, the ice-house where it is kept hanging, the store-rooms where great bags and barrels and baskets of groceries are kept. Everything is clean and sweet-smelling, from that green-bowered door to the butcher-shop.

Near the entrance of the restaurant is a little gallery-room, or box, where the superintendent, while sitting at his desk, commands a full view of the dining-room. On the walls, in attractive lettering, are Scripture texts; and the Mission guest, when he lifts his eyes from his plate of nourishing food, is drawn to read words of life, love, and truth. All the influences are cheerful and encouraging, and a homelike air of genuine welcome pervades the place that is peculiarly grateful to those who go there.

Were it not for the careful management on the part of those who have the work in charge, and the generosity of Christian friends who carry the "Lost Boys of the Bowery" in their hearts, the work could not be accomplished with the resources at command. To those who pay, food is furnished at the absolute cost, but the hungry and needy, if at all deserving, are never turned away empty, even though penniless.

The new dining-room in Annex No. 3 consumes daily about 1000 pounds of meat, 400 quarts of milk, 36 dozen eggs, a half-barrel of oatmeal, and 7,000 rolls—not to mention such items as coffee, sugar, buck-wheat, butter, etc. It has already a daily attendance averaging 3,000 customers. About fifty persons are employed as help; and in the selection of help, the preference is always given to a convert. Converts who have the Mission's interests at heart are employed in all three restaurants. Touching stories could be told of many a lad or man who has found his way back to self-respect and independence through the instrumentality of the Bowery Mission. Graduates of famous colleges, and brilliant and once successful business men



A NOOK OF THE KITCHEN OF ANNEX NO. 3.

get their meal tickets.

The interior of the restaurant is as attractive and pleasing as its windows (with displays of meals in one, and two white-capped chefs in the other making griddle-cakes as fast as possible) are inviting. Large palms and graceful evergreens make a little bow-

stranded on the rock of dissipation, have been brought to Christ in the Mission prayer-meeting, have found work through Mission agencies, and have been set with their faces in the right direction again. Some go straight on; some, alas! fall again, and again come back to the Mission, and again the Mission takes them in. The character of the crowds which eat at the three restaurants differs. One is at the lower end of the Bowery, one at the upper, the third, which was the first of all, in the centre. Each fills a need of its own. The class which attends the last has a larger percentage of wage-earners—laboring-men who make a little and who prefer food to beer, and who, for their preference, manage to keep their work. You have but to walk along the Bowery at noon to see how many, alas! take beer or whiskey instead of food.

Our first restaurant or Annex was established at the Mother Mission, No. 105 Bowery, in the summer of 1895. Its first table was a plain board resting on two planks. In one week 3,200 men were fed. The work grew, need was pressing; the second Annex was opened at No. 55—a beautiful, triple-domed hall, till then occupied as a notorious music-hall. Then followed the latest Annex established within the last few weeks and already daily crowded to its utmost capacity. A Christian manager of experience is in charge of all three Annexes.

The three Annexes of the Bowery Mission are exercising a marked influence on the character of the thoroughfare. They are crowded daily and hourly. With an abundant supply of well-cooked, nutritious food at prices absolutely within the reach of the very poorest, there is a great diminution of the temptation to drunkenness and irregular living. The regular workers, too, at the Annexes as real blessings, and all in regard to them as powerful aids in purifying and brightening the lives of the east-side poor.

If development and growth are evidences of divine approval, surely the Bowery Mission is abundantly blessed.

FRONT VIEW OF BOWERY MISSION ANNEX NO. 3.

al to have you look at the round
s your children, and then, at the
e of God's goodness to you, go
to room, and lock the door, and
own and say: "O Lord, I have
ingrate; make me thy child. O
d, there are so many hungry and un-
sheltered to-day. I thank thee
my life thou hast taken such
of me. O Lord, there are so
ck and crippled children to-day. I
hee mine are well, some of them
ea, some of them in heaven. Thy
s, O Lord, breaks me down. Take
e and forever. I consecrate my
nee in a baptism of repenting tears.
r sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed,
nd I'm a sinner vile indeed;
d, I believe thy grace is free;
magnify that grace in me!"

The Sunday School

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 21. Eph. 6: 10-20. Golden Text, Eph. 6: 10.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



THE Epistle to the Ephesians enters as fully, if not more fully than any other, into the wondrous purposes of God for his church. There we learn that the "saints" of the faithful in Christ Jesus have been "chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that

we should be holy and without blame before him" (Eph. 1: 4). There we learn that we are God's "heritage" (verses 11, 12); there we see that his power toward us who believe is no less a power than the eternal Spirit of holiness who raised Jesus from the dead. We learn of the indwelling of Christ, and of the immeasurable, incomprehensible greatness of the love of God (Eph. 3: 17, 18). We learn of the one "perfect man" (R. V., full-grown man), into the stature of whom Christ's called ones are to "grow up" according to "that which every joint supplieth" (Eph. 4: 13-16). And we see how the union of this body, the church, with Christ, is (Eph. 5: 25-33) typified by the marriage union.

It is no wonder that in such an epistle we should learn of the tremendous opposition which a true Christian must expect to meet with in his career. Not only from his own natural heart, not only from "this present evil world" (Gal. 1: 4); not only from the "vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers" (1. Pet. 1: 18), but also through "the wiles of the devil," who is the prince of darkness; "the prince of the power of the air" (Eph. 2: 2) and "the god of this world" (II. Cor. 4: 4); and who in his kingdom of darkness has under him principalities and powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, who perpetrate spiritual wickedness in high places.

It is in view of this great enemy that God says by his apostles, "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Strong, but certainly not strong in ourselves, for the least consciousness of power in ourselves unites us for victory through the blood of the Lamb. "Strong," but strong in the Lord, in what he is and in whom he is. But in order that this may be a possibility, we must be able to distinguish between conflict with flesh and blood and conflict with spiritual foes. "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood" (R. V.). As long as we are fighting either our own flesh or blood or that of others, we cannot be armed by God for the conflict with the powers of darkness. We are always occupied with our own flesh or the flesh in others until we have learned our true place and taken it to the cross, where it can get no quarter. There is no other place to conquer flesh than at the cross. There is no other place where the very blood of our nature yields than at the place where our Lord's was poured out. There we can assimilate his flesh in the place of ours, his blood in the place of ours.

It was Peter's own flesh and blood which pleaded "Pity, thyself, Lord" (Matt. 16: 22, margin); which asked for tabernacles upon the mountain (Matt. 17: 1); which strove with other disciples, which should be the greatest (Mark 9: 33, 34). But while the question of their own flesh was unsettled, they had no power against the unclean spirit in the possessed child (Mark 9: 18). But after his fall and deep humiliation, Peter understood the cross, and then he had power over the lying spirit in Ananias. As long as we are still fighting with ourselves or chafing against persons or circumstances, we are still in the conflict against flesh and blood; and the question of the utter failure and bankruptcy of the flesh has not been fully settled for us, or it could no longer be an

open question with us. But if indeed we consent to God's estimate of our flesh in its crucifixion in the person of our Lord who represented us on Calvary, the conflict is moved to another ground, and the enemy, driven off the ground of the flesh, levels all his weapons against the spirit.

When our body, redeemed by the blood of Christ, becomes consciously indwelt by the Holy Ghost, and is yielded a living sacrifice to God, the enemy marshals all his forces against it. It is not a single foe who is against us, but the king of a mighty kingdom, possessing a powerful army. "Principalities and powers;" authorities ruling under him, imply other agencies which influence mighty hosts over which they rule. Our Lord himself "put off from himself" those very principalities and powers (Col. 2: 15, R. V.), triumphing over them in the cross. Putting off from himself! How much this implies the conflict which must have raged between our Lord in his human nature and these powers of darkness! But he who through death destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil, (Heb. 2: 14), has as effectually destroyed, to the man of faith, the principalities and powers over which he reigns. There are also "world rulers of this darkness" (R. V.), "and spiritual wickedness in heavenly places." The conflict here is where we least expect it: not with the lusts of the flesh, not with evil tempers, strife, jealousy or such kind of sins which touch man, but with sins of the spirit which touch God.

Self in relation to man is one thing, and may cause a wrestling with flesh and blood; self in relation to God is another thing altogether. If, in order to triumph over sins against others, we need not only the blood of Christ, but his indwelling, much more when self is tempted to sin as prophesied of Lucifer, when he said in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven. I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. . . . I will exceed above the highest of the clouds; I will be like the Most High" (Isa. 14: 13, 14), do we need not only the indwelling of Christ, but also to be clothed with God! This was the very temptation which was presented to our first parents, and by which they fell, when sin had not yet entered in. It is the kind of temptation by which Satan assails the most devoted of God's children. He clothes it in such angelic covering, that unless they are fully armed they cannot see the terrible danger in which they are.

"Wherefore take up the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand." In ancient times the "whole armor" covered every part of the man, so that himself was not seen and himself could not come in contact with anything or person. Everything must penetrate the armor before it touched him. If the armor is God who covers his own, then nothing can touch the one who is thus armed. Everything must reach God before it can reach him. "Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with truth." The Word of God is the truth, but only the truth received and lived out can gird our loins. The girded loins are held together and made firm by the pressure of the girding cloth. It is not the truth of God outside ourselves which can do us any good, but the truth of God as it girds and strengthens us by the deep conviction that God is true, and that it is safe to trust him; that he is holy, and that we cannot but worship him; that he is our king, and it is glory and joy to obey him.

Then the "breast-plate" which covers the heart is "righteousness." If the loins are to be girded by the truth of God, the heart is to be kept by the righteousness of God. The heart is in itself "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17: 9). In itself it is not to be trusted, but indwelt by God and armed, covered by God it can be an instrument of righteousness unto him. It was said of our Lord: "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated wickedness. Therefore, God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows" (Ps. 45: 7). Our beloved Lord was fully armed and never put off his armor; therefore, he was able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

SHUT up in the house he had hired in Rome, chained night and day to a Roman soldier, Paul spent two years waiting to be tried for his life. We can imagine how, during that period and the preceding two years during which he had been withdrawn from his work, his anxieties about the churches he had

planned would increase.

Even when he was visiting them at intervals, errors had crept in, and the members, by inconsistent lives, brought reproach on the Christian name, but now, when he could not visit them, what might be expected! Epaphras of Colossæ came to visit him in his Roman seclusion, and brought sad confirmation of Paul's presentiments. The church at Colossæ had been visited by men preaching a combination of Christianity, paganism and Egyptian philosophy, and some of the members had been led astray. Paul cannot go and combat the evil. He is a prisoner, but he can write. It may have appeared to him a deprivation, but the church

through all the subsequent centuries has profited by it. If he had gone to Colossæ in person, we should probably have learned nothing of what he said. Being a prisoner, he is compelled to say what he has to say in writing, and the record remains for our benefit. He purposes to send his letter by Tychicus of Ephesus and Onesimus, the fugitive slave mentioned in the Epistle to Philemon, who are with him in Rome; and as they will pass through other cities in Asia-Minor where there are churches, Paul prepares a second letter, to be copied and a copy left with each church. He does not know their circumstances, but it is probable that if not now, in the near future, the same conditions will prevail with them as are prevalent at Colossæ, so he makes his letter of general application, believing that the best method of combating errors is to strengthen the truth.

This second letter we know as the Epistle to the Ephesians, but it does not appear to have been prepared specially for the church at Ephesus, and is more likely to have been the letter Paul refers to in Colossians 4: 16, as the Epistle to the Laodiceans. Whether it was addressed to the one church or the other, we see by the warnings in Revelation 2: 1-7 and 3: 14-22, which were written a few years later, that Paul's appeals were needed.

His letter states his Gospel briefly and then gives practical directions for conduct. We can imagine his pausing, when he had written thus far, to find some thrilling word that shall give point to all he has said, and as he looks around, his eye being caught by the armor and accoutrements of the soldier to whom he is chained. This man is equipped for fighting. Paul wishes his readers were as well prepared for their spiritual conflict as he is to meet his enemies. And they may be. The armory of God contains armor for defence, and weapons for attack, as effective for spiritual conflict, as are those with which this man is provided for his warfare. The metaphor pleases him, and he proceeds to name the spiritual counterparts of his guard's panoply. He has a girdle to gather up his garments, to hold

his sword and to brace up his s. Truth serves that purpose, giving Christian resolute conviction and action. He has a breastplate to the vital parts of his body. S righteousness Christ imparts, the has a protection against punishment against sin. The soldier is shod he may march easily and freely. The believer has the Gospel of 1 carry, he goes with like reading zeal to proclaim it. The shie which he intercepts the arrows with inflammable material that at at him, is not more impregnable faith which wards off from the the slanders and malignant attack enemies. His head is covered with sation as the soldier's with his and in his hand is the two-edged the Word of God, with which his won his victory over the same ar in the wilderness. And with all t is to be the constant prayer, mor for protection than the charms at tations which the superstitious looked to for his safety. In this er, Paul begs for a share. He his readers pray for him, not fo quittal and deliverance from a death, but that he may be en speak boldly in the name of Chri

To withstand in the evil day Christian's struggle against his enemy is portrayed in a very form by Bunyan in his immortal Christian is traveling through the of Humiliation, when Apollyon m. A frightful creature he is, acc Bunyan's description. Wings il dragon, feet like a bear, and tim of a lion. Being challenged by t ster, Christian is forced to ack that he had formerly been in hi but was now trying to serve d whom he liked better. Apolly w him of the consequences of desei promises to forgive him and red if he will return to his allegiance, h and promises failing to influence s Apollyon strides across the wa gins the battle by flinging a flami him. This Christian caught on s of faith. More darts were hu Christian was wounded in the a hand and the foot. The fight l cording to Bunyan's account, h a Christian was almost worn o Apollyon forced his sword out of s and was about to make an end but "Christian nimbly reached o hand for his sword and caught s 'Rejoice not against me, O m when I fall I shall arise,' and t gave him a deadly thrust which de give back as one that had rove deadly wound." After that no spread his wings and sped ay Christian saw him no more. t le later he met still worse fo w Bunyan says, "cared not for his that he was forced to put it up a himself to another weapon c d, prayer," with which he vanqui

The shield of faith. This a necessary part of the Christia ment. He knows his own wea he does not despair while he l s his faith in Christ's power a i promised help. When the litt white men and women were s Lucknow in 1857, and the natv thirsting for their blood, swarve them a hundred to one, there w who feared it would be imposs the place. They were kept fir assurance that Havelock was o their relief. Day after day and week they looked for him and t sank, but they knew that not a was being lost, and that he wo come. Buoyed up by that hope ey on until in their extremity he me delivered them.

The sword of the spirit whi sword of God. A priest visiting t in a poor street in Brussels foun woman reading the New T e "You must not read that book. "You cannot understand it, and get harm." "Sir," said she, "n has read it and he has come to He was lazy and drunken and beat me, but since he studied it he has gone to work, has stopp ing, and never says an unkind me. I am reading the book irre that it will do me as much gh has done him." The Bible is a odly of all vice and wickedness.



"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD."

PLYMOUTH'S JUBILEE.

Brooklyn Church, Made Famous by Henry Ward Beecher's Eloquence. Celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary.

It is difficult to believe that only fifty years have elapsed since Plymouth Church first came into existence in New York City. So many momentous events have taken place in its history which it took prominent part.

too well known to need description. Such a scene has probably never been witnessed in any church as that which Plymouth saw when Mr. Beecher put a runaway slave woman with her child in her arms up at auction on his platform for sale to the highest bidder. He had long been an abolitionist and he threw himself into that conflict with all the energy of his nature. In those dark days of national agony and sorrow and bereavement, the voice from Plymouth pulpit never faltered. He believed in the cause, and he preached and spoke with a fervor that thrilled the whole of the Northern States. He even went to England to oppose the growing sentiment in favor of the South, and to place the Northern cause before that nation in his own light. His ardor

he lay in his casket surrounded by sorrowing friends. It was well that after so stormy a life Mr. Beecher should learn something of the affection in which he was held. The spontaneous tributes that came to him from men of all denominations, the testimonial from the Jewish congregation in his neighborhood and the good-will expressed by public men regardless of religious associations, must have cheered him as he attained the dignity of the septuagenarian. Nor was the tribute of respect and affection diminished, when at the close of the eulogiums uttered, he said, with dignified simplicity, "By the grace of God I am what I am." It was a beautiful incident, befitting the close of the career of a follower of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," that marked his last conscious presence in the church. Tired with the services of the last Sunday on which he preached, he remained after the evening service listening to the strains of the organ

greens, and there, for twelve hours, a steady stream of his friends passed to take a last look at the face they loved. Plymouth called to the pastorate a preacher long associated with Mr. Beecher in editorial work, a man of great learning, and one who sympathized with Mr. Beecher's views and was in harmony with his principles. Under Dr. Lyman Abbott's ministry Plymouth still flourishes, and, as of old, the great building is too strait for the crowds of hearers. Dr. Abbott's orthodoxy has been questioned even more than his predecessor's, but no one can



DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.



THE LATE HENRY WARD BEECHER.



DR. CHARLES A. BERRY

occurred in that half-century, that he seems to have lived a much longer life. Plymouth Church is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and the dates are yet what a life it has had! A life to be measured by years, but by its struggles and its triumphs.

In the year 1846 Brooklyn had nearly 100,000 inhabitants and only one Presbyterian Church. The need of a church of this order was obvious. The First Presbyterian Church was building a new edifice and wished to sell its old one. It was purchased for \$10,000, and by May 1, 1847, it was ready for occupation. Henry Ward Beecher, then thirty-four years of age, and the pastor of a church in Indianapolis, Ind., was invited to preach on the occasion. His sermons, at that time, on subsequent Sundays won the hearts of the people, and he was called to become the pastor of the new church. It was hard for him to part with his former charge, where he was greatly loved and where he had formed close friendships; but the call seemed providential, and on November 11, 1847, Mr. Beecher was formally installed pastor of Plymouth Church.

The best half of Plymouth's half-century has been a period of rapidly-growing influence in the city only, but in the whole of New York. Mr. Beecher's glowing eloquence, his originality, his vigorous and his genial personality attracted multitudes to Plymouth Church, who listened with rapt attention to his thrilling oratory. He stayed over the winter, after their business was finished, and might hear the great preacher, who carried his fame to distant cities. On Sunday morning saw the spacious edifice which was erected on the old site, in every part, and in the evening the congregation was asked to remain, that another congregation might have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Beecher. It is told, as an illustration of the popularity, that a stranger in New York, coming to attend Plymouth Church, was told where he should find it. He was directed across Fulton Ferry and then to the church. "Many eminent men have come to analyze the power Mr. Beecher wielded. He was not a deep theologian, he was not a great theologian, he was not orthodox, but his power was unparalleled. Under the charm of his eloquence, opposition and prejudice melted away and his hearers were on his side. It was impossible to resist his earnestness or his sincerity, his broad, deep love of Christ and his enthusiasm all who listened to him. 'I do not agree with Beecher,' said one, 'but I love to attend his ministry.' 'I do not agree with Beecher,' said another, 'but I am a better man through his ministry.'"

and his pungent utterances roused for a time a bitter antagonism against him in the South, but after the struggle was over, Beecher was forgiven. He had been a brave man fighting in the open, an enemy from conviction, and the South had too much chivalry in it to cherish animosity against him. Afterwards came the great sorrow of his life. The accusation against his character, the public trial, the joy of the enemies of religion, the desertion of old friends, but through it all the fidelity of his church and the unwavering faith in his integrity of all who knew him best, supported him. When his seventieth birthday came, Plymouth witnessed another scene not to be paralleled until the last scene in the connection with her beloved pastor, when

after the congregation had departed. Two little boys from the street wandered in and stood in the darkness looking up at the organ. Mr. Beecher saw them, and, laying his hand on the head of one of them, he turned up his face and kissed him. With an arm around the shoulders of each, he walked out of the church, and so quitted forever the scene of his triumphs. It was on Tuesday, March 8, 1887, that Mr. Beecher died, and the church to which he had ministered for forty years was bereaved of its pastor. His body was borne into the building which had so often echoed with his thrilling words, and was laid at the foot of the platform from which he had spoken. The church was not draped in mourning, but, as he wished, was decorated with flowers and ever-

doubt his love for Christ, or the intense earnestness with which he longs for his kingdom, or the sincerity with which he pleads with men to forsake sin and turn to God.

By a double celebration Plymouth marks its semi-centennial year. In May last it celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization as a church, and last Sunday special services were held to commemorate the first sermons Mr. Beecher preached as its pastor. On November 11, the same event will be celebrated by more services. The services on November 7 were conducted by Dr. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, an intimate friend of Mr. Beecher, who was an enthusiastic admirer of America's great preacher. Mr. Beecher had introduced him to his church and had spoken of him in terms so glowing that, when bereavement fell upon Plymouth, it was to Dr. Berry that the church's hopes were turned for a successor. Dr. Berry felt it his duty to decline the invitation Plymouth sent him, but has always felt a sincere love for the church. It is peculiarly appropriate and gratifying to both himself and the church that he should cross the Atlantic to take part in the celebration.

Dr. Berry is forty-five years of age, and is an active, robust, vigorous man. He is of Scotch parentage, but was born in England. It is pointed out that America has a share in his personality, for he was converted under the preaching of an American preacher, Dr. J. M. Macaulay, of the Dutch Reformed Church, now of Newark, N. J., who in 1867 was preaching in England. Dr. Berry, then a lad of fifteen, came under his influence, and so impressed the American clergyman with his youthful promise that he was urged to enter the ministry, and received all the help that the appreciative pastor could give. Dr. Berry is this year chairman of the Congregational Union, the highest honor in the gift of his denomination.

Klondike Nomenclature.

Recently the United States Board on Geographical Names, which met in Washington, rendered decisions determining the spelling of one hundred and forty-nine geographical names, including a number in Alaska. As to Klondike, the decision is to spell it as here given, and not Clonkyke, or Klondyke. One of the lakes of the Upper Yukon was named Lebarge by the expedition in 1868, after a member of the party, who is now living near Ottawa, Canada. When Schwatka descended the Yukon in 1883 he named one of the lakes on its headwaters Lindeman, after Dr. Moritz Lindeman, Vice-President of the Bremen Geographical Society. This sometimes appears erroneously as Lindeman. The Board adopts Lindeman. For the river and village at the head of Lynn Canal, which now appears in the newspapers almost daily under the name Dyce, the starting-point for the overland route, the Board adopts the name of Taya. For the lake and river variously called Hootalinga, Hootalinga, Teslin-Hina, Teslin-Too, Teslin, the Board adopts Teslin.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., IN ITS FIFTIETH YEAR.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Health of Cities.

IT seems to be popular to abuse boards of health. One pile of garbage slung out by an unthinking householder will sometimes afford material for fifty loud declamations on the inefficiency of city officials. One hundred streets kept clean do not attract as much approval as one heap of potato-parings excites condemnation. As soon as a man takes office in our cities, he becomes the target for all the sharpshooters to aim at. The average American takes it for granted that all men who hold office are scoundrels until they prove themselves innocent! Nine-tenths of the denunciation is sheer jealousy, or indignation that they did not get the office themselves. By all means let us have recalcitrants unofficered; but all honor to men who keep their oath and do their duty. I call upon the host of the cities for higher appreciation of the board of health. To watch all the hidden traps of disease, report them and rout them out is no small job. Let us, instead of throwing hindrances in the way of the board of health, become their allies as they go forth to clean the sidewalks of dangerous obstructions, and to clear the markets of unhealthy vegetables and meats cut from animals that were overheated before they were slaughtered, and to execute the laws and ordinances of the city. Remember that boards of health have not only the physical health of the city to look after, but the moral health of our great towns. A filthy city is a vicious city. There has never been an exception. Show me the filthiest part of any town, and I will show you the worst part of it. Dirt is demoralization. Soap and fumigation must go along with hygienic books and New Testaments! The ancient deluge was a necessity; the world had to be washed before it could be redeemed. But while we recognize the effect of sanitary regulations upon the morals of the city, let us just as well recognize the effect of the Gospel upon the public health. Make the people good and you make them clean. Practical religion has a tendency to make every man a gentleman, and every woman what the New Testament calls an elect lady. The more churches, the more bath-tubs. Where there are no thorough religious influences there are no thorough abstinents. White robes of righteousness for the soul are sure precursors of clean linen for the body. Then let the boards of health and the churches of God join hands for the purification of our cities. While the

former works from the physical towards the spiritual, the latter will work from the spiritual towards the physical: so we shall have pure air, clean streets, healthful population, high-toned morality, and people inspired with a cheerful hope of a better world when they have done with this. And we shall have a union of church and state—not the obnoxious union which we see on the other side of the water, but the union which comes from the fact that the state helps the church by the execution of sanitary law, while the church helps the state by making all its citizens moral and Christian and free. Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!

The Camera as an Equipment.

PROBABLY tens of thousands of cameras have been used by sportsmen and tourists the past summer. Some of them have been so employed as to secure artistic results. We have a young ministerial friend who has done work simply magnificent. His groups of cattle, swimming geese and ducks, running dogs; his pictures of dashing breakers are nearly all perfect. There is also the capacity of photographing through a telescope, which makes it possible to bring distant things near; to photograph the eagle mounting upward, when to the naked eye he is but a speck. And all the attractive things of woodland life are brought within easy access and control. The camera can capture the cooing dove on his perch, the descending fish-hawk as he seizes his prey and bears it to his young. Indeed there is almost nothing that can bid it successful defiance. It searches about and makes permanent in picture things only seen by the eye of God. Yes, it reminds us of the words of the Psalmist: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

The Crown of Thorns.

THE Roman soldiers did not know that the instrument of their mocking would become immortal; would symbolize the kingdom that is not of this world. But whatever touches Christ becomes glorified. Even the Cross upon which up to the day of crucifixion Roman soldiers went to the most disgraceful death, has lost all its shame and become glorious. It is to-day the most magnificent thing in the world. It is cut in stone as a memorial, it towers on steeples as a finial, it is worn in jet or gold as an ornament. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." You control a great railroad system, or you own vast business structures, called by your name. That will soon be forgotten. What you do for Christ will live forever.

Spain's New Policy.

WILL she have one? That is the serious question. Will she abandon the outrages of Weyler's past, and, under the new Cabinet, with Senor Sagasta at its head, adopt the methods and measures of modern civilization? This country is of one mind as to what the Queen Regent ought to do. She ought to end the war and give Cuba genuine autonomy, or, better still, freedom itself. The last is what Cuba wants; perhaps she will be satisfied with nothing less. Certainly, if she has the spirit of the American Colonies before the Revolution, she will not. We build monuments to our own patriots. Shall we condemn Cuban patriots for doing as they did?

Premier Sagasta is represented as being a man of liberal ideas; and, as the Spanish Government is probably sick of war—having two costly and resultless campaigns on its hands—it is not improbable that it may seek an honorable way out of its Cuban difficulties. Will that way prove a path to Cuban freedom? Or, is it not more likely that Cuba, backed by her splendid victories, will refuse anything less than complete freedom?

THE TALMUD.

THE Talmud is the Sphinx sitting at the gate of literature for the last twenty centuries; and very few people know anything of its history or its contents. Its composition began in the oral traditions of priests, prophets, and rabbis. These were gathered together about 200 B. C. by the Rabbi Judah; and this collection is now known as the Mishna or Text. Yet, even in Christ's time, it had so overshadowed the Law, that he reproaches the Pharisees for making "the word of God of none effect" through their traditions.

For a thousand years this book was hunted almost to destruction by edicts of confiscation and burning. Honorius IV., writing A. D. 1286, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, says: "Anent this damnable book, all other evils flow out of it." The final struggle for its existence occurred in the reign of the great Maximilian of Germany. He being applied to for a decree for its extermination, gave it; and the famous Hebrew and Greek scholar Reuchlin was appointed to give force to the emperor's edict. Being a fearless and passionate lover of literature, he did not care, he said, "to participate in the wholesale murder of a book, written by Christ's nearest relations." He honestly told the emperor that he knew nothing of the Talmud, and that he was not aware of any one who did, least of all its enemies. If it contained attacks against Christianity, he proposed they should be replied to; for, added this noble scholar, "burning is but a ruinously argument." It is hard for us to understand the fierce quarrel that ensued; kings and divines took hot and angry sides; but out of it came the first complete edition of the Talmud; and, while it was printing at Venice, Martin Luther burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg; and that *auto-da-fé* helped the world and Christianity far more than the obliteration of the Talmud could have done.

This book of mystery and antiquity is a vast repository of the wisdom and fancy of buried ages. The history of medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and many other sciences, can only be perfectly written by some reference to the Talmud, which contains the records of their infancy. Here are pictures of Persia, Egypt, Hellas, Rome, Byzantium, sketched from every-day life, with a pencil dipped in the glowing colors of the East. But it is of its theology we would here inquire.

It teaches a gradual process of creation, and no power in it but that of God, whose name is declared to be unspeakable, so that he is called by his attributes: The Merciful—Holy One—Word—Almighty—Shechinah—Our Father which art in heaven.

It teaches that all souls intended to be born have been created and hidden away from the moment of creation.

It teaches that there is no hereditary sin, but that the desire to commit sin is a greater guilt than the act itself—a feeling in accord with St. Paul's classing men "who had pleasure" in the evil works of others as greater sinners than the evil-doers.

It teaches the resurrection and immortality of the soul, saying: "The righteous hath no rest, neither in this world nor the next; for they go from host to host, from strength to strength: they will see God in Zion."

It teaches most emphatically that none are to be excluded from the world to come; and, regarding the bliss of heaven, it uses the words, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." Hell is admitted, though the space between heaven and hell is said to be only "two fingers' breadth," and that this is bridged by the first prayer of sincere repentance, except for idolaters and traitors, whose punishment is said to be for "generations and generations."

The Talmud is even more bitter than the New Testament against those Pharisees "who preach beautifully and do not act beautifully." It enumerates six classes of them: First, those who do God's will from selfish motives; second, those who say "wait for me, I have just one more good work to perform;" third, those who knock their heads against a wall, avoiding the sight of a woman; fourth, saints in office; fifth, those who beg you to mention some more good deeds to perform; sixth, the true Pharisee, who does the will of his Father in heaven because he loves him.

The Talmud shows us how easily tradition and commentary may bury the original text; and the Christian cannot be too grateful that he is shut up to the law and the testimony. Suppose the sermons Paul preached during the two years he tarried at Ephesus, his conversations with those "who came to him," his disputes and arguments with the church and the apostles had been preserved, what an opening there would have been for schism, doubt, and extravagance of every kind. Any one who looks at the amazing mass supplementing the revealed law in the Talmud, will see the wisdom of God in keeping the Christian Church to the simple authority of the Testaments.

If we come to the "Haggadic" or literary portion of the Talmud, no one will be surprised that the clear-headed Paul called it "old wives' fables." It is full of such extravagant fictions as make the "Thousand and One Nights" probabilities; fictions borrowed from Indian and Persian sources, saturated with the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. From its weird, mystic fables the Romish Church has borrowed supererogation, purgatory, and the doctrine of individual intercession; though they made them a profitable

article of faith to the priesthood, instead of rambling, undefined dogma.

A writer in *Blackwood* considers the anarchy of this book by the Jews as "a seal of their degradation;" and we can wonder that they received these childish and refused the law of truth and wisdom. His lips, especially when a great number more foolish of the Talmudic fiction written in the very age that produced the Gospels and the Epistles. But it is if any large number of the Jews of our day have ever seen a Talmud or know its contents. If this book was issued in plain English in cheap popular form, they would be as of the gods they have chosen. Who put the Talmud in the sunlight of the nineteenth century will take the veil from the eyes of Israel, and then we may hope will search the Hebrew scriptures, and of Him of whom they testify.

Amelia E. Park

BRIEF NOTES.

The mail received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office during the months of November and December frequently exceeds 10,000 letters, and although we have an extraordinary office force to handle the same with promptness and despatch, we should consider it a great loss or inconvenience by being deferred after the 15th of January, when the mail is handled expeditiously and satisfactorily without entailing hardship. Sometimes a postmark will put a wrong initial in front of a title may be missing; the date be right, all of which does not in any way with the service of the paper, and consequent rectification is not a matter of immediate importance. And it is this portion of correspondence, naturally incident to the publication of a widely circulated paper, that we desire as much as possible during the busiest of all the year. We are sure that our correspondents, in view of this statement, kindly exercise forbearance and patience which will comfort and the prompt despatch of letters without prejudicing their own right form, shape or manner.

A letter can now be sent from one Paris to another in a pneumatic tube in less than it takes to spell out a telegraphic message.

The new Prime Minister of Natal is of a Quaker preacher. His father, the Henry Binns, lived for years in Sunderland.

A project has been inaugurated to Blantyre, in Scotland, the birthplace of I. Livingstone, the missionary explorer, a memorial as a memorial of the great man.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Minneapolis, are causing a deep interest in the Presbyterian Church, in which they are crowded, and there are many inquiries.

The Independent announces that at the meeting of the Oriental Congress at Paris, it stated that a version of the Deluge has been found on a Babylonian tablet dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, about 2140 B. C., about the date of Abraham.

President McKinley in proclaiming day, November 25th as Thanksgiving Day, said: "On this day of rejoicing and domestic let our prayers ascend to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the continuance of his favor to us, that our hearts may be filled with joy and good-will, and that we may be ever of his beneficent concern."

Two young lady students of Iowa University, Miss Maude St. John, of Des Moines, and Miss Helen Clapp, of Shelby, are earning money for the Young Women's Christian Association of the university. They agreed proprietors of a leading shoe-store of low shine shoes on a certain day at the usual five cents a pair. The two ladies in the store had a record of fifty four pairs to their credit.

The Rev. Levi P. Salmans, of the distant Episcopal Mexican Mission, who is spending some months in Europe with his wife, is now in New York. Dr. Salmans is a student of medical work at Silao, Mexico, while abroad pursued post-graduate work in medicine, as a further equipment for his Mexican work. He has not only made his work supporting, but has contributed to the fund.

The Convention of the World's W. T. on which an illustrated article appeared in the Christian Herald, re-elected Lady Somerset Vice-President. Miss Willard addressed the convention with an address with respect to the army regulations in the convention passed a resolution placing on record in opposition to Lady Somerset's services to the cause of temperance, however, were regarded as entitled to the office she holds.

The New York Bible Society, in its third annual report, just issued, states that the year the number of Bibles and Testaments printed has been 66,424. These have been in the following languages: Chinese, Lithuanian, Polish, Welsh, French, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew and Portuguese. The Society is engaged in a house-to-house work, reaching many families and individuals. The missionaries are daily at the Office, meeting immigrants, with a view to the distribution of the Bible. The Society is doing a large work among the blind. Every day a large work is being done in the world of God. The second Sunday in November is recommended by the Society to all the churches in New York as Bible Sunday, when pastors are specially invited to preach on the Bible work. The new report can be had at the Bible House, or will be sent to all who apply.



THE DEAD CHIEFTAIN.

THE sudden death of Henry George, in the closing days of the bitter contest for the Mayoralty of Greater New York, produced in men of all parties a feeling of shock and solemnity. He was one of four principal candidates for the office and had the enthusiastic support of



THE LATE HENRY GEORGE.

Every section of the community. In the interval of eleven years since he first came before the public as a candidate for the Mayoralty, when he polled 69,000 votes, his popularity had increased, and men who had no faith in his doctrines admired the earnestness and devotedness of the man and respected him for his manly character. Every one listened to his impassioned addresses, realizing that it was not ambition that animated him, but a sincere desire to benefit the human community. He firmly believed that his system lay the way to relief from the burdens which are crushing one-half of the human race, and are taking all the life out of their lives. As Mayor of New York he could not hope to inaugurate his system, but he could do much to improve the city from the corruption which had brought disgrace to the government. He sought service, not honor, that he sought, and he always respect a man who thus gave himself in his cause. They thought him a dreamer, and some who did not believe in him called him a socialist. But he was not a socialist. Indeed, the first thing he proposed for social evils, whether it would, or would not, have cured them, was precisely an alternative to socialism. It was to save the community from socialism and revolution, which he believed might come from the prevalence of poverty, that he urged the adoption of his scheme. He had a deep and passionate sympathy with the poor, and a earnest longing to help them to a better condition. That was the reason why so many loved him, and why those who knew him best were his warmest admirers. It is probable that the excitement of the campaign hastened his death. He had the nervous, delicate mind of the thinker, and though he possessed sublime courage and untiring energy, he must have suffered the fatigue of his long and arduous campaign. The death of an eminent man and the immense numbers of sorrowing friends who flocked

to his funeral showed how the world appreciates character and respects disinterested service:

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold (Prov. 22: 1).

A Royal Bereavement.

The English royal family is mourning the death of an amiable and popular princess, and many of the people who were personally acquainted with her sympathize with them. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, was a granddaughter of George III., and was therefore a cousin of the Queen. She was a sister of the Duke of Cambridge, who was for many years commander-in-chief of the English army. All through her life she took an active interest in philanthropic work and exerted herself to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. Her village homes and other institutions which she organized and superintended have been exceedingly useful to the people. As the daughter of a younger prince, she was comparatively poor, for a person moving in the highest society of the country. In 1866 the princess, then in her thirty-third year, married a son of the Duke of Wurttemberg, whom the Queen made Duke of Teck. The marriage, however, was never a popular one, and it was generally believed not to have been a happy one. The daughter of the dead princess was married to the son of the Prince of Wales four years ago, so it is possible that her descendants may yet sit on the English throne. Though her position was one that a great author characterizes as the most that can be endured—that of being born very near a great station and yet just missing it—one may hope that she did not miss that station higher than any earthly throne which God gives to those who love him.

Ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty (11. Cor. 6: 18).

A Search for a Wife.

A peculiar advertisement is appearing in country journals in various sections of the country. It announces that the advertiser, a man seventy-eight years of age, is anxious to find a young lady willing to become his wife. She must be handsome and not over nineteen years of age. He promises to give her five thousand dollars in cash on the wedding day. The advertiser is said to be a remarkable character. He made his first appearance in Mission Valley, Texas, fifty years ago. No one knew where he came from, and as he had led the life of a recluse, no one is any wiser about it to this day. He built a log cabin and settled on 160 acres of land. At first he made his living as a trapper by the sale of furs and hides, but as wild animals became scarce, he devoted his attention to agriculture and stock-raising. Gradually he extended his possessions until he now owns six thousand acres, and is reputed to be very wealthy. All through the fifty years he has been in Texas, he has lived alone, cooking his own meals and attending to his own domestic affairs. He employs a number of men, but they all live at a distance from their employer's house, and have never crossed his threshold. He has built a beautiful house of seven rooms, the best of which is a library, in which he has collected some rare books, and where the latest magazines are to be found. No relatives have ever visited him so far as is known, and the man, though friendly and cordial in his business relations, is reserved about his past. He reports that he has received a large number of applications in reply to

his advertisement, but as yet, none are satisfactory. They take too pronounced a business tone, the old man says, while he wants the young lady whom he marries to give him her love. Perhaps he ought to blame himself for his correspondents taking that tone, as his advertisement put the matter on a business basis. He appears to forget that love must be won and cannot be bought, as a greater than he discovered long ago.

If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, he would utterly be condemned (Cant. 8: 7).

The Deepest Well in the World.

Considerable interest attaches to a well now being sunk near Pittsburg, Pa. When completed it will be two miles in depth, which is deeper than any well now in existence. Professor William Hallock, who has charge of the scientific observations, estimates that before the well reaches its full depth, the temperature at the point of boring will be over two hundred degrees. Below a certain depth the temperature of the earth's crust increases one degree in every sixty feet of boring. The rule, however, is not invariable. When a stratum of granite is reached, the heat materially increases, especially if it carries much felspar, which appears to have the property of conveying heat. Lime, too, when exposed to air or water, slacks and gives out intense heat. If the professor's theory proves generally correct and the temperature of two hundred degrees is reached, he will be able to obtain steam power at a very cheap rate, as at that temperature water is converted into steam. One curious feature of the work is that already the gas given forth in the well is sufficient to operate the engines which do the drilling. Thus, from the work itself, power is obtained to do more work. That principle

his beloved child. His wife had been sick all day and had not been able to look after the little girl, but from the neighbors he learned that a woman from Norridgewock who had always shown a partiality for the child had been at the house and had taken the girl away with her. Early in the morning he went to the woman's house to fetch his child, but found it empty. The family had moved away and no one knew where they had gone. The distressed father made a long and patient search and spent all his money trying to trace them, but was never able to get on their track. He was obliged eventually to give up the search. A few days ago, while chatting with a neighbor who formerly worked in Portland, the father obtained the first clue he had found to his child's hiding-place. His neighbor said that he had boarded in Portland thirteen years ago with a woman who came from that section. "What was her name?" the father asked. The neighbor told him. It was the name of the woman who had stolen his child. He lost no time in going to Portland, where he found his daughter, now a beautiful girl of twenty-four years. The meeting between father and daughter is described as most affecting. She had quite forgotten him and was surprised to hear of his long and unavailing search. It is so with the wanderers who are brought to God. It is not he who forgets, but his children who have strayed away from him.

Thou art my servant; I have found thee. O Israel thou shalt not be forgotten of me (Isa. 44: 21).

A Fatal Wreck.

News of a fatal wreck comes from Point Arena, Cal. The people on that part of the coast noticed, a few days ago, that boards and boxes and other wreckage were being washed in fragments upon the beach. There was nothing to indicate the wreck of a vessel besides these articles, but there could be no question, that they had come from some ship that had been broken up not far away. A terrific storm was raging and the sea was so high early in the day that it was impossible to launch a boat from the shore. Toward evening it slightly moderated, and two men, at imminent risk of death, volunteered to go out and see if there were any lives in peril. Their boat was driven back twice and almost swamped, but eventually they succeeded in reaching the scene of the wreck. It was a perilous work and their families and friends declared it was suicidal, but they were brave men with heroic hearts and strong arms and they persevered while those on shore watched and prayed for their safety. After an absence of about two hours they returned with two men whom they had found upon a raft. The rescued men told a sad story of death and disaster. They belonged to the steamer *Casper* bound from San Francisco for Usal. Shortly after midnight she struck on a reef, and a few minutes afterwards capsized. Her entire crew of



THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

fifteen men were washed off. The two men were near together, and when some wreckage floated near them they drew it together and roughly lashed it. They climbed upon it, and for over fourteen hours had drifted until rescued by the brave lifeboat men. The raft had kept them from drowning and they were very thankful for it, but they were glad to leave it when the lifeboat came to them. So it is with people who are striving to save themselves by their own righteousness. When salvation through Christ is offered to them, they gladly cease their struggle and trust themselves to him.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength (Isa. 40: 31).

A Long-Lost Daughter Found.

An interesting story is told by Maine journals of the recovery of a daughter who has been lost for twenty-one years. In 1876 a man and his wife and their three-year-old daughter were living at Oakland. The man made a great pet of his little girl and she, on her side, was devotedly attached to her father. One day his work took him away from home, and on his return in the evening he was disappointed at not being greeted as usual by

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord (Romans 7: 24, 25).

INDIA'S THANKS.

Grateful Messages from the People of India and the Missionaries to the Readers of this Journal for their Generous Gifts of Money and Grain.



RECENT mails from India bring many messages to our readers, which it is a pleasure to deliver. The unanimous testimony from missionary and native sources, is that large numbers are now living, who would, to a moral certainty, have perished of hunger, if our readers had not given so generously in money and grain for their relief. A deeply interesting letter is one from S. Prakashan Samuel, headmaster of a school at Tindivanam, in the Madras Presidency, who, in quaint English, expresses the gratitude he feels for the help rendered to his people. He writes:

"It is very pleasing to see that this great nation of the American continent,

and I am happy to think of the many children who used to cry for hunger who have been made happy in the food they have now every day. I am persuaded that many have been kept from starving by the generous help of the friends who have contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The spiritual effects of all this help that we have been privileged to give as Christian missionaries are already showing themselves. Many people whom we thought impervious to Christian truth are coming forward and begging us not to delay in publicly receiving them into the fold of Christ. Others whom we knew distantly, and who took no interest in our work, are coming to regard us, through this beneficence you have enabled us to extend, as real friends, and they will listen in the future with deeper interest to our message."

Bishop Thoburn writes that the Hon. Mr. James, of the Viceroy's government, has written for detailed information concerning the distribution of money sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and of the grain sent on the *City of Everett*. He says that he intends to incorporate the whole in his final report to the Government, and he intends to send a formal resolution of thanks to the American Government for the free carriage of grain from America. Mr. James has had much to do with famine relief.

The *Bombay Guardian*, which has done a noble work in the cause of famine relief, also thanks our readers. After referring in a recent issue to the generous help from other lands in the national crisis, it says: "This is also an appropriate opportunity for publicly acknowledging with much gratitude the noble famine-relief efforts of Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD. He has sent to

Mrs. Winsor's school at Sirur in the Poona district. They are of all ages and of several castes. It is a specimen of the groups in many other mission stations. It is for these that the missionaries are now praying. If help is given, they will be trained for Christ, and many of them would carry, as only a native can, the glad message of the Bread of Life into the homes of their people. Perhaps never again will such an opportunity occur for leavening the whole of India with trained native Gospel teachers.

Mt. Sinai's Famous Convent.

See colored illustration on first page.



ON a ridge of the great plateau of Er Raha, on Mount Sinai, is a bright woodland oasis, which, in that wild, sterile place, presents a vivid contrast to the bleak walls of the Convent of St. Catherine, that rise like high ramparts across a narrow valley. The convent is both monastery and castle, and on more than one occasion it has been necessary to defend it against attack from without. As in the great Convent of Mar Saba, entrance to this mountain fastness is stoutly guarded, and the tired and hungry traveler who expects to gain easy admittance is apt to be disappointed.

In the colored illustration on the first page of this issue, the artist has shown, in the principal court of the convent, a group of the monks of St. Catherine in their peculiar costume. The Superior is distinguished by a black cloak, the rest of the brotherhood wearing robes of the striped brown cloth, spun from the hair of camels and goats, such as are in use among the Bedouins. There are about twenty monks in all in the convent, and they represent all sorts of handicrafts—tailors, shoemakers, bakers, carpenters, etc. A majority of the inmates are Greeks, but besides the great Greek Church of the Convent, there are separate chapels for the use of the Syrian, Coptic, Latin and Armenian Christians, and what is even more surprising, a mosque. The latter was built, it is understood, in the sixteenth century, under an agreement with the Arabs, and in order to pacify them and preserve the convent from destruction. Thus, in common with many other "holy places," this venerable retreat on Sinai is common ground for many dif-

three hundred rooms in the entire building. In this solitude, far from the haunts of men, these recluses live year after year in the simplest manner. They are ready to assist travelers who may be passing through the wilderness; first, however, requiring to be assured that the friendly and have no hostile intentions. Books and devotions are their sole occupation, and gardening and the occasional society of wayfarers their relaxation.

Among students of Biblical history the Convent of St. Catherine has become famous as the scene of the discovery of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, a manuscript of the Septuagint and Greek New Testament. Tischendorf, while there in 1859, discovered among a heap of old paper rubbish, a bundle of manuscript proved to be 199 leaves of the Old Testament and 147 of the New. The script is supposed to belong to the fourth century, although some believe it may be two centuries later. Concerning this remarkable find, Rev. Geo. B. Merrill in his book, entitled "The Parchment of the Faith," says:

In January, 1859, Tischendorf was called to start once more for the convent at this time armed with documents which, if any could, in opening to him the secret alcoves of the buildings. On the first of January, 1859, he entered the convent for the third time. The familiar room library were thrown open to him, and C. Athos, the custodian of the books, showed him every courtesy. Many valuable manuscripts, some of which he had not seen in previous visits were put into his hands. Nowhere was the one treasure he desired every inquiry was met with sincere desire its existence in the monastery. Tischendorf was forced to the conclusion that it had been destroyed or removed to some library, and on the fourth of February orders to his Bedouins to have the library ready on the seventh to start for Cairo. The afternoon of the same day he took walk with the steward of the convent, waiting about sunset and accepting an invitation to sup with the steward in his own apartment. They had been talking of their studies and they entered the steward said, "I have been reading the Septuagint lately," went to a corner of the cell and brought a bulky volume wrapped in a red cloth. It was in Tischendorf's hands. The scholar took the book and saw at a glance that the years was attained. But how much more he had dared hope! For here were indeed fragments that he had left in the waste fifteen years before, and also other parts of the Old Testament; the whole of the New Testament, a copy of the Epistle of Barnabas, part of the Shepherd of Hermas, applied to the steward for permission to take the manuscript to Cairo. He had it copied in full. At the end of nine days the book, brought by a messenger with a swift dromedary, was in Tischendorf's possession.

With the aid of two German scholars and with almost incredible industry the whole manuscript was copied in the space of two months.

A Cure for Heartache.

What shall one do who is sick down with some sorrow that is unparalel? The natural tendency is to sit down and weep and around mourning until the heart is relieved by the failure of memory to revive the story. Sometimes it takes years to do this. There is another and better way to act in the misery. If it is late to avoid the sorrow or to remedy it, may we not save others from falling into the same trap? There is no better way to help our own hearts than to bring good to another's life. A case is reported from Chicago. We read that a street-cleaning brigadier had been placed under the charge of a lady. This we think is a good idea, but there is a deeper explanation of it. A Chicago journal says that this lady, not long ago, lost a beloved child by diphtheria. On the street through which it had to pass every day. There were other children in the street for a longer time, but this child was in a state of health in which the virus found congenial lodgment. The stricken mother has found consolation in trying to prevent other children becoming childless in that way. Cities would not now be cursed by many saloons, gambling-hells and vicious resorts if every man and woman who have lost sons through temptation to vice had followed this lady's example.



A TYPICAL FAMILY OF FAMINE SUFFERERS.

unconnected as it is from India, in all its temporal affairs should stand ready to send food to the famine-stricken several hundred miles off. This generosity was partly demonstrated before our eyes the other day when Dr. Hobbs arrived in Madras harbor in the *City of Everett*. Dr. Hobbs, the American Famine Commissioner, was easily accessible to all and was gladly helping us to know what interest was taken by America to relieve the distressed, and how Dr. Klopsch used his immense influence in getting both money and grain toward this benevolent object. The fact that the shipload of corn was all to be distributed throughout the affected districts, without any distinction of caste, creed, or color, shows in a very striking manner the large-heartedness of the donors of this great charity. India then owes this great man of America a great debt which she can never hope to repay. I shall again thank, on behalf of the Indian people, him and the American people for the money and grain they have so kindly sent to us. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Rev. H. Fairbank, of Vadala, in the Ahmednagar district, similarly voices the gratitude of the American missionaries who have nobly added to their labors in distributing, free of all cost, the relief sent from our readers. In a letter dated September 30, he says: "Mrs. Fairbank and I thank you, and through you the contributors to your Famine Fund, for the help you have given these people. The Lord give you all out of his treasury great joy and content in this blessed work. You will be glad to know that of the money you sent me five hundred dollars has been spent in giving seed to people who when the much longed for rain came, had nothing to put in the ground. It is growing now, and looks well, so I am happy to think that this gift will be multiplied to the people fifty or a hundredfold. Another part of the money has been used to support three hundred children who were starving. One hundred are here at Vadala, and the others are in outlying villages and come to our village schools to study. The need of help for these poor village children has increased very much during the last month,



GIRLS IN MRS. WINSOR'S MISSION SCHOOL, AT SIRUR, INDIA.

India, from the readers of his newspaper, nearly two hundred thousand dollars, in addition to a considerable portion of the cargo of the grain-ship, *City of Everett* (a part having been consigned to Rev. George Lambert). Grateful acknowledgment is likewise due to Dr. Hobbs, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, who has worked in company with Dr. Klopsch, traveled largely to elicit sympathy in America, and who accompanied the *City of Everett* to Calcutta.

With all this, however, there is on all hands grave anxiety as to the future of the children whose lives have been saved. On this page we give a picture of the girls in

ferent religions, whose representatives have agreed to live together in amity, for the sake of preserving what none of them can singly control.

As a rule, the monks of St. Catherine do not remain in the convent for a longer period than five years, although some few have been there forty years. Their regulations are strict, following the rules of the Greek Church in all things. Adjoining the convent is a fine garden in which are grown all the vegetables needed for the use of the monks. Besides, there are several court-yards which are laid out tastefully in beds of flowers and fruits, with many dates and vines. There are about

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

A OLD VIRGINIA HOME.

yet a Happy One—A Son's Love-letter—Other Homes of the South.

VIRGINIA has been called "The Mother of Presidents" and statesmen, few of the states of our Union having given more names to fame in proportion to population. But Virginia is so within her borders, like many Southern States, a multitude of homes where true happiness, though wealth and fame may never crossed their thresholds. Riches and worldly distinction are not essential to happiness, however desirable they are in themselves, when achieved.

Illustration on this page will be replete with interest by our readers. It is a glimpse of a home where honest industry, frugality, hand in hand with life's battle and its burdens, where temperance and economy husband the resources so that the land is always supplied, and the Christian love reigns.

The photograph is a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a picture of which we feel free to print. The picture says:

HILL, Va., Oct. 22.
This is an interior view of my father's house. You will name on your subscription list, where it has been for the last nineteen years. His family have all grown up and left home. I came on a visit after an absence of sixteen years, and my father just as devoted to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as he was the first time he took it, and he has the numbers yet, though many of them are destroyed. The clock in the corner is a piece of antiquity, and the changes of the day and the day of the year and it has stood more than a hundred years on the spot where it now stands. I thought it would be of interest to the HERALD family to see a Virginia home.
E. D. M.

There are several types of Virginia homesteads, the father and Brandon, on the one hand, and the son, on the other. With their old picture-galleries and their rich furnishings, are of those commonly described. The broken-down plantation home, the negro's log cabin, these we are familiar with in story and fact. But there is a third type not commonly known, and answering in the social life of the New England homes described in Miss Wilkins' stories. It is the home of the middle class. It may be in the heart of the country or on the edge of some of the old historic cities, such as Norfolk and Petersburg, or in the capital city of Richmond; the house may work in town, or it may sell the produce of a market garden, or he may handle a good crop of cotton, but in each case, the father and customs will be clung to—though his daughter comes back from boarding-school, with her pretty dress and new-fangled ways, and a trunk. Dinner will be at noon, 6 p. m. Breakfast will be early, before daylight in winter time, and the sweet pink dawn in summer, the cows, feeding the chickens, stock, putting the house to rights—the day's first duties, and in the trunks and boarding-school, the

daughter has not forgotten her love for the poultry and pigeons, nor how to be a milk-maid. There is the churning, the making of the pots of butter—perhaps for market; then comes the noon-tide meal; then supper. The old clock ticks out the same story it has always told of passing time to ears not in the least hurried by it: the home-made rag-carpet, which has seen such faithful service, gives promise of a long future of usefulness; the andirons, none the worse for much serving, will uphold the pine logs just as well whenever it is expected of them. In summer the hearth gleams very white, and the fire-place is filled with great branches of feathery green asparagus from the garden-bed. In the evenings, father and mother are alone, with the knitting or sewing and the books and the paper. In a little while they will lay these aside: and the old Bible will be

God has given you to be a blessing to you, and through you to the world, become physical, social and moral wrecks because of parental neglect of them for the sake of attending to business."

New-Year's Day in China.

"New-Year's is the great festival of the Chinese," writes a missionary, "and it lasts for twenty days. After the houses had been swept and cleaned—almost everybody has a sort of house-cleaning at the end of the year, though they may be extremely negligent along that line during the other months—new mottoes, written on red and gilt spotted paper, were pasted on the doorposts and lintel of the gates and doors. Those given to idolatry—and very few besides possibly Christians and Mohammedans are not—stick up new gods, and get up early to worship them, so that the air is full of the noise of exploding fire-crackers. Afterwards they worship their ancestors and each other and sit down to a good meal. All put on the very best clothing they can get, and for the next five days it will be a continual feasting and visiting: even the poorest do what they can—more than they are really able—to make it a time of joy and gladness, even though it puts them further into debt, and for the rest of the year they must suffer in consequence. All will

OH, HEART OF MINE!

O H, heart of mine, be patient;
Some glad day,
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye;
With all its storms and doubtings
Cleared away;
With all its little disappointments past—
It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient; some sweet day
The anxious care,
The fears and trials, and the
Hidden snare;
The grief that comes upon thee
Unaware—
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Recording Pleasant Things.

THERE are many persons who, even amid the rush and hurry of modern life, find time to keep a diary. Some of us lately has written a very clever criticism of the average diary, in which are recorded the petty likes and dislikes of the owner, as well as a thousand commonplace concerns concerning weather, meals and clothing. A suggestion that would brighten many a record of this sort is made by a writer in the *Youths' Companion*. Here it is:

A great many school children keep a pleasure book in the form of a volume of "memorabilia." Here are favors, sprigs of flowers, programmes of entertainments, bits of writing, and sometimes photographs, each one representing some happy hour that has been passed. But it is to be feared that such a book is sometimes the index of empty pleasure rather than of real happiness, and it may become a regret rather than remain a satisfaction. A far better book was that kept to the end of her life by a lovely old lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance was unmarred by lines of care or irritation. So placidly happy was she that a woman given to fretfulness, and almost annoyed by the unassailable peace that shone from the other's face, once asked her the secret of her content.

"I keep a pleasure book," she explained. "Ever since I was a girl at school I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me. I have only put down the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible. In my whole experience I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness. The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a fine thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from my family—everything that gave me joy at the time. So, if I am ever inclined to be despondent, I sit down and read a few pages in my book, and find out how much I have to be grateful for."

How insignificant the entries seemed! How much they meant! "Saw a beautiful lily in a window." "Talked to a bright, happy girl." "Received a kind letter from a dear friend." "Enjoyed a beautiful sunset." "Hus and brought some roses home to me." "My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup," etc.

It would be a poor life indeed, that could not find at least one pleasant thing to enter for each day in this journal of fortunate happenings. If many who are now sour and discontented would occasionally "take stock" of their blessings and their causes for happiness, they would be surprised at the showing, and ashamed of their own lack of appreciation and grat

A Gigantic Chrysanthemum.

Probably the largest chrysanthemum ever known was that raised by a Japanese gardener. It was trained to a single stem, from which it branched in every direction. The width through it one way was thirteen feet, and the other way nine feet nine inches; the height was six feet six inches. Each flower-branch was allowed to bear only a single flower, and of these there were 300. Patience and skill were required to train it into the regular shape given it, and to cover it symmetrically with flowers. A border of foliage surrounded the base,



AN EVENING SCENE IN A HUMBLE, OLD-FASHIONED VIRGINIA HOMESTEAD.

read, and lowly hearts will send up their simple petition before night and sleep fall on the old Virginian homestead.

Neglectful Fathers.

There are, alas! too many of them. In these rushing days, it may be truthfully said that there are multitudes of fathers who do not take time to become acquainted with their own children, much less to devote time to their training. This is a sad error. Business is important, food and clothing must be provided, books and schooling are essential; but the personal attention of the father to his children is fundamental to their welfare. Nor must this attention be superficial and spasmodic; it must be heartfelt and daily. The father must make his love felt by reason of a tender social intercourse—an interest in their likes and dislikes, their joys and sorrows, their tasks and their plays. Says a writer in the *Religious Telescope*: "Better, a thousand times better, do a little less business and accumulate a little less money, and bless the world by giving to it a manly boy or a womanly girl, reared in a well-ordered, lovely Christian home, than to accumulate a vast fortune and let the children, whom

be busy visiting and revisiting for the next twenty days: first, the nearest relatives, and then the more distant ones and friends."

Two Portraits of the Aged.

"I carry in my memory two portraits of old people," said Rev. J. B. Whiteford in a recent address: "one as a type of the bitterness, the other as a type of the sweetness of old age. One by nature was harsh, exacting, selfish, severe. When she entered a room she turned the tropics to the poles. She insulted callers at her home. She never paused to consider the feelings of others. She lived in this way until she had no friends and was utterly alone. But she had no one to blame but herself. If we desire friends we must be friendly. The other was a spiritual queen, silent as to words, but powerful in the exhalation of the ointment of love. She was as mellow as any ripened peach, and beautiful as any October leaf. Her passing in and out were like the perfumes of an alabaster box. In her notably long career, down to the angel-calm that closed her eyes and made silence golden, she was always winsome, always serene."

GRATITUDE.

The Effect on the Life of a Realization of Indebtedness to God, and How the Sense of Obligation may be Shown. Luke 17:11-19.



When we are treated with ingratitude we naturally resent it and conceive a poor opinion of the character of the person who is guilty of it. Yet there are few who have not had occasion to complain of it. Some there are who, doing kindness, have learned by experience to expect no gratitude from those whom they help, and perform acts of kindness out of the goodness of their hearts, or from a sense of duty. They alone are not disappointed. All despise the ungrateful person and hold him the worst and meanest of mortals. To receive favors and make no acknowledgment of them; to treat a benefactor with neglect or disdain; to receive good and return evil, is to sink to the lowest depth of wickedness. So much all admit, yet in admitting it, few can escape self-condemnation. Receiving from God everything we have for this life and the next, what return is due from us and what return do we render? As his creatures we enjoy the blessings of health and reason and all that makes life worth having, and if we have entered into the closer relation of sonship our obligations are immeasurably increased. The gifts that are bestowed upon the unthankful and the evil are trivial in comparison with those that he enjoys who has received power to become a son of God.

But can man show gratitude to his Maker? If one person does a kindness to another, the beneficiary may make a return to his benefactor, but how can a man render a service to Him whose are all things and who is so far above us? For answer we must turn to the analogy which Christ has given us. How can a child show gratitude to his father? There is no difficulty about the form that filial gratitude should take. The love and reverence and obedience the father has a right to expect are due from the child of God to his heavenly Father. He is bound to put the gifts he receives to a good use; he is bound in all things to live as his Father would have him live. If we see a son who has been well and carefully educated, consorting with his father's enemies, wasting his time, disregarding his father's wishes, squandering his property and disgracing the name he bears, we have no difficulty in characterizing that son's conduct. His ingratitude is obvious and the more disgraceful in proportion to his father's love and kindness. If he does none of these things, but selfishly retains his father's gifts and does not apply them to the purposes for which they are intended, he displays his ingratitude. He is unmindful of his father's designs for the development of his character. So it is in our relations to God. His gifts are a trust which must be faithfully administered.

The most superficial mode of showing our gratitude to God, is by our gifts. To him really we can give nothing; but we can give to his cause. Money is needed to carry his Gospel into the homes of those who, even in this country, are ignorant of him. It is needed to send it to the heathen, and in both these ways we can show our gratitude. We please him by aiding in the work of making his goodness known. There is, too, another way in which with our money we can show our gratitude. It is specially pleasing to Christ when we help some needy Christian in his name. He so identifies himself with his people that he counts a service rendered to them as a service rendered to himself. So small a gift as a cup of cold water, he appreciates.

We may show our gratitude, too, by our lives. There is no sermon so powerful in recommending Christ to the world as a loving, happy life. No better return can we make to our Lord for all that he has done for us, than that of living for him. If we approach the principles of his life here, the purity, the meekness, the self-sacrifice, the kindness, and forbearance he displayed, and incorporate them in our lives, we evince the gratitude he desires to see. His beneficence is then serving the purpose it was intended to effect, and he sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.



OUR SERVICE OF SONG

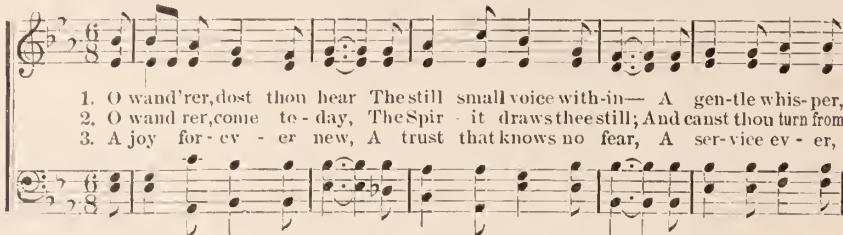
Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Say "Yes" To Jesus Now.

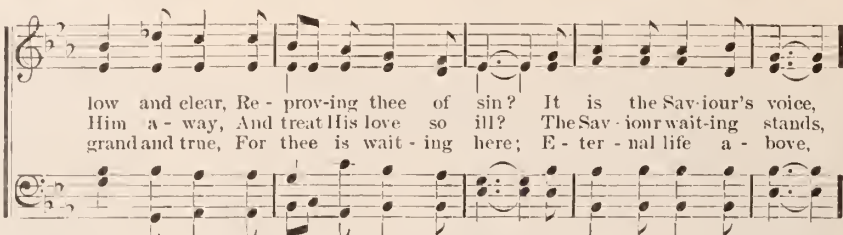
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Mrs. M. B. WINGATE.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O wand'rer, dost thou hear The still small voice with-in— A gen-tle whis-per,
2. O wand'rer, come to-day, The Spir-it draws thee still; And canst thou turn from
3. A joy for-ev-er new, A trust that knows no fear, A ser-vice ev-er,

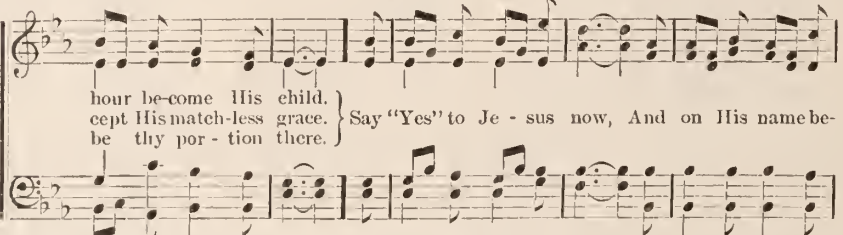


low and clear, Re-proving thee of sin? It is the Sav-iour's voice,
Him a-way, And treat His love so ill? The Sav-iour wait-ing stands,
grand and true, For thee is wait-ing here; E-ter-nal life a-bove,

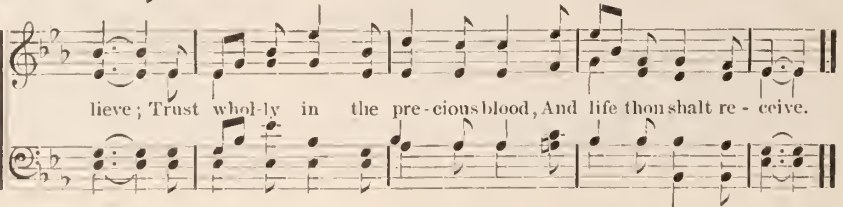


So ten-der, lov-ing, mild; O hast-en now, make Him thy choice. This
With ten-der, love-lit face: Be-seech-ing thee with outstretched hands, Ac-
In man-sions bright and fair, A home of peace and end-less love, Will

CHORUS.



hour be-come His child. }
cept His match-less grace. } Say "Yes" to Je-sus now, And on His name be-
be thy por-tion there. }



lieve; Trust whol-ly in the pre-cious blood, And life thou shalt re-ceive.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

THE LORD WILL GO BEFORE YOU.

For who that leans on his right arm, was ever yet forsaken?

NO evil thing near us can come
If we still trust our Lord;
Hold fast in loving prayer each day,
Rest in his cov'nant Word
The Lord will go before you.

All things for good shall wait for those
Who rest in his dear love,
The cloudy day, the starless night
But veil the light above.
The Lord will go before you.

The darkest path cannot be drear,
If he that path prepare;
He knoweth still the way I take,
Leading my footsteps there.
The Lord will go before you.

So though I walk through death's dark vale
No evil do I fear,
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
The Shepherd's voice I hear.
The Lord will go before you.

The earthly shadows as they fall
Point ever toward the dawn,
Signal the way to heavenly light—
The sweet immortal morn.
The Lord will go before you

Berlin, Mass.

FREDERICK A. HOLDER.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O PRECIOUS Blood, so freely shed,
To save our ruined race;
Thy merits we alone can plead,
Before a throne of grace.

CHORUS:
The Blood! the Blood! the precious Blood!
That floweth ever free,
Come, sinner, to that sacred stream.
It flows for you and me.

O precious Blood of God's dear Son,
So costly—yet so free;
On Calvary's mount, that sacred stream,
Once flowed for you and me.

For all the nations of the earth,
That stream is flowing still;
Come, now, poor sinner, trust that Blood,
For all may come who will.

Your day of grace will soon be past,
Forever sealed your fate;
Fly to the sheltering precious Blood,
Before it is too late.

Stayner, Ont.

MRS. N. J. KENNEDY.

Oh that, from every burden free,
Our souls might seek repose in Thee,
And though from far, with joy descry
Th' eternal day-spring from on high!

—Klopstock.

CHRIST IS COMING.

Reasons for Believing that the Second Advent will not be Long Delayed.

BY REV. BENJAMIN H. CHARLES, D.

(Continued from page 773.)



ANOTHER sign that we are nearing the close of this dispensation, deduced from the prophecy that the Jews shall be punished for their sins "seven times, the charge God laid upon them."

the children of Israel by Moses, pronounced a curse on them, if they away from their Creator. He told he was a jealous God, who could and would not tolerate idolatry. many years they began to adopt the customs of the heathen nations around and forgot the law of the Lord. He sent Israel, or the ten tribes, into captivity. Judah was kept back from so fate by the faithfulness of Hezekiah, Josiah. They resisted in part the into sin of Judah and Benjamin, by ing to keep the candle of the Law before the people. But in the before Christ 606, Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem and carried away the nation, among whom were Daniel and his three friends. The Jews were time brought under the dominion of the Gentiles; and though their kings were the throne of Judah, yet they were vassals of the "great king." In the twenty-two years, the rebellions of Jachin and Zedekiah were the occasion of the entire destruction of Jerusalem, the burning of the temple, and the throw of all royal and priestly authority. Four different deportations of the Jews took place during this time.

Our Lord while on earth made a declaration: "And Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." By Moses in Leviticus he had pronounced the greatest of blessings of every if they would keep his law, but he will not hearken unto me, and all these commandments . . . I will set my face against you, and all your curses shall last. (Leviticus 23, 24): "And if ye will not be reconciled to me by these things, but will be contrary unto me, then will I also be contrary unto you, and will punish you yet seven times for your sins." In verse 28, he says: "Then I will be contrary unto you also in fury; and even I will chastise you seven times for your sins."

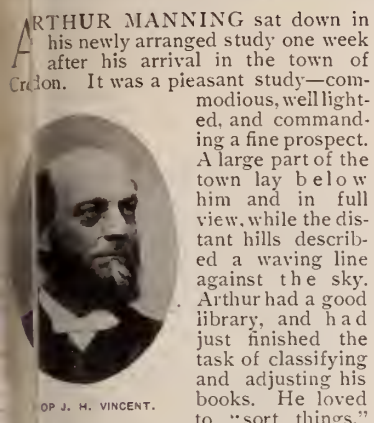
This chapter is full of prophecies they will be righteous and serve him, but full of blasting and withering denunciations if they continue so. Four times in this chapter the position is used: "I will punish you seven times for your sins." We have found that a "time" in prophecy is a year of 360 days. Then seven times "would be seven times 360, which would equal 2,520 days, or 7 years in prophecy stands for years. Then this is properly interpreted the Jews are to remain under the curse for 2,520 years. How it was to be told in Ezek. 21: 25-27: "I will turn, overturn, overturn it: and shall be no more, until he come whose name is; and I will give it him." It is evident this refers to the Messiah. To whom does the kingdom belong? It is promised to the Messiah, Jesus Christ, the only known heir to David's throne. When will the Father give the throne our Lord? Here the text answers: he comes. When will that be? We see how near we can approximate time. Jerusalem is to be trodden down till the fulness of the Gentiles be poured in. The Jews were to be cursed in count of their idolatry for "seven times, or 2,520 years. The captivity of the Jews dates from B. C. 606. Add the year of our Lord 1897, and it would be 2,593 years. This leaves only seventy years, before the "seven times" expire. Somewhere near this period "whose right it is" will come, as he says, "I will give it him." That David's son shall receive the kingdom shall sit upon the throne of his Father.

*From his new work, *Lectures on Prophecy*, 320 pages, price, \$1.25. Published by The Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

Arthur Manning's New Charge.

The Story of a
Pastor's Experience

By the
Rev. Bishop John H. Vincent.



OP. J. H. VINCENT.

ARTHUR MANNING sat down in his newly arranged study one week after his arrival in the town of Crdon. It was a pleasant study—commodious, well-lighted, and commanding a fine prospect. A large part of the town lay below him and in full view, while the distant hills described a waving line against the sky. Arthur had a good library, and had just finished the task of classifying and adjusting his books. He loved to "sort things," and took rare pleasure in seeing how easily they fitted themselves into places that seemed to have been just left for them. The inanimate books seemed to leap into the spaces as if they drew of choice and a sense of fitness. However well ordered his books and papers, the soul of Arthur was in a turmoil. He did not like the place to which he had been assigned by the board of the Conference just closed. His books were more easily adjusted than his own. His appointment was a disappointment. It was not what he expected. It was not up to his "grade," and he served well his former "charge" for full years, and had a right to expect promotion, and not "demotion." His eyes turned longingly and expectantly toward Manchester Avenue Church, a larger city—among more cultivated and congenial people, nearer his home, and nearer his wife's old home. He had access to great libraries, picture galleries, and parks. He enjoyed the quiet of the city. If he did not care to go down to the docks and watch the ocean steamers leaving or landing, he liked to think of them and of the sea as near by, and of the venerable friends not far beyond. Two or three college classmates were within easy reach of the city. It would be so pleasant to meet them often, and to lunch together at all old college days. There were rumors and suspicions of "chekery" in the "cabinet." He believed that there must be a "ring," and that the "elders" and their friends were a part of it. And as he mused a little, his face became flushed, and he gleamed from his dark eyes which the love had not kindled. This was the beginning for a successful pastor, and Manning knew it, and the fire burned more fervently. An aggravating feature of the present report grew out of reports he had received from his immediate predecessor, who was just being appointed. There was a lack of harmony among the members, and the thought of "harmony" he remembered what he had heard about the old choir in the church that had long ago gone down way—and a very old way it was. The leader was a venerable man, whose voice gave signs of long use and abuse. The soprano was a relic, and the younger members as untrained in music as they were frolicsome and irreverent in manner. Their deportment on the Sunday of Arthur's service had made him not a little, and his own sense was offended by the harsh and unmelodious features in the conduct which he regarded as one of the most important parts of the usual public worship. Singing in the Sunday School was a sensational, and often boisterous, the songs were weak "ditties," rarely sold in bulk at low prices. While the boys sang they laughed and played tricks. There was absolutely no thoughtfulness and no reverence in the performance. Everything in the Sunday School seemed superficial. And Manning wondered what sort of teachers they were. Every Sunday gave the Bible lesson, and by their methods on Sunday com-

pared with the methods of the fine day school over on the hill yonder, in full view from his study window, and whether the older scholars had the same respect for the church-school teachers that they were bound to have for the high-school teachers. In his reverie—for a yielding will had allowed him to drop into an aimless drift of thought—the young pastor recalled hints that had already been given him about the low moral standards, and the seeming lack of all spiritual standards among three or four of the patronizing families and some of the members of his church; the lack of devoutness, the neglected class-meetings, the thinly attended prayer-meetings, the social frivolity and gossip, the popular church sociable, the private card and dancing parties, the slurs he had overheard as the name of a former pastor was mentioned, because he had been too "strict," and "severe," and "puritanic," and who "scolded;" and one lady said, "he seemed to get mad" when he heard of his people doing these things which the world approves and the church condemns. As Arthur Manning thought over all these matters, he grew more and more depressed, and began to recall rumors of "rings" in the conference, represented in the cabinet, and all that, and all that. Then the bell of the Roman Catholic church struck its three times three, and Arthur exclaimed: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." This brought the old Roman Catholic Church into his mind—the loyalty of its people, the authority of its priesthood, the antiquity of its organization, the imposing and impressive details of its worship, censer and incense, lighted candles, sacerdotal vestments and sanctities, the exalted tabernacle, the holy host, the pictures and images, the impressive music, the devotion of its clergy free from all domestic cares, free from responsibility for opinions, the unity of the system, all the world over, from Rome on the Tiber, to the remotest islands of the sea; with one visible head, and one hand with a universal sceptre; that little right hand of Pope Leo X., which he himself had seen one day in the Vatican, as his holiness, carried and attended by his Swiss guard, passed in his sedan chair through the picture-galleries of his palace. Oh, if he, Arthur Manning, could only have the power of the pope, or of the priest, the power of a system recognized by the people as apostolic, divine and infallible! If the bell from his church spire could suggest the mystery, the power, the obedience which steal to the papist's heart through the vibrant air the ringing of matin, mid-day and vesper bells! "But it does not," he exclaimed. And on second thought he added, with emphasis, "And I thank God that it does not! Better, far, is the freedom of the individual under Christian and Protestant policy, than the domination and suppression of manhood under the Roman. And

Malaria

A Disease Caused by Bad Air Which
Makes Bad Blood.

Malarial germs may exist in the air we breathe, the food we eat and the water we drink. Malaria causes exhaustion, headache, and derangement of the digestive organs. It may lead to Bright's disease or tuberculosis. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, eradicates malarial germs and scrofulous taints, tones the stomach, creates an appetite and builds up, sustains and protects the whole system.

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besides, the ceremonial feature is puerile, and the whole theory which it expresses false, and the system itself a pious fraud. I thank God that the Roman bell is not our bell!" This word of thanksgiving had aroused the man within him, and Arthur rose to his feet and said: "Enough of this! I have given myself to the Christ of Christ, to the Holy Catholic Church, to the branch of it I am set apart to serve. And I love the Lord, and all who love him. In serving my own church, I have served all. To be a leader, I must be brave and obedient. Truly to represent the God of love, I must love, and not suspect or doubt my brethren. To be obedient, I must accept the divine order and its opportunities. I will; I do surrender myself to my work, and put myself in the hand of God, seek to do his will, and to serve his people. Better to be the teacher, friend and brother of a free people than to have dominion over the superstitious and deceived multitude. Better to have spiritual might, than to be a slave to serve and to look, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

Falling on his knees, Arthur Manning exclaimed: "God of my mother, God of my father, God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose I am, and whom I serve; I do now unreservedly give myself to Thee, and to the service of Thy church. I will, with resolution, hopefulness, wisdom and persistence, each day, do the work before me for that day. Give me, my Father, through Thy holy spirit, the light of Thy wisdom and the odors of Thy love, and I ask it in the name of Jesus the Christ. Amen."

Arthur knelt in silence for some time. The bell called him to lunch. At the table, after grace, his wife looked interestedly at him and said, "Arthur! What is the matter? Your face is radiant?" And he smiled and said nothing. She knew Arthur Manning, and she knew he had seen the Lord. Topeka, October 8, 1897.

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HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A REAL CALL TO SERVICE.

LATE mails from China announce the death of one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission at Shanghai, the departed worker being Miss Mary Pearson, of Toronto, Can. This faithful servant had accomplished much during the seven years she labored in China. The facts connected with her call to the mission field are so remarkable and instructive that we give below the story, as briefly told by a member of the Missionary Board:

"Miss Pearson presented herself without warning at the Mission Home in Toronto and told us that she had been impressed to bid her people at Flesherston good-bye and come to Toronto to prepare for going to China. We found that she had not known that several other young ladies were going forward, and that she had received no gifts for her passage, but was simply impelled, while praying, to come to Toronto and prepare for leaving for China. As we ourselves had received nothing for her passage, we had to tell her this, and she was obliged to see the preparations for the departure of her friends going forward without herself sharing in them. This, however, did not discourage her in the least, and, with quiet confidence in the purpose of God toward her, she set cheerfully to work to help the others forward. At our farewell service we could not ask her to give her farewell words, and expressed our regret for this. 'Oh,' she replied, 'but you know I am going.' We expressed the hope that this might be so. Nevertheless, the three young ladies left us early the following morning, and Miss Pearson was left behind. Returning to the Home after bidding the friends farewell at the station, we certainly expected to see our sister discouraged. Our expectation was not fulfilled, for we learned in speaking to her that she had figured out from the time-tables that she could overtake her companions, they having gone by way of the inland lakes, if she took the late train that night for North Bay and so on westward; and this she fully expected to do. We were much impressed by her humble and yet confident faith, and could but wait to see what God would bring to pass.

It was about ten o'clock that day when the telephone bell rang, and the pastor of Erskine Church called us to ask about Miss Pearson, and to say that his people had a gift for her. About noon the pastor of another church, where Miss Pearson had worked, called us by telephone to say that his people wished to give her an amount of money. Shortly after noon a relative of Miss Pearson sent word to us, offering us a third sum. By the middle of the afternoon all of these three gifts were in our possession, and thus full provision was made for Miss Pearson's passage to China. By evening our sister was ready for starting, and late at night she left us for North Bay, as she had expected, and for China. The three young ladies who started earlier were delayed two days by a wreck in the Sault Ste. Marie, and missed their steamer connection at Vancouver, while Miss Pearson made good time all through, and was nearly a month in China waiting for her friends before they came, and was there to welcome them when they arrived."

A Prayer Overheard.

A Dutch pastor was one evening holding a Bible-meeting in a town where he was a stranger. While he was preaching the Gospel, and earnestly endeavoring to press home on the hearts of his hearers the truth of Christ crucified, a police officer thrust himself into the assembly, stopped the preacher, and commanded him to leave town. The preacher could not help himself, and so obeyed. It was a very dark night, and being thus thrust out of the town, he wandered about lonely, but not comfortless, for he stayed himself on that word of his Master: "Lo, I am with you always."

The good man had been long in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the least token of his Master's will, and to trust him to guide his every foot step. While he was wandering on then in the dark, he suddenly perceived a light at some little distance. "There," thought he, "perhaps the Lord has prepared some shelter for me;" so, in child-like confidence, he went up to the light. As he drew near to the house in which the light shone, he heard a voice within, and became aware that it was some one praying. In joyful hope that he had found the home of a brother in the Lord, he stood still a moment to hear what was the sub-

ject of such an earnest petition. And this was what he heard: "Oh, Lord Jesus, they have driven thy servant out of the city, and now perhaps he is wandering about, not knowing whither he goes; oh, let him find my house, that he may get shelter and refreshment here!" When the pastor heard these words he slipped quietly in at the door, and as the petitioner uttered his "Amen" and looked up, behold! already his prayer was answered. Both of them then gladly fell on their knees and praised the Lord.

An Awakening Kiss.

A Sunday School teacher sends to a contemporary a story of a remarkable experience only just communicated to her, which shows how mighty an influence for good may be started by one expression of kindly affection.

A girl was placed temporarily in her class one Sunday, who was staying with some relatives in the city. She came for several Sundays, but was so hopelessly stupid and so repellent in manner that the teacher's most earnest efforts failed to arouse a spark of intelligence or a sign of interest in her. One day she came to the teacher's house to say good-bye, as her relatives were moving to another city. The teacher spoke to her kindly, but could elicit no response. She was dull and glum, and seemed utterly unmoved. The teacher looked at her as she was going away and, realizing that no one could ever feel any affection for such an unattractive creature, a sudden wave of pity for the poor girl swept over her heart and she stooped and kissed her. The only response was a stare of stupid bewilderment, and the girl walked away.

Years passed and the teacher had moved to another city, when one day a letter reached her from the girl. It told of her efforts to find her teacher and of her earnest desire to see her again. It was a well-written letter from one who was evidently intelligent and educated. The writer said that she was happily married and the member of a church, and she owed the change in herself to that one kiss. She had been an orphan living on the charity of relatives and had almost from infancy been underfed and for a long time overworked. No one cared for her and she grew listless, stubborn and morose. The kiss was the first sign of affection she had ever received and it puzzled her. In her dull way she tried to account for it. By a kind of instinct she associated it with the teacher's being a Christian. It remained in her memory as the one new and strange experience, and it seemed to be thawing the long congealed emotions. Outwardly her circumstances grew worse, but her mind was awakening. She was at last able to earn her own living, and then she worked hard for an education, had made friends among Christian people and had now all that heart could wish. All had come to her from the turning-point in her life when one Christian girl kissed her. Like the sleeping princess, in the poet's dream, the kiss broke the spell that held her spirit dormant. Verily, as the Apostle said, "the greatest of these is love."



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Playing New Sunday Schools.

A Year of Great Progress.

THE Conference of the officers and missionaries of the American Sunday School Union for the Northwestern District of the United States was held in Chicago, and was an of great interest and promise. were read and discussed the best method for prosecuting School work on the frontier. The

should these young tormentors tear or destroy it—for hitherto some young men and boys had been very troublesome and rowdy while the preaching services were going on. One of the inquirers, hearing of this proposal, quickly added, 'Why, I have a board that will suit exactly: the tablet that I have hitherto used in worshipping heaven and earth is no use to me now.' 'The very thing,' said the evangelist. So the board was forthwith brought, the proclamation pasted on it, and it became the bearer of a message in favor of the Gospel, and, at the same time, to those who knew its former use, a testimony that one more soul had been delivered from the tyranny of idolatry."

Two Royal Birthdays

The pretty little gentleman in our picture, if he comes to the throne, will be the third king of a very young kingdom. Roumania having been declared an independent monarchy in 1878. His little highness, who will reign one day, if fortune be kind, as Carlos II., is just four years old. The little sister, whom he holds by the hand with such protecting grace, is one year younger than her brother; and tiny though she is, carries the name of Elizabeth-Charlotte-Joseph-Victoria-Alexandra. The birth-

days of these two little people come very close together, that of Carlos being on Oct. 15, and his little sister's, Oct. 11. Of course, these dates were occasions of public and private rejoicing in Roumania, especially in the capital city of Bucharest, whose name means "City of Enjoyment," a place of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, of many newspapers, and of rapidly increasing importance, but which, for all that, with its irregular streets and many gardens, looks like a great village.

PRINCE CARLOS AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

of the cause in its various as the past year gave occasion encouragement and for heartfelt e. The Northwestern district em- Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minne- braska, North and South Dakota, Michigan, and Montana. But is one, whether in the Northwest, West, or South; and the missionaries ed in the common purpose of little ones to Christ.

sting reports were made of Sun- school and church work among Ger- Bohemians, Scandinavians, and a, as well as among our own race. 98,000 schools established by the in Sunday School Union during seventy-three years of existence, over churches have sprung. It must be erred that Sunday Schools are often t in places where a church could b founded; in many cases the only reach the elders is through the es. The readers of THE CHRIS- ERALD are familiar with this work; v of them have given practical e, their interest by contributing to sport of the Sunday School mis- sars.

recent meeting of missionaries. Rochester, Minn., the following is addressed to this journal:

Louis Klopsch, Editor, Christian We, the missionaries of the North- district of the American Sunday School, in conference assembled, do hereby to you our hearty appreciation and attitude for the helpful and far-reach- nts which you have rendered our your very excellent articles which eared from time to time in THE SIX HERALD, and in this we bespeak ements of the district as a whole. It is for righteousness wherever it goes, ncerely trust that God may bless its much more abundantly, as also its or and editors.

(Signed) F. G. ENSIGN,
Supt. Northwestern Dist.
E. B. STEVENSON,
Asst.-Supt. Northwestern Dist.
A. C. PETRIE,
Secretary of Conference.

Idolatrous Tablet Utilized.

anionary of the China Inland Mis- chen-tu, Mr. J. G. McCormack, in a letter related a very remarkable e in connection with his work. er says: "The magistrate of this kly sent a favorable proclamation ed at the door of the house oc- e by our evangelist. It states that pose in opening a place there is to eady medicines, exhort the people to go deeds, and preach from our sa- oks, and concludes by warning en and guardians of younger peo- u they will be held responsible



"Out of the frying-pan

into the fire." Take care that you don't go that way, when you try to make your washing easier. Better be sure of what you're doing.

Get Pearlina, the original washing-compound, the best-known, the fully-proved. There are plenty of imitations of it. But even if they're not dangerous—and some are—they're not economical.

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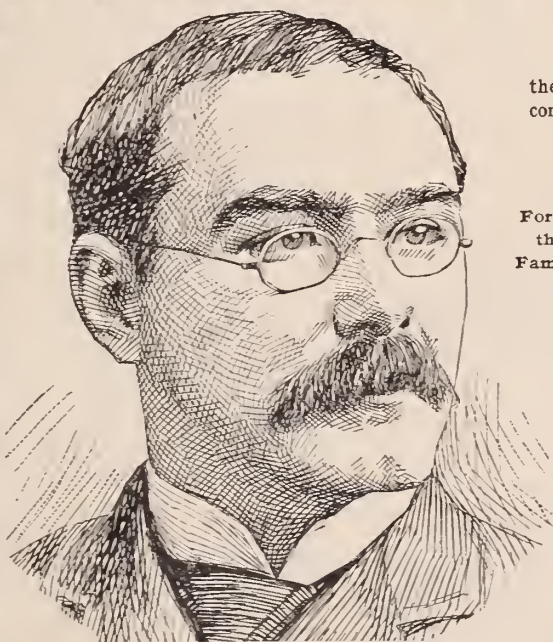
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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

"MOTHER BICKERDYKE."

The Heroine of the Grand Army of the Republic.

MARY A. BICKERDYKE, universally known as "Mother Bickerdyke," the unchallenged heroine of the Grand Army of the Republic, for whom every soldier has a tender place in his heart, is still living, doing what she can for "the boys," in Bunkerhill, Kan. A letter from her, breathing the old spirit of a generation ago, lies before me while I write.

Mother Bickerdyke was called of God to her work as truly as ever minister was called to the pulpit, or leaders were reared



MARY A. BICKERDYKE.

up by Divine Providence for a great people. Her marvelous work for the wounded soldiers was a labor of love, and her heroism was born of self-sacrificing devotion that knew no limit.

After the battle of Shiloh, Mother Bickerdyke was found one day by one of the surgeons wrapped in the gray overcoat of a Confederate officer, for she had disposed of her shawl to some poor fellow who needed it. She was wearing a soft slouched hat, having lost her usual Shaker bonnet. Her kettles had been set up, the fire kindled underneath, and she was dispensing hot soup, tea, crackers, and other refreshments, to the shivering, fainting, wounded men.

"Where did you get these articles?" the surgeon inquired, "and under whose authority are you at work?"

She paid no heed to his questions, and, probably did not hear them, so completely absorbed was she in her work of mercy. Watching her with admiration for her skill, administrative ability and intelligence—for she not only fed the wounded men, but dressed their wounds in many cases—the doctor approached her again:

"Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick diet kitchen and a medical staff. May I inquire under whose authority you are working?"

Without pausing in her work, she blurted out: "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?" As a matter of fact, she held no position whatever at that time. She was only a volunteer nurse, and had not yet received an appointment, but her answer revealed the real spirit and purpose of the noble woman.

Mother Bickerdyke was always great in an emergency. While stationed at Memphis she found that the people in the enemy's country were charging enormous prices for milk and eggs, and that the most useless produce was being received for use in the hospitals. One day she explained to the doctor: "Do you know we are paying fifty cents for every quart of milk we use? and do you know, it is

such poor stuff—two-thirds chalk and water—that if you should pour it into the trough of a respectable pig at home he would turn up his nose and run off, squealing in disgust?"

"Well, what can we do about it?" asked the doctor.

"If you'll give me thirty days' furlough, and transportation, I'll go home and get all the milk and eggs that the Memphis hospitals can use."

"Get milk and eggs! Why, you could not bring them down here, if the North would give you all it has. A barrel of eggs would spoil this warm weather before it could reach us; and how on earth could you bring milk?"

"But I'll bring down the milk and egg producers. I'll get cows and hens, and we'll have milk and eggs of our own. The folks at home, doctor, will give us all the hens and cows we need for the use of these hospitals, and jump at the chance to do it. You needn't laugh or shake your head!" as he turned away, amused and incredulous. "I tell you the people at the North ache to do something for the boys down here, and I can get fifty cows in Illinois, alone, for just the asking."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said the doctor, "you would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other, if you should go on so wild an errand."

"Fiddlesticks! who cares for that? Give me a furlough and transportation, and let me try it."

When Mother Bickerdyke was in that mood there was only one way out, and North she went. She was escorted as far as St. Louis by several hundred cripples, every one of whom had lost either a leg or an arm. These she saw placed in hospitals, and then went to Chicago. Jacob Strawn, a big-hearted farmer, with a few of his neighbors, gave her a hundred cows at once. In a week after her call rang out, the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in Chicago were transformed into a huge hennery.

Before her thirty days' leave of absence was ended, Mother Bickerdyke returned to Memphis in triumph, amidst the lowing of a hundred cows and the cackling of a thousand hens. Contrabands were detailed to take charge of them; and after that there was an abundance of fresh milk and eggs for the use of the hospitals.

Mother Bickerdyke has by no means lost her interest in the old soldier since the war. Mary A. Livermore relates how she expostulated with the dear old woman for getting wet on a stormy day in trying to befriend an old soldier who had been arraigned in the police court on charge of drunkenness. The old heroine bridled in a minute, and retorted:

"Mary Livermore, I want you to understand that so long as an old soldier is top of ground, he can be sure of two friends—God and me."

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in the Y. M. C. A. hall in Tokio, Japan, one of the most prominent characteristics of the speeches was an earnest desire for the speedy evangelization of the Empire. Some intellectual influences that have been noticeable in the past were conspicuously absent, and there was an unusually deep sense of the need of spiritual life.

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For the **LARGEST LIST** of legitimate words sent **Twenty-five**. For the next, **Ten Dollars**. For the next twenty, **Two Dollars** each. For the next ten, **One Dollar** each.

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There is no danger or risk. Your money is refunded if it fails to relieve "Hyomei" outfit, \$5.00. Extra bottles, 50c. "Hyomei Balm" (a wonderful household remedy) 25c. Sold by all druggists sent by mail. Send for the Story of "Hyomei." FREE.

R. T. BOOTH CO.,
23 East 20th Street, NEW YORK.

Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Marriages Happy and Otherwise.

N eminently thoughtful and wise woman said to me not long ago, "I hardly know, among a large acquaintance, a young wife who is happy in her marriage. As women grow older they settle down to make the best of the barriers they have made and are moderately satisfied, but my observation leads me to say that, as a rule, women are not so contented wives."

That statement seemed to me very sweeping and as misleading as general statements of the kind are apt to be. I hold it and unfalteringly to the belief that there are thousands and tens of thousands of happy homes in our land, homes predestined by honored wives and devoted husbands. Our rural homes are especially the living salt of common sense and peace which preserves our body politic, and which gives us hope for a glorious future in our beloved America. In our farming communities, in our villages, in our clustering modest houses, where children grow to self-respecting and useful maturity, where the Bible is the standard of good behavior, and integrity and honesty are life's warp and woof, we find one of which we may well boast, for which we may well thank God.

We are not wretched drudges nor distressed mendicants in such homes as these. They are the fit comrades of brilliant men. It is probably in the fashionable society which does not materially affect the republic as a whole that the discontent noticed by my friend so frequently obtains.

I wish to say to all young men and women, at the period of life when their thoughts turn naturally to the question of marrying, do not be precipitate. Do not ordering the details of a picture a pleasure jaunt. You are laying the foundations of a structure which is a building for all your earthly days, which will reflect the race, it may be, to the end of time. More than a passing fancy for a moment with a pleasing manner or an elegant exterior should be the animating spirit of a union which has in its possibilities results so important and far-reaching.

Young people considering marriage should not be so careless of the advice of friends. It sometimes happens that a girl marries a man wholly unfitted to make a good husband, marries him in opposition to the wishes of her family, simply because she is in love with her own way. Self-will has precipitated many wretched marriages, and so has the youthful tendency to idealize a commonplace person and investing him, or her, with qualities non-existent, except in the lover's mind. I knew a man who married, in hot haste, after three weeks' acquaintance, an ill-bred girl, whose pretty exterior attracted him, the result being that a man of fine culture and wide reading, of refined and refined tastes, was allied to a slattern and a shrew, whose special loveliness of skin and hair was marred.

How of cases equally sad, where girls are mistaken in clinging to a weak or dissolute man, whom they mean to "reform." They only imagine that their love will work a miracle, the mournful fact being that nature works no miracles of that sort. Never comes to a pure girl, seeking the priceless gift of her affections, he who comes with pure hands and a clean heart and if she give herself, she should know that the other party to so sacred a contract should be worthy of the lifelong partner of her personality and her name. Marriage is not merely the adjusting of the other of two separate individuals. It is the founding of a new family. It is the bringing into the world of children. It means the continuance of so-called of the nation. It is the most important of earthly transactions. No mere mercenary motive should influence those

who engage in its covenant; yet prudence indicates, in view of the future, that there should be a basis of income on which to start the joint home.

The man should have a trade, a profession, or business ability—should possess energy and industry. The woman, whatever else she lacks, should not fail to have domestic training. She should know how to cook, how to sew, how to economize, to make and to mend, so that the housekeeping may be well done and properly administered. Mothers owe their daughters this thorough training. Without it no girl is prepared for the risks and uncertainties which may befall any one in marriage. Fortunes take wings, but common sense and knowledge remain.

Finally, the happy marriage is cemented by the love of both for a common Saviour. "One in Christ" was the inscription in a wedding-ring which symbolized one of the most perfect marriages I ever knew.

They, and only they, are sure to be happy in this world who are so living that they will be happy in the next.

Happiness is not everything. Duty, honor, loyalty are better than happiness. Once wedded, cling together through all things, and let no small wedge of division enter to break your lives apart.

Margaret E. Sangster

Catarrh of the Stomach.

A Pleasant, Simple, but Safe and Effectual Cure for It.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing; headaches, fickle appetite, nervousness and a general played out, languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue, and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlanston the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet, composed of Diastase, Aseptic Pepsin, a little Nux. Golden Seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and not being a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Booher of 2710 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom, passing backward into the throat, reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach. Medical authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of stomach without cure, but to-day I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals.

Send for little book, mailed free, on stomach troubles, by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

Why Ladies Like Coffee.

Many ladies have so great a liking for coffee for breakfast that the meal seems flat and unsavory without it; but the muddy complexion, which is almost a sure accompaniment, is a great trial, and the question is seriously discussed many and many times over in one's mind, whether it is possible to give over the coffee and gradually get back the lost complexion, or keep on with the coffee and get on with the bad skin and make the best of it.

The disordered stomach and liver sometimes bring on more serious troubles. To quit the use of coffee is the only true relief; it contains the same poisonous alkaloids as tobacco, strychnine, and morphine, although less in volume. One can use the delicious hot Food Coffee, Postum Cereal, at meals, and never miss the coffee. It brews the deep seal-brown of Mocha, and takes on the rich golden-brown of old Java when cream is added.

When boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java.

It is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of Battle Creek, Michigan, purely and wholly of the nourishing grains intended by the Creator for man's subsistence. The pungent taste so well liked in strong coffee is retained in Postum.

Nature quickly recovers when coffee is left off and the natural health coffee is used in its place. Healthful sleep is again enjoyed, and nerves, stomach, liver, bowels, and heart cease their complaining when the disturbing cause is withdrawn.

These are great big live facts, worthy the attention of anyone who cares for the exquisite fun of being perfectly well.

Beware of the fraudulent imitations of the original Postum Cereal Food Coffee. Insist on Postum.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red label and the words "It makes red blood" thereon.

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We have reliable assurance that the above statement is genuine and that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician.—Cincinnati Christian Standard.

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SAPOLIO

A Poet's Summer-House.

Sheltered by the spreading branches of great trees, shut off by foliage from all noises but those sweet forest sounds of embracing twigs and the song of birds, there is on the grounds of the late Alfred Tennyson a quaint little summer-house of which a picture is here given. It was a favorite retreat of that master of melodious verse. To this little hermitage he would go and sit and dream and weave his poetic imaginings into shapes that charmed the whole English-speaking world. His son tells us in the interesting biography of his father, just issued, that the summer-house has one association that will specially endear it to the poet's



WHERE "ENOCH ARDEN" WAS WRITTEN.

readers. In it was written that sweet story of

Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck.

Every one has read the pathetic poem and remembers how the little girl, the idol of both the boys, came, through sorrow and poverty, unconsciously to fulfil the promise that in their childish play she made, for the sake of composing the quarrel between her two boy lovers:

The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

Many other minor poems Tennyson composed or perfected in this sylvan retreat, but "Enoch Arden," written throughout within its bare walls, seems to have given the summer-house a tender association such as attaches to the birthplace of a dear friend.

Rescued by the Bowery Mission.

Several months ago a young man of unusual abilities, a member of a highly-respectable English family, but a victim to the drink habit, was brought to the Bowery Mission. His condition both physical and mental, was pitiful. His once fine intellect was apparently wrecked and his body was racked with the pain and delirium of alcoholism. Rarely has such a pronounced case of abject prostration come under the attention of the Mission

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SEASON OF 1897-98.

The Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the most complete and elaborate system of pleasure traveling and sight-seeing yet devised. It is the consummation of the noblest idea in railroad travel, the final solution of a long-cherished problem.

For the season of '97 and '98 it has arranged for the following tours:

California. Four tours will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg January 8, January 27, February 16, and March 16. With the exception of the first party going and the last returning, all of these parties will travel by the "Golden Gate Special" between New York and California, stopping at interesting points en route.

Florida. Four tours will leave New York and Philadelphia January 25, February 8 and 22, and March 8. The first three admit of a stay of two weeks in the "Flower State." The last is for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular train on May 11, 1898.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington. Three six-day tours will leave New York and Philadelphia February 19, March 16 and April 7.

Old Point Comfort and Washington. Three four-day tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 28, January 15, and April 12.

Old Point Comfort. Six tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 28, January 29, February 19, March 19, April 7 and 21.

Washington. Seven tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 28, January 15, February 19, March 19, April 7, April 21, and May 12.

Detailed itineraries of the above tour, rates and full information may be procured of Tourist Agent, 100 Broadway, New York; Tourist Agent, Brooklyn, 290 Broad Street, New York; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

superintendent. The young man had been a heavy drinker for years. His wife, too, had become estranged and had taken her children with her and sought a home elsewhere rather than live with a drunkard. Employment was sacrificed, and by-and-by everything he owned of the slightest value was either pawned or sold to satisfy the craving for liquor. Blind to the evils of the course he was pursuing, he was now utterly friendless, and free

Whose life is death, whose garment is a shroud."

One night, about a month ago, he was picked out of a gutter on the Bowery by a stranger who happened to be passing by. He had been thrust out of a saloon, after the manner of those dives when the victim has been plundered of his last cent. Something about him touched the stranger's heart, and he put his strong arm around the poor lost man and lifted him up and took him into the Bowery Mission. The superintendent had him cared for during the night, but on the morrow he had him taken, at the stranger's suggestion, up the Hudson to the Baker-Rose Sanitarium, of Cornwall, N.Y., where he could have medical treatment. The Samaritan stranger stated to Mr. Wyburn that he himself had once been a drunkard, but had been mercifully saved and was now leading a sober Christian life. He felt it incumbent upon himself to aid others who were in the same vile bondage from which he had escaped.

The efforts for the reclamation of the young man were not exerted in vain. Not only has he been restored to health, but he has been enabled to overcome

the drink habit, and is at the present time sober and respectable and rapidly winning friends. His heart has been touched by divine grace and he now trusts wholly to a higher Power to keep him from falling under temptation and of drifting back into sin. His whole life seems to have been miraculously transformed since that night when, weak and besotted, he first crossed the threshold of the Bowery Mission, where so many wandering souls have been led to seek the true fountain of all strength and health and blessing for both soul and body.

THE BETTER PART.

Give me the treasures that never will rust.

YOU can boast of your horses and splendor,
Of your silks and your satins so fine;

But give me the mansions in heaven above,
And a robe that like sunlight will shine,

You can talk of your carriages and horses,
And your furniture ever so gay,

But give me the chariot that takes me to
And carry your idols away. [glory,

You can have your saloon and your theatre too.

Your games by the hundred you know;
And take a few pennies to give to the church,
And dollars to give to the show.

While times are so hard you say you can't live,
And you've nothing to give to the poor—

And if you should have a few pennies to spare,
You'll say when you give, "Come no more."

You are merry and sing your light music
While you go to the dance and the play;

But give me the hymns that of heaven are born
And take all your idols away.

And when the great trumpet from heaven shall sound,
And the nations awake from the dust,

Oh, give me the robe that will shine like the sun,
And the treasures that never will rust.

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CONSUMPTION.

What It Is—How It Arises—And How It Is Now Treated with Success.

(Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures on The Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.)

Following the various forms of Catarrhal and Bronchial disease which I have described, we come next to that lamentable complaint known to everybody under the name Consumption. It is greatly dreaded by the people because not understood. By physicians it has for centuries been worse treated than any other affliction in the long catalogue of human diseases.

Formerly all medical schools taught and physicians believed Consumption to be a disease of the blood and general system. This false pathology and the false and fatal treatment which they based upon it sacrificed millions of precious lives. Now it is universally conceded by the profession that the old theory was utterly untrue and untenable.

Forty-five years ago (1851), I first discovered Consumption to be a local disease of the lungs. In 1852 I published a book on it, giving my researches and the grounds for my belief. In 1855 I contributed a series of articles to the "Specialist and Journal of Diseases of the Chest," of which I was then Editor, contending that the local theory was the only true doctrine of the disease, and the local treatment the only one that opened up any promise of its cure.

I had my views then received and my discoveries accepted by the profession, as they should have been, all the sufferings and premature deaths by Consumption since caused by false doctrine, heresy and empiricism might have been averted.

Unfortunately for science and humanity physicians, as did the Israelites of old, rejected the truth, and for forty years continued to flounder in the wilderness of error—from 1851 to 1891. Like Ephraim, they were wedded to their idols and remained steadfast to their delusions.

In 1891 all this was happily changed for the better. The theory taught by me in 1851 was proved and accepted by the leading teachers and authorities of medicine throughout the civilized world, as the "ONLY TRUE" doctrine of the disease, and since then has been taught in all medical colleges and incorporated into all text-books for the instruction of students of medicine.

Thus, after centuries of opposition and denial, the LOCAL NATURE and GERM ORIGIN of Consumption is recognized and becomes the established doctrine of medical science. It is now conceded that no Consumption can arise without the tubercle bacillus, a poisonous germ of the air, gets into the lungs to produce it.

As the germs that cause Consumption first act locally upon the lungs, and the disease which they produce has its seat in the lungs, it follows that it is always a local germ disease of that organ. It is an axiom of medical science that local diseases require local treatment for their cure, and all past clinical experience teaches that no germ disease was ever yet cured without specific germicides applied directly to the germ infected parts.

To cure any bronchial or lung disease local treatment must be applied, and this can only be done by introducing medicated air, gas or vapor into the air tubes and cells by inhalation.

To effect the cure of Consumption we must kill and expel the germs and heal the ravages they have inflicted in the lungs. The air must therefore carry germicidal antiseptics and healing remedies to act directly on the germs and seat of the disease, or no cure will result. When properly administered this treatment always arrests the lung disease. If it be deeply rooted the progress may not always be rapid, but the cure of Consumption under it is as certain as is the cure of other serious maladies by proper treatment.

I some years ago discovered, and am now using with great success, germicidal inhalants under which no form of germ life can live. They are introduced by instruments, which mediate the air the patient breathes. Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Pneumonia and Consumption are arrested, broken up, and radically cured by them.

To be continued.

Signed, * ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,
117 W. 45th St., New York.
Note. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested will receive a copy of Dr. Hunter's book free, by applying to him as above.

A Prominent Physician Writes.

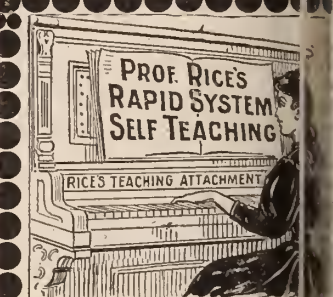
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Yours very truly,

Pamphlet on the Treatment of Rheumatism and Tartarilithine sent free.

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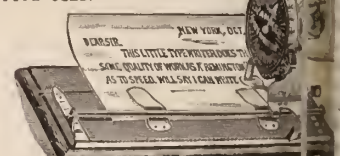
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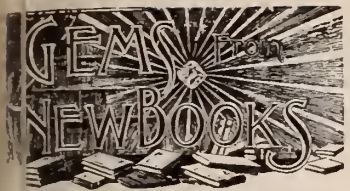
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Nansen's Boyhood.*

himself tells the story of his first snow-shoes, and his first great leap: "I am not speaking of the first pair of all; they were precious ones, cut down from cast-off snow-shoes which had belonged to my brothers and sisters. They were not even of the length. But Mr. Fabritius, the printer, took pity on me: 'I'll give you a pair of snow-shoes,' he said. Then spring came and then summer, and with the best of the world one couldn't go snow-shoeing. But Fabritius's promise sang in my ears, and no sooner had the autumn come and the fields begun to whiten with frost of a morning, than I placed myself right in his way where I knew he would come driving by. 'Say! What about those snow-shoes? You shall have them right enough,' he said and laughed. But I returned to the day after day: 'What about those snow-shoes?' 'Then came winter. I can still see my standing in the middle of the room with a long, long parcel which she said was mine. I thought she said, too, it was from Paris. But that was a mistake, it was the snow-shoes from Fabritius, a pair of red-lacquered ash snow-shoes with black stripes. And there was a long, too, with shining blue-lacquered ends and knob. I used these snow-shoes for years. It was on them I made my first jump on Huseby Hill, where, at the time, the great snow shoe races were held. We boys were not allowed to go to the top; so of course I had to go to it. Off I set, came at a frantic pace to the jump, sailed for what seemed a long time in space, and ran my snow-shoes deep into a snow-drift. We didn't wear shoes fastened on in those days, so they remained sticking in the snow while I, head-first, described a fine circle in the air. I had such way on, too, when I came down again I bored into the snow up to my waist. There was a moment's hush on the hill. The boys about me had broken my neck. But as soon as they saw there was life in me, and that I was beginning to scramble out, the mocking laughter went up; an angry roar of derision over the entire hill ran up to the top. After that I took part in the Huseby races, and won a prize. But I didn't go home; for I was put to shame on that occasion as well. It was the first time I had seen the Telemarken peasants snowshoeing, and I recognized at a glance that I wasn't to be mentioned in the same breath with them. They used no staff; they simply went ahead and made the snow about them trusting to anything but the strength of their muscles and the firmness of their bodies. I saw that this was the only proper way. Until I tried it, I wouldn't have any prize." He made rapid progress in outdoor pastimes and soon became famous as one of the most accomplished skaters, "skilobers," of the sportsmen in Norway. He and his brother, Alexander, used their *ski* in their daily journey to and from school at Christiania, and many a time as braved by the brothers in order that they might not miss their studies. *Frithjof Nansen: His Life and Explorations*, By J. Arthur Bain. Pp. 160; cloth binding; price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, Ills.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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volume is a valuable hand-book for Sunday school teachers, especially those whose time for study is limited. Pp. 235, cloth, 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Ruth Bergen's Limitations. By Marion Harland. This is a very well-told tale, that will greatly interest those who are concerned about the controversy between conservatives and liberals in the matter of biblical criticisms. A narration, evidently, of true events, by a popular, distinguished author. Pp. 129; cloth. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

And She Got All That. Woman's Sphere in Life's Battle. A story in which Clara Reese deals with the question, "How far is a married woman justified in going beyond her sphere as home maker to improve the fortunes of her family, etc.?" Pp. 176; cloth; price, 75 cents. Publishers: Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

The Odd One. By the author of "Eric's Good News," etc. This is a pretty volume of stories and sketches which will be greatly appreciated by the young folks. Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. Pp. 142; illuminated cover; price \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

The Culture of Christian Manhood. Sunday Morning in Battell Chapel, Yale University. Edited by William H. Salmon, with portraits of authors. Pp. 399; price \$1.50; published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Toronto.

Seven Years in Sierra Leone, the story of the work of William A. B. Johnson, missionary of the Church Missionary Society from 1816 to 1823, in Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, Africa, by Rev. Arthur J. Pierson, D.D., who discovered the missionary's memoir, consisting almost wholly of extracts from his diary, and recast the narrative, enabling the reader to see in logical order the progress of Gospel triumphs in a land which denied missionary conquest. Pp. 252, cloth, \$1. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

The Life of Rev. W. Hall, M. D., medical missionary to the slums of New York. Pioneer missionary to Pyong Yang, Corea. Edited by his wife, Rosetta Sherwood Hall, M. D., with introduction by Willard F. Mallalen, D.D., Bishop of the M. E. Church; illustrated. Public interest in everything Korean makes this history, with its graphic portrayal of events, life, and customs of that country, doubly welcome, apart from its value as life-record of the beloved physician, who died a martyr on Korean battle-fields. Pp. 421, cloth, \$1.50. Eaton & Mains, New York City.

Modern Methods in Church Work; The Gospel Renaissance. By Rev. George Whitefield Mead; with introduction by Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D. Pp. 363; price \$1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Ph.D., D.D. The latest volume of the valuable International Theological Library. Pp. 681; price \$2.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Little Phil, the Engineer's Son. By George A. Worburton. A touching little story in the "Welcome Series" of booklets. Pretty for Christmas. Fifteen cents post-paid. William B. Ketchum, publisher, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

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The Border Wars of New England: Commonly called King William's and Queen Anne's Wars. By Samuel Adams Drake. Pp. 305; with maps and illustrations; price \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Golden Passion and Other Sermons. By David J. Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York. Pp. 338; price \$1.50. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

The Ministry to the Congregation: Lectures on Homiletics. By John A. Kern, D.D., President of Randolph-Macon College. Pp. 551; price \$2.00. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, Cooper Union New York.

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An Ambitious Girl.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

This paper recently received information that the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. M. Rybolt, of Hartsville, Ind., had been cured of a severe illness. The case seemed more than an ordinary one, and consequently a special representative was sent to investigate.

The Rybolts are well-to-do farmers living about two miles southwest of Hartsville. When the reporter called Mr. and Mrs. Rybolt and their daughter in question, Louise, were at home, also the other three children. Louise is the oldest. She has been going to school for four years, and was formerly in very good health, but for the past year or more she has been ill.

A year ago the present winter it was noticed that she was breaking down in health. For a time the cause could not be ascertained, but it was finally decided that it was from over-study. It has always been the ambition of Louise to educate herself as soon as possible, for she was anxious to graduate from the common branches early, and to enter a college of music, which her parents promised she could do as soon as she should finish the common branches.

How many children by diligent study to achieve their ambitions are injuring their health. It was so in this case. The child studied hard all day and often far into the night, and had won the respect and admiration of her teacher and of all the school by her aptness and rapid learning.

For some time Louise experienced an indisposition which she would not make known to her parents, for fear they would have her remain from school. Her headache soon became unendurable, and was noticed by her teacher. She had by this time grown pale and weak.

One day she became suddenly sick at school, and was taken home.

For several weeks she suffered from a fever, and the physicians could not rally her. A neighbor urged them to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which they finally did, with splendid results. Louise began getting better at once, and by the time she had consumed ten boxes of the pills she was cured. "What you have written is true," said Mrs. Rybolt. "I don't think Louise would have recovered had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She is in perfect health to-day, and able to re-enter school."

"We are using these pills in our family when we need medicine, and find that they do more good than doctors' medicines, and they are not nearly so expensive. I would be glad to recommend them to any one who is sick, and can especially recommend them in any case similar to Louise's."

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until some other time, it may be too late then. No time is like the present in which to heed the many warning signals of a diseased heart. Sometimes these warnings seem trivial and are given but little attention, but danger often results most disastrously when it is least expected. Dont put off longer if you are short of breath, or have pain in left shoulder, side, arm or around the heart; irregular pulsation; palpitation or fluttering of the heart; choking and smothering sensations, they are positive symptoms of heart disease.

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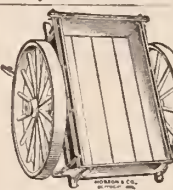
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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 46.

Rev. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

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EVERY MISSION WORKERS DISTRIBUTING FLOWERS AMONG PATIENTS IN A CITY HOSPITAL (See Page 863).



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. H. D. Monrovia, Cal. 1. What is the spiritual body referred to in 1. Cor. 15: 44? 2. What is meant by being gathered to his people in Gen. 35: 29?

1. The glorified body which God will confer on his people when Christ comes. It will probably be such a body as Christ had after his resurrection, resembling the old body in appearance, but having new powers. 2. Simply that he died. He went, as we say, the way of all flesh, or, as some have said, he joined the majority. He went where his fathers had gone before him.

M. T. West Baden, Ind. I have lately heard some sermons on sanctification, from which I gather that a person cannot be saved unless he is sanctified. The preacher seemed to think that conversion counted for nothing without sanctification. Is that scriptural doctrine?

Conversion is the turning away from sin and toward God, the union with Christ, whom we trust to save us, not only from punishment, but from sin. He imparts his spiritual life to us, enabling us to live a godly life, and at death he will take care that we do not perish. His work on us through the Holy Spirit is a purifying one. As we yield to him and work with him, striving after more perfect likeness to him and doing all in our power to serve him, we become more holy. That is sanctification. The one is a continuance of the other. Sanctification is the effect on the spirit and life of the force imparted at conversion and continued day by day. A conversion which stops at a conviction that we are saved from perdition, and may then go on living in sin, does count for nothing. Genuine conversion goes on to sanctification, but the process is gradual, and may be slow or rapid, according as we yield to the Holy Spirit's influence or oppose it.

Chaplain J. M. Crocker, of the Iowa State Penitentiary, Anamosa, Ia., writes to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for an abundant supply of good religious literature for the prison.

Student, Columbus, Ohio. Is the modern Greek similar to that spoken in the time of Paul? If not, when was the ancient language discarded?

Theodorus Ptochopodromus, in the twelfth century, was the first notable authority to discard the ancient for a more modern dialect. The language he used is essentially modern Greek. It required nearly two centuries to make the change popular, however. Modern Greek is widely different from the ancient form, and is called "Romeika" by the people of Rhodes, Cyprus, Smyrna and elsewhere.

Subscriber Brookville, Ill. 1. If a Christian commits a sin knowingly and deliberately, and makes a habit of committing it, would there be any chance of his forgiveness even if he did repent? 2. If a person commits a sin with a good motive such as doing work on Sunday to help an infirm person, supposing that there is no opportunity of doing it on a week-day, would he be forgiven?

1. Repentance involves renouncing the sin. Mere sentimental regret does not constitute repentance. It is sorrow for past sin and the firm resolve in Christ's strength never to repeat it. We can imagine such a person falling again into sin and being forgiven; but only if a strong, determined effort is made to overcome temptation and careful avoidance of the circumstances which lead to the sin. 2. The mere waiting upon an infirm person on Sunday we do not regard as sinful. If you were asked by an infirm person to serve in a store or to plough a field on the Sunday we should think that sinful. Sunday work should be avoided, but if you can relieve suffering, or help another who needs help in an emergency, it should be done.

M. N. O. Philadelphia. What is the meaning of the word "Briton" and what is its origin? 2. Will you send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Library for 1898 to any subscriber who sends you three new subscribers for your paper?

1. It is held by certain philologists to be derived from the Phœnician word, "barātanī," (country of tin), which was contracted into Britain. A Briton is a native of Britain. 2. Yes.

S. S. B. Princeton, N. J. A dispute has arisen in an Epworth League as to the proper manner of electing a president. Some contend that electing one on the same night that he is nominated is not legal. They claim that he should be nominated at one meeting and elected at the next.

Refer to your constitution and by-laws. If nothing is said there about there being an interval between nomination and election, you have a right to proceed with the election immediately after nomination. This, however,

is a case in which the interests of peace should be considered. If the League is divided on the subject, it might be well for those wishing an immediate election to yield to those who contend for an interval. Nothing would be lost by yielding, as the interval would be short. It is not always wise to insist on the full measure of our rights.

Subscriber, Council Bluffs, Ia. 1. In what year did Fidelia Fiske go to Persia as a missionary? 2. With whom did she go? 3. Where can I get a photograph of her?

1. Embarked March 1, 1843; reached Oroomiah, Persia, January 14, 1843. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Johannon, Messrs. D. T. Stoddard, E. E. Bliss, and their wives, and Miss C. E. Myers. 3. We cannot inform you.

S. O. U. Wheeling, W. Va. I once missed an opportunity to testify at a prayer-meeting. I resolved then and promised God that I would speak at a meeting of the same kind. I am an Episcopalian, ought I to go to a Methodist meeting for the purpose?

If it will ease your conscience to do so, go by all means. You may, however, testify by

lack of hearers. 2. Although some men may allege fatigue as a pretext for absenting themselves, it is only a "willing excuse." Where a personal call in such cases is practicable, the pastor who is resolved upon winning souls will find little difficulty in bringing most of the "indifferent" to church.

Reader, Raleigh. Is the word "minister," as now used, to convey the meaning of "pastor" or "shepherd," rightly applied?

It is one of the many words whose meanings have gradually undergone a change. "Minister" originally meant an inferior person as distinguished from *magister*, a superior. Thus, Christ says: "Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister" (or servant). In this sense the minister of a parish is one who serves the whole parish and congregation.

Jared B. M., Chillicothe, Ohio. In a Korean letter published in a weekly newspaper, I find mention of the seven wonders of Corea. What are these wonders?

1. The wonderful curative spring of Kin Shantao. 2. Two wells at the extremes of the peninsula, one bitter, the other sweet. 3. A cold cave from which blows a wind so strong that a man cannot stand up against it. 4. An indestructible pine forest. 5. A trembling stone beneath which a cord can be drawn without encountering any obstacle. 6. A stone on a hilltop which glows with heat. 7. An idol of Buddha which sweats, and which stands in a temple where grass will not grow.

Subscriber, Xenia, O. I read lately a mere reference to Roland and the battle of Roncesvalles. Can you enlighten me on this matter, as I have no means of getting the information here.

Roland was one of the paladines (officers of the Byzantine palace), a nephew of Charlemagne and a brave knight, and was said by the chroniclers to have been eight feet in height. He is the hero of many songs and

have been found of the existence of, ancient Babylon and the cities of Assyria as early as 600 B. C. Some investigators that in the reign of Nabopalassar there national bank, and that they even is a banking almanac giving tables of interest and dividends. There were banks in ancient Greece and Rome also. The frequent mention of etc., in the Bible would imply the existence of banks or their equivalent in the early days.

Sobriety, Harrisburg, Pa. How many saloons are there in the United States?

Estimates place them at over 2,250,000 in round numbers, but the actual figures are considerably higher.

Mrs. J. M. W. Valley. Who was St. Cecilia?

A saint of the Greek and Roman Catholic Church who is said to have suffered martyrdom A. D. 240. She is said to have sung with instrumental music just before her execution, and is, consequently, regarded special patroness of church music.

Mrs. C. Phillips, Newark, N. Y., wishes to inquire the name of the author of the

Flowers are beautiful,
Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree.

Some of our readers may possibly wish to supply the information.

J. Z. N., Dubuque, Ia. Have the explorers of the Palestine Exploration Society succeeded in finding the tombs of David and the Jews, as they expected?

Up to latest accounts they had not been successful, but the firm, or imperia, permitting the excavations, allowed to a time for satisfactory explorations. Some contend that the explorations were in the wrong place.

"Invalid Subscriber." 1. Where and when was Eugene Field born? 2. Did Pedro I. die? 3. To what extent is Protestant work carried on in Brazil, and what are the results? 4. Can you tell that country is very prosperous under the present form of rule?

1. St. Louis, Mo., September 3, 1850. 2. Paris, France, December 5, 1807. 3. American Missionary Society, American Society and others. Much work has been done; much more is needed. 4. At the Brazilian Consul, 22 State Street, New York city, would probably secure the desired information.

Reader, Rochester, N. Y. Who were the

They are supposed to have been a sect while professing to be Christians, yet regarded the teachings of the fathers, and licentious and scandalous lives.

A. A. D., Manito, Ill.—Who was Thomas Kempis, when did he live, and where?

Thomas Hammerken was born, 1739, in the town of Kempen, in Prussia, near Dordrecht. He went to a famous school at Dordrecht, Holland, where he came to be called, coming to the fashion of the times, Thomas Kempis, or Thomas a Kempis. In 1763 became a monk in the Convent of Middelburg, at Zwoll, where he died in 1801, at the age of ninety-one. He there wrote the "Imitation of Christ."

J. W. R. Ocmulgee, I. T. 1. From what made by artists who visited the locality. 2. To Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, N. B. New Haven, Conn., write to Weather Wash., D. C., for accurate information. 3. Successful—Owen J. Roberts, Presbyterian Missionary, Morrice, Mich., can use religious matter in his missionary work. 4. W. Greensboro, N. C. Write to Thomas C. Son, Broadway, N. Y., for all information.

W. Reynolds, New Castle, Pa., send to K. erts, missionary mentioned above—An We know of no demand for them—F. E. Fowler, A. S. U., Missionary, 138 E. 9th Des Moines, Ia., can use good religious matter in his work—E. H. D., Cleghorn, vound what appears in the Biblical record all conjecture—Estella S., Greenpoint, Ill. Number each page at top. 2. No; has no loose. 3. Write to Whittaker, publisher New York—Reader, New York. We do not serve the letters, and, consequently, cannot Mrs. W. T.'s address. 4. Lena K. G., Enni Jo Matilda B. Caalstadt, N. J.; Sarah A. Col City and others. Send them to the Union Mission, New Orleans, La.—F. L., M. It generally spelt "Colombo."—A. C. S., M. itself it is not wrong; it is only wrong by the evil associations it involves. 5. Reader, Windsor, N. S. No, we do not expression as an appropriate one.—Juha ton, New Haven, Conn. Write to the ed paper mentioned in your letter.—Subscrip tion, Ia. Write to Rev. M. Torrey, Bible Chicago.—Annie M. Vaughan, Roman Address them to Presbyterian Mission, T. City, B. C.—S. M. E., Freeport, Ill. T tion was answered in THE MAIL-BAG w last two weeks.—R. H. Morse, evange etteville, N. C. desires to thank those THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have s religious literature for use in his work F. O., Harris, Ark. We cannot advise in ter, but on general principles, we should s girl who marries a divorced man, and doubts such as those you express, would b imperiling her future happiness.—S. E. ledo. 1. Yes, such a one may still hope a good Christian and lead a worthy life. she has truly repented and asked forgiven God, there is no need that she should s secret to the world. It is a closed epis the revelation to others could do no good a only bring her pain.



TWO CHIEFS OF THE MESQUERAPI APACHES.

These chiefs are members of the San Juan and Nodgilla branches of the Apache tribe, some of whom are located in Alabama, where the photographs were taken.

your life and by speaking of Christ to your friends and acquaintances. You can let it be known by speech and conduct that you love Christ and are looking to him for strength to lead a godly life. It is easy to place yourself on record in many ways, which is all that would be gained by a testimony in a Methodist meeting.

Inquirer, Cincinnati. What is the origin of the phrase, "Brother Jonathan?"

There are several versions, but the most plausible is that which states that, during the Revolutionary War, Washington, having unbounded confidence in the judgment of Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, would frequently say: "We must consult Brother Jonathan." This being a frequent occurrence, the name became a popular phrase, good-humoredly typifying the American people as shrewd and resourceful.

Ernest Churchgoer, Pittsfield, Mass. 1. What is the best method of inducing indifferent people to go to church? 2. How shall we deal with those who profess, after working hard all the week to be "too tired" to attend services on Sunday?

1. Your problem is an old one. Where the Gospel is preached with force and earnestness and all other issues are left alone, the power and beauty of the practical Christianity set forth will draw men to listen. We doubt whether a pastor who gives his whole soul, abilities and energy up to the simple, undiluted Gospel, ever really suffers long for the

ballads of the age of chivalry. When Charlemagne's armies returned from Spain in 778, Roland commanded the rear guard, which was ambuscaded at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, and cut to pieces, after its leaders had performed prodigies of valor.

Randolph T., Dansville, N. Y. When was the first census ever taken in any land?

It is claimed that the earliest census was taken in China in the year 2042 B. C. Moses (about 1491 B. C.) laid down rules regulating the Israelitish census, which was probably taken after the Egyptian model. It is not known whether the ancient census included the entire population or only males or taxpayers.

Jessie T., Binghamton, N. Y. What is the given name of the Emperor of Japan, his age, and the date of his accession?

Mutsu-Hito, born in 1852, or, according to the Japanese calendar, in 2512 (the date beginning with the origin of the imperial dynasty in the seventh century B. C.). He ascended the throne in 1867. His administration has been a remarkably progressive one, and, under his rule, Japan has become a first-class Asiatic power.

Subscriber, San Diego, Cal. Is there anywhere to be found a record of banks older than those established in Europe in the Middle Ages?

It is undoubted that in Hnum and other great cities there were banking institutions even before the Christian era. Evidences

NEW YORK'S "GOSPEL SETTLEMENT."

Mr Bird, the Mother of "the Lost Boys of the Bowery," begins a Novel Religio-Social Experiment on the East Side.

HERE are few readers of this journal who are not already acquainted with the self-denying Christian work of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird among the homeless waifs of the east side of New York. Mrs. Bird is a wealthy lady, and

this neighborhood. We want the Gospel Settlement to be to all who seek it the dearest and sweetest place on earth."

The building is clean and sweet from top to bottom. The furnishings are simple but pretty and attractive, and the whole effect is home-like and cosy. Gifts come in every day, and offerings of flowers from loving hands brighten the rooms. The spacious double parlors on the lower floor are for prayer and praise-meetings, clubs and classes; the basement will also be utilized for clubs and classes. In the double parlors is a piano, which has been used in the Bowery Mission for years, and which has influenced so many lives of God's unfortunate children that it has come to be called "The Consecrated Piano." In the basement is another historic instrument, the little organ which Mrs. Bird used in her lodging-house meetings.

"There will be a great deal of music in our prayer and praise-services," she says. "Gospel hymns have done much for the east side."

On the two upper floors are the residence rooms in which Mrs. Bird will live with her helpers. In her work twenty volunteer assistants will aid her.

Some of the social features will be pleasant Sunday afternoons, week-day tea-drinkings for mothers and girls, and lunches for mothers, in which the food served them will be cooked in their presence, as a culinary lesson. Those who do not know the east side cannot appreciate its dense ignorance

of cooking and all domestic work. Domestic training-classes will be an important feature, as also classes in hygiene. There will be Friday afternoon classes for children in the doll system of dressmaking, and on Saturday a class for women.

There are classes in Bible study, and some of these classes are among Jewish girls. In one class are twenty Jewish maidens who have accepted the Messiah. There will also be conversation-classes for discussing current topics.

Associated with Mrs. Bird, as helpers in this gracious work among the poor, are Miss Lawson, Dr. Grace White, Miss Steele, Mrs. Taylor, and a number of others, experienced in various lines of practical Christian work. The progress of this most interesting experiment will be noted from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Musical Worship.

Letters are frequently sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiring whether the use of certain musical instruments in church is Scriptural or otherwise. There is no specific rule laid down on the subject, but there is indisputable precedent. In the most ancient forms of Jewish worship musical instruments were used, and in many of the psalms directions are given to the singers and instrumentalists. King David had a band of thirty-one performers, all of whom were Levites. Heman, Asaph, and Ethan played cymbals of brass, while Zechariah, Aziel, and Maaseiah were responsible for the Psalteries on Alamoth. Mattithiah, Eliphehu, Mikneiah, Jeiel, Obed-edom, and Azaziah acted as harpists, the trumpeters consisting of Chenaiab, chief of the Levites, Shebaniah, Jeoshaphat, Nethanel, Amasai, Eliezer, Jahaziel, Zechariah, and Benaiah. There were five other members of the band—Benaiah, Jahaziel, Jehiah, Elkanah, Berechiah—but the instruments they played are not stated. In the early Chris-

tian Church, owing to privation and persecution, there were probably few if any musical instruments, but this was doubtless the result of necessity rather than choice, as music, both sung and played, became a feature of worship afterward.

MISSION WORK IN THE HOSPITALS.



OUR colored illustration on the first page shows us a glimpse of the brightness which Christian love and human kindness can bring into darkened lives. If the great metropolis of the New

World is full of faith and hope. In addition to the regular paid work of State and municipal charity, there are numerous volunteer organizations which, for love's sake, carry comfort to the sick and consolation to the dying. To all of these organizations, Blackwell's Island offers a large territory, attractive by its concentrated shadows of suffering and sin. The work is undenominational, all Christian humanitarians uniting in it, as a plain case of obedience to the spirit of the word: "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me."

Among their various charitable activities, the workers of the Bowery Mission do not forget Blackwell's Island. Superintendent John H. Wyburn, accompanied by six or more good ladies, among whom is always Mrs. Falk, of the "Good Samaritan Home," go to the Women's Hospital once a week, and visit from ward to ward, holding a very short Gospel service in each. They commence by singing two songs, read a very short Bible lesson—perhaps only a verse of Scripture with a few comments—and never close without extending the invitation to requests for prayer. Sometimes—particularly in one ward where those who have sinned much are found—every hand is uplifted and many sobs are heard. They are particularly fond of the singing, especially of one

Mission visitors walked about with offerings of tea and flowers and tender words, lay a woman, her body a prey to disease, the result of a life of sin. Who could care for her? Who could love her? Her case was hopeless; the doctors said it was only a question of time when she would slip over the brink into the unknown beyond. Perhaps she was thinking—prayers and songs and tea and flowers? Yes. But who in all this world could give her a loving word to take into that unknown land? Could Christ himself love her? Suddenly one of the ladies of the party dropped on her knees by the bed, put her arm about the woman's neck and kissed her. That little act won her heart. Through a Christian woman's love and tenderness, Christ's love shone forth to light her—who knows?—through the dark valley.

There is a blind girl in one ward whose face is one of the brightest, who seems to recognize the approach of the visitors before they enter, and who always accords a hearty welcome, requesting every time the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee." Al though blind, she is quite industrious with her needle, threading it with her teeth. Many of the patients occupy themselves in some way. Mr. Wyburn and his associates have many requests for needles, pins, cotton for crocheting, and various small aids to employment. Sometimes patients ask for eye-glasses. Shut in from the world, where it is hard to get any of these things, with time hanging heavily on their hands, any help toward occupation is a boon. In every way requests are granted as far as lies in the power of the workers. The ladies always bring tea. The fruits and flowers and various delicacies contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are highly valued, as are also the religious tracts and newspapers distributed among them. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr sent a barrel of apples to Mr. Wyburn for them, and they were quite happy over the gift. Presents of jelly would be of great value, and we would be glad if some of our readers would remember them in this way.

It is hard to forecast with certainty the permanent results of this work. A promising feature is that many of the girls—they are principally young girls in the top ward—after leaving the hospital, go to the "Good Samaritan Home," at No. 244 E. 65th street, where they are well-cared for and helped to make a new start in life under brighter auspices.

Mission Work in Brazil.

Writing from Brazil, the Rev. D. C. MacLaren tells some very interesting facts concerning the progress of missionary work in that country. It is not a pagan land. Its people are civilized. Permanent mission work began in 1859, and the American School opened in 1860. There are several thousand members in the evangelical churches, and large numbers of remarkable conversions are reported. In some cases, whole communities have been saved through a single Bible bought from a colporteur of one of the Bible societies. Brazilian churches are nearly all self-supporting. Candidates for the ministry are entirely under native control, supported by Brazilian money, and trained by Brazilian teachers. With all these advantages the illiteracy of the people is almost incredible, fully 84 per cent. are unable to read or write. A few years ago, the governor, of the province of Pernambuco discharged twenty-five teachers who, as he discovered, were simply *alpha betos* or primary-class pupils and had secured positions through political influence. Dr. MacLaren is enthusiastic in his praise of the Brazilian climate, the wealth of the forests, mountains and fertile valleys, the docile, unsophisticated character of the people and their boundless hospitality. The country is a physical paradise, and life there presents few hardships. Those who adapt themselves to the prevailing conditions find their environment all that could be wished, and the necessities of existence are easily supplied.



SETTLEMENT HEADQUARTERS, 211 CLINTON ST., NEW YORK.

of Mr. Sankey's latest hymns: "There will be no dark valley when Jesus comes." This they call for at every visit, especially in the ward on the top floor, which does not usually receive as much attention as others, its occupants being afflicted with most loathsome diseases. Our illustration describes an incident in this ward. On a bed in the clean, bright room, where the kind nurse overlooked all and the Bowery

is at Montclair, N. J. For many years past she has devoted her entire fortune to efforts for the social and moral elevation of the very poor in that metropolis. She is not a theorist, rather, one who, herself thoroughly initiated, believes in carrying the doctrine of Jesus into actual practice. Mrs. Bird is known far and wide as "The Mother of the Lost Boys of the Bowery"—a class among whom she has labored successfully, as the spiritual results of her weekly meetings at the Bowery Mission abundantly show. She is idolized by her class, hundreds of whom she has aided and helped in many ways, and she has brought them to the Cross and made them in the beginning of a new life. Recently, Mrs. Bird has undertaken the founding of a Gospel Settlement at No. 211 Clinton street, on the east side of the city, which promises to develop into a most interesting and important work. A dedicatory praise service was held on November 13, when the building was formally opened. Foreign missions were brought to the very door, for in this neighborhood are gathered together the worst elements from the ends of the earth—Syria, China, Italy, Greece, Russia, Arabia—they are all there; and they are with them a smartness and ingenuity and wickedness that is appalling. "We believe," Mrs. Bird explained, "in coming here and starting this Gospel Settlement, we are carrying out the idea of coming in touch with human sin, and obeying his words: 'As the Father hath sent me, so I have sent you.' There is no lasting help outside of the work of the Gospel. The foundation of our work will be laid in Christ, and out of this we expect all good things to grow. When I began my work forty years ago, I sought to make the poor happy by changing their surroundings. Now, I realize that help must come from within. I must daily children and adults who do not know much as know that they have a sin. I am willing to devote my life to saving these unhappy ones that Christ may save to the uttermost. I do not West when they want a town to build, they will almost give the ground to build a church. From this Gospel Settlement I look for development in educational and industrial lines. We want to make our religion happy and bright and useful and of practical advantage to



The Pomology of the Bible; or God Among the Orchards.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., The fruit tree yielding fruit after
on the Text: Genesis 1: 11: . . . his kind.



It is Wednesday morning in Paradise. The birds did not sing their opening piece, nor the fish take their first swim until the following Friday. The solar and lunar lights did not break through the thick, chaotic fog of the world's manufacture until Thursday. Before that there was light, but it was electric light or phosphorescent light, not the light of sun or moon. But the botanical and pomological productions came on Wednesday—first the flowers, and then the fruits. The veil of fog is lifted, and there stand the orchards. Watch the sudden maturing of the fruit! In our time pear trees must have two years before they bear fruit, and peach trees three years, and apple trees five years; but here, instantly, a complete orchard springs into life, all the branches bearing fruit. The insectile forces, which have been doing their worst to destroy the fruits for six thousand years, had not yet begun their invasion. The curculio had not yet stung the plum, nor the caterpillar hurt the apple, nor had the phylloxera plague, which has devastated the vineyards of America and France, assailed the grapes, nor the borer perforated the wood, nor the aphides ruined the cherry, nor the grub punctured the nectarine, nor the blight struck the pear. There stood the first orchard, with a perfection of kind, and an exquisiteness of color, and a lusciousness of taste, and an affluence of production which it may take thousands of years more of study of the science of fruits to reproduce.

Why was the orchard created two days before the fish and birds, and three days before the cattle? Among other things, to impress the world with a lesson it is too stupid to learn—that fruit diet is healthier than meat diet, and that the former must precede the latter. The reason there are in the world so many of the imbruted and sensual is that they have not improved by the mighty, unnoticed fact that the orchards of paradise preceded the herds, and aviaries, and fishponds. Oh, those fruit-bearing trees on the banks of the Euphrates, and the Gihon, and the Hiddekel! I wonder not that the ancient Romans, ignorant of our God, adored Pomona, the Goddess of Fruits, and that all the sylvan deities were said to worship her, and that groves were set apart as her temples. You have thanked God for bread a thousand times. Have you thanked him for the fruits which he made the first course of food in the menu of the world's table? The acids of those fruits to keep the world's table from being insipid, and their sweets to keep it from being too sour?

At this autumnal season how the orchards breathe and glow, the leaves removed, that the crimson, or pink, or saffron, or the yellow, or brown may the better appear, while the aromatics fill the air with invitation and reminiscence. As you pass through the orchard on these autumnal days and look up through the arms of the trees laden with fruit, you hear thumping on the ground that which is fully ripe, and, throwing your arms around the trunk, you give a shake that sends down a shower of gold and fire on all soles of you. Pile up in baskets and barrels and bins and on shelves and tables the divine supply. But these orchards have been under the assault of at least sixty centuries—the storm, the droughts, the winters, the insectivora. What must the first orchard have been? And yet it is the explorer's evidence that on the site of that orchard there is not an apricot, or an apple, or an olive—nothing but desert and desolation. There is not enough to forage the explorer's horse, much less to

feed his own hunger. In other words, that first orchard is a lost orchard. How did the proprietor and the proprietress of all that intercolumniation of fruitage, let the rich splendor slip their possession? It was as now most of the orchards are lost; namely, by wanting more. Access they had to all the fig-trees, apricots, walnuts, almonds, apples—bushels on bushels—and were forbidden the use of only one tree in the orchard. Not satisfied with all but one, they reached for that, and lost the whole orchard. Go right down through the business marts of the great cities and find among the weighers and clerks and subordinates, men who once commanded the commercial world. They had a whole orchard of successes, but they wanted just one more thing—one more house, or one more country-seat, or one more store, or one more railroad, or one more million. They clutched for that and lost all they had gained. For one more tree they lost a whole orchard. There are business men all around us worried nearly to death. The doctor tells them they ought to stop. Insomnia or indigestion or aching at the base of the brain or ungovernable nerves tell them they ought to stop. They really have enough for themselves and their families. Talk with them about their overwork, and urge more prudence and longer rest, and they say: "Yes, you are right; after I have accomplished one more thing that I have on my mind, I will hand over my business to my sons and go to Europe, and quit the kind of exhausting life I have been living for the last thirty years." Some morning you open your paper, and, looking at the death column, you find he suddenly departed this life. In trying to win just one more tree, he lost the whole orchard.

Yonder is a man with many styles of innocent entertainment and amusement. He walks, he rides, he plays ten-pins in private alleys, he has books on his table, pictures on his wall, and occasional outings, concerts, lectures, baseball tickets, and the innumerable delights of friendship. But he wants a key to the place of dissolute convocation. He wants association with some member of a high family as reckless as he is affluent. He wants, instead of a quiet sabbath, one of carousal. He wants the stimulus of strong drinks. He wants the permissions of a profligate life. The one membership, the one bad habit, the one carousal robs him of all the possibilities and innocent enjoyments and noble inspirations of a lifetime. By one mouthful of forbidden fruit he loses a whole orchard of fruit unforbidden.

You see what an expensive thing is sin. It costs a thousand times more than it is worth. As some of all kinds of quadrupeds and all kinds of winged creatures passed before our progenitor that he might announce a name, from eagle to bat, and from lion to mole, so I suppose there were in paradise specimens of every kind of fruit tree. And in that enormous orchard there was not only enough for the original family of two, but enough fruit fell ripe to the ground, and was never picked up, to supply whole towns and villages, if they had existed. But the infatuated couple turned away from all these other trees and faced this tree; and fruit of that they would have thought cost them all paradise.

This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name, if it were politic and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in

heaven for one sin. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortal soul went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is, and God knows, and you had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, Satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago the mason's trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surfaces. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well slaked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, represents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region, delightful with paradises and running springs. Thither the king, in robes of white, rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the sun." After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under. And, wishing to praise the coming Christ, he says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved." And wishing to describe the love of the church for her Lord, he writes: "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," and desiring to make reference to the white hair of the octogenarian, and just before having noticed that the blossoms of the almond tree were white, he says of the aged man: "The almond tree shall flourish." The walnuts and the pomegranates, and the mandrakes, and the figs make Solomon's writings a "finely arranged fruit-basket."

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? for they seem to mingle, the two into one, flowers under foot, and pomegranates over head. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. All along, the world has looked upon religion chiefly as a dire necessity—a lifeboat from the shipwreck, a ladder from the conflagration, a soft landing-place after we have been shoved off the precipice of this planet. As a consequence so many have said: "We will await preparation for the future until the crash of the shipwreck, until the conflagration is in full blaze, until we reach the brink of the precipice." No doubt religion is inexpressibly important for the last exigency. But what do the apples, and the figs, and the melons, and the pomegranates, and the citron, and the olives of Solomon's orchard mean? Luxury! They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the arborescent, the efflorescent, the foliated, the umbrageous. They mean what Edward Payson meant when he declared: "If my happiness continues to increase I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold communion with my God." It means Jesus Christ at the wedding in Cana. It means the "time of the singing of birds is come." It means Jeremiah's "well-watered garden." It means David's "oil of gladness." It means Isaiah's "bride and bridegroom." It means Luke's "bad boy come home to his father's house."

Worldly joy killed Leo X. when he that Milan was captured. Talva died of joy when the Roman senate honored Diadora died of joy because his sons were crowned at the Olympic games. Sophocles died of joy of literary successes. And religious joy has been too much for many a Christian; his soul has sped away on the hosannas.

An old and poor musician played well one night before his king the next morning when the musician found his table covered with cups and plates, and a princely robe across the back of a chair, and rich parisoned horses were pawing at the way to take him through the street posing equipage. It was only a to what comes to every man who makes Lord, his portion, for he has waited him, direct from his King, robes, banners, chariots, mansions, triumphs; and only a question of time when he shall them, drink them, ride in them, and celebrate them.

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral. O, yes! But Solomon's means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity and the appetite is good for apples, and apricots, and pomegranates. Come in without wasting time in talking about them and take the unctions of religion. Happy yourself, you can make others happy. I like Wellington said after the battle of Waterloo, and when he was in pursuit of French with his advance guard Colonel Harvey said to him: "You had better not go any farther, you may be shot at by some straggler from the bushes." And Wellington replied: "They fire away. The battle is won, my life is of no value now." My friends, we ought never to be reckless, and through the pardoning and rescuing of Christ, you have gained the victory over sin and death and hell, you need nothing on the earth or under the earth. Let all the sharpshooters of putrid blaze away; you may ride on in triumph. Religion for the funeral is yes; but religion for the wedding is fast; religion for the brightest morning and autumn's most gorgeous set. Religion when respiration ceases as well as for the last gasp; when temperature is normal, as well as when it reaches 104. It may be a bold say, but I risk it, that if all people out respect to belief or character, they passed into everlasting happiness. For this world is such a luxury that man or woman could afford to do without it. Why was it that in the parable of the prodigal son the finger-ring was put upon the returned wanderer before the shoes were ordered for him? Are not shoes more important than our comfort than finger-rings? But it was to impress the world with the fact that religion is a luxury as well as a necessity. "Put a ring on his hand, shoes on his feet." If in sermon or hortatory, or social recommendation of religion we put the chief emphasis on the fact that for our safety we must have when the door of the next world is open, poor human nature will take the key: "I will wait until the door is open." But show them the radiance of the table of God's love and it is now laid with all the fruits of the orchards of God's love, and partnership, helpfulness can supply, and they can sit down with all the other quieters, terrestrial and celestial, on the citrons, and the apples, and the walnuts, and the pomegranates of Solomon's orchard.

But having introduced you to the orchard and carried you a while to Solomon's orchard, I want to take you through Pilate's orchard, trees on a hill seventy feet high, where the walk from the gate of Jerusalem. After I had read that our great father and great-grandmother had been driven out of the first orchard, I had my mind that the Lord would be defeated in that way. I said then that when they had been poisoned by fruit of that one tree, somehow, how, there would be provided another tree for the poison. I said: "Where is the other tree that will undo the work of the tree? Where is the other orchard that will repair the damage received in the first orchard?" And I read on until four

ard, and its centre tree as mighty as this one had been for ruin; as the one tree in Adam's orchard had been laden with the red fruit of life, and the pale fruit of suffering, spotted fruit of decay, and the fruit of disappointment. I found in the orchard a tree which, though of all its leaves and struck by an iron bolt as long as your vertheless bore the richest fruit ever gathered. Like the trees of the orchard, this was planted, blossomed and bore fruit all in one day. Paul, impulsive and vehement of nature, laid hold of that tree with both hands and shook it till the ground all round it ke an orchard the morning after the annual equinox, and careful lest he lose some of the fruit, gathered up a basket of it for the Galatians, crying "the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance." The others of Pilate's orchard were loaded, with the hard fruits of obduracy, other with the tender fruit of grace, but the centre tree (how will I forget the day I sat on the exact place where it was planted!)—the centre tree of the orchard yields the antidote for the nations.

In this discourse of the Pomology of the Bible, or God amid the orchards, I have shown you Adam's orchard, and St. John's orchard, and Pilate's orchard, and I have taken you into St. John's orchard: I will stop there, for, having seen that, I want to see nothing more. St. John himself, having seen that orchard, shed a whole volley of "Come! Come!" and then pronounced the benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." The banished evangelist closes the book and the Bible is done. The dear book opened with Adam's orchard closes with St. John's orchard. St. John went into this orchard through a gate, the black basalt of the Isle of Exile, to which he had been exiled, the orchard which he saw was and is heaven. One person will err in speaking of heaven as all material, and another describes heaven as all figurative, and both are wrong. Heaven is material and spiritual, as we are material and spiritual. While much of the account of heaven is to be taken figuratively and spiritually, it is true that heaven has also a material existence. Christ said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Is not a place for God, who has done all the building, the statistics of stars so to be a bewilderment to telescopes, to live somewhere in his astronomy of a tremendous world to make the heaven true, both as a material and a spiritual domain. I do believe God put all the flowers, and precious stones, and all the bright and all the music, and all the life, and all the orchards in this world of ours. How much was and how much was figurative, I say; but St. John saw two rows of trees, each side of a river, and it differed from other orchards in the fact that it bore twelve manner of fruits. I named translators of our common language it means twelve different kinds of fruit in one year. Albert Barnes says it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit in one year. Not able to decide which is the more accurate translation, I say both. If it mean twelve different kinds of fruit, it declares variety in joy. If it mean twelve crops of the same kind of fruit, it declares abundance of heavenly joy, and they are both true. O, yes! Not an eternal anything but music; that Oration could be too protracted. Not the eternity of procession on white clouds that would be too long in the sky. Not an eternity of plucking fruit from the tree of life: that would be the triumph of the heavenly orchard. But the number of varieties; and I will tell you at least twelve of those varieties: Joy in worship; joy over the victories of the Lord who was slain; joy over the sinners; joy of recounting our sins; joy of embracing old friends; joy at the cognition of patriarchs, apostles, and martyrs; joy of ringing bells; joy of reknitting broken friendships; joy at the explanation of Providence; joy at walking the boule-

wards of gold; joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphire, and crimson with jasper, and aflash with amethyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, their hinges, and their panels of richest pearl; joy that there is to be no subsidence, no reaction, no terminus to the felicity. All that makes twelve different joys, twelve manner of fruits. So much for variety. But if you take the other interpretation, and say it means twelve crops a year, I am with you still, for that means abundance. That will be the first place we ever got into where there is enough of everything. Enough of health, enough of light, enough of supernatural association, enough of love, enough of knowledge, enough of joy. The orchards of this lower world put out all their energies for a few days in autumn, and then, having yielded one crop, their banners of foliage are dropped out of the air, and all their beauty is adjourned until the blossoming of the next May time. But twelve crops in the heavenly orchard, during that which on earth we call a year, means abundance perpetually.

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the city best, I thank God there is enough in the Bible about country scenery in heaven to please those of us who were born in the country and never got over it. Now you may have streets of gold in heaven; give me the orchards, with twelve manner of fruits, and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noon-



WATERING THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

day sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet, most of all, am I impressed with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us for himself needs a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and the St. John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste"; and there it may be found that to-day we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the Pomology of the Bible; or God Among the Orchards.

Messages From Missionaries.

What the Missionaries in India say of the Help Rendered by our Readers.

FROM Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay, who kindly acted as secretary to the Interdenominational Committee of missionaries, distributing the fund contributed by our readers for the relief of famine sufferers in India, we have just received a number of letters which were sent him by missionaries in various parts of the country, acknowledging the gifts of money and grain. They speak of lives saved and suffering relieved by the generous gifts sent them from the Christians of America. Following are a few extracts from the letters:

Rev. R. M. Stanley, of the Christian Alliance Mission, at Akola, writes: "We have been able to help 7,455 persons daily at our various stations, and we employed on an average during the worst weeks 789 persons, whom we paid almost wholly with grain. During the past four weeks the number pleading with us for help exceeds anything we have had before, because of the fact that the Government Relief Works are closed and there is not yet much work to be had in the fields. The price of grain is still high, but it has fallen from three and a half to twice the normal rate. Our missionary at Mutazapur reports that a woman died on the road near the station last week of starvation. She had a little girl three years old with her, whom our mis-

Central Provinces, writes: "I wish to thank the friends in America who so generously sent money and grain to the relief of India's suffering people. The distress has been terrible. Many have died of starvation, and hundreds left their homes to escape the same fate. I cannot describe the thankfulness of the people when we distributed the money and grain sent to us by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If those who so generously sent the help could have been here and seen the wretched condition of the people—many



A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN INDIA.

of them living skeletons—and seen how grateful they were, they would have thanked God for the privilege of helping, and would have realized how true are the words of our Lord: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The money we distributed was spent in seed and grain, and there is now a prospect of a good crop. We have, however, still two months before this can be harvested, and the people will with difficulty get through the interval. Shall we ever get the cry of 'Hunger! hunger!' out of our ears? God grant it. I am sure this loving help must tell upon India. Yesterday I was in one of the villages where the people were formerly very indifferent to the Gospel. This was largely due to the scepticism of one of the head men. I could not help noticing yesterday how eagerly all crowded around us to listen. One of the foremost was this head man, who said he now believes there must be a God. Eternity alone can reveal the good this timely help has been to this people."

Rev. Andrew Stall, of Raipore, writes: "Our conference, which had its annual meeting here last week, passed a resolution thanking Dr. Klopsch and the editors and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the money we received through Bishop Thoburn. I beg you to believe how sincere this was. Early in the year the poor creatures crowded around our bungalow begging for food. As we had received only a few hundred rupees from our home board, we saw all the misery increasing more and more day by day, but we could do nothing. We could only tell them that we would pray God in some miraculous way to send them food. Our church was crowded with people eager to get help in some way. We could preach Christ to them, but we were unable to show them practically Christ's love in their dire need. Then came THE CHRISTIAN HERALD money. We got fifteen thousand rupees, and we accepted it as a direct answer to prayer. One of our missionaries had two hundred Christians on his station who were utterly destitute. He says his share of the American gift saved his own life. He could not have endured the strain of seeing his people starve to death. It would have killed him. Many—I may say a great many—lives were saved from certain death. Oh, what a blessing it was to those poor starving people, who had had no food to eat for days and days, and who were just frightful walking skeletons that it would make one shudder to look at. They were fed by the hundreds and thousands every day at our stations. We thanked God daily and hourly for this CHRISTIAN HERALD money. We know that for generations to come it will be remembered by the people that when their own priests forsook them the Christians saved their lives. Many are already coming to Christ. More and more will come. May God bless with his richest blessing all those who have helped us!"

sionary has received into his home. She was in an awful condition. Nothing but skin and bone, and was suffering terribly. I have since learned that in spite of all his care the child died a few days afterwards. In August last our missionary at Khamgari made a three-days' tour among the villages. He found two men dead in one village from starvation and many others too weak even to sit up. Our hearts children, who so lovingly stood by us with their means during these fearful days of suffering and death."

Rev. David Finlayson of Seoni, in the Central Province, writes: "We have had plenty to do in giving help to the needy. Since March last I have been distributing relief, but near the end of June my funds were exhausted. It was, therefore, with feelings of joy that I heard from Bishop Thoburn that American friends were sending money which I might share. Altogether I received three thousand rupees, which has enabled me to continue the work from July 22 to the end of September. During these weeks I have distributed food to about nine hundred people regularly. Every day, also, we gave cooked food for nearly one hundred children. We have four hundred in our schools, but we gave only to those who were starving, so as to make the money go as far as possible. Our funds are now again exhausted. For what we have been able to do for the people, we thank the Lord and our kind friends in America."

Rev. B. Neves Mitchell, of Bina, in the

IRELAND'S FEMALE CHAMPION.

Maud Gonne's Visit to the United States and its Object—The Failure of the Irish Crops a Precursor of Famine—Process-serving and Evictions.



IRELAND will soon be coming in for a goodly share of attention in the United States. One reason is that the crops have failed all over the western section of that unhappy country, and that, in consequence, one of the periodic famines is threatened, this time, perhaps, more extensive and disastrous than any for decades previous; another reason is that active preparations have begun on both sides of the water for a celebration of the centennial anniversary next year of the great Irish rebellion of '98, involving a monster pilgrimage—some say of two hundred thousand souls—from America to the old sod; and a third reason is, that Maud Gonne, the famous agitator for Ireland's rights, has crossed the ocean on a mission connected with both matters.

I have but recently returned from a trip through the central and western portion of the Green Isle, and can therefore speak from personal observation. Its people will be exposed to the sorest privations.

Unlike the North, which abounds in grazing and cattle-raising districts, the central and western portions of the island are dependent for prosperity upon the harvest returns, and these have failed almost entirely. The staple food among the peasants is potatoes, and so poor is the crop that authenticated cases of cholera have arisen as a result of their consumption. The "tubers" are blackening in the ground, where they were sown late on account of the wetness of the spring. They are sodden and small, and hardly fit to be fed to the animals, much less to human beings. The crop of cereals is hardly, if any, better. Oats have fallen far below last year's yield, and such as remain to be cut are so green as to give rise to doubts whether they would be worth cutting, even for cattle. Hay is rotting on the ground; and although men, women, and children are working from early morn until late at night to save it, the return is sure to be scanty. Add to this the wet and spongy condition of the turf used for heating purposes—a misfortune due also to the heavy rainfall—and it becomes clear that at one blow the poor people will be deprived of food for themselves, of food for their cattle, and of fuel to protect them against the severity of the weather. On the top of it all there approaches the grim spectre of the process-server, followed by the eviction party—a dark prospect indeed!

The landlords had begun operations all along the line even before my departure from Ireland three weeks ago. Many absentee noblemen have left the administration of their estates to sordid hirelings, devoid of all compassion for their tenants. Here is a typical case which occurred during my stay in Castlebar, the county town of Mayo, celebrated in history as the scene of the French General Humbert's great victory over the British in 1798. Near Castlebar is an elevation known as French Hill, where a number of French soldiers, killed during the battle, are buried, and right hard by is a thatched cottage (such as those seen in the photographs), occupied for years by a dry-limbo named Screeny and his wife and mother. The husband being away in England endeavoring to earn their living, the landlord's representative suddenly pounced down on the premises and demanded the arrears of rent. The poor woman offered half the

amount, all she possessed, and promised the rest for a few weeks later, on her husband's return. This did not suit the agent, who proceeded to turn the occupants out of house and home, the elder woman, almost an octogenarian, being dragged out of a sick-bed. All this occurred at the approach of darkness, and no shelter being at hand, the two helpless creatures remained outdoors all night, exposed to the cold and humidity. The sick woman was taken to the Castlebar poor house the following morning in a critical condition.

In the face of the general misery caused by the failure of the crops, common humanity would suggest that some degree of leniency be exercised in the treatment of tenants. But humanity does not seem to enter into an Irish landlord's calculations. He has been justly likened to Shylock, trying to get "his full pound of flesh where there is nothing but bone," serving processes and ejectments by the score, and giving notice to the relieving officers to have quarters ready in the work houses for the poor victims. It is not unusual, in Mayo, Sligo, and Clare for a sheaf of eviction notices to be presented at one meeting of the Poor Guardians, calling on the relieving officer to have quarters in the work-house ready for as many as a hundred occupants at a time. At times the tenant makes up his mind to resist summary eviction, and having failed in a recourse to the law, he barricades his doors and awaits the arrival of the process-servers. A refusal to vacate the premises then leads to the characteristic scene shown on one of the accompanying pictures. The local constabulary, or, should these be otherwise engaged, soldiers from the nearest military post, are called into requisition, and under their protection

besieged sometimes pile enormous logs endwise within the doorway, and as the ram proves ineffectual against so solid a barricade, there remains nothing to do but to batter in one of the four walls of the building—an operation which the tenant views with some degree of satisfaction,

denomination in the country, decided to devote her career to of national independence. To she has sacrificed the past eight her life and the best part of a considerable fortune. Incidentally also worked hard to secure the many who were on for political Miss Maud Gonne, of pleasing appearance, a frequent and powerful speaker. Her household in France, where she resided for so long. She has lectured the French language which she has acquired mastery.

V. GRIBAY.

AMONG LIFE-BOATS.

REV. Asher, whose labor is among the men in the fort saving stations. Atlantic coast that he has markedly enjoyed season, many having attended services held in summer and fall. Under a new force by the authorities, they are prohibited from crossing, and inlets, are connected with vice, and they are forbidden to sit one but Government officials and ship mariners at the saving stations. Maud Gonne is a hardy the evangelist. Stations are many miles apart, now compelling a holding season travel long distances.

MISS MAUD GONNE, IRELAND'S ELOQUENT YOUNG APOSTLE.

conscious that the ensuing repairs will all fall to the hated landlord's account. It will be noticed in one picture that the two leaders of the battering-ram brigade are provided with wooden shields to protect

themselves against the stone splinters which fly fast and furious from each successive blow.

Significant, indeed, are these various symptoms of Ireland's distress on the very eve of the centennial anniversary of her great struggle.



THE PEASANT HOME AFTER THE SIEGE.

The young female agitator who is now visiting the United States, primarily for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm in behalf of the coming celebration, is a Protestant. Miss Maud Gonne is the daughter of an Anglo-Irish military man, once a colonel of the famous Emmiskillen dragoons, and has been reared in the bosom of the so-called Church of Ireland, which, before disestablishment, was the only officially religious

denomination in the country, decided to devote her career to of national independence. To she has sacrificed the past eight her life and the best part of a considerable fortune. Incidentally also worked hard to secure the many who were on for political Miss Maud Gonne, of pleasing appearance, a frequent and powerful speaker. Her household in France, where she resided for so long. She has lectured the French language which she has acquired mastery.

Surely if free salvation preached to any one, it is to the Few realize the isolation, then and hardships of their lives. At Egg Harbor, there is as fine a as can be found on the Atlantic. In summer they have to bear heat is well-nigh intolerable. In winter have to climb the stairs with sweat deep on the steps, and sometimes wind whistling through the cracks are unable to keep warm though between two fires. The department refuses to let the life-savers attend School, but each station on the its Sunday School, and the beneficiaries hope to establish a Sunday at every station along the coast. Any who is interested in the work dress Mr. Cake at Port Republic.



THE SIEGE—ONE METHOD OF EVICTING A TENANT IN IRELAND.

a regular siege of the place begins. Such an event occurred but a week ago in the South.

The besiegers erect a rude battering-ram opposite the main entrance, and of course in a short while succeeded in bursting it into splinters. To prevent this the

themselves against the stone splinters which fly fast and furious from each successive blow. Significant, indeed, are these various symptoms of Ireland's distress on the very eve of the centennial anniversary of her great struggle.

BRAVING DEATH FOR GOLD.

Thousands Preparing to Start for the Frozen Klondike Next Spring—Gold-Seekers from Europe, Australia, Canada and the United States—A Great Pilgrimage to the Diggings.

WINTER has temporarily sealed up all the avenues of access to the new gold-fields of the north-west. The interposition of the fortune-seekers and the Eldorado, those seemingly untold riches, is closed to the world only a few months ago. Steamships with food and many emigrants as passengers, in the icy clasp of the Yukon River, far from mines, and will, probably, be delayed for months. A thousand miners, more or less fully equipped, and all eager to start, are halted in the mad attempt to force a path up the deep river which that choke the every winter, rendering the summits of the mountain range inaccessible. They wait the delay, but prudence forbids waiting until the coming of spring when the melted snows and rendered paths once more safe for travel. While, the universal desire for the gold has stirred up thousands of adventurous spirits in different parts of the world, to emulate the example of those

Alaska will prove as rich in the precious metal as the Canadian territory. Not a few shrewd prospecting parties will doubt-



A KLONDIKE MINER'S CABIN.

less adopt this view of the matter and seek for gold along the Stewart River, Indian River, Munook Creek, and other streams, where all the signs of rich mining-ground are said to be abundant.

expected that their number will be trebled before the winter is over. The comparative advantages of the different routes have been widely discussed. In fine, open weather, the water route via St. Michaels, while the longest, is also the most agreeable in many respects. On the other hand, the overland routes from Skagway to Lake Lindeman by the White Pass, and from Dyea to Lake Lindeman by the Chilkoot, both have their advantages. Travelers from Dyea describe the Chilkoot trail as by no means so formidable or difficult as first accounts declared. There is plenty of hard climbing, fording of streams, rafting and portages, but with proper guides, a liberal supply of food, and the necessary boats, the difficulties are greatly diminished. So, also, with the Skagway trail over the White Pass, where there are some hard hills to ascend and some very precipitous slopes to descend, with frequent swampy places and great boulders in the way, and the usual crossing of streams and of lakes by boat or raft, or occasionally by fording. Both trails are severe on horses, and many have died

down stream and across lakes. Lakes Bennett, Tagish and Marsh passed, the voyager comes to Miles Canyon, where he has a stretch of exceedingly rough water, terminating in White Horse Rapids. One of our illustrations shows this perilous part of the passage. Another presents the view across the Yukon River, as it may be seen by those who take the all-water route by way of St. Michaels. The whole journey is full of the grandest and most inspiring sights, but it is doubtful whether, among men who are eager to reach their destination and begin the gold-hunt, even the grandeur of this great western river has the power to excite admiration, or even to command unusual attention. The illustrations of pioneer portions of Dawson City are full of interest, as showing the beginnings of what promises to become a great mining and commercial centre.

Life in Dawson City is described by some of the returning miners as full of excitement. Flour, in August, was \$12 per 100 pounds; coarse sugar, 20 cents per pound; bacon, \$1.50 per pound, and other articles of diet in proportion. Now, in all probability, everything is at famine figures, if, indeed, there is not absolute suffering. A dressmaker who went there made \$90 the first three days with her needle. Carpenters, joiners, smiths, tail-



SHOOTING WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

there. Every facility is expensive—"packing" of outfit and of provisions, ferriage, and guides—and these expenses represent a large part of the total outlay for the journey.

From Seattle to Dawson City, by way

of Dyea and Chilkoot, the total distance is 1,598 miles. After crossing the pass, a boat is needed to start from the head of Lake Bennett for a sail of some 600 miles

ors, bakers, and almost all the trades are in demand, not only at Dawson, but at Fort Cudahy, Circle City, Forty Mile, and many other points where settlements have sprung up, and excellent wages are paid, \$10 a day being a low average. There are, unfortunately, many drinking-saloons in the new towns, and drunkenness and gambling are prevalent; yet there is a strong element in favor of law and order, which sternly represses any disposition to lawlessness. It is unnecessary here to emphasize what is already well known concerning the perils of the journey, the need of sufficient funds for ample preparation (including a year's food supplies), and the folly of any but the physically strong and temperate living going to the Klondike or to Alaska. There the daily mean temperature remains below freezing from the month of November to April. The temperature shows 32 degrees below zero in November, 47 in December, 59 in January, 55 in February, 45 in March and 26 in April. One February the daily mean for five consecutive days was 47 below. When winter once sets in, as it does in September, it is impossible for any one to make headway against its storms. It is a region whose rigors will try the strongest constitution, and it holds its glittering prize with a grasp that only the hardest need expect to unloose.



UNLOADING SUPPLIES FOR MINERS AT DAWSON CITY.

time Argonauts of the Canadian and Alaska mines, who, having reached the river last spring, have already dug out the frozen soil. News of the organization of hundreds of syndicates, each of which will be staffed by workers on the Yukon River. Parties are forming in Europe, many sections of Canada, in a number of our own states, and even in Australia, for the purpose of making claims on the Klondike or on the soil in Alaska next spring. Passenger steamships will leave Melbourne, Australia, in May, bound for St. Michaels, on the coast of Alaska. The Klondike and the Yukon rivers and creeks contain gold, and placer-mining with the "sluice" will be the order of the day for a few seasons at least, after which the gold will be sunk wherever the prospect is good. The recent surprising gold discoveries in the Klondike, the chief mining ground upon American soil, and the already many indications that

It is certain, however, that, for a time at least, the great rush will set in toward the Klondike. All the routes will be crowded, but the transportation facilities next year will probably be adequate to the occasion. Eight thousand miners "outfitted" at Seattle last spring and summer for Klondike, and the gold fleet leaving that port carried up the Yukon River by way of St. Michaels, or to Dyea, at the beginning of the overland routes, three-fourths of all the travel to the mines. Over five thousand miners are now in Seattle awaiting the opening of navigation to move to the mines, and it is

of Dyea and Chilkoot, the total distance is 1,598 miles. After crossing the pass, a boat is needed to start from the head of Lake Bennett for a sail of some 600 miles

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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The New Settlement.

CHRISTIAN philanthropists who are interested in the work being done by College Settlements in the great cities on both sides the Atlantic will watch with interest the experiment Mrs. Bird has begun on the east side of New York. As will be seen from the article on another page describing it, there is a distinct difference between it and other Settlements. Hitherto it has been a principle in Settlement work to exclude the religious element. The workers were known to be religious people, and it was perceived that religious motives prompted their self-sacrificing service, but nothing was said about religion at the Settlement. The workers were anxious to make friends with the people around them and to win their confidence, in order that they might infuse some happiness into their sordid and joyless lives. As a large proportion of the people whom the Settlement was established to help are Jews or Roman Catholics, there was a fear that any mention of religion might arouse a prejudice and be a barrier to friendly relations. The people, it was believed, might be reluctant to come to the Settlement if they were apprehensive that an attempt might be made to proselyte them. The workers, therefore, while conscious that nothing could benefit the people like religion, deemed it prudent to avoid the subject, lest it might prejudice them from rendering any service to the people. Thus far results have justified their course. All denominations, and people without any religion at all, have come to the Settlement and have benefited by its influence. It has brightened and cheered many lives, and its moral effect has been felt by young and old. The experiment is now to be tried of making religion a prominent feature in a Settlement. Mrs. Bird has the courage of conviction. She has seen at the Bowery Mission what religion can do to transform the life, and she is applying it on the Settlement method. Whether on these terms she will be able to retain the people remains to be seen. If they will come to the Settlement in spite of the religious character of the plan, her position will be stronger than that of other workers, because she will be able to point them to the only real and effective remedy for sin and misery. The effort is a courageously beautiful and Christlike one. That wealthy and educated people should be willing to leave their pleasant homes and

refined surroundings and live in the squalid districts of the city, in order that by companionship and personal contact they may alleviate the misery around them and help the weary to bear their burdens, is to tread very closely in the Master's footsteps. We honor Mrs. Bird for her courage and self-sacrifice, and admire her faith. She deserves the hearty sympathy of all Christians and their prayers for her success.

The Sultan's Apologist.

WE trust that our esteemed contemporary, *The New York Herald*, which has undertaken at this late day a new investigation of the Armenian atrocities, will not permit itself to be influenced by any desire to gratify the Sultan at the expense of the absolute facts. Ample time has elapsed since the massacres to permit Turkish officials to remove all the traces of the hideous work in which they were engaged two years ago. The dead tell no tales, and of the living victims of Mohammedan tyranny and fanaticism, thousands have been deported, and still other thousands are terrorized into silence. But the history of those frightful days, when the tides of slaughter, lust, and rapine raged through the cities and over the plains of Armenia, has been ineffaceably written, and the blood of her seventy thousand martyrs still cries aloud from earth to heaven.

It is a hollow mockery, at this late date, to begin a hunt for evidence, as though none existed, while Abdul Hamid's enormities stand like a black mountain before the eye of the world. Attested by many eye-witnesses, by thousands of trembling survivors, by exiles and refugees, by over a hundred American missionaries who spoke and wrote, not at second-hand, but of what they themselves saw, corroborated by two official international investigating commissions, and, in not a few instances, even admitted by the Turkish officials—what cause can there now be to question the truth of the charges which Christianity has made against Abdul Hamid, as the responsible author, and, in some cases, even the instigator of those crimes? By what peculiar process is history to be blotted out and this black record to be effaced?

Since the powers of Europe permitted the defeat of Greece by the Turks, the Sultan has grown bolder, and now seeks a whitewashing at the hands of a friendly American newspaper. Such an attempt can only be disappointing. "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten" the hand that is crime-stained, and all the eloquence of Dr. Hepworth's pen will be unequal to the task of making the Sultan appear to civilized nations in any other character than as a modern Nero.

The World's Applause.

THE applause of this world is a very mean god to worship. It is a dragon that falls upon its worshipers and crushes them to death. Alas for those who, fascinated by human applause, give up the service of the Lord God and go as Laban did, to hunt in Rachel's tent for the lost images!

There are many Christians being sacrificed to appetite. There was a time when they said: "I will not surrender to evil appetite." For a while they seemed to break away from all allurements by which they were surrounded, but sometimes they felt that they were living upon a severe regimen. They said: "After all, I will go back to my old bondage," and they fell away from the house of God, and fell away from respectability, and fell away for ever.

Oh, why go down hunting for our old idols? We have found out they are insufficient for the soul. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; and hands have they, but they handle not. There is only one God to worship, and he sits in the heavens.

How He Paid God's "Tenth."

SELDOM has a more striking instance of the Divine blessing attending earnest effort come under our observation than that which is related in the letter published below. A few weeks ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received a brief note from a marine engineer on one of the largest whaleback steamers on Lake Erie, enclosing his check for \$500, to be distributed among the various charitable and benevolent enterprises in the home field mentioned in these pages. The donor was communicated with, and a list, showing the proposed distribution, was enclosed for his approval. The letter which was received in response, an extract from which we give below (withholding the writer's name at his request), will be read by Christian people everywhere with the deepest interest. He writes:

ON BOARD STEAMER, — Lake Erie,
Oct. 30, 1897.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Your letter acknowledging receipt of \$500 and submitting your proposal of distribution was delivered to me by Marine P. O. as we passed Detroit last night. I will explain right here how I came to send you the \$500, and what it is, and after you fully understand it you will make no mistake in distributing it among the various institutions, or giving it in whole to any one institution that you feel in your judgment is the most needy.

Shortly after starting out in the world for myself I was converted, and I vowed that whatever God saw fit to give me, I would always give him the one-tenth, as he requires us to give. I was then working at my trade as a machinist, and God prospered me as such, and shortly after I went as first assistant engineer on a steamboat, and about three months after that I was made chief engineer of one of the best boats we had on the lakes. About three years after that I married a thorough Christian lady, a graduate of one of the best ladies' seminaries in the United States. God still prospered me, and we soon had a bank account of a few thousand dollars. I then quit sailing and went into business; lost all I had, and some of my friends' money. Of course I had to go sailing again. That was six years ago, and I felt that I could not support my family and pay my debts and pay God the one-tenth; so I quit it. The longer I let it go the more I was convinced that I ought to have paid it, and the more it was impossible for me to do so, as the amount had grown as large as my other debts.

This burdened my heart, and I prayed God that if he would help me to dispose of a patent that I had I would pay first of all what I owed him. He helped me sell the patent for many times more than I at first thought I could get, and this \$500 is the first money paid down on the patent, and I expect many times that much in a few days, and as soon as I get it I am going to pay the rest of my tithes and also my other debts, but the rest will not be through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as I have other charities that I wish to help.

How willing and quick God is to answer our prayers, as soon as he sees that the desire of our heart is true! I have many, many things to be truly thankful for. A good and loving wife; bright, loving and healthy children; mother and father spared to me yet, also brother and sisters, and all in good health and true Christians.

I am entirely agreeable to the way you propose giving, or any way you see fit to give it. I want God to get his one-tenth. I leave it with you to give him that much of it. Just mention the amount and sign J. H. P., West Bay City, Mich. I do not want praise from the world, I want your prayers. J. H. P.

The list approved of by the giver of this generous contribution is as follows:

Bowery Mission, New York City	\$ 100
Children's Home Nyack, N. Y.	50
Bethesda Home for Women, Brooklyn, N. Y.	50
Dr. Faust's Jewish Christian Mission, New York	50
"Living Waters" Mission, New York	25
Catherine Mission, New York	25
Samaritan Home for Women, New York	25
Seamen's Mission, New York	25
McAuley Mission, New York	25
Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's Cancer Mission, New York	25
Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans, La.	25
Philanthropic League	25
Marysville, S. C., Institute	25
Abigail Home, New York	25
Bella Cooke's Work, New York	25
Dauphin Island Mission, Mobile, Ala.	10

J. H. P. is a reader of this journal, and, in common with many others, has taken a warm interest in the various charities in which, with its great family of readers, it has been engaged for years past. We trust that his gift may be abundantly blessed to the giver and the beneficiaries.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BRIEF NOTES.

The membership of the Christian Endeavor societies in Great Britain and Ireland now totals the total of 200,000.

The total results of the recent Salvation Army "Self-Denial Week" throughout America amounted to \$125,000.

Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt, of Springfield, Mass., is holding services in the Y. M. C. Providence, R. I. This is Mr. Pratt's twenty year of evangelistic service.

Mrs. Eliza Saunders, mother of the two missionaries massacred two years ago at Fuchow, China, is herself going to China in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Christian Endeavor Societies are rapidly increasing in the missionary field. Dr. Farnham, Shanghai, Dr. Wallace, of Mexico, and many missionaries testify to the benefits derived from them.

A remarkable revival is reported at Brookville, Kans. A correspondent writes under the preaching of Lawyer-Evangelist Gilly, there have been a large number of conversions, among them some men who were deacons.

An educated Hindoo Christian, Rev. Singh Puri, who has been laboring at the under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, is now visiting this country and will deliver some lectures on the condition of his land.

George Muller, of Bristol, England, entered upon his ninety-third year. His houses are at present sheltering seventeen inmates, with between one and two hundred Mr. Muller was at the time in his custom, health and laboring with his usual effort.

Dr. W. Currie the well-known mis at Cisamba in Central Africa writes as work there is steadily progressing with much of future blessing. Three native Christians, admitted to the church at its recent conference, and five persons the following day presented themselves as candidates for baptism.

The American Bible Society, which aided the St. Petersburg Society for the translation of the Holy Scriptures in Russia, has a special report, expressing its high appreciation of the generous help which the American Society accorded during the last sixteen years. It has enabled the Russian Bible Society to considerably its sphere of action.

Dr. McKim, the Protestant Episcopal of Tokyo, Japan, at a recent meeting in San Francisco, said that of a total of one hundred and a thousand converts in Japan, the Roman Catholics are first, with about fifty thousand, and the Catholics second, with twenty-three thousand. Episcopalians number in the neighborhood of a thousand.

Two Syrian girls, pupils of the American Mission School in Beirut, have come to try. They are said to be remarkably skillful in the needle. Any family in, or near New York, can give them employment, either in sewing or teaching the art of embroidery, would be part by these Christian strangers, if they communicate with this journal.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is conducting services in Knoxville, Tenn. The Daily of that city says that the audiences number eighteen hundred persons, and many away for lack of room. It was believed the early meetings, fully one hundred persons brought to a decision for Christ. The program a very extended work are bright.

Rev. A. B. Reed, an evangelist from is holding a series of meetings for two more at the Fellowship Church Indianapolis. F. M. Whitlock is pastor. A thousand in were printed and personally distributed, ministers and helpers. The meetings were attended and the interest is increasing. A number of young people have been reached.

The pastors of Greater New York are into consideration the responsibilities of a large city, decided at a meeting held on Oct. 10 to set apart a day for special prayer and pastors all over the country to join in prayer for an endowment of power to win for a revival of religion during the winter day appointed was November 10. The large attendance.

Women appear to have invaded the of men more extensively in Germany. The Congregationalist publishes a tract from an official report showing that in Germany three women employed as sweeps, thirty-five as slaters, seven as girders, 147 as coppersmiths, 379 as farriers and as masons, eight as stone-cutters and marble, stone and slate quarries.

The gold seekers on the Upper Yukon are likely to bless the work of the Presbyterian Moderator during the winter. It was through his efforts, while a home missionary in Alaska, that the government was induced the introduction of reindeer into the Territory, which now numbers twelve hundred. The herd, which now numbers twelve hundred, is almost the only means of transportation for the relief of the stranded miners.

Rev. J. Manton Smith who for twenty years labored with the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in conjunction with Mr. W. V. Fullerton in ical service arrived in New York on Nov. 10, for an evangelistic tour. Mr. Smith has done work in England as an evangelist, and churches have been revived and increased his vigorous Gospel preaching. Churches his services during his stay on this side of him at the office of this journal.

According to the latest report of the and Foreign Bible Society, the whole Bible now has been translated into 107 languages, and New Testament alone into 121, thus in different languages in which the Bible has been published in the world, only 27 have been published in which the Bible Society has had a hand. Eighteen of the names in Europe, no less than 42 to Asia, 29 to Oceania, and also nine to America. multiplied translations are entirely the of the missionary movement of this century are now new parts of Asia unrepresented in the Gospels published under this Society's auspices.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

New York's New Mayor.

DOM has a campaign for the Mayoralty of a city attracted national interest to the extent that has aroused by the struggle in New York. The fact that under the new charter city was to include Brooklyn and Island City, and would bring under municipal government a population of three million souls, was of itself enough to give importance to the choice of the first Mayor of the united cities. He would have a larger number of people to govern and more funds to administer than any of the kings and princes of Europe. He would, too, the charter gave the Mayor the power of appointing the heads of all the departments of government, which would enable him to disburse about seventy-five million dollars, and finally, it gave him a term of four years. The power and patronage confided to his hands are enormous.



HON. ROBERT A. VAN WYCK.

On this page we give a portrait of the candidate elected, Hon. Robert A. Van Wyck. He is at present Chief Justice of the City Court of New York, and a descendant of an old Dutch family, which came from Wyck in Holland, in 1624. He is forty-seven years of age and a native of New York City. His election was opposed chiefly on the ground that he was the candidate of Tammany Hall and it was feared that if elected his administration would be controlled by the forces which have given that organization an unsavory reputation. It was not that Tammany did not control sufficient votes to elect its candidate and its opponents were united against it, it was that it could not be beaten. At the beginning of the campaign a movement was inaugurated to bring into the field Hon. Seth Low, who had been Mayor of Brooklyn, and who had the confidence of a large section of the community. Mr. Low consented to run and it was hoped that the Republican Party would nominate him. But Mr. Low did not prove amenable to party discipline and was personally unpopular with the leaders of the party. The Republican convention nominated Gen. B. F. Tracy, as its candidate. The result was a division of Anti-Tammany forces and election of the entire Tammany ticket, who combined numbers voting for Low and Tracy were over 250,000, while Tammany's vote was 228,531. Thus though Tammany polled less than half the entire vote, it won, through its enemies being divided. Its victory is complete, and it remains now to be seen what use it will make of it. It is in Judge Van Wyck's hands to redeem Tammany's name by giving the city a good government and appointing honest officials. Only so can we satisfy the people, from whom, at the end of his term, Tammany will seek a renewal of its lease of power. If bad men

clamor for office, he should turn a deaf ear to them. It is now as it was in the days of the wise king:

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. (Prov. 29:2).

An Epitaph in a Thicket.

A correspondent of the *Post*, of Louisville, Ky., sending to that journal a report of a journey he has been making in Eastern Kentucky, mentions a grave-stone that he noticed on a hillside. It was in the centre of a thicket of sassafras, and the words graven on it were almost hidden by a dense ivy growth. "The carving," says the correspondent, "seemed to have been done by an amateur, whose trembling hand had traced the words: 'Jane Laler, ded Agus, 1849. She was allus kine to evrybuddie.' I thought, as I stood there by the weed-crested mound, of what a world of meaning there was in those few simple words. 'She was allus kine to evrybuddie.' When I shall have composed my weary limbs for the last sleep I would ask no greater boon than that such a compliment might truthfully be placed on the tomb above my silent form. I wondered what loving heart could have inspired it, and stopped to ask about the woman whose gentle life could merit so tender a tribute. Nobody on either the Kentucky or Virginia side of the mountains knew much of the Laler family, but one old mountaineer said that the woman was the wife of an old woodsman who lived and hunted on Mount Elkhorn in the first half of the present century." It was a beautiful testimony to the dead woman's character. We can imagine what such a woman's life must have been. "It was like God, who is kind to the unthankful and the evil.

Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God (1. John 4:7).

A River Trolley.

A scheme for utilizing the power of a current of water is described in a press despatch from San Bernardino, Cal. A party of Eastern capitalists are engaged in laying an electric cable through the Grand Canon of the Colorado river. If the experiments now being tried prove successful, a copper wire five hundred miles long will be suspended over the river, and power will be obtained from it to drive boats up the stream. The principle is similar to that of electric railroads. It is expected that there will be no need of engines to charge the wire, as water-wheels can be fixed in the most rapid parts of the river, which will revolve with sufficient speed to generate an electric current. By this means it is believed that boats can be hauled through Black Canon with no expense beyond the first outlay for apparatus. The novel feature of the scheme is that the resisting power of the river should be utilized to furnish the force for overcoming the resistance. A phenomenon analogous to this has sometimes been observed in human nature. As was the case in the life of the apostle Paul, the characteristics which make a man a formidable enemy to the cause of Christ, make him, after his conversion, a more earnest and energetic worker for the cause he formerly opposed.

His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain, but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I but the grace of God which was in me. (1. Cor. 15:10).

A Novel Remedy for Nervousness.

The subject of the prevalence of nervous prostration was discussed a few days ago in a woman's club at Boston, Mass. Among the remedies suggested was one which one of the members said she had found to be an unfailing cure. Her theory was based on the principle that absolute rest is the one essential to success. When the malady reached the stage of nervous exhaustion, she prevented it going on to nervous prostration by applying her remedy promptly. It consisted in returning as far as possible to an infantile condition. She puts on a pink and blue flannel wrapper with narrow ribbons and frills of the shape

worn by very little children. Then enveloping her face and head in new flannel the touch of which babies seem to like but which is not usually pleasant to grown people in normal health, she lies down and, banishing adult thoughts, lets her mind dwell on trivial, childish matters. Stories, nursery rhymes and infantile amusements are recalled by her memory and she tries to bring her mind, as far as possible, into the condition it was in in her infancy. She continues this course until the tired nerves recover their strength by inaction. Although her mode of applying the principle may appear childish, the principle itself is sound. It is equally efficacious in some spiritual maladies. It is not by questioning and deep thought and research that men emerge from scepticism, but by childlike faith in God as their Father.

Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes (Matt. 11:25).

Search for Heirs.

Among strange methods of gaining a livelihood a well-known journalist mentions that of seeking missing heirs. He noticed that advertisements for heirs to estates in Europe and for information as to the death of persons who came to this country and disappeared, frequently reached him from the same source. He, therefore, interviewed this person as to the reason why such information was sought by him. He learned that the man made a speculation of this business. He kept in touch with European journals, and whenever an advertisement for a missing heir appeared in them, he re-advertised it in certain American papers. He had thus been enabled to obtain information at a cost of five or ten dollars, for which he received from one to five hundred from European advertisers, and in two cases he had discovered in this country, heirs to estates, who had paid him for acquainting them with the fact. It is a strange method of earning a livelihood, but the man proceeds on the assumption that any man who learns through him that he is heir to a fortune will be grateful, and his expectation is doubtless justified. He is never likely to find an heir who listens to him with indifference and makes no effort to secure his inheritance, as those too often do to whom God's servants carry the tidings of an eternal inheritance in heaven.

Seeing, ye put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles (Acts 13:46).

A Creditor Defrauded.

A dry-goods merchant in a country town in Ohio has been arrested on a serious charge. A series of losses, and the opening of a new store near to him brought the store-keeper into difficulties. Feeling sure that eventually he would right himself, he borrowed money from money-lenders, but still was unable to meet his payments as they fell due. One of his creditors became alarmed and pressed him for payment. In order to satisfy him and prevent legal proceedings the store-keeper gave him a deed transferring his entire stock to him, with the condition that the deed should not be enforced for a specified time. At the end of that time, the debtor being unable to pay, the creditor took possession. He found, however, that in the interval the stock had depreciated. All the best goods were missing, and only old-fashioned goods were left. Believing that they had not been sold in a legitimate way, the creditor investigated and found that the goods had been sold at a low price for cash, with an obvious attempt to defraud him. He accordingly had the man arrested. It seems strange to have a store-keeper arrested for selling his goods, but in this case it is just, as the

man ignored the fact that he had already disposed of them to his creditor. The Christian who has pledged himself to Christ should be careful not to make the same mistake. Some people act as if they had never made such a surrender.

Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's (1. Cor. 6:20).

Assassination in Brazil.

The attempt to assassinate the President of Brazil on Nov. 5 has caused general consternation through the country. President Jose da Moraes had just landed at Rio de Janeiro from a visit to a steamer.



PRESIDENT JOSE DA MORAES OF BRAZIL.

when a soldier approached and fired a pistol at him. His brother and Gen. Bethencourt, Secretary of War, interposed, and succeeded in protecting the President, but in the encounter Gen. Bethencourt was killed by a stab wound, and Col. Moraes, the President's brother, was wounded. It was at first believed that the crime was merely the work of an irresponsible, demented man, but the conviction is growing that it was the outcome of an extensive monarchist plot, in which several prominent men are implicated. Gen. Bethencourt has recently become obnoxious to monarchist sympathizers, and it is believed that the plotters fully intended to kill him as well as the President. It is difficult to believe that there can have been any personal motive for attacking the President. Dr. Moraes is a singularly peaceful and honorable man, who is generally respected by all classes. Indeed, a New York merchant, who knows the country well, writes that the President's rule has been so exceptionally mild that he has made no enemies, and that his one fault is a lack of vigor in suppressing the disorderly elements. This fact appears to indicate a political motive for the attack. There was general alarm when the report of the attempted assassination was made public, but there was no disorder nor any sign of a political rising. There was rather indignation against the assassin and new hostility to the cause he was suspected of representing. It is strange that such men do not learn from history, if they will not learn from the Bible, that no cause is ever really helped by a crime.

He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death (Prov., 11:19).

Rust Under the Paint.

A discussion took place recently, at a meeting of a builders' association, on the merits of several kinds of paint which had been prepared specially for use on iron buildings. Several members gave their opinions, derived from their experience. There was a difference between them, but all agreed that no matter which variety of paint was used, an essential preliminary was, under all circumstances, that the iron be absolutely free from rust before the paint was applied, otherwise the rust would spread from a point under the coating, if there be the slightest chance for it to do so, flaking off the paint, and thus gradually exposing the bare surface of the iron. An analogous precaution may be commended to the pastors of churches. In the examination of candidates for membership care should be taken to impress upon them the necessity of putting away secret sin and getting rid, by the Holy Spirit's power, of the corroding worldliness which is apt to spread under the covering of religious profession. Otherwise they will be likely by some open sin to bring reproach upon the church and name of Christ:

Spots they are and blemishes, sporting themselves with their own deceivings while they feast with you (11. Peter 2:13).

The Sunday School

SALUTARY WARNINGS.

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 28. 1. Pet.

4: 1-8. Golden Text, 1. Pet. 4: 7.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



HIS chapter treats very largely of suffering, and if we take in the last part of the previous chapter, there is in this portion of Scripture suffering "for righteousness' sake," or "for well-doing;" suffering "in the flesh," "Christ's sufferings," and suffering "according to the will of God." Human nature hates to suffer, and seeks by any and by every means to escape suffering. The stronger the self-life is in us, the more impatient of suffering we are. To alleviate suffering of body we will travel to the ends of the earth, will go through the most hazardous operations, will spend large sums of money, in the hope of obtaining relief. To avoid mental suffering men will deceive themselves and their families about the real state of their business, will keep secret painful news, will try to stifle convictions of conscience; anything and everything rather than face the suffering and submit to it.

To most men suffering is "a strange thing;" a something which they look upon as a usurper of their rights, an intruder into their life whom they must repel and to whom they must allow no quarter. They consider, when they suffer, they are in the position of one who is wronged; and whosoever or whatsoever may be the cause of the suffering is looked upon as an enemy. Most men think they have a right to happiness and comfort on earth. Men who acknowledge God in no other way have a grudge against him if they suffer, and will say, "If there is a God, why should he thus make me suffer? I don't deserve it more than other people;" and they look upon him as a "hard man," a cruel enemy, an unjust oppressor.

And yet to obtain their own will, men of the world are often willing to suffer. To obtain fame as warriors, as discoverers of territory, as traders, how much have men suffered, willingly and uncomplainingly! It is only when the suffering does not come in the direct line of their own will that they count it as a strange thing. The apostle Peter himself was once of this mind. He could not endure to hear about the cross, and he even rebuked the Lord Jesus when he spoke of it. He left all and followed Jesus; but, nevertheless, he required to know what he would gain by such devotion. He never saw suffering as a vocation until, filled with the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, he saw things in the light of God.

Christ was the Man of Sorrows, and he was made perfect through sufferings (Heb. 2: 10). He accepted the vocation of suffering "in the flesh." When he took upon him our human nature, it was with the very purpose of laying it down in death, and of denying it during his life on earth. Far from living to do his own will, sinless as it was, he came down from heaven, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him (John 6: 38). All his life was a suffering in the flesh. The flesh, our human nature, likes to be honored; Jesus was despised and did not complain of it, but accepted man's contempt at the hand of his Father. Human nature loves to be appreciated and well received; Jesus came in unspeakable love to offer himself to man as a Saviour, a Shepherd, a Brother, a Friend; to be our life and our power. He was not only "despised" but "rejected of men;" and he did not complain of his rejection, but received it at his Father's hand.

Human nature claims justice, and cannot endure to be unjustly treated. Jesus "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth" (1. Pet. 2: 22); yet he was sent to death as a malefactor; and instead of

anything like retaliation, he prayed for his murderers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and accepted the wrong from his Father's hand, expecting nothing less than to "suffer in the flesh." When his chosen twelve deserted him and fled, and no man cared for his soul, not one word of reproach left his lips, and when he met them again on the evening of his resurrection he said to them, "Peace be unto you." There was not one complaint, not one plea for himself. He accepted his vocation to suffer in the flesh. But like the man of the world who willingly suffers to attain a certain end, he, too, had his purpose in view. "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days. . . . He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied" (Isa. 53: 10, 11).

Not only to save us from our past sins, but that he may have a seed "after his kind," did our Lord suffer in the flesh. Those who are "called according to his purpose," "to be conformed to the image of [God's] Son" (Rom. 8: 28, 29), are called to follow in his steps, and to take as their vocation that which our Lord took as his—to suffer in the flesh. The test-

which enslaves them. The true past of our lives will suffice to have wrought any will which is not the will of God!

Once awake to our true vocation and everything in our life is changed. Suffering itself, although so contrary to our nature, ceases to be "a strange thing;" it has a purpose which makes it worth while. If Jesus suffered for us that we might be made like him, we may well afford to suffer for him, that he may carry out his purpose; and instead of thinking that the fiery trial which is to try us is some strange thing that happens to us, we can rejoice, inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that, when his glory shall be revealed, "the glory of his completed and perfected church," we may be glad also with "exceeding joy."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IT is inferred from certain observations in Peter's epistle that it was written about the year 64, in Rome, which, according to a practice common among Christians at that day, he calls Babylon. It was addressed to the Christians who had fled from the persecution of Nero. There, in contact with heathen who were living lives of degradation, they were exposed to temptation to sensuality, which Peter calls living to the flesh. They were also exposed to persecution from the Jews. Peter was concerned for their welfare and addresses to them this letter of caution and advice. He points them to the same remedy for sin that Paul described—union with Christ.

Christ hath suffered for us. At first sight it is not easy to see how Christ's suf-

finity for him until the fine is paid. His friend must be chained to the culprit, a band being put around one ankle of each, and the two bands connected by a chain about a yard long. If the culprit has a sense of shame he must bitterly regret a crime which has involved in suffering one who loves him well enough to suffer for his sake. Thus the fact that his loving wrong again may bring suffering on his innocent friend may prevent him falling into that sin again.

Arm yourself with the same attitude. Peter advised his hearers to take the same attitude toward sin and temptation as Christ took. He did not run away from society and social pleasures as John the Baptist did; but, living among them, was not hurt by them. A marked example of this spirit is found in the life of Socrates, who scorned to abstain from indulgences, which he considered as arguing the lack of true self-control. He was so temperate, his biographers tell us, that he never preferred pleasure to duty so just that he never did an injury to man, and so indifferent to comfort, neither hardship nor suffering moved him. He considered that he had done a service to the state by convincing public men of their own lips of their ignorance, to put them in the way of getting wisdom and knowledge, as Christ convinced contemporaries of sin, that they should seek righteousness. Like Christ, Socrates was unjustly put to death by the malice of his enemies, whom he humiliated but had never injured. He was charged with corrupting the youth of Athens, and was condemned to death, though his teaching, like his life, was pure and elevated.

Excess of wine. If the Bible contains no warnings against drinking, common prudence would counsel abstinence. There is not a man living who does not know some one who has been ruined by intoxicants. Dr. Van Doren tells of a friend who told him of a man who married a beautiful girl, whom he loved tenderly, and who was devoted to him. She was shocked about a year after her marriage when he reeled home from a club supper. He promised a divorce, but was unable to let her go alone. He had become its slave. Intemperance became a habit, and he neglected his business and his home. One evening he came home intoxicated and with them huddled together in a cold room. They had no money to buy coal, and his drunken hilarity he declared that he should soon be warm enough. He fired the house was never known. His wife and her two children fled from the burning building into the snowy night. The nearest house was nearly a mile away. The woman, exhausted by fear and insufficient nourishment, was unable to reach it through the deep snow. But the weight of the babe in her arms, with the other child dragging at her skirt, was too much for her frail strength. Her husband, sobered by the cold and the loss of her, found her and her two children the next morning dead in a snowdrift.

Shall give account. The knowledge that we must appear before God to answer for the way we have lived might well make us serious and earnest in avoiding sin. It is no light matter to stand before the Lord and holy God, who hates sin. Victor Hugo, the Eastern traveler, describes the experience he had when waiting for the execution of an Eastern potentate. He was arrested in Samarkand on a charge of which he was not guilty. He was before the Emir, and made the best of his knowledge of the language he had learned. The Emir was a bloodthirsty tyrant who, it was said, delighted to execute even innocent prisoners to exact revenge. This foreigner was little likely to escape. Vambéry thought from the expression of his face that he was to be doomed. He was, however, committed to a keeper to await the Emir's decision. The Emir took him by an underground passage to a dark apartment and there waited for more than an hour. Footsteps were heard at last and a light could be seen approaching. Was the executioner coming? Vambéry says a cold perspiration came out upon him in those moments of suspense. It was not the executioner, but a man bearing a present of a robe. The Emir had pronounced him innocent and had sent him a gift as a mark of his favor. But that hour of waiting, Vambéry says, was torture he could never forget.



THE PRISON OF SOCRATES.

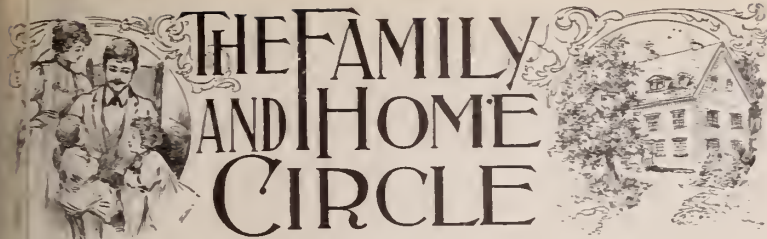
After his condemnation by the Court on the charge of not worshipping the gods, recognized by the state, and of corrupting the young, Socrates was allowed a respite of thirty days, which he spent in prison discoursing with his friends and disciples on philosophical questions and the possibility of future life. He then drank the cup of hemlock brought by the jailer and calmly lay down and died, B. C. 399.

point with every man is his will. "Hereunto were ye called" to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (1. Pet. 2: 19, 21). Are we willing? Our own nature rebels, and says: "I don't deserve such treatment." It claims consideration, or at least justice, for itself. But this is just what Jesus did not claim for himself. He "suffered in the flesh," he denied himself, he "pleased not himself." And if indeed Christ be in us the Hope of Glory, Christ in us will not be unlike Christ in himself, and it will be natural to our new nature, Christ in us, to suffer in the flesh as he did.

"He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." The question of sin must have been settled through faith in the blood of Christ, which not only atones for, but cleanses from all sin, in order that the cleansed will may be thus yielded up to God. He "hath ceased from sin" that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God. Neither to please himself nor any other man does a true disciple of Christ live; another One governs him—the will of God. There are Christians who are always ready to yield to God when it is a question between him and them irrespective of other people. But when it involves misconception on the part of other Christians they draw back. It may not be the "will of the Gentile," but is the will of worldly Christians

ferings could help these people to live pure lives. But that they do have that effect, experience proves. In the life of Victor Hugo there is an incident which sheds some light on the principle. He had a little grand-daughter to whom he was passionately attached, and she, on her side, almost worshipped her grandfather. The child was naughty one day, and her mother, as a punishment, said she should have neither cake nor pie at her meals for a week. Hugo could not plead for his pet. He knew she was naughty and ought to be punished, but he sympathized with her. He knew how she would feel when she saw every one at table eating the dainties of which she was fond and from which she was excluded. He, too, was fond of the dainties, but he refused to touch them while the child was forbidden them. He sat by her side and bore her company in her suffering. The child must have loved him very much for his self-denial, borne merely to give her comfort. The thought, too, that her grandfather's noble love for her would lead him to share her punishment, if she was naughty again, would be a deterring influence on her in future.

A curious custom which exists in Abyssinia is described by E. A. DeCosson. When a man has been convicted of an offence punishable by a fine, he has to find some friend who will become secu-



OD ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.
Ploughing with an Ox and Camel Team—
Stony Fields and Meagre Crops.

It is not an infrequent sight in many parts of the East to find men ploughing in the field with oxen and camels yoked together, as shown in our illustration. The

represented is on the banks of the Nile and the white-robed agriculturist, with his slow-moving animals, plods lazily over the stony ground, turning it into furrows with an implement of a pattern that is probably in use in the time of the pharaohs. The Mosaic injunction, "Thou shalt plough with an ox and an ass together" (Deut. 22: 10), is strongly recalled by such an incident as is shown in the photograph.

The earliest plough used in Egypt, as shown in the ancient carvings show, was made of wood and was exceedingly simple in construction, being very similar to the one still used in that country. It was drawn by oxen or camels, and the ploughman guided them with a long pole, but without reins. Nothing, the modern agricultural plough is more primitive than the ancient one.

Everywhere in the East the cultivation of the soil is an occupation in which the rich as well as the poor labored. Boaz, the healthy land-owner, did not disdain to work in his own fields. Even the nobles occasionally engaged in the labors of agriculture.

It is not probable that the soil and climate of Egypt have undergone any radical change since the days of the patriarchs. The whole delta of the Nile is remarkable for its fertility, but the country beyond is bare, rocky and barren, and the annual overflow of the great river is indispensable for the purposes of agriculture.

After the middle of the spring season, during the gathering of the harvest, one finds nothing but a gray, dry soil, full of cracks and chasms in the earth. With the coming of autumn the whole scene is changed, and where before were gray deserts are now vast reaches of yellowish dotted here and there by villages and clusters of palm trees.

The "sweet waters of the Nile" have more commonplace uses than that of irrigating the three seasons of Egypt—the winter, harvest, of inundation. In the gray of the Egyptian housewife rises and goes down to the river for her bath. Her husband be an early riser—which is sure not to be unless circumstances compel him—she has prepared breakfast before paying her compliments to the Nile. Slothful dames are found in the harems of wealthy and merchants, but not in the huts, where the care of the household children, the cooking, sewing and the like devolve upon the woman. Egyptian women are not, by nature, industrious, but they have to work; and the famous for deficiency in that virtue which is next to godliness, they love the. Family laundrying is also an essential necessity; and if in striking distance of the river, it occurs to them that it is more convenient to take them to the Nile than to bring the Nile to them. A number of families go down

at once, carrying the week's—or month's—wash and the children along; and wash-day is rather a social occasion. They go into the water and rub away with skirts tucked up, but without removing the black muslin veil, which would seem an impediment to labor, from its warmth if nothing else. This veil is the badge of modesty, and if a man appears, it is good form to draw a corner of it over the face.

A Prize Remembered.
Frances E. Willard, the well-known president of the W. C. T. U., relates this interesting experience of her early girlhood:

"I was once one of the loneliest of little girls. We lived twelve years on a Wisconsin farm, going there when that now prosperous

that practical sagacity which makes the very most of one's resources both as to duration and quality. Writing on this topic in *Western Homes*, Fanny Waugh Davis says:

"Knowing how to save is essential to the happy home. It is a most rare and valuable gift. It is true that 'a woman can throw out with a teaspoon faster than a man can throw in with a shovel,' and it is to be deplored that we so often find women doing just this thing. No home can remain happy where more is spent in maintaining it than is earned for its maintenance. True economy is said to be the ability to make the expenditures three cents less than the income, instead of letting them be three cents more.

"Knowing how to buy is just as essential as knowing how to save. It is merely another way of saving.

"Knowing what to want is another essential very closely allied to these others. To know what to want, how to buy it, and then how to save it and use it at the same time, thus making the most of it, is the long and short of economy."

Sympathy With Invalids.
Amid the multitudinous demands of daily life we are apt to forget the sympathy that is due to those who, through

NOBODY KNOWS BUT FATHER.
NOBODY knows of the money it takes
To keep the home together.
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.
Nobody's told that the boys need shoes,
And the girls hats' want a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.
Nobody comes from the world's hard storm
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm—
Nobody does—but father.
Nobody knows of the home-life pure,
Watched over by a mother.
Where rest and bliss are all secure—
Nobody can—but father.

C. D. HODGE.

A Boy who Rose in the World.

A NEW York State lad with humble parents, when he reached his fourteenth year, was put to work in a village store at \$40 a year and board. His father died before the boy reached manhood, and he took up his father's trade of house-raiser and mover. His first big job was the moving of some warehouses to allow of the enlargement of the Erie Canal at a certain point. Then he learned that the streets of Chicago were to be raised

several feet at different points for the purpose of putting in sewers, and he applied for and received the contract, which involved the raising of many ware-houses, stores and hotels. He was an inventive young fellow and did not hesitate to devise and apply machinery of his own to the work, although older hands ridiculed it. Coming into frequent contact with railroad men, he soon saw where improvements could be made upon the old-fashioned carriages then in use, and he startled the railway managers by suggesting a car hung so solidly, yet so smoothly, that a person could sleep comfortably in it while traveling by rail. He encountered much ridicule from railroad men and the usual difficulties of an inventor, but he persevered. Ordinary cars were made over at first. Then a new car, higher and wider than any previously built, and lavishly decorated, was turned out. It was named the "Pioneer," and was a success from the start. This was the first time the world began to hear about George M. Pullman, the village lad who afterward

became famous. As head of a great corporation he founded a city which became a model manufacturing centre. Mr. Pullman's ideas were often questioned and his theories ridiculed, but his motives never. At the time of his death—which occurred recently—he was one of the largest employers of labor in the country, having over 10,000 men engaged in various branches of car-building and other occupations. Industry, energy and thrift were his leading characteristics, but he had a most kindly heart and did much for the social and moral elevation of all the workers with whom he came in contact.

A Boy's Idea of Thanksgiving.

An eight-year-old hopeful being asked what he thought would be a good bill of fare for the Thanksgiving dinner, after a few moments' hesitation, wrote the following: "Furst Corse, Mince Pie; Second Corse, Pumpkin Pie and Turkey; Third Corse, Lemon Pie, Turkey, Cranberries; Fourth Corse, Custard Pie, Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Chocolate Cake, Ice cream and Plum Pudding; Desert, Pie."

One very excellent method of curbing inordinate appetite at a Thanksgiving is to remind the young folks of the thousands of poor who will go dinnerless on that day, and to stir them up to make sacrifice in behalf of some who, otherwise, would have a joyless Thanksgiving.



AN ORIENTAL PLOUGHMAN AND HIS UNEQUAL TEAM.

state was a mere territory with a handful of population. I do not know the year in which 'Grace Greenwood' announced in her lovely child's paper, entitled, *The Little Pilgrim* (twenty-five cents a year), which my mother got for me out of her 'butter money,' that every boy or girl who sent her seven new subscribers should have his or her name printed in the paper. At once I confided to my mother that I was going to try for that prize. She encouraged me to do so, and would stand in the road, watching me as I careered over the prairie on the back of 'Old Gray,' a docile farm-horse, for she feared lest I might fall. (Oh, loving, watchful mother's eyes; the most steadfast in the world; the most like God's!) And yet they closed upon the world, and with them ceased that sense of steadfast security that the heart had always known until her heart was still.)

Well, I got the names, and with much ado the little letter was composed and rewritten several times before we considered it worthy to go to 'Grace Greenwood.' A month later the little paper came, and among other names I soon spied mine, but behold, Frances was spelled with an *i*, and after the impetuous fashion of that early age, it was hung on the floor with the impatient exclamation, 'That's a boy's name! I've lost the prize!'

True Economy.

It does not follow by any means that one must be niggardly in order to economize. True economy is an act, and a right pleasant one, too, of which every housewife should be the mistress. It is not merely "doing without things," but it is

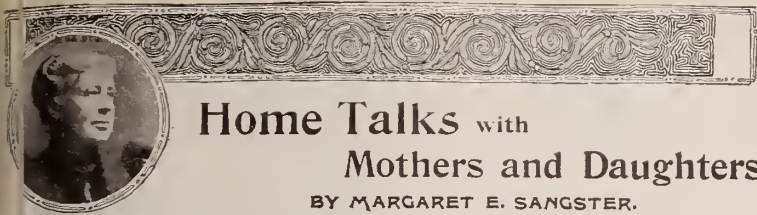
sickness or otherwise, are prevented from active participation in such affairs. This characteristic letter from a "shut-in" doubtless expresses the feelings of many others similarly situated:

CHESTNUT HILL, IND.
Dear Editor:—I would like to say a few words in behalf of the invalid, especially of the class that is confined to their rooms and entirely dependent on others for every need and comfort. Of course, the one thing the invalid most wants is sympathy, for out of sympathy is every need supplied. This "bond of humanity," speaking forth in little acts of kindness, will do more to drive away sadness and cheer the faint spirits of the sick than all else combined. To best show sympathy, one should anticipate the wants of the invalid and supply them unexpectedly. An unsolicited and unexpected attention in the shape of a tiny bouquet, choice fruit, or other dainty, does more to elevate and heal the broken spirits than all other remedies. It shows that we have their interest at heart and are mindful of their comfort. I am one of the most helpless of invalids, and yet I find life worth living. The companionship of dear ones binds me to this earth with a tie no power save death can break. I have been a reader of the HERALD the past year and like it very much.

J. B. M.

Setting a Table.

See that the cloth be clean and straight.
A full salt-cellar at each plate;
See that the castor dusted be.
For although made of dust are we,
Yet 'tis not well to meditate.
When eating, on our future fate.
The guests should be kept well filled.
Yet not too easily be spilled.
As many persons as there be,
So many goblets should you see.
And don't forget each separate dish
A separate tablespoon doth wish.
For there's no tablespoon alive
That likes to do the work of five.



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Concerning Working-Clothes.

SOME of us can remember perfectly well when it was the fashion for women to wear a great many stiffly starched skirts. Five or six were considered the proper thing for everyday wear. I can recollect once seeing a young lady dressed for an evening party with nine starched muslin skirts standing out around her like the petals of a flower. One reflects on the amount of weight carried by the poor girls who were victims of a despotic custom in that day, one feels that the women of the present are infinitely better off.

One day for tight lacing, too, has gone and though many women find a well-fitting corset a great comfort, yet it would not be possible to discover so foolish a custom as one young woman whom I once saw who had slept for many successive nights in her corsets in order to reduce her figure to the desired wasp-like smallness and trimness. It was not surprising when she had succeeded in her efforts, to find her a victim to her own folly and died of consumption. Her blooming cheeks faded fast when she compressed her waist so that she fancied was a line of beauty. From a point of view has very much changed. Health is more admired to-day than sickness, strength is desired instead of weakness, and through our better understanding of the laws which govern the body many of us are enabled to preserve our working-force intact to an age undreamed of in the days of our grandmothers.

The question of what to wear when one goes to work is an important one. Common sense indicates that a woman's working-dress should have some relation to the work she has to do. If she is in the kitchen she needs a trim, conveniently short and conveniently loose gown which may be changed as often as is necessary. For any purpose nothing is better than a ginghams print which will hold its color and keep out fresh and bright from the laundry.

Her home be in a cold latitude, she may line the waist of her gown with canvas or with heavy twilled muslin. She wears a stuff gown from choice, she should have to protect it an apron hanging high on the shoulders and going down to the hem of her dress; and she should with propriety have an oversleeve to cover the sleeves of her dress when they are not rolled up and when she is about the house.

An apron for such use should be a sort of overall, and it is all the better if cut to fit tightly and fastened in the back with a single button, while the ends which hang up on the shoulders may be fastened with a safety pin. The women who are of them may find a variety of very full ginghams aprons an admirable addition to their working-toilet, indeed for many purposes of work nothing can be so useful, though homely as a gingham apron which, far be it from me to dismiss it, since it is dear to my household's heart, is all it claims for itself.

For women who go about to business in all sorts of weather, what is so desirable. This is usually composed of serge or cheviot or alpaca, a waterproof material being preferred to any other. It may be as short as its owner chooses, so that it entirely clears the ground. A good length for a stormy day is five inches from the ground, though many women have not the courage to wear a gown so short. But let it be short enough not to get wet, and also to enable one to walk without holding it up.

Over very practical and sensible woman, or three business-dresses of different lengths, and she suits the length of her gown to the weather and the time of day. Certainly no neat and refined woman can be comfortable in the street in a gown which sweeps the sidewalk, gathering all the debris and accumulations which gather there in the course of the

day. To say nothing of purity and cleanliness, there is a distinct menace to health in this sort of thing, and many a germ of disease is brought home by the woman who allows her gown to touch the sidewalk over which the crowds of a city pass.

Dress for all business purposes should be plain and neat, avoiding all appearance of show and all superfluous finery. The woman who would live long and be well should avoid anything which compresses the organs of life. A sensible, corded waist without bones is for most women better than a corset, but, if a corset be worn, let it not be tight, but an easy-fitting, well-made affair, which is a support rather than a fetter.

The weight of garments should be distributed. Some people find themselves uncomfortable if all the weight of their clothing comes from the shoulders; others prefer to let the shoulders carry the weight of their garments. As a rule, heavy walking-skirts are to be discouraged. Shoes should be broad enough to accommodate the feet without cramping, and nobody should ever have to do such a thing as "break in" a pair of new shoes. In purchasing shoes they should be a trifle longer than the foot and should fit comfortably over the instep. Slippers, as a rule, are a great mistake, except when one is luxurious enough to wear them in her bedroom. For going about the house where there are draughts, a shoe which protects the ankle is to be recommended.

The quantity and quality of under-clothing is a very important matter for a woman in her working-dress. Unless woollen garments are disagreeable to the skin, it is well to be completely clothed in wool from neck to ankles in our change-

Blow, Blow, Blow

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able climate during the cold months of the year. A flannel skirt coming below the knees will prevent many a cold; and, as a rule, a woman who is comfortably clad in garments of wool, and whose outer dress fits her loosely, yet well, who does not have to lift a trailing skirt, and who is prepared for the work she has to do, will go through more in the course of the day, and be better satisfied.

Margaret E. Sangster

Persecution in Madagascar.

Reports from Madagascar state that Protestant missionaries and converts are suffering more under the Roman Catholic opposition of the French government than they ever did in the worst days of heathenism. The London Missionary Society especially has been informed by its agents in the island that persecution is carried on with a "bitterness, audacity, persistency, and unscrupulousness equal to anything that has marked persecutions in days gone by."

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

From Slave Kitchen to a College Presidency.



It seems very fitting that the man who above all others is the leader of the negro race, in America, and who seems to have every element of safe and wise leadership, should be called Washington. As George Washington was the father of his country, Booker T. Washington gives great promise of becoming in a very real sense, the father of his race in industrial freedom in this country.

Vast sums of money have been consecrated by Christian and public-spirited men and women to bring light and hope to the millions of the colored people. In



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

response, thousands of educated youth are coming out of what a generation ago, was a race of slaves; but of them all, Booker T. Washington is the first who has caught the ear of mankind, and shown himself to have not only the graces of the orator, but the sagacity, the prophetic spirit, and the wisdom of the statesman.

His whole life, from the day of his birth, in a log kitchen, where his mother was cook for the farm-house, reads like a romance. In his boyhood he slept on a pallet, on the dirt floor of the kitchen where he was born, and until the close of the war, his body was innocent of any clothing except a tow shirt. He declares that the hardest thing he ever had to do on the plantation was to wear that tow shirt. It was made of the roughest part of the flax. The tow was so rough and jagged that when he put it on it was like having a hundred pins sticking into his chest and back and arms. It took him a full month to get a new shirt broken in.

His first great ambition was born in his heart by seeing a young colored man reading a newspaper to a crowd of his friends, who were listening eagerly and looking at the reader with expressions of awe and reverence. He saw that being able to read gave one a higher position, and he at once wanted to learn the art. It was two years before he had a chance, and that chance would have amounted to nothing except to a hero. He walked all day and then walked five miles to his teacher's house, and then back home again.

When he was fourteen years of age and while working in a coalmine he overheard some talk of General Armstrong's school for colored boys at Hampton, Va. His ambition at once flared up with the purpose of going to that school. He saved up twelve dollars, and set out for Hampton. He did not know where Hampton was, but, getting the general direction, walked that way. He reached Richmond,

Va., without money, without friends, and, having no place to stay at night, he walked the streets until midnight, and then, being quite worn out, crept under a sidewalk and slept till morning.

This would have discouraged most boys, but heroes like Booker Washington are not easily discouraged. The next morning he hired out to work on a ship that was unloading pig-iron. He worked on this ship through the day, and slept under the sidewalk at night, till he had earned money enough to reach Hampton, where he arrived with fifty cents in his pocket.

He applied at once to General Armstrong for an opportunity to work his way through the school. That great man sent him to the lady principal. She gave him a room to sweep. He swept it and dusted it three times in order to make sure of an entrance into the school. Pretty soon the principal came in, and, putting her finger on the wall and looking in the cracks, said: "I guess you'll do for janitor."

At those words the young man's heart leaped for joy. He took care of four or five class-rooms—swept and dusted them and built the fires. He used to rise at four o'clock in order to get his work done and have time to study his lessons.

He would have been a lawyer, save that the noble purpose of General Armstrong was absorbed by his sensitive nature, and this turned him to be the teacher and the leader of his people.

Perhaps the supreme occasion of Booker T. Washington's life up to this time—supreme because it was the crisis from which he emerged to world-wide reputation and honor—was his great oratorical triumph at the Atlanta Exposition. An eye-witness wrote of it:

"There was a remarkable figure; tall, bony, straight as a Sioux chief, high forehead, straight nose, heavy jaws, and strong, determined mouth, with big white teeth, piercing eyes and a commanding manner. The sinews stood out on his bronzed neck, and his muscular right arm swung high in the air with a lead-pencil grasped in the clinched brown fist. His voice rang out clear and true, and he paused impressively as he made each point. Within ten minutes the multitude was in an uproar of enthusiasm. Handkerchiefs were waved, canes were flourished, hats were tossed in the air. The fairest women of Georgia stood up and cheered. It was as if the orator had bewitched them." It was the chivalry of the white South cheering the speech of a black man. It was a scene worthy of the mettle of the greatest artist.

God bless Booker T. Washington and his great institution at Tuskegee! and may the poet's prophecy, which he quoted at the close of his great speech at the unveiling of the Shaw monument in Boston, be abundantly realized in his beloved Southland:

"They are rising, all are rising—
The black and the white together."

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using

**Ayer's
Cathartic Pills.**



We offer Special Prizes to best agents in addition to a good commission for every subscriber secured.

Mrs. V., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: "Our commissions and prize have wiped out one hundred dollars church indebtedness."

We divided nearly \$15,000 last year among 440 agents, as special rewards, to our best workers.

We shall do the same this year.

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Two Hundred Dollars In Gold.

DO YOU WANT SOME OF IT?

HOW TO GET IT.

Take the word **PERSEVERANCE**, and make from it as many words as possible, using no letter more times in any one word than that letter is found in the word **PERSEVERANCE**. For instance: **Revitalize, Serve, Pear, Ever, Care**, etc. You may use these words in your list.

CAREFULLY NOTE THIS: Plurals, proper names, proper adjectives, and foreign or obsolete words not allowed. Words spelled alike but with different meanings can be used but once. Words not found in either Webster's Unabridged or the Standard Dictionary will not be counted. Use only English words.

OUR OFFER.

For the **LARGEST LIST** of legitimate words sent **Twenty-five**. For the next, **Ten Dollars**. For the next twenty, **Two Dollars** each. For the next ten, **One Dollar** each.

Five Dollars in Gold. For the next largest list, **Two Dollars** in Gold. For the next largest list, **One Dollar** in Gold. For the next largest list, **One Dollar** in Gold.

To everyone who sends us a list of words we will send them (whether they win a prize or not) a beautiful picture entitled "Christ in the Temple." We make this exceedingly liberal offer in order to induce people to subscribe for the **UNION GOSPEL NEWS**, a bright, wide-awake, religious paper, full of rich, strong, forceful Gospel truths in story, sermon and song, of interest alike to old and young. It also contains valuable suggestions to active Christian workers, helpful notes on the Christian Endeavor topics and the Sunday-School lesson, and news from the Missionary field.

No list of words accepted unless accompanied by **Twenty-five cents** for a three months' subscription to the **UNION GOSPEL NEWS**, or, if you will send us **One Dollar** with your list of words, we will send you the **UNION GOSPEL NEWS** for one whole year and an entire set of **BEAUTIFUL** and highly finished pictures, being Amico's Famous Photographs of Religious Subjects—reproductions of some of the most famous paintings by celebrated artists. If you are already a subscriber and wish to enter this Word Contest, you may either have your time extended or order the paper sent to a friend.

Do not write for further rules or instructions. Follow directions given, make your list and send in at once. This offer closes **Dec. 10, 1907**, thus giving the prize winners a fine opportunity to secure the prizes before Christmas.

Address **UNION GOSPEL NEWS,**
Dept. 116, **147 Seneca St., Cleveland, O.**



CHRISTMAS BELLS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS!

Printed on yellow cardboard and cut out just the shape of bells. All the letters of the alphabet and also the numerals. Spell "Merry Christmas" or anything you like. Elegant for decorating the platform. Price by mail, 10c each. Send for catalogue of Snow Storm Bells, Chimney Brick Boxes and Fire-Place Paper Sted Boxes, Castle Boxes, Santa Claus Wigs and Beards, Silver Stars, Decorating Winter Windows, etc.

J. & P. B. MYERS, Inventors, 85 John St., New York.

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New York.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

A prominent physician writes:
Dear Sirs:—Replying to yours of the use of Tartaralithine as a remedy the treatment of gout, I will say that the verdict is unanimous in its favor. I have used it in the treatment of about a dozen cases with results that are less than wonderful. The characteristic feature of its action is the rapid and promptness with which patients improve under its use. An improvement is noticeable within 24 hours. One of the most striking cases was that of a physician suffering from gout along with inability to digest starchy foods, muscular rheumatism and frequent bilious headaches. I prescribed Tartaralithine, and in one week there was absolute disappearance of all the uric acid manifestations. The nervous irritability disappeared, and stated that he had done the best work which he had accomplished years.

Pamphlet on the treatment of gout rheumatism by Tartaralithine, sent free by

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91 Fulton St., New York.

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THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

ALL'S GRIST
that comes to this MILL
Fish, fowl, flesh or vegetable salad, croquettes, patties, meat cakes, hash, sausage, catsup, powder quickly chopped with!

ENTERPRISE NEW MEAT CHOPPER.
In two parts. Easily cleaned. Sold by all hardware dealers. Price No. 2, \$1.75; No. 4, \$2.25. Send 4-cent stamps for "The Enterprising Housekeeper," 200 recipes.

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ADAPTED TO LIGHT AND HEAVY WORK. RULERS AND FINELY FINISHED GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS. ATTACHMENTS FREE. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

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Typical Spanish Warship.
Our printed photographic illustration on this page represents the Spanish war-



THE SPANISH WARSHIP "REINA MERCEDES."

ship *Reina Mercedes*, lately stationed in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba. The *Mercedes* is a fair type of the Spanish naval vessel of the first class, and her armament is rather and her whole fighting strength weaker than that of the average United States naval vessel of the same class. She has 11 armored vessels, as against 33 such vessels in Uncle Sam's navy, with a total of 322 guns, against 681 guns. Our navy has also a greater number of small gunboats, principally on its unarmored vessels, than comparative totals of guns of all sizes in other navies being American, 1,640; British, 960. Our total active naval list includes 15,760 men and officers of all grades, as against 26,460. In many respects the Spanish navy is more strongly equipped than is generally supposed, her fleet of armored and unarmored gunboats and torpedo boats being greatly superior in numbers to our own. Lately she has been endeavoring to strengthen her navy by contracting for a number of warships now under construction in English shipyards for various foreign governments.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal to the various worthy causes mentioned below:

<i>African Liberator's League.</i>	<i>Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.</i>
Pr. ackd. \$15.25	Prev. ackd. \$6.50
La Hope 3.00	I H N. H. Ville 1.00
Lee M. Swift 1.00	Mrs. McVicar 2.00
Total \$316.25	Total \$9.50
<i>Foreign Missions.</i>	<i>For Blind Mary.</i>
Pr. ackd. \$119.89	Prev. ackd. \$6.00
C. Amberg 2.50	I F. Corsike 1.00
W. Chanute 3.00	Total \$7.00
M. E. Cross 5.00	<i>Garfield Hospital.</i>
Total \$125.59	J F W. G. \$1.00
<i>Any Good Cause.</i>	<i>Henry Vail, New Orleans Mission.</i>
Pr. ackd. \$131.51	The Lord's treasury, Malcom 5.00
TI. Lord's treasury, Malcom 5.00	<i>Floating Chapel of Mercy, All Mission.</i>
K. Z. Barton 5.00	Mrs. & Miss Sanford 5.00
TI. McIntire 5.00	C. Pa. 2.00
R. P. Jun 1.00	Total \$7.00
H. Michael 1.00	<i>Syrian Orphanage in Jerusalem.</i>
C. Dunbar 25	Friend in Jesus 10.00
Total \$143.36	<i>Mrs. Falke.</i>
<i>Home Missions.</i>	Farrandville 5.00
Pr. ackd. \$79.79	<i>Sunday School in Texas.</i>
Whanute 3.00	John Hofford 25.00
D. S. 27.00	<i>Armenian Relief Fund.</i>
Total \$109.79	Prev. ackd. \$8,901.85
<i>Mrs. Jamal's School for Syrian Girls.</i>	C. E. D. Westfield 1.00
Pr. ackd. \$46.00	Mrs. J. A. Miller 1.00
M. C. Austin 12.00	Mrs. M. Stewart 1.25
K. S. Farmer 5.00	Mrs. A. G. Westall 1.00
Total \$63.00	Prim. Dept. of 1st Pres. ch. Geneva 2.87
<i>the Mayville Institute.</i>	Mrs. S. Blanchard 1.00
Pr. ackd. \$124.00	C. J. J. Lone Rock 1.00
E. C. V. Pa. 50	K. S. L. Harrodsburg 2.00
TI. Lord's treasury, Malcom 5.00	M. & Mrs. R. H. Richards 1.00
TI. H. Ville 1.00	Lady from Ridge Pres. ch. Steubenville 1.00
Total \$130.50	Total \$8,914.97
<i>The Christian Herald's S. S. Missionary.</i>	
Pr. ackd. \$184.45	
L. Humiston 1.00	
Orskine 1.00	
Total \$186.45	

First Services at Skagway.

A letter from Alaska gives an interesting account of the first Gospel service held at Skagway near one of the fa-

mous mountain passes. Rev. R. M. Dickey, who had been sent by the Presbyterian Church of Canada to Dawson City, stopped at Skagway for the winter. He found a population of over 1,500 without any religious ministrations. He went on shore and posted up notices that divine service would be held in a hall above the new hotel at three o'clock on Sunday. At that hour seventy persons had assembled, including twelve women, wives and daughters of traders, some Indians, and a noted pugilist and gambler. Mr. Dickey preached from the text "This same Jesus." He then reminded them that the same Jesus, whose name was such a stay and comfort then was present among them now. Some hymns were sung very heartily. Then a committee meeting was held, and they offered to build Mr. Dickey a church and have it ready in three weeks. The gambler occupied a front seat, and took a deep interest in the services.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

A SIMPLE HARMLESS REMEDY.

Yet It Cures the Worst Cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Dr. Jennison, who has made a life study of stomach troubles, says: All forms of indigestion really amount to the same thing, that is, *failure to completely digest the food eaten*; no matter whether the trouble is acid dyspepsia or sour stomach, belching of wind, nervous dyspepsia or loss of flesh and appetite; a person will not have any of them if the stomach can be induced by any natural, harmless way to thoroughly digest what is eaten, and this can be done by a simple remedy which I have tested in hundreds of aggravated cases with complete success. The remedy is a combination of fruit and vegetable essences, pure aseptic pepsin and golden seal put up in the form of pleasant tasting tablets and sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. One or two of these tablets should be taken after meals and allowed to dissolve in the mouth and mingling with the food in the stomach digests it completely before it has time to ferment, decay and sour.

On actual experiment one grain of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest three thousand grains of meat, eggs and similar wholesome foods.

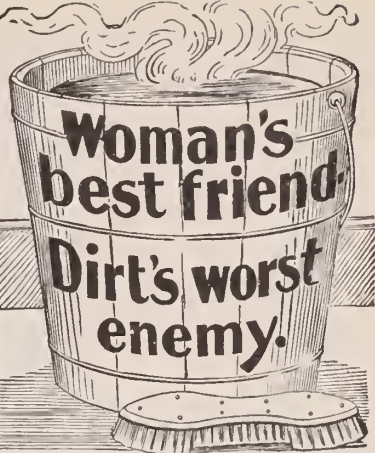
It is safe to say if this wholesome remedy was better known, by people generally, it would be a national blessing, as we are a nation of dyspeptics and nine-tenths of all diseases owe their origin to imperfect digestion and nutrition.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a secret patent medicine, but a fifty cent package will do more real good for a weak stomach than fifty dollars worth of patent medicines and a person has the satisfaction of knowing just what he is putting into his stomach, which he does not know, when widely advertised patent medicines are used.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages 50cts.

A little book on cause and cure of stomach troubles mailed free by addressing The Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

PETITE SEWING MACHINE.
Regular Price \$22.50. A triumph of inventive genius. To introduce our new and marvelous Sewing Machine, we will for a short time only, send one to any town in the U. S., charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50. It is made of steel parts, highly finished. Sew perfectly. Easily operated. If not satisfied, money refunded. We are makers of high grade Sewing Machines, Shuttles, Needles, parts and supplies for all machines. References: All Express Co's, Postmaster, Ft. Dearborn Nat. Bk. of Chicago. Foley & Williams Mfg. Co., 50 Jackson-St., Chicago.



Largest package—greatest economy. Made only by
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION.

(CONTINUED.)

Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

To cure the lungs, after the bacilli germs have attacked them and set up consumption, is one of the greatest achievements of modern medical science. It has only been done, so far as I know or believe, by my special treatment. No reputable physician now pretends that any combination of stomach medication will drive the consumption germs out of the lungs. Hypodermic injections of Koch's lymph, Edison's asepsin, goats' blood, asses' serum and other nostrums of that like are equally worthless, and more harmful. Such blood-poisoning experiments, instead of curing the lung disease, make it worse, and serve only to hasten its progress to a fatal issue.

Lung diseases are curable only by local treatment of the lungs, and inhalation is the only means by which local treatment can be applied to the lungs. Inhalation of antiseptic germicides was first discovered by me and successfully applied in consumption and other lung diseases. I am the Father of the doctrine that consumption is a local disease of the lungs, and the founder of its local treatment by medicated air inhalations. This method of treatment brought the first ray of rational hope to consumptives. It is the only possible way in which medicines can be introduced into the air passages and lungs. All lung remedies must be reduced to a state of gas or vapor and breathed, because no solid or fluid medicine can be introduced into an air cavity without danger to life. The lungs are an air cavity, and by the air and through the air every curative action by medicine can be produced on the seat of every form of lung disease. My antiseptic and healing remedies enter into and form a component part of the air the patient breathes.

Since my introduction of this scientific and successful method of treating lung diseases many imitation inhaling instruments and nostrums for inhalation have been brought out, in some instances by persons without any medical knowledge or experience of lung cases. The idea seems to be that anything inhaled must be a remedy. What will cure the lungs when inhaled depends on the physician's knowledge of lung diseases, his experience of the action of remedies when breathed, and his careful adaptation of them to each case. It has taken me a lifetime to learn what is best for each form and varying conditions of lung diseases, and no man can adopt my practice or apply it with success without having my experience to guide him. It is the medicines that cure, not the mere act of inhaling them. You might inhale what could do you no good, or harm instead of good, and call that inhalation treatment.

(To be continued.)
ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,
No. 117 W. 45th St., New York, Nov. 17, 1897.

Note.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested can have Dr. Hunter's book sent free by addressing him as above.

FLEXIBLE POT SCRAPER

Needed in Every House. Good for many uses. Retail price 25 cents. Send 40c for sample doz. Express prepaid. AGENTS MAKING MONEY. F. E. Kohler Specialty Co., 1006 E. Tunc. St., Union, G.

Singer Sewing Machine
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The fame of the Singer name has led to imitations of obsolete Singer machines.—This trademark guarantees perfect mechanism. Our offices are in every city.

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is about the actual worth of our new book on Incubation and Poultry. Contains a full and complete description of the Reliable Incubator & the Brooder of same name, together with cuts and instructions for building poultry houses and much of interest and value to the poultryman. Sent on receipt of five cents.

RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO.—QUINCY, ILLS.

METAL WHEELS
in all sizes and varieties, to fit any axle. They last forever. Either direct or stagger spoke. Can't break down; can't dry out; no resetting of tires. Good in wet weather as in wet weather. Send for catalog & prices.

ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., QUINCY - ILLINOIS.

KLONDYKE COLD
is severe, but there are cold places nearer home.

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCK
is best for rubber boots. Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by physicians for horse, chamber and sick room, for men, women, children. Ask dealer, or send 25c, with size to J. H. PARKER, Room 4, 105 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

WILEY'S Hygienic FLEECE-LINED "Alaska" Sock
For rubber boots—hospital and house wear. Lined with high grade wool. Warranted to wash. At your shoe dealer's, or post-paid, 25c. W. H. WILEY & SON, P.O. Box D., Hartford, Conn.

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Write to the largest wall paper house in U. S. for samples—mailed free. From 2 1/2 cts. to \$2 1/2 a roll—8 yards. Our prices 50 per cent. lower than others.

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822 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Established for 16 years at our present ad.

ound the Bible Precious.
Ho a Sinner was led unto the Light by
its Perusal.

LTHOUGH there are many other
agencies that have been blessed as
a means of converting sinners,
is none that can be compared to the
old Book itself. In the following
received last week by THE
STIAN HERALD the writer tells a
interesting story of his conversion
h Bible study.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3d.
Editor: I am thankful for the privilege of
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The room of
M. C. A. and this opportunity reminds me
owe you a few lines. Until 1893 I lived in
fast unbelief of the Gospel of Christ and
come one of the most worthless of human
Then God mercifully awakened within
a desire and finally a determination—
to see how it could be accomplished—to
away from a disreputable life. After wan-
about, avoiding the late places of resort,
g associates, etc., for about a week feeling
would rather die than go back—while, as it
pping about in the dark—the Lord led me
Mission, where I heard the Gospel, and after
patient striving on his part I let him take
sion of that which was his by right of pur-
He taught me to believe, and awakened
me a burning desire to know the Truth, to
his will. I was given a Bible—one of the
kind—but one day I picked up a Reference
that contained so much that I knew nothing
and I knew that I must have one like it. I
down town to the office of a dealer in Bibles,
if they would let me have a Reference Bible
just me to pay for it as I could. I failed to
the Bible, but the party asked me, after I had
the reasons why I was not able to buy one
or I could not get work to come in the next
day he would give me a trial. I came, and was
work. It was while at this work there came
y hands a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HER-
advertising the offer of a Bible and a year's
ption for three dollars, showing picture of
the Bible I wanted. One to whom I explained
ter offered me a loan of the money. I sent
Bible, and I wonder if any one else knows
sensations that swelled my heart when I held
hands that precious Bible—how much more
me came the belief that it was God's Word
I have not here related all my experiences
ed to my efforts to possess a Reference
I don't fear you will not be able to take the
read all this, but I must say that they have
me very precious and I cannot recall them
tears of thankfulness. Need I say I am
was led to invest that three dollars as I did?
is made his word to me a source of strength
mfort and blessing, and it is partly because I
Bible that I could handle at all times—one
uld stand usage. It is now somewhat the
for wear, but considering that it has been
d much more roughly than most of them
is doing very well. I would not part with it
new one. I pray that the Lord may bless
Bible that issues from your office to do better
for the Master and be as great a blessing to
ives as this has proved to me. W. E. K.

FOR CHILDREN'S HOME

at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

IVES over 2,000 neglected "Slum
Children" a ten days' outing every
summer. Over 200 beds, chapel,
room, dining-hall, school-room, baths,
and 70 acres of grounds. Matron and
of caretakers and medical attendant.
lar religious services held.
30 tenement children received, sheltered,
taught, and (in many instances) clad at
Mont-Lawn last summer at an average cost
\$3 per head, including transportation.
is beautiful Charity costs annually be-
\$7,000 and \$8,000 for its support.
ays for a ten days' mid-summer out-
ing for three children. All contributions
oney can be sent to THE CHRISTIAN
ALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y., and will
ly acknowledged.

usly acknowledged.....	\$4.05
E. Darrah.....	1.00
Warner.....	25
Howard Spencer.....	25
Grover Snow.....	10
Robinson.....	35
Levasy.....	25
Lock Haven.....	3.00
am Ger Bapt S. S. New York.....	3.00
Ferguson.....	1.00
.....	\$4,830.45

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.*

HE coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
nd kissing hands, in chorus sing,
ood-bye, good-bye, to everything!
o house and garden, field and lawn,
o meadow gates we swang upon,
o pump and stable, tree and swing,
ood-bye, good-bye, to everything!
nd fare-you-well for evermore,
ladder at the hayloft door;
o hayloft, where the cobwebs cling,
ood-bye, good-bye, to everything!
rack goes the whip and off we go;
he trees and houses smaller grow;
ast, round the woody turn we swing,
ood-bye, good-bye, to everything!

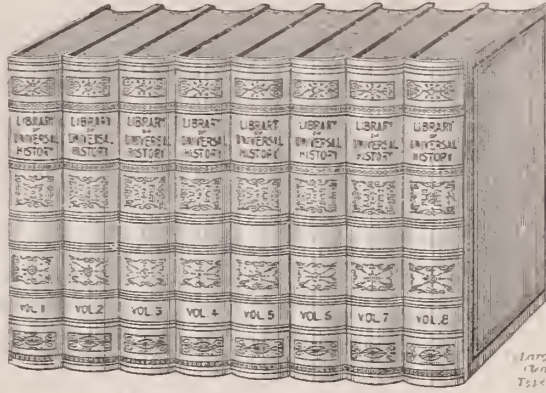
om The Stevenson Song-Book Verses from
id's Garden, with Music by Various Com-
ers. Pp. 119; attractive covers; \$2.00. Charles
Scribner's Sons, New York.

SPECIAL HISTORY CLUB FOR NOVEMBER

The purpose of the Club has been
highly commended on all sides. One
letter, which stands for many others,
comes from the Hon. WM. T. HARRIS,
LL.D., United States Commissioner of
Education. Dr. Harris, after warmly
praising the Library itself, says:

"I appreciate highly the
purpose of the Club, which
is to stimulate the study of
history among the people.
This knowledge is evidently
the most important kind of
self-knowledge.

"I wish the Club all suc-
cess in extending the dis-
tribution of such a valuable
work on this subject."



THE ONE SUPERB CHRISTMAS GIFT.

We are gratified to announce that the publishers have consented to supply a limited number of Sets of the regular high-priced subscription edition, and these will be distributed to those who apply during November. The sets will be allotted in order of application, but in any event the Club will close November 30th and the price will be advanced.

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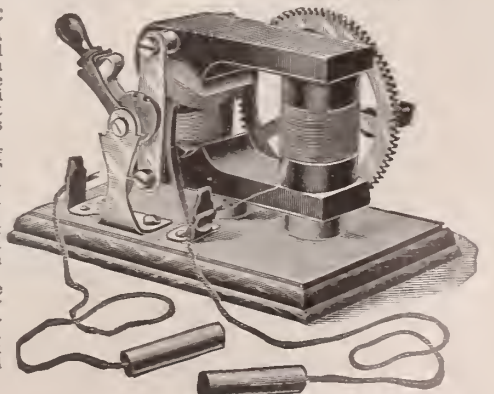
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 47.

By De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Thanksgiving Issue



Laying in Stock for Thanksgiving Dinners for Poor families at the Bowery Mission



OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

George R. Fairfax, Minn. 1. Was Claverhouse a Protestant, or a Romanist? 2. Was he fighting to maintain Episcopacy in the Established National Church of England, or to maintain Romanism when he was sent to persecute the Scottish Covenanters?

1. His inhumanity, and the horrid barbarities of which he was guilty, were such as to give the impression that he had no personal religious beliefs, although he was the most zealous of Charles II.'s military leaders in the attempt to force Episcopacy upon the Scottish people. 2. He was fighting ostensibly to establish a National Church.

A. B. Colby, Kan. 1. What became of all the water after the deluge? 2. Do scientists and the Bible agree on all matters? 3. Are there things in the Bible we must accept without proof? 4. Is everything in the Bible literally and actually true?

1. It is extremely unlikely that the flood covered the whole earth. Its purpose would be served by its covering the limited space peopled by the human race. There was probably a subsidence of the land, so that the waters drained off the land and formed a sea. The expression (Genesis 8: 1) that "God made a wind to pass over the earth" appears to indicate such a solution. 2. There are many things on which they differ, but greater progress in science and a better understanding of the Bible diminish rather than increase the gulf. 3. There are some things which cannot be proved. The object of the Bible is to make a revelation. God blessed the human race by revealing himself in the Bible, and in the person of Christ. That revelation is to be accepted without proof, and the height of human folly is to reject it. 4. Every part of the Bible conveys truth, but it cannot be claimed with reason that every part is to be understood literally. The parables, as their name implies, were illustrative stories, which are as useful to us as if they were actual occurrences. The poetry of the Bible is full of profound truth, but like human poetry, contains poetic imagery that was never intended to be taken literally, as when the prophet speaks of the mountains and hills singing and the trees clapping their hands.

"One who is interested," Little Falls, Wash. Where can I get information about the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints? Do they practice polygamy now?

Write to Gen. John Eaton, Washington, D. C. We believe they do not practice polygamy openly now; but it is alleged that there are still polygamous marriages in secret. We are informed that the heads of the church have not repudiated the principles of polygamy, but have advised their followers, as a matter of expediency, in view of the hostility of the United States Government, not to put the principles in practice. The teachings of the church are mischievous and its rule tyrannical.

J. L. K. Harrisburg, Pa. I see by an editorial in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that 250 bicyclists took a trip from Washington to Frederick and returned on the Sabbath day. If you would send a petition to each of your subscribers and ask them to write to Congress for the protection of the Sabbath, we might get laws passed that would protect our Sabbaths.

We do not believe it can be successfully dealt with in the manner suggested. Sabbath desecration is a theme for the pulpit, the press, and the home, and must be set clearly before the individual conscience.

F. D. D. Grand Rapids, Mich. What reasons does Rev. B. L. Mills give for joining the Unitarian church? Many of the people connected with his former church are deeply concerned about his step and are troubled about their own consciences.

We are sorry to hear that people are troubled by the step Mr. Mills has taken, though we suppose that was not what they should have to Christ and be crucified for. Mr. Mills directed them to him. We have not seen any clear statement of the reasons which led him to change his faith. In answer to the religious press, he referred vaguely to "floods of light from history, science, philosophy and literary criticism," which have re-

fluenced him, but does not enter into detail into his reasons. He thinks that there is no greater message than the Gospel of progress, which convicts "men of loving the lower in place of the higher good" and summons them "to the holiest life of Christ-like faith and self-devotion." This is a lower plane than the Gospel of the New Testament. It may "summon men," but they do not need so much to be summoned as to be told how to obey such a summons. A far better message is that which John proclaimed: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Mr. Mills appears to have forgotten that the only hope of human regeneration is in the divine life which Christ imparts to weak and struggling men.

Mrs. Lizzie Avirett. Who or what is the Sublime Porte?

Literally, the "lofty gate." In the Byzantine Empire, the gates of the palace were the places

would have given, and from which he shrank, would have been very different from the touch of a disciple merely satisfying himself of the reality of the resurrection.

A. S., New Philadelphia, O. 1. Is the Christian Endeavor Society absolutely undenominational? 2. Where can I obtain suitable forms and have a society enrolled?

1. No; it is inter-denominational. Each society is expected and required to be loyal to the denomination with which it is connected. In the conventions it is seen how much the denominations have in common, and how loyalty and fellowship may be united. People did not realize the fact until they saw it in actual operation, and the churches have respected and loved each other more since they did realize it. 2. At the offices of the United Society, 646 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

E. & M. M. Dundee. 1. How should a pastor behave at a pastoral call? Is it his duty to offer prayer, or restrict his conversation to religious topics? 2. Is a Christian justified in repeating matters which have been revealed in confidence?

1. It is impossible to lay down rules applicable to all cases. A judicious pastor will deal differently with different families. His duty is to foster the Christian life in his people, and in a pastoral call he has opportunities for personal effort which would be out of place in the pulpit. He should avail himself of these, and if there is opportunity for prayer he should use it. We do not think he is bound to restrict himself to religious topics. If he did, he might make himself a bore. In speaking of secular topics he may be able to inculcate a Christian spirit and give good, practical advice. Religion is good for the

indicates that they were already sub- grace. 2. You must not think of the Spirit as a mere influence. The power imparted were imparted for a definite purpose. If in these days similar conditions arise, the Holy Spirit might impart life, but we do not think they are imparted present conditions. Edward Irving, who they were, and about sixty-five years ago, were strange manifestations in his church, the results had no practical value, and observers had grave doubts of the genuineness.

H. J. Iler, Clayton, Mich. I am not a Christian, but I am a Christian in heart. I am surprised that you answer many foolish questions and ignore mine, which are of vital importance to the Christian relative to truth and error.

THE MAIL BAG is not large enough satisfactorily with controversial questions we can render any service to our respondents by giving information or advice. We are glad to do so, no matter how much may be involved, but we do not pro- argue with persons whose letters show they have carefully studied the subject which they write us and are not seeking information, but controversy. On about which sincere Christians hold different views and after conscientious study arrived at a conclusion, it would be a tineness on our part to tell them we are wrong, even when we cannot agree with them. We prefer to avoid the subject and let them on matters about which we are. As you are aware, many volumes have been written on the subject to which you relate, and the church is no nearer agreement than it has ever been; neither do I think it would be con- sidered "though one rose from the

Rev. Tully C. Knoles, Cal., writes:

I have just read with interest the editorial in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 1, on "Kindness to Newsboys." I thank you for it, and I bless it by making those you exhibit more Christlikeness in actions towards the newsboys. I myself was a newsboy, such as you describe, and my little heart ached because the only im- polite, but also harsh, in which we were treated, now a college graduate, and of the Gospel, still I am in the newsboys, and I never without having a kind word. May all treat them more kindly, and may they have greater ties for education and blessing. My privileges is my prayer.

A. K. S., Siler City, N.C. What are the correct pronunciations of the names of M. Faure, the names of France; Cisneros, ex- of Cuba, and the Cuban ish leaders, Maceo, Gar- and Campos? 2. Is the real Walton a real or a fictitious name?

(1) Faure, we believe pronounced "f-o-r," Cisneros pronounced as written with soft; Maceo is Ma-say-o, Gar-se-ah; Gomez, and Campos as written. Walton was an actual person who wrote a book entitled "The Pleasant Angler." He lived in 1700.

Mrs. A. P. H., Sparrow, T. writes:

Some time ago, through THE BAG, I requested to know if you could find a copy of the poem: "The Starless Cross" between fifteen and twenty years from the good Christian women of the West. I desire to thank these good kindly sending it.

Conscience—What is the moral duty of a man in the following circumstances: A B being partners in business fail, and surrender all their property to their creditors. B afterwards dies in poverty, and, thirty years after the failure, leaving a considerable property to his children. A's creditors have no legal claim at that time on the property; but ought A's son, a Christian man, to pay them, and, if so, to pay the whole obligation, or only the share of his father as partner, and, if so, ought he add the thirty years' interest?

If A's son had earned the property, we do not think there would have been obligation to pay, but being left to his father, we think that the credit is a moral claim, certainly to the extent of half their loss, with interest.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N.Y. No ha- ever.—G. B. F., Chatham, N. B. We criticism.—W., Hartford, Conn. Ho- eminent Congregationalist clergyman views.—Mrs. Annie M. T., East Gloucester, Mass. One of the best is that by Mrs. S. R. L. Lewisburg. Write to Northfield Training Institute, Chicago.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Annual for 1897-98, in which a great variety of offers, surpassing anything else within reach of the public, will be described and beautifully illustrated. Million Copies of that number will be printed.



A TURKISH FIRE BRIGADE.

Like all other branches of the public service in Turkey, the Fire Brigades of the various cities, even including Smyrna and the capital, are of an antiquated pattern that would bring a smile to the faces of those who have seen the splendid equipment of European and American Fire Departments. Old-style engines and hose-carriages are the rule. The firemen are strong, hardy, agile fellows, but the poor apparatus is a serious handicap whenever an extensive conflagration occurs.

of assembly for judicial and legal administration. French has long been the language of diplomacy, and the French term, "Sublime Porte," used by diplomats when referring to the Turkish Government, has become synonymous with the Ottoman Empire as a whole. It is never employed to refer to the Sultan as an individual or to his cabinet.

Constant Reader, New York. Why did Christ forbid Mary touching him after his resurrection (John 20: 17), when he invited Thomas to do so?

Various conjectures have been offered. The most probable seems to us to be that Christ perceived in Mary an idea that he, like Lazarus, would remain with his friends on the old terms of familiar affection, and he wished to show her that his new relation to his people was one higher and greater, though less familiar than before. There was to be no less love, but more veneration and an exclusion of the sensuous element which mingles with the purest human love. With Thomas and the other disciples, on the other hand, there was a distinct purpose to be served by actual physical contact. Christ wished them to clearly and firmly believe that he had risen, and to satisfy themselves by touch that he was not a mere phantom or a figment of their imagination. His step of familiar affection which Mary

life that now is, and the pastor may be able, in his calls, to show his people how they can apply Christ's principles to daily duty. He is responsible for his influence, which should be exerted for God out of the pulpit as well as in it. 2. No; it is very dishonorable in ordinary circumstances, and can be justified only in exceptional cases, when the person making the revelation is in danger of taking a rash or ill-advised step which may be prevented by divulging the confidence. If you heard from a girl that she contemplated running away from home, and you knew or feared that such a step would be ruinous to her, you would be justified in telling her father. In fact, it would be your duty to do so, if your own expostulations failed to change her mind.

E. L. J., Revelstone, B. C. 1. In Acts 10: 2, we read of certain disciples who had not received the Holy Ghost; could such disciples be saved? 2. Could not a man do such things in these days as were done by the apostles if he was baptized with the Holy Ghost?

1. Yes, we think so. The seventh verse of the same chapter implies that the gift referred to was for extraordinary service. They were probably disciples of Apollos, and were prepared by him for Paul's more advanced teaching. The readiness with which they believed

THANKSGIVING, which began as a purely agricultural festival, has its roots in the early days of the settlement of the New England colonies. It is a festival which Massasoit and his warriors met with the white settlers at Plymouth.



READY TO BE SERVED.

As more and more of the Christ has been infused into it, benevolence has entered more and more into its observance of the day. Especially is this true in the large cities where the generous rich share their blessings with the poor, and many Thanksgiving dinners to those who else would have none. At Five Points Mission up to 100,000 people are fed at the hospitals, and even in the poorest hearts and generous spirits find occasions for gratitude to the unfortunate.

One of the most pleasing features of the celebration in New York City this year, will be the brightening of the Bowery Mission with a large number of the poorest families, who will be fed through its instrumentalities. Good and wholesome dinners are being distributed by the Bowery Mission, and Mershon have been preparing for a distribution of dinners, searching out the city missions and Christian workers, the homes where poverty is the hardest, and quietly and unostentatiously preparing a delightful surprise in the form of a Thanksgiving turkey for the "timings." A large number of turkeys have been selected and purchased for the Mission, the expense being defrayed by the friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and they are now being distributed, and with the other accessories of a good Thanksgiving dinner, will be delivered the night before Thanksgiving. In the east side of New York, over one hundred homes will be blessed with a surprise Thanksgiving turkey. Our readers will be glad to brighten their own Thanksgiving by picturing the surprise which these dinners will carry into homes where the poor are bare, purses empty, hearts full, and little ones hungry for food. Truly it is a Christian festival, where men praise God for the poor cause for thanks, and after God's own heart.

These are the scenes which Hawthorne Lathrop, whose Christian work among the sick and suffering in New York is already well known to many of our readers, has rendered so vividly by his pen. Superintendent Wyburn, by his order, a number of turkeys have been contributed by her among the families of the poor patients. Mrs. Lathrop is the very meaneast quarters of the Bowery, on Water, Roosevelt, Doyers, and similar streets, where poverty is the prevalent condition year after year. Her distribution will give pleasure to many hearts.

The artist has cleverly depicted on the scene in front of the Bowery Mission, the arrival of the consignments from the market. Each of these well-fed gobblers will grace a poor table and bring joy to a house-

hold where there are many mouths to fill and very little with which to fill them. Such homes are all too numerous in the east side of New York. In this work of distribution, Superintendent Wyburn has associated with himself a number of city pastors and missionaries, who have searched out, in their respective parishes, the very poorest families, to whom the dinners will be sent. His co-workers are: Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, Church of the Strangers; Rev. E. L. Fox, E. 11th St. M. E. Church; John Jaeger, Chrystie St. Mission; Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, Gospel Settlement; Miss Delaney, Catherine Mission; Rev. Agastino Dassori, Italian Mission; Mrs. Avery, Mariners' Temple; Rev. Henry G. Miller, Camp Memorial Church; Rev. F. M. Fairfield, Allen Street Memorial Church; Rev. Wm. T. Elsing, DeWitt Memorial Church; Rev. Mr. Dennison, Church of Sea and Land; Rev. Herman P. Faust, Hebrew Christian Mission, and S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the McAuley Mission. These faithful workers, whose lives are devoted to carrying the

only merry-making was a duty, but high religious rites had place. In all of these, from the grand hymns and stately processions of Greek and Roman, to the wild dance of the savage, there was through pagan symbolism, a reaching-out of the human heart towards the Giver of all good. Magnificent and poetic beyond description was the feast of Tabernacles, or of the Ingathering, the old Hebrew Thanksgiving, whose modern rendering bears but faint semblance to its ancient Judean splendor, when multitudes of people gathered to Jerusalem, and the plains around the Holy City were green with bowers of palm, myrtle, and olive. In daytime the world was gay with the populace waving lulabs (branches bound together), and at night, the mighty concourse waved flambeaux in the temple court. Such grand oratorios the world has never heard

so have they been distinguished for piety and a thankful spirit, and it has been urged that America has inherited its thanksgiving customs from its Dutch ancestors.

The old English harvest-home was full of the spirit of rollicking gayety, of dances on village greens, or in the halls of the



HUNTED DOWN!

rich, where manor lords and ladies met, for once in the year, on equal terms of jollity with those who had made and gathered the crop. Harvest-home is still observed in rural England, but it has lost many of its old characteristics, and is by no means the chief festival of the year.

It has only been since the '60's that Thanksgiving has become a national holiday, fixed by Presidential announcement for every State, and celebrated north, south, east, and west. From Maine to Florida, from the Carolinas to California, for weeks before Thanksgiving, public attention centres upon turkeys and tidbits: invitations are given and received, church choirs make ready joyous anthems, charitable organizations prepare feasts and gifts for the poor. In sharp contrast with the pagan festivities of the past, with the abundance of the present, is the first Thanksgiving day at Plymouth, when the little band of pioneers invited their Indian neighbors to share the feast for whose provision four men had been sent out fowling. They praised God for a harvest of "a good increase of Indian corn, barley indifferent good, peas, not worth the gathering." Twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and peas, supplied the crop for which they were thankful. The sturdy spirit of that feast has multiplied occasions for gratitude, until the Thanksgiving of Plymouth has developed into the national festival of a great nation. For miles and miles of moving wheat-fields, for seas of cotton, for Indian corn, barley and peas beyond measure, for busy factories, mines teeming with coal, iron and precious metals; for groves of red and golden fruit, gardens of beautiful flowers—and more than all, for increasing brotherly love between all sections of our native land—we render a glad Thanksgiving.



CHOOSING THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Gospel into the squalid tenements of the great city, come into daily contact with scenes of poverty and suffering. They will know where the gift of a Thanksgiving dinner will be best appreciated.

In the homes of the industrious workers, Thanksgiving week is always one of bustle and importance. What a grave care to the thrifty housewife is the selection of her Thanksgiving turkey. If in town, she goes to market, fully primed on all good points of her gobbler. The turkey must be young; it must be tender; yet if her household be large, it must be of a considerable size; and it must also fit her purse. In the country, the housewife's responsibility begins with the choosing, but does not end there, for, after going around the barn-yard and picking out the fowl destined to be monarch of the table, due care has to be given to fattening him for the feast.

THE FESTIVAL IN OLDEN TIMES.

Every nation of every clime and age has had its harvest festival, in which not

since the old Judean festival, when the pealing of silver trumpets led melodious choirs in psalms of thanksgiving.

Pagan customs obtained in the ancient harvest festival of Holland. Traveling groups went around to help the threshers at harvest-time, and their leader, the *tesek graaf* (Count of the Threshers), was quickly called upon to immolate a ram with a garlanded knife, thrusting it in to the cry of "Ram! Ram!" and the girls, who helped in the threshing, had first to wash their faces in spring water strewn with flowers. When night came, there was dancing and feasting. With civilization and Christianity, Holland left off sacrificing rams, and along with steam-threshing machinery adopted better customs. As Hollanders have always been noted for their agricultural skill,



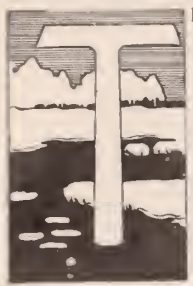
CHEERING POVERTY'S HOME.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Coming Sermons.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., (Go thou, and preach the kingdom of God.)
on the Text: Luke 9:60.



THE Gospel is to be regnant over all hearts, all circles, all governments, and all lands. The kingdom of God spoken of in the text is to be a universal kingdom, and just as wide as that will be the realm sermonic. "Go thou, and preach the kingdom of God." We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man, and the coming woman, and the coming time. Some one ought to tell us of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows that most of the sermons of to-day do not reach the world. The vast majority of the people of our great cities never enter church.

The sermon of to-day carries along with it the deadwood of all ages. Hundreds of years ago it was decided what a sermon ought to be, and it is the attempt of many theological seminaries and doctors of divinity to hew the modern pulpit utterances into the same old-style proportions. Booksellers will tell you they dispose of a hundred histories, a hundred novels, a hundred poems, to one book of sermons. What is the matter? Some say the age is the worst of all ages. It is better. Some say religion is wearing out; when it is wearing in. Some say there are so many who despise the Christian religion. I answer, there never was an age when there were so many Christians, or so many friends of Christianity as this age has—our age: as to others a hundred to one. What is the matter, then? It is simply because our sermon of to-day is not suited to the age. It is the canal-boat in an age of locomotive and electric telegraph. The sermon will have to be shaken out of the old grooves, or it will not be heard and it will not be read.

Before the world is converted, the sermon will have to be converted. You might as well go into a modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons best adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes: those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a coming sermon—who will preach it I have no idea; in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which denomination of Christians it will be delivered, I cannot guess. That coming sermon may be born in the country meeting-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment lie in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farmhouse, or amid the rice-fields of Southern savannas. Or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries, in the junior, or middle, or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch-towers of Zion, waking to the realization of our present inefficiency, may preach ourselves. That coming sermon may not be twenty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that sermon when it does arrive; and I want to make the remark appropriate and suggestive to all circles of Christian workers.

First of all I remark that that coming sermon will be full of a living Christ, in contradistinction to dead, technicalities. A sermon may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning his name, and I

a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitious of his titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven. A poor man's Christ. An over-worked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and finely-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist, or a physician, in the sick-room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a sermon in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is the noonday firmament. That sermon of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming sermon there will be instances of vicarious sacrifice taken right out of every-day life, for there is not a day somebody is not dying for others. As the physician, saving his diphtheric patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship-captain, going down with his vessel, while he is getting his passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman, consuming in the burning building, while he is taking a child out of a fourth-story window; as last summer the strong swimmer at Long Branch, or Cape May, or Lake George himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper-boy not long ago, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some especial paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say, "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?"

Vicarious suffering? The world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer, who to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was found upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air-brake?" And as the engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought, "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that coming sermon of the Christian church there will be living illustrations taken from every-day life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of him who, in the high places of the field and on the cross, fought our battles and wept our griefs and endured our struggles and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and he said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in his arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. O my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But I remark again, that the coming sermon of the Christian church will be a short sermon. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more

need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those times there was enough room for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication; and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is, we preach audiences into a Christian frame and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. That accident on the Long Island Railroad came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop; hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion; we want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say, "Now, to recapitulate," and "a few words by way of application," and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude." Christ's sermon on the mount—the model sermon—was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled; and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the coming sermon arrives in this land and in the Christian church—the sermon which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom—it will be a brief sermon. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath Schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity! Brevity!

But I remark also that the coming sermon of which I speak will be a popular sermon. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant, and they flocked to him. And when the coming sermon of the Christian church appears, it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Ohvetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, and necessities of an auditory.

But when that sermon does come, there will be a thousand gleaming scimitars to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how; and I am told if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint, or thrilling, or unique, faculty and students fly at him, and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off until he says everything just as everybody else says it. Oh, when the coming sermon of the Christian church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cit-

ies will be thronged. The world will be spiritual help. All who have buried the dead want comfort. All know the dead to be mortal and to be immortal, and want to hear about the great life. Tell you, my friends, if the people of these great cities who have had trouble thought they could get practical, pathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or Boston which would be passable on the Sabbath day, there would be a church on it; for all the world would press to that asylum of men, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Veda, and asked her child restored to life. The god Veda said to her: "You go and get a handful of mustard-seed from a house in which has been no sorrow and in which has been no death, and I will rest child to life." So the mother went and she went from house to house, from home to home, looking for where there had been no sorrow, where there had been no death, and found none. She went back to Veda, and said: "My mission is a failure; you see I haven't brought the seed; I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." Says the god Veda, "understand, my rows are no worse than the sorrow of others; we all have our griefs and our heart-breaks."

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and some people do not believe in the truth of the word, and all that. They are false. The reason is because our sermons are not interesting and practical, any more than a sermon is. Some one will tell the whole truth on this, and so I will tell it. The sermon of the future—the Gospel sermon to come—will shake the nations and lift people out of darkness—will be a popular sermon for the simple reason that it will woe and the wants and the needs of the people. There are in all our nations ecclesiastical mummies around to frown upon the free pulpits of America, to try to hold them down, to cry out, "Tut, tut, tut, tut!" They stand to-day, preachers of churches that hold a thousand people, there are a hundred persons present, if they cannot have the world in their way it seems as if they do not care it saved at all. I do not know but the way of making ministers of the Gospel better. A collegiate education and apprenticeship under the care of the attention of some earnest, aged minister, the young man getting the arch's spirit and assisting him in religious service. Young lawyers, old lawyers, young physicians, old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man who for the Gospel ministry could be put in the home and heart and sympathy under the benediction and perpetual care of a Christian minister.

But, I remark again, the sermon of the future will be an awakening sermon. It will be an altar-rail to the front doorstep, and a sermon an audience will get up and go to heaven. There will be in it a staccato passage. It will not be a battle-charge. Men will feel the need of pursuing retribution on their necks. It will be a sermon sympathetic with all the physical distresses of the world, as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached to the healed paralysis, and he healed the dumb and the blind and the ten lepers.

That sermon of the future will be a sermon of the future, going right into every man's life, and it will tell how to vote, how to bargain, how to plough, how to do any work his to, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. It will teach women how to preside in households, and how to educate children, and how to imitate Mary, and Esther and Vashti, and Eunice, and Timothy; and Mary, the mother of Christ; and those women who on the Southern battlefields were dis-

YOUNG MEN IN COUNCIL.

How Ten Thousand Young Men Have Banded Themselves Together in Christian Brotherhood for Prayer and Service.



REMARKABLE council has just concluded its sittings at Reading, Pa. It was the third Federal Convention of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, an organization which has

now ten thousand members, connected with eighteen denominations and represented in thirty-one States. The object of the Brotherhood is indicated in its name. We read in the Gospel according to John, that when Andrew followed Jesus and "abode with him that day," he went in search of his brother, Peter, and, finding him, took him to Christ. On the next day Christ called Philip to follow him, and he went and found Nathanael and brought him to Jesus. It is such work as this that the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip has been organized to perform. It lays upon the Christian young men who are its members, the duty of finding some other young men and leading them to Christ. The Brotherhood has two rules which every member pledges himself to obey: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is that every day he pray for the extension of Christ's Kingdom among young men, and the Rule of Service is "to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the church, the Young Peoples' Prayer Meetings and Young Men's Bible Classes." That much good may be done by such an organization is obvious. The church's crying need in these days is for young men. One New England pastor, who has made a special study of the question and has been at some pains to collect statistics, has found that in many cities three young men out of four never attend church, and less than one-fifth of the remainder, or, not more than one young man in twenty, is a member of the church. When we consider how much of the work of the church must be done by young men, and that in a few years these young men will be the leaders and ruling spirits of the community, it is an ominous fact that they should in so large a proportion be irreligious. The church, therefore, should give its sympathy to any movement which has in it the promise of bringing young men under Gospel influence.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip has that promise. We know by painful experience how much bad companionship can do to drag down young men. Thousands have gone to ruin by that road. Great is the influence of young men upon young men. They speak to each other with a fellow-feeling, with a knowledge of each other's dispositions and tastes, and with a sympathy that an old man is apt to have lost. That sympathetic influence ought to be harnessed and organized for Christ. The Christian young man should be pledged to seek his brother by his regard for his welfare and by his desire for the extension of Christ's Kingdom. This is the obligation he takes upon himself when he becomes a member of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

The Brotherhood is now in its tenth year. It was organized as a local society in the Second Reformed Church at Reading, Pa., in 1888, by the assistant pastor, Rev. Rufus W. Miller. The condition of the young people of the city had been a matter of deep concern to him, and in thinking over the means of reaching them most effectively, his mind had turned to the young people of his own church as the surest aggressive force. He preached a sermon on the service rendered by the two apostles, and urged his young Christian friends to follow their example. Among his hearers was Major McCauley, a son of the senior pastor of the church. The major was home on furlough, and told Mr. Miller that he had seen great good done in the Protestant Episcopal Church by a society which bore the name

the next three years chapters of the Brotherhood were formed in connection with churches of twelve different denominations. Each denomination had its own Council, controlling the chapters; and inter-denominational relations were secured by the election of a Federal Council. The first united convention was held in New York in November, 1893. Since that time the growth of the Brotherhood has been rapid, and the work has spread geographically and among the denominations. Rev. Rufus W. Miller, the founder of the Brotherhood, has been elected President, and Rev. C. E. Wyckoff, of Irvington, N. Y., General Secretary. A Federal Council of nine members was also chosen, three of whom are Presbyterians, three Congregational and three of the Reformed Church. Although the Brotherhood is only in its tenth year, it is not without its martyr. Robert Ross, of Troy, was an active member of his local chapter. He attended the first Federal Convention in New York City. There he learned of his duty as a citizen as well as to the church. At the next election Troy endeavored to throw off the rule of a ring that controlled the city. The governor of the State was urged to use his authority to bring about an honest and a quiet election, but declined to interfere. It became necessary to appoint watchers. Robert Ross volunteered, knowing in part the danger before him. His manliness and persistency provoked the roughs, that were coercing the community. His badge "B. of A. and P." was mistaken for an "A. P. A." emblem, and he was shot down in cold blood by one of the roughs. New York State remembers the trial and the punishment of the murderer. The lawyer who was called in to help the State in prosecuting the murderer is now the governor of the Empire State, and the free citizens of Troy have erected a monument to Robert Ross, the hero of good citizenship and the first martyr of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

The Decennial Convention in Reading is the beginning of a forward movement in Brotherhood extension. Two new denominational councils have been added to the Federation, and there is a growing earnestness and enthusiasm among the members. The uniform testimony of pastors who have adopted the Brotherhood is that it is a direct and indirect benefit to the church, enlisting young Christians in service and bringing into the church some who, but for the efforts of members of the Brotherhood, would probably have never been reached.

On this page, we publish portraits of the President and General Secretary and of three members of the Federal Council. The representative and democratic principle is represented in all official positions. Each chapter manages its own affairs, but its work is supervised by the Denominational Council and that again by the Federal Council, which is in future to consist of representatives of each denomination having a certain number of chapters of the Brotherhood.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Announcements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beautifully illustrated in colors. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.



OFFICERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ANDREW AND PHILIP.

1. REV. H. W. ENNIS.
2. REV. E. N. HARDY.
3. REV. RUFUS W. MILLER, PRES'T.
4. REV. ALFRED E. MYERS.
5. REV. C. E. WYCKOFF, GEN. SEC.

of St. Andrew, and which was organized to do such work as he had been describing in his sermon. It was determined to organize a similar society in the Reading church, and fifteen young men responded to the suggestion. The society thus formed held its first meeting in May, 1888.

The success of the plan was demonstrated from the beginning, and Mr. Miller, feeling sure that other pastors needed such help, made the scheme known. It was adopted by several ministers of the Reformed Church, and in 1889 a convention of the various chapters was held. There were then four hundred members, all belonging to the Reformed Church. At the convention of the following year, held in Philadelphia, it was found that there were over a thousand members of the Brotherhood. Other denominations, considering the same problem, desired the same means of solving it. During

wounded for angels of mercy fresh on the throne of God. I have to tell you the sermon of the to will be a reported sermon. If you any idea that printing was invented to print books, and stenography and phonography were contrived to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken. The printing-press is to be the agency of Gospel proclamation. It is time that good men, instead of denigrating the press, employ it to scatter the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and life and peace and joy. I cannot understand the nervousness of my brethren of the ministry. They see a newspaper man coming and say: "Alas! there is a reporter." The added reporter is a thousand, or two thousand, or two hundred thousand souls added to the auditory. The Gospel will come when all the village, town, city newspapers will reproduce the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons read on the Sabbath will reverberate around the world; and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized. The practical bearing of this is upon those who are engaged in Christian work, especially upon theological students and ministers, but upon all who preach the Gospel, and that is all of you, if you are doing your duty. Do you exhort in prayer-meeting? Be bold and be spirited. Do you teach in the class? Though you have to study at night, be interesting. Do you speak to people on the subject of religion in homes or in public places? Study the subject and use common sense. The most careful, the most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamatory. We must do our work rapidly and not do it effectively. Soon our time will be gone. A dying Christian at his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take that watch. I have no use for it; time is ended for me and my work begins." O my friends, when our clock has ticked away for us for the moment, and our clock has struck for the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way; and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits, or taught Sabbath schools, or administered to the sick as nurses, or bargained as merchants, or practiced the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans, or as husbandmen, or as mechanics, or were like Martha called to the meal to a hungry Christ, or like the woman to make a coat for a prophet, or like the woman of Samaria to rouse the courage of some Samaritan in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed that march on the throne, may it be found there are many there brought to God through the instrumentality and in whose rescue we were exultant. But, O you unsaved! do not fret for that coming sermon. It may come after your obsequies. It may come when the stonecutter has chiseled our names in the slab fifty years before. Do not fret for a great steamer of the Cunard Line or the White Star Line to take you off the coast, but hail the first craft with how many masts, and however small a rudder, and however poor a captain. Better a dismasted schooner that comes up in time than a full-rigged brig that comes up after it is sunk. Instead of waiting for the coming sermon—it may be twenty years off—take this plain invitation from him who, to have given you spiritual life, would be glad to be called the servant by the hand of Christ put on the hands of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service at the close of five hundred men to start from these doors, saying: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know him, one thing I know, whereas I know him, now I see." Swifter than the wind, swifter than the birds of the autumnal flight, hastier than the wind to their prey, hie you to a symbol of Christ. The orchestras of heaven are ready strung their instruments to play to your rescue. Many were the voices around the throne: "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

The Sunday School

Humility and Exaltation.

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 5. Phil. 2: 1-11. Golden Text, Phil. 2: 5.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



O me to live is Christ," was the declaration of the old apostle, as he wrote to the Philippians from his prison in Rome. Then to him to write was Christ, and the yearning love which the Epistle breathes is the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given him. (Rom. 5: 5). "God is my witness," he writes, "how I long after you all in the tender mercies of Christ Jesus (Phil. 1: 8, R.V.). Yet, rejoicing and praising God for their fellowship in the furtherance of the Gospel, and that they were partakers with him in his bonds and in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel (Phil. 1: 5, 7), he sees one great lack—it was that they had yet to learn more fully how to love. "And this I pray that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all discernment, so that ye may approve the things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence unto the day of Christ" (vers. 9, 10, R.V.).

None can pass current when the Lord shall come, who have not graduated in love. Therefore when the apostle sets before them a manner of life "worthy of the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or be absent, I may hear of your state, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one soul striving for the faith of the Gospel." "In one spirit, with one soul." Unity which comes from love! This lay on the heart of Paul as the essential for such as would be "without offence unto the day of Christ." How could Euodias and Syntyche (Phil. 4: 2), be waiting moment by moment for the Lord if they had not learned to be of one mind? He might come in the middle of a dispute. Could he take to be with him such as had not yet learned the lesson of the patient Lamb, dumb before her shearers, which "openeth not her mouth?" Must not such be left behind to settle their dispute? They have not purified themselves from disunion. "even as He is pure" (1. John 1: 3). The hope of the Lord's coming has not conquered them.

More and more the heart of Paul was growing like his Master's. He could trust God's work out of his own hands; and when he heard that some preached Christ even "of envy and strife" (Phil. 1: 15), he did not worry about it, but rejoiced, and committed God's cause to him. Even the question of his own life or death did not find in him a choice; that, too, could be committed to the Lord. But one thing did occupy him: he sympathized with his Lord in his last prayer for the unity of his own. In this spirit he writes: "If there is therefore any comfort in Christ, if any consolation of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any tender mercies and compassions, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." (R.V.). Christ himself was God's first perfect man, wholly one with the will of God, overcoming all with love. God waits now until a people exist who unitedly will attain to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, making together one other "perfect" or "full-grown man" (Eph. 4: 13).

How is disunion to be avoided? How can Christians live in constant love for one another? "Doing nothing through faction or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind, each counting other better than himself, not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others" (R.V.). A beautiful but impossible standard, some would say. The rich man thinks himself very superior to the poor; the man of good birth looks down from his height upon his low born

neighbor, and does not dream of counting him better than himself, any more than a Brahmin would think of humbling himself before a despised Pariah. A man of intellect or learning looks down upon the ignorant or the stupid as greatly his inferior; but the true follower of Christ, who has seen himself represented in the Condemned and Crucified, can and does esteem every other man better than himself, and does not and cannot retaliate when he is despised and looked down upon by those who might be regarded as inferiors.

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus." It is not—I imitate this mind. It is not—School yourself to this mind. It is—"have." Whence can I have this mind? Oh, thank God, we are not left in doubt! That great, wondrous mystery, hid from ages and generations, but now made manifest to God's saints; that now open secret, "Christ in you, the Hope of glory" (Col. 1: 26, 27), is the solution.



CEREMONY OF FOOT-WASHING AT THE GREEK CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith (Eph. 3: 17), as the knowledge of his pardon dwells in our hearts by faith: "Christ in us," is the mind of Christ in us. Do we really believe that by the Holy Ghost Christ in very deed dwells in us? Do we look upon his presence in us as a power, and a mightier power than our own self-life? Then we may joyously welcome that mind in us which was also in Christ Jesus.

What is this mind? Being originally in the form of God, he counted it not a thing to be grasped, to be on an equality with God (R.V., margin). He, the greatest of all, did not pride himself on his caste, his superiority; but he emptied himself, instead of shutting himself up in his greatness, as poor, ignorant human beings do, who look down on others. All this spirit, which prides itself on its superiority and says to those beneath, Who are you? is a product of heathenism. It reigns among devil-worshippers. And just in the measure in which this spirit actuates Christian people, they are heathen and not Christian in their ideas. Jesus "emptied himself," taking upon him the form of a servant—he, the Lord of all! And his mind in us leads us also to empty ourselves, and to take the lowest place. It becomes an instinct, as we are yielded to him, to esteem all others better than ourselves; it is not attestation nor exaggeration, but "newness of life," Christ's mind,

"And being found in fashion as a man," having descended from the position of

Lord of all to become servant of all; from being Creator of all to become a creature, he went yet farther, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Lower he could not go. He "descended into the lower parts of the earth . . . that he might fill all things" (Eph. 4: 9, 10). Only thus could he redeem the world, and only thus could he make it possible for human nature to rise to the highest. This is the path which he has traced for us. The lowest is the path to the highest, and the lowest place is the place where we can meet other humbled ones. As long as a child of God occupies a high place in his own eyes and is always expecting a great deal of consideration from other Christians, he has not the mind of Christ, and he cannot be one with others.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

WRITTEN toward the close of Paul's life, this letter to the Christians at Philippi, was in the nature of a farewell message. He loved that church deeply. It was the only one that cared practically for his welfare. It had sent money to him more than once, and, at this time learning that he was in prison in Rome, it sent Epaphroditus to inquire after him. He did not arrive empty-handed, and, it is easy to read in the epistle which Paul wrote

another, let his life be spared." It was found that the petition was for the lives of two comrades who had been condemned to death for sleeping when doing sentry duty. The Emperor forgave them a

He humbled himself. There is a story of a Moravian missionary who was to the West Indies. Slavery prevailed there at the time, and this man was concerned at the condition of the slaves. He tried to preach Christ to them, but they went to the plantation to their so early and came back so late that there was little opportunity. Indeed, they were so tired on their return to their quarters that they could not listen. Many glad to gnaw their crusts and roll over on their straw and go to sleep. The morning they were driven off to tasks as soon as they could be awakened. Their lives were made up of hard work and sleep. What could the missionary do? He could not bear to think of perishing in their ignorance. He sacrificed his own liberty, and with the result that was in Christ, he sold himself as a slave that he might toil with slaves as he worked, tell them of salvation.

That Jesus Christ is Lord. In a castle house a servant girl was the only Christian. Her master was a learned man and a philosopher, but without any of a future life. During an illness he waited on by his Christian servant who was much concerned about her merited salvation. One night, sitting up with him, and supposing him to be asleep, he knelt down and prayed for him. The man was lying awake and asked what she was doing. She told him she was praying God to save him. Touched by the faithful creature's interest, the philosopher talked with her about her faith, and, unable to sleep, continued the conversation for over an hour, interesting himself with the simple creed which satisfied him. The servant dwelt upon the power of Christ to save all who trust in him. As said the philosopher, "he may have the power to save, but is he willing?" The servant smiled with a faith the philosopher had not reached. She answered, "I you think he would have died for us, was not more than willing?" The servant had to acknowledge that her reason was sound.

Took upon him the form of a servant. A conspicuous instance of the fulfillment of the incident of the foot-washing mentioned John 13: 4-15. In that city where sandals were worn which left the top of the foot exposed, when a guest arrived after a walk on the hot and dusty highway, it was customary for servants to bring a bowl and wash his feet. It was an attention very grateful and refreshing, and it was accepted as a mark of honor. Christ reminded the Pharisee (Luke 14: 8) that he had omitted this customary duty. It was generally the lowest slave who performed this menial duty. When Christ washed the feet of his disciples, he set them an example of humility which they evidently needed; for they had been disputing among themselves who should be the greatest. The Greek Church perpetuates the memory of this act of Christ by a public ceremony at Jerusalem, which a high dignitary washes the feet of twelve old men. It is also observed in Vienna, where the Emperor performs the ceremony, and in Rome, where it is done by the Pope. The best mode of perpetuating it, however, is when a servant will render a service to another of whom he stands in need. A New York man tells a story of his grandfather which illustrates the spirit. The old man was a farmer, was taking a sack of flour to the mill to be ground. It was a long way across the horse's back so as to ease the weight. In a lonely part of the road it slipped off, and the farmer was strong enough to put it on the horse's back again. He wished some one to come and help him. Presently a hawker came, and he was very glad when the man came nearer, the hawker dared not ask him, for it was his ladder, and he was an aristocrat. But the hawker was not too proud to help. He took one end of the sack and the farmer took hold of the other, and it was placed. "You would have given an shilling for that service," said the hawker when it was done. "What are you to give me? Well, never mind; I will tell you how you shall pay: Whenever you see a man needing help in a way as badly as you did when I came along just now, see that you help him."

New Christian Herald Premiums!

WE have made more extensive premium arrangements this year than ever before, and so eloquently do our different propositions speak for themselves that it is unnecessary to more than merely present them to our readers in order to secure for them a most cordial welcome. Of course, our principal premium is the Bible. There never can be too many Bibles, and, therefore, although we have already distributed 400,000 Teachers' Bibles, we do not hesitate again this year to order the Bible as our principal premium.

About seven years ago the best we could do was to offer a little Pearl Type Bible, so small in size that it answered for the purpose of a reference book. But was the best we could then do, the enormous prices charged for larger-type Bibles making it absolutely impracticable to consider them in connection with our premium offers. Step by step have we progressed. From Pearl Type we went to Ruby Type, and from Ruby to Emerald type, and from Emerald to Minion; and now from Minion we skip Brevier, we skip Bourgeois, and advance to Long Primer, a type so large that the Bible may be aptly called the "Old Folks' Bible," as far as legibility is concerned, and as far as shapeliness and portability concerned, it does not seem to be any larger than the smaller-type Bibles used in years gone by. We shall never offer any Teachers' Bible in larger type. The next size type is ordinarily used in Pocket Bibles. Our Long-Primer Bibles are provided with the finest Thumb Index ever invented. This Thumb Index is leather-tipped, and the printing on it is in red ink, making the lettering stand out "clear as the noonday sun." You can use it a lifetime and it will never tarnish; in fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never uses on the Holy Bible aluminum or cheap composition metal that tarnishes. Nothing is too good for this Sacred Volume.

Very Large Type Bible.

Call this Bible our Long-Primer Bible, and the name very aptly expresses

PSALM 3.

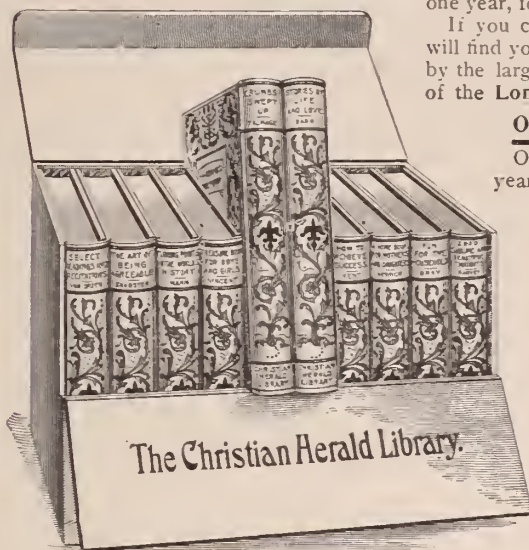
Security of God's protection.

Of Psalm of David, when he fled from Ab'sa-lom his son.
O LORD, 'how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me,
many there be which say of my soul, 'There is no help for him in God.' Sēlah.
But thou, O LORD, art a shield unto me: my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.
I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Sēlah.
I laid me down and slept; I trusted: for the LORD sustained me.
I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.
Arise, O LORD: save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

Specimen of Long Primer Type.

size of the type. Primers, as we all know, are set in large type, and long primer means that it is very large. This beautiful Bible has a collection of very interesting illustrations, particularly adapted to the requirements of those who love to read and study the Word intelligently. While we are talking of studying the Bible, it may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. D. L. Moody, the world-famous evangelist, has especially contributed as the first article to the "Helps"

which this Bible contains, an article on the "Study of the Bible," and no other Teachers' Bible in the world contains

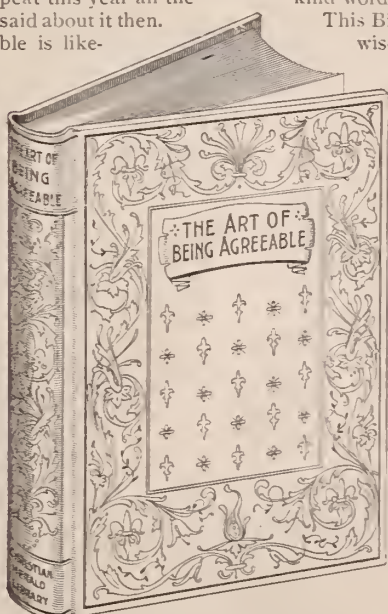


anything from the pen of Mr. Moody. It goes without saying that the Concordance in this Bible is very complete: that the Helps are the latest; in fact, that in every sense of the word our Long-Primer Teachers' Bible is the best Bible of its kind now before the public.

This Bible is bound in American Levant. Divinity Circuit, Red under Gold edges, has silk book-mark, silk head-bands and Thumb Index, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only \$3. The Bible may be sent to one address, and the paper to another without extra charge.

Still Another Bible Offer.

Our Minion Bible, the same size as that of last year, is practically the same book as above, except that the type is smaller and that it has no Thumb Index, but people whose eyes are good enough for ordinary print will find this a very acceptable book. We had no hesitation whatever last year in warmly commending it to our readers, and we are prepared to repeat this year all the kind words said about it then. This Bible is like-



Miniature Picture Representing the Artistic Front and Back Design of our new Library.

bound in Divinity Circuit with Red under Gold edges, and in place of the Thumb Index, it has on the inside back cover, in large type, an alphabetical arrangement, by which any Book in the Bible may be found immediately with-

out confusion or loss of time. This very excellent Bible, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Two Dollars.

If you can afford the extra dollar, you will find yourself more than compensated by the large type, and the Thumb Index of the Long-Primer Bible.

Our 1898 Library.

Our 1896 Library published two years ago, and that published last year, proved so exceptionally popular, that we felt we could not get along without a similar, but new, production this year, and we confidently believe that such of our readers as may select this premium will agree with us that a finer selection of books, from a literary, artistic or typographical standpoint, cannot be found on any bookshelf in the country at anything less than four or five times the price we ask for this Library. Of course, the imprint of THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD on the title-page of any book is a guarantee that there is nothing objectionable or improper within its covers, so that our readers may take it for granted that all of these books may be read aloud in the family circle without any misgivings whatsoever. Our authors, as usual, are the best, and the books of course are surpassingly interesting. They aggregate 3,200 pages: bound in beautiful Holland cloth of old-gold shade, with decorations in brown, red and gold, and the whole ten volumes are contained in a neat bookcase, which will protect them from dust and damage when not in use. Here are the titles and the authors:

Crumbs Swept Up.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Stories of Life and Love.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Select Readings and Recitations.

HARRIET M. VAN ORDEN.

Turning-Points in the World's History.

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Fun for the Household.

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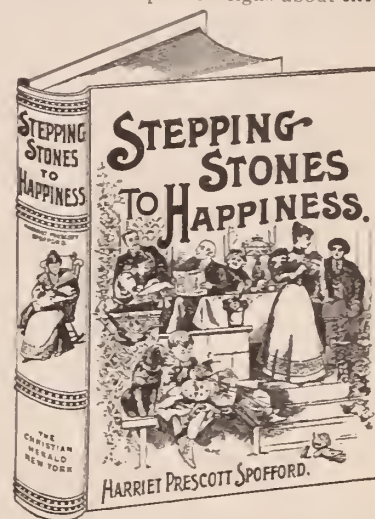
C. H. KENT.

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THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
(AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES)
LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. IERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Opening Doors.

WE turn a new leaf in our nation's career. God tried us with financial panic, tried us with war, tried us with grasshoppers, tried us with locusts, tried us with droughts, tried us with freshets, tried us with yellow fever. Now he is going to give the severest test of a nation's righteousness. He is going to try us with commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and literary prosperity. After the trials came healthful economy, came revivals of religion, came important lessons which the nation needed to learn. To the illumined page of prosperity, what shall be the sequence? Will it be gratitude, or disruption? Will it be elevation, or degradation? Will it be more light, or more darkness? Some ascribe all the correction of our national finances to political acumen. I wonder if the Lord had anything to do with it? I wonder if something higher than anything spoken of in the political platforms wrought on our side? To God be the glory. His is the sunshine and the rain and the fertilization of a whole continent. When he smiles we prosper, and when he frowns we die. If the rising wave of prosperity has not struck you yet, be patient—it will. First the businesses that stand nearest to the radical needs of society will feel the impulse; then the next, and the next, and the next until every pin, every needle, every hammer, every spade, every shovel, every painter's pencil, every foot, every arm will be lifted up in the flood. But do not rush into expenditures through mere anticipated good fortune. That is the trouble. We are all tempted to spend money before we make it. Peter was so anxious to get ashore he jumped into the water and would have gone to the bottom but for Christ's rescue. If he had waited a little longer he would have reached land without getting wet. Better wait until you get ashore, than jump into expenses for which you are not ready. You may be drowned. I hope that our coming national prosperity will last at least as long as our national distresses have lasted. For ten years there has been trouble, trouble, trouble. What if we had ten years of successes; could we stand them? I have asked a question that I cannot answer. God only knows how much prosperity is good for us. But it is strength to know that he holds the cup of life in right proportion, and that he knows what is best, and that however we may

make mistakes, he is undeviatingly right and always right. Blessed is that man who is willing in all things fully to trust him.

Attacking the Bible.

EVER and anon we see a determination on the part of theologians to square off and fight the religion of their fathers. Some think it argues great pluck for a man to assail the Bible and the church and get up a new religion. The fact is, it requires no courage at all to do so, for he is always sure of the favor and applause of a vast multitude, who hate the Bible and would be glad to see it struck on any side and to have Christianity crippled. The Bible antagonists do not realize that they are attempting to stop an express train by putting their foot on the track, or to arrest an Alpine avalanche by bracing themselves against one of the ice cakes. The Bible goes right on, and the church of God goes right on, and Christianity goes right on, and the chief danger is done to the antagonists. There have never been so many live churches in America as to-day. More people believe the Gospel than ever before, and vaster multitudes are attempting to practice its precepts. The attempt to shatter the Bible for the last three hundred years has not rent asunder nor dislodged a single doctrine or sentiment.

After its present assailants are all dead, their funeral sermons will be preached from King James's translation, not one verse omitted, from the first page of Genesis to the last page of Revelation. One would think the world would get tired of a bombardment of the Bible castle, when with all their concentrated fire of three hundred years they have not been able to knock out of its walls a splinter large enough to make the most sensitive eyeball quiver. Oh! I am so glad we are in the army which will finally win the day. Here and there a repulse may come through the perfidy of some officer or the backing out of some traitor in camp; but there are enough of the mounted cavalry of the King to ride down all opposition and to dismount the guns of the enemy.

Our Old Friends.

DO not be fretted because you have to come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment on an octogenarian's face. Besides that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a great many unpleasant things that youngsters are obliged to look at.

Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, I think that color is quite as respectable as any other; that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society, and sweeter music. Robert McCheyne, and John Knox, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-shocks standing in the fields in autumn do not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking-time, and then the load goes in from the frost to the garner. My congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are to be young again, and will not need crutches.

DEATH-SONGS OF SOME GREAT MEN.

THE dying speak better than the living, for their souls, presaging a somewhere else, attain unto a nobler speech—prophetic, hopeful, inquiring; divining, as it were, the grander life they were soon to enter. How tender and solemn are the last words of Shelley's great poem, "The Triumph of Life," written as he drifted in his boat over the blue waters of the bay in which he was to die. That they were left unfinished, adds to their pathos, for the fragment closes abruptly with the inquiry,

Then what is life? I cried—

a question of profound significance, when we remember that the questioner almost immediately got his answer in the halls of Death. The whole poem is a commentary on poor Shelley's troubled life—an unanswered question, an unsolved riddle.

Byron wrote his last poem on his last birthday. He was then at fever-haunted Missolonghi, where he had gone to take part in the struggle of Greece for liberty. A presentiment that he would never return haunted him; and the melancholy that it bred is in his last lines:

My days are in the yellow leaf.
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

One of the noblest death-poems is that written by Arthur Hugh Clough, a remarkable man, whose whole life had been a struggle between faith and doubt. At the last, however, he must have found that peace that availeth, or he could not have written words so full of faith in the victory of truth:

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daybreak comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward, look! the land is bright.

Now compare this last verse with a verse from Longfellow's last poem, "The Bells of San Blas":

O bells of San Blas! in vain
Ye call back the past again:
The past is dead to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light.
It is daybreak everywhere!

The last poem of Whittier was written to Oliver Wendell Holmes, written when he was standing at the gates of eternity—not fearful, nor hopeless, but full of confidence in the God, whom his soul loved:

The hour draws near, how'er delayed or late,
When at the Eternal Gate,
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul,
Brings to that gate no toll:
Gifless we come to Him, who all things gives;
And live, because He lives.

Nothing that Tennyson ever wrote is so remarkable as his last noble death-song, "Crossing the Bar" two verses of which I quote—verses written almost with heaven in view:

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For the' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have cross'd the bar.

The last poem of the heroic-souled Browning breathes the same lofty spirit as his last words to a friend at his death-bed, "Never say of me, that I am dead."

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right was worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we back to rise again; are baffled, to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No! at noonday, in the bustle of men's worktime,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back, as either should be;
Strive and thrive; cry "Speed! fight on! forever,
There, as here."

"Never say of me, that I am dead." These were the last words in effect of Charles Kingsley, and he expressed them in the epigraph which he selected as his final message to the world: "AMAVIS—We have loved. AMAVIS—We do love. AMAVIS—We shall love." This is a grand expression, not only of the past, but of his present condition, and his eternal destiny of love. But Christian faith finds its most sublime utterance in the beautiful death-song of the apostle, St. Paul; to be found in second of Timothy, fourth chapter, sixth, seventh and eighth verses. No passage in the Epistles is more finely touched. It has the Hebrew rhythm of his most exalted utterances; charged like a river full to the brim with tender thought and feeling. It is the hymn of a soul knowing its labor ended, its storms gone by, its victory over the last enemy, sure and final.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."
"Henceforward, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that time; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Amelia E. Parsons

BRIEF NOTES.

Statistics show that there are in this country 79,800 divorced persons, of whom 44,382 are men and 35,218 are women.

An effort is to be made by the church New York to rent a theatre during the winter Sunday afternoon services.

The Woman's Missionary Society Methodist Episcopal Church has raised during its year \$313,957, the largest sum in any of its history.

A young Chinese woman, Ah Fou Chi name, was baptized at St. James M. E. Church, Chicago, on Nov. 7. She is studying with a view of becoming a missionary to China.

There are now 51,578 Christian Endeavor Societies in the world, with a total membership 3,000,000 members. Almost one hundred societies are reported each week to the secretaries.

Rev. F. B. Meyer expects to reach this country about the middle of January, to remain weeks. Letters of inquiry about his tour were sent to Mr. W. R. Moody, Mount Vernon, Mass., who has charge of the arrangements.

The first of the Booth-Tucker colonies in the West has been established at Soledad, California. Another is to be organized in the A. Valley, in Colorado, where the Salvation Commander has an option on a 3,000 acre tract.

Sioux Indians belonging to the Presbyterian Church recently held a conference with the Presbyterian Church of Crow Creek, near Char. The Rev. Daniel Renville is the pastor, a full-blooded Sioux, and one of the kindest, of men.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has been conducting evangelistic services with remarkable token of Holy Spirit's blessing in Newburgh, N. Y. He has successfully labored six years ago. He is accompanied by Mr. J. E. Taylor, the "Pilgrim" of California.

The report published in a daily journal New York that a letter had been found in the Vatican Library written by Pontius Pilate to Emperor Tiberius, reporting the crucifixion of Christ, is unworthy of belief. The document by internal evidence that it is spurious.

A comparative exhibit made by Rev. A. Rhodes, of Grahamstown, of the growth of the Methodist Church in South Africa since the session of the Conference in 1880, shows that the full membership has increased from 20,742 to a difference of 27,130. Of the present membership 5,585 are whites—an increase of nearly 2,42,987 are natives; increase, 24,691.

A Jewish colony has been organized in Lynn County, Colo. Morris Cohn, a wealthy brewer of San Francisco, has sold to the Jewish families, constituting the colony, a tract of hundred acres at a nominal price and has furnished them with two thousand dollars' worth of material for the building of cabins.

The American Institute has entered the field this year in organizing women's club study. A few clubs were started last year, which showed that there was a general recognition of the facilities offered, and encouragement of the work. The address of the institute is Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.

An application, common enough in the lands but rare in our own, was made recently to New Jersey court. The authority of the court invoked to restrain a minister from becoming a convert. The applicant was a Jew whose husband had married a Christian, and was about to be divorced when the court intervened.

Three members of the Church Army mission have sent in their resignations and are no longer responsible for the proceedings of the organization. They are, Rev. E. A. Bradley, D. W. W. M. Hughes, D. D., of Morristown, N. J., and Rev. J. Newton Perkins, Secretary of the Building Fund Commission.

Reports of hostility to missionaries in the Province of Hunan have been received. The natives of that province were recently baptized almost immediately an outbreak of superstitious opposition occurred. The usual reports of stealing of children and hideous mutilations of missionaries were circulated, and there was popular excitement. It is reported that on the Christian Alliance stations has been attacked.

A significant admission as to the influence of the theatre is made by an old actor, who in his address says: "Great efforts have been made lately by eminent members to bring the stage with dignity and regard it as a moral, but I have never heard it admitted by any one, met with any one, in whom I believed it was seen at the theatre had caused any of the practical actions of his ordinary life."

Dr. Keskar, the Hindoo Christian pioneer now visiting this country, addressed the Episcopalian Church of Morristown, N. J., Nov. 7th, on Missions in India and on his personal observations of the famine. His address was a most interesting. Dr. Keskar is a well-known physician of Sholapur and a man of high character, who has the sincere respect of missionaries and natives. Churches desiring the testimony of an intelligent eye-witness of the suffering in India, should hear Dr. Keskar. Letters addressed to him at this office will be forwarded to him.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Announcement for 1897-98, in which a great variety of valuable offers, surpassing anything ever before within reach of the public, will be described and beautifully illustrated in color. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.



THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

NOVEL STEAMSHIP.

ONE of the most radical changes in the construction of steamships has just been put to a practical test at Havre, in France, under the superintendence of the eminent naval engineer, Sir J. Reed. The *Graphic* publishes a description of this trial ship, and a picture of the strange craft, which we reproduce on this page. As will be seen, the vessel consists in getting rid of the hull of a ship and substituting great wheels, the principle of roller-skates. The vessel is retained as a propelling power, but the power is also applied to the rollers. It is in the power of the engineer to increase the one and diminish the other, for the purpose of experiment, a small vessel of only 274 tons burden was constructed. It is 126 feet long and 39 wide, and has two engines, each of 350 horse-power of 350. The trial was entirely satisfactory, and, taking into account the fact that a vessel is unsuitable to the application of the principle, and that in a large vessel the greatest disadvantages are increased in the small one, the principle may be considered proved. M. Bazin, the inventor, now proposes to construct a steamer on the same principle, which shall be large enough to cross the Atlantic, and with two independent engines, one of which shall control the wheels and the other the screw. The object of making the wheels pass below and across the deck, and, like the rollers, are of steel. The object is to avoid friction in the present system. The vessel presents no mass in opposition to the water, and is driven forward only by enormous wheels revolving encounter with less opposition and the vessel does not roll from the side. In the trial trip, a significant discovery was made. It is well known by mathematical rules exact increase of speed is gained in the ordinary way by the increase of horse-power applied to the screw; but in the new vessel it was found that by dividing added horse-power between the wheels and the rollers, a greater speed was obtained than would be gained by applying it to the screw alone. The inventor has now approached the problem in a new direction. Hitherto progress has been looked for from a new power, but keeps the old power and increases its facilities. The same principle operates in spiritual matters. The power gives progress to the church is, as all of God, but through modern inventions such as the printing-press it is applied in new ways and with greater

power and might; and in thine hand is power and might: and in thine hand to make great and to give strength unto the weak. (Isa. 40: 29, 30).

Finian's Response.

A man who is in Manhattan Hospital, New York, is suffering from the effects of a singular accident. He was struck on November 2 by the burst of a hose, and was carried to the hospital. There it was found that his ankle was fractured and was likely to be long in healing. It was put in a case of plaster, and the man was assigned a room in the wards. He suffered a great deal, for the fracture was compound, and the bones were slow in uniting. One day last week he had fallen into a deep sleep in which, with the perversity

of the mind needing sleep but disturbed by pain, he could not realize where he was. Suddenly there was a sound he recognized. In the office near the ward where he was lying, there is a bell connected with the fire-brigade station which rings when a fire-alarm is given, so that the hospital people may be in readiness to receive patients who may be injured. The fireman heard the bell ring and was out of bed in a moment. Supposing himself to be in the upper room at the station, he groped around for the rod, down which the firemen slide to their engine when aroused by an alarm. Of course, he could not find it, but his hand struck the post at the corner of his cot. He grasped it and dropped in the regulation manner. He struck the floor heavily, breaking the plaster of Paris case around his ankle and renewing the fracture. His cry of pain brought the nurses to his side, who lifted him back into his cot. The surgeons say that the new injury will probably keep him there for two months. His impulsive

throw off the accumulation. Since that time, the other leg has become affected, and now both hands have become useless. The doctors believe that he will soon die of the disease, but his life may be prolonged by a series of operations which must be made to remove each part as soon as it is hardened into chalk. The familiar expression "dying by inches" seems to be literally true in this case, and if it is treated as the doctors propose, the man will be a mere fragment of humanity, when he is carried to the grave. If it were possible to stimulate the organs whose functions it is to expel the hardening sediments the man might recover. It is so with the spiritual nature which is hardened by the presence of sin. The prophet warned his people of the danger:

Thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew and thy brow brass. (Isa. 48: 4).

Thirty Years Secluded.

Illinois journals report the close of a long life of seclusion in a town of that State, and give a curious explanation of the eccentricity of the deceased woman. She was eighty-two years of age at the time of her death, and she had not for thirty years been outside the high board fence which surrounds the house where she lived. Few persons went to the house, and of those who did go scarcely any saw the mistress. The servants were old women who were faithful to her and kept

thrilling story of an encounter which he had, at the beginning of the voyage, with a shark in the harbor. He is employed by the firm of engineers which has the contract for constructing the new piers at Vera Cruz. He was sent down to attach bracings to one of the great piles which have been driven in to support a pier. As he was busy at his work, dressed in his diving suit and was stooping over to arrange the bracing on the pile, he received a severe blow on the back from something which came at him like a battering ram. Turning round, he saw that the blow had come from the nose of a man-eating shark. He was almost paralyzed by the blow and the suddenness of the attack, but had sufficient strength to move out of the way of the shark, which was coming at him again with the intention of jamming him against the pile. It struck the pile with terrific force, and as it recoiled, the diver struck at it with his knife, slashing it in the back. Maddened with pain, the monster turned on its side in the only position in which a shark can bite, and came at him with wide-open mouth. The diver knew that only very quick movement on his part could save him from those huge jaws. He dived underneath the monster, and with his knife struck deep into its vitals. The water was in a moment thick with blood, and the diver was faint and dizzy with the exertion he had made. But the shark had received its death-blow. It

floated to the surface and died. The diver was promptly hauled up and soon recovered sufficiently to narrate his terrible adventure. The shark, floating by the steamer, was proof of the life-and-death struggle which had taken place. The diver owed his escape to the promptitude with which he realized that his life was in danger and the vigor with which he defended himself. Unhappily, when the soul is in danger through the assaults of the great enemy there is not always the same desperate resistance. Many who fall in that conflict, like those to whom the apostle wrote, do not do all they might to escape:

Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. (Heb. 12: 4).

Suifered for his Father.

A despatch to the press from Somerset, Ky., outlines a remarkable defense which is being made there of a man who was recently arrested and charged with murder. It appears that nearly two years ago a farmer was shot and killed while he was plowing in his field. No one witnessed the crime, but it was known that a desperate feud existed between the family of the murdered man and that of another man living in the neighborhood. Suspicion pointed

strongly to this neighbor as the guilty man, and various circumstances came to light which confirmed the suspicion. But just as a movement was made to arrest him, his son dropped some incriminating words in the hearing of the officers and absconded. Immediately it was realized that he was the murderer and a vigorous search was instituted for him. The young man succeeded in evading it, and he was not caught. For nearly two years he has been in hiding, an exile from home. Recently his father died, and the son immediately returned. He was promptly arrested and put on trial. His defense is that the murder was committed by his father, who confessed the crime on his death-bed, but as he was old and feeble the son diverted suspicion to himself in order that the old man might spend the remainder of his days in peace in his old home. The son declares that it had been caught during his father's lifetime he would have borne the punishment of the crime rather than reveal his father's guilt. It is not often that a father has a son who loves him so well that he would be willing to die in his place. Every one admires such filial affection, yet how few are moved as they hear that for them One died that they might have eternal life:

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: but God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were sinners Christ died for us. (Rom. 5: 7).



THE "ERNEST BAZIN," THE NEW STEAMER ON WHEELS, LAUNCHED AT HAVRE.

act shows how strong is the force of habit, which was greater with him than consciousness of injury. Doubtless many other patients in the ward heard the bell, but only the fireman recognized it as a summons to duty. To him it meant property in danger and lives in peril which he must help to save. Such readiness should characterize every Christian when he realizes that souls are perishing. The reproach of the patriarch ought never to lie against any follower of Christ:

They perish forever without any regarding it. (Job 4: 20).

Turning to Chalk.

The Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association recently in convention at St. Louis, Mo., made an examination of a remarkable case of what is known as "calcification." One of the physicians in the convention described the case and invited his brethren to see the patient. The man is a saloon-keeper, of the city, who has suffered for several years from severe attacks of gout, to which his family, for several generations, has been subject. Five years ago the lower part of one of his legs became stiff and insensible. It was amputated and was found to have turned to chalk. The doctors said that the calcification was caused by the lime salts of the body being carried into the gouty limb, which had become unable to

her secret, whatever it was. It is now asserted that the cause of her seclusion was a quarrel she had with her husband during the first year of their married life. He was a widower when she married him. She was a beautiful woman at that time and fond of society. He insisted, it is alleged, that she wear out the dresses of his former wife before new ones were purchased. She refused to do so and she was firm in her refusal. He was as determined as she, and the quarrel led to her making the rash vow that she would never stir out of the house as long as she lived. When her own dresses wore out she made dresses of old rags and quilts. In summer she went without shoes, and in cold weather she wrapped rags about her feet. If that was really the reason for the woman's long seclusion, she was to be pitied. There is no more fruitful source of misery than the false pride of which probably both she and her husband were victims, which will not permit a person to recede from a position rashly taken. The yielding of either might have saved much misery:

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated. (James 3: 17).

A Fight Under Water.

A deep-sea diver who arrived lately at New York on the Ward Line steamship *Yucatan*, from Vera Cruz, Mexico, tells a

HUNDREDS WON TO CHRIST

Twenty-five Years' Work in the Water Street Mission—A Notable Anniversary.

FOUNDED by a converted criminal a quarter of a century ago, the Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York, is known throughout the land as one of the greatest moral agencies ever established among the criminal and the fallen. It has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The story of Jerry McAuley's conversion was per-

haps never so graphically told as in the following words of S. H. Hadley, the present superintendent of the Mission:

One Sunday afternoon in 1868, some missionaries were passing along Water street, where John Allen, notorious as the wickedest man in New York, kept his dance-house. In a spirit of bravado Allen asked them to come in and hold a prayer-meeting in his saloon. They promptly said they would if he would shut up his bar. This he agreed to, and they held a simple service. Allen asked them to come the following Sunday, which they promised to do, and on that day the place was crowded.

At that time almost every place in the lower ward was a dive or dance-hall. Kit Burns' rat-pit was a noted place, in which his son-in-law, called "Jack the Rat," would bite off a rat's head before an audience of sight-seers. A missionary, Mr. Little, was going up the rickety stairway at 17 Cherry Hill, when his passage was disputed by an angry woman, whom he presented with a tract and said: "Madam, do you know Jesus?" "Faith, and who is he?" asked the virago. Within a partly open door a few feet away, lay Jerry McAuley sleeping off a debauch on the floor. He had been in prison fifteen years and six months, and had been converted in the prison chapel, but fell once more into sin.

He followed the missionary and said: "What name was that you mentioned to that woman?" The missionary told him, and McAuley then said, "I used to love that name in prison long ago, but I lost him; I wish I knew where I could find him." The missionary took him up to New Bowery, prayed with him, and had him sign the pledge. He had many a struggle after that incident, but through God's grace was enabled to triumph and to bring forth fruits of repentance. One day, being tempted to steal through hunger, he met the missionary, who asked, "Jerry, where are you going?" "I can't starve," said Jerry. "Only 'Oh, Jerry,'" said the missionary, "I will pawn my own coat before I will see you starve." Jerry looked at it and said, "If you love me so much, then I'll die before I'll steal." "Jerry," said the missionary, "let me give you a text of Scripture. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.' He said, 'I'll take it,' and turning to a companion in crime, said, 'Good by, from now on our roads are far apart.' 'You fool!' cried the other, 'do you think the Lord will send you down a breakfast?' 'Yes,' said Jerry, 'and if he doesn't I'll starve.'"

Four years from that time he started the now famous Water Street Mission, which has been made instrumental in bringing a multitude of sinners into the kingdom. At the nightly meetings the degraded are largely rep-

resented, and a great work of grace goes on from day to day. Many a redeemed soul can point to this Mission as its spiritual birthplace.

The Darius of Daniel's Day.

BIBLICAL scholars have lately been profoundly interested by the discoveries made in the mounds of Babylonia, one of the results of which has been to establish the identity of Darius, the Median monarch. This has long been a much-vexed question among critics and Biblical investigators. In the story in Daniel 5: 30, 31, it is said: "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about three-score and two years old." The Babylonian inscriptions of Cyrus have now furnished the key to the solution of the apparent mystery of Darius' identity. From these inscriptions it is clear that Nebonidus, the last king of Babylon, was a usurper who claimed the throne at the death of Nebuchadnezzar. His one ambition was to centralize the religion of Babylonia in the capital, and for this purpose he removed the statues of the gods from their ancient shrines in different parts of the country to Babylon. This act enraged the priests so much that Nebonidus did not consider himself safe to reside in the capital, and so he removed to Tema. Belshazzar, of whom we have mention in the inscriptions, was then made regent in Babylon. A revolt broke out, and it would appear that the people themselves sent to Cyrus to come and help them. Cyrus, however, was busy fighting in Elam, but, in accordance with the wishes of the people, despatched Ugbaru, or Gobryas, the governor of Kurdistan, or Gutium, at the head of an army, to the great city of Babylon.

FAMINE'S GRIP LOOSENED.

Missionaries in India Describe the Work Done with the Money Contributed by the Readers of this Journal.

REPORTS from missionaries in the famine districts of India are daily reaching the Rev. E. S. Hume, who is doing the arduous work of Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Re-

main the waifs and strays of starving children whom we have picked up, and these will increase, because the usual silence which follows famine everywhere, is sure to come and carry off men and women, leaving numbers of destitute children. Besides this, it is certain that the Government will seek permanent measures for the destitute children it has in its hands, as its arrangements are entirely temporary. So it seems to me that the great immediate need will be to make some kind of provision for the maintenance of destitute orphans."

Rev. Charles C. of Bhusawal, writes: "The people here knew that I was prepared to relieve the starving, they came to me in hundreds, and took on all the needy ones as could find work for them, at the same time distributing gratuitously, to as many as were unable to work, the weak, the sick and the infirm. Many of the large people were willing to walk five miles morning and evening and work hard for two annas [about two cents]. I sometimes used to put on some who seem so needy, because I wanted to save myself the most pressing need, but I often changed my mind after inquiring of cases and finding how they were suffering. I had men who, in certain times, were considered to do, fall at my feet with bitter tears begging to let them work for their children, who were crying for food. Many of the orphans had three or more children to support, the father having deserted them."



THE FIRST WATER STREET MISSION.

lief Committee, of which Bishop Thoburn is chairman. In sending these reports to this office, Mr. Hume writes: "The letters will show you the manner in which the generous gifts of your readers have been used for the poor, starving multitudes around us. They are not appeals, but reports, and some of them are most touching. It is difficult to express in words the gratitude which we all feel. Let me assure you that I have never known such sincere and hearty appreciation for any great undertaking as has been felt and manifested by those who have received help from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund. The famine is not yet over, but there is a prospect of better times."

Among the reports is one from the missionary in charge of the Church Missionary Society's station at Jubbulpore. He writes that as soon as the money reached him he began at once by "giving work to three hundred persons, and the number soon rose to seven hundred. These people would probably not have survived till the incoming harvest had they not been fed by Christian beneficence meanwhile. The distress will doubtless continue for another six months, but food will no longer be at so high a price or so difficult to find. There will then re-

work or food at a distance. I am not helping about five hundred, but what I will, I cannot keep the number from increasing. My heart cries out for God for them, as I am told that the famine are nearly exhausted. I preach to people daily, and they listen attentively. They seem to understand that the fruit of Christian principles, and to realize that the Christian religion must be better than the world since it has led people to take consolation upon them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has strengthened our hands wonderfully. Mr. Benjamin Aitken, whose thorough knowledge of the country and his journalistic experience on the staff of the most influential daily paper of Calcutta, qualify him to speak authoritatively on the suffering and death have been wrought, shows in a long received how dire was the crisis. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's readers have averted. He writes: "It is a plain fact that hundreds of thousands of people have perished of pure starvation, but the Government will not acknowledge the fact. The famine is past and the time comes for an impartial record of the famine. One of the papers has challenged the statements and pictures sent out by Mr. M. Gordon, of Mungeli, and two government officials have denied them. But I can personally vouch for the truth. In the 1877 famine there was no food for the people, but in this famine since the relief measures were organized I challenge any one to prove a starvation where there was no food in easy reach. Thus it is easy for parties to blacken each other with states only partial truth. If you ask many people have actually perished of the famine, I answer, it is impossible to say until the census is taken in January, two, when the normal condition is restored. The mortality will count in the millions, but will not be kept down to two millions. I reach five millions, I cannot hard guess. The famine among the at an end now; but there are a thousand famine orphans on the hands of missionaries, who will be three months hence, if relief does not come, just as actually as they were when the missionaries took them up."



THE PRESENT JERRY MCAULEY MISSION, WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

The cylinder of Cyrus, now in the British Museum, gives an account of the siege of Babylon. It reads: "On the sixteenth day Gobryas and the soldiers of Cyrus entered Babylon. . . . The third day of the month Marchesvan (October) Cyrus entered Babylon. Peace to the city did Cyrus establish, peace to all the province of Babylon did Gobryas his governor proclaim. Governors in Babylon he appointed."

It is claimed by eminent scholars that the "he" in the last-quoted sentence can only refer to Gobryas, and as this statement agrees with Daniel's statement concerning Darius, Gobryas and Darius are one and the same.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

AS New England goes to Mardi Gras in the South and to mid-winter festivals in the West, so South and West should come to New England to Thanksgiving. Nowhere else is the good institution found in such hearty homes as in rural New England. No one on the face of the earth are so fond of such pumpkin pies, dough-loaf-cake, mince-meat, apples and nuts and sweet cider, as in the New England homestead at Thanksgiving time; and nowhere, even in the "Old Dominion," are more genuine, whole-souled hosts.

To imbibe the full soul of the day, to realize that spirit which made it universal and lasting in our country, one should spend Thanksgiving in a New England home, where Dutch and Puritan love mingle. The house is full of happy children, and city elves and friends come to spend the day, perhaps to stay over-night. The daughter and the son, who in the city, come home for Thanksgiving. The rich relation, tired by caring cares and surfeited with worldly pleasure, is glad to warm his heart at the hearth of rustic friend or kinsman. Every living thing about the farm is so sincerely welcome. Dogs and children give you noisy greeting, the farmer and his wife meet the relative and the friend with a hand-clasp, and the return of son or daughter, with misty eyes and warm embrace. There is a long dinner-hour, then the afternoon in the sitting-room, around a cheerful stove or before the open fire-place. The rich and poor relation sit side by side. Miss Prudence forgets the an- noyed cut of her best gown, and its folds mingle with the robe of the rich cousin's wife. We hear their elders gossip, the young amuse themselves. With twilight comes a second feast of good things passed around. At dusk, the boys are said, and city folks pack from the New England homestead truer, better, happier, sweeter, for its hearty homeliness and precious good-will.

Applying the Thanksgiving festi- val is not confined to any section of our beloved land. It is a gen- eral festival in which all sections unite with genuine cordial feeling, in recognition of God's good- ness in furnishing a table for his children and supplying in abun- dantly the wants of man. The fruits of the harvest, if regarded in the Thanksgiving spirit, are to be as for the glory of God, from whom they come. At this season of brotherly love should everywhere prevail, and in reckon- ing up our own blessings, let us not forget those who may be less abundantly supplied and whom pov- erty and misfortune may have sad- dened and discouraged. Thanksgiving would be doubly enjoyed if we at that season share our bounty with others and provide for a needy table at which they too may praise the Giver of all good things. Remember the poor neighbor, the homeless, the widow, and the orphan. Let us resolve, this year, to bring sunshine and gladness to as many of "God's poor" as we may, and to scatter our bounty freely, and without ostentation. If any of us can stimulate one other to true thankfulness, it will be a Thanksgiving indeed. Then will

our own feast taste sweet and our own cup of innocent enjoyment be filled to the brim.

A Beautiful Swiss Custom.

In the Welsch-Tyrol, when a young maiden is about to be married, immedi- ately before she steps across the thresh- old of the church her mother presents her with a new handkerchief. This the bride holds in her hand throughout the

handkerchief over the face of the dead, and it is buried with her in the grave.

A Gypsy Lad's Faith.

A beautiful story is told by a Christian lady in the South of England, who was sent for to see a gypsy boy who was dy- ing, and in the course of her gentle plead- ings with him she thrice repeated the text, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believ- eth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). He looked for a few moments intently upon her, then, with life's last effort, gasped, "And I thanked him!"

Do Your Own Part Well.

In the great battle of life each one should see to it that he does his own part with all the energy and conscientious ability at his command. It may not be a

An Adopted Waif's Career.

THERE are thousands of childless homes into which joy and love have been brought by the adoption of some little waif, who ultimately comes to be regarded as a member of the family. It has happened, too, that the hearts of the household have been gladdened beyond measure by the noble qualities of mind the child develops, as well, possibly, as its graces of person. A remarkable story is related concerning the adoption of a little boy waif by a Western judge. There was in a Western city a little lad who had grown up in the utmost poverty. He never knew his parents. In 1860 he was sent to Indiana with a carload of waifs. The car reached Tipton, a country-seat thirty miles north of Indianapolis, and a number of youngsters were committed to the care of residents. Judge John Green, a prom- inent citizen of the place, called for the "ugliest, raggedest and most friendless of the lot." "Jack," as he was afterward known, was promptly presented, and the judge took the lad home. He appreciated his home and the kind- ness of his benefactors, and dili- gently applied himself to study. A course at the public schools was fol- lowed by a year at Waveland Acad- emy, and that by four years at Har- vard College. After he had been graduated at Cambridge, he was sent by Judge Green to England to pur- sue his theological studies. Return- ing to Tipton in 1876, the next year he went to Alaska as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyte- rian Church, and he has since remained there.

Many families into which a strange child has been received, may in after years be gladdened and honored by the bright career that unfolds before their protege. Judge Green's experience is only one example of numerous cases where the adopted child be- comes the distinguished son and reflects honor on those who aided him.

A Huguenot Mountain Village.

Three thousand feet high, among the mountains in the Cevennes, lies the little Hugue- not village of La Chambon de Tence, with its 800 popula- tion. A writer thus describes a recent visit there:

On Sunday morning, as I made my way to the temple, I find a congregation occupying the church long before the hour for the com- mencement of the service. Outside, the elders are gravely awaiting the appearance of the minister. In a few moments a great clatter of wooden *sabots* is heard; the pastor has arrived in gown and bands, and the last stragglers fill the few empty places. In all there is a con- gregation close upon a thousand, not a few of whom have trudged for four hours across the hills. The building is plain outside but substantial. The pews are the handiwork of each family, and bear the names carved in bold let- ters. On a raised platform, extend- ing across the building, are seated the elders of the congregation, male and female, the average of whom can be scarcely less than eighty. Here, as in the main portion of the congregation, the separation of the sexes is rigidly observed. Every feminine head is covered alike with a neat white cap. An ancient worshiper here and there retains his hat, only remov- ing it at the signal to stand for prayer. Instrumental music of every kind is eschewed, but the pitch-pipe is sounded before each hymn, and, after the formal, "Do, mi, sol, do," has been raised by the precentor, the singing is taken up in the four parts with might and main by the entire congregation. A brief but impressive liturgy follows, together with ex- temporaneous prayer, and then a sermon of such force and spirituality that one ceased to wonder at the enormous proportion of men present at the service.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.
Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium An- nouncements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beau- tifully illustrated in colors. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.

"Mother's Boy"

BY MARY E. MORRISON.

I.

THERE! everything's ready now I guess.
Just straighten that bunch o' maiden-hair,
It lops a little. I got them ferns
In Hornby hollow. There's plenty there,
Tall and green as the leaves of June,
Hid away in the jungle's heart,
Though frost has shriveled the meadow grass
And broken the beachnut burrs apart.

III.

They're all good boys, and
always was
Good to father an' kind to
me.
Steady, forehanded, an' doin'
well.
We're proud of 'em all, as
we ought to be—
John an' Harry, an' Will an'
Joe.
"But there's plates for seven
there," you say?
One is for father, an' one for me.
An' one for Jimmie that's
far away.

IV.

Put them asters by Jimmie's
plate:
That one is his'n, there, by
mine.
"Pitty posies," he used to say,
Pickin' my roas an' eglan-
tine.
Jimmie was mother's boy, you
know;
Full of his mischief, fair an'
tall,
Just like his father. He went
out West,
Ten years ago this very fall.

V.

Just eighteen, but a healthy lad
Eager to travel, an' bound to
go.
"Heard from him?" No, not
in many a year;
But a mother's a mother, I
s'pose you know.
Always a hope in her heart of
hearts,
Under the worry and wear of
life,
Always a prayer for the absent
one,
That keeps him safe in the
din an' strife.

VI.

Always a yearning to clasp the hand
Of the one that wanders far away.
Though many are safe in the dear home-fold,
It counts but little with one astray.
Strange how the boy has seemed to be
Here at my side this live-long day.
I've seasoned the stuffin' with onions, too,
'Cause Jimmie liked it the best that way.

A Poem...

For Thanksgiving Day.

II.

I thought they'd freshen things up a bit;
Country fare is so plain you know.
Boys that get wonted to city ways
Notice these little fixin's so.
Not but they're crazy to come each year
And spend Thanksgivin' with father an' me.
And praise my cookin' and say my pies
Are just as good as they used to be.



"Welcome Him in for His Mother's Sake!"

VII.

Half-past one? I'm afraid they're late.
The turkey'll be tough a-waitin' so.
Is that a tramp in the garden there?
Give him his dinner an' let him go.
He's somebody's boy, so call him in:
Thanksgivin' day should be full of joy,
Welcome him in for his mother's sake.
Oh, Jimmie, my darling! It's mother's boy!

marriage ceremony, using it to wipe away her tears. So soon as the marriage festivities are ended the young wife lays the handkerchief aside in her linen-closet, and there it remains as long as she lives. It is the most highly treasured of all her possessions, be she rich or poor. Nothing would induce a Tyrolean wife to use this sacred handkerchief. It may be half a century, or longer, before it is taken from its place to fulfil the second part of its mission. When the wife dies, perhaps, as a gray old grandmother, the loving hands of the next of kin place the bridal

part to attract and win the applause of men, but the Master knows whether we are doing it rightly or otherwise. The story is told of a conductor of a musical festival who suddenly threw up his baton and stopped the performance, crying, "Flageolet!" The flageolet was not doing its part, and the conductor's trained ear missed its one note in the large orchestra. Does not God miss any voice that is silent in the music of earth that rises up to him? If we fail in our respective duties, however humble, we will not be held unaccountable.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

GETTING HER IN.



THE fact that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation was recently brought home to a young minister by practical test. The *Sunday Companion* tells the story, which, in condensed form, is as follows:

The young minister had practically determined not to preach the doctrine of the Cross. He was so deeply saturated with the new theology as to regard the doctrine in which he had been reared as coarse and crude. So he preached about the Fatherhood of God and the goodness of human nature, which needed only to be developed.

One dreary night, as he was sitting in his study preparing his sermon, there was a sharp ring at the bell, and he went to the door. A young girl stood there, shivering in the rain. "Are you the minister?" she asked. "Yes." The girl seemed glad. She said, "I want you to come with me and get mother in." The minister thought it was a case of a drunken mother who could not be induced to go home. "Where is your mother?" he asked. "She is at home, dying, and I want you to get her in." The minister was perplexed. "Get her in? Where? How?" The girl was astonished in her turn at what seemed to her the minister's stupidity. She said, "Why, get her into heaven."

He could not bear to refuse, and so he put on his coat and tramped with the girl through a maze of dirty streets, wondering, as he walked, what was the best way of applying his theology to the task before him of getting a dying woman into heaven.

It was a dreary place where the woman lived, in a narrow court, up two flights of stairs, in a rear room. She lay on a heap of straw in a corner, with an old shawl over her for her only covering.

"God is your Father, my sister," were the minister's first words, as he knelt by the dying woman. "He loves you and wants you to trust in him." The woman groaned, but made no other reply. He told her the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the story of Mary Magdalene, and the woman evidently listened, but was not affected. Then he went back to the theology of his boyhood, and told the woman how Christ had died to save her soul; how his blood would cleanse her from sin, and how the most depraved might be saved through the Cross. A beautiful light broke on the contorted face as the woman listened, and it grew brighter as he went on. At last she spoke: "That is what I want. Are you quite sure? Can I be saved? Will Christ take me?" The minister answered each question, and a sweet peace came over her and remained with her till she died. "I think," said the minister afterwards, "we got her in."

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Announcements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beautifully illustrated in colors. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.

In a Calcutta Zenana.

Miss Gardner, missionary in Calcutta, tells the following story of her work. "In one of our zenanas there is a sweet and gentle mannered woman who wins everybody's heart who goes to visit her. She is a Christian, and has been far more than three years. The missionary, whose privilege it is to visit her, says, 'I always look forward to the hour spent with her.' It is no longer teacher and taught, but rather 'fellowship one with another.'

They talk together of Him, who is so precious to them both. But how came this woman hidden away in her zenana, to know so blessedly the way of life? You answer, no doubt, through the teaching of the missionary, who visits her, but not so. She had found him before; and though the missionary was able to give some help, the real work was done by God's own Word, accompanied by the Holy Spirit. Somebody sent out into the lanes and alleys of the city, portions of the Word and other leaflets, praying, no doubt, that God would send them where he could use them, and some child getting one, carried it into this woman's house, and she read it. "What does it mean?" she asked, and reading it over again, the beauty of it took possession of her, and she felt she wanted another like it, so the boy was pressed into service to bring her more, and now, not only the beauty, but the power of the Word took possession of her. When her husband came home she asked him about it. Fortunately for her he was not only kind, but had no prejudice against this teaching; so he told her care-

which influenced him. A case in point is cited by an eminent preacher:

There was a funeral in a Scottish village. A worthy man, good Christian and honorable man, was being carried to his grave in the old kirk-yard. The gossips looked on with the curiosity which is always manifested in such events. "Where is John?" one of them asked. John was the old man's son, and he was not at the funeral. One of the gossips replied: "Oh, John is a great man now. He is in London and has a big church. You cannot expect him to be at the funeral of his old father." So it was voted by all present that John was proud, that he was ungrateful, undutiful, and un-everything-else that a good son ought to be.

What were the facts? John McNeill, the famous evangelist and earnest Christian preacher, was the John condemned in this case. He tells the story himself. When the news of his father's death came, and the date of the funeral, he was heart-broken. No son ever loved his father better than he, and there was between them that manly confidence and respect which come from a knowledge of each other's character. There were no demonstrative tokens of affection, like the kisses that in some countries men give their male relatives, but each knew that the other would die for him if need were. John was preparing to set out for the funeral, when a telegram was handed to him from a clergy-

keep his engagement, though it was sorrowful frame of mind that he would. But the Lord honored his obedience self-denial by giving him a harvest of souls. He left his character in G. hands, but the gossips in the little Scottish village have their own opinion of and it is not flattering to him.

A Missionary Exorciser.

The superstitious people among the educated Chinese still have firm faith in the possibility of men being possessed by the devil. It is much to be wished that all of them would do as the people do in the following instance, related by a missionary of the American Board. If he would send for the missionary he would be able to tell them, as the apostle how they may escape from the snare of the devil. The missionary, who is a physician, and who is thus qualified to minister to the bodies as well as to the souls of these people, writes thus:

"I was summoned, one day recently, in a great hurry to attend a man who was possessed by a devil. I inquired about him and concluded that he simply in a violent passion. I went to see him and found that exactly the He had been rendered helpless speechless by his frenzy of passion, eyes were contorted, and the muscles of the mouth and tongue so much paralyzed that he could only

sounds between a grunt and a squeal. This I proved to my own satisfaction by forcing him to drink some not very potent medicine which he refused to take. After this sedative went to sleep, but did not about until some three hours after. He slowly recovered, at first being able to only very slowly. It sometimes happens that after frenzies of passion the mind is lost for weeks.

"But the curious feature of this case was its origin. It seems that his father, who was severely and probably harshly scolded him for certain or supposed sins, and came from his father's house was nothing to do but to do it all without retort. The pressure proved too much for him, even though some of the other members of the family. A Chinaman is a strange compound of stoicism and passion. Sometimes this latter can be practically to madness. The question as to being a demoniacal possession is of no practical interest must come from its sources: whether directly or indirectly makes but little difference."

The Father of Orphanage.

In the little town of Neuchatel in Switzerland, there is seen a bronze monument to one of the heroes of peace. It bears the name of Pestalozzi, and, as an epitaph, words: "He was the saviour of the friend of the wretched, the father of the orphan. He lived as a beggar, he might teach beggars to live as all for others; nothing for himself."

The story of his life is a very interesting one. He lived in the time of the Napoleonic wars, when men were being killed by the hundred thousand, and scarce over Europe were the homeless which were their widows and orphaned. Pestalozzi cared nothing for glorious victories, but his heart broke for the poor little children whose fathers had fallen in battle. It was little that he did to help them, but he did all he could. He wrote books describing their sufferings and with the profits he opened schools and established farm-colonies in which gathered the most needy. To support these institutions he begged from the rich and in his sorest straits he was known to beg from door to door. Immense sums came to him for his labor and by his teaching, but he never had any money. He died penniless. His whole life with toil and hardships was laid down in sacrifice for others.



LOADING RAFTS WITH BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

Our illustration conveys some idea of the banana industry as carried on in Jamaica, W. I., where rafts, loaded from plantations along the river, take the fruit to sea-port towns, where it is shipped to the markets of the world. Sometimes a single bunch weighs over 80 pounds. The banana, the most productive of fruits, is 44 times more prolific than potatoes, and 135 more so than wheat. The tree is a gigantic plant, with great leaves, often ten feet long and two feet wide; reaches maturity quickly, bears one crop of several bunches, dies, and is at once succeeded by fresh shoots. Its cultivation, formerly confined to the tropics, is being rapidly extended to colder countries.

lessly, "Oh, that is Christian teaching, do not bother over it." But she was persistent. "Where can I find out more?" And he told her in a book called the Bible. Would he get her one? No, he would not. But again she persisted, and again prevailed, and he brought her home a Bible and let her read it. The result, I have narrated. Her husband is not severe with her, and allows her to live with him. So her life, though so hidden, is not a painful one, as is so often the case when the wife confesses Christ before her husband. There are many of these hidden ones among those whom we are teaching in the zenanas.

Absent from the Funeral.

How little of that charity which thinketh no evil there is in the world! People, even Christian people, who ought to know better, are so ready to condemn a man for doing or not doing something, when they do not know his motives or the reasons

man in the south of England, telling him that they had been obliged to hire "a larger building for the service," for people were coming in from a circuit of forty miles to hear him preach. McNeill looked to his engagement book, and discovered to his dismay, that he was under engagement to preach on the very morning when his father's funeral was to take place, and that, too, at a town 450 miles away. What should he do? To be absent from his father's funeral was sure to be misconstrued. It looked like a slight to his father's memory. On the other hand, the thought of those people traveling forty miles to hear the Gospel, and going back disappointed was not a pleasant one. McNeill prayed about it. He thought of his father's sturdy character, and asked himself what advice his father would have given if the case had been submitted to him. Should he say to the Lord who was giving him this opportunity to preach to the people, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father"? He decided to

HEROIC PERSONALITIES

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Shepherd of the Black Sheep.

EVERY now and again the world is brightened by some man or woman with a soul daring enough to believe that when heaven's best came down to earth's worst, it was an example intended for us to follow in our lives.

Of the most heroic personalities of



MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

In a certain sort, that is helping to sweeten the sorrow of our own time, is Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. Mrs. Booth is a connoisseur, so to speak, of "black sheep." If there are any so bad that they are unattractive to the multitude of good people, forgotten and neglected because of their sins, Mrs. Booth is likely to seek them out, and pounce upon them, with a smile overflowing with delight at the thought of doing them good. Her latest work of this kind is an attempt to help prisoners in our jails and penitentiaries. Instead of giving them up as hopeless, she, inspired by the optimism of Jesus Christ, has deliberately set herself to pick out only to carry them the Gospel message, but to establish homes where they may find a few days' Christian sympathy coming out of prison, and from which they may go with kindly encouragement and hope to some honest employment. Although the work is yet in its infancy, it has already borne fruit and promises great things for the future.

A few months ago, Mrs. Booth held a meeting in Sing Sing, and after one of her heart-warming talks she held an afternoon and asked those who desired to have a visit to rise to their feet. Over twenty responded to this appeal. Among those who rose in the chapel in the morning on that 24th of May, was a German, who was deeply touched, determined to lead a clean life in the future. It was some two months afterwards that he was released from prison, and came direct to New York City. He had a little money, which he had earned while in prison, and he determined that he would look for work, and, after starting life afresh, would come to Mrs. Booth and show her how he had already fulfilled his promise.

He went to Jersey City and succeeded in getting employment. At the end of a few weeks, when he received his pay, he turned all his money in such articles of clothing as he needed, leaving but barely enough to live on during the coming week. He went to work the following Monday, found that on account of "hard times" he was to be laid off. This was a disappointment, but he searched for work for many weeks, living on almost nothing, still keeping up a brave heart, and being honest, until he got down to his last cent, and was a pauper in the streets. Of course, he thought of Mrs. Booth. He "stood," but, as he told her afterwards, he could not make up his mind to come and ask for help after he had gotten so low. For

days he tramped the streets, sleeping on the wharves and steering clear of the police, and at last one night started down the Bowery, hardly knowing what took him there. He had not gone very far, when he came to the Volunteers' Bowery Post, in the window of which was a picture emblematic of "Hope."

This picture represents a man in stripes, sitting in his prison cell, with a look of despair on his face, whilst in the background stand two angels, one representing "Hope," and the other "Love." The moment his eye rested on the picture he recognized it and said: "That is Mrs. Booth's picture." He gazed at it for a while, and all the words that Mrs. Booth had spoken in the prison chapel came back to him—"how they must always feel that she was their friend." He made up his mind to go and see her. The following morning he went to the headquarters of the Volunteers, told his story, had a talk with Mrs. Booth; and, as "Hope Hall"—Mrs. Booth's home for discharged prisoners—was not yet formally opened, and he being a painter, she set him to work painting the interior of the Home. He worked faithfully, and, shortly after, when officers were sent to take charge of the Home, he was converted, and has led a beautiful Christian life ever since.

He is now regularly employed in a first-class position in New York City. When he went out to seek his present employment, he went with a good recommendation from Mrs. Booth. After having been gone for some little time, he returned to the office where Captain Hughes, Mrs. Booth's private secretary was sitting at her desk. The young lady asked him if he had been successful, yet such a question was scarcely necessary. He grasped her hand and said: "Oh, yes; I've got work!" She immediately asked

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him what his wages were, and with a happy laugh he answered: "Why, Captain, I was so glad to get the work, I did not stop to ask."

School for the Blind in Jerusalem.

Throughout the Orient, blindness is a common affliction, for causes that need not be entered into here, save that they may be briefly stated as dirt, immorality, heredity, hot suns and glaring sands. Any institution which comes to the relief of this condition must be of pleasing interest everywhere. In Jerusalem, where the affliction of blindness prevails to an extent not noticeable to all tourists, a school for the blind has been lately established in which children are taught to read in the Scriptures printed in raised characters—Arabic Braille, as it is called. They are also instructed in manual arts, and some have begun to make their own clothes.

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The New Nurse at St. Agatha's

A Thanksgiving Story

... By Margaret E. Sangster.

THE ladies' visiting committee and the superintendent of the Training School at St. Agatha's Hospital, had been in conference one November morning for a long time. The nurses going to and fro in the wards, soft-footed, white-capped, with their gentle faces and dainty hands, were aware that something more than commonly exciting was going on, and they were not surprised, when the luncheon hour, came to hear a little speech from the superintendent.

"There is," she said, "need for volunteers to go and nurse the immigrants at Lewis' Island. An infectious disease has broken out there and the island is in rigid quarantine. But the doctors have telegraphed for help, and the ladies have consented to spare some of our nurses, if any are willing to go."

"In a way," she added, "with proper precautions, there is no more danger than

and delirium; when, in the long chill night she watches by the pillow of the suffering patient, and where, in a long siege of illness, another would break down, she is enabled to save herself by a knowledge of the best methods and an economy of resources.

At Lewis' Island the two girls found plenty to do. Mary was a little the stronger physically, but Alice had a sort of divine enthusiasm which nothing could daunt or tire. She went from tent to tent, from bed to bed, and to the men tossing on their narrow pallets she seemed more an angel than a woman.

As she went about, counting her life not dear, yet not recklessly putting herself in peril, she found herself singularly interested in one case. The features of the man were not familiar, but they bore a haunting resemblance to some one she had once known. Dimly, far away and faint, a memory struggled within her and tugged at her brain and heart; she knew

that somewhere, in some period of her life, she had heard the voice which now babbled incoherent nothings all day long; that the grizzled beard which veiled the sufferer's mouth reminded her of one, long, thick and golden, with which she had played in her rosy, dimpled childhood. But Alice's father had died when she was too young to remember him, and this man was certainly old enough to be her father.

As he grew worse and daily weaker, Alice devoted herself more and more to him.

The doctor noticed her care and said: "If any one can bring him round, you can, but there's hardly the ghost of a chance. The poor fellow has been a gentleman, I judge, but I fancy he's one of those who, in going from Jerusalem to Jericho, have fallen among thieves."

"Alice Winters!" suddenly exclaimed the sick man one day, looking up with a perfectly conscious expression, his hollow eyes pathetically bright, his voice pathetically feeble: "Alice Winters, who sent you here? Is this heaven? for I buried you twenty years ago, you know. You are lying in Salem churchyard. I suppose you are an angel."

(Continued on next page.)

in our profession we are always ready to take. But there is a possibility of danger, perhaps of death; and I am asking volunteers for a hard, disagreeable, and, very likely, thankless service. All about it is this, it is a chance to offer a cup of cold water in His name."

There was silence after Miss Morrison ceased to speak, an intense silence, in which you could hear the dropping of a pin. Then Alice Winters answered, calmly:

"Miss Morrison, I am ready and willing to go, and I can start in an hour."

And Mary H. Worth, rising, said:

"I cannot let Alice go alone."

Before the girls left, Miss Morrison turned aside and inquired if they had sufficiently considered the importance of the work they were taking. The replies were cheerless. "Mary said,"

"I am afraid of nothing, and when I have a chance I determined to do my best, wherever there was need of me."

Alice, with her sweet face flushing a little, looked straight into Miss Morrison's eyes and said:

"It is different with me from what it is with the others. Nobody belongs to me any more. I have no living relations, and, if I die, there will be nobody to carry an aching heart. So you see that I am clearly in the line of my duty."

People who fancy that there is anything romantic in nursing, that it is in any way a passion, or an occupation for the sentimental, are always undeceived when they are drawn to the practical work of the profession. Nursing is very hard work, and it taxes the nerves of the strongest. The excellent preparation even to the trial of these things her father when she was a child, the grim form of fever



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OUR HOLIDAY SOUVENIR BOOK FOR 1897.

The Days of Mohammed

By ANNA MAY WILSON.

We have been publishing each year as a holiday gift a book of merit and beauty, surpassing anything ever offered for the purpose by others. Of these books, "Titus" and "The Wrestler of Philippi" are so well known to need comment. Desiring to secure an exceptionally choice book for this year, we published an offer to writers of \$1,000 for the best book that should be submitted to us. In response two hundred and sixty-three manuscripts were received. From these "The Days of Mohammed" was selected by the judges as being the best.

SYNOPSIS.

Yusuf, a Persian, of the Guebre, or fire-worshipping sect, has, at his first sacrifice of a human life, revolted against the horror of his religion. He conceives a vague idea of a different God, his whole soul calls for light in his darkness, and he decides to leave Persia in search of Truth.

In his travels he hears of the famous Caaba, or temple, at Mecca, and in the hope that he may find what he seeks, he sets out for that city. There he meets that strange character of ancient or medieval time, Mohammed.

In "The Days of Mohammed," the author attempts to show the manner and result of the priest's quest, and endeavors to exemplify, in the career of Yusuf and that of his contemporaries, the change which the realization of companionship with God brings into each life.

The scene of the story is confined almost entirely to Arabia, and the plot is based upon the early Mohammedan war, in which for the first time was raised the cry, "The sword of God and the prophet!"—that cry which has been resounded through the centuries, and has, in our own time, been brought home with such force to all who have looked upon the terrible atrocities but lately committed in Armenia.

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102 Fulton St., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchange. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Largest house in the world. Dealers supplied. Sample illustrated, free.

SPECTACLES for sale at low prices. Agents wanted. CHILTRON OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

The New Nurse at St. Agatha's.

(Continued from preceding page.)

The nurse's training was sorely tried enable Alice to repress a start. She felt that her patient was not now wandering, but that he was genuinely puzzled. She gently stroked the thin hands that lay under the coverlet, and quietly answered: "You must have known my mother. I was very much like her, I believe. My mother died in Salem twenty years ago. I am her Alice—Alice Winters—and I am here to nurse you."

"Of course," answered the man, his face bright with a happy smile. "you are lit-Alice. Daughter, don't you remember? Why, child, I am your father." It was now her turn to be perplexed. "My father? Why, after her mother had died, people always had told her that her father had died at sea. The uncle and aunt—gloomy, severe people, to whom orphan was a burden—had over and over complained that it was hard on them to have charge of other people's children; but only Rufus Winters had stayed at home after his wife's death. He could not have relieved them of what they did not want—the responsibility of a delicate and feeble little girl, over whose early life the shadow of loneliness and poverty had fallen."

As soon as Alice was old enough she had gone out from that unloving home, and had made her own way, earning her living as many another brave girl. She was so plucky, so persevering, so indomitable, that she had thus far needed well, and the death of her uncle aunt having set her free from any claim to them, she was living her own life, free, but also happy.

"My dear," said the invalid. "I was lost at sea—but the story is too long to tell. I was rescued, and then I forgot who I was. I lost all memory of myself, and found it lately. I was going home, and I was taken ill in that ship."

"I was too much exhausted to talk. My professional instincts were on the alert to keep him from too great excitement. She soothed him, enjoined silence, gave him a cordial. Day by day she nursed him, till convalescence proved so far that she could take him home. He found father, back to the old village where the other Alice Winters had slept under the daisies and snowfields for a score of years."

Thanksgiving eve he was able to stand, and to tell his daughter more in detail the singular story of his lost identity of his many thrilling misfortunes. Winters, listening, yearned to make him, in his declining years, for the sake of his life. He seemed to her storm-tossed mariner, who, clinging to the plank, had at last been safely cast ashore, where friendly hands had helped him to vigor and a home. Bit by bit the long past was bridged. She was roused by the subtle aid of kinship, and the woman she had lost; she knew it for his daughter.

On Thanksgiving day came and went, and with it there was great gladness in the hearts. It was not, "This my son is dead and is alive again," as in the New Testament parable, but in a mother's soul the song was, "This my son who was not, for God took him, is back to my love and care."

On a crisp fall day, a little after Thanksgiving, a party of three, consisting of her father, and her friend Mary, came themselves in old Salem. The house on the skirts of the village, where Alice had lived with her uncle and aunt, was now her property. As she unlocked the key in the door and went into the deserted rooms—as she lighted fires, swept and garnished the house and the home once more cheery, she felt that it had been good to her. She had had visions of a golden future, but had given her love and companionship to a man taken from her the sense of loneliness which had set her apart. He had moved her from being solitary and alone, given her the dear feeling of a family tie. Of all causes for giving this strikes the deepest root: the girl, who, as a nurse at St. Agatha's, had been a law unto herself, now felt a joy and elation at having a parent and considering and honor and to

she returned to her work. At the last account she was engaged to one of the young doctors, but there is at present no likelihood that Alice will follow her example and become betrothed. The young men complain that whenever they go to see Miss Winters they find a rival in her father, who is trying to make her life beautiful, in order that she may forget the trials of her childhood.

Margaret E. Sangster

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Announcements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beautifully illustrated in colors. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.

Rev. Dr. Stokes' Successor.

The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association has decided to divide the duties performed for so many years by the late Dr. Stokes. The spiritual interests of the association will be under the charge of Bishop James N. Fitzgerald, and the business will be placed in the hands of a business manager.

THE NEW WAVE.

A great popular pure drink and pure food wave is just now passing over the country, and it seems to have come to stay.

More attention is being given to articles of food and drink than heretofore, and people are slowly learning that good health cannot be preserved under the present civilization unless the habits are of a more natural character. The apparently harmless coffee habit now numbers its victims by the thousands, producing obstinate stomach and bowel troubles that will not abate except by leaving off the habit.

It is not always an easy task to drop a life-time habit.

One of the late discoveries is a pure food coffee, made entirely of grains, and possessing great fattening and nourishing properties, while it brews the exact deep seal-brown color of Mocha, and when cream is added, it takes the rich golden brown of old Java. The taste is pungent and piquant, quite similar to coffee, when boiled *full* 15 minutes after boiling commences; in fact, so close to it in aroma and flavor that the coffee drinker, who has had trouble with coffee, will freely take on the new grain drink when he discovers that it agrees with him perfectly, and its healthful properties quickly dismiss his former ails.

The great feature of this new and rational method of dismissing sickness is to avoid drugging oneself and quit hurtful habits, taking in only what is known to be pure natural food such as the Creator intended for man's subsistence.

Nothing is more to the point than this new food-drink made from grains. It bears the name of "Postum Cereal," and is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich.

It claims to be a direct and quick producer of new blood corpuscles by the natural method of good nourishing food taken in a liquid form. It is quite a bit less expensive than coffee, and altogether its use appeals to one's common sense.

Beware of the fraudulent imitations of the original Postum Cereal Food Coffee. Insist on Postum.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.

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Striped Taffeta Silks.

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Special 11.50

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We deliver all purchases (Except Bicycles) free to any point within 100 miles of N. Y. City.

Suits and Cloaks.

To the lady who appreciates fashionable costumes and wraps at very moderate prices we will mail free our Winter Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks, together with our Supplement showing the new Paris Styles, and a complete line of samples of the latest novelties in materials to select from.



We make all our garments to order, thus insuring the perfection of fit, finish and style. A costume or wrap can be made in one day when necessary.

Our Catalogue illustrates:

Newest Styles in Winter Jackets, \$3 up.

Cloth Capes, \$3 up.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up.

A complete line of Blouse Costumes, \$5 up.

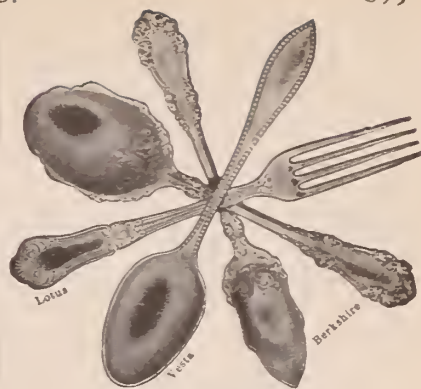
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Candles and Silk Candle Shades add a softening tone to the drawing-room, something that will please the eye and tend to harmonize your home. Write us. Tell us what colors will best suit your dining-room table, or your drawing-room, or boudoir, and we will make your Candles and Candle Shades harmonize. In order to give you an opportunity of seeing what a charming effect can be produced at a small expense, we will send you a sample pair, with Holders and Paper Shades to match, for \$1.00, with Silk Shades, \$2.00. You probably can find just what you want at your dealers, sent them direct from our factory; but we would be very glad to have you write us direct, in case you have any difficulty. Address

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306 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S EVANGELIST HERE.

Rev. J. Manton Smith, the Eminent Evangelist of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, now Visiting the United States.



HERE are thousands of Christians in all our States to whom a man could present no better letter of introduction than one signed "C. H. Spurgeon." Such a letter is brought to this country by Rev. J. Manton Smith, the famous evangelist, whose labors for Christ have won trophies in every great city and



REV. J. MANTON SMITH.

many of the smaller towns of Great Britain. For a period of twenty years Mr. Smith labored under Pastor Spurgeon's auspices, and was brought into close and intimate association with the great preacher. Many humorous letters did Mr. Smith receive from his distinguished friend in the course of their long intimacy, showing how cordial were the relations between the two, but not long before his death Pastor Spurgeon wrote, in all seriousness, a letter that will ensure the evangelist a warm welcome in many an American church and home. "I heartily commend my brother," the great preacher wrote, "to the full confidence of all my brethren, in and out of the ministry. He is zealous, but not fanatical; bold, but not vulgar; evangelical, but not a mere creator of excitement. He has often conducted services for me at the Tabernacle, and is much beloved among us."

Mr. Smith is a graduate of the Pastors' College, which has sent out so many preachers of the Gospel to many lands. He occupied a prominent and lucrative position in one of the great London companies, when, having been converted, the call of God to work for him sounded in his ears. Sunday School work and addresses at meetings of the Bands of Hope had demonstrated his capacity to instruct children and to put the truths of the Gospel in a dramatic, effective form. His services were sought by many churches, and his preaching was blessed of God to the conversion of souls in all the places whither he went. The time soon came when he had to decide between the call of God and the service of the world. It was a large sacrifice for a young man to make when he decided to leave all to follow Christ. Promotion and the prospect of a large fortune beckoned him, and it was possible to do valuable service for Christ and his church while attending to secular pursuits; but Mr. Smith was too wholehearted a man to thus divide his energies. Discouraged by Pastor Spurgeon, he renounced his position and future prospects and entered the Pastors' College to get a more thorough preparation for his work.

Mr. Smith's graduation in 1878 was the beginning of a period of nearly twenty years of unintermitted work. At a few years he had the physical strength to perform. At first, in association with Mr. Clarke and afterwards with Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, he visited the great centers of population, remaining at stated intervals to London to hold services for Pastor Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, etc. There were no letter days in the life of the evangelist. The vast building, which

holds comfortably six thousand persons, was crowded in every part, and such scenes of blessing as seldom take place were witnessed, as young and old were brought into the kingdom of God. There is no dulness about Mr. Smith's services. With a voice of rare compass and remarkable sweetness he joins song with his preaching, and his solos proved as effective as his sermons. Mr. Spurgeon delighted in the enthusiasm and geniality of his evangelist, and took special pleasure in those wonderful Tabernacle services. They could scarcely be called "revivals," for the spiritual life at the Tabernacle was never permitted to droop; but the church records show that after each series of meetings an impetus had been given to the Master's work which was felt in all departments of the manifold activity.

The mere mention of the names of the places in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, in which meetings were held, in some instances for several consecutive weeks in a town, would fill a large space. In London, especially, in several thickly populated districts, Mr. Smith has conducted services in churches and halls which have attracted immense numbers and have led to many conversions. In Exeter Hall, the central home of the London Young Men's Christian Association, the meetings continued for a month, and, at the close, the converts filled the spacious meeting-room at a praise-service that will never be forgotten in London. In the populous seaport of Hull a great circus was engaged for the meetings and was the scene of an astonishing revival. During the Paris Exposition Mr. Smith labored in the French metropolis in the McAll Mission halls, in Miss De Broen's Belleville Mission and in the great church on the Rue de Lille.

Mr. Smith has long cherished a desire to visit the United States, but was unable to leave the work in England. This year, however, he succeeded in keeping free of engagements a few months in which he could make the voyage and see for himself the great cities and the vigorous Christian life of America. From Nov. 14 to 20 he held meetings in the Y. M. C. A. of New York, at Twenty-third street. He has also received invitations from Camden, N. J., Albany, N. Y., Troy, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., Evansville, Ind., Washington, D. C. and Mobile, Ala. He expects also to visit Boston, Chicago and other great cities during his tour as soon as a definite programme can be arranged. Letters will reach him if addressed to him at this office.

PARDONING LOVE.

I am so glad my Redeemer came
Down from his kingdom above,
A blessed salvation for all to proclaim,
And show us his pardoning love.

Chor. Pardoning love is free—is free—
Pardoning love is wide,
Pardoning love reaches sinners like me,
And reaches the world beside.

I am so glad that his grace is free,
Glad there is nothing to pay,
I'm glad that salvation is offered to me,
And I have full pardon to-day.

I am so glad Jesus wants to bring
Hope to the weary and sad,
That all who will own him as Saviour and King
In pardoning love shall be glad.

Oberlin, Ohio. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

"It will go away after awhile."

That's what people say when
advised to take something to
cure that cough.

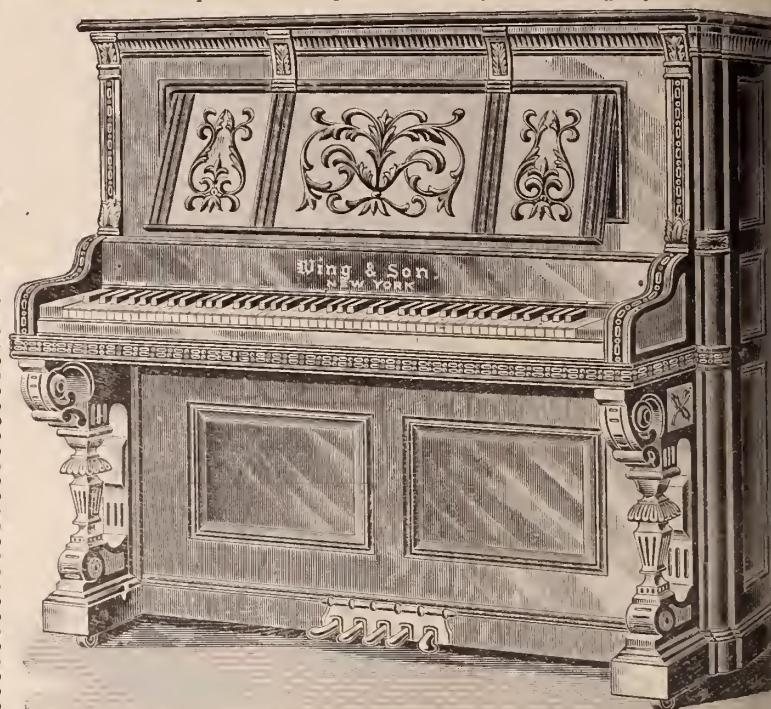
Have you ever noticed that
the cough that goes away after
awhile takes the cougher along?

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The Grand Lama of Tibet.
The ruler of Tibet—the “Sealed Land”—the Grand Lama, the Pontiff or Head of Buddhism, who dwells at Lhasa (ground of God?), a city concerning which it is the boast of Tibetans that no



THE GRAND LAMA AND ATTENDANT.

man has ever entered it. According to account of Nain Singh, an Indian writer in the London *Illustrated News*, Lhasa occupies the centre plain surrounded by barren hills, the sides of which are guarded by many fortifications. Lhasa, by virtue of being forbidden to be the object of many futile pilgrimages on the part of the adventurous and prohibited Western. To the ceremonies and incantations of the Buddhists may and do flock freely, the unbeliever who attempts to approach the city often does so at his cost. It has been the hard experience of Mr. Savage Landor, who has suffered death and come very near to death for a rapid attempt to enter the “Ground of God.” The Grand Lama is the patron of extravagant and cruel celebrations which the Tibetan New-Year is celebrated in. It was in the Grand Lama’s residence that Mr. Landor was all executed. After torture with hot irons, left the artist-explorer unmoved, he decided to behead him. Several of the executioner brandished his sword about his victim’s neck, but at the moment the Grand Lama stayed the hand and commuted the capital sentence to a term of years. Mr. Landor, who suffered terrible injuries, was at length healed, and made his way back to India. The Lama, although so exclusive to foreigners, does not dwell wholly apart. He kept constantly informed of European affairs. The choosing of the Lama is strangely effected. The Lamas find a successor to the Grand Lama in a child. The child is really selected by the crafty Lamas, but on the day of the ceremony a pious fraud is practiced. A bell is rung, and the Lama is privately given to the public as a plaything. On the day of public ceremony many unfamiliar bells are laid out, and the boy, who is dissatisfied, and asks, “But where is my own bell?” The Lama’s bell is proclaimed and welcomed, and this is the spiritual successor.

Tombs of Millionaires.
In nations, when they become great, and wicked, began to interest themselves in tomb-building. Have our recent missions in the Orient infected rich nations with an epidemic of desire to build ancient Egypt whose thousand mummies are being dragged forth for relic hunters? Our millionaires seem to be vying with each other in building impressive and luxurious monuments for future repose. Many are as large as some churches.

is a constitutional and not a local disease, and cannot be cured by local application. It requires a constitutional remedy like *Dr. Casparilla*, which positively cures catarrh. *Dr. N’s BRONCHIAL TROCHES* relieve irritations caused by cold or use of the throat. The genuine sold only in boxes.

and cost a good deal more money. A \$15,000 tomb is a common affair. Elaborate pains are taken to render them proof against the body-snatcher. The handsomest yet built is that of a multi-millionaire banker. It is of granite, in classic design, has grand colonnades, massive bronze doors, and cost \$180,000. Another handsome tomb is that of a physician, whose classic temple of costly marbles, stained-glass windows, mosaic floors, cost \$1,000,000, and will be occupied only by himself and wife. William Foster’s Moorish mausoleum also cost \$1,000,000. The D. O. Mills tomb at Peekskill cost \$50,000; Chauncey M. Depew’s, also at Peekskill, \$25,000. One good feature of this opulence in tombs is that it affords work to somebody: large firms of architects are kept busy designing tombs of fabulous cost. In spite of the fact that the tomb owners may be generous to the public in many ways, the public has yet a right to question the propriety of such magnificent endowment of one’s own remains. Better a place in the hearts of living men: better the endowment of struggling institutions which have the good of humanity at heart. All honor to the millionaire who gives so generously to his fellows that he does not leave himself a mausoleum. The man who blesses humanity so that all the world loves his grave need not fear the body-snatcher, and his tomb shall be a sacred shrine though the simplest stone shall mark it. In a Brooklyn cemetery is an elaborate tomb built at great cost by a loving father and mother, who, thinking thus to honor the memory of their only child, expended the whole of her fortune upon her mausoleum. When Atlanta, Georgia, built a great hospital in honor of Henry Grady, she perpetuated his memory in a way that marble shrines could not do.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.
Next week’s issue of **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** will contain the Premium Announcements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beautifully illustrated in colors. A Million Copies of that number will be printed.



Stick to the Directions,
if you want to get the most good out of Pearline. Otherwise, you’ll be putting in too much, and wasting the Pearline, and calling it expensive. Or you won’t put in enough, and so you won’t get as much help from it as you expected, and you’ll have to do more work. Directions on every package for hot and cold water washing, with and without boiling. These simple, easy directions have revolutionized the work of washing.

“HAWAII OUR NEW POSSESSIONS”
The One Resistless Book of the Year!
Shall the star-spangled banner float over the “Queen of the Pacific?” The next Congress will act. Be thoroughly posted on this tremendous subject. The true and wonderful story of Hawaii as she has been and as she is today. Information on every feature of this romantic country—its people, customs, mythology, folk-lore, institutions, history, Spanish pirates, political and social adventures, annexation, etc., etc. A new book of stirring interest to every American citizen.
By JOHN R. MCSICK, author of the famous “Columbian Historical Novels.” The ideal book for Christmas. Elegantly bound. Over 140 superb illustrations from photographs and sketches secured on the spot by our special commissioner. More than 500 pages. Cover design in black, red, white, and gold. Cloth, \$2.75; Half Russia, \$4.00.
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“Easy” Camera. Wonder of year. Pictures 3 1/2 x 2 1/2. Fine acromatic lens. Time exposure or instantaneous. Simple and positive in action. Postpaid, \$1.13. With finder, for focusing, \$1.35.
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Hon. Thomas B. Reed,
The distinguished Speaker of the House of Representatives, will during 1898 contribute a striking article on Congressional Oratory, written in his most frank and graphic style, to

The Youth’s Companion
FIFTY-TWO TIMES A YEAR.

MANY unusually attractive features are announced for the volume for 1898. The Companion has always given more than it has promised, and this will continue to be its practice. Following is a partial list of the

Distinguished Americans
who will contribute to The Youth’s Companion during 1898:

Hon. Thomas B. Reed.	Rear Admiral Pierce Crosby.	Lillian Nordica.
Hon. George F. Hoar.	Prof. N. S. Shaler.	John Burroughs.
Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.	Percival Lowell.	Margaret E. Sangster.
Capt. Alfred T. Mahan.	William Dean Howells.	Poultney Bigelow.
Lieut. Robert E. Peary.	Mary E. Wilkins.	Octave Thanet.
Gen. A. W. Greely.	Frank R. Stockton.	Col. Henry Watterson.

Illustrated Prospectus for the 1898 volume and Sample Copies of the Paper Free.

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IN TWELVE COLORS
FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and \$1.75 will receive:
FREE—The Youth’s Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1898.
FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year’s and Easter Double Numbers.
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THE YOUTH’S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Repelling Divine Love.*

DEATH came unawares, and took away one that was young. You saw the still and calm face; felt that moment as if you were lying there; you imagined yourself in another world and said: "How shall it be with my soul?" And then your heart failed in you, and you were inclined to kneel and say: "Bless me, even me, also, O my Father." Your life lost its freshness and its greenness; pleasures had not their relish, blessings had not their attraction, you were desolate for want of a sight of the Lord Jesus, insulted, scourged, crucified, dying for sins that were not his own. And of a sudden, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, kindled springs of healing in your heart, and you felt yourself drawn, as the magnet draws, to the cross of Christ. One way or another, some way, it does not matter which, what was it? Did you say a preacher? Did you say a "sermon?" Did you say "a fancy?" Did you talk it away? Did you laugh it off? Did you never guess that all this was the love of the Almighty moving within your heart? O beautiful thought, that God should have been within us, and left within us the signs of his presence. I mean you, the person that has felt it. Do you not think so? I seem as if I am in contact now with single human souls. You did not think so; you said it was not beautiful; you said you would rather not have had it. Before, you were contented, satisfied; you did all you wanted, you had rather that you had been left alone; you would rather be as you were before. Do you say so? I answer, all merciful the disturbance of this human life, all merciful the misery of a human heart; and I say that in trying to overcome this motion of the Divine love within the depths of your being, you are engaged in a vain and fruitless task.

SPIRITUAL INSENSIBILITY.

When a man, lying on his bed, is racked in agony we pity, and we stand by his side, and take his hand and say: "We hope you may have strength to be patient." It is far more pitiable next morning when we come, and he says: "This morning, suddenly the pain disappeared, and I am now quite well." Quite well, with the sunken circle beneath the eye, and death's pale ensigns upon his cheek. That is the most pitiable of all. Outside the door, when the door is closed upon him, we look at the physician, and he shakes his head. "Yes, mortification has set in." We thought so. It was the beginning of the end. Oh! the absence of religious conviction is the most awful thing in human history. It is the insensibility of the soul. We are capable—take this in, and carry it away with you now—capable of spiritual suicide. It is given to us to refuse the Spirit of God or to yield to it.

AN INSIDIOUS SIN.

The one reason why we have to guard against this sin of intemperance with such extraordinary care is the fact that it, of all sins, insinuates itself into the fibre of the nature. And immediately it begins to affect the character. Do not think of it as a robe that may have been slipped over you, and when it grows uncomfortable you will fling it off. It is a garment like that Hercules wore; it is soaked in every thread and fibre with poison, and the poison will soon begin to go into your system. It does not matter how honorable and straightforward a man is before he falls beneath the power of this vice. You are as simple as a child if you expect that in a year after, like that man, the very elements of virtue or of strength will remain. You know that is true, you know that there are men whose foreheads would once have been mantled with a genuine blush if charged with falsehood; they would deny a fact now and look into your eye. And you know that that man will condescend to the low, despicable cunning of a savage; no ingenuity has ever been discovered short of absolute confinement that will restrain that man from ruining himself, and he will practice any amount of deceit to obtain the poison which is his destruction. His character begins just simply to crumble.

*These three extracts are from "Ideals of Strength," a little volume by Rev. John Watson, widely known as "Jan Watson's 77 pp. Cloth Binding, price 5 cents." Write H. Ketchum, New York publisher.

away like the foundation of a house when the water is running beneath it. You cannot depend upon the word of a man who has fallen under the power of this vice! This sin comes into the house like a serpent. We can keep out any other sin, not this one. Your child, the little fellow that used to sit beside you, who used to nestle against you in the church—you see his face to-night; do you know where he is? He whom you loved, now an outcast. You are silent.

What do you propose to do to counteract and destroy this terrible evil? Have you any plan? What do you propose to do to save your children from the power of this vice? How do you propose to save your friend? Are you just going to let him slip? It is worth all your thought, all your trouble, all your pain. If you could rescue one single man or woman, although it is just about hopeless, rescue them. Try. If you could rescue one man or woman, it would be the greatest achievement of your life.



HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff.
A fine hair dressing.
R. P. HALL & CO., Props., Nashua, N. H.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Kasak &
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\$5 75 to \$10.

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Antique Mosul
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—Size 4 x 7 ft—
\$13.60.

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HEATING STOVES \$2.25 to \$24.30.
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STEEL RANGES \$19.00 and up.
Sent to any address to be paid for after received. For full particulars send for our FREE Home Catalogue. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Inc., CHICAGO, ILL.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

MANY PEOPLE RIDICULE THE IDEA OF AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

Ridicule, However, is Not Argument and Facts are Stubborn Things.

Stomach troubles are so common and in many cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially on medicines.

This fear of being humbugged may be carried too far; so far, in fact, that many persons suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common-sense plan of digesting the food eaten promptly, thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely upon the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taken after meals, digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite, and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for book on stomach diseases or ask your druggist for it.

DIABETES FLOUR
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
The result of years of endeavor to produce a palatable Bread Flour which can be safely offered to the Diabetic. The testimony to its value both from this country and abroad is remarkable and convincing.
Unrivaled in America or Europe.
PAMPHLET AND SAMPLE FREE.
Write to Farwell & Buines, Watertown, N. Y. U.S.A.

Macbeth makes half the lamp-chimneys; and half the dealers won't sell 'em, because they don't break.
Get the Index—free.

Write Macbeth Pittsburgh Pa

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70 East Ninth Street, New York.

Christmas SERVICES for the Sunday & New Carols, Recitations and other features not found in other CHRISTMAS FAIRIES by Roscoe, melodies bright, pleasing and easy with very interesting plot. Price 20c. Catalogue of Christmas music FREE. GEO. F. ROSCOE & CO., Chicago, 940 Madison St., New York, 44 E. 23rd St. Name this paper.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

THE HERALD'S MESSAGE.

Sample, 5 cts.; 50 cts. per doz.; \$4 per 100—all prepaid CHAS. H. GARRICK, 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

Seekers should send to A. de Potter, 1466 Broadway, N. Y., for pamphlet describing a 5 months' winter cruise to Tropical Central America on the 1800 ton Steamer "Knickerbocker," which leaves N. Y. Jan. 15, 1898. Will visit principal points in Islands of Trinidad and Caracas, Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala and Mexico. Fine Fishing and Hunting of big game.

Church and Sunday School **ENTERTAINMENTS**
Illustrated Sermons and Sunday School Lessons. Stereopticons, Magic Lanterns, Views. Prices and full information in 20-page catalog—free. McALLISTER, Big. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

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You can buy an IVERS & POND Piano just as cheaply, as safely, and as satisfactorily of us by mail as in person our warerooms. How? Write, and we tell you.

We send our pianos on trial at our expense to any part of the United States where they are not sold by a local dealer. Send us a postal card and receive FREE our CATALOGUE and prices for cash and on EASY PAYMENTS.

If you want a piano, a postal card will save you \$75 to \$100. Send it to-day.

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FREE.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statement:
Had catarrh since I can remember, often avoided company on account of it; throat was dry and sore; least change in weather gave me dull pain over my eyes caused a stupid drowsy feeling; began to ring in my time my hearing failed. I became so deaf could not hear one word. Used Aerial Medication eight weeks, but was fully restored, roaring and pain stopped, and was entirely cured of Catarrh. I do not know why anyone should suffer from Catarrh or deafness when there is such a good cure as the MISS CARIE BOWERS, Roseville, Pa.
We have reliable assurance that the statement is genuine and that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician.—Cincinnati Standard.

MEDICINES

For Three Months' Treatment FREE.

This very liberal offer having proved remarkably successful last year, I have decided to renew it, and will for a short time send medicines for three months' treatment free. Question form and particulars, address J. H. Moore, M.D., Dept. K3 Cincinnati O.

\$60 Sewing Machines for Sale.
We sell every reliable sewing machine made. We employ no agents, but sell direct, and for cash in large quantities, which enables us to save you \$25 to \$40 on any Sewing Machine you may select. All machines brand new, warranted latest improved, with all attachments, and warranted for 10 years. (Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.) Illustrated catalogue gives full particulars and will be mailed free. Don't fail to buy a machine before investigating our catalogue. Address: J. N. HOOK & CO., A CINCINNATI.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
Shipped direct from factory on 30 day Free Trial. No money asked in advance. Conditions easy. A high class \$175 Kenwood Organ for \$115. Local agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we sell. We also have Pianos as low as \$25 and organs at \$21.75. Large illustrated catalogue FREE. Address in full CASH BUYERS' UNION, 160 W. Van Buren St., 13-18, Chicago.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGE FREE
We will send a 50c. package of Gold and Christmas Cards, very nice and pretty, and the largest and best story paper in the world 18 months absolutely free if you send \$1.00 to pay postage. This offer is only to introduce our paper in new homes. Order at SOCIAL VISITOR CO., Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

Print Your Own Cards
Labels, Circulars, or newspapers. Five Dollar Press. Large Type setting easy, printed in Money saved; also big profit printing for others. Stamp catalog, presses, type, to fact. KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.

FREE TO BALD HEAD
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon bald head, stop falling hair, and move scalp diseases. Address: **Altman Medical Dispensary**, Dept 1 N. A., Box 779, Cincinnati.

ASTHMA CURE!
Dr. Hair's cure has brought relief to sufferers. A \$1.00 bottle of valuable treatment sent free, you pay postage. Address, Dept. 165, **DR. B. W. HAIR, Cincinnati**

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED.
A bottle Free to those afflicted. **DR. TAFT BRO., 14 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.**

WOMEN Make \$2 to \$10 a day selling our 1000 Inlaid Dress Skirts, new dress etc. Cat. Free. Ladies' Supply Co., 3114 Forest Ave., Chicago.

OUR SUPERB ART BIBLES.

OUR readers will doubtless remember the beautiful Art Bibles that were presented by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the prize-winners in the recent Sunday School attendance contest. These Bibles are a triumph of art, pictorial, typographical, and in binding and general finish, such as has never before been produced. We have had a number of inquiries regarding them from interested readers, who are eager to become possessed of copies of the Sacred Book, in which the highest genius of the East and the utmost skill of the various handicrafts associated in its production have been lavished to make a perfect and pleasing whole. In next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we shall publish a remarkable offer in connection with the Art Bible, which we trust every reader will be quick to appreciate and advantage of. All should remember that this is the genuine London Edition—a cheap reproduction, nor an imitation, but the great work itself, in the proportion of which vast sums have been expended. Our Bible is one which any household where the Word is prized should be proud and delighted to own.

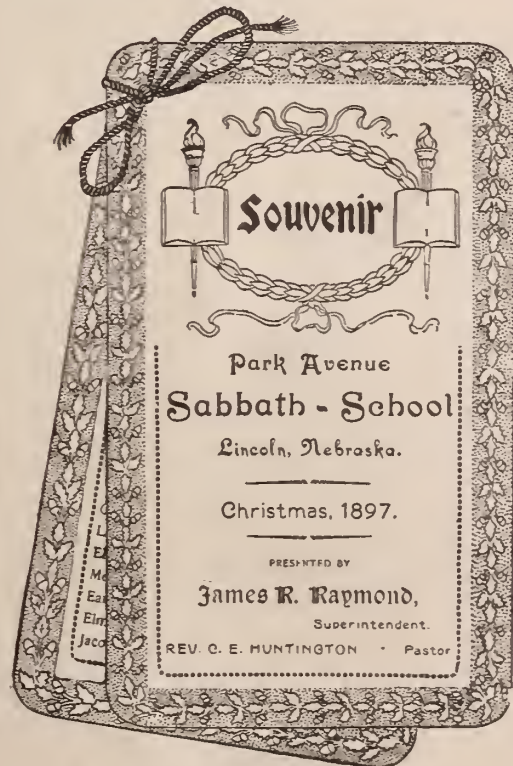
A PALESTINE LILY.
Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
Toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say
unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these (Matt. 6: 28, 29).
HERE is a flower of Palestine,
From plains of Galilee,
Gathered there by a tender hand,
Then pressed and sent to me,
A messenger from Holy Land,
That Saviour's feet hath trod;
Where holy men, the prophets, lived,
And worshipped Israel's God.
It is a Lily of the Field,
Of bright carnation hue;
A part, indeed, of sacred soil,
Of wet with Hermon's dew.
Thou art a precious, cherished guest,
O flower of Galilee,
Thou link'st me to His home and life—
The Christ who died for me.
I know not what secluded spot
Should claim this royal flower:
It may be, on Esdraelon's plain,
Or by some ruined tower;
Or Carmel's or Gilboa's base,
Or ancient battle-field,
Or apennine's site or Tabor's slope,
Gave me this precious yield.
Yet this I know—'tis dear to me,
For it hath mystic power,
Leading me through the centuries
To Crucifixion's hour.
Yes, 'tis a precious, cherished guest,
This Flower of Galilee,
Linking me to His home and life—
The Christ who died for me.
E. S. ROBERTS.

CONSUMPTION.
(Continued.)

Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.
The medical profession of the civilized world now concedes that Consumption is a disease of the lungs and always caused by the bacillus germ. For hundreds of years it was supposed to be a disease of the blood and general system, caused by imbalances, and on that false theory was treated by medicines given through the blood, and with such inevitable fatality came to be regarded as incurable. The "Germ Theory" first announced by Martin in 1722 was adopted by Dr. Lanza in 1819, by Dr. Carmichael in 1836, and by Lanza in 1849, and by myself in 1897. These exceptions, the whole world held to the old doctrine and continued to oppose and deny the truth of the "Germ Theory" until after 1882, when Dr. Koch, of Berlin, proved its indisputable truth by showing the actual germs that produce the disease in the lungs and the matter of consumptives. But when the new doctrine was not publicly admitted, nor the old treatment changed, it was adopted and publicly acknowledged by all Medical Schools as the true theory of consumption. The germ feeds upon and destroys the tissue of the lungs, as maggots devour flesh. Whence do these germs come? The air here is filled with countless millions of

different kinds, each having its appointed mission in the economy of nature. All living things are consumed by them after death. They are harmless to healthy bodies, but assail and pray upon diseased tissues.
The germs in the air are the cause of many different diseases, each named according to its kind—Scald Head, Lepra Vulgaris, Ring Worm, and the Itch are common germ diseases.
Consumption is caused by the tubercle bacillus, a germ found in the air of all climates. In health the lungs are effectually protected from the bacilli by the Epithelium, a delicate membrane which lines the mucous surfaces of the air passages—tubes and cells of the lungs, just as the cuticle covers and protects the external surface or skin of the body.
The Epithelium is the natural safeguard of the lungs. Without its protection every human being would get consumption and the earth be depopulated, but while it remains unbroken the lungs are safe, and consumption cannot possibly arise.
The chief diseases which endanger the Epithelium and render us liable to consumption are Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Pneumonia. You must first get a chronic inflammation of the lung surfaces, severe enough to break and destroy the Epithelium, before you can get consumption. You may have chronic bronchitis a long time before the Epithelium is broken. These diseases are the nursery from which consumption springs, and therefore always dangerous.
Local inflammations of the air passages and lungs are easily and quickly cured by local treatment applied directly to the lungs by inhalation, but never by stomach medication. After the Epithelium is broken and the germs have formed a lodgment in the lungs, no diet or nursing, stomach medication or change of air can arrest the lung disease. Nothing short of the actual destruction of the germs and their expulsion from the lungs will save the patient's life. This is effected only by specific germicides applied directly to the germs and germ-infected parts by inhalation. Everything else inevitably fails.
(To be continued.)
ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
No. 117 W. 45th St., New York, Nov. 20, 1897.
NOTE.—A pamphlet explaining Dr. Hunter's treatment of lung complaints can be obtained free by all Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by addressing him as above.

Handsome Christmas Souvenirs.



The above cut is two-thirds the actual size of Souvenir.

TIME TELLS THE STORY.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES do Good Work DURING A LIFETIME.

There is a big difference between the cost of making a first-class sewing machine, embodying the best of materials and workmanship, and one made in the cheapest manner. The buyer of the cheap machine soon pays the difference of price in the constant cost for repairs, to say nothing of its annoying inefficiency.

Results Make Reputation.

Singer Machines, either lock-stitch or chain-stitch, are the successful result of long experience and constant improvements in the endeavor to make nothing but the best sewing machines for family use. The accomplishment of this result requires six of the largest, best-equipped factories in the world, the best inventive talent of the age, and the constant employment of twelve thousand workmen. Singer Machines are sold only by our employees, and not through dealers or department stores.

The Value of Reputation.

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city in the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

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"SEWING MACHINE MAKERS FOR THE WORLD."



AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR PATENT THIRD-PERSON BUGGY SEAT...

It makes a three-passenger buggy out of a two-seater. It makes a six-passenger buggy out of a four-seater. It is the best child's seat ever produced. Not a screw, bolt, or nut needed. It fits any vehicle. Folds up and out of sight when not in use. An entire novelty and a necessity. It sells at sight. Good, live agents wanted in every locality. Price, \$1.85, delivered any place in the U. S. Send \$1.65 for sample and special prices to agents.

THIRD-PERSON BUGGY SEAT CO.,
Box 484 P, Cincinnati, O.



WE LOAN A BICYCLE TO OUR AGENTS.

You can make twice as much money selling our wheels as you can by dealing with anyone else. Standard high grade machines, brand new, no better ever made. Also large stock of shop worn bicycles mostly as good as new from \$5 to \$35. This month we offer a No. 1, new wheel, Ladies or Gents at \$18. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for confidential offer to agents. Address: The Old Reliable BROWN-LEWIS CYCLE CO. (Dept. F.) Chicago.



3000 BICYCLES

must be closed out at once. Standard 91 Models, guaranteed, \$14 to \$30. 95 models \$12 to \$20. 2d hand wheels \$3 \$12 to \$15. Shipped to anyone on approval without advance deposit. Great factory clearing sale. EARN A BICYCLE by helping advertise us. We will give one agent in each town FREE USE of a sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our Special Offer. D. W. Head Cycle Co., Wabash ave Chicago

At this season of the year, the question of gifts suitable for Christmas is a perplexing and prominent one in the minds of Superintendents, Teachers, Pastors, and others interested in Sunday Schools. The

Sunday School Souvenirs

issued by us are without doubt the finest, neatest and most appropriate gift that can be obtained at a moderate cost. They were used last Christmas by hundreds of Sunday Schools, and are more sought after this year than ever. They can be used equally well for an entire Sunday School, or individual teachers can use them for a class only. Containing all the names of officers, teachers, pupils, etc., they possess real value as Souvenirs, and will be long preserved and more highly prized as the years go by. They are equally suitable for

Sunday Schools, Churches, Societies and Day Schools.

Description. These Souvenirs are made of fine white cards, with handsome embossed borders and tied together with colored silk cord. On the face of the first appear the names of the school or society, with location, date, officers, teachers, etc., as desired, in bright gold letters. On following cards are the names of all pupils or members, as many cards being used as required for the number of names.

Number to Order. Order at least as many as there are names appearing on the several cards and as many more as desired. In ordering write clearly the matter you desire printed on the face of first card, together with all the names to appear on the other cards. Be sure that all the names are correctly spelled and plainly written. Do not leave anything to be guessed at.

When to Order. Orders can usually be filled within two days of the time received, but should be sent in a couple of weeks in advance if possible, so as to avoid any possible delay.

Cost. The price list appended shows how cheaply a whole school can be provided for, and in giving these all pupils can be treated with impartiality and exactly alike. ONE SAMPLE SOUVENIR MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Preserve this Advertisement and Price List. It will not appear here again.

Price List.

15 or less	\$1.00
16 - 18.05	21 - \$1.29
17 -	1.10 22 - 1.33
18 -	1.15 23 - 1.37
19 -	1.20 24 - 1.41
20 -	1.25 25 - 1.45

Additional ones 3c. each. In ordering quantities in excess of 25 send \$1.45 for first 25 and 3c. each for all over that number. Number of Souvenirs ordered must equal number of names printed. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

TEACHERS IMPROVEMENT CO., Box 6003, Dansville, N. Y.

A BUDDHIST FAIR IN CHINA.

One of the Noted Heathen Festivals of the Year Described.

IN a letter from Honan, Rev. H. A. Mitchel, a missionary, gives a most interesting picture of the great Buddhist fair of the Hsun Hsien. He writes:

"On the ridge of the hill both sides of the path are occupied by pedlars with goods spread on pieces of cloth on the ground, or tapes, garters, etc., streaming from poles and ropes, while all around one hears the continual noise of whistles, bamboo or clay in every conceivable form of ugliness. Level spaces are taken up with food-shops (minus walls or roof), or jugglers who, to the accompaniment of drums and cymbals, with a mixture of ridiculous posing and real skill do many apparently dangerous things to draw a few cash from the belts of the wondering crowds. The stone-paved walk from the south gate of the city to the temple becomes a busy street, literally packed with people, so that in some places one is at times nearly wedged off his feet.

"Near the temples the paths are lined with booths for the sale of incense, paper dolls, and strings of gold and silver paper representing money, all of which are to be burned before the gods. Here from early dawn until dark the procession of worshippers continues, sometimes by ones and twos, but often in companies of all the representatives of a village; sometimes mostly old women (few young women attend here) under the care of a few men. As they pass up, some carry triangular flags telling of the virtue of going up to this mountain, others beat gongs at intervals of a few paces, while others set off fire-crackers along the way.

"Just at the foot of the hill on the western side, where the flow of worshippers passed by continually, was the booth of the 'Jesus Hall,' where day after day was proclaimed the strange news of one living and true God, and one merciful, all powerful Saviour.

"We were able without interference to examine one of the side temples containing life-size representations in clay of some scenes in the Buddhist hell, but when we entered the main temple there was a rush of priests to put us out, and we were soon the centre of a noisy crowd, many of the boys among the priests calling on us to 'Koa t'ou' to the gods, others shouting 'put them out,' while others again tried to carry out this last injunction. We objected to going out by force, but when invited to go, gladly did so. As we went to the other buildings, there were plenty of cries of 'foreign devil,' etc., and as we got nearer the gate some snowballs came into use as well as a few pieces of tile and brick. Doubtless every year it will be harder for foreigners to visit that temple, and I can quite realize the force of the advice given by some of the older missionaries, to be careful never to enter a temple alone.

"The next day we visited the East hill, where we were most cordially met by the priests, with invitations to examine the temples and to drink tea. To reach the top of this hill, is a tiresome climb even for men, and many of the women who go up for blessings must be completely wearied out after it. Here images of infants are plentiful, and lying about the floor of one temple are several hundreds of stone slabs presented by grateful supplicants who believe that they have received some answer to their prayers here. One building is called the temple of ten thousand spirits. Besides a large central figure, and twenty about three feet high, seated on a different kind of animal, on walls, beams, and roof to the very ridge are covered with images about eight inches high, of almost every conceivable form.

"In the service of Satan here we find all ages. Many of the larger gods are put back in recesses with locked bars before them. In front of the god, some right feet from the bars is suspended a brass plate with a hole in the centre about an inch and a half square. Any one throwing a cash through this hole is guaranteed good fortune, and the floor is often pretty well strewn with cash. This fair then draws thousands from all points and long distances to engage in empty games, but it also gives God's servants an opportunity of touching large numbers, and sending Gospels and tracts into many homes."

THE LARKIN SOAPS

THE LARKIN PLAN saves you half the regular prices; half the cost. You pay but the usual retail value of the soaps after thirty days' trial and all middle-men's profits are yours in a premium, itself of equal value.

Our Great Combination Box.

Enough to last an Average Family one Full Year.

This List of Contents Changed as Desired

100 Bars "Sweet Home" Soap - \$5.00

For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.

10 Bars White Woolen Soap - .70

A perfect soap for linens.

12 Pkgs. Boraxino Soap Powder - 1.20

Full lbs. An unequalled laundry luxury.

4 Bars Honor Bright Scouring Soap .20

1-4 Doz. Modjeska Complexion Soap .60

Perfume exquisite. A matchless beautifier.

1-4 Doz. Old English Castile Soap - .30

1-4 Doz. Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap .25

1-4 Doz. Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap .25

1-4 Doz. Larkin's Tar Soap - .30

Unequalled for washing the hair.

1-4 Doz. Sulphur Soap - .30

1 Bottle, 1 oz. Modjeska Perfume - .30

Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.

1 Jar, 2 ozs., Modjeska Cold Cream - .25

Soothing. Cures chapped hands.

1 Bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder - .25

Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.

1 Stick Witch Hazel Shaving Soap - .10

The Contents Bought at Retail

Cost - \$10.00

The Premium, Worth at Retail 10.00

All for \$10 . . . \$20

You get the Premium you select, gratis.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG CO

SWEET HOME SOAP

PURIFY

THE LARKIN PLAN

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THE POWER OF A HYMN.

MANY incidents are related of the influence of Gospel hymns in bringing light to the darkened soul. The following, which are told ofanny Crosby's sweetest hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," are from the pen of Annie M. Bingham, in *The Central Christian Advocate*:

One of the missionaries of the McCall mission found in a wretched district a dying girl. She sat down beside her and sang:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast.

The dying girl hushed her groans to listen, and grew calm and quiet under the sweet message. "How good that is! How good that is!" she said as she entered the valley of the shadow of death.

Bishop Hannington, missionary bishop of central Africa, who was seized by the natives and imprisoned, and subsequently died, made this last record in his journal:

"My headman led me out on pretense of showing me the Nile, when suddenly twenty ruffians set upon us. They threw me to the ground and took my valuables. I nearly broke away from them, but then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. In spite of all, and feeling that I was about to be murdered, I sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. With my clothes torn to pieces, bruised in every part, I was thrown into a hut, where I was stayed until the African chief decided my fate."

This hymn was heard on a most impressive occasion at the door of Westminster Abbey. It was at the funeral of Lord Shaftesbury—that English nobleman and philanthropist who was identified with more organizations for the uplifting of humanity than any other man who ever lived. On his coffin were flowers from the royal princes and the London flower-sellers. The poor and the destitute from the quarters of London were gathered about the abbey, each with some little offering of black sewed on bonnet or shawl. For no other man in England or Ireland could such an assembly have been gathered. Royalty and nobility were represented by imposing delegations, and the real significance of the gathering was shown by the deputations from charities, and refuges, and costermongers' societies, and ragged-schools, each with its craped members. Following the burial service and the grand music of the abbey, the Lord of the Costermongers' Temperance Society began playing softly:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast.

The effect was indescribable. This is the simple Christian hymn which Lord Shaftesbury had sung with them in his mission-houses and ragged-schools, the beds of their sick and dying. It was a good-by hymn to their best friend; and where could be found a more beautiful one?

The Responsibilities of Wealth.

One of the most instructive lessons of our time is contained in the will of the late George M. Pullman, who, out of his immense fortune of \$7,600,000, leaves to his only two sons an annuity of \$3,000 each, with this explanation: "Inasmuch as neither of my sons has developed such a sense of responsibility as in my judgment is requisite for the wise use of large properties and considerable sums of money, I am painfully compelled, as I have explicitly stated to them, to limit my testamentary provisions for their benefit to trusts producing only such income as I deem reasonable for their support." A few will, a good object-lesson, though a lesson to millionaire fathers and spendthrift sons, in that it recognizes wealth as sacred trust, and pays reverence to the faith-obtaining precept of Christian ethics which holds that a man has no right to bequeath vast estates to incompetent or reckless hands. A room in one of our best cities recently presented the picture of six sons of millionaires gambling and dice with a stake of \$1000 on each throw, and one of these young men losing \$1000 in one night! Fathers who entrust wealth to such sons are false to their own responsibilities, to their children's welfare, and also to the public good.

A Vain Search.

Several Years and Thousands of Dollars Expended.

An Expert Accountant and Bookkeeper of Detroit Troubled with Hereditary Scrofula in its Worst Form—Spends a Small Fortune Seeking to Find a Cure.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James H. Wallace, the well known expert accountant and bookkeeper of Detroit, Mich., lately had a remarkable experience, and a reporter called at his pretty home, 240 Sixth Street, to interview him regarding it. He found Mrs. Wallace in the midst of house cleaning, and after the reporter stated the object of his visit, Mrs. Wallace said: "You had better see Mr. Wallace at the office of C. A. Haberkorn & Co., table manufactory on Orchard Street, and he will tell you of this experience much better than I." A visit was made to the office of the above concern where Mr. Wallace was seen. "I am," said Mr. Wallace, "yet a young man, still I have suffered untold agonies and tortures. I was born with that awful hereditary disease known as scrofula, and what I suffered cannot be well described."

"The first physicians that treated me said it was a constitutional blood disorder and by constant treatment and diet it might be cured. The blood purifiers and spring remedies I used only made the eruptions more aggressive and painful. In 1888, I was a fearful looking sight and was in fact repulsive. On my limbs were large ulcers which were very painful, and from which there was a continual discharge. In three years I spent over \$3,000 in medicine and medical services and grew worse instead of better. I tried the medical baths, and in 1893 went to Medicine Lake, Washington, but was not benefited. I then tried some proprietary medicine, but did not receive any benefit."

"One day in the fall of 1895, while reading the paper I noticed an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but did not give it much attention. That afternoon while moving some books I broke an ulcer on my leg and nearly fainted, the pain made me sick

and I had to stop work. While sitting in the chair I again noticed the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills article in the newspaper which was laying on the floor. I read it carefully and immediately decided to give the pills a trial, as the account which I read had been of a case similar to mine. I sent the office boy over to Frank Houpp's drug store for a box and took some that afternoon. I continued their use and before I had used one box I noticed an improvement. I grew better rapidly and all my friends noticed the improvement, and after taking eight boxes there was not a sore on my person."

"I am covered with scars from the ulcers but since that time I have not seen a single indication of the old trouble. I continued the use of the pills long after I was cured as I wanted to get my system rid of that awful disease."

"If I only had bought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at the start I would be thousands of dollars ahead and had five years of health and happiness instead of torture. To-day I feel like a perfect man and my doctor says I am entirely rid of my old trouble."

(Signed) JAMES H. WALLACE.
DETROIT, MICH., May 7, 1897.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for Wayne County, Michigan, personally appeared James H. Wallace, who being duly sworn, deposed and said that he had read the foregoing statement and that the same was true.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR.,
Notary Public.

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Already this "new scientific system of treatment" has, by its timely use, permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, and it seems a necessary and humane duty to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids, that they may be benefited thereby.

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The medical profession throughout America and Europe are about unanimous in the opinion that nearly all physical ailments naturally tend to the generation of consumption. The afflicted die in the short, cold days of winter much faster than in the long, hot days of summer.

The Doctor has proved the dreaded disease to be curable beyond a doubt in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of letters of heartfelt gratitude from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world.

Consumption, uninterrupted means speedy and certain death.

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IN HEAVEN.

WHAT time the mother meets her child,
She laid away in tears below,
I know not where is heaven, but that
Is heaven, I know.

What time that sundered friends shall gaze,
Enraptured, on each other's face,
Methinks that surely there must be
The holy place.

Then when Apostle, martyr, saint,
Each other on our view succeed,
Ecstatic, shall our souls exclaim,
"Ah, heaven, indeed."

What time the first angel's voice
Drops softly on our ravished ear,
Methinks, responsive, shall we cry,
"Ah, heaven is here."

But, when the Saviour glad we meet,
If dazzled senses fail us not,
All doubt dismissed, we sure have reached
The hallowed spot.

REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

A Hero of the Mines.

Michael Verran was a lad who worked in a coal-mine. One day he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole for blasting, and then, one of the three ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish the preparations for firing the charge. The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse, and then for one man to ascend the shaft and let down the bucket for the last, so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode. Michael and his companions were careless, and, while the fuse was attached, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it, the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few minutes the charge would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft and, holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time. To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket and quietly said: "Escape, lad, for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute." Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened for the roar and boom that told of the destruction of the brave comrade who had given up his life to save him. Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. Yet down they hurried, and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted, in faltering tones, his name: "Michael! Michael! where are you?" The brave lad had perished. He had given his life for his friend.

"Jumping" a Church Site.

Letters from Skagway, at the entrance to the White Pass leading to the Klondike gold-fields, report an exciting occurrence in connection with the missionary work recently undertaken there by two Presbyterian clergymen. The congregation, which Rev. R. M. Dickey, the Presbyterian missionary, is building up, having promised to build a church, he selected a lot and paid a man a hundred dollars to give up possession of the land. The law recognized there is that a man's bedding must be on his location in order to hold it for him. There was nothing on Mr. Dickey's lot after he purchased, it and some parties started to pre-empt it. They went off for their bedding. Mr. Dickey heard of the movement to seize the church site and hurried to it and started to haul a couple of bags upon it. Upon these he placed a coon-skin site, and when the desperado returned with their bedding the ingenuity of the town and two or three of the congregation had arrived to support Mr. Dickey, who was thus defying the would-be jumpers to the church site. Thanks to Mr. Dickey's timely energy, the site was secured and later he spoke to those who tried to "jump" him, they expressed regret, but whether for their intention or the failure is not quite certain. Mr. Dickey is gaining friends rapidly.

OUR PREMIUM ISSUE.

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain the Premium Announcements for 1897-98, in which a great variety of attractive offers, surpassing anything ever placed within reach of the public, will be fully described and beautifully illustrated in colors. A MILLION Copies of that number will be printed.

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I have used it in the treatment of about
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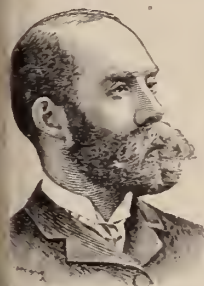
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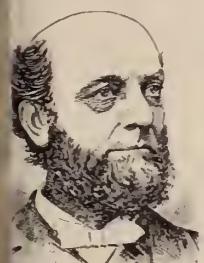
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Square Pegs in Round Holes



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
CONTRIBUTOR.

Many Men and Women—Industrious and Energetic—Fail to Attain that Measure of Prosperity to which their Push and Pluck justly Entitle them. They plan and plod, but make no Headway. Others Succeed, but not They. The Explanation is this: They are Square Pegs in Round Holes. They are out of their Element. They are like Fish out of Water, Beating the Air and Earth in vain, Finding their Fins a Hindrance instead of a Help. But because they do not now Succeed is no Evidence that they were Born to Fail. They need Intelligent Guidance into the Proper Channels, where their Peculiar Talents will make Industry and Energy Tell for their Advancement and Profit. They should Read SUCCESS.

(Read, "How Change of Business Brought Change of Fortune," in December SUCCESS.)



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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"BEHOLD HIS DAUGHTER CAME OUT TO MEET HIM."



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Edward C. W., Camden, N. J. Can you furnish the solution to the following: What person is referred to in the Old and New Testaments whose name is never mentioned, whose death was unlike that of any other created being, and whose body never saw corruption?

We invite all of our friends, and especially those interested in Sunday School work and Bible study, to assist in solving the foregoing problem. Send answers on postal card only, and, in every case, make them as brief as possible.

S. S. Teacher, Topeka, Kans. If Paul was not born in Rome, how could he be a citizen? What was the difference between him and the centurion who bought his freedom. (Acts 22: 28)?

Paul inherited his citizenship from his father. The freedom of the city was granted by Rome to persons who were born in other lands, as a reward for distinguished services, and to captives who were set at liberty, and also, as in the centurion's case, by purchase. It is not known in what way Roman citizenship was obtained by Paul's ancestor. Probably he was a liberated captive. But Paul as the son of a Roman citizen was himself a citizen, the privilege being hereditary. The son of the centurion, if he had one, might say as Paul did, "I was free born."

F. Coonidge, Scranton, Cal. Why does not Easter come in the same month each year?

Because it is regulated by the moon. The only means we have of identifying the day of Christ's resurrection is its relation to the Jewish Passover. That festival was held in the lunar month Nisan. After much controversy, the Council of Nice held in 325, made an effort to combine the three data of the day of the week, the lunar month and the solar year. It decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday, after the first full moon which happened after the vernal equinox of March 21 in any year.

Subscriber, Indianapolis, Ind. Do you think the warning in Heb. 6: 6, that it is impossible for one who has fallen away to be renewed, absolutely shuts out one who sincerely repents?

No, the repentant backslider is assured of restoration if he sincerely seeks it. (See Hosea 14: 4.) The passage you refer to, like the one about the unpardonable sin, has caused much discussion and apprehension. The description in the previous verses of the persons to whom it refers, appears to indicate a condition of enlightenment and of personal experience such as some attain who do not become true Christians, but return to the world. The writer appears to be speaking of a fact rather than enunciating a doctrine. Every Christian minister and worker knows how difficult it is to win a backslider, especially one who has become a scoffer. The truth seems to have no effect upon them. Any person who falls he has fallen into that condition can disprove the theory by going to Christ and asking forgiveness. Christ will receive him. The fact of his being distressed about it, indicates that he has not fallen beyond hope. The man who has need to fear that he is beyond pardon is he who does not trouble about his state.

John DeF., Newark, N. J. Does the Koran, Zendavesta, Sauri, or Confucius, give any account of the Creation, the Antediluvians, the Deluge, or the repopling of the earth?

The Koran contains passages that correspond to the Scriptural account of the fall, the deluge, etc. The Zendavesta gives the Creation; we do not find any of them in the Sauri; Confucius taught morality, but did not found a religion. Revelation and immortality have no place in his doctrine.

Resistant, San Jose, Cal. If a man hears or desires to hear another and is afterward converted, must he not pay principal and interest? If he neglects to do so, will he not be excluded from heaven?

There is no question as to his duty, but it would be rash to answer your second question in any affirmative. It is his duty to pay, but if he is unable to do so, his failure will not exclude him from heaven. God does not require the impossible. A man who repents of his sins and obtains God's forgiveness, will be anxious to atone to anyone whom he has wronged, and will do so to the full extent of his power; but, as you can see for yourself,

he might die before he had succeeded in doing so, however anxious and earnest he might be in his endeavor. It would be a manifest injustice which God would never do, to exclude such a man. His intention and his effort are accounted as evidence of his conversion.

Young Reader, Jersey City, N. J. When, where and by whom was the Y. M. C. A. first founded?

By George Williams, a dry goods merchant and earnest Christian of London, Eng., in 1844.

Pierre S., Toronto, Can. When was the "Dark Day," and what caused it?

The famous "dark day" was May 19, 1780. In the morning, rain that smelt like sulphur, fell in some parts of New England. Dense vapors obscured the sun, shadows fell to the southward instead of to the west, and before noon the light gave way to dusk. Soon it was

The new birth applies to the soul. The power given by the Holy Spirit enables a man to subordinate his physical appetites and passions to his higher nature, and so a physical change ensues. The drunkard who was formerly the slave of his craving for liquor, and who drank even while he knew it was detrimental to him, finds after conversion that there is a stronger power within him than there was before—a power capable of keeping the body in subjection.

Fairfax L., Macon, Ga. Where can I find statistics showing what the leading wars of our generation have cost in blood and treasure?

The Franco-German war cost over \$2,500,000,000 and nearly 120,000 lives; the Crimean war cost 750,000 lives and \$2,000,000,000. The American Civil War cost nearly 800,000 lives and the North in money \$5,100,000,000 and the South \$2,300,000,000.

Felix A., Hudson, N. Y. What is the origin of the term "sweetness and light," now so frequently used?

It no doubt originated with Æsop, who likened the ancient authors to bees full of "sweetness and light," and the moderns to spiders. Its modern revival is due to Matthew Arnold who thus summed up the character of the ideal Christian.

S. E. L., Chicago. A friend who is a Jew claims that every book in the Old and New Testament was written by a Jew. Is that so?

We do not know who wrote the Book of Job, but if we may judge by the entire absence of any reference to Jewish law and

almost always in excess) and invites prejudices that are to the last degree objectionable. While some dances are less objectionable than others, it is undeniable that many dancing, as a whole, tends to deprave rather than improve.

Janie Miller (aged 6), Philadelphia. What does Saviour mean when he spoke of the camels and the needle's eye? What kind of a needle?

The needle was a narrow gate in the wall. A loaded camel could not pass through and the illustration was intended to show it would be easier for the loaded beast to open to squeeze through this strait (or narrow passage-way) than for the rich man to enter heavenly portal, burdened with care and anxieties for worldly goods.

D. Simms, Paterson, N. J. Was Columbus original discoverer of the American Continent?

There are traditions (but no accurate history) to the effect that the Norsemen the discovery centuries before Columbus Irish and Welsh traditions of a similar character also exist, each claiming for their country the honor of prior discovery.

Charles O'B., Memphis, Tenn. Please give brief definition of these terms: 1. An atheist. 2. A deist. 3. An infidel. 4. An agnostic.

1. One who denies the existence of a God. 2. One who believes in God not in revealed religion. 3. One who is without faith or belief in God or his Word. 4. One who professes ignorance or doubt neither affirms nor denies the existence of God, but falls back upon the limitations of the human mind as incapable of proving or disproving the things that are regarded by the orthodox as the truths of religion.

Puzzled, Providence, R. I. How could Lord commend the steward (Luke 16: 1-13) who practically gave away his Master's property?

It was the steward's lord, not the man who commended him, and that, in his dishonesty, but for his astuteness. The man undoubtedly did wrong in frauding his employer. Christ uses the parable to show the foresight expected by men of no moral principle. They see that they are about to lose their position they make provision for the future, by rendering service to people beneath them in rank, who will be to serve them when the need comes. If Christ's followers acted even on a mercenary motive, they would serve the poor and needy of his people, and provide for them, because God had used to reward those who do so. If they do not show so much shrewdness as worldly people do. That is the true meaning of the parable.

Miss M. M., Stroudsburg, Pa. What is the origin and history of the Easter?

Nearly all of the popular observances connected with Easter are supposed to be of pagan origin. The Church gave spiritual significance to the already existing festival. The Pasch (or Easter) eggs are one of the oldest rites. They are used by the Christians present each other with colored eggs; in North Britain the young people search for wild-fowls' eggs on Sunday or roll hens' eggs, cooked and dyed, downhill, eating them when they reach the bottom.

S. E. M., Hartford, Conn. Is a Christian bound to give a tenth of his income to his church?

If you mean legally bound by law, we answer, no. The Christian is under law. At the time the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, the law was raised as to their being required to obey the law, and there council of the Apostles in which it was discussed. The decision is given in Acts 15: 28, 29. Certain things necessary in circumstances were enjoined, and no burden was laid on the new converts. It is consequently no Scriptural law. But it cannot be said that there is no law. The Christian would show a proper appreciation of his better privileges if he gave to God as much as the Jew did. If offering is voluntary, but his own conscience would tell him that a tenth is the minimum proportion.

Anxious Mother, Trenton, N. J. What is the way to worship the Lord?

The best worship is a faithful, loyal, ing, prayerful worship; an upright, re walk before men, "bringing forth fruit to righteousness" for His glory. The Samaritan woman asked the same question of Christ and you will find his answer in John 4: 21.

Earnest Reader, Bay City, Mich. What studies or readings would you recommend young man to take up during the months? How can he best educate himself without a teacher?

Assuming that he has already advanced beyond the elementary stage and that no study is in view, we would suggest a course of reading to include history, biography, and explorations. If his time is limited, it is probably no one study that will be so helpful as history, since it furnishes the to almost all the others.



A BAND OF ARAB MUSICIANS AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

The Arabs are a hospitable people. After entertaining a guest at dinner, it is customary in homes of the better class to call in a company of native musicians, such as those shown in our photograph, and pass an hour or two in discoursing strains which, to a cultivated Western ear, are far from soothing and harmonious. The pipe, the five-stringed lyre, the lute, and the tambourine are the popular instruments. There is no distinctively national Arab music, and nearly all that one hears at dinners, receptions, weddings, and festivals of all descriptions, is set in a minor key.

as dark as night. Candles were lighted and all labor was suspended. People crowded to the churches to pray. One of the State Legislatures was about to adjourn, the members believing it to be the "Last Day," when one legislator opposed the motion successfully, declaring that if the end of the world had come, he wanted to be found at his post doing his duty. Parts of the Eastern States remained dark all day. The phenomenon was never fully explained.

Student Dayton O. Why was Acts 8: 37 omitted in the New Version?

It was an interpolation in the Old Version and is not contained in the oldest MSS. Hence it was omitted by the revisers.

Reader, Charleston, W. Va. When Christ told Nicodemus that a man must be born again of water and of the spirit (John 3: 5), did he imply that a physical change took place at conversion?

The change is altogether spiritual, but it has its effect on the body. We see no basis in the words for belief in a physical change.

ritual, we would be inclined to think the author was not a Jew. He may have been, but if he was, it is remarkable that he did not quote from the law when there were so many quotations that would have been appropriate. In the New Testament, the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles bear indications of Gentile authorship. Very little is known about Luke, but the little that is known favors the opinion that he was a Gentile.

Mary F., Cambridge, Mass. What is the origin of the name of the Vatican?

It is said by Gellius, to be derived from Vaticanum, an ancient oracle of Rome called Jupiter Vaticanus, whom they worshipped there.

Mabel N., Danbury, Ct. Is it really wicked to dance?

Dancing, in the modern form, is no longer a mere social and artistic diversion; it has become an absorbing dissipation that takes too prominent a place in society and demands too much of its time and energies. It encourages foolish conversation, excites the passions, endangers the health (since its devotees are

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S CHURCH HOME.

The Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church of Washington, D. C.—Its Pastor and Its Work.

THE Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church—President McKinley's church-home in Washington during his Presidential term—is the representative church of Methodism in the United States. Its history is unlike that of any other church of the denomination. It was erected as a memorial to

Methodism, in accordance with a resolution passed by the General Conference, in 1852, which was as follows:

Resolved, That we erect in the metropolis of the nation a commodious church edifice, which shall be regarded as a connectional monumental monument to our beloved Methodism.

The chosen name "Metropolitan" was especially appropriate, as this edifice, reared under the highest sanction of the church and by the help of people of every section of the country, was for the people of the entire nation. Beneath this vaulted roof have gathered worshippers from every State and Territory of the Union and from every quarter of the globe. The assembly under the dome of our National Capitol is not more cosmopolitan than the congregations that have met here. Heroes, statesmen, celebrities of many nations, men and women of distinction, communicants and non-communicants, have listened to the preaching of the Gospel from this pulpit. Some were central figures in the world's galaxy of great men. Mural tablets of bronze and marble have been placed in the church commemorative of General U. S. Grant and General John A. Logan, who were both members of this congregation.

The church is located at the corner of C and 4 1/2 Streets, near what was, at the time of its erection, a fashionable residential portion of the city. The cornerstone was laid by Bishop Matthew Simpson, October 23, 1854, with imposing ceremonies, but the edifice was not dedicated until February 28, 1869. The edifying services were conducted by Bishop Simpson, assisted by the Rev. Dr. A. T. Kynett, Drs. De Haas, Hamilton and Cookman. On Easter Sunday, March 8th, the church was organized by the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, as pastor; ninety-four persons joined by letter, and were on probation. An immense congregation was present, among whom were President and Mrs. Grant, Vice-President Colfax, and senators and members of Congress. A pew was permanently set apart for the President of the United States, the gift of Mr. Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore; one for the Vice-President, the gift of Gen. John S. Berry, of Baltimore, and one for the Chief Justice of the United States, the gift of Mr. Daniel Drew, of New York. Pews were also set aside for several of the States and large cities. General Grant and his family occupied the President's pew for eight years; Vice-President Colfax, the Vice-President's pew for four years, and Chief Justice Chase, the Justice's pew for four years. Both General Grant and Chief Justice Chase were members of the first board of trustees. General Grant was a very regular attendant at the morning

preaching service. At the close of the service, when the doxology began, General Grant would slip out by the pastor's door, down the side stairs at the right of the altar, and walk home, thus avoiding the eyes of the curious.

Every President of the United States has had a right to occupy the pew dedicated to the Chief Executive, whether a Methodist or not, yet President McKinley is the first President since General Grant who has availed himself of this privilege. Mrs. McKinley is too much of an invalid to attend church services, but on the first Sabbath after the inauguration she sent to the church a large bouquet of flowers from the White House,

about \$13,000. The other members of the Board of Trustees are B. S. Graves, B. F. Leighton, W. C. Duvall, Andrew B. Duvall, Augustus D. Lynch, R. Kingsman, George W. Gray, and Fred. E. Tasker. There is a Board of Stewards, special committees on Finance, Missions, Church Extension, Sunday School, Tracts, and Temperance.

The Metropolitan is a strong, progressive church, and has always been an aggressive evangelistic agency, being well organized for Christian work. Its Women's Foreign Missionary Society has sent thousands of dollars to foreign fields. Four consecrated women have gone out from its ranks to heathen lands. The Women's Home Missionary Society for eight years has had its work largely among the poor of the city, and supports a deaconess at the Lucy Webb Training School in Washington. Another valuable adjunct is the Ladies' Aid Association, whose officers visit the poor and sick.

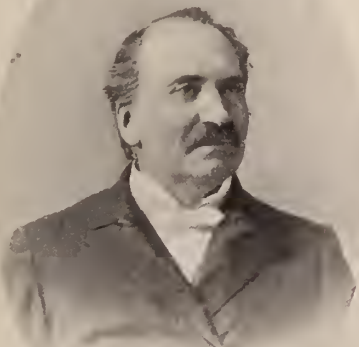
Every visitor who enters the vestibule of the Metropolitan church is confronted with the notice, "The strangers' class meets in the parlor of this church immediately after Sabbath morning service. All are welcome." Mr. T. W. Talmadge is leader of the class, which is attended by strangers from other

rated religious work among the Greeks of Washington in 1891. She had about fifty enrolled scholars. Faithfully she endeavored to instill into the minds of those lonely men from foreign shores immortal truths, and in many times of trial, proved herself a true friend to them.

The large, harmonious Epworth League connected with the Metropolitan, is a great help to the pastor. He has left the Sabbath evening service, for the last two summers, in charge of the League, and throughout the heated term, these services are attended with interest. The president, Mr. Edwin S. La Fetra, is a graduate of Princeton. Mr. E. S. Harvey, is superintendent of the Department of Spiritual Work; Miss Mary Tuthill, of Mercy and Help; Miss Martha Hames, of the Literary Department, and C. Forest, of Social Work. Mrs. Grace Woodburn, is superintendent of the Junior League.

Three times the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman was appointed pastor of the Metropolitan Church, his pastorate covering about one-fourth of its history. The other pastors have been Dr. Thomas M. Eddy, Dr. O. H. Tiffany, Dr. H. R. Naylor, Dr. R. N. Baer, Dr. E. D. Huntly and Rev. G. H. Corey. Rev. Dr. Hugh Johnston, the present pastor, is a man of learning and pleasing personality. His parents were natives of New Jersey, but most of his youth was passed in Canada. He graduated with first honors at the Victoria University, one of the oldest universities of Canada. After filling the pastorates of some of the largest churches of the Dominion, he was invited to come to the Metropolitan of Washington. Next March Dr. Johnston's five years as pastor of the church will expire.

A member of the Board of Trustees conferring with President McKinley inquired whether he had any special choice, and the President replied that he was "an old-time Methodist and liked to hear a good old-time sermon; that he was pleased with a preacher if he were a good man and preached a gospel sermon." The congregation has selected Rev. Frank M.



METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL CHURCH—REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, PASTOR.

and one has been sent each Sabbath since, whether she and the President were in the city or not. The President has usually been present at every Sabbath morning preaching service when in Washington. He engages in the responsive readings and repeats the Creed with the congregation, and sings with spirit. On Communion Sundays he receives the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the altar, kneeling with the humblest member.

The Metropolitan is one of the most symmetrical church edifices of Washington. The structure is of brown stone, the exterior being in the pure Gothic style of architecture. Dean Stanley pronounced it the purest specimen of this class he had seen on this continent. The interior has a gracefully-sprung arch and tall Corinthian pillars. Its cathedral-like beauty is enhanced by the large stained-glass windows, whose inscriptions constitute almost a centenary memorial of early American Methodism. The pulpit was designed by Bishop Simpson, and is partly made from olive wood from the Holy City. Audience-room and galleries, which extend around three sides, will accommodate about 2,500 persons.

Hon. Matthew G. Emery, chairman of the Board of Trustees, has been a member of this board during all the years of its history. He recently presented the church a commodious parsonage, valued at

nations and denominations. On one occasion four young Buddhists from India were present. The church has always had a flourishing Sunday School, of which Mr. William C. Eldridge is superintendent. Mrs. Cornelia A. Pursell, principal in the primary department, has had charge of the work since the first Sabbath the school was organized.

In outside fields the Metropolitan Church prosecutes a generous work. Even during the years it was under a heavy debt, it contributed largely to missions. About sixteen years ago the work of the Chinese Sunday School was inaugurated, when Mr. H. O. Hall, a devoted member of the church, gathered a few Chinamen into the church parlor Sunday afternoons. The number increased, and three teachers lent their aid. Mrs. S. L. Sommers is now superintendent and Miss M. L. Collins the assistant superintendent.

Another important branch of the afternoon school is the Greek class, which was in charge of Mrs. M. E. McPherson until her death early in September of this year. This earnest Christian woman inaugu-



INTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

Bristol, of Evanston, Ill., as its choice for successor, subject to the approval of Conference. Dr. Bristol will be a valuable acquisition to the ranks of ministers in Washington, as he is one of the most brilliant preachers of the country, and, besides, an author of distinction on religious and ethical subjects. He was born in Orleans County, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1851. In 1868 he joined the Methodist church at Kankakee, Ill., and entered the ministry of the Rock River, Ill., Conference in 1877. For several years past he has been pastor of the First Methodist Church of Evanston. His preaching is characterized by sound religious doctrine, good Scriptural teaching, clear thought, straightforward expression, excellent Anglo-Saxon verbiage, striking illustration, earnestness and fervor in delivery. His deep spirituality renders him one of the most effective pulpit orators of our day.

Washington, D. C. IDA HINMAN.

21. The canal-boat drawn by mules on towpath did well in its time, but now prefer the vestibuled limited express. Because a thing is pious it need not therefore be dull. The printing-press may beat Argus of mythology, for that fabulous being had only a hundred eyes, while the newspaper has a thousand eyes, and a thousand ears, and a thousand arms. The secular newspaper gives the secular news, and does not pretend to give its religious meaning. The religious press ought to put all the events of the day in companies, regiments, and brigades, and show in what direction that divinely disciplined host is marching, and let us know at victories for God and righteousness we will win.

And now, let all of us who are connected with either secular or religious journalism remember that we will be called into final account for every word we write in editorial, or reportorial, or contributors' column—for every type we set, for every ass we move, and for the style of secular or religious newspaper we patronize or encourage. In Ezekiel's prophecy the angel of God, supposed to be Christ, appears with an ink-horn hung at his side, an attorney's clerk in olden time had an ink-horn at his side. And I have no doubt the ink-horn will have an important part in the Day of Judgment. Those who have used it well to receive eternal credit, and those who have misused it to receive condemnation.

Filed up in all the world's printing-presses, secular and religious, are the publications of past years, bound up year by year; and in those offices they can tell what they printed any day for the twenty years; and in the great day of judgment all that we have ever written or printed will be revealed from the mighty volumes of eternity. All those who have less pried into the secret of unhappy domestic life and despoiled homes, come to judgment! All those who have by the pen assassinated character, come to judgment! All those who have done anything to do with saucy and depraved literature, come to judgment! On that day of judgment all the power we have had on earth will be insignificant compared with the power that will pronounce our rapture or our damnation, and that which might have been considered a joke in the composing room, because it humiliated an enemy, will be a mockery at all amid the wreck of mountains and seas; and the horn will there tell of all we have done anonymously and under the impersonality of a newspaper, as well as that which we signed with our own name. What a beautiful day for a sinner! Haverall, when she was rewarded for all the kind things she ever wrote with the testimonies of her invalidism; or when the authors and authoresses of hundreds and ages are told how they came to heaven through their instrumentalities; and for those who use the influence of the press to correct the errors and extirpate the wrongs, to break the serfdom of man.

Then the ink-horn by the side of the Angel of the New Covenant will speak out and tell of what it has to do with all letters of kindness and with all editorial and reportorial eulogies of the good, with all the messages of salvation to a lost world. In that day will it be to have set the type for one line of Christian encouragement, or written one paragraph of sentiment, or published one page of helpful truth, than to have written as big as Gibbon's five large volumes concerning "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," if these volumes are Christianity at a disadvantage. On that day, the flying roll which Zechariah the text saw thousands of years ago, the scrolls which we see flying over all the towns and cities, and flying from the best printing-presses that were ever printed, will be found to contain messages of Divine or satanic. Not only the ink-horn which Ezekiel saw, but all the ink-horns will come to judgment. "And I saw a lead, small and great, stand before me, and the books were opened."

How India Was Succored.

An Appalling Calamity Alleviated by Christ-like Beneficence.



FROM nearly every district of India come encouraging reports of the harvest. It appears that the yield, though not equal to the most prosperous years, will be large and satisfactory in quality. The deficiencies, for the greater part, are due to the quantity of seed sown. The farmers in many districts had no seed to sow. Under the dire pressure of hunger they had eaten the small reserve of grain, and when the rains came, they could not avail themselves of the opportunity. But such grain as was sown has yielded well. The result is seen in the falling prices, and the Indian peasant is now able with his little heap of pice to buy enough to appease his hunger.

Although the suffering is by no means over, and though many villages are deserted and families broken up by death and wandering, there is a prospect of the country returning to its normal condition in the near future. Comparing the situation at this time with the condition at the beginning of December last year, we have reason to thank God for the better time which has come. A year ago it seemed inevitable that many millions must perish of starvation. In the famine of 1877 over six million persons perished, and this famine extended over a larger area. The Marquis of Dufferin, who knows India thoroughly, and has been its Viceroy, wrote that no famine so severe had been experienced since 1770, when ten millions perished. The harvests had been sparse for some years, and, as there had been a failure of the monsoon, the wind which brings the rain that alone makes India's

to avert an appalling loss of life. The Government had opened poor-houses, and already was feeding two million persons; but there were many more millions, too feeble and too far away to reach the relief, who must die unless food was speedily sent to them. In this emergency Dr. Klopsch resolved to present the case to the readers of this journal, and knowing well by past experience in the Russian famine and the distress in our Western States, what response might be expected from them, he sent five thousand dollars by cable to ten representative American missionaries in the famine districts, to be used in feeding the destitute in their neighborhoods. The reason for selecting that mode of distribution was, that it would be free of expense, as the missionaries would gladly distribute the food without charge, and also that it would have a

thousand to the Viceroy's famine relief committee.

The results fully justified the course taken. The missionaries wrote us that now they were no longer distressed by daily and hourly appeals which they were unable to satisfy, and that they were feeding daily large crowds who had been perishing of hunger. They had also been able to take into their homes hundreds of children whose parents had died of starvation, and to feed and care for them. All this was being done without one cent being wasted; for Dr. Klopsch defrayed part of the expense of transmitting the money, and the Missionary Boards whose missionaries were being helped, defrayed the other part, and in India the work of distribution was also gratuitous. As renewed appeals were received and published in these pages the contributions increased, until, at the present time, a grand total of over two hundred thousand dollars has been received from our readers—a sum absolutely without parallel in the history of journalism. Never before, so far as we know, has such a magnificent response come from the readers of any journal for a philanthropic object.

Nor was this the only succor extended to the perishing people by the friends of this journal. When it became known that the government would provide a ship to carry to India any gifts of corn that might be made, there was so liberal a response that the *City of Everett*, the steamer provided by the government, was promptly filled, and our commissioner, Dr. R. G. Hobbs, went out with her to superintend the distribution. He writes us that the splendid gift was most thankfully received, and that he has received as the representative of our readers the thanks of all classes of the people.

As our readers are aware, the balance of the fund is now being distributed by a committee of missionaries in India, of which Bishop Thoburn is chairman. Every denomination is represented on the committee and the reports show that all districts are being relieved. They tell us that the beneficence has saved the lives of thousands, and that the orphans in the various mission houses, who are being fed by the means supplied by our readers, are being trained for Christ.

From Pandita Ramabai there has come letter after letter of grateful acknowledgment. She is herself a famine orphan. In a previous famine, when she was only a child, she saw her father, mother and brother perish of starvation. She was taken in, a poor desolate waif, by Christian missionaries and was fed and educated in a Christian institution. At the outbreak of the present famine she went into the famine districts and collected the orphan girls and child-widows whom no one cared for and took them to her orphanage at Poona where they are receiving Christian training. "Your readers," she writes, in a recent letter, "can never know the good they have enabled us to do. Please thank them for me. May the dear Lord reward them."



PANDITA RAMABAI.

FOUNDRESS OF THE ORPHANAGE AT POONA, INDIA.



A HINDOO PEASANT'S HOME IN BENGAL, INDIA.

fields productive, there was in 1896 a complete dearth. One fact alone shed a gleam of light on the sombre prospect: means of communication by rail with the interior existed, as they did not in previous famines, when it took many weeks of slow bullock travel to carry food to the villages where the people were dying of starvation.

That fact involved a duty. At least eighty million persons were in danger of starvation, and probably the number would reach a hundred millions. With the possibility of easily reaching the sufferers there was no question as to what ought to be done. Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, commissioned a Christian journalist in Calcutta, a man of long experience in India and of strict integrity, to visit the famine districts and ascertain whether the facts were as bad as the reports showed. He returned to Calcutta after a long journey through the country, and fully confirmed the worst stories. He promptly cabled to us that measures must be taken at once

good effect on the native population to receive help from the preachers of the Gospel. It would be an object lesson they would never forget, if, in their calamity, Christian hands supplied them with food. The missionaries thankfully received the help and gladly turned the money into grain, which they distributed to the starving people. They wrote us that out of their small means they had already given all they could afford, and some had even borrowed money that they might relieve the perishing. This five hundred dollars each was, therefore, a timely assistance, for which they were deeply grateful. The result of the first appeal to our readers showed that Dr. Klopsch had not miscalculated. Very soon, over fifteen thousand dollars had been sent to us for this Christlike work; and then, the appeals for help from the missionaries growing daily more urgent, Dr. Klopsch sent twenty thousand dollars by cable to the missionaries and to Pandita Ramabai, the Christian native lady, who has a large orphanage, and five

THE SADDEST SIDE OF POVERTY.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop tells her Experience as a Dweller Among the Tenements—Misery Beyond Belief—Whole Families in a Single Room.

A YEAR ago I started out to see what the East Side of New York was like, and the street which struck me as

which will bury them at death: after that they eagerly seek for shoes; and if money is left for food (usually beer, coffee and tea, with pork; or, in the case of the Jews, I believe, cakes), the sum of their comfort is as complete as they can make it. The fuel is frequently not paid for, being all sorts of wooden planks, hoops and staves, that are dragged home by the children from places where buildings are being torn down.

Of course the last few years have been disastrous in regard to insufficiency of work for the poor, so that last winter's experience was no doubt far worse than has been customary. But what I wish to say is, that when we see an overcrowded street, indicating the overcrowded tenements along it, we have a brief statement, so to speak, of the entirely inadequate resources of the poor in every way. Tenement reform has undertaken to bring to the knowledge of the public the horrid condition of the houses hired by the poor, but no descriptions had given me a real knowledge of

already crowded apartment is thrown into some consternation by the arrival of the father of the family, who wishes for his dinner—which is never ready for him. If a baby is sick, it is bolstered up in a rocking-chair on two pillows, or else is brought out of the little bedroom—a dark closet—where it has been buried alive without a breath of air. In this bedroom there is a medley of things—clothing, baby-carriage and boxes. How this mother of a family, who smiles upon you and does her best to be gracious, can possibly keep things clean in so little room, and with so many children, is a question that you cease to ask from that time. You know she cannot possibly do it. It seems strange that so dreadful a place should be of infinite value to a family herding in it, but if the rent-money has not been saved or has not been earned, almost the only thought in the mind of each member of the family is that the landlord will turn them out upon the street. This he almost always threatens to do in the most savage manner, though there are some patient landlords who wait a month or two. I have known a family of father and mother and four children living in one little attic room, with a sort of closet attached, the mother earning all the revenue—because her husband was consumptive—by sewing for the sweat-shop. She finally became ill from overwork, and the severity of the landlord towards her, as she sat in her chair dying, as we supposed, was so terrible that he could not have spoken more harshly. This sort of thing is repeated all the time. It therefore did not surprise me that one snowy day last winter a man came excitedly into my little room in Scammel street, with a pale, thin man beside him, to whom he pointed, saying that this man's wife was very ill, having a newly born baby, and being at that moment upon the sidewalk as the snow fell, with her baby in her arms, her other

rents, although told by my advisers not to touch them. Of course, in caring for a patient, it was out of the question to have her placed upon the sidewalk, and this may give an idea of the way in which I have become involved in paying rents. But if we help the poor at all, we must remember that they claim the necessity of having at least a few inches on a floor under a roof. It is about all they get, at best, in the human hives of which so much is said poetically in fiction and the daily press. If the poor want these hives more than anything else, why should we make our assistance touch everything else first, leaving the question of rents to the last? I have been told that the rent money is always found. Of course, after living among these people for a year, have found that this is not the case. Often the family move without paying back rent, and by making a small deposit for the next month's housing. One of my patients, suffering from a most terrible cancer and dropsy, which gave her additional agony, was never without a perfect terror over her rent-money. I could give her fuel, a little clothing (which was generously donated by a city dry-goods firm a bed—she and two daughters slept in one bed, and the son upon a couch in the same room—I could give her food, salves, medicines, doctor's advice; and after a was done, her face was still drawn up in an expression of misery, always because of the rent which must be paid, and the savage visit which was soon to come from an angry landlord. Now, I think the charity ought to take hold of this matter of rents.

As I go to and fro on my errands, I see the van which is such a familiar sight in front of some door, furniture being hustled into it in great haste, and some tearful woman, with frightened children clinging to her, standing by as the men are bringing out her few chattels, and she looks

me with that fixed expression which implies that the person has come to desperation; and pass with a guilty feeling that I have no right to escape a responsibility which, somehow, feel concerning this strange whom I might have helped at moment when she saw no possible help among the hard-hearted companions who refused to respond to her appealing glances.

One disadvantage of crowded tenements is that a family which is very depraved may be placed above a family which is respectable, and hideous noises of drunken people, the screams of women and violent tossing about of furniture and bodies (which have, to my knowledge, driven sick persons almost insane) bring down large pieces of the ceiling, and render the abode uninhabitable. These are frequent occurrences. Imagine

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ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

WHO LEFT A LIFE OF LUXURY TO LIVE AMONG THE POOR.

the most astonishing in its difference from the up-town streets was Goerck St. It was a warm August afternoon, and the inhabitants of the houses along this narrow street were sitting on the steps and standing about the sidewalks, to say nothing of those upon the street itself.

I looked eagerly at the faces that should suggest dangerous depravity, and I thought I saw upon almost every countenance expressions of the most satanic cruelty and selfishness. I find that the people who visit me for investigation in this quarter of the city come in the same excited state of alarm at the character of the East Side residents. But after a few months of living among them one entirely abandons any idea of their being so different from other human beings, and there scarcely remains any surprise in one's mind concerning them, excepting this fact of their living together in crowds, which seems dangerous to moral and physical health. I have found that it is a very common thing for a family of eight or ten persons to have only one bed; so that possibly an elderly woman afflicted with a disease like rheumatism or cancerous affections is obliged to sleep upon chairs or to lie upon the floor, while the younger members of the family are piled upon the bed, and the poor little children are disposed of anywhere.

One of the most pathetic cases of sickness that I have attended is that of an elderly woman dying of two cancers: a person of lovely disposition and formerly of the comfortable class of humble citizens, who slept at night upon four chairs with her knees nervously drawn up some; what her unpromised bed near the kitchen stove, while her children slept in one bed. I felt a sharp blow as it seemed, when I entered her room early one morning and found her still in this condition, and I have since known of a number of other instances of the chair-bed. It is the commonest mode of the poor to sleep without additional covering in the coldest weather, and the lack of room is repeated by a lack in every other department of need. The people are thankful if, in the first place, they can pay their rent, next, they desire to keep up their life insurance,

how dark the passages are in the daytime how miserably inadequate the water supply, how impossible that the masses of poor in tenements should keep themselves or their quarters clean.

You go into a kitchen, which is the principal room of a suite of apartments. The first thing to greet the eye is a huge tub, which to the rest



WHERE POVERTY DWELLS.

A WHOLE FAMILY LIVING IN ONE SMALL ROOM.

of the room bears the proportion of a large centre-table; the stove is another large feature; the dining-table is still another, covered with a litter of unwashed dishes and crusts of bread. You proceed to enter the room, and the scream of a child calls your attention to a baby on which you have almost stepped as it sprawls upon the floor. You attempt to sit down upon a chair, and find that you run the risk of sitting down on two larger children who are leaning over it. You look around for a place where you may put your cloak or basket, and there does not seem to be a single spot where some unclean article or small human being is not already in the way. If you come in at about twelve o'clock, noon, the



AN EAST-SIDE COURT-YARD.

children beside her and no money (because of no work) to find another home. The man who spoke was the foreman of one of the street-cleaning gangs. He said that his own pay would not come in for a few days, or he would give this man ten dollars to settle in other rooms. At the moment I was nearly at the bottom of my purse and had no resources, and was obliged to refuse to aid him. I, the one patient who was living with me then, and my one assistant, passed a very uncomfortable night, and have often wondered since if that mother and child survived the severity of their landlord.

I do not blame landlords for insisting upon having their rent; I am not sure, even, that I blame them for asking so high a price in the aggregate for house-room in tumble-down tenements, since they are so often cheated out of their rent, but I certainly blame somebody or something—I have not yet decided to whom the blame belongs—for the constant lack of rent-money among the poor. I think, however, that the blame attaches to the charitable, who should interest themselves in so vast and primal a need.

Since having a little more money given to me, I have been quite generous about

LIFE IN AN OCEAN PARADISE.

The Dreamy, Romantic Azores and their Picturesque People—The Philafrican League Colonizing Party's Visit.

THE pioneer party of the Philafrican Liberator's League, consisting of Dr. Carl H. Wintsch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Lea and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bell, under the leadership of the distinguished Africanist and devoted missionary, Mr. Heli Chatelain, has probably reached its destination in Angola, West Africa, by this time. This expedition is to found the first "Social Settlement" of the Dark Continent—rightly so called, since it holds 50,000,000 slaves, whose average mortality from unnatural deaths is 500,000 yearly. The religion is fetishism, and in their subjugation to the priesthood the natives are in bonds of two-fold slavery. The plan of the League is to obtain grants from European governments holding possessions in Africa, and to establish upon these lands a chain of social settlements which shall be "Cities of Refuge" to the wretched savages, and which, by evangelizing Africa and gradually reconstructing its social conditions on a Christian basis, shall eliminate slavery, fetishism and their attendant horrors. In "Lincoln," as this first settlement is named, educational advantages will be a special feature, and conscientious instruction in the manual arts and sciences, as well as in religion and literature, will be given to all who seek them. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has consented to receive and acknowledge all contributions for this excellent work, the missionaries have kept us advised of their progress from different stages of their journey. Mr. Chatelain writes us, from the Azores, as follows:

Our boat, the *S. S. Vega*, called at the island of Fayal, which, with the exception of St. Michael's, is the most frequented of the Azores, but the sea was so rough that nobody cared to go ashore. Fayal was one of the best of Azorian ports, but these islands are very defective in good anchorage, and their commerce has suffered in consequence. A Connecticut family whom I had met there at the time of the "Pensacola" Eclipse Expedition, as returned to America and their beautiful houses are now occupied by Portuguese people. Had it been possible, I should have liked to shake hands with the only evangelist who labors in this lonely place. His name is Almeida. He has been in America. His congregation is small and humble.

At the island of Terceira, the seat of Azorian government, and whose port of Angra is the best harbor in all the Azores, we did not call. If we had, I would have tried to see the famous King Gungunyana, of Gazaland, East Africa, who is a prisoner and exile in the port of the capital, called Praia. Our captain told me that he can walk about in the fort, but that if he should go outside the people would kill him. The royal captive has no sympathetic surroundings. His wives and relatives have been separated from him, so that he has no soul to whom to confide his hopes and fears. It was at Gungunyana's court that my friend, Dr. Liengme, of Switzerland, had successfully labored for several years, and it was on Gungun-

yana's account that that missionary was expelled by the Portuguese, who accused him of having acted as the king's spy. At Ponta Delgada, the capital of St.

was once a convent, offered interesting opportunities to Dr. Wintsch.

At the *Baracao*, or fish-market, one sees familiar forms of the finny tribe, and some as strange as their names. The size of the conger eels throws no discredit on the story of a real sea-serpent. The beautiful lakes of the Azores are as full of gold and silver fish as their forests are

most beautiful in the world, it is said. European and American flora, and such familiar garden favorites as marigolds and sweet basil, are found mixed with the gorgeous bloom of the tropics. A drive outside of town will afford attractive glimpses of the villas of Azorian gentry, over whose lava-made garden-walls, blazing cacti, fuchsias and luxuriant creepers

topple in gorgeous profusion. The finest gardens in the Azores are those of the do Canto and Borghese families.

It would be pleasing to follow up these interesting Michaelenes, who wear such ungainly head-gear, who drive sheep-carts, who make peculiar baskets and find so many uses for them. One loves to watch the water-carriers going back and forth to fountains, carrying classic water-jugs poised on steady young heads; to see women grinding corn in old

stone querns in front of doors while they sing—not always in melodious voices—old Azorian ballads. And one longs to go on and on through the strange volcanic country, to the beautiful valley of the Furnass, where hot springs abound, and where rich and poor seek healing in throngs that recall the story of Bethesda. But time is fleeting; this Valley of Healing must be taken on faith.

I looked for the evangelist who looks after the Protestant flock at this place and was fortunate enough to find him. He wore big dark-blue eye-glasses and looked pale and ill. After learning that we were missionaries going to Angola, he began to tell me that he had a friend out there whom he had met in Lisbon and who took a warm interest in the evangelization of Portugal. Deeply interested, I wished to know the name of that man, but judge of my surprise when I heard that the name was Heli Chatelain. "I am the man," said I, and at the same time guessed that the evangelist was one of my Lisbon friends belonging to the congregation of the venerable and devoted Carvalho, in whose house I and my colored boy, Jerry, had stayed for several days.

The blue glasses and a prolonged illness had so changed the appearance of Jose Augusto, that I had failed to recognize him at first sight, and his partial blindness had prevented his recognizing me. He kindly showed us over the wonderful Borghese Garden, with its grottoes and magnificent palms, and secured admission into the large hospital, every ward of which was eagerly reviewed by Dr. Wintsch.

I also met three or four members of the Protestant Church in St. Michael, very respectable men, who seemed delighted to see so many young Americans give their lives for the redemption of the heathen in the Portuguese African colonies.

The Protestants of St. Michael have a neat little church which was built mostly with money contributed by Brazilian Protestants. The founder of the Azorian Mission, Mr. Wright, of England, is the nominal proprietor of this place of worship, because Portuguese citizens could not own a church edifice devoted to another cult than the Catholic.

We long to linger awhile and to aid with our labors the struggling course of Protestantism in the Azores, but our work in Angola waits and the *Vega* is ready to sail. At the wharf, ships bound for Portugal and Brazil, are being loaded with an export peculiar to the Azores. It is the down of the fern *cabellinho*, a silky material which is used for stuffing mattresses and which is exported in such quantities that the extinction of the plant is threatened. We bid friends good-by, the *Vega* steams away, and we leave the island to its slumbers.

HELI CHATELAIN.

A BASKET-SELLER.



WATER-CARRIER.



PEASANT WORKERS.



WASHERWOMAN.



CROCKERY-VENDER.



Michael Island, a town of some 16,000 inhabitants, five of our party went ashore and viewed the streets, the people, and their quaint fashions and modes of life.

The harbor of Ponta Delgada has been much enlarged by the completion of a breakwater which was many years in process of construction. The streets of the town are wide and well laid out, and the Roman Catholics have many handsome edifices. At one time the town



PONTA DELGADA, CAPITAL OF ST. MICHAEL, AZORES.

be destructive of crops, government rewards were offered for beaks of canaries, blackbirds, and other feathered folk, and the premiums paid showed an annual death-list of 420,000. At the cattle-market, the grunt of pigs gives one an odd feeling:



AVENUE IN THE BEAUTIFUL BORGHESE GARDENS OF ST. MICHAEL, AZORES.

supported 9,640 monks, priests and nuns. Many buildings, once convents and monasteries are now used for other purposes. Some progress has been made in the last fifty years. There is a public library containing rare and interesting books, several

thousand of which were contributed by Senor Jose do Canto, a gentleman who has done much for his country. To this senor, Senor Borghese, and public-spirited citizens, the Azores owe their African palms, their oaks, elms, chestnuts and other European trees, for tall trees are not indigenous and were imported and propagated at great expense. In the Graco, once used as an Augustinian monastery, profitable hours might be spent in the natural history collection. The hospital, also in what

the familiar goat (the Southern group was once called *Cabrerias* or Goat Islands) is not missing, and sheep, as beasts of burden, divide honors with the goat.

Yet to form an estimate of the resources of the Azores, one must behold the beautiful and rich array of the vegetable market, with its baskets of golden *nespera* (medlar-fruit) of grapes, of sweetly perfumed mountain strawberries, of translucent Cape gooseberries, of the violet granadillas, of apricots from Pico, of apples, pears, peaches, plums, oranges, bananas, splendid peppers, artichokes, egg plants, pumpkins, calabashes, sweet potatoes of mighty size, tomatoes, red and yellow, and other fruits and vegetables of brilliant hues and curious names. The loved of the Portuguese palate. Oranges which have been grown in crevices of volcanic rocks, blasted for the purpose, are peculiarly delicious. Superstition tells that the banana, having a cross at the apex, is the fruit of Adamic temptation. There is a great abundance of poultry.

The gardens of St. Michael's are the



A SHEEP-CART IN ST. MICHAEL, AZORES.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KNOEPE, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

J. FERNIE G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

100 Nassau Street, New York City.

Published by Louis Knoepe, Proprietor.

Ten Hundred Thousand Copies.

THIS issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD consists of one million copies, weighing 470,000 lbs. The expense entailed by this publication is upwards of \$52,000. The postage is \$5,000. In the production of this one issue and the premiums provided for our subscribers, fifty-six presses were constantly employed for two months, and one hundred and twenty presses continually for one month, exclusive of fourteen bronzing-machines required for putting on the gold; 518,000 lbs. of paper were consumed in the manufacture of our premium books for the present season, making a total consumption of nearly One Million Pounds of paper for this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the premium books it illustrates.

The design on the front page is taken from an original painting, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, of New York City. It was executed in these beautiful colors, and printed by the Photo-Colorotype Company, of Chicago. The color premium insert was produced by the Werner Company, of Akron, and the exquisite letter-press on the black forms was done by D. Appleton & Company, the well-known publishers. The binding was entrusted to the Knoepe Pamphlet Binding Co., of New York, the greatest concern of its kind in the world. As has already been stated, the expense of this magnificent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD amounts to \$52,000.

It is the blessing of our Heavenly Father that upon the thirty-six million pages of the thirteenth Edition, and upon every one into whose hands a copy shall come to fall

A Cheerful Heart.

WITHESS your day book, on your ledger, on your money safe, on your heart, to the day is the evil day. Do not worry about notes that are far from you. Do not pick up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. Melancholy is the evil that is perched in many a Christian's soul. The good time—if we will believe it—is now. The better times are not backward, but forward. We believe, as in the past we do, that the world will grow better and better. By and by the world and all that there is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new earth

righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and cheerfulness and growth will ever mark the progress of the soul.

Seven Fruitful Years.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have deep cause for thankfulness that they have been so often permitted to become the bearers of embassies of love and succor to the afflicted and suffering throughout the world. Verily, their charities have touched the "utmost parts of the earth." In this work, which I was led, several years ago, to inaugurate, in the simple spirit of Christian helpfulness, I reverently recognize that Divine leading which inspires every follower of the Master with the desire to emulate His example in lifting up the fallen, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and comforting the distressed. Our friends have labored most zealously and self-denyingly in this great field, and thousands upon thousands rise up to invoke blessings upon them for what they have done, these last seven years, in assuaging human suffering, and bringing the nations nearer to the Kingdom. It is for us only to be humbly thankful, and to rejoice in having realized the blessedness of giving, since it has been made the means of so much blessing to others.

Within a period of seven years, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has become a chosen channel of individual and collective benevolence for the Lord's people of all denominations and in every State of our Union. They have contributed and placed in my hands for distribution during that time, gifts representing a grand aggregate of over six hundred thousand dollars. Here is the record in brief:

For the Relief of the Famine-stricken peasants of Russia (distributed in sixteen interior provinces and gratefully acknowledged by Czar Alexander III. and the present Emperor, then the Czarwicki).	\$45,000
For the Destitute Survivors of the Armenian Massacres (distributed through the American Board Missionaries in Armenia at over 20 different centers, and gratefully acknowledged by the Armenian Patriarch, native pastors and officials).	60,000
Earthquake Relief Fund, Constantinople For the Drought-stricken Farmers of Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas and So. Dakota.	5,000
Thirty car-loads of fuel, clothing and bread-stuffs for same, estimated value.	37,000
(distributed through our own Sunday School Missionaries and over fifty pastors and Christian workers).	15,000
New York Poor Fund (distributed to needy families at nearly 30 different centers in New York City, aided by city pastors, missionaries and Christian workers).	35,000
For the Relief of the Famine Sufferers of India about	250,000
Cargo of American corn for India, sent on steamship <i>Everett</i> , est. value.	130,000
(and distributed through Bishop Theobald's International Missionary Committee, the various Foreign Missionary Boards, the Viceroy's Relief Committee and a large number of individual missionaries. Gratefully acknowledged by Lord Salisbury, the English Premier, Lord Chief-Justice Maclean, of India, and many other high officials).	
Prison literature.	1,000
Children's Home (four years).	25,000
(Nearly 1000 orphans established helped to a summer outing at Mont-Taux through this fund.)	
Mississippi Flood Fund (distributed through special committees on the Gulf Coast).	1,000
Bowery Mission (Many thousands of homeless men and boys substantially helped).	2,000
Bethesda Home for Women, also various charities, home and foreign, including missions, rescue work, colored schools, in the South, hospitals and homes for unfortunate.	6,000
Sunday School Missionary Work in the West and Southwest.	4,000

These benefactions have reached in all a probable total of many million souls. Nor does their active influence end with the giving; it is a continuous, imperishable influence. Many of the Sunday Schools founded rightly regard themselves as our peculiar foundlings; the hands of orphans we provided for in other lands, lovingly call themselves by our name, and the great multitude of those otherwise helpless are constantly mindful of the source whence their succor came.

Let all who share in the blessing—those thousands of the Lord's people, throughout this broad land, who have deemed themselves that they might help others—join with us in thanking Him for this most precious privilege.

The Daughter of Jephthah.

(See Colored Illustration on Cover.)

NOT with the heroic and triumphant figures of Miriam, Deborah and Jael, nor with the queenly Esther, and the gentle and gracious Ruth, must a place be assigned to the beautiful but unfortunate daughter of Jephthah, whose sad fate makes one of the gloomiest chapters in Old Testament history. Her name even is not mentioned in the sacred record, but the few facts that are given concerning her have enshrined her forever in sympathetic hearts as a high priestess of sorrow and suffering, noble and lovable in character, beautiful in person, and surrendered to a fate which has excited universal pity in all the ages.

Jephthah, the Israelitish judge and warrior, was of the tribe of Manasseh, and an exile. Driven from his native home, he had sought a refuge in the land of Job, beyond the frontiers of Israel, where he ruled a considerable following and ranked as a chieftain of importance. In those rude ages, warfare was the almost constant occupation of the border chieftains, and the Scripture story intimates that aggressive expeditions were frequent among the tribes beyond Jordan, among whom Jephthah was a recognized leader. He consented to command a tribal expedition against the common enemy, the Ammonites, his allies first pledging themselves to permanently acknowledge his leadership in the event of success. Jephthah's skilful generalship was demonstrated in the succession of victories that followed. When he set out on this campaign he had vowed, if he triumphed over Ammon, that "whosoever cometh forth (first) of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering" (Judges 11: 30, 31). This solemn vow he had bitter occasion to regret, for, as he returned to his home in Mizpeh, the one who came forth first to greet the victor was his own daughter. The scene, as described in the Biblical account, is full of the tenderest pathos. With timbrels and with dances, at the head of her maidens, she ran to meet the aged warrior. Struck with horror at the remembrance of his vow, he repelled her affectionate kiss, and, tearing his robes, cried out in agony, "Alas! my daughter; thou hast brought me very low. . . . I have opened my mouth to the Lord and cannot go back." A few words sufficed to explain to her the nature of his pledge. We may well suppose that the beautiful young girl, but a moment ago so full of joy and gladness over her father's triumph, was now appalled by the fate that confronted her. When she finally found voice, it was not to plead for her young life that she spoke, but rather to yield a solemn acquiescence and a heroic obedience. "Let this thing be done for me," she said: "let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows." To this Jephthah sadly assented, and the Biblical record adds that, when the time of respite expired, "he did with her according to his vow."

Bible commentators, students and historians have written volumes on this tragic incident, and many conflicting interpretations have been given of the meaning of the closing statement of the story in Judges 11: 34-40, that Jephthah "did with her according to his vow." Some have held that he actually offered her in sacrifice, and that the passage is to be accepted literally as a simple statement of a historical fact. That this conclusion is inevitable has been urged by many distinguished writers, including Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, Chrysostom, Origen, Theodoret, Jerome, and Augustine, and also by the Talmud. Josephus, however, expressed the universal sentiment when he wrote that such a sacrifice was unlawful and displeasing to God. Others urge that the vow would have been, and probably was, satisfactorily redeemed by dooming her to a life of perpetual virginity, and point to the fact that while human sacrifices were prevalent among other nations, the Israelites were expressly forbidden to sacrifice their sons and daughters by fire (Lev. 12: 20-31). Further, it is pointed out that provision was made for the redemption of any person thus devoted to God (Exod. 13: 11-13) and that Jephthah could, and doubtless did, avail himself of the express promise mentioned in Lev. 27: 2-5 whereby his daughter might be saved from death by the payment of the sum of ten shekels. There were other obstacles in the way of such a hideous sacrifice. No victim could be offered as a burnt offering upon an altar on which the Lord had not set his name (Lev. 16: 2, 6, 11-13); none but a Levite could legally kill; none but a priest offer a sacrifice, and none but a male victim was acceptable in any event. Had Jephthah been an idolater he might have ignored all these provisions; but he was a worshiper of Jehovah, as the story in Judges clearly proves. Finally, it is pointed out that the Hebrew term employed in recording his vow is *Neder*, (consecration), and not *Cherem*, (destruction), so that either the payment of money in ransom or the perpetual confinement of his daughter in virginity, would have equally redeemed his solemn pledge to the Almighty.

Human nature recoils at the thought of such a sacrifice as that first mentioned, and where the conflict of opinion is so evident, and

the argument so weighty on either side, it naturally inclines to the more merciful interpretation. Whatever her fate may have been it was sufficiently tragic and sorrowful to be commemorated in after ages by the maiden of Israel, who passed three days of every year in seclusion and lamentation for the beautiful but unfortunate daughter of Jephthah.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. F. W. Troy, Pastor of the Church of Christ, Brooklyn, conducts and assists in Revival Work. Address him at 645 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among our latest foreign visitors are two sons of a Zulu chieftain. This chief is not a Christian himself, but he desires that his successor should be one, and therefore he sends his sons to America to learn and to believe.

Mr. Robert P. Wilder, of Poona, India, spending his vacation partially in this country in Sweden, laboring to arouse the interest of churches more deeply in foreign missions. He was the first secretary of the Volunteer movement in America.

The total membership of the Society of Friends throughout the world is now given as 11,301, a net gain of 2,351. In America, the membership is 90,438, and the increase 2,278; while in Europe and Australasia there are 10,863 members, a net increase being 73.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Mankato, Minn., and other towns in that State and in Iowa have attracted large audiences and there have been many inquirers. The interest in vital religion has received an impetus from the meetings which is not likely soon to subside.

The report of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East shows that over 200 lepers, inmates of the asylums, have been converted and baptized during the past year. There are now over 1,000 professing Christians in these asylums in China, India, Burmah, Ceylon, and Japan.

German statistics show that the number of students in the theological departments of the universities of that country now number 2,650, which is less than the number six years ago by 1,571. Only universities showing an increase in the number of theological students are the conservative universities of Griefswald and Erlangen.

A graduate of Sitka Industrial Institution, now studying at the summer law school of the University of Michigan. He is a full-blooded Alaskan Eskimo, who is looking forward to helping his own people in Alaska. He earned the money to pay his expenses through the university by working for the North Pacific Steamship Company.

Mr. Pitcher, of the American Reform Church Mission at Amoy, China, reports that twenty thousand inquirers presented themselves during the past year at the doors of the three missions located in the Foochow districts; that out of the twenty thousand, five thousand have been accepted as fit candidates for church membership.

At a recent festival of the American School at Athens, the capital of Greece, a well-known professor of that city came forward and stated that he had been, many years ago, a little boy in that school; that he himself and every Greek who knew of the school felt very grateful to the American for what they had done and were still doing in Greece.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, states that, after a careful study of reports and statistics, he is justified in the belief that not less than 20,000 Chinese have been converted to Christianity through the agency of the mission since its establishment in 1860. During the past three years 200 missionaries have been added to the staff of the mission.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, draws a striking contrast between the past and the present condition of Indians among whom he began work thirty-eight years ago. The attitude of the government toward them has greatly changed, also public opinion, and there are now in his diocese many Indian members of his church than there were white communicants when he was elected bishop.

Rev. H. Loomis, the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, writes to a contemporary: "There have been reports of a general defection from the faith among the Japanese Christians. But extensive inquiry has revealed very conclusively the fact that the teaching and acceptance of heterodox views is confined to a very limited circle. The great body of Christians are loyal to the truth."

Missionary growth is noted everywhere. The Baptist Missionary Society has now 97 stations in heathen lands, and 1,220 out-stations. The working force including 105 missionaries (all but having wives), 162 single women, 21 physicians, 25 ordained native preachers and 322 unordained, besides 599 other native helpers. The society has in the mission field 99,564 church members, and 1,231 schools with 28,997 pupils.

The Palestine Exploration Society has made an interesting discovery. In trying to trace the old wall on the south side of Jerusalem a magnificent staircase was uncovered. When the soil and debris of eighteen centuries were removed, thirty-four broad, massive steps were revealed, leading down to the pool of Siloam. There is no doubt that this is the staircase referred to by Nehemiah as "the stairs that go down from the City of David." At the staircase leads to the temple area, it may also have been the "Ascent" which so impressed the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon.

An excellent opportunity is now offered to those of our readers who desire to own a copy of Rev. Dr. Talmage's greatest work, *From Manger to Throne*, to do so at trifling expense. We have on hand a limited number of copies of this famous book, very slightly damaged in packing, but otherwise perfect, which we will send, all charges prepaid, to any address at the nominal rate of 65 cents per copy. This book, which describes Dr. Talmage's travels in the Holy Land, contains about 200 fine illustrations, many of them being superb Oriental views especially taken for this book. *From Manger to Throne*, was originally published at \$1.75, and no copy could be had at a lower figure. As we need all the available space in our Premium Department for incoming stock, we have reduced the figure for the remaining copies of this magnificent book, trusting that our readers will act quickly and send in their orders to enable us to close them out at once.



Canadian Friendship.

DISCUSSING, in a recently published article, the export trade of the United States, a prominent writer calls attention to the difficulties which exist to an extension of our business relations with Canada. These difficulties, as he points out, have increased during the past year, and it now appears that the discouragement Canada has met, or has imagined, in Washington, has led her to turn her extended hand toward England, rather than toward the United States. That this disposition is injurious to both countries is generally admitted, for Canada can supply much that we need, and would benefit by the goods that we could send her. But the politicians regulate these matters, and certainly those at Washington have manifested feelings less friendly to closer relations than those across the border. It is fortunate that our social and religious relations are outside their sphere. The United States members of the V. C. T. U. have only recently found as warm a welcome in Canada as they could have received in one of our own cities; and it is not long since the American members of the Christian Endeavor Society availed themselves of Canadian hospitality, while Canadian deputations to our great conventions are cordially received. It may be hoped these friendly relations will always be maintained, and it is certain that their influence on us might be beneficial. Every one who has visited the Canadian cities has admired their moral and religious atmosphere and their freedom from evils which prevail with us. The city, a picture of a scene in which, appears in this page, might serve as a model to many of our own cities in its government and its moral and physical cleanliness. Montreal has grown in health and population more rapidly of late than New York. Standing at the gate of traffic from the Old World, it is connected with the West by the Canada Pacific Railway, which affords it boundless prospects of development. That magnificent highway is one of the wonders of the world, impressing every traveler with the grandeur and beauty of the scenes through which it passes. Christians on both sides the border deplore the unkindly feeling that is sometimes aroused between the two countries and long for the coming of that time of which the prophet writes when pleasant relations will subsist between the peoples of all contiguous countries:

The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the versaries of Judah shall be cut off; Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim (Isa. 11: 13).

Strange Superstition.

The sexton of Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, relates a remarkable instance of superstition. A woman was seen wandering around the graves. Some of the men began digging a grave, and the woman stood and watched them. After the work was finished, she was observed to drop into a piece of paper. The sexton, curious to see what it was, picked up the paper and found the words, "Typhoid fever" written on it. He followed the woman and asked her motive. She said that a be-

loved grandchild was ill of typhoid fever, and she had been advised to write the name of the disease on a slip of paper and bury it in a newly dug grave. If any person was buried in the grave with the slip of paper, she was assured her grandchild would recover. The sexton thought it would do no harm to let the poor creature have her way, so the slip of paper was left in the grave. If the child recovers, it may be hoped he will be better instructed than his grandmother, and put no faith in absurd charms. But when he suffers from the malady of sin, he may learn that there is an analogous remedy that does cure. They

for the deaf and dumb may be relied on to teach them how to use it. A great deal more is needed to overcome the silence of those who can speak easily on ordinary matters, but are dumb when they should utter the praises of God. This difficulty God alone can overcome, but it will be done in his good time.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart and the tongue of the dumb sing (Isa. 35: 6).

Evidence from Ashes.

A remarkable detection of crime is described in the reminiscences of a government official. It appears that one of the clerks employed in the Treasury at New Orleans had received a quantity of currency which was not to be re-issued and which he was instructed to burn. A careful record was kept of the number and denomination of the bills, and he was required to bring the ashes to the chief of the department as a proof that the bills had been destroyed. They were weighed on the delicate instruments kept for the purpose, and

possessed so ingenious and scientific a means of detection, otherwise he would not have risked his liberty by abstracting the money. Still greater temerity is displayed by those who attempt to deceive God. Those who profess to have given themselves unreservedly to Christ while they cherish some secret sin will inevitably be detected and exposed.

Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say: Who seeth us? and who knoweth us? (Isa. 29: 15).

A Buried City Unearthed.

An extraordinary discovery has been made in Guatemala, near the village of Santiago de los Caballeros. A gentleman who has an estate near the village found some strange tools and utensils when a foundation was being dug near his house. He decided to extend the excavation, and at a depth of about seven feet the workmen came on the walls of a house. At the level of the floor of the house they discovered a confused mass of human skeletons—some in sitting postures, some lying on their backs, some on their faces. On excavating farther, other houses were discovered, showing that a city of considerable size had existed there. The position of the skeletons, and in fact the whole condition of the ruins, point to the conclusion that the city was suddenly swallowed by an earthquake. In searching the houses, the men found, in good preservation, a number of interesting articles, such as domestic utensils, engraved and brightly painted glasses, vases and kitchen pots. Along with these were a great number of painted clay idols. Statues, carved in black basalt, displayed great artistic skill, and are the more remarkable from the fact that their sculptors had only stone implements. Although nothing is known of the people who were thus buried hundreds of years ago, it is evident that in spite of their art and the high degree of civilization they had attained they worshipped idols and knew nothing of the true God. This is another proof of the fact the Bible declares, that revelation was necessary.

Canst thou by searching find out God? (Job 11: 7).

A Lost Memory.

The conductors and railroad officials at Oakland, Cal., were puzzled some time ago over a mysterious passenger who arrived there on a Central overland train. She was found sitting among her baggage in one of the cars when the train arrived, and appeared disposed to remain. Being informed that she was at the end of the route she looked up in a bewildered way and tried to speak, but could not. After a time she recovered her voice, but was unable to give any account of herself. She could not remember where she came from, nor whither she was going, nor even her own name. She made a brave mental struggle to answer the questions put to her, but gave it up in despair. She had apparently full possession of all her faculties except that of memory, and that was a complete blank. She was finally sent to the city hospital, to see if the doctors could give her any help, while the police sought her family or friends. It was a pitiable condition, doubtless the result of some form of disease of the brain. So utter a lapse of memory is uncommon, but the earnest Christian is often tempted to wonder if some of his professing brethren may be similarly afflicted. When he sees them in worldly society, or in places of sinful amusement, or hearing their money contrary to Christ's commands, it would seem that they must have forgotten their identity as followers of the pure and lowly Jesus.

Every man that putteth me in his purse shall himself even as he putteth me in his purse (John 3: 35).



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL—THE "THREE SISTERS," FROM THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

who die in the Spirit with Christ are freed from sin.

Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, . . . that we also should walk in newness of life (Rom. 6: 4).

Artificial Speech.

An ingenious mechanism, suggested in part by the organ and in part by the vocal organs in the human throat, is described by the Philadelphia Times. Mr. Berliner, the inventor, conceived the idea that if he could construct some simple sound-giving instrument which could be held at the back of the mouth, a very slight education in the use of the tongue, teeth, and lips would enable the dumb to speak. Some success has already been attained, and Mr. Berliner has only to overcome some mechanical defects to produce an instrument which can easily be used by any intelligent dumb person. As articulate speech is produced by the tongue, teeth, and lips, the only real difficulty is to construct the sound-giving appliance, and the teachers who have already done so much

were found to be exactly of the right weight, but the next day an order was issued for the clerk's arrest on the charge that he had not burned all the bills that were given to him. Inasmuch as the weight of the ashes was correct, the charge caused some surprise until the facts were disclosed. The Government expert said that the clerk had not burned the bills for five hundred and one hundred dollars, although there were several of those denominations in the package that had been given to him. Being asked how he could tell, he stated a fact not generally known. He said that the coloring matter used in each denomination of bills has an indestructible metallic basis, peculiar to that denomination. When the ashes were chemically tested, it had been found that they were all bills of a low denomination. The clerk had apparently burned the correct number of bills, but had substituted one or two dollar bills for those of five hundred and one hundred dollars. Doubtless the clerk was not aware that the Government

The Sunday School

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, December 12, II. Timothy 4: 1-8, 16-18. Golden Text, II. Timothy 4: 7.

PAUL was in prison awaiting trial on the second count of an indictment when he wrote this second epistle to Timothy. What the charge against him was, and what had been the events which had led to his arrest, are matters for conjecture and inference. Contemporary history is silent on the subject. Luke, who has told

us so much about his revered friend, was with him, but he wrote the history of those last sad days, the record has not come down to us. Roman historians, who give us minute details of the period, say nothing about this, the greatest man of their time. The scattered incidental references to himself in the letter Paul wrote to Titus, and in the two to Timothy, are the only materials we have for guessing at the circumstances of his closing years. From these, we infer that the imprisonment mentioned in the closing verses of the Acts, ended, as Paul expected it would, in his acquittal. Why it should have done so we do not know. Perhaps necessary witnesses were absent, or Paul's friends in Nero's household may have influenced the Emperor in his favor, or the trial may have taken place before the regents, while Nero was absent in Greece. But whatever the cause may have been, it is evident that Paul was released. Set at liberty after three or four years' detention, dating from the time when he was nearly torn in pieces in the temple, we can imagine the eagerness with which Paul would resume his work. But the confinement and the hardships he had endured must have sapped his energy and enfeebled his physical strength. He was over sixty years of age, and older than his years, through incessant toil and anxieties. But he had set his heart on that journey into Spain, and there is reason to believe that he accomplished it. His disciple, Clement, incidentally mentions a master spreading in the extreme west, and these days would have no other mission than Spain. Returning, Paul appeared to have had at least one visit of some duration to Ephesus and another to Corinth and Macedonia. They could not have been pleasant visits to him. A man of his late and sad and sad condition would feel acutely the condition of his household, which were dear to him as were his children. Timotheus doubtless had crept in, and some members were guilty of misconduct. He had no longer the energy and vigor to deal with the faults of the church, as he had a few years earlier. His first epistle to Timothy, and that to Titus, show that he was relying on the work of younger men. But such a man as he could never rest and he was planning new work, when at Nicopolis he was again arrested and taken to Rome.

In the interval since he had last seen the city, there had been a disastrous change. There were no more captives of pleasure to meet him at Apollo's temple. It was dangerous to know him, or to look like a slave or a prisoner, or to look like a man of Christ. With satanic con-

ning he had inflamed public prejudice against the Christians. The catastrophe which had desolated a large section of the city, in the fire that raged for six days and nights, was probably his own work, but with fiendish malignity he imputed the crime to the Christians, who, having nothing to gain and all to lose, by such a catastrophe, were manifestly innocent. But the charge served its purpose, and deprived them of the public sympathy, which even Nero could not have outraged with impunity. There was no protest against the inhuman cruelty which spared neither young nor old and had no respect for sex. Rome raised no appeal for mercy when the tyrant tortured and slew the people whom he charged with the crime of burning the city. Some were

was condemned and beheaded. Whether Timothy arrived in time to see his beloved master and comfort him in his last hours, we know not. Timothy was far distant in Asia Minor attending to the work Paul had committed to his hands. He might not be able to reach Rome in time; and fearing that he could not, Paul lays upon him his last injunctions in the pathetic verses which form the subject of the lesson.

The letter is brief, but it gives a vivid picture of the state of Paul's mind at the close of his eventful life. This was needed to complete our knowledge of the man. To an outsider, Paul's life must appear to have been spoiled. At the time of Stephen's martyrdom his future was brilliant, from a worldly standpoint. Young, learned, influential, zealous, what high honor in his nation he might hope to attain! That change under the walls of Damascus transformed everything. Instead of honor, hatred and scorn; instead of wealth, poverty, imprisonment, the scourge, and a violent death. Looking back over it all, as he lies laden with chains in his gloomy dungeon, does he regret? Does he deplore the event which turned the current of his career, and, as the world thought, ruined him? Not for a moment. We are glad to read of his satisfaction. "I have fought

you would beg the commissary to be so kind as to send me, from the things of mine which he has, a warmer cap. I feel the cold painfully in my head. Also a warmer cloak, for the one I have is very thin. But most of all I entreat and implore your kindness to do your best with the commissary to be so good as to send me my Hebrew Bible, grammar, and vocabulary, that I may spend my time in that pursuit." Like his apostolic predecessor in suffering, Tyndale came out of his prison only to die by the hand of the executioner.

Be instant in season and out of season. Joseph Cook tells the story of an evangelist whom a Harvard professor charged with fanaticism and emotionalism. "You cause so much excitement," the Harvard man said. The evangelist replied that he had seen the university men excited, too, not about religion, however, but about social and political matters. "I have heard of a traveler," he continued, "who found a woman by the wayside weeping and beating her breast. The traveler asked her why she was so excited. She cried, 'My child is in the well! My child is in the well!' With swiftest dispatch assistance was given and the child rescued. Farther on the same traveler saw another woman weeping and beating her breast. He ran

to her and asked her why she was so excited. She answered, 'My pitcher has fallen into the well.' Your excitements," said the evangelist, "are about pitchers, mine is because there are people in peril."

Shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables. There are many people who cannot spare time to study the Bible, yet who read every trashy novel, that becomes popular. The Russians have a fable, that a miller, who was too lazy to repair a break in his dyke, through which gallons of water ran to waste every hour, tore a chicken to pieces because it drank of his stream and so diminished the water that turned his mill.

The time of my departure is at hand. "You are whitening fast," said a man on meeting a white-haired clergyman whom he had not seen for some years. "You remind me," was the reply, of a flower that is always welcome. In the early spring so early that we are not sure that we are not in the late winter, we see the snowdrop raising its white blossom to the sunlight, and we are glad, because it tells us that the winter is over and summer is at hand. My white hair, of which you remind me, is my sign that my winter is nearly over and that I am nearing my eternal summer."

The Lord shall deliver me. Paul did not look for such deliverance as had come to him in the prison at Philippi, and to Peter in Jerusalem, but the deliverance from all the ills of life. A clergyman, who had

been thrown into prison in England by King Charles II., induced a courtier to plead with the king for him. "He shall never be released," was the king's answer. A few months later, the courtier returned to the subject and said, "Sire, Jenkins has got his liberty." The king started to his feet in anger and asked, "Who dared give it him?" "A greater king than your majesty," was the reply, "the King of kings. The man is dead."

I am now ready to be offered. Two miners were at the bottom of a shaft. A fuse had been set, which must cause an almost instant explosion. They had calculated on going up in the cage, but the engineer had sent down the "bucket," on which only one could ascend. Said one: "Go you up, Tom. I am ready to die and you are not. Good-by; I shall be in heaven in two minutes." The brave man sent his comrade up by the only means of escape, and stayed behind to apparently certain death. Such courage does religion give. But he did not die. The explosion threw a great slab of rock down against the wall of the pit, shielding the man from the flying fragments of coal and stone which fell all around him, and he was rescued almost unhurt.



AT MY FIRST ANSWER NO MAN STOOD WITH ME, BUT ALL MEN FORSOOK ME."

slaughtered by wild beasts in the arena, some, expired under indescribable mutilations and some were steeped in tar, fixed to poles set up in the monster's park and burned, while Nero drove his chariot through the avenues, lighted by these ghastly torches.

With the populace in angry mood and with the Emperor savagely desiring new victims, there could have been little hope of Paul being again acquitted, and it is evident from this letter that he entered no hope. Yet the first stage of his trial had gone in his favor. We can imagine the scene. The crowded court, the officers and the spectators and the accusers and the one solitary unfriended prisoner, the old man now nearing his seventieth year. All had forsaken him, he says sorrowfully. But the presence that he craved most was with him in the court and helped him. He was acquitted on that count, but was sent back to prison to wait the hearing on the second count. He appears to have expected that his trial would not come on so soon as it did. He longed for the companionship of Timothy and asked him to hurry so that he might arrive before winter. But in the latter part of May or early in June, he

a good fight." "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." "I am ready to be offered." These exultant notes are not the tone of a disappointed, defeated man. However his physical frame might be weakened, his spirit was indomitable. He has no regret for himself. His sole concern is that his work should go on, and that the young man into whose hands he puts the torch should carry it forward manfully and enlighten the world.

The cloak that I left at Troas. Probably one that he had woven himself of the goats' hair of his native land. It is an involuntary admission of his sufferings in that damp underground dungeon that he wants his cloak that perhaps at the time of his arrest he was unable to bring with him. But most of all, he wants his books and parchments. They would comfort him in his solitude. A singular parallel is furnished by a letter written from the prison of Vilvoorde near Brussels fifteen hundred years afterwards by another martyr, William Tyndale, who had translated the New Testament into English and had been imprisoned for that good work, wrote to an influential nobleman: "I entreat your lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that I must remain here for the winter,

The Christian Herald for 1898.

As each passing year widens the circle of its friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in once more extending its annual greeting, does so with a sense of grateful appreciation of continued sympathy and support. They have shared its labors and its triumphs in the year now closing, and it cordially invites them to go forward with it during the year that is to come. In this association they will have the delightful and profitable companionship of the most brilliant army of literary talent ever assembled by any journal on this continent. They will have part in great enterprises of life-saving and soul-winning, and will realize the precious privilege of association with consecrated men and women whose lives are spent for others.

Among the list of noted writers, whose contributions will illumine the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the next twelve months, are many whose names are already famous in two hemispheres.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, our Editorial Chief, will, as heretofore, discuss the leading questions of the day, treating all topics with impartial freedom. His sermons, prepared and revised by himself personally, will continue to be published every week in the year.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, missionary, explorer, educator, and Moderator of the General Assembly, will contribute the remarkable story of his twenty years' life in the frozen Alaskan wilds, among ignorant savages whom he was the means of civilizing and christianizing, and whose native soil now the scene of the greatest gold excitement ever known. Dr. Jackson is the father of Alaskan missions and schools, and the tribes worship this great-hearted and courageous man, to whom they owe so much. His letters will be beautifully illustrated with characteristic Alaskan photographs.

Wm. M. Thayer, one of the rightest of New England's literary sons, a successful author, and a philosopher of the sturdy type of Franklin, will inspire and enliven both young and old with his wonderful character-sketches. Dr. Thayer's books have been more widely read than any of the same class in a generation, and we bespeak for him a most cordial welcome by our friends, for whom we will write, during 1898, a series of notable articles that will make most pleasant and profitable reading to all.

Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., one of the ablest minds in the Methodist Church, has consented to contribute exclusively for this journal a budget of reminiscences, which, to all who know his graceful style, gives promise of a most delightful and helpful literary feast.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the greatest living female author, is already known to many of our readers through her charming stories and sketches, published in these columns during the last two years. Mrs. Barr, in her literary vogue at Cherry Croft on the Hudson, has planned for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 1898 a series of articles that cannot fail to excite interest in American homes everywhere, since they will deal, in a vigorous and original fashion, with subjects that lie close to the hearts of parents and children alike.

All classes know and revere Dwight L. Moody, whose labors as an evangelist have literally compassed the globe, bringing into the Kingdom thousands of souls as his hire. Mr. Moody will be a frequent contributor, and in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD he will sound the Gospel clarion, clear and strong, to the churches and the masses. His writings will be a grand spiritual tonic and inspiration to all who read them. There is probably no living evangelist who comes nearer to the heart and life of humanity than Mr. Moody.

Ira D. Sankey, whose glorious voice has sung the songs of Gospel triumph and invitation in many lands, and whose soul-stirring melodies in these pages are welcomed weekly in half a million American homes, is now preparing many new and beautiful compositions for our musical page during the coming year. These will be wonderfully helpful to every Christian in the onward journey. Mr. Sankey has associated with him such noted composers as McGranahan, Excell, Stebbins, and Main, selections from whose latest works will occasionally appear under his direction.

Mrs. Florence M. Kingsley, the famous author of "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," "Stephen," and "Paul"—three books that have attained a popularity rarely equaled—will be one of our literary circle during the coming year. Mrs. Kingsley has in preparation, exclusively for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a series of "Stories of the Time of Christ," each contribution to be complete in one issue. For the purpose of this series, she has made a thorough archaeological study of the time in which our Saviour dwelt on earth, and has absolutely exhausted all existing sources of information concerning the personality of those individuals whom the Gospels mention as even remotely connected with the ministry of Christ, or as living contemporaneously with that ministry. Our readers may confidently look forward to many delightful surprises in Mrs. Kingsley's Scripture stories.

Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., Ex-United States Consul to Jerusalem, our familiar friend, whose vivid and picturesque descriptions of life in the Holy City have been enjoyed by many thousands of delighted readers, will relate the choicest of his ten years' experience in the land of the Saviour. Dr. Merrill is a conscientious and accurate author, and furnishes a store of entertainment that makes his letters altogether unique. Every contribution will be illustrated with photographs taken by his own camera, and presenting the most novel scenes peculiar to life in the ancient Jewish capital.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the talented daughter of one of our country's greatest geniuses—Nathaniel Hawthorne—will portray with realistic pen, the misery and unhappiness of the helpless poor, and show how their condition may be alleviated. Mrs. Lathrop some time ago abandoned a life of ease and the elegant surroundings of culture and refinement, that she might live among the poor, and it is the result of this consecrated experience which she now proposes to embody in her articles for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, on the other hand, will deal with the brighter side of home and social life, and, in her own gentle and pleasing way, will discuss many topics that are vital to the happiness of the household and essential to the formation of well-rounded and perfect character. Her writing has a peculiar charm, which wins confidence and diffuses sunshine and happiness in every home where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a guest.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, the well-known evangelist, who has lately circled the globe, will record for the benefit of our readers, the impressions received during his extended tour, describing the condition of church work at the various places visited, and also interspersing many incidents in lighter vein. Mr. Yatman will be welcomed by a multitude of readers, who will find in his writings sweet solace and spiritual encouragement and guidance, as well as wholesome entertainment.

Frances E. Willard's name is of world-wide fame, and her trenchant pen has done valiant service in many a worthy cause. To these pages during the year, she will contribute a number of articles of surpassing interest, dealing with topics of special importance to women, yet interesting to both sexes. She will outline the efforts for the advancement of women and the enlargement of her domain in all civilized lands, dealing with the whole subject, not in a revolutionary sense, but in a manner that must win popular approval everywhere. Mothers and daughters cannot afford to miss these letters from the pen of the strongest and ablest champion of their interests.

Dr. Hannah J. Yoseph, our medical missionary correspondent in Persia, has a field for her descriptive powers that affords the strongest possible contrast to

that of Miss Willard. Dr. Yoseph, in her letters, will picture the pitiful social, physical and moral degradation of the poor Nestorian and Moslem mothers and daughters of the Shah's empire—a domain where ignorance, superstition and injustice constitute woman's hereditary environment. Yet even Persian life is not without its bright and attractive side; and these will not be forgotten by Dr. Yoseph, who will illustrate her letters with photographs taken by her own camera, showing many aspects of Eastern life that are absolutely new to the reader.

Octave Thanet (the nom de plume of the brilliant, versatile Miss Alice French), is another new star in our galaxy for 1898. Few authors have a wider range or a deeper knowledge of human nature than the woman who wrote "The Story of a Western Town," "Knitters in the Sun," and "Otto, the Knight." Her new stories in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will entrance all who read them, and will add fresh laurels to her own fame.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, another candidate for our readers' welcome, has already won enviable fame in authorship, and her charming books are read widely both at home and abroad. Mrs. Spofford will be a prominent and welcome contributor to these pages during the next twelve months, and will claim the attention of our friends during many a leisure hour.

In addition to those already mentioned, there are many other writers of note who will be attached to our staff of regular contributors during 1898. Among them we may mention the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the eloquent pastor of the London Metropolitan Tabernacle, who will frequently reach American audiences through these columns: Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., whose graphic pen-portraits of heroic types of Christianity will be continued; Ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, who will uphold the banner of temperance and right-living, and Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the Boston author-philosopher and editor of Success, who will stimulate the young and encourage all ages by his epigrammatic chapters on character-making and human conduct. The realistic side of life in lands beyond the sea will be pictured by Valerian Gribayedoff, our correspondent in Paris; Pandita Ramabai, the Hindu convert heroine, will tell the sad story of the child-widows and orphans of India; and Rev. S. L. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin and many other missionaries will keep us in touch with the progress of events in China, Korea, Japan, South America, the far North, and the islands of the sea.

It goes without saying that all the standard features that have made THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the most popular of home weeklies will be maintained. Our Mail-Bag will be full of good things, including just such information as people want to know; the International Sunday School Lesson will be interestingly and helpfully discussed; the Bible and Newspaper will give point and moral to the unique incidents of everyday life; the Family and Home Circle will cheer and entertain both youth and age as they gather around the glow of the fireside, and the Christian Endeavor Topic will be treated in a manner that will contain timely suggestions to the great army of Bible students. Our Helpful Anecdotes which give the latest happenings in missionary and philanthropic work all over the world, will be found of great timeliness and value to preachers, evangelists, and Sunday-School teachers everywhere. Last, but not least, are the Superb Illustrations in Color, which make the front pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD doubly interesting and attractive, and these will be the work of the best-known artists, and will be, if possible, more beautiful and more frequent than ever during the coming year.



T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.



OCTAVE THANET.



DR. SHELDON JACKSON.



MRS. HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.



BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.



FRANCES E. WILLARD.



DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.



ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



D. L. MOODY.



MRS. FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

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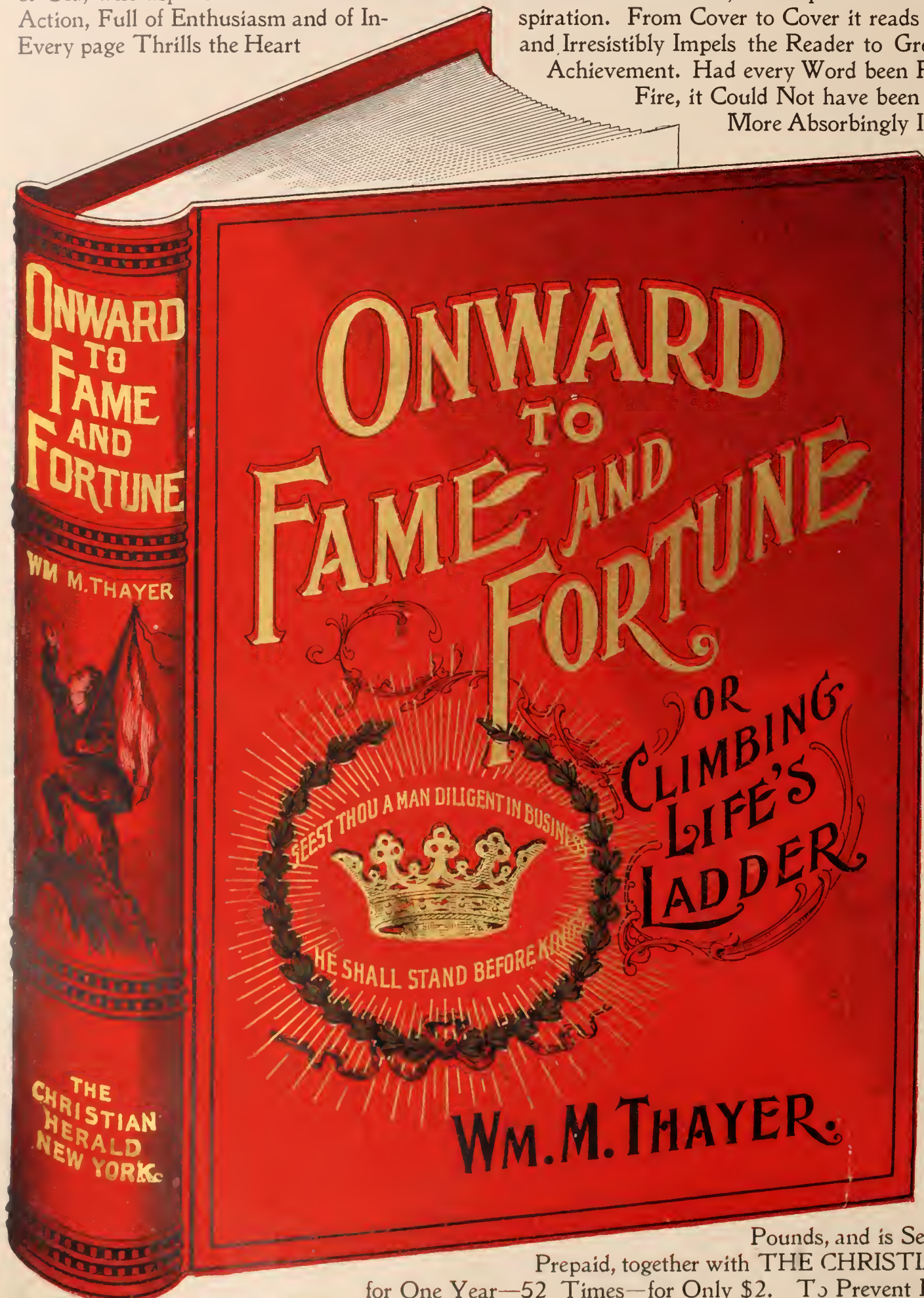
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BY WILLIAM M. THAYER.

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All hail to the man who could pen such a book as "**Onward to Fame and Fortune**," the perusal of which makes one's blood tingle 'way down to the finger tips and helps us to realize that in this grand old world there is something to do, something to achieve, something to accomplish—and then tells us what it is and how to do it!

"**Onward to Fame and Fortune**" was written not for **Men** alone, but for **Women** as well: for the same elements of character that make the young man successful on the farm, in the shop, at the bar, in the forum and pulpit, will make the young woman successful in the kitchen, counting room, school room, or learned profession, and as daughter, wife, mother, or public benefactress. **Womanhood has an Equal Chance with Manhood.** With the same opportunities, the same occupations, and equal remuneration, the former may prove a match for the latter. Indeed, a woman who has carefully read "**Onward to Fame and Fortune**," other things being equal, will, in the battle of life, out-rank the man who has not.

Have You Suffered Defeat? Are you discouraged? Have you almost given up hope of making a success of life? **Do Not Despair!** Others who failed at first have, nevertheless, at last succeeded. Why not you? Here is a book full of encouragement, and to the struggling man and woman, of whatever rank and age, it is a safe guide to honorable and successful achievement. Get it. Read it. Study it. And learn from it how to make your very obstacles stepping stones to success.

Or perhaps you are just starting. The choice of an Occupation is the problem which confronts you. Doubts and fears alternate with assurance and courage. Ah, if you only knew just how to decide!

You need a little intelligent guidance. Not that of an over-officious friend, with set ideas, who insists on forcing upon you his cast-iron notions, and who loses patience when you attempt to exercise your own intelligence, but rather the kindly leading of a **Safe Counselor**, who quietly, disinterestedly, judiciously, and wisely, can give your own thoughts the **Right Direction**, and enable you to reach a decision which will work out for you your temporal and eternal good. Such a friend is "**Onward to Fame and Fortune**"—full of the very best and wisest counsel; eloquent and effective, yet silent and unobtrusive; earnest, yet disinterested, and

men, merchants, lawyers, divines, physicians, editors, inventors, philanthropists, and reformers. Get your eyes opened, young man, and you will be able to point out to your employer how he can enlarge his business, and at the same time enlarge your own field of usefulness, with a corresponding **Increase of Salary.** Make yourself worth more, and depend on it, **You Will Get More.**

Your business is stationary, or it may be losing ground little by little. **Your Competitors are Doing Well.** They are gaining. You are just as industrious as they are. You try just as hard, **Yet You are Not Making any Headway.** You do not understand it—in fact, you cannot for if you could you would. Now, the simple fact is, you need more information—more light. You cannot get it from within. You must get it from without. "**Onward to Fame and Fortune**" was written to be helpful to people who are ambitious to better themselves, but who do not know just where to begin or how to proceed. Get it and read it. **It Will Do Wonders for You in Business.** It will help you to regain lost ground. It will enable you to make headway. It is a wonderful book, and having once read it, you will be better equipped for larger achievement than ever before.

"**Onward to Fame and Fortune**" **Reads Like a Romance.** It is absorbingly interesting. It appeals alike to the young and to the old, to the rich and to the poor. It is calculated to stimulate its every reader to strive for individual success, and to develop every resource and every faculty. It holds up to contemplation the examples of representative men and women who have achieved success and analyzes the why and wherefore of their illustrious achievements, and thus it paves the way for the reader's own personal success, filling him with lofty ambition, persuading him to aim high, and urging him to enthusiastically press **Onward to Fame and Fortune.**



HON. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

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Even if your **Salary NOW** is **Low**, that is no valid reason why it should always remain so. Perhaps you are **Now** getting all that you are worth! But why not make yourself worth more? Be up and doing! **Fit Yourself for Something Better!** Read "**Onward to Fame and Fortune**," and draw inspiration from its wealth of fact and incident, culled from the public and private lives of our most eminent states-



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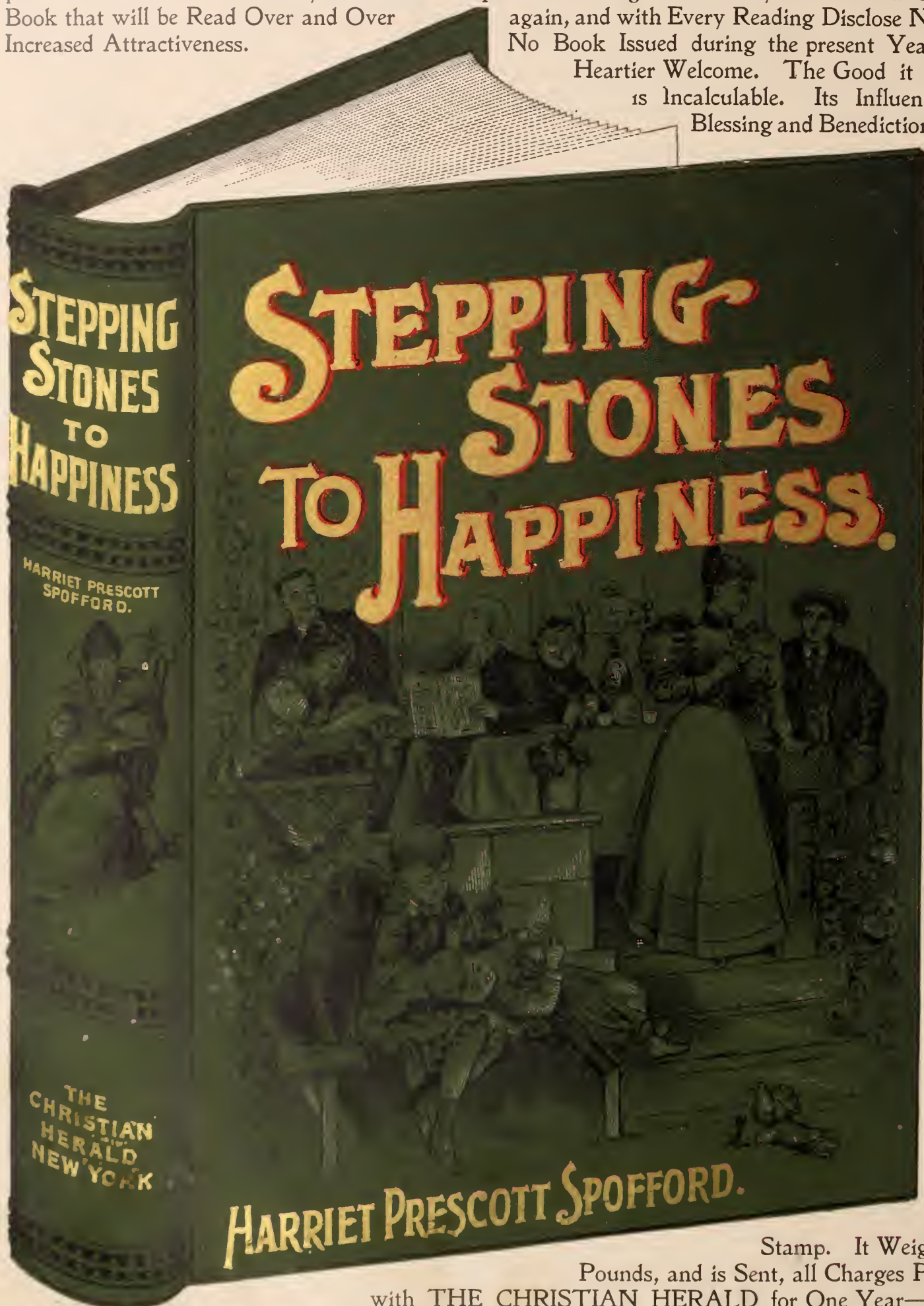
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"Stepping-Stones to Happiness."

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Author of "An Inheritance," "The Scarlet Poppy," "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's," "Hearth and House," etc., etc.

THOUSANDS and tens of thousands will hail with sincere delight the magnificent volume which Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has just given to the world under the title of "**Stepping-stones to Happiness.**" Never was a book more appropriately christened. **Peace, Joy and Sunshine** will now take up their abode in **Thousands of Homes**, and many a scene of discord, misunderstanding and domestic infelicity will now be transformed to a haven of **Domestic Happiness** and **Matrimonial Bliss**. So sweetly, so lovingly, so tenderly, yet withal so wisely and so well, does Mrs. Spofford offer helpful suggestions and kindly advice, and so **Plainly** does she state her plans, and so **Practical** and easy of adoption are they, that by one who reads this most charming book, even casually, cannot help deriving **Immediate and Lasting Benefit**. Such a book is indeed a source of infinite pleasure.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow.
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."

If you are **Seeking Happiness**, and have **Not Yet Found It**, get Mrs. Spofford's book and read it carefully—read every word—and you will be surprised how helpful it will prove to you in successfully prosecuting your search. You may hear it now, indeed; **Happiness may be at your very side**, and yet, without the priceless assistance which this invaluable book offers, you may unwittingly turn from it and reach out in another direction, only to meet with disappointment and chagrin. Mrs. Spofford has made this subject a matter of **Long Study**, and with graceful pen she tells for the benefit of others where Happiness may be found, **How it may be Attained**, and how life may be filled with love and sweetness and made one grand, endless song of rejoicing.

Harriet Prescott Spofford's "**Stepping-stones to Happiness**" is the **Greatest** home book of the day—the family **Book** of the Age, and one of the most blessed books of this generation. After once reading this superbly illustrated volume, many **Shadows** will **Disappear**, many **Burdens**

will be **Lightened**, and bright, life-giving **Sunshine** will fill your **Soul** and will bless and sweeten your life, and the transformation that will take place will be a source of constant surprise and **Never-Failing Joy**. No family seeking Happiness in this world should fail to have this book within reach of its every member.

Mrs. Spofford is one of America's **Greatest Authors**. She has a heart that ever beats in **Generous Sympathy** with all that is good, and pure, and noble, and true; and "**Stepping-Stones to Happiness**" is her



MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Latest and Brightest production. It is one of the few books that prove equally acceptable to husband and wife, parent and child; and every life brought under its benign influence will be the **Richer**, the better, the **Brighter**, the sunnier and the **Sweeter**. By all means get this most excellent book, and read it in the family circle when all the household is comfortably gathered around the evening lamp.

The topics treated in "**Stepping-Stones to Happiness**" are of surpassing interest to every one in earnest quest of that priceless jewel. While **Wealth** may, in a large measure, **Contribute to Happiness**, fortunately, it is **Not** an **Essential** condition, and the **Poorest** of the poor may, with the aid of such a faithful guide as Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's great book, **Attain** to a larger measure of **Happiness** than many a wealthy person may be able to achieve without it.

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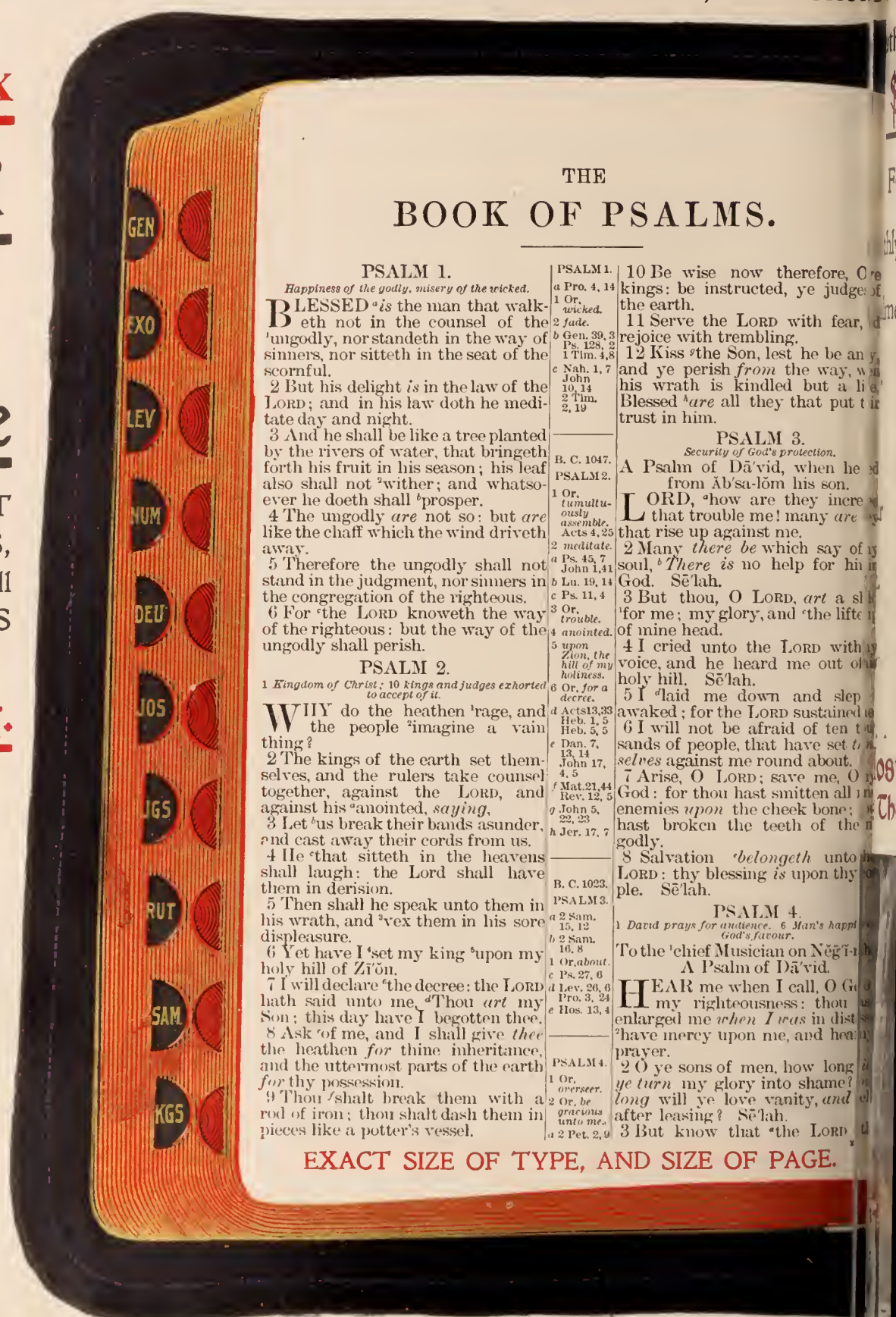
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"Hath not the potter power over the clay?"—Rom. ix. 21.



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The terms of discipleship

S. LUKE 10.

The seventy sent forth.



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"A certain Samaritan . . . saw him."—Luke x. 33.

59 And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

60 Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

61 And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

62 And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

CHAPTER 10.

1 Christ sendeth out the seventy disciples to preach: 17 they return with miracles, and to preach: 17 they return with miracles, and to preach: 21 than Christ sheweth them wherein to rejoice: 23 magnifieth the Father for his grace: 23 magnifieth the Father for his grace: 25 teacheth the lawyer how to attain eternal life, and to take every one for a neighbour that needeth his mercy: 41 reprehendeth Martha, and commendeth Mary her sister.

AFTER these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every

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S. MATTHEW 5.

in contrast with the old.



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

new law expounded

so, he shall be the least in kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Pharisees and Sadducees, ye shall in no way enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.

But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the judgment: but whosoever shall say, Thou shalt be in hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and rememberest thy brother who hath aught against thee,

leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, lest thou art in the way with him; lest a time come when the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the executioner, and thou be cast into prison.

Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

But I say unto you, That whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee: for it is profitable

for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33 ¶ Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:



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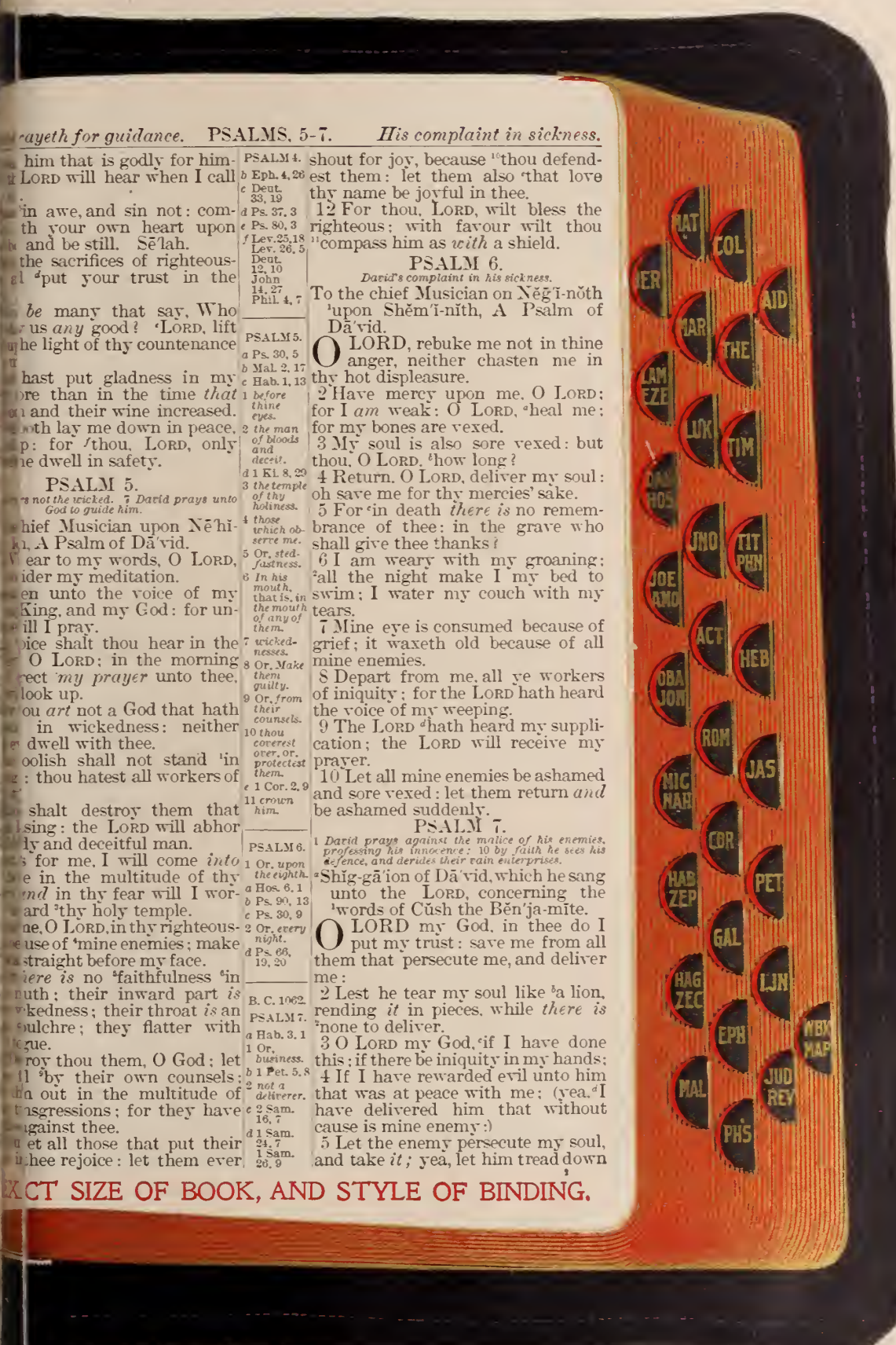
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Connecticut	2	New York	2
Delaware	2	New Mexico	8
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Georgia	4	North Dakota	6
Idaho	9	Ohio	4
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Indiana	4	Pennsylvania	2
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Kentucky	5	Tennessee	4
Louisiana	6	Texas	6
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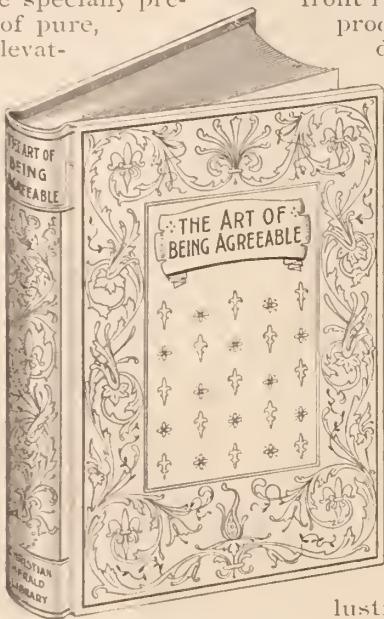
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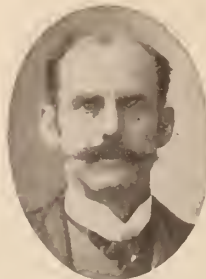
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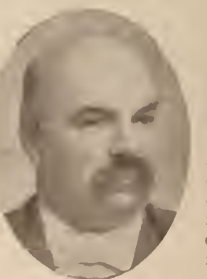
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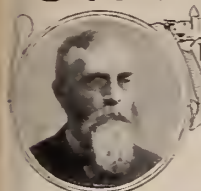
1—"Fun for the Household."
BY FRANK J. GRAY.
"Every body reads the Book," runs the ancient proverb, and it is certainly true that a life in which there is no joy nor sunshine is a sorry one at best. Our little children can be children no longer; so let us strive to make the years of their childhood happy. To aid us in this, Mrs. Emma J. Gray has written in her delightful book of "**Fun for the Household**." It explains a thousand and one ways of passing a restful pleasant evening at home. Rubbing the lamp of Aladdin, called up the genii, and opening this book will always summon the sprites of fun, frolic, and laughter.



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BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.
There are, in every home, certain questions constantly arising that puzzle the housewife, and concerning which she would be only too glad to have a word of wise and timely counsel. It may be a simple problem of interior decoration, the setting of a table, the selection of help, the matching of a ribbon, or any one of the thousand vexatious questions that come up to bring a wrinkle to the smooth, white forehead of the dear housemother. In "**The Home Book**" Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick has taken up and solved just these very problems. Read it, and you will then avoid many needless vexations.



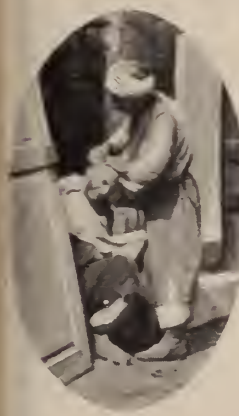
STREET OCCUPATIONS



IN JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY
BY HON. SELAH MERRILL D.D. L.L.D.

Quaintly Picturesque Scenes that Strike the Visitor to the Holy City—The Odd Mixture of Barbers, Shoemakers, Fortune-Tellers, Coffee-Venders and Blind Beggars in the Ancient Jewish Capital.

NO one would ever call the people of Jerusalem a busy people. They are not in a hurry, and no case of nervous prostration was ever known among them arising from over-work.



THE STREET BARBER.

Everybody seeks some sort of employment, and in our stroll about the city we shall find that many of the common occupations of life are carried on in the street itself in full view of the passer-by, whether stranger or citizen.

First, let us pay our respects to the barber, a very useful member of society. He does not choose the widest part of the street, but, frequently, the narrowest, where the crowd is thickest. Why does he not seek some quiet nook or corner where he will not be disturbed? He has reasons for his choice which are not disclosed. He has a box on which his patrons (or victims) sit, an earthen dish for water, a soap and a razor. For the latter there is sometimes substituted a peasant's knife, made in the country, of excellent steel, and of such workmanship as to serve the purpose very well. His outfit is rude, simple and inexpensive. When he "trims" a customer for a cent, or shaves the entire head for two cents, it is not possible for him to spend much money on fine instruments. To see a man with a razor in his hand applied to another man's head, face, or throat, in the midst of a crowd, here pushing and jostling are the rule, is enough to make one shudder. Peasant after peasant takes his place to be served, and it is astonishing how these people, who never wash themselves, appear to

each ear as a testimony that the law has not been violated. Mohammedans never shave the head entirely, but somewhere, either above the forehead or on the crown, a small tuft of hair remains.

Let us pass on to the shoemaker. Generally, he carries with him, as part of his outfit, a rude stool upon which he sits. I have seen him sitting upon the ground, or on a stone, so that a stool or a box for the purpose is by no means necessary. His entire "kit" may be rolled up in a cloth and carried under his arm. He sits down by the side of the street and waits for customers. His occupation is primitive in the extreme: his tools are rude; his work is bungling, and his pay is poor. These men frequently go from village to village, and are a real boon to the peasants in out-of-the-way places. With the shoemaker may be mentioned the tinman, or tinker, for the

former word indicates that the business has advanced beyond its most primitive stages. I have in mind a certain Jew who, when I first knew him, was a mender in the street of pots, pans, or tin dishes, which ought to have been thrown away as rubbish; he was very poor, and would beg for small jobs in his line of work. By and by he secured a little shop about the size of two large dry-goods boxes placed together. This was a real advance in his circumstances. After two or more years, he had a larger shop, did more and better work, and was called the "tinman." In ten years he had built himself a house, which he had paid for, and he was the owner of considerable property besides. Such changes in one's circumstances are not common in Jerusalem.

Close beside the wall, in a much frequented part of the street, sits a fortune-teller. In him and his occupation I felt a special interest. He was a black man, and insisted that I should not confound him with the Soudanese, who are the ordinary black people of the city. He took evident pride in saying that he was "from Dafour." He had far more flesh, and thicker lips than the men from the Soudan. He had also far more spirit, more sparkle in his speech and manner than the ordinary, dull Jerusalemite. He had a colored cotton handkerchief, which was laid down, on which he spread some sand. He had two or three small books too filthy for me to touch, even if I had wished to examine them; but he could read a little, and he had fingered them till they were nearly ruined. He would smooth his sand, make various marks upon it, look in his books, mumble some words, and then pronounce the result or "fortune" of the person before him. His fingering in the sand must

have meant something, for in columns and lines he made certain characters and signs, which were repeated, combined, and apparently added, something as a person would deal with figures on a slate. His language was Arabic, mixed with words which I could not understand. He had traveled, and knew about many places and distances of which the people of Jerusalem are generally ignorant. Nearly always there was a small group of natives about him, and his ordinary charges were some fraction of a penny. I saw this man almost every day for two or three years, and often wished that I might know a little of his history, about which he would say almost nothing.

As we pass along we meet a couple of

he is not run over and his coffee and machinery scattered. Such an accident, however, seldom occurs. At different places we find men sitting in the street on very low stools, sipping coffee, so that coffee-shops might almost come under the head of street occupations. The keeper has, however, some kind of a room where he makes his coffee, keeps his little bubble pipes, and stores his small stools, and where his patrons, together with some general and ever-present loungers, congregate when it rains. Early in the morning, on any pleasant day these stools are placed in the street as a sign to attract attention and to accommodate customers. During this most beautiful part of the day men love to sit here and smoke a little, drink a little coffee, and

talk a little; but I have always thought that the sitting was that which they enjoyed the best. Between the barracks and the old Mediterranean Hotel there is a large coffee-shop kept by an Armenian. This man is known throughout the city, and is very accommodating and fatherly to everybody. He was noted as an arbitrator, local and international; men respected him and applied to him for his judgment or decision in cases of dispute; when the case was a serious one he would sometimes interfere of his own accord; and, to my certain knowledge, this poor, plain man did a great deal of good by settling amicably a great many disputes and actual quarrels.

All kinds of work are done in a sitting posture, except in cases where this is impossible. Merchants sit while waiting upon their customers; many of the shops are so small that the merchant even while he sits can reach all his goods.

For some time, as we have been looking at the people in the streets who are employed in so many different ways, we have heard a man shouting. Shouting in the street means very little, but this is the constant repetition of something in a voice

rich, clear, strong, which rings out to a great distance. The man is a blind beggar, who appeared at a certain place every afternoon for a long time, and prayed, in tones as I have indicated, for seven "mejedies" (Turkish dollars) and a clean shirt. He has a bag on his arm, in which he intends to put the money and the garment which he hopes to receive. Beggars are generally filthy in their persons, and this is true also of a large proportion of the common people of both city and country; and I told one of the guards of our consulate, that if there was a man in Jerusalem who realized his condition sufficiently to pray for a clean shirt, to go and buy one, and I gave him money for the same. Before he did so, I asked my man why the beggar prayed so loud. "Cannot God hear?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "God



AT THE JAFFA GATE.



CONSULTING THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

thread is attached is kept twirling so that the proper twist is obtained. On this spindle the thread is also wound. Goat's hair is spun in this way into the coarse black thread used for tent-cloth; and at the village of Deir Diwan, near Bethel, the men spin in this manner a great deal of thread for the native cloaks, which are both warm and water-proof. As spinning is supposed to be menial work and therefore to belong to the special duties of women, this fact about the village just mentioned is remarkable.

Two or three times in our ramble we have encountered a very strong smell of coffee, which has been welcome because it has overcome some of the offensive odors of the streets. Just now we perceive it again, and we will stop to ascertain its source. Here is a common-looking person, possibly win but one arm, perhaps deformed in some way, quite likely he may be half-witted, for very wretched men are employed in this service, who are turning a crank, and we see a small black cylinder revolving. Underneath it is a pan of burning coals. This man, who is employed by some one, is roasting coffee, and here are all the appliances for doing the work. The occupation is a humble one, and the pay is almost nothing. The grinder sits directly in the street, and the wonder is that



A BLIND MAN PLAYING.



WOMEN SPINNING AS THEY WALK.

joy a "clean shave." A Jewish law forbids the shaving of the entire head, and once a lock of hair is left hanging over

can hear, and he prays so loud hoping that men will hear and answer his prayer."
SELAH MERRILL.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

Quaint Folks of Maarken.

A Little Community where Time has stood Still for Nearly Six Centuries—Odd Costumes of the Zuyder Zee Fisher People.

FEW strangers go to the island of Maarken. Books tell you little about it, and it is of no geographi-

Everybody can read and write. There are no servants and no distinctions of class; everybody works. Sunday midnight, the men start out to fish in the Zuyder Zee until Saturday night brings them home again. The women plow and plant and reap; they knit and sew, they teach, they scrub and scour and polish—tasks dear to the Dutchwoman—until their cabins shine. The houses, sometimes painted, sometimes pitched, are humble and poor, but always clean, always set forth with neat curtains, flowers, wonderfully embroidered counterpanes, looking-glasses, and various efforts at ornamentation peculiar to Dutch taste.

Few of the Maarken women ever go beyond their island home. The events of life are births, deaths, marriages, storms at sea, a ship's passing, a stranger's visit, when all the boys run out to see, and the hospitable house-frau gives him of her best. And Maarken society is always interested over a big haul of fish.

The customs and costumes of these quaint people have not varied for generations. No islander ever seeks his life's partner on the mainland, nor do people from the continent come to live on the island. Grandmothers, mothers, little girls and boys dress nearly alike. The cap and bodice are the distinctive features of the Maarken woman's attire. The embroidery on one's best bodice is elaborate, and the bodice itself very precious, having come down from past generations; it is usually of red or yellow, and is worn with sleeves of striped stuff, which have scarlet or yellow cuffs as the case may be. From under the lace and needlework of the cap, a long curl or plait usually descends on each side of the face, and a stiffened bang stands out at right angles. Maarken women show rather curious taste in foot-gear by affecting green sabots.



GRANDFATHER'S CHARGES.

al or political consequence, but it is interesting, because it is a place where time has stood still for six centuries.

An ancient tower overlooking the harbor at Amsterdam, bears over its gateway a rusty bas-relief, on which is the

ate 1569, a post, a ship, a weeping wife. This tower is called the "Tower of the Corner of Lamentation," or "Tower of Tears." It marks the spot where Dutch sailors, in old times, used to part with their wives and children before setting out on long voyages. Tradition says that it was raised to the memory of a woman whose heart broke at such a parting.

A "Tower of Tears" might stand with appropriateness on any island of the Zuyder Zee, only the floor in the bas-relief could be a fisherman, and instead of a ship there would be a fisherman's boat. Maarken is inhabited solely by fisher-folk; the only way the tourist can reach it is by hiring a fisherman to take him there. Navigation of the Zuyder

is perilous; and if one reaches Maarken, winds and waves may detain him longer than his liking.

Maarken is a mere bit of an island, some twenty miles from Utrecht, and out an hour's sail from the mainland. It is exactly as it was six hundred years ago, when it started housekeeping on its own account. Its surface is little above sea-level, is protected by an insufficient dike, and often presents the characteristic Holland picture of streets turned into canals, on which the inhabitants placidly float about in boats.

There are only four large trees on the island. These shade the little garden attached to the pastor's house. The religion is that of the Reformed Dutch Church.

itary constitutional joy" which springs from a natural genius for happiness, but all may at least try to add to the stock of the household's cheerfulness. It is about the most useful contribution that any member of a family can make.

"As, although in the season of rainstorms and showers,

The tree may strike deeper its roots:
It needs the warm brightness of sunny hours
To ripen the blossoms and fruits."

Sunlike pleasures never shine in idle homes. If a useful occupation or innocent hobby be not provided for the several members of a family, they are sure to spend their time in maliciously tormenting each other. Those whose only care in life is to avoid care make a great mistake. They forget that even roses have thorns, and that pleasure is appreciated and enjoyed for its variety and contrast to pain. After all, there is but one way of producing sunshine in our homes. We must first let the light into our own souls, and then like burning-glasses we shall give it out to others, but especially to those of our own household who lie nearest to our hearts.

Where "Dolly" Got Her Name.

At what age does a child really begin to realize that doll-dom is an ideal realm, and that her dollies have no inner life and are only make-believe? Some girls are disillusioned at a very early age, but it is not so with the great majority of children.

At twelve, thirteen, and even later, they are to be found still as full of the sweet doll-love as they were at eight or nine, and some growing misses of sixteen are not ashamed to be caught fondling a pretty doll, although, of course, the perfect faith of childhood has been shaken. It is a land of make-believe, which they are

SABBATH MORNING.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

NOW on this day of rest,
O thou Creator blest!

To thee we turn.

Fountain of pure desire,
Our every breath inspire,
O let the holy fire

Within us burn!

And as thy people meet
Around the mercy-seat,

For prayer and praise,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow,
O let salvation flow,

Till all the people know
And keep thy ways.

So shall thy will be done
In earth and heaven as one,
Thou God of grace.

And all within the fold
Shall walk the streets of gold,
And evermore behold
Thy glorious face.

J. M. PAYNE.

Children as Teachers.

IT was a quaint notion that was expressed by a venerable Quaker, when he was informed by a lady that she had decided to adopt a little girl as her own. "I know not," said the old gentleman, dryly, "how far thou wilt succeed in educating her, but I am quite certain she will educate thee." He meant this in no discourteous sense, but as a simple expression of the truth, that contact with childhood is to the adult mind and character really an educative process, and one from which, in many cases, quite as much benefit is received as is conferred. How encouraging it is, writes a philosophic

father, for parents to reflect that, in training up their children in the way they should go, they are at the same time training themselves in the same direction, and that their own education in loving-kindness and upright living necessarily proceeds hand in hand with that of the child. George Eliot, in one of her famous books, has shown how, by means of a little child, a human soul may be redeemed from cold, petrifying isolation, its feelings freshened and rejuvenated, and new hopes kindled in a heart wherein all hope seemed to be dead. Evil tendencies are checked and good ones are educated or drawn out by children, for they call to remembrance our own childhood. Whatever we attempt to teach children, we must practice ourselves. A boy of five said to his father, "You must not be cross, for if you are, I shall be that when I grow up." "Mother," said a small lad, who had just been saying his prayers at her knees: "mother, when may I leave off my prayers? Father never says his prayers, and I thought I was old enough to leave them off."

In a New York court, lately, a remarkable scene occurred which shows the educative influence of a child. A husband and wife had concluded to separate, their tempers being incompatible. After the judge had heard the case stated by both sides, he pointed to the only child of the pair, a beautiful little girl of seven, and remarked that he supposed the mother desired to keep the little one with her. Both parents looked hungrily at the child, but were silent. "Do you wish to leave your papa and go to mamma, or will you say good-by to mamma and go with your father, little one?" he asked, gently. The bright eyes gazed at him for an instant and then filled with tears. "Oh!" she cried. "I can't spare mamma, nor papa. I want them both. Don't—don't, please—take me away from them." And she took her mother's hand (the woman was sobbing now), and led her gently over to the father, who, with tears fast flowing down his cheeks, bent over and kissed the wee peace-maker and gathered his wife in his arms. Love had triumphed.



A FISHERMAN'S CABIN.

loth to desert for the unknown realities that lie beyond. "It seems to me," writes an observer of children, "that it is one of the happy chances of language that the name 'dolly,' carries us back to 'Dorothy' i. e., God's gift, and her beautiful rose-legend." Dorothy, long years ago, was one of the names most frequently adopted in English families; and the diminutive, "Dolly," was so common in many households that it became the generic term for the little wooden toy babies that were the children's particular pets. So thus it would appear that our young folks, in playing that their dollies are real babies—their own especial charges, mysteriously committed to their care as a gift from some beneficent source—are, after all, only exercising an inherited privilege, which is the peculiar prerogative of children the whole world over. "Dolly" remains a veritable realistic playmate, and affords the keenest pleasure and satisfaction to the universal child-heart in every land under the sun.



A GROUP OF MAARKEN FISHERMEN SPENDING A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

The men are as industrious as the women, are gentle and strong and remarkably sober, and so their women do not have to watch for them with doubly heavy hearts when "the harbor bar is moaning."

The Sunshine of Laughter.

What a pleasant home is that in which there is an abundant flow of innocent animal spirits, merriment and laughter and genuine good humor driving away care and brightening even the cloudiest weather. It is the bounden duty of those who live together to cultivate the sunny side of life. To rejoice with those who rejoice is as much a duty as to weep with those that weep. Many have not that "great heredi-



Margaret E. Sangster on THE BEST THING IN LIFE



WHAT is the best thing in life? As I ask the question I hear a chorus of answers, none of them quite the same, but all blending in one harmonious cord, for by whatever steps we reach it we are all sure that the best thing in life is that which gives us the fullest measure of profit, of pleasure, and of substantial reward.

One voice in my ear whispers: "I am so tired, that the best thing I can think of is rest, chance for repose to weary limbs and back, and aching head. I have so much to do; the demands on my time and strength are so incessant and so relentless. Sometimes I fancy that I never will rest till I close my eyes and lie down in the long sleep of death."

Dear sister and friend, your feeling is most natural, and I do not wonder that you thus express it, but let me tell you that rest is only one among life's best things, also that there is such a sweet possibility as having a heart at leisure under all surface agitations, so that though the body may be worn, the brain and hands ready to drop, the spirit shall still be regnant and reposeful, and know no perturbation.

I have seen this lovely contrast of tranquillity and serenity in circumstances of toil and tumult so often, that I always feel that the triumph of mind over matter is within our reach, if we but ask for it in God's name, and in humble faith.

Another louder voice answers my question about the best thing in life. This voice comes from a young, eager, impetuous soul, and its urgent demand is for room to grow. We, who know how earnestly youth longs for action, who sympathize with ardent boys and girls who are reaching forth for larger opportunity, for knowledge, for a foothold on which to stand and from which to climb, feel that this desire does truly epitomize one of life's noblest and best and most glorious experiences—room to grow. It is the spirit for expanded wings of the creature lodged in the earthly. Wherever and whenever a human being there is an honest and earnest wish for growth for development, for arrival at a higher plane, for advancement along lines which reach upward and beyond, there will come, sooner or later, the answer to God's grace, of opened doors, and kingdoms given to the one who is fit to rule them. For always with this desire there is the word, if the desire be true, true, it shall and the word shall be fulfilled. If I have been faithful over a few things, I will make the ruler over many things.

Again I hear a soft, sweet voice to my query, and it sounds like the cooing of doves, like the tinkling of bells, like the plucking of a brook over the bed of rocks. Love, says this voice, is the best thing on earth. Love of man for woman, and of woman for man, love tender and true, love faithful and chaste, love pure and unending. Once in my old days, there was a maiden of Spain, and her heart and troth had been given to

a knight of Cœur de Lion's band. It was in the days of the Crusades, when up and down the land went pilgrim bands, and the passes and defiles were full of soldiers, and the times were rough and full of peril. And this maid knew only two words, "Gilbert" and "London," but these two foreign words, insistently spoken, carried her safely from her Paynim home to the castle, where she found her lord. Love bore her over every obstacle.

Love of child for parent, of parent for child, of brother for brother, of home, of country, of kindred: love, love, only love, say a thousand tongues, is life's best inheritance.



SHE KNEW ONLY TWO WORDS—"GILBERT" AND "LONDON."

And, perhaps he would have said so—that aged apostle, who wrote, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." And so might have declared that other apostle, whose messages to the ages is, "Little children, love one another." Indeed, both these did say this, and they were, are, always will be, right, for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

But, granting that love is the best thing, subordinate to and co-ordinate with love and in its royal train come all deeds of gentleness, all words of truth, all endeavors after excellence. Love will see that the loved ones rest, that the loved ones have room to grow. Love will repress the hasty speech, the impatient tone and the jarring note in the family. Bickerings and strife, jealousies and envies, rivalries and all untoward and forward behavior will cease in the home, and in the circle, and in the community where love is the motive, and the golden crown and cap-sheaf of life.

Especially is this so, when to the human love is added the fullest adoration and most entire trust in the love which is divine, that mighty love of Jesus, which even more encompasses and holds us close in its sweet shelter, that dear love which always comprehends and never makes a mistake—that love is the best thing in life. And you may know it, and I may know it, and we cannot exhaust nor wear it out; for its measure is infinite, and its capacity is the heart of God, and its sources are from before the foundations of the world were laid and spring from the thought which had our very names in mind, centuries and cycles before we were born. Love the love of Jesus, binding us as in a deathless sacrament, is the best thing on earth, the best thing in immortal life.

We are often weak and weary,
We are often faint and frail,
The eyes are blurred with weeping,
And the lips are wan and pale,
But Christ is our strength and gladness,
His love sustains the soul,
In the day of our utmost dearth and loss,
His love can make us whole.

We can never perish, holding
Fast to his tender hand,
His care will lead us safely
Through all the desert land.
The blessed love of Jesus,
And the look in his gentle face,
Are cordial to the fainting,
Are full of light and grace.

Oh! love divine be ours,
In the night-time and the day,
Forever with us, Jesus,
Remain our hope and stay,
Thine be the love that keeps us,
Ours be the love that clings,
Till we rest beneath thy banner,
Oh, gracious king of kings!

Margaret E. Sangster

Choosing his Path in Life.

Countless careers are ruined by the choice of a wrong path at the outset.

Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, in a recent discourse, put this very plainly and forcibly. He said:

I beg of you to choose carefully your path. The farmer is careful in the choice of seed. He does not want bad seed or inferior seed, because he knows that such will give a poor crop. He looks for the best seed he can buy. If you choose to sow the flesh, you will have a corrupted harvest. If you commit a sinful deed, it may land you in a dishonored grave. Choice is a solemn thing. You can make this moment a turning-point in your life. Once, during the conquest of Peru, Pizarro's followers threatened to desert him. They gathered on the shore to embark for home. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it in the sand from east to west. Then, turning toward the south,

he said: "Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with all its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go south." So saying, he stepped across the line, and one after another his comrades followed him, and the destiny of South America was decided.

So, in a moment, rightly or wrongly, the life-work of any one of us may be decided. It is difficult to change once the path is entered. Once entered, we may not be able to draw back. Parents have a great responsibility in guiding their children to make the right choice.

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AMELIA E. BARR WRITES ON MAKING A FRESH START

THE desire to begin over again is one of those longings so common and universal that we may say it is a native instinct. Sometimes it acts upon a multitude of men at once, and then we call it reform or revolution. When it acts upon the individual it is the spirit of self-improvement, and the most valuable stimulant and restorative nature exhibits. All that chloride of sodium is to the physical life, this longing to

move them, or else remove ourselves from them. Let us honestly acknowledge our faults, and not do as Catullus says—"carry them in the back knapsack." Let us bring them forward to the front and the light, and then have nerve enough to lay the axe to their root. Let us forsake improper friends. Let us study that divine and difficult arithmetic which will teach us to "number our days, so that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We have all an irrepressible wish to see success attend our efforts for improvement. We want to enter the Promised Land in our own life-time. To toil constantly in faith and hope, and yet to die in the wilderness, "not having attained unto the promises, but only seeing them afar off," is a prospect that makes our hearts fail. What shall we do to succeed? Let us lay down at God's feet our failures and successes, our hopes and fears, our knowledge and ignorance, our strength and weakness, our confidences and misgivings—all that we are; all that we may be—content to take up thence just what God shall give us.

Those so seeking shall surely find him; and if not here, even then we will not be discouraged in trying to do well, for man's destiny ends not with the grave; and many will know him there who did not know him here. If we only are trying to find the way, the stages may be lonely and dark, but they will lead at last to the light longed for.

We have before us now an arc of our orbit, large enough to let us judge of our trend. Dare we look critically at it? Are we better, purer, more in earnest now, than we were at the beginning of the year? Has the lesson of the cross been cut more sharply into our hearts? Have we learned more self-denial? Have we been more self-sacrificing? Can we take the Ninetieth Psalm—that grandest of all human compositions—as our New-Year's homily, and acknowledging all the deep sadness and truth of the first twelve verses, cry earnestly "Return, O Lord," and then enter joyfully and hopefully into its happy prayers for the future years? If so, then each of us may say confidently, as we enter 1898,

"I go to prove my soul:
I see my way, as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive; what time: what circuit first,
I ask not. In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the birds. In his good time."

Amelia E. Barr

NATURE PROVIDES.

Proper Food for all Her Creatures.

A man feels like he was in deep water and a long ways from shore when he finally arrives at the conclusion that no medicine on earth can cure his particular disease. He has probably tried one after another with hope each time that the new one will do its work, but dismal failures succeed one another regularly, and finally reason forces one to abandon hope from medicines.

Right at that juncture is the time to remember that nature has provided food for the sustenance of all of her creatures, and if we will but use nature's food and drink properly, she will come powerfully to the aid of the sick one.

All educated doctors agree that their duty is to assist nature and that nature alone can do the healing.

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A cleaning up of the foul tongue and breath, brightening of the eyes, natural hunger, meals digested, and that peculiar feeling of vigor and strength which makes the man or woman go about the daily work with a feeling of pleasure and power to accomplish which makes life worth the living and the possessor a blessing to him or herself and the community at large.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.



OUR LIGHT MUST BE KEPT BURNING.

begin anew is to the spiritual and intellectual life, and the man or woman who never feels it is either hopelessly self-satisfied or hopelessly despairing.

Now, it is true that we cannot pass a private Act of Congress in order to make our future life fit our best intentions. Most of us, before we arrive at middle life, have become conscious that there are things—good things—which will not be ours simply for wishing for them. We can remember many New-Years periods when we made excellent resolves that we never put into practice, and we have realized that self-improvement is a duty to be done with all our energy, because we feel that the night cometh, when no man can work.

But next New-Year we will make another fresh start, and in order to give us hope and strength, we will remember, first, that it is ever too late to mend. "The Man at the Gate" has never yet said to any applicant for admission, "The door is shut. It is too late!" If the past is irreparable, the present is our own, and we may have another opportunity. It was this hope and aspiration that made him hab "go softly," and the prodigal return to his father, and David write the Fifty-first psalm, and which in our own cases has over and over led us to pour out our souls in confession and determine to turn a new white page and leave a better record upon it. That we have failed, and failed again and again, need not intimidate us for a new trial. Aspirations, imperfections, and failures are intimations of future achievements. Defeats foretell future successes. The sin to be dreaded is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin. Our light must be burning, however dimly, and we must keep on the right road, however often we stumble on the way.

Under no circumstances can it be true that there is not something to be done, as well as something to be suffered. Let us sit down before the Lord and count our resources, and see what we are not fit for, and give up wishing for it. Let us decide honestly what we can do, and then do it with all our might. Let us wisely determine what physical circumstances in our lives impede our progress, and then re-

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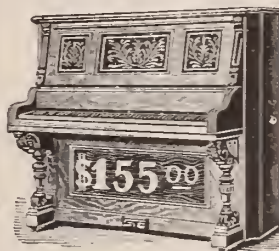
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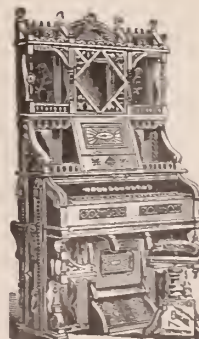
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OUR ORPHANS AT OORFA.

Miss Shattuck Writes Pleasantly Concerning Her Little Armenian Charges—Turkey and the American Missionaries.



FOUR LITTLE ORPHAN LADS, HAGOP, LEVON, SAMUEL AND KEVORK.

ALL the world knows the sad story of the Armenian massacres. It also knows of the heroism of our American missionaries, who remained at their posts and saved thousands of defenceless Christians from the Turkish and Kurdish assassins. Among those rescued were many little, helpless orphans, who were taken into our mission stations at Harport, Oorta, Aintab, Sivas, Cesarea, and elsewhere and cared for by the missionaries. Miss Corinna Shattuck, the brave missionary heroine of Oorfa, has under her care at the present time a number of these little ones, who have been specially cared for by an appropriation from the Armenian Fund raised by our readers, and who are therefore known as "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans."

small pellets in butter, to prevent its sticking to the hands; they gather about a mat and twist off the worm-like bits with wonderful rapidity. As it is always done in the hottest weather it dries immediately, and is ready to be swept up by a clean, new broom, and put away. Our own "Myreek" (little mother) stands with her dough ready to toss to whomsoever reaches out an empty hand. Before the troubles, our girls met and made quite a little sum of money in this way to help out in school expenses.

Yesterday was a holiday of the Gregorians, and our schools, being in union of system with theirs, we had vacation for all. Our elder orphan boys were invited by one of their schoolmates to Garmosch for the day. They brought to us three



"BALE MAKING" BY ARMENIAN WOMEN AT THE OORFA HOMES.

Miss Shattuck has written us at different times telling of the progress of her little charges, and her letters are exceedingly interesting. For over a year there has been a veil of sadness over these tender ones, which it seemed almost impossible to lift. Now, however, with the restorative powers which are fortunately bestowed upon childhood, they are looking fresh and with bright hopes to leading normal lives.

Her latest letter is given below:

OORFA, TURKEY, Sept. 27, 1897.
Dear Christian Herald Friends:

There are three, when we actually seem to be at the ends of the earth, and we weary of waiting the wherewith to turn our skulls and wait unoccupied. I am at my work and to keep my six hundred women and girls employed, especially two hundred of these waiting the proper thread for making their work. We have made hundreds of bodies with edges in patterns, and on the other back, though in coarse thread and exhausted our own and the Aleppo market for even that kind.

I enclose a photograph of a part of women assembled for their work at our orphanage making *kahre*, a kind of macaroni, very generally used in pilaf, even by poor people. They mix flour and water to stiff dough, and dip the

immense pomegranates as a loving gift.

Four only of the boys are too young to attend school. Dear little Garabed, who came to us feeble, his mother dying of consumption after the murder of her husband, is gradually growing more plump and strong. Kevork is very chubby, and has a funny little gait in running. Hagop and Abraham are winsome, also. All listen eagerly Sabbath evening to see if they have their verses perfectly. They are our babies, and all accord them favors due the youngest.

Our elder children are very diligent in study, improving every spare moment. They continue each their three hours per day in the shoe-shop also. All the children are in good health. Is it not remarkable that not one of all the three hundred orphans under our care has as yet died? The dear Father cares for them, and spares us strength to serve many besides these. We praise him for his goodness.
CORINNA SHATTUCK.

Recently the Sultan's government renewed its efforts to have the American missionaries withdrawn from Armenia. It is painful to contemplate the fate that lies before these children should our government accede to Turkey's request. Such yielding would be virtually handing over thousands of these innocents to be dealt with by the Herod of modern times.

Their Bible Was Precious.

Wherever the Bible is known and read, it is held as the most precious of earthly possessions. This is especially true of those lands in which the Christians have been subjected to persecution. In Armenia after the great massacres, and when the Bibles found in the towns and villages had been destroyed by the Moslem fanatics, the survivors sought eagerly for the precious book, and pleaded that copies should be sent them, even though there were hungry and in rags.

A Southern pastor, Rev. H. H. Proctor, of Atlanta, Ga., relates two touching incidents illustrative of the value set upon the Bible by the very poorest negroes. He says:

In one of my parish visits to an elderly colored woman of the congregation I served, I saw on the centre-table of her neat little cottage three Bibles, two of which were well kept. The other was much soiled and badly worn. I asked her about this badly used book, as it was out of keeping with the other things in her cottage. I knew she could not read. In reply to my query, she said, "No. I cannot read; neither can my husband. But although we cannot read a word in that blessed book, it does us good just to handle and feel the Word!" The book was soiled through and through, and well-nigh worn out. What great faith! Passing through the back streets of a Southern city, an aged colored man was seen sitting in the sunshine reading a well-thumbed volume. "What are you reading there?" asked the passer-by. After a moment's reflection the man looked up, and, his eyes suffused with tears, said: "Mister, this is the Bible, and I tell you there is a heap in this book." By hard study he had learned to read since the war. He was enabled slowly to ferret out the meaning on the printed page. Back of him lay two-and-a-half centuries of slavery, and untold centuries of barbarism. Yet, when he caught a glimmer of light after his shackles fell, he came to the great truth that "there is a heap in this Book." May the nations of the earth soon come to a similar conclusion!



A bright girl writes from Cambridge, Massachusetts:

"Last fall I read an article under the head of 'Earning Money for Christmas.' I was not so much interested in earning money for this purpose as I was in obtaining the necessary sum to attend the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco this summer, and was unwilling to ask my father for assistance. I wrote for information, and took up the work. I worked only during leisure hours, and, thanks to your generous assistance, have earned enough to take the desired trip, including a visit to Yellowstone Park, and to pay all the incidental expenses."

This is only one of hundreds of similar letters received.

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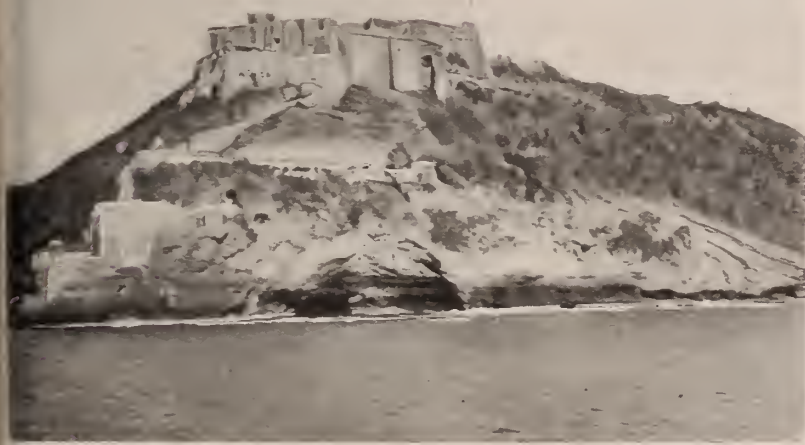
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CUBA'S LONG FIGHT.



DIPLOMATIC circles in Washington and Madrid have been greatly stirred up, within the past few weeks, by the publication of an article by ex United States Minister Hannis Taylor, formerly our representative at the Spanish capital. Mr. Taylor's declaration is that the late Premier Canovas del

sickness is very large. In the field, the Cubans have at least held their own, and even the death or disability of a leader does not quell the spirit of the troops, who are fighting for freedom. After a score of battles and half a hundred skirmishes, the prospect of Spanish success is no better than before, and Cuban hopes are higher than ever. Some of the triumphs won by the Cuban troops have been of great importance, and demonstrate that, even with a force inferior in numbers and



THE FAMOUS MORO FORTRESS AT THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR.

Castillo, actually promised to institute important reforms in Cuba in the interest of peace, and that he failed to redeem his promise. He also affirms that Senors Castelar and Salvani, two of the leading statesmen of Spain, were both aware of the pledge by Canovas and its non-fulfillment. Summing up the whole matter, ex-Minister Taylor declares that nothing short of our intervention will secure peace in Cuba. This statement, proceeding from one who was an accredited representative of our government, has naturally directed attention to the present condition of affairs in Cuba. It should be understood at the outset that our government is in no sense responsible for the utterances of its ex-Minister, and his opinions, so freely expressed, have found no official echo or endorsement. Spain however, very warmly resents the utterances, and both press and people are excited over them. Until the article in question appeared, there had been only a quiet, diplomatic correspondence between the two governments concerning Cuba, but the Spanish cabinet, irritated by the latter incident, has now declared substantially that Spain will do as she sees fit with reference to granting autonomy to Cuba—a declaration tantamount to a repudiation of any interference whatsoever.

Meanwhile the situation in the distracted and war-swept island does not improve, and peace is apparently no nearer than before. The retirement of Weyler, and the appointment of Gen. Amion Blanco as his successor, it was hoped, would put a stop to some of the most barbarous features of the war. But Gen. Blanco has announced his policy as one of persistent military effort, on the same lines as those laid down by Weyler, until he "crushes the rebellion." He does not believe in concentration, however; and it is hoped, that, under his military rule, the non-combatants will not be herded together and treated in the brutal manner that characterized Weyler's regime, under which thousands were driven from their homes and penned like cattle in quarters where they might either rot or starve, the purpose being to prevent them from actively sympathizing with or aiding the Cubans. It has been claimed that many have actually died of starvation, and that the horrors of the prisons of Havana and other cities, if fully disclosed, would shock the civilized world.

Spain has well-nigh exhausted her resources in this long and seemingly hopeless struggle to subdue the brave and patriotic Cubans. Thousands of her troops, recruited from home, have fallen victims to fever in the Cuban marshes, and a number of those invalided through

equipment, they can more than hold their own against the Spanish.

In view of the possibility of foreign intervention, the Spanish navy is being strengthened as far as the depleted resources of the government will permit. It is reported that Spain has lately signed contracts in England for the option of purchasing cruisers now in course of construction in British shipyards for several other governments, which have consented to the transfer.

Should war ever arise between Spain and a foreign power over the Cuban question it will, in all likelihood, be largely a naval struggle, and the gloomy old Moro fortress (shown in the photograph on this page) will play no unimportant part in this campaign. El Moro commands the entrance to Havana harbor, and is a formidable as well as a forbidding structure, built on a rocky promontory and with its rifled guns pointing seaward menacingly. It has a dark history of cruelty and blood—a history which would more appropriately belong to some old European fortress of the middle ages than to a structure that looks toward the fair Republic of the West, in the progressive nineteenth century.

Cuba, "the gem of the Antilles," is the largest and richest island of the West Indian group. It has an area of 43,222 square miles. Discovered by Columbus, it was afterward taken possession of by Spain. It is claimed that there does not remain a single trace of its original inhabitants, and that the name of the island is the only existing reminder of a period prior to the Spanish conquest. It is a most beautiful country, possessing a delightful variety of scenery, and a climate that is accounted by many as one of the most perfect in the world. With less than 2,000,000 population, including Spaniards, negroes, Chinese, Europeans, and Americans, and with several handsome cities, many evidences of wealth, culture, and refinement and manifold natural advantages, Cuba's progress has been retarded by many causes, chief among which was the curse of human slavery, which was abolished by statute in 1886. Another, is the social exclusiveness of the aristocratic upper classes, whose pride and arrogance toward other classes have opened a constantly-widening chasm. With Spanish domination removed, and with unrestrained contact with free and enlightened peoples, Cuba may yet have a bright, happy and prosperous future.

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Publisher's Notices.

After much trouble and expense, the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has obtained a number of beautiful sections of olive wood from the Mount of Olives. These he has had cut into slabs and polished by the Bethlehem craftsmen with such rare skill that the deep, red veinings of the heart of the olive are brought to the surface of the blocks, and all the delicate traceries and markings rendered transparent. These souvenirs were carefully packed and consigned from the Turkish Custom House at Joppa to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, and are now offered, at a mere nominal charge, to all who desire to possess a really beautiful and enduring memento of the Holy Land. They are in assorted sizes, the first, or largest—a handsome and massive olive-wood section, rich in coloring and suitable for a mantel or desk ornament, will be forwarded to any address, charges prepaid, for 25 cents; the second, somewhat smaller, a very fine specimen suitable for the table or mantel, is 20 cents, and the third, or smallest size, a unique piece for the cabinet or to be used as a paper weight, is 15 cents. These olive-wood sections are all inscribed in lasting characters, with the legend "City of Peace" in Hebrew characters, and will be treasured by all who are so fortunate as to take this opportunity of securing them.

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REV. LOUIS A. BANKS D.D. TELLS OF A STRUGGLING GENIUS

THE most interesting personality that hovers about the famous old forest and Palace of Fontainebleau, in France, is by no means to be selected from the ghosts of the dead and historic past. To many people it is rather the very live and vigorous personality of Rosa Bonheur, who dwells nearby at the estate of By, near the village of Moret.

Rosa Bonheur passed her childhood in the midst of the most exciting scenes. Her little sister was born while the cannon were booming in the Revolution of 1830. Just before the door of her father's house the Royal Guards mounted a piece of artillery, which fired on the Place de la Bastille. The little Rosa came very near being a victim of the Revolution. Her father had climbed up and was standing on the inner bolt of the door, in order to peer through the transom at the night which was going on outside. When the cannon was fired, the shock of the explosion shook the door violently, and threw him from his position, and he came very near crushing the child to death in his fall.

For years after this the times were very hard with the painter's family. Rosa inherited her genius in painting from her father. Her father had no work to do, and in 1852, to make matters worse, the cholera broke out. One of the memories of this remarkable woman, that she shudders even now to recall, is a vision of carts upon carts, filled with dead bodies, following one after another all day long.

Her mother died when she was still but a little girl, and left her in distressing loneliness. She began to work at painting very early, and while her father was hunting everywhere through the city of Paris for students to whom he could give drawing lessons, in order to earn their daily bread, she worked alone as best she could in a little studio in the garret. One night, when her father returned home, after his day's labor, he found her finishing her first oil-painting after nature—a handful of cherries. "Why, that's fine," he said, "and in future you must work seriously."

Her love for animals was early developed, and she would wander through the outskirts of Paris among the fields and farms and dairies, making studies of cows, sheep, and goats. Finally she found a delightful little corner of wild scenery near one of the parks and went and boarded for several months with an honest old peasant woman.

It is interesting and encouraging for every struggling young man or young woman to know that Rosa Bonheur's genius by no means relieved her of the drudgery of the beginner in any kind of great art. Day after day she studied the rapid movements of animals, eagerly watching the shimmer of their coloring in the sun. She carefully learned that each cow or horse or dog had an individuality of its own as much as has a man or a woman or a child, and she formed the habit of making separate studies of each animal.

The first picture she exhibited in the Salon, was in 1845, and was a modest little canvas representing rabbits. Two years later she won a gold medal.

When the young girl appeared before the Director of Fine Arts, who, with many pleasant compliments, handed her the medal in the name of the King, she to his great astonishment and intense amusement replied: "Thank the King very

much for me, and deign to add that I intend to do better next time."

It is interesting to relate that three years ago the distinguished Duc d'Aumale, whose sad death the whole world regretted as one of the tragic results of the fire in the Paris Charity Bazar last May, invited Rosa Bonheur to be his guest at Chantilly, the famous estate which the public-spirited Duke willed to the people of that land which had honored him in his youth and exiled him in manhood. The famous painter of "The Horse Fair" took with her her first poor little medal, stamped with the effigy of Louis Philippe, the Duc d'Aumale's father. The Duke was greatly pleased, and smilingly remarked, "It brought you good luck."

In addition to her undoubted genius, Rosa Bonheur owes her marvelous success to that patient, honest, plodding study which she conscientiously gives to all her work, added to that unsatisfied spirit, which answer to the Director of Fine Arts, in her girlhood: "I intend to do better next time!" The world is better for Rosa Bonheur.



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SAPOLIO

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AMONG the patients waiting to see the doctor at the Free Dispensary of the Bowery Mission, conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, one day lately, was a young man, poorly clad and evidently suffering severe pain. He rose quickly when his turn came to respond to Dr. Dowkont's "next," and went into the consulting room.

Dr. Dowkont gave him a mixture to relieve his pain, and then asked him about himself. It was a sad story he told. He was the son of a minister who has a church in a city not two hundred miles from New York. He had drifted away, had fallen under the power of drink and had sunk into abject poverty.

"These clothes," he said, "are all I have in the world, and they are pretty old. Not a cent left. Last night I slept in a wagon, and the night before, on a doorstep, and the police came and clubbed me. Life is not worth having on these terms. I have been looking at the river to-day, and I am inclined to try that."

The doctor expressed his sympathy and urged him to turn to Christ as the beginning of a new life.

"No use, doctor," he said, gloomily. "I have not the power now. I've tried over and over again, but as soon as I get up and have a little money, I let go, and drink gets the mastery."

"When you were at home," said the doctor, "you must have heard the old hymn. 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, did you not?'"

"Oh yes, I know it well."

"Do you remember how it runs?"

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

That is your lesson; you have tried your own strength; now try what Christ can do."

The young man went away thoughtfully, and the doctor did not see him again for ten days. At the end of that time he looked in. "He is holding me, doctor," he said. "This is a new experience. It is early days to talk yet, but I never had so much hope before."

Two weeks afterward he called to say good-bye. He was going to his family. "I thank God I ever came into the Bowery Mission," were his final words.

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



TEN ILLUSTRIOUS OCCUPANTS OF EUROPEAN THRONES. (See page 955.)

RAISING THE FALLEN.

How the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn is Winning Trophies for Christ—Its New Nursery for Infants Now Open and in Active Operation.



HE past year at the Bethesda Home, in Brooklyn, has been a year of new development. Our readers, who have so generously contributed to the support of the Home since it has been conducted under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be glad to learn that many trophies of Christ's power have been won under its roof. One instance of the kind of work that is done here, which is typical of many, may be given. It was the case of a hardened, vicious woman, a mere girl in years, but experienced in the evil ways of the world. When she was introduced to the Home, she was the terror of her associates, who were liable to injury at her hands in her wild drunken frenzy. She had an intimate acquaintance with the prison-pen, where her frequent appearance as a "drunk and disorderly" was noted by the police justices. Her perpetual craving was for drink and opium, and she was absolutely homeless in the means she would adopt to obtain money for the cost of indulgence in those twin vices. Yet it is but a few years since she was living a peaceful, virtuous life with her widowed mother in Toronto. Decoyed to a Southern city by the promise of lucrative employment and pleasant surroundings, she went, only to find herself in a house of shame, and powerless to make her way back. She fell into the ways of the house, and soon became, in the reckless feeling of one who has lost hope, a violent, passionate creature, of whom those who had ruined her stood in dread. They got rid of her by sending her to New York, where she soon made herself a bad reputation. The managers of the Home knew when they received her, that they had on their hands a case that ordinary people would deem hopeless, but the ladies have had too much experience in the work to regard as hopeless any case that is submitted to Christ's healing touch. This girl had no hope, and when under loving treatment and Christian appeal she saw the possibility of redemption, her anxiety was pathetic to witness. She had not believed there could be any chance for her, and when she was assured that she might be restored to society and the ways of virtue and holiness, she was grateful from her very heart. She is now in domestic service near the city, and her employer testifies that her industry, her honesty, and her modest conduct are fully established. More wonderful still, the girl herself testifies that her desire for drink and opium has entirely disappeared, and that in Christ's strength she is sure of her complete deliverance. She expects shortly to have sufficient money saved to return to her home in Toronto. Many similar cases might be cited, and there are many more that are being brought to the Home in the hope of redemption. One case within a few days is that of a clergyman's daughter, young and beautiful, who has been betrayed, and is humbly beginning to hope that Christ will cleanse her from her sin and help her regain her lost place in church and home. There are more of these fallen women longing to quit their evil life than any one has any idea of, and they gladly seize the Christian hand held out to them to help them out of the mire. The Bethesda Home does this by pointing them to Christ, and when they have renounced their vicious ways, helping them to earn an honest livelihood. Some of them are trained for domestic service and are taught cooking and other domestic duties, to fit

them for efficient service, and others are taught sewing, dress-making, millinery, type-writing, or other accomplishments by which they may support themselves. The managers gratefully acknowledge the blessing that has attended their efforts and also desire to thank the readers of this journal who have contributed toward the expenses of the work.

An interesting development of the work at the Home has just been inaugurated. Like all who try to serve Christ in the world, the ladies who manage the home find new opportunities of service opened to them. One pressing need for help was frequently brought to their notice. This was the need for a children's refuge. One winter's night, came a woman to the door, bearing a burden so small that the Home keepers did not know it was a child until the poor covering falling back, showed a half-starved infant—a little, thin, pinched, blue baby. Could they send this baby out into the night to seek a home elsewhere? It might perish before it reached another shelter. As it was, they took it in, warmed it, fed it, gave it a chance for its little life, but from the doors of the refuge which took it in, that fragile life passed out to its God. There is no need to tell the sad experience which ended in that mother coming destitute to the door of the Home with her half-dead baby in her arms. Suffice it to say, her subsequent conduct proved her worthy of all that was done for her that night. She is now at work in a hospital, paying back in sorrowful pride the cost of her child's funeral. It is not always by reason of her own fault that a destitute mother brings her child to the door of the Home. One day there came from Flatbush a Swedish woman with a baby six weeks old. Her mother in Sweden had died, leaving her a little fortune of five thousand dollars, whereupon her husband disappeared, carrying every penny with him. She wanted to work for herself and child, but had no-

twelve babies without mothers, and as many mothers and babies as could be accommodated. So that the nursery is now in full swing, and there is enough cooing, comfort and happiness under its roof to gladden a stoic's heart. The matron in charge is Miss Dolan, who has been house-

keeper of the Bethesda Home for the past two years. Miss Dolan is a graduate of the Babies' Hospital in New York, and fully competent to overlook the large family over which she presides. She had seen the urgent need of such an institution while she was in charge of the Bethesda Home, and so earnest was she in advocating its inauguration that she gave all her savings to aid in fitting the house up for its little occupants. It is expected that to some extent the Nursery will be self-supporting, as many mothers are able and willing to pay the cost of their children's support. But there are cases, of course, in which for a time, at least, the burden will fall on the institution. Such burdens, however, appeal to the tenderest feelings of fatherhood and motherhood the world

over, and the managers believe that many hands will help them to bear them. Christ, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," will surely smile on this effort to care for the poor little waifs in his name, and with his blessing there need be no fear as to funds.

Thus the work, begun in faith at the Bethesda Home, has broadened and developed. Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies who have freely given their time and labor to it, caring for the inmates, leading them to Christ, getting situations for them, and visiting and encouraging them in their hard struggle to redeem the past. The cost, even so economically conducted as the Home has been, was necessarily heavy, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD feels that the money has been well expended. Readers who wish to share in the blessing that comes from such labor may send us their contributions, which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Nurses for Canada.

Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, is the projector of a new organization of nurses, to be known as "The Victorian Order." The plan of the new order was recently explained by Dr. Worcester, a speaker at a large meeting of medical men held at Rideau Hall, in Montreal. It was stated that the establishment of the Victorian Order and the training of a number of district nurses would not only not interfere with the medical men, but would prove of immense service to them. He expected to see schools opened this winter in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, and St. John.

They Remembered Mont-Lawn.

AMONG the many little tenement children who spent a happy outing at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, during the past season, were three bright youngsters who live with their



LILLIE, PHILIP, AND SAMMY SIMONSON.

mother on the top floor of a very humble dwelling on Market St. They are Sammy Simonson, aged five and a half years, Lillie, his sister, aged four, and a baby Philip, aged three years. Three and a half years ago the husband and father went to sea and was never again heard of. Mrs. Simonson has had a hard struggle to keep a roof over her little family, and to provide for their needs; but she is an earnest

Christian woman, and with faith in the God of the widow and the fatherless.

Mrs. Simonson has worked industriously and cheerfully and has succeeded in keeping them together. She supports the home by office-cleaning and washing. When the three half-orphans were taken to the Home she was very grateful, and the children enjoyed the outing amazingly. One day last week the young trio sent to the Children's Home Fund a united gift of \$5.44, which represents their saved pennies for many weeks. It came accompanied by the simple statement that it was to help the Children's Home "where we had such a good time last summer, and we hope to go again." What an amount of self-denial this gift from these little tenement children represents! Surely, no better testimonial of the value of such an outing and the pleasure it gives could be found anywhere.

The Klondike Gospel Band.

Letters received from Captain de Soto's Klondike Gospel Band, which left New York several weeks ago, to travel on foot by slow stages overland to the Alaskan mines, with the purpose of founding a Gospel mission there, state that the Band has met with the most encouraging reception at all points along the route. A number of largely attended meetings have been held at various towns along the route, and many conversions are reported. At Burlington, Dunellen, Camden, Clinton, and Trenton, N. J., large meetings were held with good spiritual results, many of the hearers requesting special prayers. Services were conducted in churches, class-rooms, Sunday Schools, chapels, and in county jails. At New-Ark, one of the most notorious characters in the city was convicted of sin and led weeping to the altar. In one of the New Jersey prisons, twenty-eight of the inmates raised their hands for prayers. The Band found friends at every stopping-place and were hospitably entertained. One of the results of their visit to Trenton, N. J., is the projected founding of a Gospel mission in the Bowery of that city, by Mrs. Mary E. Whittaker, a prominent Christian worker in that city. At Philadelphia, a notable meeting was held in the hall of the Sunday Breakfast Association, and twenty-four came forward to the altar. Good evangelistic work was also done at Lancaster, Westchester, Coatesville, Kensington, and other points in Pennsylvania. The Band is going forward full of faith and confidence that the way will be opened for them at many places to reach the hearts of the unsaved and to win souls for the Master.



A CORNER IN THE BETHESDA NURSERY.

where to leave it during the day. The Home made provision for the child, and secured for the mother a good place nearby where she could see it every night. She is contributing as much as she can to its support. Another working-woman who came for help, had been living around at lodging-houses, dragging her baby with her, spending a night here, a night there; paying as she could a night at a time; doing without shelter, when she had not wherewith to pay. She could get work, could help pay for her baby's care, if there were only some place to leave it. Again, the Home made the best provision it could; and the mother is at work, and happy in contributing to her little one's support.

It was clear that some provision for such cases was needed and early in the Fall, the house, 38 Fort Greene Place, in the same block with the Home, was rented, and the work of fitting it up began. In November, the special municipal permit was secured, granting the right to keep

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Common Sense in Religion.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Luke 16: 8.

The children of this world are in
their generation wiser than the chil-
dren of light.

HAT is another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated, and skillful in monetary matters, who

in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inept, inert. The great want of the world is more common sense in matters of religion. It one half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs was employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last Juggernaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the Southwest, as the porter of the sleeping-car was making up the berths at the evening-tide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people looked on as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that the man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in a Northern city, that he was a seafaring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—ten such men would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was skillful in spiritual affairs, you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense in matters of the soul, that they have in matters of the world, this would be a very different kind of earth in which to live.

In the first place, my friends, we want more common sense in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together, and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company puts up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church; he says, "I like it very well, but I can't hear." As though a shawl factory were good for everything, but making shawls.

The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches, and shiver, and feel they must be getting religion, or something else they feel somewhat comfortable. O my friends! we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world is in it. It ought to be an expression not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say, "How much do you like the church, O Lord God of hosts? A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order

to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one object, on that one subject, until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God! While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after a while to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means.

A miller in California, many years ago, picked up a sparkle of gold from the bed of a stream which turned his mill. He held up that sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets, and their pickaxes, and their pistols, and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel, and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold!

Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of gold; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbuncle, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man, who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world.

Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh, no; the story is true. There are hundreds and thousands of people who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back, and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be lost, I will be lost, and there is nothing to do about it."

Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms, and say, "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you despatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show-windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh, that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

Again, I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and enlarging of our Christian character. There are men who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile! No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to cashier of the institution and say, "Have you kept those ten thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no attention about interest or about dividend? Why, you say, "That is not common sense." Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand

dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them; we do not ask about them; we do not want them. Oh, that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures! We get any other book, and we open it, and we say, "Now what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up this Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing: get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument, and we do not like this about the Bible and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of a man lost on the mountains; night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain-cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door; the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says, "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that traveler should say, "I don't like that lantern, I don't like the handle of it, there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any?"

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We stop and say we do not like this about it, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. Oh, how much wider we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home! Then, we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye perhaps on the story of Samson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying, "Now I must read for my immortal life, my eternity is involved in this book."

How little we use common sense in prayer! We say, "Oh, Lord, give me this," and "Oh, Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming. As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say, "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail-train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph. "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods. In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not.

But I remark again: we want more common sense in doing good. Oh, how many people there are who want to do good, and they are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as in the other.

When I was a lad I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, a very good Christian man, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they

were in great hilarity, said to one of the "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said, "Every man to mind his own business." Well, it was a very rough answer, but was provoked. Religion had been hurling there as though it were a bombshell. We must be natural in the presentation of religion to the world. Do you suppose that Mary, in her conversations with Christ, lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pit tone? Why is it people cannot talk as naturally in prayer-meetings and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one ever succeeds in a kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talk with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talk with the vine-dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those new affianced about the marriage-supper, and talked with the man cramped in monetary matters about the two debtors, and talk with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep.

What we do I think will depend upon three facts—three great facts: The first fact, that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind, and soul. We want no Bill to prove that we are sinners.

Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has organized our entire nature. That is a fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are saved Christ will pardon us is the present. No what is the common-sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ and take him now.

Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow, Monday morning between eleven and twelve o'clock, you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that Tuesday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positive about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—what would you attend to the matter? What your common sense would dictate. "Immediately I will attend to that matter, between eleven and twelve o'clock to-morrow Monday morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect and less and less. I will attend to it to-morrow." Now, let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them and we may not. Next day we may get them and we may not. The prospect less and less and less. The only sure time now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people. I would not go to a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority for saying he may be saved.

"Mama," said a little child to his mother, when she was being put to bed at night, "mama, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed, I heard a cry, a shriep-upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off, and trying to get you away, I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you."

O man! O woman! I wish to-day could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Ah, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart, burned for you. "By his stripes ye are healed."

THEY SANG TO THE INDIANS.

Long Journey of Three Little Girl-Evangelists with a Missionary in a "Prairie Schooner," in Nebraska and Dakota.



MISSIONARY FRADY AND DAUGHTER.

WONDERFUL, indeed to most young people, would have been the experiences of three young girls, which are related by Rev. C.H. Frady, veteran missionary of the American Sunday School Union for seventeen years past. Mr. Frady's field is chiefly in northern Nebraska and southern Dakota,

special written permission from the Government Indian Agent to hold meetings. He will give the most of his time in the future to the work among the Indians on the Government reservations, should he receive the needed financial support.

Another missionary of the American Sunday School Union writes:

I shall never forget the first time I went into one of these Indian settlements; it was berry season, and most of the Indians were away berrying. The first home where I called, I knocked at the door, but no one answered. I could hear some one inside, so pushing the door open gently, I saw an Indian woman sitting on the ground, with three little children clinging to her. As soon as she saw me, she ran by me and took to the fields. I followed her, thinking that she had gone to get some one that could speak English to me. But I found the farther I followed her, the more frightened she became. To add to the scene, the three children saw their mother running away from a stranger, and they began to test their lungs, yelling for all they were worth. Soon after, I went back again, and received a warm reception. Called the Indians together and organized a Sunday School. The next time I went there, I preached in the morning; then they wanted to know if I could not stay over-night. When I saw they were so anxious for another meeting, to hear "the old story" over once again, I stayed, and after the preaching service, I invited all who wanted to become followers of Christ to come to the altar. Twenty-four came and knelt before the altar, but they soon smote on their breasts, then rolled on the floor, then they stood up and jumped around until they were exhausted. Then they asked what more they must do, so I told them to take hold of each other's hands and form a circle and sing, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." Thought after they had sung one verse they would stop, but no, I found it was easier to start them singing than it was to stop them.



SIUX INDIANS AT CRAWFORD, NEB., NEAR RED CLOUD BUTTES.

where he is working on the reservations, organized by Congress, and also among the Indians, who still retain considerable numbers, like the Pine Ridge, Rosebud and Sisseton Reservations; also Fort Robinson, northwestern Nebraska. He has been everywhere among them (white and Indian), planting new schools and looking after old ones. The total Indian population is now about 900, but he says there are over 100,000 people on his field without a minister of any denomination. Nearly all of the white schools are in sad condition.

He returned home recently from a two-months' tour of organizing and preaching, during which he traveled over five hundred miles, using the team shown in the small photograph, and which is known as a "Prairie Schooner." In the wagon he carried a large tent, under which he held many of his Gospel meetings. Commencing in Boyd Co., Neb., he extended his work as far as the Black Hills, South Dakota. The little girl by his side is his daughter, who accompanied him, and who presided at a small organ which they carried. The other two girls are her companions and friends, who sang the Gospel songs with her at these meetings. The Indians, farmers, and settlers, among whom they went on this zig-zag journey over the prairies, were glad to see and hear them. Good results everywhere followed the preaching, the singing and the starting of Sunday Schools, not only among the whites, but the Indians. Mr. Frady had

for they must have continued singing fully an hour. It was 12.30 before I could close the meeting. Since then there have been several conversions. Every Indian in that mission professes to be a Christian. Some time ago one of the old men said to me, "Will you allow me to give you an Indian name?" I said, "Certainly." He laid his hands on my head, "Kak, shkah tah, go gee." I asked for the meaning of it. He said, "We have heard the Word of the Lord."

The Indians are very reverential in their worship; not one is found in a sitting posture at prayer-time; they kneel, and it doesn't make any difference what day of the week it is, or what hour of the day. As soon as they see me coming they immediately go to the schoolhouse and ring the bell for a meeting, and those who are within the sound of the bell repair to the school-house. But there is an old custom among them that I will have to stop if possible, that is the burial of a corpse. They will each in turn kiss it after the funeral sermon is preached.

One of the little Indian children wrote this letter to a Sunday School class whose members had aided them:

Dear Friends:—Our missionary organized our Sunday School about four years ago, and since then, we have learned about Jesus, how he loved us so much as to die for us, and if we love him, and believe in him as our Saviour, we shall all go to heaven, that beautiful home, which the Bible says Christ has prepared for us; and because we have learned it at our Sunday School we love it, and we love all the friends of the American Sunday School

Union, for sending us our missionary to preach to us, and we are also very thankful for the beautiful Sunday School picture cards, and large picture and papers that are sent us, trying to be little soldiers of Jesus.

ELIZA THUNDER.

One of our illustrations shows a group of Christianized Sioux in camp, with the famous Red Cloud Buttes in the background. These Indians, once the sworn foes of the white man, are now peaceful and industrious and are exemplary Christians. Mr. E. P. Bancroft, secretary of the American Sunday School Union, 111 Fifth ave., New York, will answer all inquiries concerning this missionary work among the Indians. Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Delivered from Starvation.

Missionaries in India Tell How the Famine Fund was Expended, and How the People Show their Gratitude.

FROM the most recent mails from India we infer that by this time the people are busy in many districts gathering in the harvest, which, though far below the normal yield, is still an improvement on that of the past five years. At the time of writing, famine-prices were still being demanded for food, but an early reduction was expected; the missionaries were distributing the grain from the City of Everett's cargo, which had reached the interior districts. Rev. J. O. Denning, of Narsinghpur, in the Central Provinces, says that his people receive it gladly and are very pleased with it. He has in all seven hundred persons dependent on him for their daily bread, of whom two hundred and fifty are orphan children.

Jai Singh, of the Salvation Army in India, writes that the harvest will be fairly good in the famine-area wherever the people had seed to sow, excepting in the Marathi country, where they had scarcely any rain. The ground was not softened there at all, and it was therefore useless to sow. The suffering in that district is now worse than ever, and all who are able to move are migrating to other districts. The aged and infirm are in consequence left behind, and must be supported, otherwise they will die. The Salvation Army undertook the distribution



THE TWO LITTLE GOSPEL SINGERS.

of thirty-five tons of American grain at their various stations throughout India, and have found it very useful. The officers and soldiers worked indefatigably in getting the grain to the thirty depots in Jai Singh's district, and took care that it reached the people who were most in need. Their work is among the very poorest, and they were able to give practical advice as to the needy people, and cheerfully carried the grain to those who were too weak to carry it themselves. "I

need not say," writes the officer, "how very much we appreciated and gratefully received the help sent from America, both that contributed by our own soldiers and friends, and the magnificent gift sent through Dr. Klopsch. It has enabled us to assist in all ten thousand persons and without doubt has saved thousands of lives. We have 378 famine orphans on our hands. Quite a number were actually taken by our officers from the sides of their parents, whose dead bodies showed only too plainly that they had perished of starvation. The poor little mites had in some mysterious way survived, and were crying bitterly in hunger and misery. Many of the

parents were well known to our officers, and there is no manner of doubt that their death was the direct result of famine."

George Carroll, of Buldana, in the Berar district, writes: "But for the liberal gifts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many here would have undergone untold suffering. The help came just at the critical time and saved many from perishing of starvation. We were enabled to help many needy cases, and five hundred of the absolutely destitute are being fed daily at our station."

Rev. W. Latham, of Gorakhpur, has been engaged in famine relief since the beginning of the year. Mr. Ellwood, who sends the report from Mr. Latham's station, says: "When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD money reached us our funds were well-nigh spent. Still the people collected round us piteously pleading for just a mouthful of food. There are three villages near us where there are many Christians, most of them farmers or farmers' laborers. In all there were over a thousand persons in these villages in danger of starvation. We used the money to open a kitchen in each village, where we prepared food for the children and the sick people. The able-bodied were able to get some work at mending the roads, and managed to get enough food to keep themselves alive. Ultimately we were obliged to open a kitchen at Gorakhpur, and crowds came to get a little food. We made it go as far as possible, helping the children and the sick first. I cannot be too thankful for the help our people received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Hundreds of lives were saved in this way. God has wonderfully blessed the gift. It made a deep impression on the people, who realized that it was prompted by Christian compassion. We have now sixty men and women who desire to declare themselves Christians and are being prepared for baptism. Besides these, we have a large number of orphans at our station, whom we hope that we shall be enabled to support and rear for the service of Christ."

Miss Mary Graybill, of Mahoba, in the Northwest Provinces, writes: Dear Dr. Klopsch: It has long been on my heart to write you of the blessing that has come to thousands of people through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FAMINE FUND. We used a portion to enable the farmers to get seed and with the remainder we distributed food to the extent of many thousand meals. This has been to all the missionaries, at Mahoba, a more than willing service in which we count as partners all who have contributed of their means to relieve the sufferers in this famine-stricken land. The collector of the district has officially reported to the Government how much suffering was alleviated by the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. At one place and in one day we gave food to 1,700 persons and nearly as many at another place.

JOY IN HUMBLE HOMES.

How the Bowery Mission brought Thanksgiving Cheer to Hundreds of Poverty-Stricken Households.

WINTER is always a season of suffering among the poor of New York, but this year the proportion of those actually in want is much greater than usual. As announced in these



A HARD FIGHT TO FEED THE BABIES.

columns two weeks ago, the proprietor of this journal planned a pleasant surprise for a number of the neediest families in the lower part of the city, by supplying them with a substantial Thanksgiving dinner. This programme was duly carried out through the Bowery Mission, but the fact could not be announced until now, as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD issue of last week, December 1, being our annual premium issue of one million copies, was necessarily prepared long in advance, and was already on the presses when Thanksgiving Day arrived.

Associate Superintendents Wyburn and Mershon, of the Bowery Mission, had charge of the arrangements for the Thanksgiving dinner for the poor. A large consignment of prime, corn-fed turkeys and chickens was received at the Mission the day before Thanksgiving, and after dusk that evening the work of distribution began in earnest. With the assistance of a number of city pastors, Sunday School superintendents, and mission workers, the worthiest and poorest homes had been searched out, and a long list of those to whom dinners were to be sent was prepared. The turkeys and chickens were loaded onto the Mission wagons and the drivers began the work of distribution, which occupied several hours. With the towels was sent a bountiful supply of plain trimmings, messes of sweet potatoes, etc. It would be a difficult task to picture the surprise and delight with which these wholly unexpected gifts were received. In every instance, the homes were those upon which poverty or sickness, or both, had laid a heavy hand. All the messengers, after the first exclamations of astonishment were over, were welcomed by the inmates with the most fervent gratitude, and many a sad face that had been clouded at the prospect of a gloomy Thanksgiving with a bare larder, was lighted up with smiles of joy. To see the little ones clap their hands and dance around the turkey and cry aloud in their glee, and to witness the tears of gratitude welling up in the eyes of the parents, was of itself a rich reward for all the trouble and outlay. Many a blessing was invoked upon the Bowery Mission and the kind friends who had rendered "God's poor" at this season of general festivity and rejoicing.

It would require more space than we have at command to describe in detail the incidents of that evening before Thanksgiving. We can only give a very brief description of some of the homes where dinners were supplied, but these are types of the whole.

MRS. H. N. — Cherry st. Widow; two children. Mrs. S. — top floor, — E. 12th st.; a widow who lost husband, mother, and two children within a few weeks of each other. She has two small children, under five years, to support.

MRS. T. No. — Cherry st. Four in family. Mrs. G. No. — E. 11th st.; rear; a poor widow with three small children, all under ten years. Mrs. M. No. — Catherine st. Two children. Mrs. S. No. — E. 11th st.; top, back left; a poor widow with four children, all under eight. Mrs. W. No. — E. 11th st.; a poor widow; four children, one boy earns three dollars a week. Mrs. J. W. No. — First ave.; a crippled widow, unable to move from her room. Mrs. K. No. — Madison st. Sick husband. Mrs. C. J. No. — Eighth ave.; a feeble woman; two small children, husband away from home. Mrs. W. D. No. — E. 11th st.; husband out of work; two children and mother to support. Mrs. K. No. — Cherry st. Rear. Five in family. Mrs. G. No. — Cherry st. Rear. Two in family. Mrs. L. M. R. No. — Third ave.; elderly, helpless widow with two children to support. Mrs. T. No. — Cherry st. Two children. Mrs. K. No. — W. 25th st.; old widow crippled with chronic rheumatism; has an idiotic son. Mrs. W. F. No. — E. 8th st.; husband out of work; large family; hard time to feed them. Mrs. S. No. — Oliver st. Five in family. Mrs. M. No. — Oliver st. Rear. Four in family. Mrs. R. No. — Carmine st.; poor widow, with a number of weak children; no one to help. Mrs. L. No. — E. 12th st.; very poor; large family; husband very sickly. Mrs. S. No. — Christopher st.; husband out of work, large family, very poor. Mrs. T. No. — 2nd Ave.; rear; very poor; three small children, husband ill. Mrs. M. E. C. No. — W. 103d st.; a widow, sickly; two children. Mrs. K. No. — Cherry st. Rear. Six in family. Mrs. K. No. — W. 26th st.; seven small children; hard time to furnish food; husband idle; very deserving. Mrs. B. No. — Lewis st.; old widow over seventy; lives alone. Mrs. S. No. — E. Houston st.; husband earns starvation wages; numerous family. Mrs. B. No. — Forsyth st.; woman dying of cancer; has family; expense of medicine keeps them poor. Mrs. B. No. — Monroe st.; father, mother, and eight children; very poor. Mrs. S. No. — Oak st. Widow; four children. Mrs. R. No. — Pitt st.; has four little children; father out of work, maimed for life. Mrs. P. No. — Essex st.; father, mother, and four little children; father idle, mother in consumption. Mrs. J. No. — E. Houston st.; elderly widow, one son and a crippled daughter; mother sews buttons at four cents a gross. DOMENICO L. No. — Baxter st.; husband and wife very poor; no work. Mrs. J. No. — Hester st.; widow, 3 children in Juvenile Asylum and two at home.



WORKERS AT THE SAW-MILL.

MRS. P. No. — Hamilton st.; sick; husband very old. Mrs. P. No. — Mott st.; three children, husband ill for three years, live in one room. Mrs. F. No. — Hamilton st.; wife sick, and husband also, three children at home. Mrs. G. No. — Hamilton st.; widow and sick five children, very poor. Mrs. R. No. — Elizabeth st.; widow sick husband died recently, several children, but very poor. Mrs. F. No. — Oliver st.; husband sick, three children. MARY S. No. — Elizabeth st.; very poor, husband to work, three children. MR. PHILIP S. No. — Mulberry st.; husband ill, unable to work. Mrs. S. No. — Goerck st.; five in family. Mrs. S. No. — Lewis st.; eight in family, children all small, worthless husband, mother in the last stages of consumption. MR. B. No. — Jackson st.; six in family. Husband sick, distressing circumstances. Mrs. A. No. — Monroe st.; rear, tops in family. Mrs. A. No. — Rivington st.; top floor; five in family, poor with four small children. Mrs. B. No. — Stanton st.; six in family, husband Mrs. A. D. No. — Chrystie st.; husband paralytic, unable to do anything, about eighteen, also paralytic, almost comatose, three other children; husband dying.

MRS. E. No. — Water st. Top floor. Eight in family. Mrs. F. No. — Forsyth st. Six in family, widow. Mrs. H. No. — Forsyth st. Rear. Three in family, widow. Mrs. L. No. — Cherry st. Rear. Three in family. Mrs. R. No. — Pitt st. Two families, six in each. Husbands hardly any work. Mrs. E. No. — Attorney st. Rear. Nine in family, all small, husband out of work. Last week their income was forty-five cents. Mrs. F. N. No. — Delancey st. Husband in insane asylum. She earns by scrubbing and washing from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a week. Mrs. R. No. — Pike st. Widow; four children. Mrs. R. No. — Chrystie st. Husband blind, four children. Mrs. P. No. — Chrystie st. Three children; husband deserted her. Mrs. O. No. — Catherine st. Widow; five children. Mrs. S. No. — Monroe st. Four children; sick husband. Mrs. W. No. — Monroe st. Four children; husband sick and no work.

There were many others besides those named above, who were also recipients of substantial Thanksgiving dinners. The poverty of some of these homes was of a character almost beyond belief. One pastor, Rev. J. H. Denison, of the Church of the Sea and Land, Henry street, writes:

Thanksgiving dinners are appreciated here. We sent one to an old lady last year, and in February she was still keeping some of the choicer bits, of which she allowed herself about a quarter of a spoonful a day. A little while ago a man came in to see me and told me he had lost his work. I asked him now how he was getting on. He was a strong, vigorous fellow, but he looked at me a moment and then broke down and sobbed, "We haven't had a thing to eat for two days," he said. "I am ashamed to own it, and I never would if it were only me, but it is my



CLEARING LAND AT KESWICK.

wife and child—I can't stand seeing them with nothing to eat." This is an every-day incident among the poor of New York.

A Notable Lighthouse.

A remarkable statue is shortly to be placed upon a rocky pedestal in the harbor of Odessa, Russia. It is a colossal figure of Christ as "The Light of the World." He is depicted with the right arm extended, while in the left he holds a cross. The light will be placed in the centre of the cross. The statue, which is called "Christ on the Sea," is the work of a Russian sculptor, Mark Antocolsky, the son of poor Jewish parents, born in 1843. From a youth he displayed a love of art, and at an early age became apprenticed to a wood-carver. When twenty-one he entered the Royal Academy at St. Petersburg. Antocolsky has made several very fine statues, which are praised by Russian critics, but the "Christ" is by far the most remarkable of his works.

At the entrance of Odessa Harbor there is a sunken rock, and on that rock this wonderful figure of Christ will be erected. The basement will have the appearance of waves, and will not rise above the level of the water. Then from the cross there will stream a great flood of light, and the seamen who do business in the great waters of the harbor will be able to avoid the rock, which has been so great a source of trouble in the past.

No more fitting emblem for a lighthouse could be conceived than this figure of Christ, for he himself said: "I am the light of the world."

IN A "COLONY OF MERCY"

A Notable Extension of the "Whosoever Gospel Mission in Germantown, Pa. Work of the Colony at Whittings, N. J.



THE CARPENTER SHOP AT KESWICK.

MANY of our readers are already familiar with the work of Whosoever Gospel Mission, Germantown, Pa., and they, as well as others, will be interested to learn of extension in the Keswick "Colony of Mercy," recently established near Whittings, N. J. The Colony is a natural development of the work at Germantown. In his efforts to rescue depraved men, Mr. Raws, the founder of the Germantown Mission, was continually pressed with the urgent need of a place where these unfortunates could be removed from the city influence and environment. With many of them, moral and physical recovery seemed impossible among associations, where perpetual temptation met them at every turn. Accordingly, a class was made of the present site, Whittings, N. J., consisting of 421 acres of land under cultivation, and 300 acres of good timber. The latter, while supplying building material, furnishes work for corps of busy wood-cutters, feeds a mill, and creates industries for the painters' and painters' shops. The under cultivation supplies products to the markets of Philadelphia, New York, and other places within easy reach. The products include not only vegetable grain, and fruit, but poultry and live stock. A small lake, good water-power, houses, barn and stable, complete original equipment. Carpet-weaving a broom-factory are industries soon to be inaugurated.

The trustees are Rev. J. Wilbur C. man, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. H. Wharton, President National Evangelical Society, Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Wilton Moore, Clayton, N.Y. Mrs. R. is associated with her husband in good work, and the plan includes work who will bake, cook, wash, make overalls and women's garments, besides in the poultry-yard, in pickling berries, and in light farm-work; also in charge of one of the House-teacher mothers. An expected extension is purchase and clearing of a large tract of land, to be divided into small farms, for reclaimed men, wishing to be united with their families, may buy without money the colony carpenters putting up the homesteads, and the purchaser paying land and house in easy instalments, signed agreement that intoxicants will be sold on premises is a condition every purchase.

It will be seen that the work is along the same lines as that of the Salvation Army industrial colonies in England, and those lately established in this country, as well as the very successful labor colony at Wilhelmsdorf, Germany, whose usefulness in rescuing men and leading them back to useful lives, won such sympathy and support from the late Emperor, Frederick William, who called it "a national beneficence."

Mr. Raws believes the Lord will sustain him and his good wife in their labors for the unfortunate in the Keswick Colony of Mercy. It is their earnest purpose to do the work as quickly as possible on a sustaining basis. An effort will be made to furnish the houses and to provide horses, wagons, farm-implements, etc.

HELI CHATELAIN'S PIONEER BAND.

First Philafrican Party of Colonizers and Liberators Nearing its Destination—A Letter from Lisbon en route.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the pioneer party of the Philafrican Liberator's League, consisting of Mr. Heli Chatelain and his little band of

missionary workers, will have arrived in Angola, passing through the populated strip that lies along the Benguela coast, before marching to the semi-barbaric interior. They have been aided by the Portuguese government large concessions of land, and are going forward in faith, trusting to the powers and encouragement of the Lusitanian America to sustain them in their labors. The first mission to be aided by the League will be named Lincoln, after the great American emancipator. The Philafrican pioneers have forwarded the banner of just and freedom to those who, by hand and

sweat and suffer and die in a land of darkness and of the shadow of death. The purpose of the League is to found a chain of industrial and educational settlements across Africa. In this will be sustained and aided by all powers who are signatories to the Treaty of Brussels, under which slavery in Africa is declared to be abolished. Notwithstanding the Treaty of Brussels, Africa has to-day five million slaves in its boundaries. Five hundred thousand of these wretched beings die every year from the horrors and privations of their condition. African students and workers, differing greatly in race and opinion, unite in testimony regarding the tragedy of these figures, and in opinions as to the widespread and devastating effect of this "open sore of the world." Missionaries and officials alike agree as to the prevalence of native slavery. Some of them write that thousands of slaves die at their stations every month. Hundreds are slaughtered on the occasion of the death of native chiefs or kings. Many while on the way with slave-caravans, their bodies are left as prey of beast and bird.

The pioneer party of the Philafrican Liberator's League, which sailed from New York last July under the leadership of Mr. Chatelain, the distinguished Africanist, consists of Rev.

Carl H. Nentsch, who will bring a liberating experience to the aid of the medical department of the work; Frank T. B., whose labors in the notorious quarter of New York known as the "Kitch" have demonstrated the courage and devotion of the charge

in the industrial department; Mr. Will Bell, a Cornell graduate, and exceptionally qualified to direct the agricultural department, which will be in his hands; and Mrs. Leo and Mrs. Bell, who, by their culture, devotion and many other qualities, are fitted to their delicate and difficult work in the educational department. The missionaries, knowing the interest

our readers feel in their welfare, have kept us advised of their progress. A letter from Mr. Chatelain, written from Lisbon, speaks interestingly of their stay in the Portuguese capital.

Among European cities Lisbon ranks third in beauty of position. Constantinople and Naples alone taking precedence. One of the most conspicuous objects seen in ascending the Tagus is the royal palace of the Ajuda, built of white marble on the summit of a hill in the suburb of Belem. With its magnificent harbor and advantage of location, Lisbon should be one of the great marts of the world. The Rocio or Praca do Dom Pedro (shown in one of our photographs) is a very handsome square, where once stood not only the palace but the prisons of the Inquisition stood. In its center is the bronze statue of Dom Pedro IV. on a lofty marble column.

The four principal squares of Lisbon are in the new part, which has been built since the earthquake of 1875, and which is well laid out, clean and attractive. Over the street leading toward the Rocio is the *Arco Triunphal*. The time to see the picturesque *Praco de Figueira* is in the morning, when it is used as a public market-place, where all the products of Portugal and all types of the people are gathered under the immense white umbrellas which protect the stalls from the sun. Then there is the *Praco das Amorciras*, with its large reservoir for supplying the fountains of the city with water.

Consiglieri Pedroso, a former Republican leader, a professor and business man, introduced Mr. Chatelain to the Minister for the Colonies. This Minister, Barros Gomes, told the Philafrican pioneer party that they were free to settle anywhere in Portuguese Africa; that their object was a good one, and he wished them all success. The war in eastern Af-

rica was claiming all his attention, and he referred the party, for all details, to the governor of Angola. While the party stopped in Lisbon, Manuela Nunes, a Spanish lady who is doing mission work there among the poor, gave them two milreis for the League's work in Angola, the contribution of her poor little Portuguese congregation.

Mr. Chatelain and his associates in this philanthropic movement, deserve the warmest support. All contributions for the Philafrican League will be acknowledged and forwarded by this journal.

COMING RENOVATION.

Changes in the Earth to Take Place at Christ's Second Coming.

BY THOMAS HUNTER.

HE shall appear to our joy, as promised by the prophet (Isa. 66: 5), because, when he comes, he will make all things new. The world is now under the curse. The ground is cursed for man's sin. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee." This curse will never be removed by man. Man shares in the curse: he is under the bondage of corruption. But, thanks be unto God, sin and the curse will be removed when Jesus comes. We shall not then say, as we now say, to corruption. "Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister" (Job 17: 14). The last enemy, death, shall then be destroyed. At his coming, those who sleep will rise from their graves, and he will change these bodies of humiliation, and fashion them like unto his body of glory. Our souls will then inhabit a body which will have a capacity for enjoyment without any limitation. Yes, at his coming our bodies will be raised "in incorruption, raised in glory, raised in power, raised a spiritual body." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." Glorious prospect! Glorious consummation! Sorrowing believers, take comfort from these words! "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Yes, and, as I believe, for a thousand years, they shall reign in glory with him over this very earth.

He shall appear to our joy, because he shall make "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." This earth, now groaning, as I have said, under the curse, will, when Christ returns, be created anew—renovated by fire; and it will, at all events for a time, if not forever, be the dwelling-place of the saints.

shall the prince of this world be cast out." "The prince of this world cometh." "The prince of the power of the air." Clearly this prince has great power in the world as it is. Who, then, is he? Let me give his true name—the devil. He has many names given to him in Scripture—many names, perhaps, because he has many devices: he is full of all subtlety. Was he ever more active than now? Perhaps never. He appears to know that his time is short, that his reign is coming to an end, and hence his activity. One of his most successful devices in this nineteenth



ARCHO TRIUNPHAL.

century is to persuade professing Christians to make the best of both worlds. Possibly a truer or more correct description of his work in this respect would be to say that in these times sham Christians serve his purpose best. So he persuades multitudes that it is a good thing to be religious up to a certain point. It helps a man on in the world. So says the arch-deceiver, and thus he leads thousands astray in these so-called enlightened days, to the grief and great affliction of Christ's true disciples. But his days are numbered. He will, when Christ returns, be cast into the bottomless pit, and will then deceive the nations no more. Wars will cease, because he is the instigator of them. Peace, universal peace, will reign; "They shall neither hurt nor destroy" in the world as it shall be. Hasten the coming of thy kingdom, O Lord! Thou art the King of peace! Thou art the King of saints!

A Philanthropic Duchess.

Few noble ladies were more deeply interested in Christian work than the late Duchess of Teck, whose death was noticed in these pages two weeks ago. She worked from the conviction that it was her duty to use her influence and position to render people happier. She was connected with a number of different institutions and societies, having for their object the amelioration of the lot of the poorer classes, and she rarely gave her patronage without her personal interest and support. She was president of both the London and Surrey Needlework Guilds. She also had a number of private charity pensioners of her own. Other institutions of which she was president or patroness included the Chelsea Hospital for Women, the King Edward Ragged Schools, the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, the National Orphan Home, the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, the London Homeopathic Hospital, the Home of Peace for the Dying, the Hospitals for Women in India, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Hospital for Incurable Children, the Home for Befriending Young Servants, at Richmond, and many others. She also showed her sympathy with Dr. Barnardo's great work among the waifs, and laid the foundation stone of his Village Home at Ilford about fifteen years ago.



THE ROCIO OR PRACA DE DOM PEDRO.

And why should it not be? Banish sin, restore the earth to its primeval condition, and it will be paradise regained—a fit dwelling-place for the redeemed and the Redeemer too. The mansions of bliss will be here perhaps. Things which the eye hath not seen and the heart cannot now conceive will be here. Ah, dear suffering believers, what are your present sufferings and trials compared with the weight of glory which is to be revealed on this very earth when Jesus comes—a glory which is to last for ever! This earth is yet to be peopled by the saints, and over it the Redeemer-King will reign gloriously. I, for one, do most thoroughly believe that at his second advent Christ will "make all things new"—in our bodies and on this earth.

Further, Christ will appear to our joy, because he will put an end to the reign of the prince of this world. Who is he? Let the Master and his inspired apostle answer the question. We read, "Now



PRACA DE TOROS (BULL RING) AT LISBON.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSC, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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Hope for the Slaves.

THE news sent by Hon. Heli Chate-lain, of the Philafrican Expedition, is exceedingly welcome. Many prayers are being offered for the welfare of the enterprise, and the heartiest good wishes are expressed for its success. It was time that some effort was made to succor the poor creatures whose wrongs and sufferings the expedition is designed to remedy. There is little doubt that many caravans of slaves might have been delivered from their Arab oppressors, if the English, German and French forces had known what to do with them when they were set free. Hundreds of miles away from their desolate homes, half dead from the fatigues and hardships of their cruel march, they need something more than liberty. What to do with them, was a problem which it was difficult to solve, and while it remained unsolved it seemed useless to set them free. Mr. Chate-lain's project removes this difficulty and will undoubtedly give an impetus to the efforts to stop the inhuman traffic. As our readers are aware, he proposes to form colonies of the liberated slaves, to teach them how to cultivate the soil, to educate their children, and to preach Christ to the whole company. He has special qualifications for the task in his thorough knowledge of the African continent and his acquaintance with the languages spoken by the natives. We are glad that such a man has consecrated his life to the undertaking. Under his management, we are sure that the difficulties inevitable to its conduct have been foreseen and provided for, and that the chances of its feasibility will be realized. He and his devoted help will give our encouragement and support. There is little doubt that in a short time such colonies will be self-supporting and will eventually repay the initial cost of their establishment. At the outset implies that the purpose of the expedition is to plant the Christian religion in the hearts of the natives. To meet these needs, our expense. Mr. Chate-lain asks the help of the Christian public. That I will be surprised to see how many of our Christian people will respond to his appeal. A man who has been out in the desert of Central Africa, and who has seen the need of the Christian religion, will not be surprised to see how many of our Christian people will respond to his appeal. A man who has been out in the desert of Central Africa, and who has seen the need of the Christian religion, will not be surprised to see how many of our Christian people will respond to his appeal.

dertaking. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD heartily commends the project and will gladly receive and forward to Mr. Chate-lain the contributions of its readers.

The Redeeming Stream.

MONEY is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king? I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after a while the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of heaven rising up, and he descends, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull-covered; and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarified and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

Religious Conversation.

IT is not possible, if you mingle in associations that are positively Christian, not to be made better men or women. The Christian people with whom you associate may not be always talking their religion, but there is something in the moral atmosphere that will be life to your soul. You choose out for your most intimate associates eight or ten Christian people. You mingle in that association; you take their counsel; you are guided by their example, and you live a useful life, and die a happy death, and go to a blessed eternity. There is no possibility of mistaking it; there is not an exception in all the universe or ages—not one.

For this reason I wish that Christians engage in more religious conversation. I do not really think that Christian talk is of so high a type as it used to be. Some of you can look back to your very early days and remember how the neighbors used to come in and talk by the hour about Christ and heaven and their hopes of the eternal world. There has a great deal of that gone out of fashion. I suppose that if ten or fifteen of us should happen to come into a circle to spend the evening, we would talk about everything but religion. That is not Christianity; that is heathenism. Indeed, I have sometimes been amazed to find Christian people so totally lacking in subjects of conversation while the two persons knew, each of the other, that he was a Christian.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, the Tuscan grave;
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French,

cannot touch in sublimity, tenderness, pastoral simplicity, and deep, passionate earnestness, our blessed, holy English Bible! Its history commences in one of the most touching pieces of biography that the church possesses. About A. D. 735 the pious Bede, whose life had been devoted to unsealing the Gospel, by translating it into the Saxon tongue, found himself dying with his beloved Gospel of St. John unfinished. Wednesday before Ascension day dawned, and the last chapter was still to do. The dying man continued dictating to his scribe, until he fell back exhausted. "Dear Master, one sentence is yet unfinished," said the scribe. "Write quickly then," and the last few verses of St. John flowed from dying lips, on the parchment roll. "It is done, Master." "Well," said Bede, "thou hast spoken truth; all is ended. Take my head in thy hands. I would die where I have been wont to pray." So, resting upon the floor of his cell, and chanting softly the Gloria, his soul went out on the wings of praise, to meet Him whom it loved.

But no entire copy of the Bible in English existed until Wycliffe gave a translation to his countrymen in 1380. How eagerly it was received is evident by the number of copies still extant, for as yet, all these copies were to be made by hand. It was the first crush of the grape, soon to be gathered in martyrs' blood. But all over England, little groups gathered in lonely churchyards, and round peat fires at night, while some wandering priest read secretly to them the Word of Life. Then rude nobles, and burghers, and still ruder peasants, kissed with flowing tears "the name of Jesus," first made visible to their sight; and men hid odd verses and short psalms which they had bought with great sacrifices, and died with them pressed to their lips. And silently and surely the work went on, so that when the printing-press and Wm. Tyndale came, all England was ready for them. Tyndale from a child was a passionate lover of the Scriptures, and one of his earliest vows was "that he would make the English plow-boy to know more of the Bible than the Pope." No promise was ever better redeemed; though for it, he became a man without where to lay his head. For the English clergy, who should have helped him, persecuted and compelled him to flee for very life; so that it was at Antwerp the first English Bible was printed, though the whole edition was safely distributed in England.

The clergy were furious, and Tunstall, Bishop of London, burned by the hangman every copy he could find. All ships were closely watched, and the whole coast put under surveillance. But Tyndale published a very small copy, and English merchants, sailors, and gentlemen, became smugglers of the Divine Word. This "pocket edition" was carried within the vests and girdles of men, and in the bosoms and head-dresses of women, and in the hearts of unsuspecting thousands of British citizens.

It is worth while noticing that the great hatred of the clergy for Tyndale's Bible was based on his use of three words. He would write elder, instead of priest; love, instead of charity; and congregation, instead of church. And it was not without good cause that he reproached them with using, priest, church, and charity, as "juggling terms, whereby they made merchandise of Christ's people." Tyndale sealed his holy life by the glory of a fiery martyrdom; but Miles Coverdale caught the banner of the Gospel from Tyndale's vanishing hands, and soon after political changes so altered the King of England's views that he took the Bible under his royal protection. Then Coverdale, with the powerful assistance of Crammer, finished Tyndale's work, and gave to England Crammer's Great Bible.

When the stormy days of Queen Mary came, Crammer and Rogers were burned alive; and Coverdale had to flee for his life; and the Bible was again a forbidden book. How bitter a deprivation this was to England, is proved by the fact, that on Queen Elizabeth's first public entry into London, a petition was handed to her "praying for certain prisoners to be set at liberty." These prisoners were the Evangelists and St. Paul. Elizabeth, smiling, deputed the office to Archbishop Parker, and he with the help of six other divines revised Tyndale's Bible, blotting out the word congregation for which Tyndale contended to the death everywhere, except in Hebrews 12:13.

The Geneva Bible published about the same time, was the first to distinguish the verses by numeral figures. All these versions, however, gave place to King James' Bible, which was only a revision of Tyndale's translation and not incomparably the best. Indeed, whatever "visions" be given us, we shall be poor and shorn of comfort, if they deprive us of any of the strength and beauty of Tyndale's pure Saxon. This is our Bible; and whatever may

be said by its enemies, or its false friends against it, we love and honor every letter of the Word, just as it stands there. It is written in the blood of the holy men who died for it; and we know that it contains a word of prophecy; and that the apostle, not lie, when he said, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

Amelia E. Par.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook are again at Newton Centre for the winter. There is, apparently no marked change in Mr. Cook's physical condition.

Evangelist Byron Beall, of Firth, N. writes us that he has enjoyed a season of blessing at Gordon, Neb. The services he held there were much appreciated, and were designed to deepen spiritual life of Christians.

Mr. Charles Crittenton, of New York, been holding union services at Sandy Creek, N. Y. There were many conversions. The Baptist minister has baptized seven of the converts who desire to unite with that church.

The Virginia Christian Endeavorers at their convention passed resolutions in favor of citizenship, temperance education, the defense of the Lord's Day, systematic Bible study and portraiture giving of time and money to God.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding successful meetings at Mossup and Wbury, Conn. There were large attendances at places. Among the people who made profession of faith in Christ were twenty-seven Roman Catholics.

At the Anniversary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association it was stated that during the past thirty-one years the number of Associations has grown from 1,429, and the total membership had increased 15,498 to 248,734.

The people of Uganda who are just emerging from heathenism have paid during the four years ten thousand dollars for Bibles and religious literature to the Church Missionary Society alone. How this would have gladdened the heart of Bishop Hannington, who was martyred in land twelve years ago!

Rev. Dr. H. C. Morrison, the senior missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, announces that two hundred Southern Methodists have given \$100,000 to relieve the Missionary Society from embarrassment, and the entire sum of \$145,000 to pay the debt has been pledged.

A number of Christian people in California feeling deeply the condition of the people of South American continent, have formed a Pr Union pledging themselves to pray daily for increase and extension of missionary work in America. Mr. A. E. Armstrong, 927 Yonge Toronto, is secretary of the union.

Rev. W. E. Needham is holding service the Calvary Baptist Church, Brooklyn. The service, Dec. 1, are well attended. Mr. Needham has just concluded a series of services at Grin and other towns in Canada where he labored ten years ago and found his most earnest help at this time in the converts of his mission of 18

At a service recently held by the Voluntary of America in Carnegie Hall, New York, Mrs. Lington Booth was formally ordained, according to the ritual of the order, as "a minister of the Church of God in General." Rev. Dr. Josiah St. Amory H. Bradford (Mrs. Booth's pastor), Dr. Gregg, and Frank R. Morse assisted at the ordination service.

Rev. John Robertson on his return from tour in this country resigned the pastorate of church in Glasgow. He gave as his reason the frequent and prolonged absences from his church, which, he believed, "a sacred duty in the sunset hours of the day of grace for the nation were detrimental to the church. He proposed to devote three years to a mission around the world.

Rev. J. S. Bitler of Delaware, O., has been laboring with much success at the Hedding Church of Jersey City, N. J. There, as at Princeton, N. J., and other cities, Mr. Bitler was especially blessed in his efforts to promote social purity. His talks on the subject to young men were listened to with deep interest, and their effect has been seen in many changed lives.

Evangelist S. G. Neil has been holding successful services at Freehold, N. J., in the Baptist Church. The reports of the meeting West Chester, Pa., which were finished before going to Freeport, show that a remarkable work was done there. Large numbers made profession of faith, and the Christians of the neighborhood strengthened. Mrs. Neil rendered most efficient aid in both places.

The Wesley evangelists, J. H. Camm, leader, are holding a revival at the Thirty-seventh Street M. E. Church, New York. They have closed a series of meetings at the Cornell Memorial Church, New York, at which one hundred and ninety-eight persons made profession of faith in Christ. During this year the Wesley evangelists have labored in seventeen churches, and six hundred persons have been brought into the church under their preaching.

The Salvation Army continues to recruit officers of land for its farm colonies. Already hundred thousand acres in twenty-three States have been offered. It is proposed to put the land on the land and give them an opportunity of coming owners by a payment of one dollar a year for a term of years. The Salvation Army proposes to sell the land at exact cost. It estimates that hundred dollars will be needed to settle a family and supply the farm.

The Prudential Committee of the American Board has had to send word to the missions their expenditures for the following year must be on the average, forty per cent. less than the missionaries deemed necessary, and that the salaries of the missionaries, as last year, must suffer a per cent. reduction. In two of the missions in India where famine prices prevail, in Armenia, where the Indians are still exceptionally heavy, and in the East Central Africa mission, the salary reduction will be only five per cent.



THE GREATEST TELESCOPE.

American astronomers have a right to be proud of the fact that the most powerful refracting telescope in the world is in our own land. Through the munificence of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, who spent half a million dollars in achieving the triumph, the great telescope which bears his name has been set up in the observatory at Lake Geneva, and is now directed to the heavens. The lens is forty inches in diameter, which is four inches greater than the lens of the famous Lick telescope, and ten inches greater than the wonderful instrument at Nice, in Southern France. The grinding and polishing of the lens involved two and half years' labor, which was done by the Elvin G. Clark Company, who are the most eminent workers in this department of the world. It is an inch and a quarter thick at the edge and about three inches thick in the centre, and weighs 205 pounds. The glass of which it is composed was made in France, and cost forty thousand dollars. It had then to be ground and polished, which cost sixty thousand more, making the total cost of it one piece of glass one hundred thousand dollars. The observatory in which it is placed is equipped with all the latest devices for facilitating the study of the heavens. By touching a button the operator can cause the whole floor to be raised or depressed, thus avoiding the need of the tall chair in use in other observatories. The great dome, which has a diameter of eighty-five feet, rotates by an electric motor, and all the appliances necessary to the astronomer's work are of the best and most modern type. Great things are hoped for from the use of this magnificent instrument, which will penetrate farther into the recesses of space than any other in existence, but we may be sure that the results will be those at which the Psalmist, aided only by the eye of faith, lived centuries ago: "The heavens declare the glory of God: the firmament sheweth his handiwork" (Ps. 19: 1).

Warn the Sailor.

A writer in a scientific journal gives a detailed account of his visit to a manufactory which is the only one in the world where the device known as the siren signal is constructed. The signal is for use in fogs and consists of an apparatus emitting a series of penetrating shrieks at regular intervals. A brass disk perforated with a certain number of holes is fitted to the end of a steam-pipe. From the centre of the disk protrudes a pivot, which serves as an axle for another disk of the same size perforated in exactly the same places with holes of the same size. A clock work arrangement causes the upper disk to revolve, thus bringing the holes in the two disks over each other at one instant in every revolution. When the pipe is connected with the boiler, the steam rushing through the holes, every time they are brought together by the revolution of the upper disk, gives a shrill whistle, the time of which depends on the size of the holes. The device is intended for use on ships or on shores where fogs are frequent and dense, and a lighthouse would be of little service. The only attention the apparatus needs is to see that the holes in the exposed disk never become obstructed. When they become filled, the warning voice is silenced and ships are liable to be wrecked. There is reason to

fear that many human wrecks occur in the same way. If Christians are occupied with worldly affairs, the voice of warning which should by them reach people in peril of spiritual disaster, is not sounded: "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, his blood will I require at thy hand" (Ezekiel 3: 18).

A Case of Klondike Fever.

A whaling vessel from Behring Sea arrived at San Francisco a few days ago, with three of her crew in irons. The captain reported a successful trip. The vessel was commencing her homeward voyage when a vessel outward bound was spoken. Then the crew heard for the first time of the discovery of the Klondike gold-field. They wanted to desert the ship and go to the gold-fields. Three of them grew so desperate by pondering on the chance they were compelled to miss that they formed a plan to destroy the vessel and make their way to the Alaskan coast with a view of ultimately reaching the gold fields. The men stole tar and turpentine from the ship's stores, and with other inflammable material,

all his pleasure and happiness from the world should, when he is converted, turn his hopes and desires Godward and should cease to derive joy from the gratification of the flesh, otherwise decay and death will ensue.

All my springs are in thee (Ps. 87: 7).

A Matrimonial Dispute.

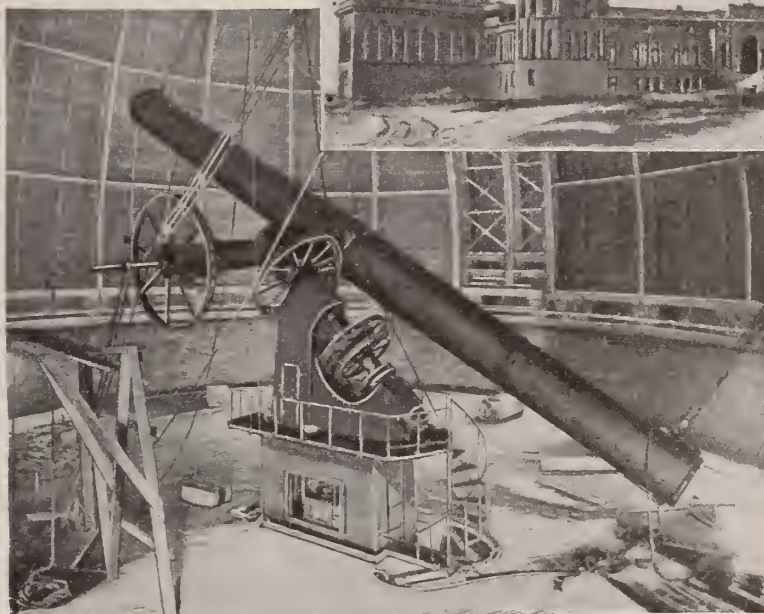
A policeman on the west side of New York found a satchel on the pavement a few days ago. There was a crowd around it and amused looks were directed to a man and a woman who were walking away. He followed the man and asked him the reason of his conduct. He replied that he was the owner of the satchel, but he had been carrying it around for several hours and was tired. He had asked his wife to carry it awhile, but she had refused. He had then vowed he would not carry it another step and as his wife would not take it, he had flung it on the sidewalk. As the man was determined not to carry the satchel, which he said contained papers and other matters belonging to his wife, the policeman decided to take him and the satchel to the police station. This was done and the man was locked up in a cell and the satchel in a safe. Late at night the prisoner's wife appeared at the station having spent hours in a search for her husband. She gave the same sad explanation as he had

ing to be taken out. As the moving cars approached those that were standing still, the conductor jumped off the rear car to run on ahead and attach the coupling. As he landed, one of his feet was caught in the open switch and held fast. He tried to wrench it free, but could not, as the switchman was in the box trying with all the force of his levers to close the switch. The train was coming down upon him swiftly. He had only a moment to decide what he should do. If he stood still he would be knocked down by the approaching train and the cars would pass over his body. Realizing his danger he threw himself backward away from the tracks, and the train went over his ankle, severing the foot. The man had no hesitation in deciding between the loss of his life or the loss of his foot. It is much to be wished that similar promptitude was shown when the soul is at stake. There are times when there is no way of its being saved but by sacrificing some habit or connection that is dear as a hand or a foot.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

Hearing His Funeral Sermon.

An extraordinary service in a church at Vadis, W. Va., is reported in a local journal. It states that an aged citizen had a desire to hear the sermon his pastor would preach at his funeral. So intense did this wish become that his pastor consented to gratify it. The news that there was to be such a service attracted people from adjacent villages and the church was crowded by a great throng. In the front pew, surrounded by his family, sat the old man. Hymns appropriate to a funeral were sung and the pastor preached an earnest sermon, drawing lessons from the life of his eccentric parishioner. At the conclusion of the service all the people present walked past the pew in which the old man sat and shook hands with him.



THE YERKES TELESCOPE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

OBSERVATORY AT GENEVA, WIS.

done about their dispute and begged that he might be released. She was quite willing then to carry the satchel if they would let her husband out. The police, however, told her that the charge having been entered on the blotter could not be settled in that way and she had better state the case to Magistrate Mott in the morning. She

Not many people would like so to anticipate death. We may hope that a man who wished to have the thought of the great change so vividly presented to him will, during the remainder of his life as he thinks of the solemn service have the feeling of the great apostle:

Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God (Gal. 2: 20).

Is it a Message from Mars?

A conjecture full of interest to scientists has been hazarded as to the aerolite which fell near Binghamton, N. Y., on Nov. 13. The celestial visitor was a round ball about two feet in circumference, composed of a sandy substance, which, on being analyzed, proved to be iron, copper, nickel, fused to a white heat. Its fall was accompanied by a blinding flash of light, and it struck the earth with such force that it was buried five feet deep in the soil. It was dug up by Prof. J. McDonald, and after being cooled in water, was broken open. Imbedded in the hard mass was a triangular piece of metal, covered with strange marks resembling Egyptian hieroglyphs. The suggestion is made by a Canadian professor that these marks were made by beings on some other planet, probably Mars, and were intended as a message to the inhabitants of the earth, or at least an intimation to them that there are intelligent beings on other worlds. He thinks it probable that as these beings have greater scientific knowledge than ourselves, they may have learned how to fling a projectile into space, and, on the same mathematical principles which a billiard player strikes a ball at a tangent, may have used one of the satellites, which revolve around the planet, to give a ricochet direction to the missile so as to reach the earth. The markings on the metal inclosed in the mass are sure to be scrutinized with the utmost interest to see first if they were done by intelligent beings, and then to decipher them. It is well for us that no such problem has to be solved before we can understand the message which we know did come from heaven. In its essentials God's word is plain.

A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; waytaring men, though fools, shall not err therein (Isa. 35: 8).

started a fire in the forehold. Fortunately the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. The three conspirators were at once put in irons. The laws of God have not changed since the apostle warned the people of his day of the consequences of hasting to be rich: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction" (Timothy 6: 9).

Why Posts Decay.

A simple method of preserving wooden posts, set in the earth for fences or other purposes, is given by a writer in the *Bautechnische Zeitschrift*, namely, that of turning them upside down, that is, reversing them from the position which they had while growing as portions of the trunk of a tree. The reason for this is that the capillaries of a tree are so arranged as to promote the ascent of fluids from the root upward; consequently, a log set in the ground in the same relation as the trunk of a growing tree will draw moisture from the ground to a considerable height, and the wood so moistened will decay, while, on the other hand, if the log is set with the other end up, the action of the capillaries tends to oppose the ascent of moisture. A like principle applies to the spiritual life. The man who has drawn

wept a great deal but had to be content with that mode of settlement. In the morning her husband, looking sad after his night's imprisonment, was brought up and the case was explained. They were so clearly a respectable couple and were so evidently telling the truth, that their case was speedily settled and they went away together, both wishing to carry the satchel. Their experience had taught them wisdom and it may be hoped will be of permanent benefit to them. They had found, as other people have found, that the way of Christ is the way of happiness and peace.

Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ (Gal. 6: 2).

Death or Mutilation.

A swift decision between two terrible alternatives had to be made recently by an employee of a railroad at Terre Haute, Ind. The *Express* of that city says that some switching of freight cars had to be done on a network of tracks near the railroad depot. One of the steadiest and most trustworthy conductors was put in charge of the duty. He had made up part of the train and directed the engineer to back the cars down over a switch to where some other loaded cars stood wait

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE.

SOME DAINTY

CHRISTMAS TABLEAUX.

Simple Suggestions which Any of Our Readers can Readily put into Practise.

AN important feature of the English Christmas of long ago was the scenic entertainment that followed the wonderful dinners they always gave of "Sir Loyne of Beef, Minc'd Pies, and Plumb Porridge." An entertainment somewhat similar can readily be given at slight expense. Have a raised platform built at one end of the sitting-room. At the end of the platform, toward the audience, let a wooden frame be made eight feet high by twelve feet wide. This can be easily constructed by placing two boards, twelve feet wide for the top and bottom of the frame, the sides being formed by two eight-foot boards the same width. Fasten these so as to form a box. To the edge at the back place four boards at right angles to the outer boards. Edge the outer boards with gilt picture-molding; also edge with the same the inner boards toward the tableau. A cheap material, commonly called "Turkey-red," can be procured almost anywhere, and has a rich color; this can be draped from the edge of the outer boards across the triangle to the edge of the inner boards before fastening the molding in place. Festoon sprays of mistletoe and holly upon the "Turkey-red."

Across the back of the frame hang a very sheer, pale-blue gauze, to give an atmospheric effect. A drop-curtain should be hung back of this so it can be raised or drawn aside. At the back of the frame place two brackets, one on either side, for lamps. Have reflectors fastened by wire, so they can be moved when necessary. Should these two lamps be deemed insufficient, place others near the top of the frame, so that the light may be thrown down upon the figures in the tableaux.

While each tableau is being prepared, some one should read selections from the story which is being illustrated. The reader should be dressed in a costume of the period when the story selected was supposed to have taken place. Low music during the presentation of each tableau would enhance the effect. Scenes from Dickens' "Christmas Stories" could be given as one entertainment. Take the scene in the "Cricket on the Hearth," where Sackleton has called at the Carrier's house for his wedding-cake, and Dot Peryhingle is startled by the Stranger. Then give the scene where Sackleton visits the doll's dress-maker and her father, the scene where Edward Plummer brings his newly made wife to the Carrier's house, and thus explained would make the audience to understand the thread of the story. Many of the scenes from the "Christmas Carol" of Dickens could be utilized, particularly the scene to be found in the second chapter of that story:

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she, with laughing face and plundered dress, was borne towards it in the centre of a boisterous group, just in time to greet the father who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents.

Another series of tableaux could be given of "Christmas in Many Lands," having those impersonating the characters dressed in the costumes of the different countries. "The Shepherds and the Star" is an example. Such costumes have appeared from time to time in the colored illustrations which are given on the front pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Fairy stories would entertain our little friends perhaps most of all. If familiar ones were chosen, these could be given without any one reading the story. "Mother Goose" rhymes could also be used for the little folk. Perhaps scenes from the Greek mythology could be made more effective than any other, as the ancient Greek costumes were so graceful and are easily made. One of the most famous of such

scenes is "Hector's farewell to Andromache" and their son from Homer's *Iliad*:
O, thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne.
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!

IBBIE RAYMOND.

Making a Home.

Perhaps the greatest work that two people do on earth is to create a home, writes Ian MacIaren, for this institution lies at the basis of the church and of the commonwealth. If two people have done nothing else but raised a home filled with the faith of God and the love of man, they have deserved well. For a home is never to be considered as a mere sublimated lodging-house, where it is possible food may be better cooked and more comfort secured than in rooms. Nor is marriage to be thought of as nothing but a legal partnership, to be dissolved when it is convenient. Home is the nursery of human life, by every arrangement of nature as well as the Eternal. It is also the place where the beauty of a woman's moral character comes to its flower, and where man, too, much the victim of inherent selfishness, learns at last to be self-sacrificing and brave. It is the place where the character of a nation is formed; and, therefore, in this present day, when many in-

a charity with which the Duchess was connected. The young lady was invited by the Duchess to some festivities at White Lodge, the latter's home. By a later mail this young lady received a letter from a friend asking her to a party which was to be held the same day. The young lady wrote her replies, but put them into the wrong envelopes. The Duchess opened the letter in which the writer declared to her friend that she was very sorry she could not come to tennis, because "stout Mary" had asked her to White Lodge, and she was bound to go. The day duly arrived, and the guest was warmly welcomed by the Duchess, who afterwards took her aside, and laughingly said: "My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posting your letters."

A Noble Christian Sentiment.

Not long before his death, the celebrated Adam Clarke, being requested to write a sentiment in a friends' album, penned the following:

I have enjoyed the spring of life;
I have endured the toils of summer;

See-Saw in the Orient.

GREEK vases show the ancient game of see-saw to have been a favorite, not only with little lads and ladies, but with youth of maturer years. We know young America's partiality for



HINDU CHILDREN AT THE GAME OF SEE-SAW

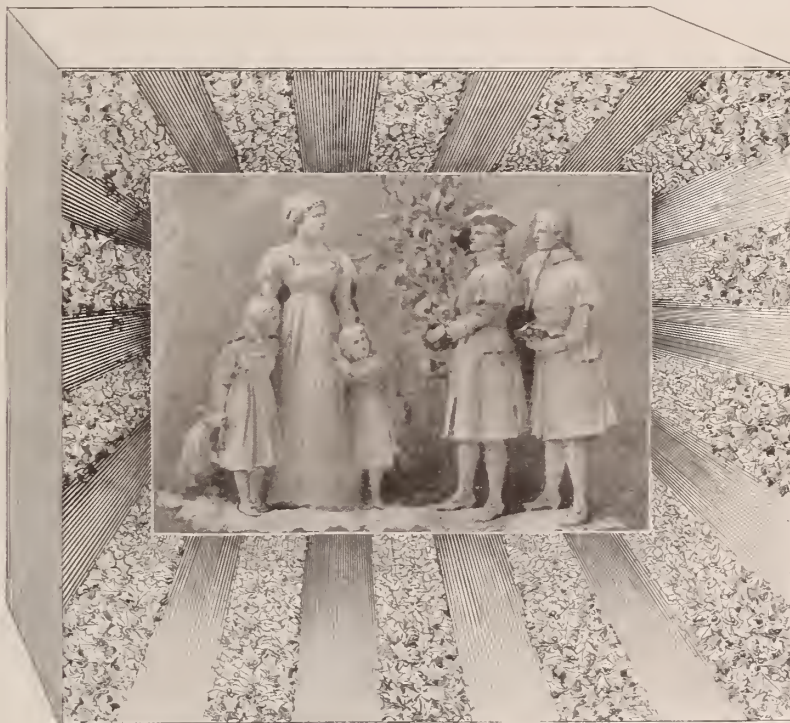
it. Little Koreans find peculiar fascination in it, and our illustration shows how lithe young India loves to disport itself in the pretty game, which universal childhood approves, because, perhaps, materials are so ready—pieces of cast-off lumber, drift-wood, fallen trees supplying simple means of joyous exercise to that childhood which is the same the world over.

Clever Spanish Girls.

In 1895 two Christian girls were matriculated in the University of Madrid. Very few had ever presented themselves there before. On completing the entrance examinations and the examinations in the five courses of the first year, the girls were awarded in each the highest mark of excellence given by the University. Such an event had never been known before in Spain. The professors of the University congratulated the girls, and asked them where they had studied and who had taught them. When they replied, "Our professors were women," they exclaimed, "*Mujeres!*"—"women!" In June, 1897, these two girls finished the required examinations and, after preparing the theses which they were obliged to present, they were given the degree which corresponds to that of M. A., thus opening a new era in the education of girls in Spain. In the same month two of the graduates of the class of 1896 were matriculated in the School of Pharmacy connected with the University, and successfully passed the examinations in the courses of the first year. This was perhaps a greater surprise to the professors than the fact that girls had entered the classical department. They were treated with great courtesy. These students know how to think, and are a contrast to the girls who have not received the benefits of Christian education.

Happiness and Greatness.

It is useless for one who is not happy to count himself either very good or very great: his gloom convicts him of lacking faith and hope and love. And certainly, says a reverend writer, no one amounts to much who does not excel in all three of these things. They are fundamental to high character. Little goodness without much love, and he in whom love abounds will certainly be glad, for in making others happy, he cannot fail to be happy himself. Little goodness if faith be small, for faith puts us in touch with God, who is the sole source of virtue, and a vigorous faith scatters the clouds, making sunshine in the soul. The man whose hope is scanty, who looks on the dark side of things and takes sad views will of course be sad, and must, to some degree, be bad, for he disregards the commandment of God, who says: "Rejoice." And as to true greatness, Christ settles that, and rules out the unhappy by putting the crown on those who serve. They who are occupied in genuine ministrations to the needs of others have so little time or disposition to think of self, that it is impossible for them to be unhappy.



(From a Plaster Cast made specially for this Journal by Miss Ibbie Raymond.)

SUGGESTION FOR A HOME TABLEAU FOR CHRISTMAS.

stitutions are being criticized, and when some are being rudely shaken, let us take care that no impious hand be ever laid upon the sanctity of the home. It is an unfortunate condition of society when there are any other conditions regarding the creation of a home save love and thrift. Most unfortunate when false ideas of life and of drudgery prevent two people who love each other uniting for this enterprise. It would be an unspeakable disaster if unbelief should ultimately lay her hand upon our homes; for the moment that the home disappears in its strength and purity, the foundations, not only of the church, but of the State, shall be finally shaken.

Take Care What You Write.

It is related of the late Duchess of Teck that she once had an amusing rencontre with a young lady, who was secretary of

I have culled the fruits of autumn;
I am passing through the rigors of winter,
And am neither forsaken of God
Nor abandoned by man.
I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day,
The first of a spring that shall be eternal;
It is advancing to meet me—
I haste to embrace it:
Welcome! welcome! eternal spring! Hallelujah!

ALONE WITH THEE.

HOW sweet to come at the close of day,
Alone with thee in the twilight gray,
To gain new strength for the morrow's fray;
Alone with thee, how sweet!

How sweet in the dreamy eventide,
Alone with thee from the world to hide,
And let the turmoil of life subside;
Alone with thee, how sweet!

How weary, often, my spirit grows,
No one but thee, blessed Master, knows,
My heart I freely to thee disclose;
Alone with thee, how sweet!

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.



I dare say that in the secret solitude of hearts before me to-day, there are wounds and aching griefs which only heaven can cure. There are some here whose cup is all bitterness; and yet day by day they look up to God and say, "Let come what will; though he slay me yet will I trust him." Such men and women are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. They are witnesses for God and his truth whose testimony can never be refuted. May God multiply their seed and their triumphs until the last infidel voice is silenced, and the last sceptic shall lift his eyes to the Cross and exclaim in the language of the Roman soldier, "Surely, that was the Son of God."



Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A CHAT IN THE GLOAMING.

IHAD not seen Seraphine in twenty-five years. That is a large slice in a lifetime. Priscilla, who is only eighteen, regards five and twenty as mature, and thinks of forty with positive horror. and so when I tell her that Seraphine and I were girls when we parted and women with families growing up when we met, she laughs and turns away. "Now, you are going to have a reminiscent fit, Auntie," she says, "and I'll just get my knitting and sit down and listen to you." All the girls are knitting in these days, and very warm and pretty are the garments which are turned off by their nimble needles. It is an old fashion come up again, as old fashions do, if you will only give them time enough. When I was a girl, every woman used to knit, and a very quiet womanly occupation it is, giving time for thought, or for talk, as an expert knitter does not have to keep her eyes all the while on her clever fingers.

To return to my story. Priscilla brought her work, a sweater for Harry, and I took my bit of embroidery and then I told about Seraphine.

Of all the girls who were young with me, Seraphine Ainslie was the prettiest, the most daring, and the most interesting. She had dark red hair, a wonderful complexion, and brown eyes. Her playing and singing, her riding and driving, her skill in sewing, and her housekeeping, all did credit to her bringing up. When she married Hugh Reynolds and went West to live, none of us dreamed that she was about to enter on a life of hardship, of endurance, of strife and poverty, and of real loneliness. You see we had only the vaguest conception of what life must be for a woman in a newly settled country.

I heard from time to time, or rather I read between the lines in Seraphine's occasional letters, that life was not a play spell for her. But, till I saw her, coming down the path from her house to the gate, with hands stretched out to bid her old schoolmate welcome, I did not realize what the years had robbed her of. Later, I realized what the years had given her.

She was thin and worn and a little bowed in the shoulders. She had nursed so many babies and scrubbed so many floors and done so much hard work, that her cheeks had lost their lovely roses and her mouth looked sunken and drooping. Only her beautiful shining eyes were just the same and her rare smile was like the Seraphine I used to know and love. Dear Seraphine! I found out that she could still laugh, that her smile was as quick as ever, and that she was a very happy woman. Hard work cannot daunt the soul of a wife who is honored and cherished; of a mother whose children are a credit and a blessing to her.

"That," said Priscilla, "depends." She pursed her lips reflectively. "I suppose," she added, "that in your friend's case, her husband and children helped her all they could."

"They certainly did, my dear. But my point is that Seraphine never gave up entirely to the domestic routine. She kept house moderately. Sometimes she let things go. Sometimes she managed to let the children eat plain fare, and she wasn't troubled if there was now and then a window-pane not quite as bright as a looking-glass. She told me that she had never given up her habit of reading, that she kept a large book on hand like 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rome,' for example, and read it straight through, a little every day; that she took time to call on her neighbors, though to do so meant a half-day taken from other things; and that she had never lost the precious habit of real Bible study. Another thing she had kept, and that was her music. She sat down at her parlor organ and played old tunes and hymn tunes, and her boys and girls sang, and, Priscilla, she was an interesting woman. She was more interest-

ing in her middle age than she had been in her youth."

We had been talking and Priscilla had been knitting in the gloaming, but the light now grew so dim, that Priscilla rolled up her ball of worsted and dropped her work into the basket in the corner. Then she came and leaned her head against my knee.

We were both silent for a while. At last the girl spoke.

"Auntie, do you suppose that I love Fred enough to share privation and poverty with him, to suffer the lack of things I am accustomed to, do you?"

"Unless you do, my dear Priscilla, you have no right to become his wife. Fair-weather love does not amount to much in the voyage of life."

"Auntie," she said again, after a long pause, "Did your friend ever go through a real heart-sorrow?"

"Yes, Priscilla, when her first little girl was two years old, she sickened of scarlet fever and died. It was in winter. They had no neighbors near then. And no doctor. Seraphine had a baby six months old. She sat beside the kitchen window, and watched her husband carry the little home-made coffin that he had knocked together from a box, carry it in his arms across the snowy fields and bury it in the grave he had dugged. If that was not a heart-breaking grief, dear, there never was one."

"But she lived beyond it and grew cheerful?"

"Yes, as we all live, who have remembered griefs. Sometimes the old wounds ache. But we know we have treasure laid up in heaven and our Lord is very tender with his mourning ones, and so we rest against the great love we know he bears us, as against a pillow, and so we are comforted."

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MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

Mary now came in with a lamp, and said, "Ladies, tea is ready." And our chat in the gloaming was ended for that night.

Margaret E. Sangster

I NEED THEE!

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

In the morning, Lord, I need thee,
As I see the new day's light,
That in ways where thou wouldst guide me,
I may set my steps aright.
In the morning, Lord, I need thee!
In the noontide heat I need thee,
That I faint not in the strife;
Let me feel thy hand still holding
In the upward march of life.
In the noontide, Lord, I need thee!
I shall need thee in the even
When the toil of day is o'er;
Then shall turn my weary footsteps
Toward the peaceful, heavenly shore.
In the evening, Lord, I need thee!
But death's stream is still before me,
And I cannot cross alone.
Jesus, Master, still uphold me.
Through the waters lead thine own!
In the hour of death I need thee!
Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

La Grippe

If you have had the Grippe, you know its aches and pains, the fever, the chills, the cough, the depression—you know them all. The Grippe exhausts the nervous system quickly, lowers the vitality. Two things should be done at once:—the body must be strengthened, and force must be given to the nervous system. Cod-liver Oil will do the first; Hypophosphites the second. These are permanently and pleasantly combined in Scott's Emulsion.

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HEROIC PERSONALITIES

By REV. LOUIS A. BANKS, D.D.

The Heroine of the White Ribbon.

I SHALL never forget my first glimpse of Frances Willard, the renowned leader of the white ribbon hosts. She was making a tour of the Northwest in company with Miss Anna Gordon, her inseparable other-self. She had come to Portland to attend a convention, and as I was then pastor at Vancouver, Washington, seven miles away, on the other side of the Columbia River, I determined if possible to secure her for a meeting the

organized a vigorous society of the W. C. T. U. of more than sixty members, and both Miss Willard and Miss Gordon felt amply repaid for the hot, dusty and uncomfortable ride in the government ambulance that Sunday afternoon.

One of the secrets of Miss Willard's remarkable success, is her willingness to adapt herself to the situation of the hour, and do the deed that needs to be done at once, at whatever personal cost.

This spirit is illustrated in her recent work in behalf of the Armenians. While the prime ministers and diplomats of half a dozen nations were standing about fumbling their fingers, and trying to persuade the Sultan to be good, and stop persecuting the Armenians, the murders going on all the while, Miss Willard and her staunch friend, Lady Henry Somerset, set themselves to work to do the deed of sisterly kindness that was in the reach of their hands to perform. They went over to Marseilles, where hundreds of fugitive Armenians were landing from every Eastern ship. There they set up a restaurant to feed these hungry brothers and sisters. They were the first hands stretched out to help the despairing immigrants as they landed on European soil. Theirs were the sympathizing faces into which the hopeless travelers looked, and hoped and took courage again. No wonder their restaurant soon came to be known as "The Kitchen of Jesus Christ."



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

following Sunday night. I wrote to her and told her if she would come I would secure the largest hall in the place, and do such preliminary work as would insure the organization of a local Woman's Christian Temperance Union. That promise was the bait that took her in. She never will get over biting at any hook that has that bait on it. By mail I received a note, saying that she had to speak at Portland on Sunday morning, but that if I would meet them with a carriage on Sunday afternoon, they would come to Vancouver and hold the meeting. I at once set to work to do the thing up in good style. Vancouver was at that time, as it is now, the military headquarters of the Department of the Columbia, and General Nelson A. Miles, now at the head of the United States Army, was in command. I was on good terms with Colonel Morrow, who was in command of the local fort at Vancouver, and on applying to him, secured a government ambulance, four splendid great mules, with a uniformed driver, and guard of state for the occasion.

And so it happened that two o'clock one summer Sunday afternoon, fifteen years ago, we swung about those four mules and the government ambulance before Miss Willard's astonished gaze, as she sat on the piazza of a friend in Portland awaiting us. I do not believe Miss Willard will ever forget that ride. It was very dusty and hot, and the old ambulance, though a very formidable piece of roadway furniture, was anything but an easy carriage to ride in. The driver was a good man, and determined to show off his mule before the ladies, and the time we were riding that pathless, between the Willamette and the Columbia rivers, was a curious one. Miss Willard and Miss Gordon carried themselves to the situation, and made it a good part, but I think they were exceedingly annoyed at the time.

For many, that ride was a real success. I had the largest hall in the town packed to the gunwales with people, and General Miles, General Morrow, Captain Henry Plume with other army officers, with their wives and children, were crowded on the piazza. It was a curious ride, as I write that now. That Sunday evening, who was one of my us, and that night, and now Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

Miss Willard was at her best. I have heard her many times since, and always with admiration, but I have never heard her when her playful wit, marvelous pathos, and persuasive logic seemed to hold the audience so spell-bound as it did that night. At the close of her address, we

Like Hypnotism.

The tenacity with which some habits stick so people, or people stick to the habits, is very remarkable, particularly the tobacco and coffee habit.

People act almost as if they were in reality under a hypnotic spell. They promise themselves and friends time and again that they will leave off, when they find health forsaking them, but they make one excuse or another and keep on the dreary way as if guided by an unseen spirit of evil.

Physicians realize the uselessness of treating a patient for any of the multitude of nervous diseases so long as the poisonous alkaloids of tobacco and coffee are being taken into the system even in minute doses.

It is a simple matter to break the coffee spell if the food-drink, Postum, the health coffee made by the Postum Cereal Co. (Lim.), of Battle Creek, Mich., is used in its place. This is a fac-simile of fine Mocha coffee in looks, when brewed, and changes to the rich golden brown of old Java when cream is added, and boiled half 15 minutes. It is made wholly of grains intended by the Creator for man's subsistence, it makes red blood quickly and is fattening and nourishing. The muddy complexion disappears and in its place comes a clear skin of health, with rich blood coursing back of it. Many people are sick and do not know that it is the insidious poison of coffee that prostrates stomach and liver and causes it. They laugh at first, but a trial of a week without coffee and using the food-drink, Postum, makes one wake up to a great big life fact.

The children can sip from papa's or mama's coffee cup, if it happens to contain Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and their little bodies will grow round and fat under the nourishment of the pure grains, but it is a heartless proceeding to feed the tender bodies on coffee, as every one knows the puny, sickly looks of coffee-drinking children.

Let people adopt healthful food and drink and "throw physic to the dogs."

"Just as good" as Postum Cereal Food Coffee are words used to defraud the public.

Schemers drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.

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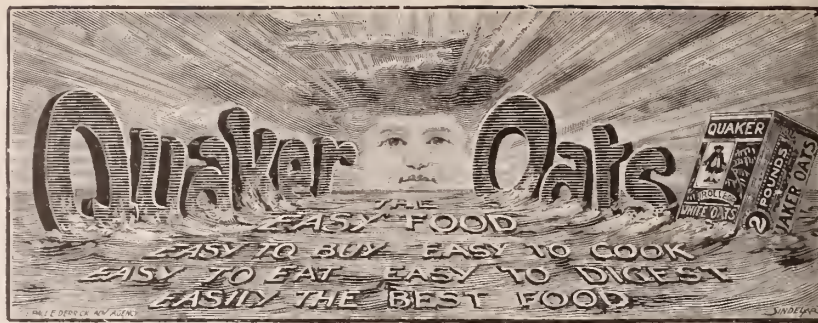
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The common joys of life,
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And rest from care and strife.

Thanks for our special blessings—
The friends that crown our way,
The love that lightens labor,
And cheers each passing day.
Thanks for the highest blessings
Thy matchless love has given—
Faith in the world's Redeemer,
Hope of a home in heaven.

Thanks for the disappointments
That oft our hopes assail.
They teach us to look forward
To joys that cannot fail.
And so, though tears are falling,
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We thank thee for the sorrows
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Salvation Army Colonies.

The second Booth-Tucker colony will be planted in Colorado on a four thousand acre tract, which will be divided into one, five and ten-acre lots, upon which houses costing from \$250 to \$400 will be erected. Dwellers in New York's crowded tenement districts are invited to come as settlers. This Arkansas Valley colony will depend for a living upon alfalfa crops and dairy industries, melons, onions and celery supplying their profits. For ready markets they look to the mining regions. A town hall, a Raffleisen bank (after the German pattern), schools, churches, etc., will give this "poor man's paradise" municipal advantages, and quite a city atmosphere, and the citizens will have no reason to complain of the ordinary settlers' sense of isolation. A demonstrative farm, showing the best methods of farming, will be run as something in the way of an agricultural school. The first of the Salvation Army colonies, located at Sledah, California, and intended to draw settlers from San Francisco, will engage in the beet industry. This Salvation Army plan for relieving congested districts of our large cities has been previously noted in these columns. It is not a charity, capitalists advancing the money at the solicitation of Army leaders, and the colonists repaying in small weekly installments.

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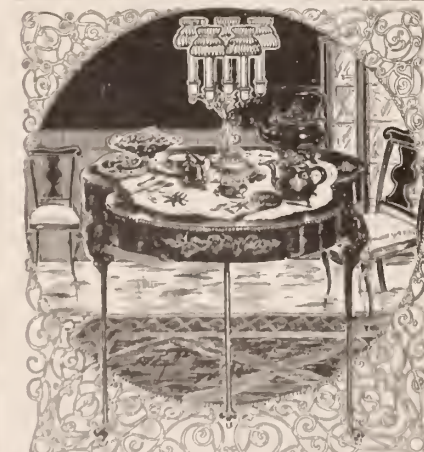
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The Waifs' Christmas Tree.

Kind Mrs. Bird Invites Aid in a Very Worthy Project.

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD, the "Mother of the Lost Boys of the Bowery," and the founder of the new "Gospel Settlement," at No. 211 Clinton street, New York, has sent us this touching and characteristic letter, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers:

Dear Friend: The last few hours, passing through the streets of our congested district on the east side, has revealed to me on these our first bitter cold mornings what suffering we may expect to see during the coming winter days. I saw so many little bare feet and hands, frozen-looking faces, and many little cripples gathered about a bonfire, made by the boys of old rags and paper; their faces had no merry look, but old and weird and pathetic pleading seemed to stare at me. I began to feel that there was something more for me to do, as I know among your readers there are God's children with his Christ-love in their hearts, and, I believe, if you will tell them in your paper, which enters so many thousand Christian homes about it, that they will be glad to help me in my plan. I want to have our Christmas tree this year covered with mittens, hoods, and warm stockings.

Last Christmas, our big tree was covered with only toys. It was the happiest sight I ever saw, Dr. Klopsch taking down a doll for every girl, and a noisy gift for every boy; and this was, I found out after, the first Christmas tree some had ever seen.

The week after, there came into our Woman's Meeting in the Bowery Mission, a mother with three boys. They were in rags. As soon as they saw the tree, which stood there still with bright decorations, the boys seemed perfectly wild. The oldest, ten years, said: "Where did that tree grow like that?" I went to the home. A cellar room where daylight never came. A dim oil-lamp stood always on the table; but the woman sobbed and said: "We did not even have oil to keep our lamp burning on Christmas day and we all stayed in bed to keep warm." This was a drunkard's home, of course. One of her little boys could not see for four months after he was born, because the mother had no light from heaven as she carried her babe. One of our saved men in the Bowery, who has this moment a comfortable home, again restored to his family, and who last Sunday brought his wife and boy to our Bowery meeting, often tells us that he gave his heart to God on last Christmas as the children were receiving their gifts from our tree. He sneaked in the door as the crowd came in, and sitting 'way back unnoticed, he began to think of his own boys who had no father to give them a Christmas tree, and his early boyhood days came to him—his stocking that hung on a little tree in his mother's parlor—and then and there he came to begin a Christian life, and has never gone astray since. He has now all needed comforts; this year will have his own little Christmas tree in his own little sitting-room, in one of the apartments on the east side. We believe it pays to have a Thanksgiving in our Bowery Mission, for as the boys eat their turkey, we talk of mother, home, and heaven; and often the tears run down the cheek of the poor outcast, and he resolves to write again to that dear mother that he has wandered from for so many years. One boy did go the day after Thanksgiving last year back to his country home, to his mother, from the memories of our Thanksgiving night in the Bowery Mission. We need money to buy mittens, etc., and if enough we will have a few cheap toys, and some candies for the little innocents of our slums. SARAH J. BIRD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Select Notes; a commentary on the International Lessons for 1898. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. This is by far the best help a teacher can have in the preparation for teaching. It gives explanation and suggestion and all the facts ascertainable which can shed light on the lesson. Pp. 342. Illustrated. Price \$1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., 25 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

After Pentecost, What? A Discussion of the Holy Spirit in its Relation to Modern Christological Thought. By James M. Campbell, author of "Unto the Uttermost" and "The Indwelling Christ." This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures given before the Summer School of the University of Chicago, and the Macatawa Park Assembly, Michigan, and their purpose is to bring the doctrine of the Holy Spirit into harmony with the enlarged Christological thought of the day. Pp. 298; cloth, \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Ephesians and Colossians; a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. By Rev. T. K. Abbott, D.D., D. Litt., formerly Professor of Biblical Greek, now of Hebrew, Trinity College, Dublin. The aim of this commentary, which is primarily philological, is to ascertain with as great precision as possible the actual meaning of the writer's language. This volume is one of a series being issued under the title of The International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, prepared by eminent scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, and edited by Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., Professor of Biblical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York; Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford; and Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.C., Master of University College, Durham. Pp. 315; cloth, \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Child's Recovery

FROM PARALYSIS AND SIX YEARS OF CONVULSIONS.

Little Fannie Adams, of Umatilla, Cured of a Dreadful Malady
A Cure of Unusual Interest—A Reporter Investigates.

From the Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.

For some time past the Lake Region has been receiving reports from Umatilla, Fla., of an almost miraculous cure that had been effected in the case of Fannie Adams, a daughter of A. J. Adams, of that place, and last Saturday a representative of this paper made a trip to Umatilla for the purpose of determining the authenticity of the same.

The family live a short distance from the village, where it was found that the people were cognizant of the cure which had been effected, and were rejoicing with the family in their new found happiness. The father, A. J. Adams, is a hard-working honest farmer from East Tennessee, and the family came to Florida four years ago in the hope that a change of climate would be of benefit to their afflicted child. Much of their earnings have gone for doctors' bills, whose services proved unavailing. The representative was greeted by Mrs. Adams, from whom he gained the story of her great trial.

Fannie, the youngest child, was born in east Tennessee, and was seven years old on the third day of February, 1897. When ten months old she was stricken with paralysis, which affected the entire left side. This stroke of paralysis was followed by convulsions, and from the time little Fannie was ten months old until February, 1897, there was not a single day or a night that she did not have spasms of the most distressing nature. Not a single convulsion, but always three or four, and sometimes as high as ten in one day.

The family was all broken down with care, and Mrs. Adams states that for one year she did not go into her kitchen to superintend her household work. All the fingers of the right hand of the little girl are enlarged and misshapen, caused by her biting them during the fearful suffering. The case baffled the skill of the best physicians, and they were frank to say that they could

not determine the cause, or prescribe a remedy to aid the afflicted child.

But what a change now in that household; for little Fannie has recently been released from her six years of agony, which brings the light of happiness to the faces of the parents.

In January, this year, Mrs. Adams, who had purchased some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her fourteen year old daughter, determined to try their effect upon little Fannie. After three or four doses, she noted an improvement and she then told the father what she had done. He at once went to the village and bought another box, and up to this time six boxes have been used. The first pills, Mrs. Adams states, were given in January, the letter part, and certainly not earlier than the fifteenth or twentieth, and the child had her last convulsion on February 3d, nearly three months ago. Her general condition has improved in every way, and it was not a month after the first pills were taken when she began to walk without assistance.

The pills were bought at the drug store of Dr. Shelton, in Umatilla. In answer to the question, did he, to his personal knowledge, know that the remedy had benefited Fannie Adams, as was stated by her parents, the doctor said that he was a regular practicing physician, and as such was loth to recommend any proprietary medicine, but still he was ready to do justice to all men, and he did know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had benefited Fannie Adams, and also volunteered the information that he knew of other children in the village who had been benefited by their use.

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The following and many other reliable persons testify that I thoroughly cure Cancer without the knife. T. E. C. Brinly, Louisville, Ky., maker of Brinly Plows, cured ten years ago of Cancer in the mouth. Prof. H. McHardy, Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, cured five years ago. Had undergone several operations before with knife. Rev. W. H. Sands, Southport, Indiana, whose father was cured eight years ago. Address, Dr. C. Weber, 121 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, for further particulars and free book.

Our Orphans at Oorfa.

A letter from Miss Effie M. Chambers, the associate of Miss Shattuck in the work of training and evangelizing the Armenian orphans at Oorfa, published by the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, contains interesting news of the progress of the industrial branch of the work. She writes:

Oorfa and its women still carry on their work of teaching in the homes and holding meetings in different parts of the city. I have not yet found time since my return to go with them, but how that the schools are prospering, I hope to be able to go. The school work and the Bible work are both so important and both so heavy that I am in the condition of the man who said he would be both a minister and a doctor. When asked how he would arrange it, he said, "I will preach a while and let the doctoring go; then I will doctor a while and let the preaching go." I superintend schools a while and let the Bible work go; then I do Bible work and let the schools go.

The outlook for the embroidery work for the coming winter is rather dubious. We hope we can carry on the work at least this winter, as so many widows are depending on this for their support; but orders from Europe do not come in rapidly. The Lord has helped us and found a way for us in the past, and we can trust him for the future, both for ourselves and for the people. In the handkerchief department we have great hopes of permanent success. The girls are learning to do very neat work here, and we hope this department can soon be self-supporting. The carpet-weaving and rug-making has been turned over to the Germans. They can carry it on on a somewhat larger scale than we did, thus furnishing employment for many of the poor people.

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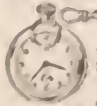
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On the theory that "seeing is believing" John A. Smith of Milwaukee, wants everyone to first try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism, at his expense. To that end, he proposes to distribute 15,000 free sample packages to all persons sending him their name and address. Mr. Smith had for years suffered all the agony and torture of rheumatism, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring with leading physicians, who were unable to help him he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting and repeated failure, he finally found a remedy which cured him in a few days. The result was so beneficial to his entire system and was such a glorious escape from the clutches of rheumatism that he called his new found remedy Gloria Tonic. Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors who were subject to rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded he would offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one. Nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies, just as he did, and they couldn't be made to believe there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman in Seguin, Tex., Mr. Herrmann, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a fortune on advertised remedies he wouldn't buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent and the results were astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending free sample packages of Gloria Tonic

to all who may apply. It cured H. Bucholz, 70 years old, of Norborne, Mo., after suffering 25 years. In Regina, N. W. Ter. Anton Bengert was laid up nine years. A sample of Gloria Tonic was the first relief he ever got and three boxes entirely cured him. Thomas Callahan of Harvard, Ills., suffered continuously, four years and was cured by Mr. Smith's remarkable remedy. At Indian Ford, Wis., Frederick Arnold age 66 suffered 12 years. Nothing ever relieved her until she tried Gloria Tonic. She was cured completely. At Pittsburg, Ind., a druggist was cured after 33 years suffering. John Carston of Belton, Tex., had planned to give his wife a trip to Germany, but she was taken with an attack of rheumatism and the trip abandoned. But she tried a sample of Gloria Tonic, got some more, was cured and went to Europe rejoicing. She is a firm believer in Gloria Tonic. Mrs. Persohn of Amsterdam, N. Y., believes Providence directed her to Mr. Smith's remedy. She was nearly insane from the intense suffering from rheumatic pains and was entirely cured. Thousands of other instances could be related where this magical remedy has cured rheumatism. It is well worth anybody's time to send their name and address to Mr. Smith and he will send a trial package of Gloria Tonic absolutely free of charge. If you have a friend, or acquaintance, a neighbor or relative suffering from rheumatism send for a trial package and give it a test. It is a remarkable remedy and there is no question but what it will cure any case of rheumatism no matter how severe or of how long standing. Send your name and address to John A. Smith, 128 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Dr. Blosser, who has for many years made a specialty of catarrhal diseases, has discovered a remedy that cures the worst cases of Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc. It is a penetrating healing smoke vapor that goes directly to every affected spot, destroys the germ, and cures the mucous membrane. Any reader of The Christian Herald who will address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son 1112 and 1113 Central Building Atlanta, Ga. will receive a postpaid three days trial treatment free.

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I KNOW NOT THE WAY.

I know not the way I should take
When I trust to myself as a guide;
For many a fear and a doubt clouds the path,
And pitfalls my footsteps betide.

But Jesus says, "I am the Way,
Trust me and thy feet shall not slide;
I will light up thy path, I'll point out the way,
If thou only wilt walk by my side."

I know not the way I should take,
But I'll willingly trust to my Guide;
In confidence simply I'll give him my hand,
And steadfastly keep by his side.

He knoweth the way I should take,
And always my footsteps directs;
He chooses my path and I'll ask for his aid,
Who me, from all danger protects.

He knoweth the way I should take,
His hand is both willing and strong;
His promise is sure—In him be my trust
And "He leadeth me" always my song.

Omaha, Neb. JAMES H. STOKES.

A Land of Perpetual Sunshine.

The claim that "the sun never sets on Victoria's dominions," can be uttered with equal truth by Americans in regard to Uncle Sam's possessions, for when the sun sets in Alaska, it rises in Maine. When it is 6 P. M. on Attou's Island, Alaska, it is 9.36 A. M. on the day following at Eastport, Maine. If we locate the centre of the United States, calculating it as midway between longitude sixty-seven of Eastport and longitude one hundred and ninety-three of Attou's Island, it will be found on the one hundred and twenty-sixth degree of longitude, about two hundred and eighty miles west of San Francisco, in the Pacific Ocean. There is no other land under the sun, except the much scattered dominions of Queen Victoria, of which such a story can be told.

Why Consumptives Lose Flesh.

Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

The health and strength of the body depend on the perfection of the lungs. No quantity or quality of food can add one grain's weight to the flesh of the body beyond the power of the lungs to make new blood. The food may be good and the stomach digest it perfectly, and yet the patient lose flesh and strength from day to day.

Most people suppose appetite and digestion are all that are required to make patients hold their own, at least, but such is not the fact. The stomach has little to do with the making of new blood. It is a mill that grinds, dissolves and separates the food eaten, forming from it a white fluid called chyle. Before the chyle can impart its nutritious elements to the body it must be carried by the lacteals to the lungs and be endowed with life and changed into blood. This change is what is meant by the term *assimilation*. It depends upon the size and perfect action of the lungs. It takes place in exact proportion to volume of air we take in at a breath. A man having large lungs and full breathing is *strong and fleshy* because he assimilates a large quantity of food and makes it into blood. A man with small lungs and obstructed breathing, is *weak and thin*, because he can only assimilate a small quantity of food. Our weight is determined by the volume of air we habitually inspire at a breath. This exactly measures our blood making capacity. Poor food or bad digestion may reduce us below our standard weight, but no quantity or quality of food can ever make us rise above it.

The moment our lungs become diseased their capacity for air is lessened by the swelling of the lining of the tubes and the mucus secretion which obstructs them, and in exactly the same proportion their power to assimilate food is reduced. A loss of flesh and strength must follow. If the disease increases the breathing space in the lungs also lessens, and the waste of flesh and strength goes on more rapidly, and no food or dieting can prevent it.

This is a natural law of the human organism. It was first discovered by me, and is now fully recognized by the best minds in the profession as one of the most important discoveries of medical science of our age. I have studied and observed its operations in thou-

sands of cases without one exception. It is a great scientific truth, vital to our being. It was stamped upon us as a Divine Law by God when he "breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."

In the glorious light of this revealed law of science how pitiable seems the ignorance and quackery of those who propose to cure consumption by tonics and diet, while the cause of the patient's weakness and wasting remains untouched in the lungs. The only way the body can be "built up" is to remove the disease that is wasting it, by a treatment applied to the lungs capable of restoring the breathing. Do that, and the lungs will quickly rebuild the wasted and enfeebled body. Fail to do it, no human means can save the patient's life.

(To be continued).

Signed ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.,
117 West 45th St., New York
Nov. 29th, 1897. Note.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in Dr. Hunter's views can obtain his books free by addressing him as above.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Christmas Issue

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VOLUME 20. NUMBER 50

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

To us this day, is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild:

This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the Joy of all the earth.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;

Hencetorth his kingdom open stands
To you as to the angel bands.

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Six Years of Christ-Like Work in the Gospel Rescue Mission of Rochester, New York.

WHEREVER earnest Christians band together to work for the Master, they have little difficulty

taurant attached to the association, bring up chairs from the basement, and transform the eating-room into a room for prayer, appeal and testimony, every night in the week. Among those most active in promoting this new movement, were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Mitchell, who had had a taste of rescue work in New York; Arthur Voorhees, who had been wonderfully delivered from bondage to alcohol; the Rev. H. H. Stebbins, D.D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church; John Stewart, Henry Wray, and W.D. McGuire.



PROF. J. H. GILMORE, *Pres.* A. E. HINES, *Supt.*

in finding a field worthy of their efforts. The first Rescue Mission ever established in Rochester was at 173 Front street, where the People's Rescue Mission now is. Col. N. P. Pond and his wife had become convinced that special effort was needed in their city in behalf of men who had become slaves to strong drink. They went to New York and studied the methods of rescue work at the old Jerry McAuley Mission in Water street and elsewhere, induced Col. Hadley to come to Rochester and look over the ground, rented a store in Front street, which had previously been occupied as a saloon, and opened a mission there. The mission thus inaugurated, had as its first superintendent Lindsay Myles, who afterward became the superintendent of the Monroe County Reform Association. Mr. Myles was succeeded by T. H. Osburn. For a time this mission was very prosperous; and it soon became necessary to rent another room, which had been used as a saloon, and remove the partition between that room and the one previously occupied—thus creating the commodious assembly-room of the present People's Rescue Mission. The burden of supporting the mission fell so heavily, however, on a single benevolently disposed individual that, as burdens of a kindred nature accumulated upon him, he felt constrained to give it up.

Meanwhile, Rescue Mission No. 2 had sprung up in connection with the Monroe County Christian Reform Association in Exchange street, of which Col. Pond was president, and which was modeled after the London coffee-houses, whose purpose was preventive, rather than reformatory. From the first opening of the rooms

Front Street Mission. Then John H. Murray assumed the superintendency. The work was prosecuted with great spiritual power, and glorious results were attained; but there was a growing conviction among the friends of the mission that its location was not that best adapted to its special work; and also that it would be best for the mission to be independent of lodging-rooms and a restaurant which appealed, in part at least, to the patronage of the general public.

Accordingly, when the rooms in Front street were given up by the mission originally started there, the Exchange Street Mission, assuming the title of The People's Rescue Mission, removed to those rooms. This was in January, 1891. Here the work has continuously prospered and marvelously broadened out. It has been found necessary to open a soup-kitchen, where plain and substantial food can be furnished to those who would otherwise go hungry; a lodging-department, where a bed—or at least a blanket and the soft side of a plank—can be furnished to those who have no shelter; a wood-yard, where men who are utterly destitute can pay, by honest toil, for food and lodging. And it has been found possible to interest the Christian people of Rochester in this work, so that the burden of support no longer rests upon the few who especially realize the power of God to save the drunkard, but on the churches and congregations of the city. That it has been possible thus to build up a Christian home, and give object-lessons in practical piety in the worst street in the city of Rochester, is due, under God, to the confidence of the people of Rochester in the men who had most to do with shaping and molding the mission. Henry

Wray, who for more than six years, was president of the board of directors, was a man of singularly sweet and attractive Christian character—a man whom everybody loved and respected. W. D. McGuire, the treasurer of the mission, has from the very first given himself with self-sacrificing devotion and boundless enthusiasm to its interests. For five years the mission has enjoyed the faithful services of a superintendent—Mr. A. E. Hines—who abandoned a first-class position as a Y. M. C. A. secretary to devote himself to this work, and has given abundant proof that he was called of God to do so. Miss Laura C. Hopkins, who for years has been active in city missionary work, ably supplements the work of the superintendent. The names of the board of directors are known and honored throughout the city. They give the work careful and minute personal supervision; and are so heartily in sympathy with its purpose that any one of them can take charge of the meetings of the mission. Indeed, there is no one of them who has not, at one time or other, done so.

The president of the board, Dr. J. H. Gilmore, whose portrait we present, is a professor in the University of Rochester and the author of the familiar hymn, "He leadeth me." He has been especially serviceable to the mission in familiarizing its converts with the truths and duties inculcated in the Scriptures, having for months at a time given Bible readings at the mission on successive Sunday afternoons.

For the year just closed the receipts of the mission from all sources have been \$5,481.53; 14,186 lodgings



IN THE DORMITORY.



AT THE MISSION WOODYARD.

have been furnished, and 30,830 meals supplied; 428 meetings have been held, with an aggregate attendance of 34,207. We have listened to 12,167 testimonials from redeemed men and women. There have been 2,283 requests for prayer and more than 1,000 have professed a desire to lead Christian lives by coming forward and praying for their own conversion.

THE BETHESDA HOME.

For Homeless Girls.

No. 79 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Conducted under the auspices of The Christian Herald.)

A much needed rescue work in the Greater New York.

Matron in charge, 30 beds, laundry, and sewing rooms; regular religious services. Many friendless girls helped and restored to their homes, and others helped to regular employment and better lives.

The following contributions in aid of this Samaritan work have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Previously Acknowledged	\$98 41
W B W. Alford	6 00
Mrs G D Conant	50
4280, N Y City	1 50
G C G. Blairtown	15 00
Cheerful Givers, Lodgepole	2 50
Lucy Smith	1 00
J W S. Lock Haven	6 00
Total	\$134.91

The Gospel Among the Jews.

A Man Who Thought a Sermon was Worth a Fortune.

BY REV. DAVID BARON.



HERE is a wonderful opening in the present day for Christian work among the Jews in countries where masses of them are found. It is not a week since I returned from my twelfth mission journey, and it has been my privilege, to come into contact with a large number of Jews.

During this last journey, in some towns of eastern Europe, we have had Jews listening eagerly, from early morning till late at night, to what we had to tell them about Christ. Some may wonder how we get at Jews in places where we have never been before. We have an easier task in this respect than our brethren who go among the heathen. All that we need do is to take a handful of suitable literature and a few New Testaments and go into the Jewish quarter, where we enter into conversation with the first men we meet. We tell them: "We are your brethren, men of your own nation, but we have found Jesus, him of whom Moses in the Law and the prophets have written. We believe that our nation made a tremendous mistake when it rejected Jesus, and when it believes that Jesus is dead, just as the brethren of Joseph believed that Joseph was dead. We have come from a far country to speak to you about him." We generally mention the place and time when we will be ready to receive them, and before the hour indicated the Jews begin to come to us.

We are usually two missionaries, and we have sometimes been packed in our rooms with Jews, listening eagerly while we unfolded to them the Lord Jesus Christ from Old Testament Scriptures. In some places we hold meetings; for instance, in a principal town of Galicia, this last tour, at two hours' notice, about two hundred Jews gathered together. The second day we were in Cracow we paid a visit to the Bethhammidrash, where Jews, old and young, may be seen doing nothing else, day or night, but occupying themselves with solving the mysteries of the Kaballa, and studying the traditions of men. A few "saints" have no other home, and even sleep there at night. In different parts of this building, which is very filthy, these Jews, old and young, in groups or singly, were shouting to themselves, in a sing-song way, different parts of the Talmud, swaying themselves violently to and fro all the time. We sat down and asked one if they had a Bible in the place. After a time he brought us one of the volumes of the Jewish Bible, which is bound together with thirty-two different Rabbinic commentaries. It happened to be the volume containing Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets, and we opened it at Zech. 12. Reading from verse 12 to the end, we asked him who it could be whom Israel had cruelly pierced, and for whom they will mourn so bitterly.

Meanwhile quite a group had gathered round us, all in their long kaftans, reaching from neck to foot, and wearing the Peyoth (side curls), which the Galician Jew regards as the most sacred badge of piety. Some had never noticed the passage before, others looked for explanations to the various commentaries. On coming out, one Jew said to us: "This hour has been worth more than 1,000 florins to me, for I could see that your faith is grounded on the Bible." The next day this man came to us, saying that he was determined, with all his family, to become Christians. There is a wonderful spirit of hearing just now among the Jews. It is no light thing that we now get the Jews to listen as to who this Jesus really was, or for what reason they hated him.

*From his article in "The Missionary Review."



AN "EXPERIENCE MEETING" AT THE MISSION.

of this association, prayer-meetings had been held there every Thursday and Sunday evening. But it seemed to some of the directors of the association that more direct and persistent efforts should be made, in connection with their Exchange street plant, to reach and reclaim the drunkard. Hence, arrangements were made to move back the tables in the res-

save the drunkard, but on the churches and congregations of the city. That it has been possible thus to build up a Christian home, and give object-lessons in practical piety in the worst street in the city of Rochester, is due, under God, to the confidence of the people of Rochester in the men who had most to do with shaping and molding the mission. Henry

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Sanctified Muscle.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., (And Samson went down to on the Text: Judges 14:1, - - - Timnath.



HERE are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and mirthful; but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon. This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath, a lion came upon him, and although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and made his bones crack, and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk, fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a dissolute woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though they were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength?" and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands, and shouts: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single of striction. She coaxes him again, and she says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by the lights of the loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the household loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

But after awhile she persuaded him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless; and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that he may not wake him up during the process of shearing, he is called in. You know that the robbers of the East have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will cut a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplish what green withes and new ropes and household loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands, and says: "The Philis-

tines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hand on the mill-crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!

First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man—the lion found it out, and the three thousand men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and out-gianted by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick-headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.

Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of life-long infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and work twice as long, will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

How often is it that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo—if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics"—if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain—then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something saying, "Work! work!" and, lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage, or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might, and tugging every to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameless fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason

of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached, and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to "swim in a sea of glory!" And Robert M'Cheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee, and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness, not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "rise and progress of religion" in the church and in the world.

Willerforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven, until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work, perhaps, than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not so great in moral and spiritual stature! While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health to-day, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

Behold also, in the story of my text, illustration of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil—this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by guessing of his riddle he robs and kills thirty people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind, or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking-houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the Church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and make truth and honor bow to their golden sceptre. Misguided giants—look out for them! In the middle and latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty; but they did but little mischief—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days.

Who can calculate the soul-havoc of a Rousseau, going on with a very enthusiasm of iniquity, with fiery imagination seizing upon all the impulsive natures of his day? or David Hume, who employed his life as a spider employs its summer, in spinning out silken webs to trap the unwary? or Voltaire, the most learned man of his day, marshaling a great host of sceptics, and leading them out in the dark land of infidelity? or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—a book in which, with all the splendors of his genius, he magnified the errors of Christian disciples, while, with a sparseness of notice that never can be forgiven, he treated of the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy?

Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power, and I want you know that that power devoted to God will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in heaven; but misguided, bedraggled in sin, administrative of evil, God will thunder against you

with his condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject, shall stand side by side in the judgment; and money-bags, and judicial ermine, and royal robe shall be riven with the lightnings.

Behold also, how a giant may be slain! Delilah started the train of circumstances that pulled down the temple of Dagon about Samson's ears. And tens of thousands of giants have gone down to death and hell through the same impure fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that pulpit and platform and printing-press speak out against the impurities of modern society. Fastidiousness and prudery say: "Better not speak—you will rouse up adverse criticism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in glittering generalities; the subject is too delicate for polite ears." But there comes a voice from heaven overpowering the mincing sentimentalities of the day, saying: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins."

The trouble is that when people write or speak upon this theme they are apt to cover it up with the graces of belles-lettres so that the crime is made attractive instead of repulsive. Lord Byron in "Don Juan" adorns this crime until it smiles like a May queen. Michelet, the great French writer, covers it up with bewitching rhetoric until it glows like the rising sun, when it ought to be made loathsome as a small-pox hospital. There are to-day influences abroad which, if unresisted by the pulpit and the printing-press, will turn our modern cities into Sodom and Gomorrah, fit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that whelmed the cities of the plain.

You who are seated in your Christian homes, compassed by moral and religious restraints, do not realize the gulf of iniquity that bounds you on the north and the south and the east and the west. While I speak there are tens of thousands of men and women going over the awful plunge of an impure life; and while I cry to God for mercy upon their souls, I call upon you to marshal in the defense of your homes, your church and your nation. There is a banqueting hall that you have never heard described. You know all about the feast of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar's carousal, where the blood of the murdered king spurted into the faces of the banqueters. You may know of the scene of riot and wassail, when there was set before Esopus one dish of food that cost \$400,000. But I speak now of a different banqueting hall. Its roof is fretted with fire. Its floor is tessellated with fire. Its chalices are chased with fire. Its song is a song of fire. Its walls are buttresses of fire. Solomon refers to it when he says: "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great physical power must crumble and expire. The Samson of the text long ago went away. He fought the lion. He fought the Philistines. He could fight anything, but death was too much for him. He may have required a longer grave and a broader grave; but the tomb nevertheless was his terminus.

If, then, we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where are we to go? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former I know—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white-robed, whose sins Christ has slain? or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a champion! He is so styled in the Bible: A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and he is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that Champion death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.

In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered by five men in all the world, and that is the fact that we must be brought into judgment for the employment of our physical organism.

Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to invalids. I preach this morning to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this physical organism.

These invalids have comparatively little to account for, perhaps. They could not lift twenty pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. In preparation of this subject I have said to myself, how shall I account to God in judgment for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness? Rising up in judgment, standing beside men and women who had only little physical energy, and yet consumed that energy in a conflagration of religious enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed!

Oh, men of the strong arm and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy, or a mental acumen, or a spiritual power?

The day approaches, and I see one who in this world was an invalid, and as she stands before the throne of God to answer she says, "I was sick all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say, "Well done, faithful servant."

And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say, "On earth I had a curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very sick; but I used to gather flowers out of the wild-wood and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wild-wood. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as he takes her up in his arms and kisses her, "Well done, well done, faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." What, then, will be said to us—we to whom the Lord gave physical strength and continuous health?

I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote, 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well; I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which other days were made as Robert Pollock had, and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds.

And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep:
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sack-cloth on;

And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy waves into a groan, and utter it,
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.
The occasion asks it, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

What Robert Pollock saw in prophetic dream, you and I will see in positive reality—the judgment! the judgment!

Christmas Eve in Bulgaria.

Christmas Eve is of greater importance to the children than Christmas Day, for in it they play a very conspicuous part. Early in the morning, children in picturesque holiday attire are seen going gaily through the streets to call on neighbors and relations, who are, of course, glad to welcome their little friends. On entering each house they recite in Slavic a few verses, which mean, "Christ is born this day; rejoice, all ye people, and let the whole earth praise him." Their hosts give each guest a round cake called "cravali," and a few coppers. In the evening the children return home with pockets full of coppers and perhaps of various nuts. With their elders the day before Christmas ends a fast, and they busy themselves preparing the evening meal, which has, for them, a solemn religious significance.

...H... Christmas Song.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I.
A LIGHT in our darkness,
A Song for our cheer,
A Child in our arms to
Be precious and dear.



A SONG FOR OUR CHEER.

Our hearts for His Manger,
Our homes for His Throne,
And Jesus our Saviour
Received by his own!

Refrain:

At Christmas we gather,
And joyfully bring
Our love and our praise
To JESUS OUR KING.

II.
Low laying before Him

Our incense and myrrh,
And deep in the shadow
Of pine and of fir,
With tapers that twinkle
And flowers that twine,
We offer our homage
And bend at His Shrine.



III.
With Mary His Mother
We find Him at rest.

Is the shade of the Cross
On that innocent breast?



ON THAT INNOCENT BREAST.

'Tis for our Redemption
This Saviour is born,
And Calvary's night is
In each Christmas Morn.

IV.
Our gems and our gold we
Would give Him this day,
Ourselves as a tribute
Before Him would lay.
For Light of the Nations
And Joy of the Earth
This Child of the Virgin
Brings Peace at His birth.

V.
A Star in our midnight,
A Song in our woe,

All heaven
brought
down

ALL HEAVEN BROUGHT DOWN.

Till its glory we know,
And angels to herald,
This dear Christmas morn,
The Saviour of sinners
In Bethlehem born.



THE CHILD OF THE VIRGIN.

THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

By Martha S. Lippincott, the Quaker Poetess.

WHAT is death, that we so dread?
Just to pass beyond the veil,
See the visions eyes ne'er saw,
Till from form the spirit fled:
And the soul immortal soars
Far above this earthly life.
To the home prepared above,
Where there is no thought of strife.
Death but summons us to come
To our Father's home of love,
Just to close our eyes in sleep
While he bears our souls above;
There to join the heavenly throng
Of God's angels, bright and fair,
Safely anchored in his home,
Freed from earthly woe and care.
Only love and peace and joy,
Happiness no words express,
Will immortal spirits know
When death comes their souls to bless.
Only rightly let us live,
Then we need not future fear,
For the gracious Father's love
E'er will hold our spirits dear.
Oh! rejoicing think of home,
Where our spirits all shall meet,
In the realms of perfect love,
Where our loved ones we shall greet,
And shall e'er roam soul with soul,
Happy in eternal life,

Where we'll find but perfect rest,
And be free from earthly strife.
Mooretown, N. J.

THE SMITTEN LORD.

Then did they spit in his face and buffeted him
and others smote him with the palms of their
hands. Matt. 26: 67.

WHAT hand could buffet Jesus,
Or smite that sacred face?
Could any child of Adam
Perform an act so base?
I would that I, dear Saviour,
Might kiss thy smitten cheek;
And when thy foes surround thee,
I would thy glory speak.
Alas, O Master! many
Of Adam's wretched race
Have lifted hands unholily
And smitten thy dear face!
If I am counted worthy
To suffer, Lord, for thee,
I would that all their smittings
Might fall instead on me.
O, standest thou so meekly
Beneath the coward blow,
When all of mighty power
Is thine above, below?
Thy patience, O my Jesus,
Is godlike, yes—like thee!
To spare the base offender
And die to make them free.

Noank, Conn.

W. C. MARTIN.

Found Christ in the Bowery Mission.

Hundreds of men of all ages, who had become slaves of sin, have found a Saviour at the Bowery Mission. One such case, which is typical of many others, is related in this letter:

BOSTON, Nov. 23, 1897.

SUPT. BOWERY MISSION, New York City: *Dear Sir:*—It had been my hope and intention to spend Thanksgiving within the walls of the Mission, but Providence has ordered it otherwise, and I can only be with you in spirit. I suppose there will be few, if any, present, who will remember the poor, miserable, drunken wretch who, ten years ago, came into old Mission "36," hungry and almost dead, to find food and drink and rest. The food I found, and have never been in need since; the drink has supplied the place of liquor, and the blessed rest has been in Christ Jesus, who, according to his promise, has supplied all my needs. I entered the Mission a slave to rum and tobacco, bound hand and foot for years. I left it a free man in Christ, and by his grace I have never had the desire return to me. In great mercy has he led me for ten years, and has filled my cup with joy and gladness. This is my testimony. I wish I might be able to give it in person, but even this may be blessed of God. I can think of no one who will remember me, unless it be Mrs. Bird and Brother Ruliffson, but to you all I send greeting and a hearty God-speed in your glorious work.

W. C. T.

This testimony is one of many such that are received every week, showing how far-reaching the spiritual influence of the Bowery Mission has been among those who have belonged to the great army of drifting and wandering men. Its converts are to be found in many lands, and they frequently write, acknowledging the "saving and keeping power" of the salvation they found at the Gospel services in the old Mission hall.

Our Little Wards at Oorfa.

Miss Shattuck, in charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Armenian Orphan work at Oorfa, writes as follows:

"Dear Christian Herald Friends:

"Our children are in good health and happy in school, and merry out of school. Our embroidery women receive Saturday payments. Each has her number pinned on her bag, and sum enclosed also indicated, and receives her pay on presentation of corresponding figures on a previously assigned ticket. Thus, the matter is systematized, which would otherwise be rather difficult of adjustment with the impatient crowd from the weekly washing-day. It is an interesting sight to see them, some unwilling to waste a minute, bring the pretty work and seated themselves in the yard waiting their turn, working meanwhile. There are many old women with spectacles carefully adjusted and who long since would be past the desire for embroidery, did not the support of the family require it. We have in one or two sets of our best workers three generations represented, and I recently discovered a young man as among our very finest embroiderers. When the superintendent asked the mother if report were true about her son, she said 'Yes, but do not treat of Miss Shattuck that he be allowed to continue; you know he cannot go to the market for work.' Some of our workers are little girls, and when I complained that the production of one was unsatisfactory, I was told she had nobody to help her, father and mother gone, a very poor brother only left.

"It is touching to see how eager all are for the work. It is their life by way of help at present. We hire two hundred more in the handkerchief department—or rather fine linen works—as we make doilies, aprons and antimacassars, as well as handkerchiefs. The six hundred keep Krikore and myself exceedingly full of work. We want a wider market for our work and shall be grateful for orders from any land, though applications should be made to Rev. or Mrs. Bowen, rather than directly to myself."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Sunday School

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

International Sunday School Lesson for
December 26. Golden Text, John 3: 16.



EVEN of the twelve lessons comprised in the Quarter's Review are biographical, dealing with the arrest, imprisonment and journey to Rome of the Apostle Paul. Three of the remainder are based on extracts from his writings, thus giving

an idea of the character of his teaching. One lesson from the writings of Peter and one from those of John complete the list and show the practical unanimity of Apostolic teaching during the closing years of the first century. Comparing the situation at the period of the last lesson with that when the little company of one hundred and twenty persons, meeting in one room, shortly after the Ascension, comprised the whole Christian Church, we are amazed at the progress made in the sixty years. Considering the difficulties of travel at the time, and the indifference of the upper classes among the Gentiles, and the fierce hostility of the Jews; taking into account the obscurity, poverty, and illiteracy of the followers of Christ, it is marvelous that in so comparatively short a time the Gospel should have been brought to the knowledge of so many people. Through the densely populated cities of Asia Minor, in Greece, and in Rome itself, the Gospel had been preached, and all over that extensive region there were churches established, which, without being formally organized and united with each other, were in communication, and animated by a spirit of fellowship. How large a part of this achievement was due to the activity of the Apostle Paul we have seen in our studies of his journeys. We are not told what was being done by the other Apostles during the same period, but we may assume that they were not idle, and that other members of the church, like Barnabas, and Philip the Evangelist, took part in the work. It is a striking proof of the divine origin of Christianity that, without the literature that came into general use later, and without the prestige of influential support from the ruling and priestly classes, the new faith should have won so many adherents, and kept them faithful to Christ. The Word of God was conspicuously fulfilled, which gives the key to the mystery: Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.

By me the Preaching might be fully known (1 Timothy 4:17). One dark night in the town of Lakenstein in Austria a number of peasants sat around a plain deal table in a detached cottage listening to Senitz, a pious preacher, who was explaining the third chapter of John. There was a knock at the door and when it was opened a distinguished-looking stranger entered. He said he wanted to hear the preaching. Every one present was in fear, for such meetings were prohibited under severe penalties. The stranger listened attentively and at the close, declared he had never heard so clear an explanation of the Scriptures. "Next time you are in Vienna," he said as he shook hands with Senitz, "come and see me and I will see if we cannot get these laws changed." He gave Senitz a card bearing the name of Count Falkenstein. Senitz, being in Vienna soon afterwards, asked for the count and was astonished at finding himself ushered into the presence of Emperor Joseph II. Looking at the Emperor he recognized as him the count who had listened to his sermon. The Emperor greeted him cordially and put an official package into his hands, bidding him open it on his return. When the preacher opened it he found inside an edict of tolerance signed by the Emperor and a check for \$5,000 to be used in building a church.

For the hope of Israel I am bound with

this chain (Acts 28: 20). His bonds seemed light as Paul thought that it was for Christ's sake that he was bound. A Christian lady, whose labors in the slums of a great city had illuminated many a wretched home, contracted a fever from one whom she nursed. In the early part of her sickness she fretted about her work and about the precious time that was slipping away while she lay helpless. But later on, she grew peaceful. A friend asked her what had wrought the change. She said it all came from a dream. After a period of agitation she fell asleep, and she dreamed that she was dressing to go out, and in place of her hat she found on her table a wreath of flowers. She put it on, and found several small thorns in it that made it uncomfortable. She took it off, and demanded who it was that had removed her hat and put that painful head-dress in its place. No one answered, but looking round she saw Christ wearing the crown of thorns, his forehead and hair stained with the blood trickling from the wounds the cruel spikes had made. "It was I," he said, "who brought the wreath. Can you not wear it for my sake?" "Blessed Jesus!" she exclaimed, "more than that for thee. It is very little to do." After that dream she fretted no more.

Having done all to stand (Eph. 6: 13). The Christian has sometimes to take the attitude so difficult for him, as for the soldier in battle to stand firm to receive the attack, making no retaliation, but simply keeping the same place. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington formed a certain part of his army in a hollow square to withstand the fierce onslaughts of the French cavalry. Again and again the fiery troops of Napoleon dashed against the line, but could not break it. But the slaughter was dreadful and the soldiers were with difficulty restrained. A courier was sent to Wellington, asking for directions. "Stand firm," was the reply. There was another charge and the square was still unbroken, but the men were evidently weary of remaining on the defensive. An officer was sent to Wellington to report. The order was still, "Stand firm." The officer replied, "We will, you will find us there." The word was kept. Not a man stirred and the whole brigade was accounted for. Every man was either living and at his post, or his dead body lay on the ground where he had been stationed.

The time past of our life may suffice (1 Peter 4: 3). "Oh, nonsense," said a man to a friend whom he had not seen since their school-days until they met casually one Christmas eve; "old friends and Christmas, too; come and have just one bottle of wine with me." The other drew him into a quiet restaurant, called for coffee and sat down beside him. "Harry," he said, "you do not know what you ask. Let me tell you why I swore off, and then you will not wonder I refuse to drink. You know I am fond of society and I can sing a good song and enjoy fun as well as any one. I went into a merchant's office after leaving school, and I soon worked my way up into a good position and a salary seldom given to so young a man. I joined two clubs and was a member of several social orders. We had a gay time. I was sometimes a little scared at my growing fondness for wine and spirits. I tried once to quit after I nearly broke my neck in a driving accident, and I was not able. I struggled hard but I could not give up the drink. Well, I soon grew tired of the hopeless fight and went back

to it after enduring a lot of ridicule. The first night I was wildly drunk. A bright lad three or four years younger than I went home with me. He was tipsy, too, but not so bad as I. When we reached the railroad crossing he drew back. 'There's a train coming,' he said. But I was reckless. 'Oh come on,' I said, 'we can get across,' and I grasped his arm and pulled him on. He stumbled and fell, and I was too drunk to lift him up. I saw the life crushed out of him, and I went nearly mad when I saw his white-headed father's sorrow at his funeral. That was enough for me. I would rather die than touch liquor again."

Be ye therefore sober (1 Peter 4: 7). Unhappily, this injunction is still necessary. So prevalent is the vice of drunkenness, that no teacher can be sure that of his class none will grow up to be drunkards. It is awful to think of the multitudes who have gone and are still going to ruin by this path. But all the examples there have been seem powerless to warn the young, and it is still an imperative duty to caution the children against this insidious enemy, which is injurious not to the victim only, but to his family and his country. A convention summoned to discuss a matter of momentous importance to the

prayed together. When death gets close as he seemed to be to us, you forgive the differences and think only of God."

Took upon him the form of a servant (Phil. 2: 7). A well-known dry-goods merchant gave an object lesson of humility to one of his employees in a practical way. A customer wished to see the effect of some bright colored carpet on the stairs of his house, and a roll of the carpet was to be sent up. One of the clerks was to go, too, to measure and show the goods. The merchant, an elderly man who had risen from poverty to wealth, walking through the store saw the clerk, a well-dressed, somewhat conceited young man standing beside the roll of carpet. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "Waiting, sir, for the porter to come and carry this carpet to Mrs. B's house." "Well, you go on," said the merchant, "and we will send the carpet after you." A few minutes after the clerk reached the house he saw a man come with the carpet on his shoulder. He was deeply mortified when the man, putting it down at his feet, touched his cap and asked, "Shall I wait and carry it back?" for it was his employer, the old merchant, who had carried the carpet for him.

If we confess our sins (1 John 1: 9). A debtor who offered his creditor fifty cents on the dollar, was asked at the meeting of his creditors if he would make a declaration that he was insolvent. He declined. "If I do," he said, "I am entirely at your mercy and you could make me a bankrupt." The reply of the creditors was a peremptory refusal to consider his appeal. "We will make no deduction," they said, "unless you confess that you are unable to pay, and then we will consider the case. You must put yourself in a position to ask mercy before you can receive mercy." Seeing that they were determined, the man made his declaration and his compromise was accepted.

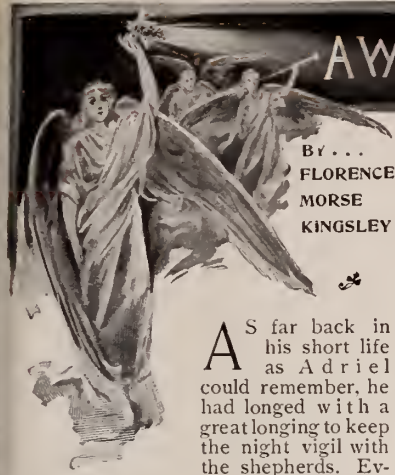
We have an Advocate (1 John 2: 1). Dr. Rogers gives a story of a dream. He says that being unable to accept Christ as his Saviour, he determined to rely on his moral life. On the night after he had come to that decision, he dreamed that he came to the city of God, and saw in it two gates. One was for those who relied on their own merits, and the other for those who pleaded guilty and asked for mercy through Christ. He went to the former gate and presented himself for examination. While he waited he saw one and another turned back. They did not come up to the standard of excellence required. Yet it was only the standard of the ten commandments. There were some who had kept nine, but had to admit covetousness, or Sabbath-breaking or profanity. While he waited and grew more nervous every moment as he saw the others rejected, he could see the other gate, at which no questions were asked. The merits of Christ were not challenged and the applicants pleaded nothing else. They admitted their own guilt. "I wish," he said, "I had come prepared to enter that gate, where the entrance is sure," and when he awoke, he trusted his soul to Christ.

Thanked God and took courage (Acts 28: 15). There is a great deal of pathos in these words. When the brethren met him he was cheered and took courage. Who would not have been glad to cheer the illustrious prisoner? Perhaps it is in our power to cheer some discouraged servant of God. A teacher who for fifteen years had been regularly in his place in Sunday School, whether the weather was fine or stormy, was taken ill. His unusual absence from school caused remark, and one and another visited him and told him that when they had been in his class they had been helped by his teaching. One particularly told him that he owed it to his teaching that he had been kept from sin and become a Christian. "Thank God," said the sick man; "it is a great comfort. How I wish you had told me before. It would have sent sunlight into many a dark hour."



ANCIENT PORTRAITS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

A face-simile of a Roman Tablet, now in the British Museum. In the upper picture, Paul is represented in a crude chair. In the lower picture, he is represented on the left, shaking off the viper into the fire (Acts 28: 5). The date of the tablet is unknown, but it must have been prior to 400 A. D.



A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

BY . . .
FLORENCE
MORSE
KINGSLEY

AS far back in his short life as Adriel could remember, he had longed with a great longing to keep the night vigil with the shepherds. Every evening he

watched with wistful eyes his father and elder brothers make ready their wallets and look well to their weapons of defense, preparatory to the possible perils of the darkness. Every morning he awoke with the birds to welcome them as they came home, gray with the frosty dews and hungry for the morning meal.

"Why may I not go with them?" he asked again and again; and as often his mother made answer: "Thou art but a lamb thyself, son; it is in the warm fold that thou must abide in the cold night watches."

"But, truly, my mother, I am no longer a child," he argued; "have I not already nine years, and have I not thrice beaten off the dogs from the yearling ewes as I kept them by day?"

"Ay, the lad shall go with us to-night," said his father, a gleam of pride in his stern eyes. "It is of such stuff that men and warriors are made. God grant that Israel shall yet have need of men and warriors." With that he heaved a great sigh and turned away.

Adriel lifted his head proudly. He knew full well that his father was thinking of the promised deliverance of Israel. He was already a man; he resolved that he would also be a warrior. And when the Messiah should come—He that is called Wonderful, Prince of Jehovah, King of kings—he, Adriel, would fling himself into the swift-rushing brook in the valley below, and, having passed it, would kneel all dripping at the feet of the Prince; just as the mighty men and warriors of old had flung themselves at the feet of King David, crying out: "Thine we are, David; and on thy side, son of Jesse!"

Was it not on these very hills that the lad David, himself a shepherd, had watched his flocks? And yonder, in the valley below, Ruth, the Moabitess, had once gleaned among the shining corn, herself more fair than the flowers that grew along the margin of the stream? And yonder, too, near the gate of Bethlehem, gushed the cold, clear waters of the fountain—the water for which David had longed so sorely in the heat and dust of battle. Adriel's eyes sparkled as he thought of the three mighty men cutting their triumphant way through the hosts of savage Philistines to fetch their brimming helmets to the king.

"Dost thou think that the Prince will come soon, my father?" he asked, eagerly, as the two followed the slow-stepping flocks to the hill pastures.

Hazaiah shook his head sadly: "Nay, child, how can I tell thee? It is a long time—a long, long time. Surely, the night is very dark; yet if it be the darkest hour, then is the day-star at hand."

Adriel was still thinking of the King, while his father, the head shepherd, made all needful preparations for the safety of the sacred flocks during the watches of the night. For these were not the common herds of Bethlehem, food for the toiling multitudes; they were the flower of a thousand flocks, chosen with all care, and set apart for the holy sacrifices to Jehovah

in the great temple at Jerusalem.

Adriel sat down where he was bidden in the shelter of a great limestone rock, drawing his abba of goat's hair more closely about his shoulders, for the night wind blew cold from the valley below, bringing with it shreds of shrill mist from the surface of the stream, which brawled loudly and complainingly in the silence of the night. The child looked dreamily about him at the slow-moving masses of the flocks; at the hills, rising high and dark against the mysterious blue-black of the sky, alive with the frosty sparkle of countless stars; at the rugged walls of the Migdal Eder—the flock tower—his eyes resting at last upon a yellow star of light, high up the rocky steep. Adriel knew that the light was that of a lantern swinging before the entrance to the village inn.

"There are many strangers in Bethlehem to-night," quoth Dan, the oldest shepherd of them all, settling himself comfortably beside the lad; "the khan yonder is crowded."

"Why are there strangers in Bethlehem?" asked the child, his eyes still fixed

it shall reach even to the gates of Damascus. Its gates also shall be thirty ells long, and as wide, builded of precious stones and pearls: its houses shall tower into heaven, and every house shall shine, even as a jasper stone, clear and sparkling."

Adriel drew a long breath of pleasure. "Shall I be there?" he asked, wistfully. "Shall I see the King?"

"Art thou not of the seed of Abraham?" cried the old shepherd. "Ay, thou shalt be there; thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, if so be that thou see the happy day of his coming." He broke off with a sigh, his eyes fixed upon the drowsy flocks, which wandered, slowly feeding, in the dim starlight, or slept, huddled into snug groups—the mothers with their little ones, in the soft, chill grass.

Adriel was looking at the great star which hung above Bethlehem; it seemed to the child that it pointed a long, shining finger of rosy fire down through the night.

"Tell me more of the King," he said, dreamily.

"The King shall reign over his people," said Dan, slowly. "And in the city the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

"Ay!" broke in the deep voice of the chief shepherd, "The ransomed of the

Glory to God in the highest!
And on earth peace,
Good-will toward men!

Then the earth shadows dropped again, like a black curtain betwixt life and death. But the star shone on.

"Come, let us go that we may see the Prince!" cried Adriel, plucking his father by the sleeve. Hazaiah stood as if turned to stone—as indeed did the shepherds one and all—staring up into the familiar heavens, the earth-side of the wondrous gate, "whose key Love keeps on that side, and on this side, Death."

Then with all haste they climbed the steep hill to Bethlehem where shone the light of the khan, faint and dim under the rosy lustre of the star. And there, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger, even as the angel had said, they found the child.

"He shall be called Wonderful," said Hazaiah, bowing his white head before the new-born Prince, "Son of Jehovah, King of kings—ay, the Consolation of Israel."

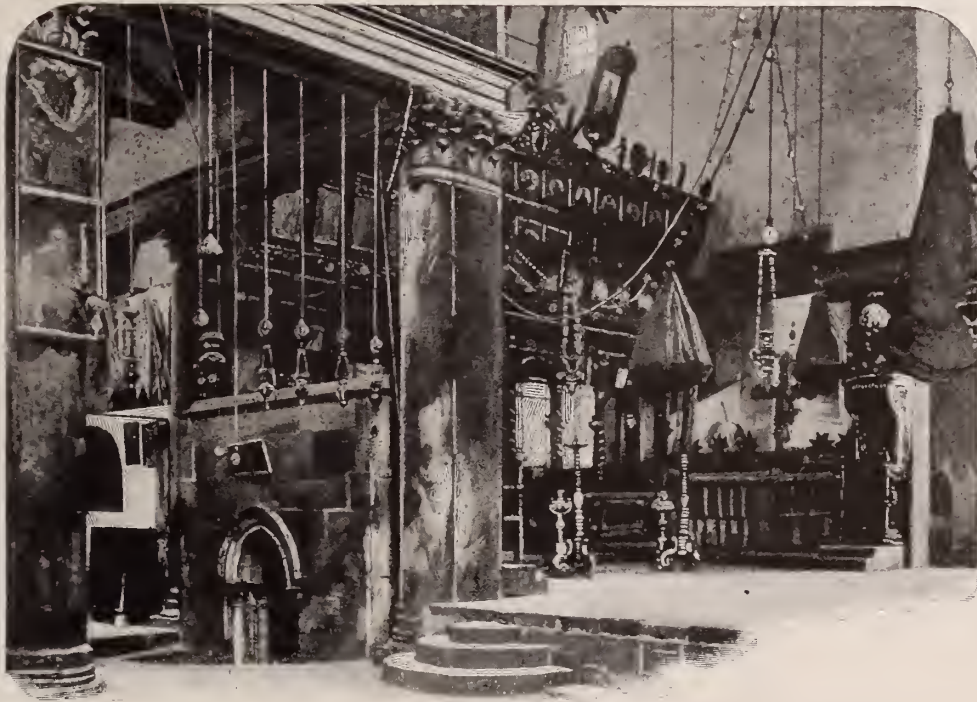
But Adriel, trembling with joy at the soft smile in the eyes of the mother, reached out his little brown hand and touched for an instant, ever so gently, the tiny rosy hand of the sleeping babe. "A Saviour," he murmured, "which is Christ, the Lord."

A Drunkard's Sermon.

Probably no more eloquent or dramatic sermon on the sin of drunkenness was ever delivered than that to which a small gathering of drinking men listened in a New Orleans bar room recently. *The Picayune* of that city tells the story. The drinkers—a group of well dressed young men with plenty of money—were standing at the bar, when a poor, miserable specimen of a tramp pushed open the swinging-doors and, with bleared eyes, looked at them appealingly. They ordered a drink for him, paid for it, and then boisterously demanded that he make a speech. After swallowing the liquor, the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home, and friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine-cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging-doors pushed open and shut to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone. He had gone out into the dark December night, to wander no doubt till dawn, but he, outcast though he was, had made an impression. They felt that they had received a lesson which they would remember while they lived, and when they left the bar-room the words of the poor wanderer still sounded in their ears like a note of warning.



THE "GROTTO OF THE STAR," IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.

on the twinkling light. It was not nearly so bright—he thought—as the great star which hung above it.

"They are here for the taxing," said Dan, frowning till his frosty brows met. "I also, and every mother's son of us, must pay of his hard-earned wages that the heathen king may drink from a golden cup."

Adriel was silent for a moment. "These things will not be when Messiah shall come," he said, slowly.

"When Messiah shall come," echoed Dan. "Ay, lad, those will be days! And it will be in Bethlehem yonder that he will first see the light. Look you, boy," and the old man thrust his shepherd's crook into the soft earth, that he might have both hands free to deal with his subject, "I have heard the great rabbis in Jerusalem tell what shall come to pass in those days—and who should know better than the rabbis? When Messiah shall come there shall be a mighty slaughter among the enemies of Israel, such as was never seen since the world was created, nor shall be again. The mountains shall be red with the blood of the heathen; the robes of the prince also shall be like the skins of purple grapes: they shall be dyed red with blood. Then shall God bring Sinai, Tabor and Carmel, the holy mountains, and he shall set Jerusalem upon them, and the city shall be so great that

King shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

After that the stillness was unbroken, but for the sighing of the night wind and the gentle sounds of the quiet sheep as they cropped the young winter grass. Adriel's eyes drooped; the rosy light of the star seemed to enfold him, soft and pleasant as in his mother's arms. Then on a sudden—or was it all a dream?—the light flashed white and wonderful, on groups of straying sheep, on dark hills, on misty valleys, on the startled faces of the shepherds. In the midst of the light—for so it seemed to the child—he saw the figure of a man, clad in garments of glorious whiteness, yet was the glory of his raiment as nothing to the glory of the joy that shone upon his face.

"Fear not," he said, and his voice was as the voice of many waters: "fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and singing,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPFER, PROPRIETOR.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Traps of Satan.

WE have heard men in mid-life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hopped and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up, and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hoppel, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain, because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind, lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly; but if, after a while, we turn round and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one, "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say, "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and to eating and drinking, a temptation to ignore the great work of life, a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament determines the style of temptation; but, whatever the temptation, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling-hook just fitted for you and me. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You lay with a man who is so serene and calm, you say, "He is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at eighty years of age has as much temptation as a man at twenty-five. There are only different styles of temptation. Ask the good Christian whether he is never tempted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

How Our India Famine Cargo was Distributed

The following is an official statement of the distribution of the cargo of the *City of Everett*, to the various stations on the East India Railway and connected lines. A "maund" is equal to 82½ pounds, a "seer" to 2 pounds (Bengal measurement):

Station.	Consignee.	No. Bags.	Description.	Maunds.	Seers.	Station.	Consignee.	No. Bags.	Description.	Maunds.	Seers.
Ahmednagar.	Rev H Fairbank, A B C F M.	131, corn	121, rye	10, beans	381 10	Shahjahanpur.	Rev J Blackstock, Meth.	375, corn	75, rye	74, beans	762 10
Ahmednagar.	Dr J Bissell, A B C F M.	262, corn	243, rye	19, beans	762 10	Lucknow.	Rev J W Robinson, Meth.	375, corn	75, rye	74, beans	762 10
Ahmednagar.	Rev R Winsor, A B C F M.	262, corn	244, rye	18, beans	762 10	Lucknow.	Rev A Birkett, C M S.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Ahmednagar.	Dr J Bissell, A B C F M.	375, corn	75, rye	74, beans	762 10	Lucknow.	Rev E A Huesley, C M S.	131, rye	131, rye	150, corn	381 10
Kasganj.	Rev H Rosa Khan, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Goxukhpur.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	93, rye	19, beans	381 10	
Latipur.	Mr Bacon, A Zen M.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Goxukhpur.	Rev J P Elwood, C M S.	131, corn	85, rye	188, corn	381 10
Hurda.	Rev S L Wharton, Disciples.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Moxadabad.	Rev Lacore, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Muttra.	Rev J E Scott, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Anjhi.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	150, corn	93, rye	17, beans	381 10
Meerut.	Rev L Lawson, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Seharu Road.	Rev T S Johnson, Meth.	768, corn	317, rye	225, beans	1905 20
Iyzahad.	Rev J Elliott, Wes Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Allahabad.	Rev R Clancy, Meth.	375, corn	74, rye	67, beans	792 10
Khamagou.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	170, corn	74, rye	18, beans	381 10	Bhagalpur.	Rev C Hoghesdin, C M S (Goddia).	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Amraoti.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	358, corn	111, rye	35, beans	762 20	Asansol.	Rev I Lenden, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Sagour.	Rev Landberg, S Evangelical.	318, corn	113, rye	93, beans	762 10	Kalooleathan.	Rev A Campbell, Pres.	375, corn	74, rye	75, beans	762 10
Shegaon.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	358, corn	91, rye	131, beans	762 20	Mihijani.	Mr Rowath, Ind.	121, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Itarsi.	Rev Mr Swam, Friends.	170, corn	54, rye	38, beans	381 10	Azmeegunj.	Rev A Seins, C M S.	121, corn	25, rye	37, beans	381 10
Seoui.	Rev J Taylor, Lond Miss Soc.	170, corn	54, rye	38, beans	381 10	Agra.	Rev J Hayl, C M S.	185, corn	85, rye	225, rye	381 10
Bombay.	Rev C S Hume, A B C F M.	131, corn	122, rye	9, beans	381 10	Janitara.	Rev A Halgert, Ind.	225, rye	37, beans	381 10	
Rahuri.	Rev W C Ballantine, A B C F M.	131, corn	121, rye	10, beans	381 10	Raneegunge.	Rev W A Smith, F W M.	225, rye	37, beans	381 10	
Kampti.	Rev C J Elsau, Meth.	169, corn	75, rye	18, beans	381 10	Hardoi.	Rev S Tupper, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Shahgemge.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	262, corn	225, rye	3, beans	762 10	Raipur.	Rev A Stall, Salvation Army.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Hurda.	Rev W Grenon, Meth.	131, corn	38, rye	18, beans	272 10	Katni.	Rev T S Johnson, Meth.	1,399, corn	562, rye	393, beans	3429 30
Hurda.	Rev R W Wharton, Disc.	262, corn	38, rye	37, beans	490 00	Jubbulpur.	Rev T S Johnson, Miss Stevens, L M S.	524, corn	188, corn	37, rye	762 10
Khandwa.	Rev A S Vardon, Meth.	169, corn	54, rye	39, beans	381 10	Mirzapur.	Rev J S Coll, Meth.	131, corn	113, rye	18, beans	381 10
Bina.	Rev B Mitchell, Disc.	318, corn	113, rye	93, beans	762 10	Palene.	Rev J S Meik, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Narsingpur.	Rev J O Denning, Meth.	1460, corn	468, rye	430, beans	3429 30	Jubbulpur.	Rev T S Johnson, Meth.	1946, corn	936, rye	524, beans	4954 10
Bilaspur.	Rev M D Adams, Disc.	337, corn	112, rye	75, beans	762 10	Stnmanalead R'd.	Rev T S Johnson, Meth.	636, corn	242, rye	170, beans	1524 20
Gadarwara.	Rev J O Denning, Meth.	992, corn	298, rye	262, beans	2286 20	Sutna.	Rev Y S Johnson, Meth.	337, corn	112, rye	75, beans	762 10
Khamgaon.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	169, corn	55, rye	28, beans	381 10	Cawnpore City.	Rev S S Dean, Meth.	375, corn	75, rye	74, beans	762 10
Banda.	Rev J A Hill, C M S.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Fatehpur.	Rev H Forman, A P.	561, corn	112, rye	113, beans	1143 10
Unao.	Rev Y Shaw, Meth.	123, corn	25, rye	28, beans	381 10	Manikpur.	Rev R Chancey, Meth.	375, corn	74, rye	75, beans	762 10
Bareilly.	Rev I L Neild, Meth.	246, corn	50, rye	74, beans	762 10	Iyzabad.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	150, corn	93, rye	19, beans	281 10
Gonda.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	113, corn	113, rye	36, beans	381 10	Agra.	Rev W McLenn, C M S.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Goteagaon.	Rev J O Denning, Meth.	824, corn	262, rye	224, beans	1905 20	Aligarh.	Rev J C Lawson, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Bina.	Rev B Mitchell, Disc.	182, corn	262, rye	182, corn	762 10	Chola Bulnidshahar.	Rev Ch Luke, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Mazaffarpur.	Rev K Jackson, Meth.	123, corn	25, rye	37, beans	381 10	Sitapur.	Rev P S Williams, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Patila.	Rev C G Scott, N Pres.	131, rye	131, beans	150, corn	381 10	Aymore.	Rev C Dsanza, Meth.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10
Poonish.	Yasu Ratnam, Salvation Army.	93, rye	19, beans	381 10	Saharapur.	Rev C W Fruman, A P.	131, mixed corn	115, rye	107, beans	381 10	
Shahpur.	Rev H Fairbank, A B C F M.	131, rye	131, beans	262, corn	381 10	Bhatapara.	Rev Mr Lohr, C M.	155, corn	262, rye	25, corn	762 10
Raipur.	Rev A Stall, Salvation Army.	262, corn	762 10	Amraoti.	Rev Mr Gadshall, Ind.	106, rye	36, beans	37, corn	87, rye	31, beans	370 00
Akola.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	170, corn	18, beans	381 10	Nandzai.	See to the Nandzai, Municipality, Lajnar.	31, corn	30, beans	85, rye	370 00	
Akola.	Rev A W Moore, Meth.	170, corn	75, rye	18, beans	381 10	Shulapur.	Rev Mr Fairbank, A B C F M.	40, corn	82, rye	36, beans	354 00
Akola.	Rev R Stanley, Chr Alliance.	188, corn	37, rye	37, beans	381 10	Inrulah.	Rev Ullman, Guawner.	36, beans	50195	1,881,742	
						TOTAL MAUNDS, - - - 50195					
						Equal to pounds, - - - 1,881,742					

BRIEF NOTES.

In response to many inquiries we make the following announcement: Readers whose subscriptions expire at any time during the coming year and who specially desire to avail themselves of our **Premium Offers at the Holiday Season**, may now do so by remitting the proper amount. They can thus secure their **Premiums at once**, and we will extend their subscriptions for a whole year from the present date of expiration. This arrangement will also apply to our Thumb-Indexed A Bible.

Rev. M. H. Pogson, D.D., has been holding special services at Herkimer, N. Y. The church report a deepening of religious life and accession of new members.

The Church Missionary Society has no 766 missionaries in the foreign field, of whom 2 are ladies. This is thirty-eight more than were employed by the Society at the beginning of the year.

The Total Abstinence Society of Massachusetts has succeeded in getting pledges signed by the public schools of the State by 203,500 children to abstain from intoxicating drinks. Of these 4,851 were pledged during the present year.

Y. M. C. A. work in France is making progress, and at Marseilles the Association has collected locally the necessary funds for its establishment in spacious premises for a general work for young men, and for the salary of a general secretary.

All the Premiums offered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are now ready for immediate shipment, and our friends are earnestly requested to send their orders in as soon as possible, to ensure good and prompt service and to avoid the delays incident to the heavy holiday rush.

A new test of church membership applied by a church in Pennsylvania. The church declined to receive a mill-worker and his wife who brought letters from another church. The reason given for not receiving them was that the man was "a non-union man."

English journals report excellent results from the services now being held in London at other cities by Rev. John T. Vine, the American evangelist, who has just concluded a successful month's mission at the Edinburgh Castle, Linlithgow, East Lothian.

Rev. J. H. Weber, of Preston, Ohio, has been conducting special evangelistic meetings at Burlington and Council Bluffs, Iowa. Mr. Weber has accepted an invitation to Milwaukee, Wis., where he will conduct a series of meetings to continue to the end of February.

Good news from Formosa was brought by the last letter from Dr. McKay. His wonderful faith and equally wonderful effort are being rewarded, and he has been privileged to baptize a large number of converts. Others are preparing and the outlook is more hopeful than at any time since the war with Japan.

An appeal is made by Mr. George A. C. Ernst, 76 Equitable Building, Boston, Mass., on behalf of a young man who has been discharged from prison after serving a term for forgery. I was his first offense and he has sincerely repented and is anxious to lead a good life. His friends do not want pecuniary help for him but only employment. He is a skilled clerk and book-keeper.

Dr. Keskar, the Hindoo Christian physician who is now visiting this country, delivered interesting addresses at the Forest Congregation Church, New York, on Nov. 28. On December 1 he gave an address at the meeting of the American Board in Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Keskar is an extremely intelligent Christian gentleman, and his stories of life in India are of the most interesting kind.

At the Salvation Army meeting at Carnegie Hall last week, Commander Booth-Tucker explained what the Army was trying to do with its farm-colonies. In order to meet the initial expenses, the Commander proposed to borrow money from sympathetic friends, for which he would pay interest at five per cent. The loans to be for term of five years. About \$30,000 was received partly in loans and partly in absolute gifts.

Hu King Eng, the first Chinese woman doctor, is a great success in the Flower Land. Having studied and taken the degree of M.D. in the United States, after seven years' hard work, she is now in charge of the Siang-Hu Hospital at Foochow, and a story is told of a coolie who wheeled his blind old mother a thousand miles on a barrow to her to the woman doctor. A double operation for cataract was the result, and the old woman recovered her sight.

It is gratifying to read the recently issued report of the Metropolitan Temple of New York. It shows what consecrated energy can do in a downtown church. The membership has grown in three years from two hundred to over a thousand. The large church has a full congregation every Sunday morning and is crowded to its utmost capacity at night. Fifty services are held each week in the building and a large number of societies and clubs are in efficient working order. Over sixteen thousand dollars were contributed last year.

The American Bible Society has a noble record of work for the past year. It put into circulation in foreign lands 767,628 volumes of the Scriptures, of which 495,000 went to China and the remainder to Japan, Central America, Siam and other lands. The expenses of this vast work for the year were \$192,292.32. The Society is so important a help to the Missionary Societies that it deserves the most hearty support of all the churches. Unhappily its claims are too often overlooked and its beneficent work is restricted by lack of funds.

The Evangelistic Association of New England has recently been engaged in holding union services for the deepening of spiritual life in and about Boston, Mass. The meetings have been addressed by a number of prominent Bible teachers, under the presidency of Rev. E. A. Lawrence. Under the auspices of the same society Mr. Henry Varley, of Australia, has been holding services in a number of prominent churches, and has conducted the daily noon prayer meetings at the Broomfield M. E. Church.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AUSTRIA'S TROUBLES.

SCENES of violence unprecedented in a legislative assembly have of late given unpleasant prominence throughout Europe to the proceedings of the Austrian Reichsrath and have caused general anxiety. At one of the recent sittings of that august body the members fought and struggled like school-boys, and a strong force of police was required to remove the combatants. One account says that the President of the house was kicked and beaten until he fainted. One deputy leaped on the platform and seizing the papers on the President's desk, tore them to fragments. Dr. Volff, the German Nationalist leader had a shrill whistle which he blew continuously during the proceedings, while other members slammed the lids of their desks or beat them with their umbrellas. The excitement of the members when the sitting was declared adjourned, was intense and fights were going on in all parts of the house. Outside, regiments of cavalry were dispersing the people, who thronged the streets and many were trampled under the feet of the horses. The disturbances had an echo in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, where mobs paraded the streets wrecking the stores and destroying public property. It was necessary to put the city under martial law and to fire upon the mob with ball cartridges. In other cities of Bohemia scenes of disorder have been witnessed. The houses of unpopular citizens have been attacked, the windows broken, the furniture destroyed and the owners barely escaping with their lives. The riotous disturbances are the culmination of the antipathies which Mr. Gribayeff described in this journal of Nov. 10. As he stated in his article, the Austrian Germans hold the Bohemian Czechs in contempt and are at pains to conceal their dislike of them. Hitherto the Germans have succeeded in holding a majority in the Reichsrath, but in the present house the members of the Slavonic races outnumber them. The Premier, Count Badeni, confronted by the hostile majority, made a concession to the Czechs. He acceded to their demand that the Czech language should be used, as well as the German, in the courts and public offices. The Germans resented this concession and demanded the abrogation of the decree. But the Count remained firm and has resigned rather than yield to German clamor. It looks at this time very much as if Bohemia will not be pacified by anything short of the independence that Hungary enjoys and possibly that may eventually be the outcome of the disturbances. It is evident that unless the Slavonic races abate their demands, or

the Germans yield to the will of the majority, it will be impossible to carry on the government of the nation under the present constitution. As neither alternative seems possible, the aged Emperor Francis Joseph, who claims allegiance from Germans and Slavs alike, has a difficult task in governing them both and is doubtless asking himself almost in despair the question propounded by the Hebrew prophet:

Can two walk together unless they be agreed? (Amos 3:3).

The Elevator's Last Trip.

A press despatch from Providence, R. I., describes an extensive fire which took place on Dec. 2. It broke out in a high office building in which a large number of persons were engaged on every floor. It is thought that a match accidentally dropped on a heap of excelsior started the conflagration. The flames spread with frightful rapidity and a dense cloud of smoke filled the stairways. The elevator man realized that the people on the top floors

ever it was, it could not have been worth what it cost him. So it will be in the day of final accounting. Many will realize then that it would have been better to turn away from the greatest prizes the world has to offer, and to make sure of salvation:

Remember Lot's wife (Luke 17:32).

Rescued from an Eagle.

A press despatch from Black Water, Mo., reports the rescue of a child from the talons of an eagle. It appears that the boy, who is four years old, though rather small for his age, was playing in a field near the house of his uncle. No one was with him at the time, but he was thought to be able to take care of himself. His uncle was busy about some farm work in the barn near by, when he heard a cry of terror. He ran out to look for the child and was horrified to see a large bald eagle hovering over his prostrate form. The bird had apparently swooped down upon

appointed by the Spanish Government. Its legislative affairs to be managed by a parliament of two Houses, of which the lower shall be elected by the people, and the upper to consist of thirty-five members, seventeen of whom will be nominated by Spain and eighteen elected by the Cuban people. The crucial question of the tariff is to be regulated by a commission, under a guarantee to secure Spanish control of the Cuban trade. The scheme is incomplete, as it does not fix the amount of debt to be apportioned to the island; and its definition of the powers of the Governor-General and of the Parliament is extremely vague. It offers, however, a decided advance on the conditions heretofore existing in Cuba, and so far may be accepted as an indication of a conciliatory disposition on the part of the Spanish Government. It is reported that the Cuban leaders refuse to accept the offer, for the reason that it does not concede the rights for which they have been fighting, nor does it guarantee the permanence of those it offers. The leaders fear that if they laid down their arms and submitted to Spain, some new Cortes might repudiate the concession, and the old conditions might be reimposed. They therefore propose to continue the struggle, in the hope of gaining real freedom and complete separation from Spain. They contend that so long as Spain has any control over the island free institutions would be an impossibility, as the Spaniards themselves have not genuine constitutional government, and are prevented electing to their Cortes men really representing the people.

It would appear that in the eyes of the Cuban leaders the offer, like that of which the apostle speaks, is discredited by the people who made it.

While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption (11. Peter, 2:19).

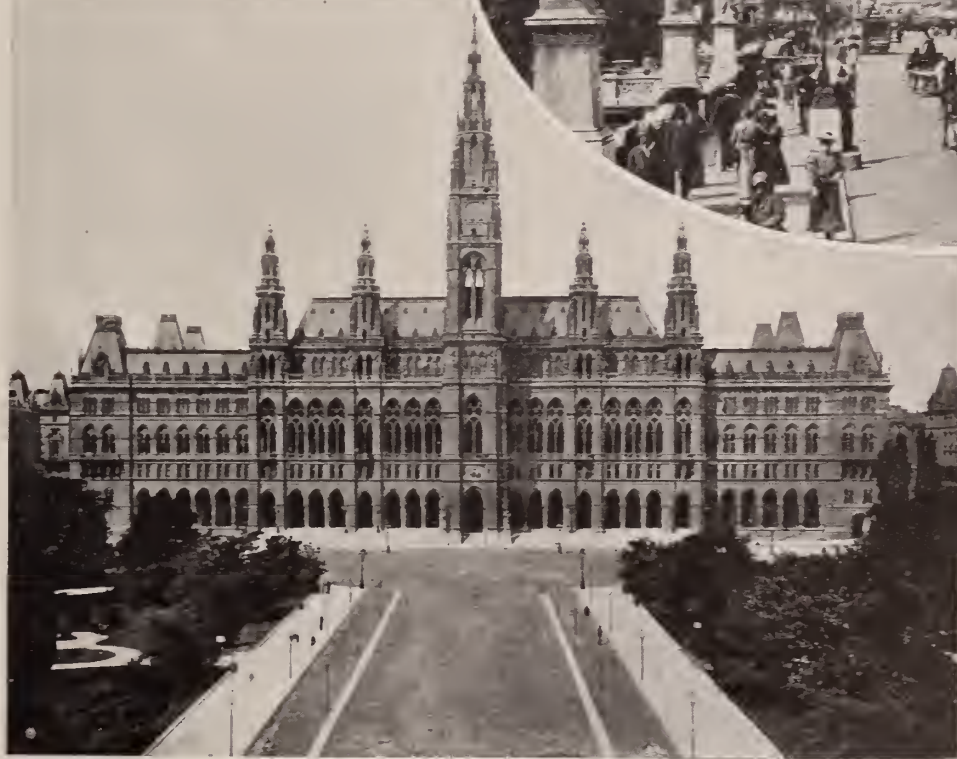
The Light Out at Last.

The journals of Springfield, Mass., tell a pathetic story of a lady whose funeral took place in that city a few days ago. She was ninety years of age when she died, and had spent all her life in a quaint little cottage, which is said to be the oldest house in the city. She was educated at New Haven, Conn., and soon after her return to the parental roof a young man won her affections. He was a sailor and was about to go on a long voyage, on his return from which they were to be married. There was a tearful farewell on the night before he sailed, but the sailor lover cheered the girl as well as he could, and she, on her side, promised to think of him continually and watch for his return. She said she would put a candle in her window every night, so that if he came back after sundown he would know that she was waiting for him. He was never heard from again, and his ship was reported "missing," but the girl refused to abandon hope. She could not bring herself to believe he was dead. That is seventy years ago, and, true to her promise, every night during that long period a light shone from her window as a greeting to the lover who never came. On the night after her death there was no light there for the first time in seventy years. Her life was a beautiful instance of fidelity. It is much to be wished that Christians who have the sure promise of their Lord's coming were similarly careful to keep their light burning in readiness to receive him. Christ expects such fidelity, and warns those who are remiss that they may be taken unawares:

But and if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the men servants and maidens, and to eat and drink and be drunken: the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him. (Luke 12:45).



PRINCIPAL STREET OF VIENNA.



THE RATH-HAUS, VIENNA. SCENE OF THE RECENT DISORDERS.

would be anxious to escape by that way, but in the confusion and noise he had heard no summons. He closed the door on the ground floor and pulled the rope. It was a daring thing to do, for the shaft was already full of smoke, and the moment the flames reached it they would roar up it as through a chimney. He reached the top floor and found crowded around the elevator door a number of half-tainting women and one man. The attendant got them all in except the man, who turned back, either to get something or for some other reason. There was no time to wait, and the elevator man shut the door and took his car down in safety. The hook and ladder companies, meanwhile, were taking some of the tenants from the windows. Eventually all were saved but the one man who turned back. After the fire had burned itself out, his charred corpse was found among the ruins. It will never be known what it was that he turned back to get, but what-

made desperate efforts to fly away, but its talons were entangled in the child's clothing and it could not get free. The man threw his coat over the eagle's head and succeeded in capturing it. One may hope that in after years when the child is assailed by a more formidable enemy the recollection of his early danger and rescue may lead him to cry for help to One who is able to deliver him.

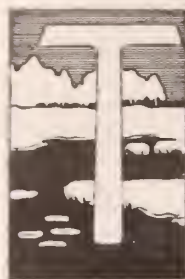
The Lord shall help them and deliver them; he shall deliver them from the wicked and save them because they trust in him (Ps. 37:40).

Cubans May Have Autonomy.

Spain has now tendered to Cuba an offer, which if it had been made at an earlier period might have prevented the long and costly struggle which has desolated the island. It is practically an offer of autonomy limited by certain conditions, which are intended to perpetuate Spanish ascendancy. It is proposed that the executive power in the island shall be in the hands of a Governor-General, to be

HOME FROM INDIA.

Our Commissioner, Dr. R. G. Hobbs, Describes the Reception in India of "The City of Everett" and the Distribution of the Grain.



THE cargo of corn which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to India for the relief of the famine sufferers arrived in perfect condition. Not a grain of it spoiled in transit. Every precaution was taken to secure this result, and though the corn was in the hold eight weeks, most of the time under a tropical

sun, it came out as sweet as it went in.

The arrival of the ship created a profound impression throughout India. A government launch came down the river from Calcutta to meet us. On board were members of the Viceroy's council and other high officials, together with Bishop Thoburn and other missionaries. These gentlemen came on board and met us with the heartiest expressions of welcome and appreciation. A few days after our arrival we were accorded a reception at the Union Club by Hon. H. E. M. James, Governor of Sindh and Cabinet minister and the representative of Lord Elgin, Viceroy of India. Among those present was Chief Justice Maclean who was warm in his expressions of appreciation. In the speeches made on the occasion many words of praise for the sympathy and noble generosity of the Christian people of America were uttered. The

GRATITUDE OF THE OFFICIALS

was unstinted, and it was evident that this practical token of America's good-will in the time of harass and sorrow, had touched all hearts. The leading journals, both English and Hindu, published columns of description of the ship and its freight and expressed warm appreciation of the gift and the friendly sympathy it showed.

Many applications were made from all parts of India for a share of the grain, and it was well received, though the famine-relief committees did not conceal the fact that much suffering had been averted by the course THE CHRISTIAN HERALD took in selling the other corn and sending the proceeds in money. The early arrival of the money by cable had enabled the missionaries to continue and extend the work of rescue, which must have halted if they had been obliged to wait for the arrival of the ship. The work of relief had gone forward and the arrival of the City of Everett was just in time to continue the beneficence. The opinion was unanimous that the corn itself would not only save life, but would serve as an object lesson in Christian charity more impressive than even the gift of money, and such as the people of India would never forget. I am sorry on my return to the United States to see that in some way a mistake was made as to this fact. A letter from Capt. Laverge describing our treatment by the Spaniards at the Philippine Islands, where we stayed for coal, was thought to apply to India. It was at the Philippine Islands, not at Calcutta, that our mission to India was deprecated and our stores were put in our way.

The impression made on the natives of India by the arrival of the ship and its cargo could not be mistaken. All classes visited the ship to express their gratitude. Among these was Maharaja Jotendra Mohan Tagore, of Calcutta, one of the most prominent and influential of the native princes of Bengal, who invited us to his palace. Not a few of those who came to express their gratitude were men of education, talking in the most perfect English about the affairs of their own and other countries. At Madras, where the ship stopped for a

few days, there were thousands of natives on board of all classes. A number came many miles from the interior. One man came a night's journey on the railway, bringing his wife and daughters who had never before been out of their native village. Here, again, the English people paid us every attention. An English lord or two, military men, and high officials were among them.

GREWSOME SIGHTS.

The statements already made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the severity of the famine I soon perceived were no exaggeration. Indeed, they fell far short of the fact. It would be difficult to draw the picture in colors too dark. Millions of people were involved in the famine, and unquestionably nearly 2,000,000 of people, if not more, have died of starvation. *I saw thousands of people who were terribly emaciated. Many of them were little more than walking skeletons.* It seemed impossible that life should remain in such wasted bodies; the skin was drawn tightly over the bones till it seemed that there was not a particle of flesh left. The lips were so shrunken that they stood apart and showed the teeth. The cheeks were drawn in. The ears had an unnatural prominence. The shoulders had the awful squareness of a skeleton. The ribs stood out with terrible distinctness. The sight of their legs and arms made one's heart ache with pity. There was no flesh on them. I ranged several of them in line and photographed them. *It was like photographing the dead!*

FEEDING THE STARVING.

I visited a number of relief stations and saw the people who had been gathered into them by the Government. At the gateway of one of these were half a hundred women and children who had just come in from the villages and were begging to be taken in and fed. They fell at

and the money would help them along till they could get employment in helping to harvest the fast ripening crops. But the most of them were too feeble for that, and with the children we saw to it that they were taken inside where they were fed. No doubt the next day and the next another equally pitiful and heart-rending group gathered for relief. They kept coming to the missionaries with whom I stopped here and there. Mothers came bringing children begging the missionaries to take them. One poor woman, with streaming eyes, cried, as she brought three little walking skeletons into the yard, "If you do not take them they will die."

A CREMATION OF THE DEAD.

At one Government relief station I saw them bringing in people from the hill villages. They were in the last stages of emaciation. This was in Jubbulpur. Seventeen had died in the station the day I was there who had suffered so much before reaching the station that it was too late for food to do them any good. I saw the bodies in an adjoining field, where they were being burned. Seventeen bodies burning is not a pleasant sight. As many or more were burned each day. Three per cent. of the inmates of the relief compound died each day, because when brought in they were too far gone to recover. I saw a number in different places who were on the verge of death — almost at the last gasp of life. The magnitude of the famine will be understood when it is remembered the Government and the English people poured out in eight months \$30,000,000 to relieve the famine sufferers.

A MISSIONARY'S PIANO SOLD.

I visited a number of missions in the Central Provinces. I found the missionaries making superhuman efforts to save people. From one parsonage they had sold their piano to get money to buy bread for the hungry. I was assured by high officials that the very best relief work that has been done has been by the missionaries. They have everywhere been members of the Government relief committees. Money and grain placed in their hands were most judiciously used, as they come into such close contact with the people that they know what to do for them. The American missionaries, especially, have been active in gathering up the orphans. I think they alone have now not less than 5,000 under their charge. The majority of these must be cared for for five or six years. Some of them for a longer time. Rev. R. Clancy of Allahabad and Rev. J. O. Denning of Nursingpur, perhaps, have the largest number under their care, but there are a number of missionaries who have taken in many of these helpless little ones, and will certainly need aid in caring for them in the time to come. The cost of caring for a child depends upon the kind of buildings put up to shelter it and the amount of teaching given. Fifteen dollars a year might, perhaps, support a child, but it would be a very poor support. The closest economy is practised in these orphanages, because there are more children than can be cared for within reach, and every cent saved means the saving of some who would otherwise starve. The experience of those who cared for orphans after the famine twenty years ago

warrants those who are now taking their children under their care in expectation that these children will grow up and become Christian teachers and preachers.

SPIRITUAL RESULTS.

The sending of the corn and money is certain to help the missionaries in their work. I heard many things said by Hindus which showed how profoundly they were impressed by the Christian charity of the American people. At the Temple of Kali, in Calcutta, one of the chief shrines of India, I had a long conversation with one of the higher priests in which he expressed the strongest appreciation of a religion which would prompt its people to such charity. At its close he made an appointment to meet me at the ship. He came at the appointed time bringing a number of other Temple priests with him. They had nothing but words of praise for the paper and the people who sent the relief. No



REV. R. G. HOBBS, D.D.

are these people so ignorant as some in this country imagine. Many of them are finely educated, and are intellectually quite capable of understanding all that the relief expedition signified. All India, and especially those whose lives were saved, will be more open to the Gospel than before. This is the feeling of all missionaries.

One of the last words I heard from Mr. James, who has administered the millions of money spent by the English, was that official action would be taken by the Indian Government upon the Viceroy's return from Simla, acknowledging its gratitude to the American people and Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for all they had done. It was largely through his influence that we received the 20,000 rupees which were given to us from the Mansion House Fund, with which to pay freight on our corn from Calcutta to the famine districts. When I left India there was a prospect for good crops in nearly all sections. In a few districts there was certain to be partial failure but the worst was over. R. G. HOBBS.

[On page 968 will be found a list of the missionaries by whom the cargo was distributed, with the names of their stations and the quantity each received. It will be noticed that there is a repetition in the names of some of the missionaries. That is due to the fact that loads for various towns and villages were consigned to the missionary at the central station who had supervision of the distribution. Should our friends in India feel hurt by any error in the spelling of the names of the towns in which they labor, we must ask them to blame the railroad clerk who transcribed the list from the books of the Company. We have found his caligraphy extremely hard to decipher.]

A Royal Acknowledgment.

Mr. Kaiser, of Austin, Tex., a reader of this journal, sometime ago sent five dollars to be forwarded through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the relief of the Greek sufferers in the Greco-Turkish war. This gift was duly transmitted to Hon. W. W. Rockhill, our Minister at Athens. Minister Rockhill now writes acknowledging the receipt of the contribution, and enclosing the following letter from the Chamberlain of Her Majesty, Queen Olga:

ATHENS, 19 Nov. '97, Royal Palace. Chamberlain de S. M. La Reine Des Hellènes. Count D. Messala is commanded by Her Majesty the Queen to convey to His Excellency the minister of the United States of America, and through His Excellency to Mr. Kaiser, who kindly sent his generous support for the relief of our poor sufferers in the late war, Her best thanks.

Count Messala has the honor to offer His Excellency the assurance of his highest consideration.

To His Excellency the Minister of the United States of America, Mr. Rockhill.

The originals of both letters have been forwarded to Mr. Kaiser.



THE FAMINE RELIEF SHIP, "CITY OF EVERETT," IN HER DOCK.

our feet and it was necessary to speak sharply to them to keep them from kissing our feet. I was with Rev. R. Clancy who has done so much for the starving about Allahabad, and these people believed he could help them. There were little children whose arms and legs looked like pipe stems. When placed on the ground they were too feeble to sit upright. To a few of the women we gave money and sent them back to their villages, as they still had strength enough to do some work

for a child depends upon the kind of buildings put up to shelter it and the amount of teaching given. Fifteen dollars a year might, perhaps, support a child, but it would be a very poor support. The closest economy is practised in these orphanages, because there are more children than can be cared for within reach, and every cent saved means the saving of some who would otherwise starve. The experience of those who cared for orphans after the famine twenty years ago

New Christian Herald Premiums!



WE have made more extensive premium arrangements this year than ever before, and so eloquently do our different propositions speak for themselves that it is almost unnecessary to more than merely present them to our readers in order to ensure for them a most cordial welcome.

Of course, our principal premium is the Bible. There never can be too many Bibles, and, therefore, although we have already distributed 400,000 Teachers' Bibles, we do not hesitate again this year to consider the Bible as our principal premium.

About seven years ago the best we could do was to offer a little Pearl Type Bible, so small in size that it answered only the purpose of a reference book. But it was the best we could then do, the enormous prices charged for larger-type Bibles making it absolutely impracticable to consider them in connection with our premium offers. Step by step have we progressed. From Pearl Type we went to Ruby Type, and from Ruby to Emerald Type, and from Emerald to Minion; and now from Minion we skip Brevier, we skip Bourgeois, and advance to Long Primer, a type so large that the Bible could be aptly called the "Old Folks' Bible" as far as legibility is concerned, and yet as far as shapeliness and portability are concerned, it does not seem to be any larger than the smaller-type Bibles offered in years gone by. We shall never offer any Teachers' Bible in larger type. The next size type is ordinarily used in Pulpit Bibles. Our Long-Primer Bibles are provided with the finest Thumb Index ever invented. This Thumb Index is leather-tipped, and the printing on it is in pure gold, making the lettering stand forth "clear as the noonday sun." You can use it a lifetime and it will never tarnish; in fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD never uses on the Holy Bible aluminum or cheap composition metal that tarnishes. Nothing is too good for this Sacred Volume.

Very Large Type Bible.

We call this Bible our Long-Primer Bible, and the name very aptly expresses

PSALM 3.

Security of God's protection.

A Psalm of Dā'vid, when he fled from Ab-sa-lōm his son.

LORD, "how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

2 Many *there be* which say of my soul, *'There is no help for him in God.* Sēlah.

3 But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and 'the lifter up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Sēlah.

5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

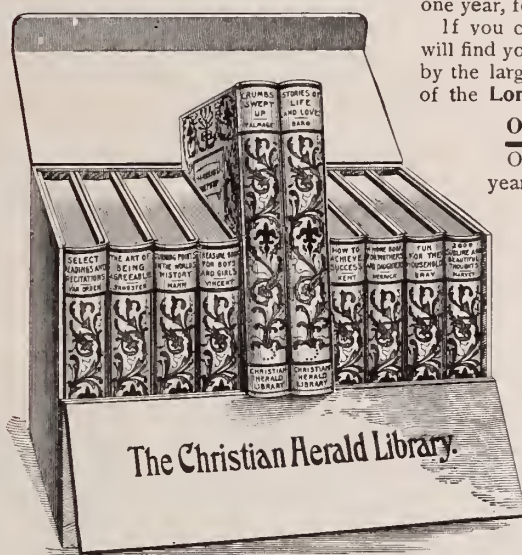
6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

Specimen of Long Primer Type.

the size of the type. Primers, as we all know, are set in large type, and long primer means that it is very large. This beautiful Bible has a collection of very interesting illustrations, particularly adapted to the requirements of those who love to read and study the Word intelligently. And while we are talking of studying the Bible, it may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. D. L. Moody, the world-famed evangelist, has especially contributed, as the first article to the "Helps"

which this Bible contains, an article on the "Study of the Bible," and no other Teachers' Bible in the world contains

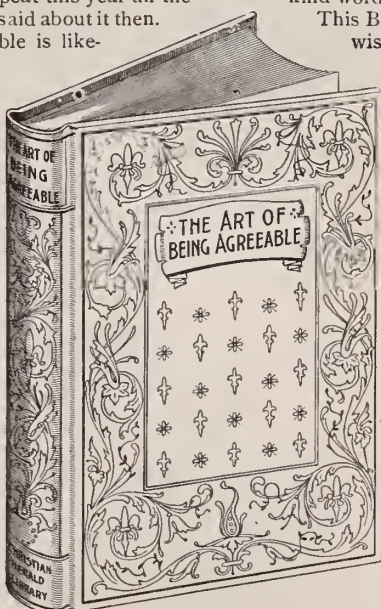


anything from the pen of Mr. Moody. It goes without saying that the Concordance in this Bible is very complete; that the Helps are the latest; in fact, that in every sense of the word our Long-Primer Teachers' Bible is the best Bible of its kind now before the public.

This Bible is bound in American Levant, Divinity Circuit, Red under Gold edges, has silk book-mark, silk head-bands and Thumb Index, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only \$3. The Bible may be sent to one address, and the paper to another without extra charge.

Still Another Bible Offer.

Our Minion Bible, the same size as that of last year, is practically the same book as above, except that the type is smaller and that it has no Thumb Index, but people whose eyes are good enough for ordinary print will find this a very acceptable book. We had no hesitation whatever last year in warmly commending it to our readers, and we are prepared to repeat this year all the kind words said about it then. This Bible is like-



Miniature Picture Representing the Artistic Front and Back Design of our new Library.

bound in Divinity Circuit with Red under Gold edges, and in place of the Thumb Index, it has on the inside back cover, in large type, an alphabetical arrangement, by which any Book in the Bible may be found immediately with-

out confusion or loss of time. This very excellent Bible, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Two Dollars.

If you can afford the extra dollar, you will find yourself more than compensated by the large type, and the Thumb Index of the Long-Primer Bible.

Our 1898 Library.

Our 1896 Library published two years ago, and that published last year, proved so exceptionally popular, that we felt we could not get along without a similar, but new, production this year, and we confidently believe that such of our readers as may select this premium will agree with us that a finer selection of books, from a literary, artistic or typographical standpoint, cannot be found on any bookshelf in the country at anything less than four or five times the price we ask for this Library. Of course, the imprint of THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD on the title-page of any book is a guarantee that there is nothing objectionable or improper within its covers, so that our readers may take it for granted that all of these books may be read aloud in the family circle without any misgivings whatsoever. Our authors, as usual, are the best, and the books of course are surpassingly interesting. They aggregate 3,200 pages; bound in beautiful Holland cloth of old-gold shade, with decorations in brown, red and gold, and the whole ten volumes are contained in a neat bookcase, which will protect them from dust and damage when not in use. Here are the titles and the authors:

Crumbs Swept Up.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Stories of Life and Love.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Select Readings and Recitations.

HARRIET M. VAN ORDEN.

Turning-Points in the World's History.

HENRY MANN.

The Art of Being Agreeable.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

2000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

Home-Book for Mothers and Daughters.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Treasure Book for Boys and Girls.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

Fun for the Household.

EMMA J. GRAY.

How to Achieve Success.

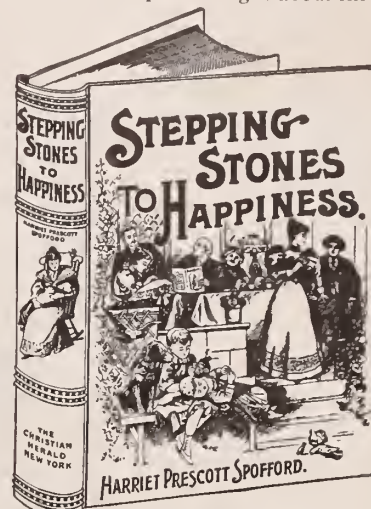
C. H. KENT.

The entire set, securely packed, with guaranteed undamaged delivery, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only Three Dollars.

"Stepping-Stones to Happiness."

Harriet Prescott Spofford, one of the most popular authors of America, has written a book for our Premium Department under the title of "Stepping-Stones to Happiness." It is her latest and brightest production and will, we are sure, secure for her a warm place in the heart of every reader. Replete with delightful literary and pictorial surprises, it is a book that will be read over and over again, and with every reading disclose new charms and increased attractiveness. No book issued during the present year is worthy of heartier welcome. Its influence will prove a blessing and a benediction to every home it enters. Wherever it goes good cheer will accompany it, and homes and hearts will be the better for its

presence. "Stepping-Stones to Happiness" contains 500 extra large pages; profusely illustrated from beginning to end, and is just the right kind of book for a holiday gift. It is elegantly bound in rich olive-green cloth, with artistic side and back stamp. It weighs about three



lbs., and is sent all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only \$2. The book when open measures 9 x 15 inches.

"Onward to Fame and Fortune."

Then we have still another premium. It is Wm. M. Thayer's stirring book—"Onward to Fame and Fortune." It is worth its weight in gold to every man and woman, young or old, who aspires to rise in the world, and to make life a grand, triumphant success. It is full of action, full of enthusiasm, full of inspiration. From cover to cover, it reads like a romance. Every page thrills the heart, and irresistibly impels the reader to greater and nobler achievement. Had every word been penned in liquid fire, it could not have been more intensely, or more absorbingly interesting.

The 20th Century will feel the impulse which this book will give to thousands of energetic, wide-awake men and women, who are determined to take their places among the successful, the triumphant, and the well-to-do of this world.

"Onward to Fame and Fortune" contains nearly 500 extra large pages, is generously illustrated with a large number of superior pictures and unequalled



portraits. It is very elegantly bound in rich cloth, Turkey-red, with artistic side and back stamp. It measures when open 9 x 15 inches; weighs about three lbs., and is sent all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year for only Two Dollars.



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Thoughts of Christmas.

The Great Festival of the Year for which all are preparing.



ONCE again, the Christmas season is at hand, and in a multitude of homes all over the land, preparations are under way for the celebration of the annual festival. For the young folks especially, it is a season of gladness and rejoicing, and the mere anticipation of the joys it brings gives them the keenest delight. Visions of Santa Claus and his load of pretty

gifts, rise before them, and the wintry air already seems full of song and the musical jingle of Christmas bells. Soon, alas! the pretty legend will have passed into memory as a beautiful parable of childhood, but the kindness and love and the tender affection that surround Christmas like a halo are never forgotten.

Our artist has happily pictured in the illustration on this page two little children singing the Christmas songs by the quiet fireside in a country home. It is a picture that carries us back to the olden days when the Christmas carols and the singing of the "waits" were distinctive features of the festive occasion. Every neighborhood had its band of young minstrels, who, for many days before the festival, practised their Christmas songs and hymns, to be sung on Christmas Eve. Writing of the "waits," Amelia E. Barr says:

"At midnight I was awakened out of a deep sleep by the strangest, wildest music that ever floated between earth and heaven; and this was a purely Christian Christmas rite. It was the voices of 'Waits,' caroling in the clear frosty air for Christmas dawning. Up the still, stately garden came the sweet and simple strains, and they thrilled me with wonder and delight. I sat up and listened, and though I had never heard the song before, and have never heard it since.

These lines from it, still ring in my memory:

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And really the old minster chimes seemed to me to clash more joyfully as they were thus invoked. A few years later, I heard another old carol which has the same haunting charm; for I can hear it across the chasm of forty-six years, telling me:

And for the saving of our souls, he died upon the cross:

We can never do for Jesus Christ,
What he has done for us.

At this time a great army of American Sunday School children are learning their Christmas carols, and when the Saviour's natal day dawns their sweet, clear young voices will ring out to the sky in a chorus of praise which will be echoed over all the States and from ocean to ocean. How different from the days of the bands of strolling "waits," when there were no Sunday Schools! and when the wandering minstrel used to sing:

What is the best of all the world,
What is the best of all the world,
What is the best of all the world,
What is the best of all the world?

Our Christmas happily comes in peace to times. Scarcely bolls at home and abroad. Uncle Sam can look over his large and crowning frolic, and with the "true spirit" of the day, join in hailing the festival of "Peace on earth, good will to men." We may miss the "mask, minnows, and other discoveries," that characterized the old time celebration in other lands and which are still used in southern Europe; we may even miss the distinctively English flavor of boar's head, stuck with its orange and sprig of

rosemary; but we can have a thousand better substitutes from the effluent abundance of our own beloved land, and the joy on our own hearths, to make a real American Merry Christmas.

How a Queen Proposed Marriage.

Miss Mary Barton Cookman, a relative of the world-famous evangelist, describes most interestingly the method adopted by a queen of proposing marriage to one far beneath her own exalted social station:

"Queen Victoria's life has been a mingled one of joy and sorrow. The greatest event of her reign was her romantic marriage with Prince Albert, who was the man of her choice. He was worthy of her,

The joyous openness of manner in which she told me of this enchanted me, and I was quite carried away with it." One little point is worthy of note. When the Archbishop of Canterbury asked Her Majesty how the service was to be read, especially with respect to the promise to obey, Queen Victoria showed her true woman's heart. Her answer came in these words: "While as a Queen, I must maintain my rights; as a woman, I am ready to fulfil a wife's duty." She desired that the service should be read as customary. Their marriage was an ideal one, of perfect love and trust."

Educating Farmers' Daughters.

The farming people of our country are awaking to the important duty of educating their sons, but in many sections they are not alive to what is due to their daughters. Farmers' daughters have as much right to educational advantages as their brothers. There are girls who serve as waiters at tables where their brothers sit as students. This is not wrong unless the work deprives the girls of opportunities enjoyed by their brothers. Parents who deny to their daughters educational advan-

ONLY A WOMAN.

For The Christian Herald.

NOW calmly sweet and sweetly calm,
Her life flows on, a perfect psalm,
A benediction, rare and true,
An evening balm, a morning dew.
Hers is a sunny, peaceful face,
Reflection rare of tender grace,
Seeming, in sweet unconsciousness,
To beam on all, to charm and bless.

Not over-wise or deep is she
In science or philosophy.
She is not "broad," she is not "new"—
Only a woman—kind and true,
Who is not named among the great,
And never longs to rule the state.
Of "woman's rights" she makes reserve
Of only one—the right to serve.

Her kindness knows nor stint nor dole.
The very sweetness of her soul
Cannot be hid; its overflow
Drops healing balm on every woe.
Her heart is a metropolis—
Centre of every grief or bliss
That thrills her world. She feels the beat
Of many a heart at fever heat.

Her "mission" is in lowly ways,
Where none would speak or think of praise.
Her loved ones own her gentle sway,
And question not her "right of way."

No crown or sceptre may be seen,
And yet—she reigns a very queen.
Home is her realm—her sceptre, love;
She prizes these a crown above.
E. Corinth, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

Wise Mothers.

THOSE are the wisest mothers who most closely connect themselves with what their children are doing, whether in pleasures, pastimes or studies, said Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, in a recent address. A mother should never allow herself to get into a position where her son or daughter could say, "Oh, mother doesn't know anything about that!" Those were wise but unusual parents who, when their little son entered the primary department of the Sunday School, came with him and remained, leading the music and helping in the teaching, until he was large enough to be transferred to the main department, and then passed up with him. That was a wise mother who took a class in the primary department, declining an advanced class of adults, for which her attainments would have fitted her to be the teacher, on the ground that she wished to teach the kind of class that would keep her in closest touch with her own little daughters. Since the Bible has been so largely discarded from our public schools, it becomes necessary, in order that our claim as a Christian nation should be sustained, that these children shall be reached by the Sunday School. It cannot be done with the present working force. More mothers and fathers are needed for the work. As a school girl I was taught to sing about the parents:

They visit their cows,
They visit their farms,
But why don't they visit the schools?

Even this did not bring the mothers to visit the school! As a former teacher, I must confess that the unusual sight of a mother coming toward the school-house always filled me with trepidation, because I knew some complaint was about to be brought against me. A friendly visit from a mother was an incident almost unknown. I have questioned teachers of the present time, and those beyond the kindergarten tell me their experience is like my own. Mothers hardly know the teacher of their children, if they should meet her on the street.

What Kitchen Science Means.

As the years advance and progress becomes more and more widely diffused, the value of kitchen science grows more apparent. It means, wrote Ruskin, the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of application; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means Saxon thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality, and a large share of good common sense.



LEARNING THE CHRISTMAS HYMN—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

and soon won her girlish heart. Court etiquette required that she must speak first. She found out a way one evening at a gathering. She presented him with her bouquet. Prince Albert was dressed in his green rifle brigade uniform, which buttoned to the chin; where could he put his flowers? He pulled out his pen-knife, slit up his uniform jacket, just over his heart, and inserted the flowers. Then Queen Victoria asked him how he liked England? He answered, "Very much." Then with many blushes she said, "Would you like to stay in England?" The sequel that followed is well known for in a letter written by Queen Victoria, to King Leopold, she says: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning! I feel certain he will make me very happy, I wish I could say I felt as certain of making him happy, but I shall do my best." The Prince tells his own story thus: "The Queen sent for me, and disclosed to me the genuine outburst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart.

tages provided for their sons, commit a grave injustice, one feature of which is the creation of a gulf between brothers and sisters. The former, cultivated and intelligent, can not find that congenial companionship at home which is as much to their interest as to that of their sisters that they should. The girls are handicapped for life in more ways than one. Their brothers' associates will hardly seek uneducated women for wives. Being intelligent themselves, they would not look for happiness with a partner only equal to form and household drudgery. Not that baking, sweeping, churning, milking cows, tending poultry, or working in flower or vegetable garden—or even helping with the crops, if necessary—are accomplishments which any lady need despise. Indeed, a command of these is often necessary to the proper keeping of a lady's country home; and a woman's education is neglected when it includes none of the useful arts of home-making, yet home-making and home-keeping should not degenerate into drudging.

PAST CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, our Correspondents, among the "Celestials"—Cheering Missionary Progress Reported—China Waking up and Adopting Western Ideas.

MY last letter was from Honolulu. Eleven more days at sea brought us to Yokohama, Japan, where we only stayed a day and night, and in our

Soon we are seated in a fairly comfortable, not luxurious compartment of the Chinese railroad. The cars are more like those of Europe, but are minus all upholstery: simply bare floors and seats, and unless you take the sittings of an entire compartment, you are subject to all manner of native and foreign companionship, with smoking, drinking, eating, etc., which makes travel most unpleasant. All along our route to Tien-Tsin are mud towns and villages such as I have never seen elsewhere in China, which indicate the extreme poverty of the people. Tien-Tsin is a great centre of trade, and has its foreign residents and missions. *Jinrik-shas* soon carry us to our mission, and it is a hearty welcome we receive and a great delight to be in an American home. The Catholics have here a fine cathedral, recently consecrated, and own a very large amount of land in the city, from which they have a great income to extend their work and influence. The Protestant missions here are the London-American Board, Methodist New Connection, International Missionary Alliance, Methodist Episcopal, and two business agents of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Lyon, the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of China, has his headquarters here. At the Jubilee Meeting of the World's Y. M. C. A. in London, where a number of China missionaries were present, Mr. Wishard, their foreign missionary secretary, made a most earnest plea for a general secretary for China. He said: "We have the man, but no money." Whereupon Mrs. Livingstone Taylor, of Denver, Col., said, "I will furnish the money," which she promptly did, and Mr. Lyon came here and established his headquarters. Last year, 1896,

and they are among the finest agriculturists of the world. We traveled through miles and miles of Kao-Liang fields—a kind of broom-corn, the coarse seeds of which are ground up for bread, while millet is used for porridge, but many are too poor to afford the finer millet and must be content with the coarse Kao-Liang. These two are for the people of the north while rice is to the people of the south, where the climate makes it possible to grow rice. One of the stations on this road is Tan-Shan, the great centre of the fine coal region recently opened. China is very rich in coal and this great resource is yet to be developed.

Bai-Tai-Hii, the beautiful seaside resort discovered by our missionaries and only opened last year, can scarcely be surpassed for beauty of situation on high, sloping hills, for superb air, fine bathing, and sea and mountain views. Various missions have already in this second season quite a little village of cozy one-storied houses, a blessed refuge to hard workers. Here five missions were represented, and it was a delight to see the fraternity and union in prayer and Sabbath work. Even here the heathen were reached through the Gospel services held in the rustic chapel.

This railroad running from Tien-Tsin to beyond the great wall, a distance of about 270 miles, opens up a vast region—having towns, walled cities, and a great population—to missionary work. The Methodist Church seems to be the providentially called agent to meet this opening, as it al-

An Experiment in Temperance.



HE secular press, which is so slow to publish evidence of a contrary nature, gives such frequent expression to assumption and statement by those, who, carrying the wine merchants' and

brewers' association interest on their hearts declare prohibition to be the ruin of any town in which it is attempted, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has, from time to time, taken pleasure in calling attention to facts which show the very reverse of this state of things. As opportunities are given for experiment, instances multiply to show that, not only moral, but industrial and commercial development, follow the closing of bar-rooms. The following comparison made by Rev. A. B. Schauffer, of the effects of "license" and "no license" upon the fortunes of an old and well-known town, will be read with interest:

In Cambridge, Mass., they have tried now for ten years the plan of "no license." It has proved of great advantage to the city. For ten years prior to 1886 the city had "license." The valuation of the city in those ten years dropped from \$62,000,000 to \$59,000,000. In the next ten years, with "no license," it rose to \$83,000,000. Here is a loss of \$3,000,000 with license, and a gain of \$24,000,000 with no license. In the ten license years the population increased each year 1.182. In the ten years of no license the annual gain has been 2.195. In the first ten years the annual number of houses built was 151. In the ten years of no license the annual gain has been 332. The city gets in annual taxes under the no-license system four times as much as it would get from license fees, if the saloons were permitted to get back. In the ten years of license the net gain each year in savings bank deposits was \$153,333. In the ten years of no license the annual gain has been \$366,643. The arrests for drunkenness have, of course, been far fewer under no license than they were under a license. Surely,

this tells in eloquent language the advantage of temperance for a town, and so for all who live there.

The Lesson of a New Coin.

I have just received a penny fresh from the U. S. Mint, every impress perfect and bright, shining like gold, the year 1897 standing out in plain undeniable figures, how unlike one that has been in circulation for a longer period, gathering the dirt and soil of years, disgusting, black and effaced, sometimes even green from foulness and age, but still the same value! If subjected to the scouring process, it might come out under the rough treatment bright and shining, but with scars showing the severe usage it had undergone. What a history a simple common cent might relate if it had the power to tell its experience.

How like coins we are in this respect. Launched into life perfect, with the image of our Heavenly Father plainly visible in the purity and loveliness of the child life; but soon the beauty begins to vanish, and the tarnish of sin covers the brightness, and after years of contact with the world the image is entirely effaced, but still the value of the soul is the same, and can be redeemed by that precious blood which was shed for the remission of sins; and the image of the Father may be restored for me, and assuredly, "we shall awake in his likeness."

Let us not turn with disgust from the poor specimens of humanity we meet in our daily walk, but as we look upon them, feel that the stamp of our Father is upon all such, though covered with foulness and sin. There is hope of a cleansing for all through the precious blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin. A. W.



REV. DR. S. L. BALDWIN.

same good steamer, *China*, hastened on to Shanghai, as we make our tour of Japan later. On the way we called in at Kobe and Nagasaki, and exchanged greetings with missionary friends. At Nagasaki we took in a large supply of coal, by means of native men, women and children, who came in broad open boats, laden with fine refuse coal, to the side of our steamer lying out in deep water. Their sole method of transferring the coal to the steamer was by little baskets that may have held a peck. A line of men, women and children from the coal-boats to the steamer passed the baskets from hand to hand with incredible swiftness, a ton being thus put in eleven seconds. Suez is the only other place in the world where it is handled so rapidly.

From Nagasaki we went through the famously beautiful inland Japan Sea, whose uncounted and varied islands are worth a trip to Japan to see. Six days from Yokohama we arrived at Shanghai, the New York of China. This city has greatly grown in wealth and importance since we were here last, and from its central position must of necessity be the great commercial centre of the empire in its inevitable advance and opening up to trade and civilization. A number of missions are established here, and are doing a great work. Indeed, it seems almost imperative that all missions should be represented here as a centre of distribution of workers to all parts of the empire. The American Bible Society, with its efficient agent, the Rev. Dr. J. R. Hykes, and his valued assistant, V. G. Lyman, is unable to meet all the demands made upon it, and this, too, with the great Presbyterian press furnishing its large supply of Christian literature. The statement that missionaries are doing nothing is well refuted by the fact that these two great organizations are unable wholly to meet the demands of Christian workers. We were interested to find large cotton, silk, and flower-factories doing a prosperous business here. After a few days at Shanghai, we took the very comfortable small steamer *Tung Chow* for Tau Ku, a few miles from Tien Tsin, a three-days' journey. We passed Che Too, quite a summer resort and mission station, also the great Ta-Ku forts, so familiar in the Japo-Chinese war, which guard on each side the entrance to the Pei Ho, and were grateful to be able to cross the bar after only a few hours' delay, instead of a week, as is often the experience. We landed at Tau Ku, twenty-eight miles from Tien-Tsin, and lo! here in this old Chinese empire we found ourselves in a railroad station waiting for a train! Surely "the world do move!"



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, AS SEEN AT TSUN-HWA.

Mrs. Taylor came out to see the work, and indicated her approval by giving 10,000 *taels*, about \$8,000, for a central building in Tien-Tsin, for which she sent complete furnishings, and she continues the support of Mr. Lyon and the work. The Board of the Association is composed of ten trustees, interdenominational, and Mrs. Taylor insisted upon careful limitations to the teaching of sound Christian doctrine.

From Tien-Tsin we delayed our journey to Peking long enough to take the railroad—running out to Shan-Hai-Quang and the great wall—170 miles to Bai-Tai-Hii, the new seaside resort just opened on the Gulf of Pi-Chi-Li. On this road we soon leave the miserable mud villages, and instead find comparatively good houses of brick and mortar, and pass through a much more prosperous country, having a soil which returns four crops annually. First, winter wheat is planted, and when well up beans are planted between the rows. The wheat is gathered in April, and indigo—a great crop here—is put in its place. This is gathered in August and winter cabbages are put in, and they in turn are ready to come out in time for the winter wheat again. Surely the Chinese know how to utilize the rich soil,

ready has stations all along the line of the road even to Shan-Hai-Quang and the great wall, where we have a native helper stationed. It is a wonderful opening. The people are ready to welcome the missionary; and three points, at least, on this road ought at once to be supplied each with two missionaries. It is appalling to see these multitudes, spiritually weary, thirsty and hungry, ready to be fed, and no one to give them to eat. Does not the Master continue to say to his disciples, "Give ye them to eat?" If the Church of Christ, so blessed by the presence of the Master will but obey and distribute, it will certainly gather its overflowing baskets of what is over. S. L. BALDWIN.

Shanghai, Oct. 18.

The Bowery Mission's Christmas.

The Bowery Mission will give its usual Christmas dinner, feeding all of the poor and destitute who can be gathered into its mission hall. Between four and five hundred were fed last year. Donations of turkeys, chickens, beef, apples, oranges, nuts, etc., will be gratefully received by Mr. Wyburn, superintendent; also toys and children's clothing for Mrs. Bird's Christmas tree. These may be sent to Mission rooms, No. 105 Bowery, N. Y.

Two Royal Missionaries.

Prince Oscar and Princess Ebba, of Sweden, Abandon a Palace to Work for Christ in the Jungles of Africa.

It seems that the cry of enslaved Africa has penetrated even royal hearts, and that a prince and his wife will answer it by devoting their lives to missionary work in the Dark Continent. European



PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

letters state that Prince Oscar and Princess Ebba, of Sweden, contemplate leaving Fridhem (peace home), their beautiful home on Gotland Island in the Baltic, and sailing to Africa, in response to the appeal from jungle and slave pen in that unhappy land where men, women and little children are hunted as beasts, and like beasts, sold for burdenbearing and to be slaughtered for food.

It will be remembered that ten years ago Prince (the name of whose family is Bernadotte), Oscar renounced his hereditary right of succession to the throne in consequence of his marriage to Ebba Munck, his mother's maid of honor. He has been a preacher and an earnest temperance worker for some time. He goes around preaching to the country people, and lately has preached from pulpits in the capital city of Stockholm. He is a captain in the royal navy; and would like to banish the use of liquor among the sailors, but the officers are a unit against him, and the sailors resent the effort to deprive them of their liquor.

The Swedish Sailor Prince, on his return from a two years' trip in the royal frigate *Canopus*, in 1888, fell desperately in love with the bright maid of honor, but the stern Swedish constitution has laid it down as a law for all who bear the name of Bernadotte that if they marry outside royal circles they forfeit all rights to the throne and all privileges as members of the royal family. Then it was that Miss Munck obeying what she believed to be the voice of duty, left the court, left her royal lover, left the world of pomp and pageant, a smel the barb of a nursing sister, and took charge of a ward in a great charity hospital at Stockholm. In this retreat Prince Oscar found her, pleaded his suit, and finally after he had obtained the queen's sanction, won from her a confirmation of his love and her promise to marry him. Then then the king's consent had to be secured, and that was not gained without effort. This love as its hereditary right, conquered everything. A prince of Sweden married the daughter of a private gentleman, and willingly sacrificed for love all possible rights to the throne.

The prince's embarkation upon the career of a preacher of the Gospel is attributed to the influence of his wife. The deeply religious character of his mother as well as that of his wife, has doubtless

much to do with it. Queen Sophia is never so happy as when a Gospel prayer-and-song service is going on in her private rooms at the palace. She befriends the Salvation Army and all Gospel workers. She is dignified in manner, has taken great interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the state, and the Swedes respect her for her many good qualities, nor is she discouraged because in some circles reproaches have been heaped upon her because of her religious enthusiasm—a thing so unusual in palaces. She is an excellent and wise mother, and greatly beloved by her four sons, Crown Prince Gustaf, Princes Oscar, Carl, and Eugene. Queen Sophia's father and mother owned the gambling-tables at Weisbaden, and the good Queen, doubtless, partly from wealth of sad



PRINCESS EBBA.

experience has become the uncompromising foe of all such vices, and a firm believer in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY

Is preparing for its youthful friends, not forgetting even the "gray-haired children," a number of literary and artistic treats that may well be called

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A prominent physician writes:

Dear Sirs:—Replying to yours on the use of Tartaric acid as a remedy in the treatment of gout, I will say that the verdict is unanimous in its favor. I have used it in the treatment of about a dozen cases with results that are little less than wonderful. The characteristic feature of its action is the rapidity and promptness with which patients improve under its use. An improvement is noticeable within 24 hours. One of the most striking cases was that of a physician suffering from gout along with inability to digest starchy foods, muscular rheumatism and frequent bilious headaches. I prescribed Tartaric acid, and in one week there was absolute disappearance of all of the uric acid manifestations. The nervous irritability disappeared, and he stated that he had done the best week's work which he had accomplished for years.

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How a Sunday School Grew.

Watered and Nourished by "Christian Herald" Readers, it has Turned Many to Christ.

A SOLITARY seed, dropped by the wayside, may become a tree that will give grateful shelter and shade. A small gift to one of God's sincere workers has often resulted in the bringing about of a wondrous spiritual harvest. This letter below, our readers will peruse with especial interest, since what it relates was largely accomplished through their assistance:

REDONDO BEACH, CAL., NOV. 1.
To the editor "Christian Herald":

DEAR BROTHER: About four years ago a Sunday School was organized or rather re-organized in this city. The first Sunday there were fourteen present (the smallest school I ever saw). We had not one book, or paper, or card; and but a small amount in the treasury. As the superintendent, I thought it my duty to do all I could to supply the need, therefore, in prayer, I asked the Lord for guid-



UNION CHURCH AT REDONDO, CAL.

ance. I wrote to you, asking for assistance and stated the situation. You had my letter published in your valuable paper, since which time we have received much needed literature. I desire now to give a short history of the work, that those who have assisted may know of the visible result of which they can claim a share. I also owe due thanks to the Rev. H. Please, superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School work in the southern part of the State.

The Sunday School was at first connected with what was then called a Union Church (an undenominational body of Christians), Rev. J. W. Browning, pastor, and increased in numbers and interest until July, when many people came to the Beach, the number of members had grown from 14 to 68. Shortly after this month, the Union Church was abandoned, but we kept the Sunday School together, and many at this time thought a church should be built. The Rev. James T. Ford, superintendent of the Congregational Church Society, came and was much impressed. A Congregational Church was organized, two beautiful lots were given the society on which to erect a church-building. Rev. F. A. Field was called as pastor, and faithfully labored and was rewarded by seeing a building costing \$1,850 completed and dedicated to God, with a membership of 22 persons. The Union Sunday School was really the instrument used to establish this church, and each Sunday School scholar and member of Boys' Brigade laid a brick in its foundation. In summer months, the Sunday School numbers from 100 to 150 members; in winter, about 70 or 80 members. Our present pastor is Rev. Dr. N. L. Rowell. Our church membership is now 68; our church, which holds 278, is crowded during the summer season, and in winter comfortably filled; we have a continual revival. This wicked town with 8 saloons and one meat market has been shaken. We have 5 or 6 reclaimed drunkards, who are very active members. Our prayer-meetings are the greatest I ever attended for a spiritual interest. Our sister church (M. E. Church), contains very earnest, active Christians; we are united, and with God's help we will take this city for Christ.

Again we acknowledge our indebtedness to you, and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their kindness in sending papers, etc., to assist a small school, which by your encouragement has grown into a strong church.

W. NEWTON BEST, Supt. S. S.

IF YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM,

when everything fails to cure you, write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple and harmless remedy, which has cured thousands of so-called hopeless cases. Many a bedridden person, others who walked on crutches, were restored to health and in order that every suffering reader may learn about it, a trial package with book on rheumatism and other information will be mailed free. Address, John A. Smith, Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit, is peculiar to itself, and, best of all, cures. If you are sick it is just the medicine for you. There is no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes the weak strong.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Bob" Burdette in a recent lecture said that it was not work that killed people. No one ever died from hard work. It was impure foods and bad habits that caused a large per cent of the deaths.

The coffee drinking habit has slain millions. A well known physician said a short time ago that he believed it caused more deaths every four years than the late civil war. But few people know of the long train of diseases that follow the constant pouring in of the poisonous alkaloids of coffee into the stomach.

Some time ago a specialist after a great deal of study discovered that the mixing of a number of grains and their proper preparation would produce a beverage that had the deep seal brown color of Mocha.

When boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java, but instead of tearing down the system it would build it up. He called it Postum Cereal Food Coffee and started in a small way at Battle Creek, Mich. Now it takes two large factories to supply the demand. Physicians who have tried it are recommending this healthful beverage as a cure for nervousness and dyspepsia. It is more economical than coffee, a 25 cent package making more than twice the amount of beverage that the same value of coffee will.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.



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Recollections of Arthur Henry Hallam,
The Depths of the Earth,
Christine's Way Up,
How Foreign Treaties Are Made,
Incidents in a Singer's Life,
How the Queen Spends Christmas,
The Burning of the "Sarah Sands,"

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ALLIED TO WIN SOULS.

Scandinavian Missionaries of America and Their Work for Christ.

A VERY energetic and growing missionary work is being carried on by the Scandinavian residents of the United States at the present time. There are now in this country between three and four hundred Scandinavian churches. Most of these are small, however, and their resources are very meagre, for the Scandinavians, as a rule, belong to the hard-working class. But the Gospel is preached to the poor, and a great missionary spirit has been aroused among these descendants of the ancient Norsemen. One of the most zealous workers for foreign missions, and the founder of the Alliance, is Rev. F. Franson. Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, seeing perhaps better than anyone else the great possibilities in this man as a Christian worker, earnestly advised him to give his life wholly to the service of the Lord. For six years he worked as evangelist among the



PROF. F. RISBERG.

Scandinavians. Then he went to Sweden, the land of his birth, where for many months he went about the principal cities holding revival services. People flocked to hear him from far and near, and his name was held in reverence in every household. After laboring in Sweden, he went to Denmark, Germany, France, and Italy. During his stay in Germany, he attended the lectures held in Bonn, by the well-known Prof. Christlieb. While preaching the Gospel in Germany, the cry of the heathen touched his heart. Through his personal efforts a German Missionary Alliance was founded, and ten missionaries were sent to China. These missionaries worked in unison with the China Inland Mission, under Rev. Hudson Taylor.

In 1890, Mr. Franson returned to America, with a heart burning with missionary zeal. In Chicago, February 17, 1891, he founded the Scandinavian Missionary Alliance. Rev. A. Pohl, pastor of the largest Swedish mission church in America, was appointed president, and Professor F. Risberg, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, treasurer. During these six years the Alliance has sent out 125 missionaries to foreign countries, of whom 92 still remain upon the field. It supports 33 missionaries in China, 7 in Mongolia, 10 in Japan, 11 in Himalaya and 11 in Africa. In 1894 Franson visited the above-mentioned fields, and also southern Europe, Asia Minor and Palestine. During this trip he had the pleasure of preaching the Gospel to the heathen and seeing many of them baptized. He is now contemplating a second journey to these fields for the purpose of opening new stations.

The year's income of the Alliance is about \$25,000. The home expenses are very small, amounting to but \$200 a year, as the officers very generously attend to the necessary heavy correspondence, keep the accounts, and otherwise manage the affairs of the Alliance. A heavy outlay of money keeps steadily coming in, and there is always a small amount in the treasury. No recent appeal for money has ever been necessary, for the people need but a slight reminder to feel their duties as co-workers in bringing the Gospel to the heathen.

Prof. Risberg, the treasurer of the Alliance, is one of the leaders of the "Free Church" movement in America. His earnest Christian character, his quiet and

refined bearing, and his scholarly abilities have won the admiration and respect of all who know him. He studied in the colleges of Sweden and graduated from the University of Upsala in 1874. For eight years he served as pastor of the State Church of Sweden. In 1882 he left that church for the "Free Church Movement," and served in that organization for three years. In 1885 he received and accepted a call from the Chicago Theological Seminary to serve as instructor in the Swedish department, which had then just been established. In 1894 he was formally installed



REV. A. POHL.

as professor of this department. Under his careful and masterly training, about one hundred and fifty young men have been prepared for useful work in the ministry and on the mission field.

Under the leadership and guidance of such men, the future of the Alliance is very promising, upheld as it is by the gifts and prayers of thousands of Scandinavians in America.

The Largest Diamond in the World.

The largest diamond in the world was discovered last year in the Orange Free State, South Africa, and is on sale in London for \$5,000,000. There will be difficulty in finding a purchaser for so costly a gem. It is hoped by those holding it that some Indian prince will want it for his crown. It is three inches long by two and a half at its thickest part; has a beautiful blue-white color, in shape and brilliancy resembles the most sparkling of icicles, and is one of the most dazzling objects ever beheld. It is known as the Jaeger-Fontein diamond, as it was found at the mine of that name. Its discoverer was a negro truckman, who, the morning before the mine passed into the possession of a purchasing syndicate, saw the stone, put his foot over it, picked it up as soon as he could do so without observation, carried it to the house of the manager, and delivered it into his hands. He was rewarded for his honesty and discretion with \$5,000 and the finest horse and saddle that money could buy. The history of famous jewels is full of romance and tragedy. Lives have been sacrificed to win and keep them. The Jaeger-Fontein is no exception, for its discovery caused the moral ruin of the truckman, who never did another day's work and wasted his money in dissipation. The manager carried the gem to his principals in London, and was handsomely rewarded. The stone weighs 971 carats. Before its discovery the Imperial, the diamond without a history, which disappeared so mysteriously at the French Exposition of 1889, took precedence of all others in size and value; it weighs 280 carats and was sold to the Nizam of Hyderabad, the richest prince in India, for \$2,000,000.

Christmas Holiday Tour to Washington.

An opportune, delightful, and instructive tour, in which all teachers of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, and their friends, should participate, has been arranged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to Washington, to leave New York on Tuesday, December 18, under the personal escort of a Tourist Agent and Chamberlain. Two days will be spent in Washington visiting the many points of interest, including the new Congressional Library, one of the most sublime edifices in the world. An opportunity will also be afforded for a trip to Mt. Vernon. A stop of two hours will also be made at Philadelphia on the going trip, affording an opportunity to visit the United States Mint, Independence Hall, Wanamaker's, and other points of interest.

Round trip rate, including transportation, hotel accommodations, and all necessary expenses, \$12.50 or \$12.75, according to hotel selected in Washington.

For detailed itineraries and full information apply to tourist agents, address Tourist Agent, 117 Broadway, New York.



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Home Talks with Mothers and Daughters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Friendships of Husbands and Wives.

NO relation on earth can be so intimate as that of husband and wife, and no friendship can be so close and confidential. A lady who signs herself "Faithful friend," asks me whether it is "honorable for a Christian husband to have for his special friend a woman who is a bitter enemy of his wife." She adds: "What can be thought of a man who talks to other people about his wife's shortcomings and magnifies them, and when he hears others make disparaging remarks about her, is pleased, and gets angry when, in private, his wife tells him that he is not acting in the right way?"

In the first place, let me say, that it is a very extraordinary thing for a man to call attention to his wife's failings, a most unusual thing, and one which I fancy most men are above doing. A gentleman could not do so mean a thing, and in the case referred to, the only explanation is, that a designing and unscrupulous woman has woven a spell over this particular husband, which has destroyed his judgment and blinded him to his folly. The strong probability is, that, if the wife can manage to be patient and loving and to refrain from reproach and angry protest, the husband will throw off the infatuation and beg pardon of the wife whom he now neglects.

It is never safe for married people to have friendships with outside persons which are not equally shared by all concerned. A husband should not even allow his friends of the club and the political organization to so monopolize his attention that he ceases to pay to his wife the courtesies which once made her happy when she was his sweetheart. Nor should a wife be so absorbed by even womanly friendships that she forgets that her John is a person in need of petting and of tender affection. Neither of the married pair should have friends of the opposite sex who are distinctly the friends of one and not of the other.

The interests of wife and husband are always identical. The bond between them is so strong that our Lord could find nothing else so descriptive when he wished to show us the relationship between himself and his church.

Perhaps the greatest danger which menaces conjugal happiness is in the small misunderstandings which creep in and are suffered to grow larger and wider every day, until a great breach is made. The husband, man-like, takes for granted that his wife believes in him, loves him, and is satisfied with his love, and he fails to be demonstrative and lover-like; perhaps he shows a polite consideration for some other woman, in society or in public, or he allows himself to find fault with his wife before people, and she is hurt and offended.

Or she, in turn, displays a disposition to be exacting, or is jealous, and slow to overlook a slight. Jealousy is as cruel as the grave. The jealous person sees nothing in its true light. Everything is observed through a distorted medium, and the home in which jealousy has obtained a foothold is the habitation of dragons and demons.

Life is so short, death comes so soon, remorse is so bitter, that it were well for married people to reflect that the compact they have made is for better or for worse, for sickness or for health, for wealth or for poverty, for whatever may come. In most households common sense rules sufficiently to make needless the plain advice, that men and women, having taken upon themselves solemn vows, should thenceforth be faithful. Sins of temper, sins of the tongue, sins of the averted countenance and the unloving tone, are, however, far too lightly condoned. Blessed is that house where the two "bears," bear and forbear, stand as guardians of the domestic peace.

How two can walk together unless they be agreed, is a pertinent question. The happily united pair should be followers of one Lord, worshipers at one altar. During the glamor of the courting days this is sometimes overlooked, yet a Christian man should seek a Christian maiden as his mate, and so should she look for one who loves her Saviour and obeys him.

For the rest, home is a sanctuary. Over its quarrels, over its frictions, over its disappointments drop the veil of a decent reserve. Take no stranger, take no kinsman into your confidence. The affairs of married people belong exclusively to themselves.

Margaret E. Sangster

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Through Lattice Windows. By W. J. Dawson. Pp. 324; price \$1.25. Published by Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

Are There Rocking Chairs in Heaven? A bright little story for Christmas, being a sketch from real life, by Mary Mazlett Pratt. Price 25 cents. C. D. Pratt, 24 Bible House, N. Y. publisher.

The What, How, and Why of Church Building. by George W. Kramer, F. A. I. A. A record of the architectural development of the modern church. Illustrated. Pp. 234; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents. J. & R. Lamb, New York.

Pilgrim's Staff: a Passage of Scripture and a Suggestive Thought for every day of one year. Arranged by Rose Porter. Beautifully bound in vellum. Price, \$1. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

The Epic of Paul. A sequel to "The Epic of Saul." By Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson. The author designs to present a living portrait in poetic diction of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Pp. 722; price \$2. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Java, the Garden of the East; by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of "Jinrikisha Days in Japan." A charming work beautifully illustrated, giving a clear description of the people and manner of life in this little-known land. Pp. 339; price, \$1.50; published by The Century Company, New York.

The Encyclopedia of Social Reform; edited by W. P. D. Bliss, with the co-operation of the most distinguished specialists. This book contains recent and authoritative information upon the principles underlying the social, industrial, and economic movements of the world. Pp. 1439; cloth \$7.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Impressions of South Africa; by James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*. Giving in addition to the history and present condition of the colonies and republics, a description of the scenery and animal life of that wondrous region. Pp. 497; with three maps. Price, \$3.50; published by The Century Company, New York.

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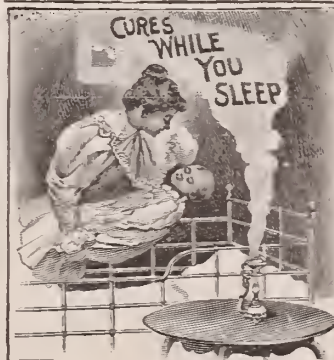
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MOTHER McKINLEY.

The President Visits Canton to Attend the Bedside of His Dying Parent.

THE heart of the nation was moved with sympathy when the news became known, last week, that Mrs. McKinley, the aged mother of the President, had been stricken with paralysis at her home in Canton, O., and that her death was almost momentarily expected. Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley, better known as "Mother McKinley," though very aged and frail was apparently in good health and quite cheerful on December 1. On that day she had been around the house as usual and had chatted with her children; but during the night, while the other members of the family slept, a



MRS. NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY.

stroke of paralysis prostrated the old lady and deprived her of the power of speech. At an early hour she rose with difficulty and walked into the room of her daughter, Helen, who rose in alarm, and soon had the venerable patient in bed. Then the family physician was summoned and after a brief consultation it was decided to telegraph to President McKinley. The evening mail brought the family a letter from the President which was read to the sufferer and she signaled to her children that she had heard and understood it. Soon afterward she sank into a comatose condition and it became evident that the end was approaching. Dr. Phillips, the family physician held out no hope of a rally, owing to the great age and feebleness of the patient, the paralysis being induced by extreme old age alone.

President McKinley decided to leave Washington for Canton, and the relatives of the family were summoned from a distance. When the President arrived, the dying mother was still able to recognize her son. All her children were gathered by her bedside, Mrs. Duncan, of Cleveland, being the last to arrive. The President's sister, on entering the sick-room, knelt by the bedside and said: "Mother, here is William; if you recognize him, hold up your hand." The left hand was slightly raised and the President grasped it. He was constantly at the bedside for two days, returning to Washington Dec. 4 and purposing to be back again in Canton by Tuesday, immediately after the opening of Congress, when Mrs. McKinley would accompany him. The vitality of the aged patient was a surprise to the physicians, and to the relatives as well.

Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley was born in 1804, of English-Scottish ancestry, her

parents being Abner Allison and Ann Campbell Allison. Her early years were spent amid simple home duties. In 1829 she was married to William McKinley at New Lisbon, O. Nine children were born to them, the seventh being William, the President of the future. Throughout a long and comparatively quiet life, she became endeared to a very wide circle of friends, who found in her the true type of the Christian matron—a woman of rare worth and high character. Her own family, even to the most distant relationship, almost worshiped her, and the helpful example of her beautiful, upright life has influenced many, while her strong Christian belief, which she never hesitated to express, carried conviction to other hearts that came into contact with her own.

Those who are on terms of friendly intimacy with the family say that in no way did Mrs. McKinley betray her great age. She was vivacious and active up to the time when she was stricken with paralysis. She had none of the long-indulged habits of old people—the easy rocking-chair, the fireside corner for social chat and gossip, or the whims that gather about age. Matters of gravity and importance interested her always more than gossip, and she was the ready confidant and counselor of her son. Up to the beginning of summer she resided in the White House with the President, but she then returned to Canton for rest.

A Hymn Saved from Fire.

A young English girl, who had struggled through an experience of restless and unsatisfied desire, and at last had found peace in Christ, sat down and wrote some verses. She said afterward:

"I was so little impressed with it that I threw it on the fire, thinking it not worth preserving; but a friend sitting by rescued it just in time to save it."

Thus was preserved to us the hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal:

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed.

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Gospel in Sernion and Song.

Services of An English Evangelist and an American Singer in the Cities and Towns of the United States and Canada.

THE Methodist Episcopal Churches of many towns in the United States and Canada have, during the past eight years, received additions in membership through God's blessing on the labors

but has crossed the continent and held services as far west as Spokane, Wash. He also made an extensive tour in Canada, where he was warmly received and his services appreciated. During the latter half of his sojourn on this side Mr. Weaver has had the valuable assistance of Prof. Weeden, who has enlivened the meetings with vocal music. Together the two evangelists composed several new pieces, which were sung in their services

and which appear with selections from other composers in their books, "Songs of the Peacemaker" and "Gospel Songs of Grace and Glory." Prof. Weeden does not accompany Mr. Weaver to England, but hopes to have opportunities of helping pastors in this country who are holding revival services. His address is No. 34 Seventh avenue, New York.

The concluding services of the two evangelists were held in Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church Camden, N. J. This building has recently undergone extensive alterations, with the object of increasing its accommodation, and when completed will be one of the largest churches of the denomination in the State. The Weaver and Weeden meetings there have been very successful. The pastor, Dr. James W. Munhall, says that the work done proved invaluable to the church. The Bible Readings given in the afternoons were instructive and the evening meetings were elevating and quickening to Christians and were used extensively in the conversion of souls.



REV. LEONARD WEAVER. PROF. W. S. WEEDEN
TWO FAMOUS EVANGELISTS.

of Leonard Weaver and W.S. Weeden the two young energetic evangelists, whose portraits appears on this page. As Mr. Weaver sails for his own land this week to undertake an Evangelistic tour through the English counties, a brief notice of his work on this side of the Atlantic will be welcome to many of our readers.

Mr. Weaver was converted in early life and at once identified himself with the Methodist church in whose numerous spheres of activity he soon found abundant opportunities for Christian work, addresses in Sunday-schools, Mission Halls and preaching in the open air developed his power of utterance, and gave him a training in the art of gaining the attention of popular assemblies. He had barely attained his majority when he undertook a preaching tour through the country, staying a few days in the larger cities, and holding services in the Methodist churches of country towns and villages. With this work he combined the services of a colporteur, selling Bibles and New Testaments, and disposing of a great quantity of religious literature. Aided by munificent Christian men, and by the British and Foreign Bible Society, he was able to offer copies of God's Word at nominal prices, and had the gratification of introducing the sacred volume into many Christless homes. It was his habit to drive into a town on his Bible van on the days when the market was being held, and hold a service in the market-square, preaching from the steps of the van. His audience of farmers and drovers was not always of the most responsive kind, but the young man was earnest and persevering, and often succeeded in touching some heart in the crowd.

About eight years ago, the longing to see the great world on this side the Atlantic and to preach the Gospel in our towns and cities, came upon him with a pressure that seemed to him a call from God. Since his arrival he has been occupied almost constantly, new opportunities opening as others were used. Mr. Weaver has labored chiefly on the Atlantic coast,

bosses many a body and burdens many a mind. You can't enjoy the food you like because you are bilious. You take all sorts of precautions, and yet the bilious attack leaps on you like a tiger from ambush. You know the irritability which precedes and the languor which follows the attack. It's miserable, isn't it? Why not cure the trouble? There's a pill that will cure biliousness. Dr. J. C. AYER'S PILLS are an acknowledged specific for this derangement.

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Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

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At the storming of the heights of Chagru Hotel, in Northern India, there were many examples of splendid heroism on the part of both white and native troops. One instance has come to light which has excited the admiration of a whole nation. In the attack on the tribesmen, a British regiment of Ghoorkas had become separated from the main body and was in peril. Two English regiments



one from Derbyshire and one from Dorsetshire, were sent to force back these men, but were repulsed amid a hail of bullets. At last the Gordon Highlanders, a famous regiment of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, were sent forward and to the playing of the bagpipes they rushed upon the enemy carrying the positions with fixed bayonet. During the assault, a Lance Corporal of the pipers, named Patrick Milne, was shot through both legs. He had been among the first to leap into the zone of danger, and after he was shot down, he managed to raise himself to a sitting position and played a stirring march on his pipes until faintness from loss of blood compelled him to desist.

As he was still weakly playing, he was urged by comrades to save his strength, but he sturdily replied: "I can still blow!" Of four other pipers of the same regiment who marched across the fire zone, only one escaped unhurt. If the enthusiasm of the soldier, in his effort to win a certain point, is sufficient to make him oblivious to physical pain and suffering, how much more ought the enthusiasm of the Christian enable him to rise superior to trials and disasters here, with the rich and imperishable prize of eternal life in view.

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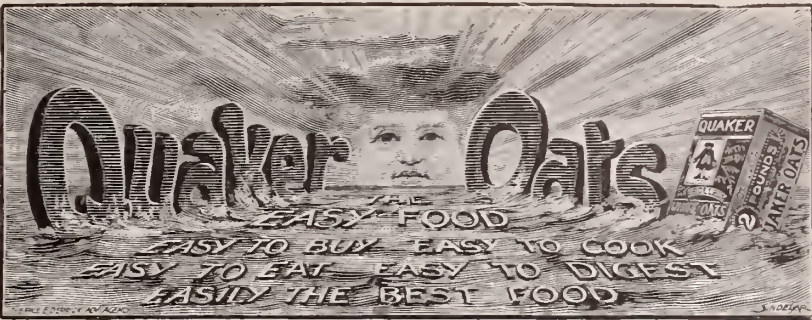
Recapitulation of last Annual Statement.

Gospel Meetings Held	137
Aggregate Attendance	80,220
Professed Conversions	5,127
Men and Boys Sheltered in Lodging House	10,942
Teas Served in Restaurant	629,674
Patients Treated in Free Dispensary	2,300
Employment found for	1,200
Undergarment Attendance (three months)	770
Attendance at Mrs. Bird's Women's Meetings	2,300
Professed Conversion at same	250
Free Meals	50,850

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Bowery Mission since last issue:

Previously acknowledged	\$616.15
W. S. Knapp	2.00
Mrs. Sarah Geale	10.00
Friend, Beloit	2.00
Believer in Missions, Janesville	2.00
Mrs. R. A. Burroughs	7.00
J. J. Leavay	25.00
M. L. B. Indianola	50.00
Mrs. M. E. Hughes	50.00
Anonymous	10.00
Mrs. E. J. Longenecker	1.35
Friend, Soudan	5.00
Miss Clara Somers	1.00
C. Carlisle	2.50
Eldon R. Garner	50.00
I. P. Havdenville	1.00
Sarah J. Bruyere	2.00
Ellie Sheets	50.00
Frank A. Dutton	5.00
W. Woodside	3.00
P. M. Barrow	1.00
Mrs. S. Ash	25.00
Total	\$673.50

All contributions will be duly acknowledged in these columns.



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Topics for the Week of Prayer.

JANUARY 2-9, 1898.

SERMONS.

Sunday, January 2d. God's people approach the Lord and walk in His light: "Sav unto all the congregation of the children of Israel. Come near before the Lord!"—Exodus 16: 9.

CONFESSION AND THANKSGIVING.

Monday, January 3d. Confession of Sin: For want of conformity to the mind of Christ; for disloyalty to the truth; for misuse and neglect of precious privileges; for lack of courage in witnessing for Christ.—Romans 6: 1-14; Matt. 23: 14-30. *Thanksgiving:* For the blessings of the year.—Psalm 145: 1-13; 1. Cor. 2: 7-16.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

Tuesday, January 4th. Prayer:—That clearer and truer views of the spiritual nature of the Church, as revealed in the New Testament, may prevail; that believers may yield themselves wholly to the Lord, and through the influence of the Holy Ghost, grow in spiritual life; that all Ministers of the Gospel may be filled with the Spirit of Christ; and that true unity and fellowship may be deepened and manifested.—Eph. 4: 1-16; Rev. 1: 12-20.

NATIONS AND THEIR RULERS.

Wednesday, January 5th. Prayer: That all in authority may recognize their responsibility to God the King, and may have wisdom and courage for righteousness in council and government; that the Lord's day may be revered; that injustice, intemperance, and persecutions may cease; and that forbearance, peace, and brotherhood may be cultivated by all people.—Dan. 12: 1-4; 1 Tim. 2: 1-6.

FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS.

Thursday, January 6th. Prayer: That in Christian households family prayer may be maintained; that the sacredness of the marriage tie may be universally recognized; that home life may be pure and loving; that the training in the family, in schools, colleges and universities may be in the knowledge of Holy Scripture, and with a view to the consecrated Christian life.—Joshua 24: 13-22; Psalm 133; Col. 3: 14 to 4: 1.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Friday, January 7th. Praise. For the growth and development of the Missionary spirit during this century, and for great revivals amid persecution in China and other parts of the Mission field.

Prayer: For the consecration of wealth to the kingdom of Christ; that faithful Missionaries may be raised up in all Christian communities; that converts may be established in the faith; that the number of native agents may be multiplied, and their efficiency increased; that the obstacles in all lands, arising from ignorance, prejudice, and error, may disappear before the Gospel as the one true faith for mankind. Psalm 2; Rom. 10; 6-21.

HOME MISSIONS.

Saturday, January 8th. Prayer: That Christian people may be led to greater personal effort, on behalf of the spiritual welfare of their neighbors and fellow countrymen; that blessing may accompany the work of Home Missionary Societies, of City Missions, and of laborers among special classes; that God's ancient people may be brought into the fold of Christ.—Acts 1: 1-8; Rev. 7: 4-12.

SERMONS.

Sunday, January 9th. God's people—His witnesses to the world: "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."—Isaiah 43: 10.

The Klondike Gospel Band.

In a letter from Captain de Soto, leader of the Klondike Gospel Band, written from Columbia, Ia., he repeats that the most cheering spiritual results have followed the revival meetings held along the route. Thus far there have been over two hundred professed conversions. At a meeting at Lancaster forty-five came to the altar. Thus far the band has received the warmest sympathy from Christian people everywhere.

Free to all Readers.—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

As stated in the last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The *New York World* publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 51.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1897.

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"THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER."—From the Famous Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. (See page 987.)

By permission of Messrs. N. 1.

on "The Apostolic Age" was published recently, having examined all the evidence on the subject says: "There can be little doubt that Peter made his way to Rome and labored there for some time." He quotes in support of this view Clement who wrote before the close of the first century, Ignatius who wrote a few years later and four eminent writers of

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Most Honored of Birds, it has a High Place in Sacred and Secular History.

(See colored illustration on first page.)

FROM the earliest period of history, the dove has been regarded as a sacred bird, and as such is honored by frequent and special mention in Scripture. It was the harbinger of reconciliation between God and man after the wicked had been destroyed by the flood, and when Noah sent it out to ascertain if the waters had abated (Gen. 8: 8-10), it returned with an olive branch, symbolical of the divine peace and forgiveness. It is repeatedly indicated as the emblem of purity and innocence (Psalm 55: 6-8), and even as symbolizing the Holy Spirit, which is described by the evangelists as descending, as a dove descends, upon Christ at the moment of his baptism in the Jordan. In many other ways, the dove is distinguished above all other flying creatures. As a type of the tenderest and most faithful affection (Son of Sol. 1: 15 and 2: 14), as a venerated bird (Ps. 68: 13), as the only bird acceptable in sacrifice (Genesis 15: 9; Lev. 5: 7), as beautiful in plumage (Ps. 68: 16), the highest praises seem to have been reserved for it by the inspired writers. Its capabilities as a carrier were developed by the Romans, Mussulmans, and Christians, and are even utilized in our own day, on land and sea, during war and peace.

In our modern systems of ornithology, the doves are included in the *Columbidae*, or pigeon family. "Pigeon" is derived from the Italian *Piccone*, and the Latin, *Pipione*, meaning literally a nestling-bird that pipes or cries out. "Dove," on the other hand, is of Danish and German derivation. No sharp distinction between the two is drawn by ornithologists. Thus the common "wood-pigeon" is also known as the "ring-dove," and in some countries as the "cushat" and "queest." The "stock-dove" is a smaller species, darker in color; the rock-dove is of a lighter shade and a wilder nature. There are many different varieties of the domesticated pigeon, including the "pouters," the "carriers" (so-called from their docility in learning to convey messages), the "fan-tails," "trumpeters," etc. Syria, Persia, Turkey, Upper Egypt, and Palestine proper all contain many varieties of the wild species, as well as the "turtle-dove" or domesticated breed, which, there as elsewhere, are housed in dove-cotes. Thousands of these beautiful birds are housed in temple-like structures in Persia, the tending of which is a sacred duty. In ancient Syria, they nested within the walls of the temples, and made the gardens melodious with their soft notes. In that country, as well as in Phoenicia, they were regarded as holy and forbidden as articles of food. The dove was placed upon the national standards of Assyria and Babylonia in the time of the famous queen Semiramus. Egyptian bas-reliefs represent carrier-pigeons as being liberated by priests, and it is unquestioned that they were highly venerated even in those far-off ages.

In the beautiful illustration on our first page, from a famous painting by Orchardson, one of the greatest of English artists, a farmer's daughter is represented feeding her little flock of pigeons. They flutter around her in the daintiest way, and so well acquainted have they become with their kind mistress that they feed from her hand, and one, more familiar than the rest, even perches upon her arm. It is a picture full of suggestion as to the gentle relations that ought to exist between the human race and the lower creatures, many of whom are capable of expressing affection and gratitude in return for kind treatment and loving words.

In art, the dove has been assigned a high place by the most famous painters of both ancient and modern times. The great frescoes of Rome and Florence would be incomplete without the graceful dove which is a feature of many of these compositions. It has been used in art as the type of the most sacred things as well as of the highest human affections. One of the most exquisite of the many paintings of the "Madonna and Child," is known as "the Virgin of the Doves," and represents Mary the Mother, standing with the infant Jesus in her arms, while four beautiful, snow-white doves fly beside her.

Poets no less than painters have chosen

the gentle dove as a peculiar favorite. Dryden tells how:

Lovers of birds have of late years been engaged in an effort to stop, as far as possible, the cruel slaughter of many different species of birds for the sake of their plumage. Among the victims of a tyrannical fashion the dove is a serious sufferer. Doves' wings and frequently whole birds are utilized by fashionable milliners. While it is no doubt reprehensible to put any of God's creatures to such a use, we believe that the innocent dove, at least, would be spared so ignoble a martyrdom if mothers saw to it that their children were made familiar with the wondrous story of this beautiful bird, and the unexampled honors that have lifted it high above the rest of the feathered creation.

JESUS THEIR PILOT.

How the Wandering Sailors are Helped by the Seamen's Christian Association.

ONE of the most deserving causes that have received encouragement through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the Seamen's Christian Association situated at No. 665 Washington street, New York. The story of the good work among seamen is familiar to many of our readers.

When the Mission was first opened, and the association was organized nearly eleven years ago, its beginning was very small, but the brave workers did not falter nor anticipate the future. Their purpose was to "dare and do," leaving the results to Providence. The work from year to year is much the same, and lies almost wholly among sailors, stokers, engineers, firemen, and boatmen generally, along the river front on West street. All are welcome to the Mission, of whatever nationality, creed, or color, the aim and object being to de-

preciation. A member of the Hope Circle of King's Daughters and Sons, who returned, after an absence of more than two years, wrote to the Mission from Yokohama, also from Bombay, testifying in his own words, to "the keeping power of the Lord." Still others write of their desire to overcome temptations to drink and other vices, and are grateful for help extended by the Mission which has enabled them to stand firm in many a trial.

A FLOWER AND A BLESSING.

Matron Falke Tells of a Unique Work of Rescue Among the Fallen.

AMONG the many phases of Christian work in New York City, there is none that affords a wider field for the exercise of soul-winning and body-saving zeal than that which deals with poor, degraded womanhood. Many churches, of late years, have taken up this form of Christian work, to the extent of co-operating with some of the Rescue Missions.

Many of our readers are already familiar with the rescue work of the Good Samaritan Home among the lost girls of downtown New York. Mrs. Falke, the matron of the Home, has inaugurated a unique and very attractive branch of the work, which she thus describes:

Some time ago, I was led to see the need of outdoor effort at night to reach those who are living in sinful life and who may be found on the streets from midnight to daybreak, every night in the year. Most of them live in the tenement-house district, where it would be impossible to find them during the daytime. But "misery likes company," and they seem by a common impulse to select the Bowery as a place where all can meet on the same level, — and that one of sin. We were visiting the hospitals and prisons and God had blessed our efforts and yet here were hundreds of women going straight to perdition, with no hand stretched forth to stop them and no voice raised to warn.



A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE SEAMEN'S MISSION.

velop Christlike life and activity among sea-faring men. A missionary visits the ships of the different trans-Atlantic lines daily, extending a cordial invitation to the Mission, where the seamen are all very welcome. The rooms are open from two to ten p.m. Gospel services are held every evening except Saturday. Our photograph represents the hour and occasion when all are assembled. Owing to limited accommodations the Mission is obliged to combine chapel, reading-room, recreation and refreshment all in one. The aggregate attendance during the year was 16,665, of whom were seamen 12,631; requests for prayer, 1,200. Food and lodging have been temporarily provided to a large number of seamen since last April. Cast-off clothing has been given in many cases to poor seamen who have been stranded through misfortune. Visits are made to those ill in hospital or on shipboard, and their wants ministered to.

The average seaman is noble-hearted, susceptible to kindness and encouragement. Many have been won to a better life by the Mission. Letters from seamen themselves and from their mothers, wives and children are strong testimonies of ap-

preciation. Through the kindness of the Fruit and Flower Mission, I was enabled to get sufficient flowers to make about two dozen bouquets, and with an earnest prayer I started out one Thursday evening recently, and walked down the Bowery. When I met a sister, I offered her a bouquet and a card, with these words: "If ever you need a friend, call at No. 244 East Sixty-fifth street." I remember meeting one who listened very attentively as I told how God had saved me. She put the card away in her pocket, but made no promise to come to the Home. Some two weeks afterward she did call and I hastened to bid her welcome. She said she was sick of her old life, and added: "If God saved you, he will save me."

We knelt in prayer. Her earnest cry went up for forgiveness. When we got up from our knees, she said she knew God had saved her. The years she had spent in sin had left their mark, however, and she realized that she had not long to live. Though she stayed with us only a short time before going to the hospital, she gave every evidence of having realized the new life. Another of our girls, who was in the same hospital, in a letter she wrote us, told how "Jane was always telling about God's goodness in saving her soul, after she had lived so long in sin." She passed away on a Sunday morning. I shall never forget that the little gift of a flower with a prayer and a kind word were the means of bringing that poor soul to Christ.

HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Mrs. Mary A. Wright's Fifty Years of Continuous Service as a Sunday School Teacher.

IN the pretty little town of Burlington, N. J., a few days ago, a remarkable celebration was held. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the continuous serv-



MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT.

ice of Mrs. Mary A. Wright as a Bible teacher in the First Baptist Church of that place, and as the interest in the event was widespread throughout a large section, the gathering was a notable one. The school-room was crowded to the doors, every member being present and many of the people who used to attend away back in the sixties. There were also present three of the members of Mrs. Wright's first class, which was organized in 1847. These members were: Mrs. C. Henry Beldin, Sr.; Mrs. Louisa Powell, of Burlington; and Mrs. Julia Booz, of Trenton, N. J. Attractive and very appropriate decorations were arranged by a committee of young men from the Sunday School, who deserve credit for the neat and artistic way in which they did their work. From the ceiling were suspended little golden stars, which glistened and sparkled in the gaslight; the columns and chandeliers were tastefully fastened down with the "Stars and Stripes" and large rows of rich golden-yellow paper; altogether the decorations were bright and attractive and in very good taste. An interesting programme was arranged; which opened with a selection by the school orchestra, which was followed by the hymn "Onward;" the Lord's Prayer; "Tis Harvest Time;" "Echoes from Judea" (a trio) and a hymn "We Are Marching On." Rev. J. Madison Hare then explained the lesson, which was read by Assistant Superintendent Ridgway.

Superintendent Hail then presented Mrs. Wright to the school, and that lady read a short paper, entitled, "Memories of Fifty Years in one Sunday School," which was full of interesting and kindly reminiscences. She referred to many of the old members who have passed away, and also to the memory of her husband, who held the office of superintendent of the school forty years ago. As she returned from the platform, the entire gathering gave her the Chautauqua salute.

An original poem dedicated to Mrs. Wright was then read by Assistant Superintendent Whomsley, after which fifty little girls from the primary class, all dressed in white, sang a chorus. Pastor Hare, after a short address, presented Mrs. Wright with a box of gold coin from the members of her class, and Superintendent Hail also handed her a valuable gift from the officers of the school.

Mrs. Wright is still teaching in the Sunday School, and is greatly beloved for her beautiful Christian character and her energy in many forms of Christian work. Her experience and example have been an inspiration to many. Of those she has taught in school during her long service, very many are now heads of families. The influence of her work has made a spiritual impression upon two generations, and there are many homes where she will always be lovingly remembered.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



The Geology of the Bible.

A Sermon by . . .

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: II. Sam 6: 6, 7, -

And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.

A BAND of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck, harps thrummed, and cymbals clapped, all led on by David, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the "Ark." The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon imperiled it. Some critics say that the oxen kicked, being struck with the driver's goad, but my knowledge of oxen leads me to say that if on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall, they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright. But he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no one, save the priest, under any circumstances should touch that box. Nervous, and excited, and irreverent, Uzzah disobeyed when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence. In all ages, and never more so than in our own day, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the sacred ark of our time, will be upset, and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially Geology, would overthrow it. While we are not forbidden to touch the Holy Book, and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the Book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled and there shall be no more need of a Bible, because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds. A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geological account are different. One story written on parchment and the other on the rocks, and yet in perfect and eternal accord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into pyroxylics of criticism many exegetes. The Hebrew word "Yom" of the Bible means sometimes what we call a day, and sometimes it means ages; it may mean twenty-four hours or a hundred million years. The order of creation as written in the Book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' crowbar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong oxen of scientific discovery would upset the Bible. But I vent some what apprehensively to go to the matter, when I found that the Bible and Geology agree in saying that the world was built the rocks; then the waters covered the earth; then marine creatures were created, from minnow to whale, then the wings and throats of aerial creatures were created and tined, and the land animals began to bleat, and bellow, and bray. We are all the time in a race between the Church and the world, concerning a hill between Moses and Agassiz. I feel like to fight at it. But is not the geological impression that the world was made of years building antagonistic to the theory of our week's creation in Genesis? No. A great house is to be built. A vast time is to be taken to the great foundation stone and the heavy timbers. The house is about done but it is not fit for comfortable residence. Indeed, the owner calls in upholsterers, painters, gasfitters, paper-hangers, and in one week it is ready for occupancy. Now, it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing up of the rocks and the building of this world together, yet only one week more to make it habitable and to furnish it for human residence.

Remember, also, that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used, —common parlance, —and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round, when it is not round. It is spheroidal —flattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Professor Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Professor Varin, with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round; but we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round. Let us deal as fairly with Moses or Job as we do with each other.

But for years good people feared Geology, and, without any imprecation on their part, apprehended that the rocks and mountains would fall on them, until Hugh Miller, the Elder of St. John's Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh, and parishioner of Dr. Guthrie, came forth and told the world that there was no contradiction between the mountains and the church, and O. M. Mitchell, a brilliant lecturer before he became brigadier-general, dying at Beaufort, S. C., during our Civil War, took the platform and spread his map of the strata of rock in the presence of great audiences, and Prof. Alexander Winchell, of Michigan University, and Prof. Taylor Lewis, of Union College, showed that the "without form and void" of the first chapter of Genesis was the very chaos out of which the world was formulated, the hands of God packing together the land, and tossing up the mountains into great heights, and flinging down the seas into their great depths. Before God gets through with this world there will hardly be a book of the Bible that will not find confirmation, either in archaeology or geology. Exhumed Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Egyptian hieroglyphics are crying out in the ears of the world: "The Bible is right! All right! Everlastingly right!" Geology is saying the same thing, not only confirming the truth about the original creation, but confirming so many passages of the Scriptures that I can only slightly refer to them.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says Geology, "for how do you account for those sea-shells and sea-weeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise about the mountains, how did those sea-shells and sea-weeds, and skeletons of sea animals get there? Did you put them there?"

But, now, you do not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone whelming Sodom and Gomorrah, and enwrapping Lot's wife in such saline encrustations that she halted a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes to that region, and after trying in vain to take a swim in the lake, so thick with salt he cannot swim in it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried—one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you cannot get rid of the nauseating drop—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, while all round there are jets, and crays, and peaks of salt, and it one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife, they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy the ages.

But, now, you do not really believe that New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucified, do you? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and aslant, showing the work of an especial earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding region. Go and look for yourself, and see there a dip and cleavage of

rocks as nowhere else on the planet, Geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassination of the Son of God.

But you do not really believe that story of the burning of our world at the last day? Geology digs down and finds that the world is already on fire, and that the centre of this globe is incandescent, molten, volcanic, a burning coal, burning out towards the surface, and the internal fires have so far reached the outside rim that I do not see how the world is to keep from complete conflagration until the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled. The lava poured forth from the mouths of Vesuvius, Mount Etna, and Cotopaxi, and Kilauca is only the regurgitation from an awful inflammation thousands of miles deep. There are mines in Pennsylvania and in several parts of the world that have been on fire for many years. These coal mines burning down and the internal fires of the earth burning up, after a while these two fires, the descending and the ascending, will meet, and then will occur the universal conflagration of which the Bible speaks, when it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Instead of disbelieving the Bible story about the final conflagration, since I have looked a little into geology, finding that its explorations are all in the line of confirmation of that prophecy, I wonder how this old craft of a world can keep sailing on much longer. It is like a ship on fire at sea, the fact that the hatches are kept down the only reason that it does not become one complete blaze—masts on fire, ratlins on fire, everything from cut-water to taffrail on fire. After Geology has told us how near the internal fires have already burned their way toward the surface, it ought not to be a surprise to us at any time to hear the ringing of the fire bells of a universal conflagration. O, I am so glad that Geology has been born! Astronomy is grand, because it tells us about other worlds; but I must say that I am more interested in our world than in any other world, and Geology tells us all about what it was, its cradle, and what will be its grave. And this glorious Geology is proving itself more and more the friend of Theology. Thank God for the testimony of the rocks; the Ten Commandments announced among the split rocks of Sinai; the greatest sermon of Christ preached on the basaltic rocks of the Mount of Beatitudes; the Saviour dying on the rocks of Golgotha, and buried amid the limestone rocks of Joseph's sepulchre; the last day to be ushered in with a rending of rocks, and our blessed Lord suggestively entitled the "Rock of Ages." I this day proclaim the banns of a marriage between Geology and Theology, the rugged bridegroom and the fairest of brides. Let them join their hands, and "whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

If anything in the history or condition of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in Geology, you must remember that Geology is all the time correcting itself, and more and more coming to harmonization with the great Book. In the last century the "French Scientific Association" printed a list of eighty theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced fifty theories of geology that had been believed in and afterwards thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all, and if Geology has cast out between one and two hundred theories which it once considered established, we can afford to wait until the last theory of Geology antagonizing divine revelation shall have been given up. Now, in this discourse upon the Geology of the Bible, or God among the Rocks, I charge all agitated and alighted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see! For several hundred years the oxen have been jerking the ark this way and that, and pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision, and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads, and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heats of retribution from a God "Who will by no means clear the guilty." Yet have you not noticed that the Book has never been upset? The only changes made in it were by its learned friends in the Revision of the Scriptures.

The Book of Genesis has been thundered against by the mightiest batteries, yet you cannot to-day find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the fifty chapters of the first copy of the Book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words, "In the beginning God," and closing with Joseph's coffin. Fierce attack on the Book of Exodus has been made because they said it was cruel to drown Pharaoh and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the Book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have thrown Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is today a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And, as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all German law, all English law, all American law worth anything are squarely founded on them. So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the Book of Joshua. It was said that the story of the detained sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy, but that Book of Joshua may be found to-day in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The Book of Jonah has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages; but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while Geology puts up in its museums remains of sea monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant prophet. There stand the one thousand and eighty-nine chapters of the Bible, notwithstanding all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shrivel up in the final fires, which geologists say are already kindled and glow hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as it puts out from New York Narrows for Hamburg or Southampton. I should not wonder if from the crypt of ancient cities the inspired manuscripts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in their own chirography, would be taken, and the epistles which Paul dictated to his amanuensis, as well as the one in the apostle's own hand-writing. At the same ratio of archaeological and geological confirmation of the Scriptures, the time will come when the truth of the Bible will no more be doubted than the common almanac, which tells you the days and the months of the year, and the unbelievers will be accounted harmless lunatics. Forward the telescope and the spectroscopic and the chemical batteries, and critically examine the ostracods of the ocean depths and the bones of the great mammals on the gravelly hill-tops! And the mightier, and the grander, and the deeper and the higher the explorations, the better for our cause. As sure as the thunderbolts of the Almighty are stronger than the steel pens of agnostics, the ark of God will ride on unhurt, and Uzzah need not fear any disasters upsetting. The apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven, proclaiming to all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ are mightier than the slaying off of a yoke of oxen.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby-pamby, nerveless, dilettantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the Rocks. Religion a balm? O, yes. Religion a soothing power? O, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? O, yes. But we must have a God of the Rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is He, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? O, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered, we must have a God of the Rocks. The "Lion of Judah's Tribe," as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the Rock as defense, as armament, as refuge, as overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and they reminded him of the Almighty, and he ejaculates: "The Lord liveth; blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out: "The Lord is my rock." "He shall set me up upon a rock." Would the Bible present a sublime

ture of motherly desperation in defense of her children, it shows us Rizzpah on the rock for three months, with disheveled hair and wild screams, fighting back lions and jackals from the corpses of her sons. Would the Bible set forth the hardness of the heart and the power of gospel to overcome it, it tells us of the Hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." Would our Lord represent the fragility of his church against all assault, he says: "Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Would he use his Sermon on the Mount with a veneration that would resound through centuries, standing on a rock so high that it overlooks Lake Galilee to the right, and on a clear day overlooks the Mediterranean to the left, I hear him stamp his foot on the rock beneath him as he speaks to the surging multitudes at the base of that rock: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will build him up into a wise man, which shall build his house upon a rock; and the rain shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house; and it shall fall not: for it was founded upon a rock." Ah, my friends! we want a worthy, a stalwart, a brawny religion. We have a great many people who can sing and gently rock the cradle of their faint hopes, and can faintly smile when good is accomplished, and walk softly through a sick-room, and live inoffensive lives, and manage to tread on no one's prejudices; and their religion is at the best as when the wind is from the northwest and the thermometer at 70 degrees Fahrenheit: and they have their spheres, and may prosper them. But we want in this great battle for God against the allied forces of perdition some John Knoxes, some Martin Luthers—men of nerve, and faith, and prowess, like the Huguenots, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Dutch of Leyden keeping back the enemy until the tides of the sea came in. Lord, God of the Rocks! help us in this awful struggle, in which heaven or hell is bound to eat.

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with manna out of the rock. How the rock of oreb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stout strokes with which he struck it! And here stands the rock with name—I guess the longest word in the Bible—*se-la-ham-ah-lekoth*, and it was worthy of a resounding, sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozez and Seneh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent David in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Adullam and Engedi!

But while I go on with my study of the geology of the Bible, or, God among the rocks, I get a more intelligent and helpful idea of divine deliberation. These rocks, the growth of thousands of years, and geology says, of millions of years, ought to show the prolongation of God's plans and cure our impatience because things are not done in short order. Men, without seeing it, become critical of the Almighty and think, Why does he not do this and do that, and do it right away? We feel sometimes as if we could not wait. Well, I guess we will have to wait, for God is never in a hurry, except about two things. His plans, sweeping through eternity, are beyond our comprehension. They have such wide circles, such vastness of revolution, such infinitude, that we cannot compass them. Indeed, he would not be much of a God whom we could thoroughly understand. That would not be much of a father who had no thoughts of plans larger than his babe of one year could compass. If God takes millions of years to make one rock, do not let us become critical if he takes twenty years, or century, or several centuries to do that which we would like to have done immediately. Do not repeat the folly of those who conclude there is no God, or that he is not in sympathy with the right and the good, because he does not do certain things in the time we set apart for their performance. Do not let us hold up our tiny watch with its tiny hour hand and minute hand, and by it try to correct the

clock of the universe, its pendulum taking five hundred years to swing this way, and five hundred years to swing that way. Do not let us set up our little spinning-wheel beside the loom in which God weaves sunrises and sunsets and auroras. We have the best of authority for saying that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Do not expect that Uzzah's oxen, even if they do not shy off, but go straight ahead, can keep up with the fire-shod lightnings.

But that was not a slip of the tongue when I said that God is never in a hurry except in two things. Those two things are, when he goes to save a repentant sinner and comfort a praying mourner. The one divine hurry was set forth in the parable of the prodigal son, when it says, "the father ran." He was old, and I suppose had as much as he could do to walk, but the sight of his bad boy coming home limbered the stiff knees and lengthened the shortened pace of the old man into an athletic stride. "The father ran!" Put it into your oratorios. Sound it with full orchestra. Repeat it through all heavens: "The father ran!" O, soul farthest off, come back! and God, your Father, will come out to meet you at full run! The other time when God is in a hurry is when a troubled soul calls for comfort. Then the Bible represents the divine gait and swing and velocity by the reindeer, saying: "Be thou like a roe or a young hart on the mountains of Bethor." That par-

flights high up, the gate of heaven open for a soul to go in or a seraph to come out, I heard the choirs chanting, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God!" And it was an antiphonal in which all heaven responded, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." O, man! O, woman! so far as your earthly existence is concerned, only the insect of an hour, be not impatient with the workings of the Omnipotent and the Eternal.

And now, for your solace and your safety, I ask you to come under the shelter, and into the deep cliffs, and the almighty defense of a Rock that is higher than you, higher than any Gibraltar, higher than the Himalayas—the "Rock of Ages."—that will shelter you from the storm, that will hide you from your enemies, that will stand when the earthquakes of the last day get their pry under the mountains and hurl them into seas boiling with the fires which are already burning their way out from red-hot centres toward the surfaces which are already here and there spouting with fire amid the quaking of the mountains, under the look and touch of him, of whom it is said in the sublimest sentence ever written: "He looketh upon the mountains, and they tremble; He toucheth the hills, and they smoke!"

Hie you one and all to the Rock of Ages! And now, as before this sermon on the Rocks I gave out the significant and appropriate hymn, "How firm a



SINGING TO THE CRANBERRY PICKERS THROUGH THE GOSPEL TRUMPETS.

enthesis I put in thinking that there may be some repentant sinner who wants to find pardon or some mourning soul who needs comfort, and therefore I mention the two things about which God is in a great hurry.

But concerning all the vast things of God's government of the universe, be patient with the carrying out of plans beyond our measurement. Naturalists tell us that there are insects that are born and die within an hour, and that there are several generations of them in one day; and if one of those July insects of an hour should say: "How slow everything goes!" I was told in the chrysalis state by a wondrous instinct that I would find in this world seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. But where are the autumnal forests upholstered in fire, and where are the glorious spring-times, with orchards waving their censers of perfume before the altars of the morning? I do not believe there are any autumns or springtimes. If then a golden eagle, many years old, in a cage nearby, heard the hum of that complaining insect, it might well answer: "O, summer insect of an hour, though your life is so short you cannot see the magnificent turn of the seasons. I can testify as to their reality, for I have seen them roll. When I was young, and before I was imprisoned in this cage, I brushed their gorgeous leafage and their fragrant blossoms with my own wing. You live an hour; I have lived thirty years. But in one of my

foundation ye saints of the Lord." I will give out after this sermon on the Rocks, the significant and appropriate hymn:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

MERCHANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

In a recent address, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, reviewed the record of mercantile beneficence. He said:

"It was an East Indian merchant
Born in America, in Europe bred
In Africa traveled and in Asia wed,

made those gifts to the collegiate school in New Haven which have given renown for almost 200 years to the name of Elihu Yale. The last half century has been prolific in kindred gifts. It was a merchant of Mobile who founded the Sheffield Scientific School in New Haven; a merchant of Boston who gave his name to the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge; a merchant of New York who established the John C. Green School of Science in Princeton; a merchant of Brooklyn whose gifts to Cornell University surpassed the founder's; a business man of Philadelphia who founded the Towne School of Science; a merchant of New Orleans whose name is recalled by Tulane University; and a merchant of Baltimore, Johns Hopkins, who divided his fortune between a university and a hospital. John Jacob Astor, a merchant of New York, set the example, soon to be followed by Lenox and Tilden. Joshua Bates, a partner of the Barings, rendered a like service to Boston, and William Brown, one of the Brown Brothers, to Liverpool. Crittenden, of New York; Pratt, of Baltimore; Newberry, of Chicago, each one a merchant, and a great many more, are the builders of libraries."

With a Gospel Trumpet.

How the Message of Salvation is Spread Among the Pickers on the Cranberry Bogs of Cape Cod—A Unique Christian Work.



T this time of year when our thoughts turn naturally toward roast turkey and cranberry sauce, it may interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know something of an effort made this season to carry the Gospel to the cranberry pickers. Most of our cranberries come from "down Cape Cod way" in Massachusetts.

Thousands of acres of land are given up to the cultivation of the red berry, and whole sections depend for a livelihood on the crop. The bogs are low, level stretches of land, some of them containing a score, and even in some cases a hundred acres of land; the ground is of a marshy nature, though it is covered with a thin layer of sand. The vines are planted about a foot and a half apart, but soon spread until they become tangled together, making a beautiful mat of green, with a red coloring made by the beautiful berries that grow in thick clusters. A bog begins to bear after about three years.

Lines of twine divide the bog into narrow strips about five feet wide; two pickers work in this narrow strip. One must kneel and scoop the berries up with the hands into the six-quart pails, which when filled the picker carries to the overseer, who empties them in boxes to be taken to the screening-house, and gives the picker credit for the amount picked. The price paid generally for the six-quart pailful is eight cents when picked by hand, and six cents when picked with a scoop, a machine with long steel teeth, which is run through the vines.

During the season every one in the village and country round about, men, women and children, engage in some way in harvesting the crop. The older women assist in the screening-house, where the berries are sorted and cleaned. The small children even can help in the picking, and every pailful helps to swell the cash account of the picker. It is hard work, as one is kept in a kneeling position all day, and frequently the ground is damp, as the bogs are so arranged as to be flooded if there is danger of a frost. If the weather turns suddenly cold, the waters are made to flow through the sluice-ways until the entire field becomes a lake; in the morning the bogs are drained, and as soon as the moisture clears away the pickers begin.

Beside the "native" pickers, thousands of men, women and children of all sorts and conditions go out from the cities to help in the work. It is a vacation time to many, besides an opportunity to earn a little extra. For the accommodation of those who thus come in, quarters are built, some of them quite comfortable; others, especially those for the foreign element, Italians and French, are just shanties, called "shacks," and in some places only dugouts in the ground are provided.

Mr. H. B. Gibbud has for a number of years carried on a work among the hop-pickers in central New York. Starting from Syracuse, where he has been engaged in mission work, but last year moving to Springfield, Mass., he saw in the gathering of these people an opportunity for a similar work to that in the hop-fields. Mr. Gibbud, his wife, and Mr. C. H. Hale, of Springfield, started out early in October for an evangelistic trip among the pickers. They had a small folding organ, and by the use of Gospel trumpets in singing and speaking, the message in song was carried even to the most distant parts of the field. In one of the meetings, Mr. Gibbud, speaking through the trumpet, was heard distinctly at a mile and a half. Evenings, an open-air meeting was held in the village at the post-office, the crowds gathering around the large picture of the "Two Ways," the lanterns lighting the picture and throwing a gleam on the group of interested listeners. Some services were held at the church on Sundays. Many tracts and religious papers were distributed and eagerly received. Many of the Christian people in the villages joined heartily in the effort, and showed the workers no little kindness. It was hard work, but good news to the faithful sowing of the seed.

TO THE MAHDI'S CAPITAL.

val European Armies Pressing Forward Through Central Africa—France's Dream of a Great Equatorial Empire.

IN a recent letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I called attention to the remarkable career and achievements Count Nicholas de Leontieff, whom



A SOMALI WARRIOR.

enelik, Negus of Abyssinia, appointed at summer to the high post of Governor-general of the equatorial provinces of central Africa. I took occasion to say at his incumbency of this post was destined to carve out for him a preponderant role in the future history of northeastern Africa. The situation there is like a smoldering fire, and, judging by the recent developments, a general blaze may be looked for at any moment. Being in touch with several high officials connected with

the Ministry of Colonies, I am enabled to give a fairly accurate account of the present complications, and at the same time some interesting photographs which show us three distinct types of African warriors who will probably enter the field either as allies or as enemies of the European troops that may be called into action. The pictures were made recently by one of the several French exploring parties that visited Abyssinia, the Somali region and the headwaters of the Nile.

My information deals principally with the possible interference of France and Russia with England's designs on Khartoum. After Lord Kitchener's occupation of Berber, the English military operations came to sudden standstill. It was on that the Moscow Gazette, a semi-official Russian organ, announced that the redcoats continued their march they would find themselves confronted at Khartoum not with the Mahdi alone, but with the soldiers of the French March expedition. It is the general belief in Continental diplomatic circles that this announcement decided the British Government to hurry up the preparations for the capture of the Mahdi's capital.

The Moscow Gazette told the truth. At this very moment not only the Marchand mission, but that of the Bonchamps as well, the two having operated their junction near Pachoda, on the north of the province of Bahr-el-Gazal, are advancing forced marches to Khartoum and Omman. They have been supplied with the necessary provisions and equipments by another French party visiting the Onbarghi region, and will probably experience little difficulty in reaching their goal. Simultaneously with this, an Abyssinian expeditionary force under the orders of a Frenchman is pushing forward the same destination by way of the Nile, while numerous English exploring parties under Major Macdonald have left Uganda, a British possession further north, on a trip to the Somali country, which borders Abyssinia. Finally, the Mahdi himself has just occupied a strongly

entrenched camp at Metemneh-Chendy in advance of his capital, and is calmly awaiting events with the stoic resignation of a Mahometan fatalist!

If the reader will glance at the map of Eastern Africa, he will obtain some conception of the critical nature of the situation and of the danger of a general conflagration.

We are all more or less familiar with the causes that led Great Britain to impose her tutelage upon Egypt and to undertake her war against the Mahdi. The bloody tragedy of Khartoum, with the figure of that great Christian soldier, General Gordon as a centre-piece, is vivid to the minds of many at present as it was on the day when the news of his fearful murder reached civilization. Subsequent attempts to avenge him and plant the English flag upon the battlements of the Dark City were long followed by us with warmest sympathy, but of later years the whole question seemed to have degenerated from one of retributive justice to that of a scheme of general conquest. The remembrance of the brave Scotchman's fate has had little weight in determining England's present action in Lower Egypt. As regards France's interference at the present moment light is thrown on this phase of the affair by the statements which I have just read by the Mahdi's special envoy to Constantinople, the Emir Soliman-Inger. Some of his remarks would tend to strengthen one's belief that it is always well to hear two sides of a story. We have listened to the white man's version for over fifteen years. Here is what a swarthy Arab has to say on behalf of the redoubtable Khalifa el Mahdi

there was every reason for the French to enter the field in opposition to them. I forthwith commenced negotiations with the agents of the French Government on the following basis: France to help us secure our independence, to maintain which is all we have ever fought for, and in return to receive as a gift from the Khalifa the province of Bahr-el-Gazal. As to the right and wrong of the question, I can only add this: It is true that in the great war against the predecessor of the present Khalifa, a very good and pious man, General Gordon, lost his life. It was a mistake for us to have killed him, even though he was an intruder. But why should we still be threatened with English attacks? The pretext under which the English advance, is that they desire to protect Egyptian territory against our incursions. Yet we make no incursions, have made no incursions for many years; and we have never taken up arms, but in self-defense. In attacking us, England is justifying her occupation of Egypt. It is a campaign of conquest.

As on the Niger, on the West Coast, so in the Soudan are the two historic rivals, England and France, again confronting each other. The French, in addition to the Mahdists, will probably have the Abyssinian army to draw upon. One of the accompanying photographs presents a vivid picture of the sable warriors drawn up for dress parade, with their grotesque head-dress and peculiarly ornamental apparel. Each man has a modern rifle, and in the background we discern some very up-to-date-looking cannon. These guns—fully a hundred of them in good condition—were captured from

the Italians on the famous battle field of



KING MENELIK'S GUARD—DERVISHES OF THE SOUDAN AND ABYSSINIAN PEASANTS.

Abdullah-Ali and his warlike followers:

That a solution of the Soudan question is only possible through a general European intervention, has always been my conviction, consequently I have tried to impress the Khalifa with the fact that "Europe in its entirety is not an enemy of the Soudan." I succeeded in my endeavors, proving to my master, firstly, that the Sultan had never authorized the Soudan expeditions, under British control, and secondly, that the Egyptians themselves only attacked him because forced to do so by the English. I had some difficulty, though carrying my point. The Khalifa once turned on me with the words: "Well, if you say that the Sultan is our friend, why doesn't he help us against the English?" It was in this dilemma that I thought of an appeal to France, which is more powerful than Turkey. The French have every reason to oppose the British advance in the Soudan, because the great artery coveted by England, which unites Alexandria in Egypt with the Cape of Good Hope, cuts through the French trading route between the French port of Djibouti on the East Coast of Africa, and St. Louis on the West. It being clearly the intention of the English to annex the Soudan,

Adowa and in several other encounters. The Abyssinians have become adepts at their use and could hold their own against the best European artillerymen. Another group of horsemen in the foreground and a set of swarthy individuals standing by show a delegation of Kalabat fighters, adherents of the Khalifa. They were photographed on the borders of Abyssinia, whither they had repaired in order to purchase supplies from the native peasants. These Mahdists are fanatical believers in Islam and determined to sacrifice all for their religion. Ten years of comparative peace have wrought immense changes in the spirit of the people. There is a perceptible yearning for peace and quiet among a large class of the inhabitants—the words of the Emir Soloman-Inger furnish evidence of this. The Soudan peasant of to-day would far rather handle the plowshare than the gun.

I have stated that an English exploring party was on its way to the Somali country. These regions lie south-east of

Abyssinia and west of the equatorial provinces of Ethiopia, governed by Count Leontieff. Their wild inhabitants will probably be gained over to the cause of Great Britain, especially if Abyssinia sides with France, for the Somalis have often been at odds with the subjects of Negus. One of our photographs shows a party of Somalis on horseback, their leader in the foreground. They are outright savages, without the semblance of any civilizing influence, and their religion is pure heathenism—a fetishism in its most degrading form. They are hardy fighters and remarkable elephant hunters, knowing no fear. Let us hope that they will continue to enjoy their pursuit of wild beasts without being called upon by any white man to exterminate his white brother.

VALERIAN GRIBAYEDOFF.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1897.

A Convert Menaced.

A touching instance of fidelity in the face of persecution and menace of death is reported from Shansi, in China, by Rev. H. C. Burrows, of the China Inland Mission. He says that two young men of the Yen family accepted Christianity recently, and put away their idols. The whole Yen clan thereupon assembled to decide how they should be dealt with, for the Yens are very bitter and vindictive toward Christian converts, especially of their own clan. The missionaries

were soon made aware of the result of the conference. A party of thirty, armed with bludgeons and ropes, surrounded the home of the young men, seized them and carried them off to the family ancestral temple, five miles off, where they shut them up for the night without food or fire. They were informed that unless they worshipped their ancestors, according to the custom of the country, they would be put to death. After a night of terror the elder brother yielded and performed a perfunctory devotion; but the younger brother remained firm. The ruffians thereupon beat him, but spared his life. One week's reprieve was given him, and he was told that at the end of the week, unless he yielded, he would surely be put to death.

The last day of the week soon came. Young Yen had taken refuge in the missionary's house, where all the Christians of the vicinity were assembled for prayer. The safety of brother Yen was the blessing every one craved, and all agreed to stand by him to the last. Word was brought that the whole strength of the Yen clan was called out—one hundred and ten men in all—and that they were marching on the young man's home. Failing to find him there, they would be sure to come to the mission. In a short time the shouts outside proclaimed their arrival. Young Yen himself knelt and besought God's protection. There was a fervent amen, and then the native elder went out to meet the angry mob. They demanded that young Yen be brought out to them. The elder parleyed and argued, but to no purpose. He returned and announced his failure. All again knelt in prayer. As they rose from their knees it was observed that the angry assailants were withdrawing. What had occurred was not known to the little praying band within. As soon as the ground was clear, the missionary and the elder hurried away with young Yen, and before night.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those who contribute articles, or labors for Christ, or promote its cause; and that its circulation may be increased by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

T. De Witt Talmage
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Associate Editors.

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Hard to Spare Them.

IT seems to us that more good women and men have departed this life within a few months than ever before in the same time. What a mystery that so many useful people die, and many of them before their work seemed to be done, while there are laggards and moral nuisances who hang on to life with appalling tenacity and will not get out of the way. If you and I had selection as to who could be spared from the world, we would not select for dismissal such persons as have recently made exit. We would have kept these and have given cheerful valedictory to those whose work is to block the way of all good enterprises, and whose residence on earth is a hindrance rather than a benediction. But God knows best, and we must submit to the decree of infinite wisdom. As an offset to the disappointment at the departure of such useful men and women, is the fact that God has an infinite resource, and he is able to create a supply for every demand; and if tyranny is to be rebuked he has a Patrick Henry to rebuke it; and if there is a nation to be organized, there is a Washington to organize it; and if there is a system of slavery to be uprooted, there is an Abraham Lincoln to uproot it. Because brave men are swept overboard by the surges of death, do not let us think that God will be at a loss how to man the ship. Let us be grateful for the services of Church and State of those who have recently departed this life, and confident at the same time that their places will be taken by others qualified to fill them. I remember when Henry Clay died, and when Daniel Webster died, and when Thomas Benton died, men said, "Alas! what will become of the country?" But the country still lives, and as long as God has the world to be done, he will always have men and women ready to accomplish it.

Conversion of Climates.

THE influence of the weather has been the subject of universal remark. The fact is that the climate of the earth is changing. The vicissitudes of winter are departing, and the world is coming gradually around to the time of perpetual garden and orchard, when the cross will chase each other without any wide intermissions of snow and ice. It is not an irregularity of the climate; it is the marching on of the Lord

God to save and bless the nations. The changes in the natural world must correspond with the changes in the moral world. There could be no millennium with the thermometer in the region of zero. Between our boyhood days, with two or three times a winter the snow over the top of the fence, and neighborhoods banding together to break the roads, and this time when the jingle of a sleigh-bell is a novelty—what a vast difference.

Some say it is no improvement, and that a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard. That old proverb is exploded, and with winters milder and milder the world of health is better and better. What a mercy of God for the poor! Less fuel, less apparel, less food necessary than when winter came down in November and kept its icy hands in awful pressure upon our land until March. Thank God for the beneficent changes in the seasons. We can afford to take cheerfully the cold drizzle of here and there a day in preference to those December and January nights when travelers are left dead on the moors, and cattle lie frozen in the stalls, and the pauper population of the world wring their hands in the agonies of cold. While the world stands, winter and summer shall not cease; but the heats of the one and the frigidity of the other will be tempered to the comfort and happiness of the race.

Adulteration.

THERE are thousands of hands busy with the world's food. It is a hungry world and must be fed three times a day. Yet how much recklessness and dishonesty in the boxing and barreling and canning and shipping of articles of food. I have no doubt that thousands of soldiers perished in the American Civil War through unfit food furnished by army contractors. The story of the adulteration of food has not been fully told in this country. Unsaleable black teas by caseine of copper turned into green tea. The Massachusetts Board of Health ordered a pound of ground coffee analyzed, and they found in that pound of analyzed coffee every sort of imaginable stuff save one—coffee! The colors in the confectionery your children eat are made out of rank mineral poison. I do not say deny your children candy—that would take away about three-fourths of the joys of childhood—but give them no green candy. Brick-dust in cayenne pepper. Sulphate of lime, and white clay, and soapstone, and bone-dust and bone-ashes in flour. Sulphuric acid in vinegar. Sand in sugar. Lard in butter. The adulteration of food has come to be a monstrous imposition. The great mass of the people know not what they are eating. Almost every style of food is to some extent a swindle. I sat at a table in a restaurant in the far West, on which every style of food seemed an unrighteous mixture of something else, so I felt safe in calling for an egg. "How will you take it?" asked the waiter. I answered, "Boiled, and in the shell, and let me break the shell myself!" "Ah! sir," he said, "you had better change your mind; we have had these eggs so long they are best in an omelette!" "Thank you," I said, "I will not take that nor anything else except my bill." You see all my precautions had been a failure. If people had an honest analysis of the food put before them, their appetites would recoil. There needs inspection by city authority, not only of meat stalls, but of grocery stores and apothecary stores, and all establishments whether they prepare the diet or the healing of the people. It took all the poetry out of Franklin's polar expedition when we found that they were kept not by the hardships of the undertaking, but by the meanness and deception and wickedness of provision contractors. They who tamper with the physical health of men take a fearful responsibility, and not only the indignation of the people, but the wrath of the law should fall on them.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is a feast set for eternity, and the sentiments associated with it grow stronger instead of weaker; yet it is curious to observe how dead some of the forms have become and how depressing is the effect they produce. Boar's-heads, wassail-bowls, Yule-logs, mistletoe-boughs, and ghost stories are fast dying out even from popular periodicals. Indeed, if old Christmas could come back to us with all his traditional glories, we should find him a great weariness; and the rude feasting, and ruder mirth, would be as devoid of living enjoyment as the grin on a clown's face.

In simpler times the two elements of religion and feasting coalesced. Mr. Longfellow tells us how the monks of Croyland

Drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the twelve apostles,
Who preached his holy Word.

And, as soon as the cup was empty, still managed to "remember one saint more." But we must not forget the ignorance and brutality of that age.

The machinery of Christmas long survived the time for which it was fitted, and we may congratulate one another that even such a pretentious festival as Dickens represents at Squire Wardle's is among "the things that were." We do not now stimulate good-will by drinking punch; our refined manners refuse to sacrifice to the rite of the mistletoe-bough; and we prefer music and the evening papers to sitting round the fire telling ghost stories.

The new Christmas is a far nobler one. In the first place, every improvement in social life is marked by an increased simplicity of form. The more civilized we become, the more we simplify life; and though we would not deprive Christmas altogether of its symbolic character, we prefer it reduced to a minimum; just as we prefer shaking hands with a friend to falling on his neck and kissing him. The new Christmas appeals to the richest and the religious part of a community in the highest form. It asks them to keep the nativity by a gift of themselves to the very young and the very poor—a gift of their money, their private pleasure, and their personal dignity; to accept Christmas with a distinct recognition of its vicarious nature and candidly keep it for others, being content for a few days to be dragged at the children's chariot wheels.

There are some things they will have to constantly remind themselves of. First, that though prearranged determinations of adults to enjoy themselves are dismal things, it is not so with children. They have such a flow of animal spirits, that they like being asked to go through some form of conviviality. Turkey and mince pie may mean nothing to those who have them the whole season through; but to the poor, Christmas must not lack this interpretation of its meaning, for in more ways than one it will be a dish of grace, blessing them who give and them who receive it. And with the turkey and toys and abandon of our own special comforts and likings let us give good wishes.

We grow cynical and undemonstrative as we grow old. We tell ourselves that good wishes are mere pretense, the most hollow and false of the coin of society. But this conclusion is far too sweeping. It is impossible that they should be altogether false, for they are based upon the instinctive feeling that the whole world is kin, and all round about it is an advantage to acknowledge the feeling, though it should be only once a year. Bishop Sparrow says that the old salutation in the church service, "The Lord be with you," with its response, "And with thy spirit," was meant to keep up a friendly feeling between the preacher and his congregation. Let us then not be chary of saying, "A merry Christmas to you!" Doubtless every such wish will meet with its response—though we may never know it—and both the wisher and the responder be the better for the kindly words.

If adults were left to consult their own taste about Christmas, the time would soon become a very dismal one. For their tendency is to abandon everything they cannot give a reason for in black and white. If it had been left to adults, the change from old Christmas to new Christmas would have been from old Christmas to no Christmas. But children are the great conservative force of society. Whatever is worth preserving, they preserve. All fairy tales, all customs, all ceremonial will survive in some shape as long as they have charms for children.

Therefore new Christmas, in becoming the festival of the children and the poor, consolidates within itself all the elements of progress. As long as there are children, we shall tell them of the holy Babe of Bethlehem and keep with them his nativity. And the poor? Are they not always with us? Adults have lost no good thing in this change. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, then they have the higher joy assigned them; and they may well condescend to the children, remembering who for their sake became a little child; they may well condescend to the poor once in the year, remembering "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, how that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." Therefore, let us smile into one another's eyes, and wish

the whole earth "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

How long, dear Lord, till it shall be confessed
"The whole earth sitteth still and is at rest?"
On what blest Christmas wilt thou come again,
And walk and talk among the sons of men?

We feel thy presence in the kindlier glow,
The broader charity all nations know:
We hear thee in unnumbered words of grace,
But yet, dear Christ, we fain would see thy face
Earth needs thee, Lord; no longer stay away.
For this with eager, loving hearts we pray—
The glory of the second Christmas day!

Amelia E. Parr

*Zech. 1:11.

BRIEF NOTES.

Gospel services have been held by Dr. Baedeker, at Strasburg, Baden, Berlin, Hamburg, and other German towns.

The Wesleyan Methodist Connection in Australia has a membership of 94,497, compare with 9,313 sixty years ago.

Mr. Munro, formerly chief superintendent of the police force of London, has become a missionary, and is now going out to labor in India.

Major George A. Hilton has been holding evangelistic services in the Central Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, Pa. The local journals report a remarkable work resulting from his labors. Bible readings were given every afternoon and preaching every evening.

Evangelist L. P. Rowland, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has just closed a series of special union meetings at Litchfield, which have been the best of any in that place for a long time. Scores of the students have been led to a Christian life. Heads of families are also among the converts.

The Pastor's College, founded by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and now conducted by his son and successor in the pastorate, recently held its annual meeting. The report showed that 665 students have been educated in the college, of whom 660 are now ministers in the Baptist Church, and seventy in other churches.

When the subject of the possibility of converting the Mohammedans was under discussion recently at a Ministers' Conference in Philadelphia a missionary, and a missionary's son brought up in Burma, both testified from their personal remembrance, of converted Mussulmans, who have given every evidence of sincere and earnest faith.

Union revival services have been held at Island Pond, Vt., under the direction of Rev. Ralph Gillen, assisted by O. W. Crowell, Gospel singer. The churches have been revived and a wave of religious sentiment has swept over the community. Over one hundred persons signed cards expressing a desire to lead the Christian life.

A proposal is under consideration in Chicago of giving free lectures to foreigners, in their own languages, on American history and other subjects which will fit them for the duties of citizenship. Miss Jane Addams says, "In the neighborhood of Hull House there are whole colonies of Italians and Greeks which would, I believe, contribute large audiences to the proposed lectures."

Major Lugard, the well-known authority on Africa, is quoted by the "Independent" as giving cordial support to the cause of temperance, declaring that the liquor traffic is an unmitigated curse to Africa, and calling upon the Governments of England, Germany and France to come to some arrangement which will at least in time effectually prohibit the importation of liquors. This is especially timely in view of the fact that next year the scale of liquor duties will have to be revised, and the conditions of sale settled.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is now holding services at Pontiac, Ill. The services at Menominee, Mich., which have just closed, were very largely attended. Dr. Munhall says that in all his experience of twenty-six years he never was in a town so badly needing a work among young men. It is estimated that fully two hundred conversions took place during the meetings, and hopes are entertained of a still larger harvest of souls.

Mr. Angell, the United States Minister to Turkey, has again brought to the attention of the Porte the claims of the United States for indemnity due to the missionaries for damage done to their property at Harpoot and Marash in November, 1895. These claims were presented to the Sultan by Minister Terrell, and the Sultan answered them, as now, that Turkey could not be held responsible, as her subjects were acting under the "stress of unusual circumstances."

Rev. J. Manton Smith has been holding services in Philadelphia, Pa., and at Camden, N. J. The secretary of the Camden Y. M. C. A. writes warmly commending Mr. Smith to other associations, and describing in enthusiastic terms "the spiritual uplift" which Mr. Smith's visit brought to them. The ministers of Toronto have joined in an invitation to Mr. Smith to hold union meetings in that city, beginning early in January, to continue six weeks. Mr. Smith asks the prayers of our readers for God's blessing on this movement.

A correspondent sends us a graphic account of Evangelist Wm. E. Geil's revival services at Middletown, N. Y. The movement must have been a very remarkable one. The theatre in which some of the later meetings were held would accommodate two thousand persons, but even that was not large enough for all who wanted to attend. About six hundred cards were signed by persons pleading themselves in Christ's strength to live for God. Since the close of the Middletown meetings, Mr. Geil has been laboring with great success at Paterson, N. J.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is preparing for a tour in the Holy Land and through Egypt. He will be accompanied by his wife and son and his brother and sister-in-law. The party have arranged to sail January 4 on the *Normannia*, which will touch at Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, and Alexandria. Thence they will proceed to Cairo and up the Nile. Afterward they hope to visit the Holy Land, and Mr. Sankey will realize his cherished desire to sing on Mount Zion. We hope to have some interesting letters from Mr. Sankey during his tour for publication in this journal.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



HAYTI HUMBLLED.

GERMANY'S dispute with the Republic of Hayti was one which could be settled only by the prompt submission of the Republic to its formidable antagonist. The Haytian Government had sufficient discretion to realize that fact, and it bought its peace on the terms Germany dictated. The dispute arose out of the arrest of Herr Leuders, a native of Hayti of German parentage. His father, who married a Haytian woman, was a merchant of Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti. The young man was sent to Germany to be educated, and there he served for two years in the army. In 1893 he returned to Hayti and assisted his father in his business. Last summer he became involved in a dispute with a hack-driver, which ended in his beating the man, for which he was arrested and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Against this sentence he appealed to a higher court, expecting that, pending the hearing, he would be released from prison. The Haytian authorities, however, refused to set him at liberty, and would not listen to the German minister's intercession on his behalf. After spending three weeks in prison his appeal was heard, and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. Herr Leuders was thus in a worse case than if he had not appealed; but the sentence was so obviously unjust that the German Minister had no difficulty in effecting his release in a short time. Unfortunately for the Government of Hayti, the incident occurred at a time when the German Emperor was trying to persuade his Reichstag to vote a large sum of money for the development of his navy. By taking up the case of Leuders he could give the country an object-lesson as to the need of a navy and the benefit to be derived from it. Two German vessels were sent to Port au Prince, with the demand that the Haytian Government pay \$20,000 as compensation for the outrage, and make a humble apology to Germany. The alternative was the bombardment of the capital, which lies defenseless on the seashore. Eight hours were given to the government in which to decide what it would do, and before the expiration of that time the money was sent on board and a letter of apology followed. The Haytian Government has doubtless learned a lesson from the incident, and will be careful in future that German citizens are not oppressed in the island, since howsoever weak and obscure they may be, they have a sovereign able to exact redress. It is too often forgotten in all lands that the people of God are similarly protected, though warning of the fact is explicitly given:

Their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee (Prov. 23: 11).

Punished for Striking a Match.

A Pennsylvania journal reports the trial of a man on the strange charge of striking a match, which is not commonly supposed to be an offense punishable by law. The complaint was made by a mining company, and the defendant was a miner in its employ. He struck the match while down in the mine and was promptly arrested. The judge evidently regarded the offense as serious, for he held him for trial under heavy bail. It appears that miners are not allowed to carry matches about their persons while in the workings of mines in which safety-lamps are used, owing to the danger of igniting the gases and causing a disastrous explosion. The State laws are very strict on the subject, and the company resolved to make an example at this time and prevent a repetition of the act. The case will probably be taken in hand by the State Mine Inspector. The accused admits that he ignited a match, but says in extenuation of his carelessness that he forgot where he was and did it absent-mindedly. Happily no harm came to his fellow-workmen by his heedless-

ness, but it might have caused an explosion by which many lives would have been lost. A careless man may do as much mischief as an evil-disposed man. Experience confirms the Bible warning, against carelessness of word or deed.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth (James 3: 5).

A Shortage Explained.

A discovery was made last week in one of the Government departments which explains a mystery that has puzzled the officials for months. Early in the year an official high in the Government service, who had been at the head of a department for many years, resigned. When his accounts were audited they were found to be deficient by twenty-two thousand dollars. There was general astonishment, for the official was known to be a man of high character and unimpeached integrity. He could not explain it himself, but he promptly paid the amount which the auditors showed he owed to the Government. Now, however, the cause is explained. His successor has found in the desks and drawers of the office an immense number of checks and Post-office orders, which had been duly entered to the credit

cavations revealed other skulls pierced with arrow-points and many skeletons in portions of which arrow-points or stone javelin-heads had been buried. One of them was dug up with a stone javelin head thrust through the spine and projecting for several inches through the breast bone. The great number of stone war implements that are being found confirms Professor Waters' theory that one of the most sanguinary struggles of prehistoric times occurred there. He believes that not less than a hundred thousand men fell in the mighty struggle and probably half a million men were engaged in the battle. The conflict must have taken place many centuries ago when the weapons were rude and the struggle hand to hand. Since that primeval battle, immense progress has been made in civilization, but it is significant that the progress has been in making our weapons more destructive and not in eliminating the warlike spirit from our nature. Man is the same fighting animal he was then. Evidently, as God's Word teaches, the hope of universal peace must be based not on civilization but on the knowledge of God.

They shall not hurt nor destroy; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord. (Isa. 11: 9).

Why the Congregation Increased.

During the past few weeks there has been a large increase in the number of persons attending early mass every morning in the Jesuit Church in West Sixteenth street, New York. Ordinarily, the early hour at which the mass is celebrated keeps away all but very earnest Catholics, but of late all the pews have been oc-

cupied. The new-comers were all men and they were for the greater part ragged and dirty. The priests would have been glad of their coming, ragged and dirty as they were, if their presence had been an indication of piety, but they took no part in the service and paid no attention to it. They talked audibly to one another and some of them stretched themselves on the comfortable, cushioned seats and went to sleep. One of them being questioned by the sexton frankly admitted that the attraction for him, and he believed for the others, was that the church was warm and comfortable and a very welcome refuge from the bitter cold of the streets. It has become necessary to have policemen on duty in the church to keep out the unwelcome tramps. It is easy to understand that behaving as the tramps did, they would not be wanted at service. It would, however, be an interesting question, how many people there would be admitted to any church, if none were allowed to enter, but those who came with the sincere desire to worship God. But only to those is the blessing promised.

The hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him (John 4: 23).

Immigrants Excluded.

A family of disappointed immigrants is at the barge office, New York, waiting to be taken back to Roumania. Last March a man came and passed the Immigration Commissioners. After remaining a few weeks he declared his intentions and took out his first naturalization papers. He obtained work and saved money. About two months ago he determined to return to Roumania and bring his wife and five children to America. When the family arrived last week the Commissioners objected to their being admitted. The man had expended all his money in bringing his wife and children over and he had to admit that he had no employment. As the law is very strict about each family of immigrants having sufficient money to support them temporarily until they can support themselves, these people were clearly among the classes excluded. The case was taken, however, before a judge of the United States Court for his decision. The immigrant insisted that he was a citizen and that his citizenship covered that of his wife and children. The Judge, however, decided to exclude them, and he explained to the man that the first papers on which he relied did not make him a citizen, but only recorded his intention to become one. There is a decided difference between an intention and an actual change of allegiance, as every citizen and Christian worker has reason to know. If every man who intends to become a Christian eventually, became one by virtue of his intention there would be a great many more Christians than there are. Unhappily in too many cases the intention is never fulfilled.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father (Matt. 7: 21).

A Honeymoon in the Snow.

A chilling experience for a bride is described in the journals of Denver, Colo. They say that a popular young lady of that city, who was married recently to an assayer of the Monte Cristo silver mine, is imprisoned behind an immense snow-bank in the mountains. Shortly after the marriage she accompanied her husband to the mine, and the very next day there was a heavy fall of snow. She and her young husband are still at the mine, which is in the Cascade mountains of northern Washington, hemmed in on all sides by snow. Provisions are beginning to grow scarce. It is probable that the young woman will be forced to brave the hardships of a snow-shoe trip of thirty miles to civilization. No communication between those at the Monte Cristo mine and the outside world can be had except by means of messengers who are sent over the frozen crust on snow-shoes. Those who have made the trip report narrow escapes from avalanches, which the slightest provocation sends rushing down the mountain sides, carrying with them huge trees and boulders. The bride's hardships are coming early in her married life, but doubtless her love for her husband will keep her from repining, and she will be doubly dear to him in after years because of what she endured for his sake. It is this principle which makes the burdens of the suffering Christian light:

Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy (1. Peter 4: 13).

A Quarter Million Miles on a Car.

A record of distance believed to be unparalleled among car-drivers is that of a driver in St. Louis, Mo. A journal of that city says that the man in question has traveled since he went into the service of the company 271,560 miles. Practically his entire working life has been passed this way. Sixty days' absence because of sickness constitutes the only interim in a long, monotonous career on the front platform. He holds the record among the street-car drivers of the country for longest unbroken service. He has averaged twenty-four miles a day, or 86,700 miles a year. His hours have been sometimes all day and sometimes all night. He has traveled far enough to have completed the circuit of the earth eleven times and a half, but the singular fact is that his travels have never taken him out of one street. Any one therefore who, hearing that he had traveled over a quarter million miles, expected to find him with extensive knowledge of many lands would be disappointed. This is a result of his occupation, and he deserves praise for his steady attention to his duties. Such a result is not commendable in the Christian life. It was a great disappointment to one eminent teacher that his powers made no progress, but were perpetually going over the old ground.

For when for the time we have known the first principles of the oracles of God, we have



THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI.

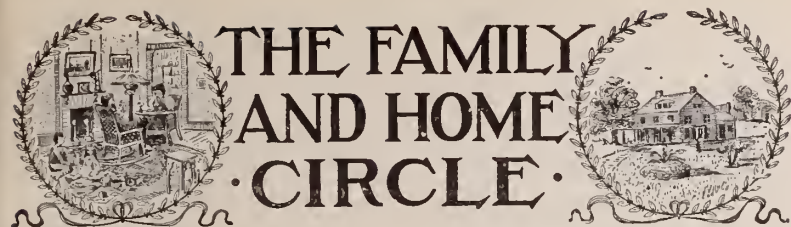
of the senders but had never been cashed. Some of these were dated more than twenty years back. The official had been so immersed in the duties of his office that he had neglected the ordinary duty of sending the checks and orders to be turned into money. He had consequently suffered loss, and what must be very distressing to him, his reputation was tarnished. Few men would act so in their business, but it is a common fault in spiritual matters. There are many who know the promises of God and profess to believe them, who in their trouble never go to him and ask him to fulfil them.

Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing (Mal. 3: 12).

A Primeval Battlefield.

A remarkable discovery has been made in the Indian Territory by Professor Edwin Waters, the archæologist. He has been for some years past studying the relics of the mound-builders in the Mississippi valley and, hearing that the laborers on the railroad in the Indian Territory had found a number of stone implements in the course of their excavations, he went there to continue the search. He made an excavation in a broad, level plain near Redlands, I. T., not far from the line of railroad and there found an immense number of stone axes, arrow-heads and human bones. His first theory was that he had found an ancient burying-ground, but when he picked up a skull in which thirteen moss-agate arrow-points were embedded the conclusion was forced upon him that he had come upon a prehistoric battleground. Further ex-

A friend residing in the Rocky mountains sent to a gentleman in Ridgewood, N. J., a pair of hibernating ground-squirrels. When the weather became cold the squirrels were missed one day, and it was supposed they had run away or been killed by a cat or dog. A month later the gentleman found them, by accident, curled up beneath a pile of straw in one corner of an enclosure on his place. They were so cold and stiff that he supposed they were frozen to death. He carried them into the house to show his wife the fate that had befallen the poor little rodents in the harsh Eastern climate. While he and she were discussing the matter sorrowfully, the squirrels began to show signs of life, and shortly were frisking about the room as if they had not been apparently frozen stiff for weeks.



CHRISTMAS MARKETING.

Scenes in and Around Washington Market, New York, During the Holidays.

It was the old Dutch governor, Petrus Stuyvesant, who, in 1648, established the first weekly market on Manhattan Island. New Amsterdam was at that time a growing centre for merchants and traders, and the sturdy old governor, who had a keen eye for the advancement of the commercial interests of his territory, organized and it is said, personally superintended, the first of the Monday market meetings, which was held in a building on the present site of the mammoth New York Produce Exchange, at Broadway and Beaver streets. Since that day, exchanges and public markets have multiplied, and every branch of productive industry is represented. The public markets alone yield the city over \$300,000 in rentals, the largest of these being Washington Market, which is known all over the Union. Its traffic equals that of all the other city markets combined and it is really the food centre of the country, so great is the variety and so vast the quantity of the wares displayed. While Washington Market is at all times full of interest and a source of continual wonder to strangers, viewing it for the first time, it is never so busy as during the days immediately before Christmas, when the display is well worth going many miles to see. Great piled-up masses of fruit from all parts of the world tempt the eye and the palate. Game of almost every species known to the sportsman with rod, net, trap, or rifle—deer, bear, hare, woodcock, partridge, snipe—is there to be seen in lavish abundance. Meat, fish, fruits, and, in fact, almost everything that grows, flies, swims or runs, and which enters into the list of edible things. Dainties from Bermuda, the West Indies, the islands of the Mediterranean, South America, and our own Southern States and California, are there in profusion. All the game shown in the market stalls—and there is enough to feed an army, apparently—comes from the West; indeed, were the Eastern and Middle States to attempt to supply the New York market with game for a single season, they would exhaust their own mountains, moors, forests and rivers.

Of course, there is a brave show of Christmas greens—great hanging branches strung together for decorations; evergreens woven into crosses and stars and hearts and wreaths; clusters of holly with its rich glossy leaves and bunches of mistletoe. Holly is one of the most ancient of decorative greens, and was used by the early Christians of Rome to decorate churches and dwellings. Much of the holly and mistletoe sold in the markets at Christmas is imported, although considerable quantities of holly are obtained from a variety

of the shrub or tree which grows well on American soil. It is a pretty decoration, and is in great demand for home merry-makings, recalling the old verse:

With the holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the feast; be joyous all
To welcome Merry Christmas.

Will the World Forget to Laugh?

Is the world forgetting how to laugh, and is the honest old-fashioned cachinnation falling into disuse? A distinguished writer in one of our most serious monthlies solemnly asks this question, and declares that it is not well to lose any innocent and happily, infectious expression of pleasure in a world vexed with care and oppressed with sorrow. In polite circles of worldly society, loud expressions of grief or mirth are considered unrefined. There is a difference between "the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind" and the good hearty merriment by which we thrive. Youth still holds fast to its power of irrepressible laughter. We are glad when passing the parlor door to hear peal after peal of silvery girlish laughter from Ethel, entertaining her friends with



AMONG THE FRUIT AND GAME.

read and butter and jokes; and life is sweeter for the delicious gurgle that comes from baby's crib when he laughs in his dreams—"because," as nurse says, "angels are talking to him." It is good to watch infant smiles, to laugh, and to hear laughter. It is good for age as well as youth to be glad in God's fair world. So let the young laugh while they may and while the heart is still free from corroding care and sadness.

The Humming-bird's Invention.

A wee thing for wit is the airy, fairy humming-bird; yet naturalists tell tales which disclose wisdom and amiability in proportion to its beauty, and greatly in excess of its diminutive dimensions. There are only four varieties of this bird in our country, and one of these came to us from the tropics, where nature rings numberless charming changes upon this marvelous bit of flashlight and feathers, so that some

countries claim a hundred different species. We know how fond is our own little humming-bird (a gift so lovely that we feel as if it had slipped straight from God's hand into our forests and gardens) of flitting from flower to flower, of drinking honey-dew and nasturtium juice, of taking its rest daintily on the slenderest stem of vine or ethereal flower-spray, or in what we feel to be gracious condescension, on the slender cord or wire we have stretched; and we know how clever it is in constructing its dearest little nest in which to lay the tiniest eggs that were ever seen.

A Queen and a Peasant Girl.

A pretty little story is related of an incident connected with a recent visit of Queen Margherita of Italy to the Gressoney Valley, a picturesque resort. The Queen, while there, received from a peasant girl, to whom she took a fancy, a pair of lace mitts. When she received the mitts in Rome last month, she sent back to the girl two kid gloves, one filled with money and the other with sweets. In a note she told the girl to write which one of the gloves pleased her the more. The girl wrote this answer: "My dear Queen: Your presents have caused me many tears. My father took the glove with the money in it and my little brother stole all the sweets."

Christian Mothers.

A Christian mother is the foundation of a home; home in a sense that earth with all its grandeur cannot afford a more inviting place of abode. A place where Christ is ever to be found, and with that bright, radiant light and liberty of the Gospel, ever beaming across the pathway of life, strewing the narrow road with golden dew-drops from heaven's overflowing ocean of peace and love. A place where Christian love is never overruled by strife and contention, but where joy and happiness prevail. Such homes are only where God, in his providence, has placed



THE POULTRY AND PRODUCE STANDS.

a Christian mother. Who knows what the absence of a mother in a family is; when her gentle and loving smile ceases to cheer those around her when she is absent from the home circle? What a delight it is for us to know that although our loved ones are absent from our sight, their souls are anchored safely on the shore of that beautiful city where joys shall never cease and sorrows and sighings shall be no more. If a Christian home on earth be so grand, what will it be in heaven, where there is no sin, no death, and no parting with loved ones?

G. H. K.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WHAT means the glorious breaking
Of light thro' the eastern bars,
Where luminous eyes of angels
Look out on the morning stars.
While tidal waves of gladness
Roll thro' the gates of dawn,
That quicken the world's great pulses
Till the pain of the heart is gone?

O joyful Christmas! flushing
The skies and earth this morn;
To repeat the angels' song of joy,
When the dear Christ-Child was born.
See the golden curtains lifted
That veil the Orient skies;
Again, behold his star of joy
In glorious beauty rise.

While far-off isles of ocean
Take up the song sublime,
And the thunder of the billows
Intone the mighty chime,
The sweet Christ Child to welcome.
O every joy-bell ring!
Shout forth each heart his praises
Till vales and mountains sing.

Washington, D. C. MRS. A. L. DUFOR.

A Game for Stormy Weather.

There are occasional days during the winter season when stormy weather prevents the children from going to school, and at such times the mother is glad of any sort of amusement that will brighten the home and enliven the juvenile circle. A pleasant game, which will while away a tedious afternoon, may be played by any number of young folks in the following fashion:

The one who is "it,"—and nothing pleases the little ones more than for mamma to be the "it"—thinks of the name of some object, beast, bird, or thing, then says, "Here I am." Children—"Where did you come from?" "I came from the country" (or city, or house, as the case might be). "What have you in your trunk?" "Something that begins with the letter H" (or any other letter that suits the case). "Describe it." "It has feathers, two eyes, and two legs." "Some kind of a bird." "What kind of a bird?" "A bluebird." "No; a bluebird does not begin with H." "Can it fly very high?" "No; it cannot. In fact, although belonging to the bird kingdom, it is not what you would call a bird." A child—"Oh, I know; a hen." The successful guesser then becomes the "it." Mothers will find that this game not only sharpens the wits of the children, but her own as well; for many will be the questions these bright little creatures will ask. The game gives its conductors an opportunity of imparting much in a pleasant way. For the young folks can be made acquainted with the peculiarities of many birds, beasts, fishes, plants and other objects. Besides, information so acquired makes a lasting impression on the mind of childhood.

Loss and Gain

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN misfortunes came to Miss Louisa, they did not come singly. She lost her lover, by his unfaithfulness, not by his death; she lost her beauty, at least its round rosiness; she lost her father; she lost her money; she lost her home; and sometimes it seemed to her that she had lost her faith.

But the last was a mistake: Miss Louisa was so good and pure in herself, that she could never quite lose her relation to the innately good and pure. If she had been robbed of the bloom and brilliance of her youth, there was, however, still left a certain serene loveliness of face and manner that some might have preferred, that, indeed, the minister did prefer, thinking of it with an ache at his heart, as he went scuffling through the gold of the dead beech-leaves on the long walk of the parsonage, her voice which was the voice of a flute, still singing in his ears with the music with which she had said him nay.

But how could Miss Louisa say anything more than nay, she who had been faithful for years to an ideal—an ideal only of memory, albeit one to which she had no right? To-day was one of her anniversaries; she had been so happy with Rob Maybury sitting beside her twenty years ago that night. He had put his arm about her and had drawn her to him, and bent his royal head and kissed her on the lips; and she had confessed to him that she had loved him since the day she saw him first. And he had come again and measured her finger. "Such a little finger," he had said, "Such a lovely hand! And mine, mine!"

"Oh, always," she answered, drawing in her breath with a sigh of happiness. "Forever and ever!"

It made her blush and burn now, after all this time, to think how she had hid her head in his lap and kissed him. But she had loved him—oh, how she had loved him! She never dared to say to herself she loved him now. In fact, she knew she did not—only she knew she loved the image she had built up in her thought and fancy, the thing that Rob Maybury never was. And then poor Elizabeth Harding had come to Burrage. Poor! Her father, people said, could have bought up the whole township; and she had money of her own besides. And certainly Elizabeth was pleasant enough, pretty enough, good enough—only Rob Maybury did not love her, and he married her.

"Did you see Rob Maybury riding with the Harding girl?" asked Mrs. Bryce, the housekeeper, a person on the familiar footing of equality which long service and association give.

"I was not looking," said Miss Louisa.

"Well, you better be. I think I'd be looking if my teler was going about 'ith other girls," said Mrs. Bryce, giving the last sweep of the turkey wing to the bright hearth, where the early fire sparkled.

"Why, Mrs. Bryce, I don't know what you mean," said Miss Louisa, glancing up with her gleaming jewel eyes. "Rob is engaged to me, you know. I have so many drives with him, so many pleasant times, I shouldn't think of caring if he took other girls to drive."

"Not if he took other girls, may be—though I'm free to confess I shouldn't like that myself, an' I should feel as if he cared enough for me, he wouldn't want any of the other girls an' say. But when he takes one other girl, an' takes her again, an' takes her again, an' looks at her as if she was good enough to sit next to him, I should put a stop to it myself, an' send one way or the other, 'nax I tell ye!"

Miss Louisa laughed. "A! if I could trust my Rob, Mrs. Bryce!" she said. And she fervently pressed the little gold ring to her lips—when Rob was not there it was the symbol of Rob.

Rob came that night, as often he was dearing as ever. He held her more closely

he caressed her more frequently, he lifted her face and gazed at it with a something of piercing passion and melancholy in his own gaze and covered it with kisses. And after he had gone he came back. "I love you so—oh, I love you so!" he murmured, and he held her in another embrace, as long and tender as if it were the last he would ever give her.

It was the last. "Well," said Mrs. Bryce a couple of days later, "you had so few objections to Rob Maybury's larking round with that Harding girl, I s'pose you ain't no objections to his havin' gone and got married to her?"

Miss Louisa dropped her tambour needle and looked at Mrs. Bryce as if in doubt of her sanity.

"You needn't think I'm off my base," said the good woman, wishing to excite a little temper with which to meet the blow.

"I'm all right enough. It's true, what I tell ye. I seen 'em to the depot, goin' off together, lookin' mighty bridle, white ribbins an' all; tolks kissin' 'em, an' a callin' her Mis' Maybury. An' the parson that tied the knot, old Dr. Clarkson, he told me so himself this very afternoon. I asked him. He said he was sorry you give Rob the mitting, or words to that effect—I don't 'no' as he said mitting—an' he said he guessed Rob had done very well as it was. Old Dr. Clarkson 'd orter know about weddin's—he's ben to three of his own. They've gone to live in Sansborne, where her folks be. She's got a pile of money, an' he's goin' to hev the spendin' on it. An' she's goin' to hev more—an' Rob couldn't jest stand the pressure. That's all there is to it. He loves money."

Mrs. Bryce's words seemed sounding somewhere a long way off. Miss Louisa stood as if frozen.

"You poor little marble image!" cried Mrs. Bryce. "You needn't go to lookin' so! He ain't worth it! You poor, dear baby!" And she took the fainting girl into her great, comfortable arms, and cried over her as if she were a dying child.

Miss Louisa had no occasion to speak of her recreant lover and his wife when she recovered from her illness. No one spoke of them to her. Word of her illness went abroad, a good deal magnified, to be sure; and one night when she was convalescent, she was so sure that she saw Rob under her window, that she pulled apart the curtains and stood there in the moonlight, in order that, if he had, really come over to see for himself if she were greatly hurt—had come as if unable to stay away—he might see that she was perfectly well. Perfectly well! That ghastly white creature in the moonlight at the parting of the curtain! The man among the bare spring bushes in the yard staggered and cowered, and presently took himself out of the way. And the certainty that she had been the victim of an ocular or a cerebral illusion made Miss Louisa again almost as ill as she had been before.

She had not regained her strength when her father died; and she had not removed the mourning she wore for her father when, in a general collapse of business, came the failure of the concern in which her little money was invested. And then Mrs. Bryce, who, in her rough way, had been a comfort to her, also went the long journey. She mortgaged her house, and she kept a little day-school, and eked out

her income, when the mortgage money was all gone, by the sale of the delicate tambour-work that her eyes would soon be unable to see finely enough. And now a kindergarten, with all the new methods and ideas, had come to Burrage, and anxious and advanced mothers were sorry, for there were no more scholars for Miss Louisa.

Twenty years had passed; it seemed now as though like a dream in the night; and as Miss Louisa sat at her window she was wondering what was going to become of her. As she looked back upon her life, she would have told you that she had had no life at all, that she was as useless in the world as a cipher. But the minister would have told you that it made all possible difference which side of the integers the cipher stood.

It did not seem that she was a cipher, or had had no life at all, to any one else in the village. There was a generation of little children who had grown up with as tender care from her as from their mothers; there was a generation of mothers who felt that she knew more about their children than they did themselves. There were the fathers of the place, who looked on her as on something a little more sacred and peculiar than any other woman within their knowledge; there was the doctor, who knew when he needed a steady hand and a clear brain and a loving heart, all in one, where to go for it, who regarded her as his natural ally, and who had a certain comfort and cheer in

subject. Yet if any had ever seen a slender little ring on a ribbon round her neck and hidden in her clothes, they would have known that to Miss Louisa her romance was still a romance.

Since to her Rob Maybury was a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, if he had done amiss, that was the fault of his environment, and of Elizabeth Harding; if he had done ever so wrong, he was still the splendid and beautiful youth who once had her heart. Who once had it? Alas, to her shame and sin, Miss Louisa thought he had it now.

And when then the minister came to her, and asked her to sit at his fireside and be his guardian angel there, Miss Louisa thought it a singular thing that her heart so stirred and bounded, and felt as if she were unfaithful as the most fickle woman of them all, and felt, moreover, that—well—that sitting opposite the minister by that fire, would be a very different thing from sitting in this lonesome place to-night.

"But, Miss Louisa," the minister had pleaded, "I am not going to take this for final. I want you. I want your sweet presence in my house. I want your influence on my life. I want your interest, your companionship, your love—"

Miss Louisa's hands were twisting nervously together. She did not look at the minister; she looked out and beyond him. "It—it wouldn't be right," she said.

"I don't understand," he answered, gently. "What would not be right? Why would it not be right? Surely it is right for me to wish for such a spirit as yours to go with me in my daily walk. Surely it is right for you to try to love a little one whose effort would be only for your happiness."

Miss Louisa's fingers had found the ribbon and the ring under the folds of the little shawl she wore. She remembered a voice murmuring: "I love you so, oh, I love you so!" and a flush streamed up her face, making it exquisite as in her youth. A woman of forty is often even lovelier than in her youth, and the tradition of Miss Louisa's beauty still hung about her and brightened the effect of what she had. But the minister had not known her in those old radiant days; and the loveliness she had here and now was all sufficient for him. He took her disengaged hand. "I love you," he said, simply. "I do not ask you to be unfaithful to any ideal you may have cherished, if you have done so, only to let me be to you what that might have been. Only," he exclaimed, his white forehead mantling with a blush, his blue eyes shining on her like a glimpse of heaven, "to ask you to be everything to me! If you will only come to me, it will go hard, but I will make you love me!"

"Oh, I do!" she exclaimed. "I mean—I could—I would—" and then Louisa snatched her hand away and ran out of the room.

She ran up to take from its hiding-place a little, old daguerreotype she had; perhaps to fortify her failing faithfulness by a look into its silvery depths, a look at the dark and splendid face that lay there as if gazing at her from some watery mirror—the clear, dark eye; the smooth, dark skin; the mouth, with its deep smile. She stood gazing at it till the minister's slow step recalled her, as he went through the hall and closed the door behind him. And then, at last, and suddenly, it smote her that she had no business with that picture; it should have been sent long ago to Elizabeth Harding; it was the picture of another woman's husband. She wrapped it quickly in its folds of silver-paper, and as at that moment the doctor drove up and sprang out of his trap evidently in a great haste, she slipped the parcel into her pocket and hurried down to let him in.

"Are you busy?" he said, brusquely. "I want you then. The hospital is full—a railroad accident, and the people have



"I WILL NOT TAKE THIS FOR FINAL," SAID THE MINISTER.

been brought here. There are plenty of doctors but not half nurses enough. Can you come?" And in two minutes Miss Louisa was beside him in the trap and trundling off to the hospital.

There was no time with Miss Louisa, during the rest of that day and evening, for any sentimental considerations. There were bandages to be made, operations to be performed, wounds to be dressed, nourishment to be given, chloroform to be administered, sufferers to be soothed, in every moment of that time. She sat down at last about midnight beside a cot where a tramp lay, who, having stolen his passage on a truck, was paying for it with his life. She had seen him earlier, before his foul rags had been removed and an attempt had been made to better his poor mangled shape. Now she brought him a cup of hot milk. She put it down, seeing that it was useless. The breath had been nearly crushed out of him; but he was apparently not suffering—only dying. Now and then, as a sigh came with more difficulty, an oath came with it, low, half articulate, in a rough, hoarse voice, that made her shudder. "Who are you?" he asked, suddenly, lifting his eyes. There was something strangely familiar in the intonation, —a sound out of the past, like and yet unlike; and it startled her. "Who are you?" he said again. "Have you come to haunt me now? Out with you! Be off! I've no use for you! No ghosts round Bob Maybury—round—that is—" and then his eyes stayed fixed upon her face in a horrible stare.

Was it possible? Her astounded thought could grasp no more than that one question. Those bleared and rheumy eyes; that puffed and mottled skin; that mouth, with its coarse and hanging lip; that wreck; that ruin! She fell upon her knees, and prayed for this man's passing soul as she had never prayed for anything before.

No one knew why Miss Louisa had had that tramp buried in the old Maybury lot of the overgrown graveyard, unless because there was plenty of room there. And no one knew of the ribbon and the ring that were buried with him there. And no one saw her, as she went back at last from the hospital to her own home in the gray of another morning, pause on the bridge over the roaring little Burrage river, and drop into it a parcel wrapped in silver-paper and weighted with a stone. No one knew any of these things except the minister. She found him waiting for her when she came home again, and she told him the whole story. "I have wasted my life in a folly," she said. "And one for which I can have no respect indeed. My ideal? A puff of wind, and it was ashes—something that never was."

"No," he said: "it gained a grace, that ideal, merely from having rested in your thought."

"And now I am not fit to come to you." "More fit than ever!" said the minister, grasping her two hands.

"You—you cannot want me now!" "I want you with every beat of my heart!"

"But, at any rate," she said, "You must let me wait a little. Such as the thing was, I must give it decent burial, and mourn for it, as others do, a year."

"Not a day!" said the minister. "If you are ever going to need me, you need me now; and as for me, I need you every moment!" And it was late that afternoon of the sweet Indian summer weather, a glory of tawny crimson filling the atmosphere about them and their feet treading a carpet of cloth of gold as the wind blew the rustling leaves before them, that the minister led his wife up the long walk of the parsonage garden.

Grateful Chinese Converts.

Rev. Edward O. Williams, a missionary in China, writes this incident:

A woman in Lan-pu-Hien was recently visited by Miss Croucher, a Bible-worker. "Tell me more," she said; "we have never heard this Gospel doctrine." She said, "I will pray to God, and Jesus to forgive my sins. I was on the way to the temple to burn incense; I will not go now to the temple to burn incense; I will not go now." She thanked the Christian woman for coming, saying, "If you had not told me, how could I know?" In another city Miss Croucher met a Mrs. Tai, a vegetarian. On hearing it was no use trusting to her vegetarian vow, she said, "I will break it, then." She and other women begged Miss Croucher not to leave them. Mrs. Tai afterward said, "I cannot remember much, but I do remember I am a sinner saved by Jesus."

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

From the Presidential Address to the Baptist Union of Great Britain.

BY REV. E. G. GANGE.



OUR subject of the Kingship of Christ reaches its fitting climax as we joyfully anticipate his coronation. "We see not yet all things put under him." But we shall. "He must reign." God has said it and we believe it. When that bright day dawns we who have but falteringly followed him and feebly served him shall see and share his splendor. One incident in our Lord's life was unique and marvelously beautiful—his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. On other occasions he walked with weary feet on errands of mercy; now he is mounted. Generally, dark clouds of poverty and obloquy surrounded him; now a burst of earthly glory illuminates his pathway. As a rule the multitudes scorned him; now, riding on an ass's colt, a vast, surging, and clamorous crowd does him honor; palm branches—emblems of victory—are waved around him, garments are strewn beneath his feet, while old men and matrons, young men and maidens, together with little children, sing loud hosannas. The whole city is moved, and people ask, "Who is this?"

That scene is historic! That scene is prophetic! He will come again. History will repeat itself upon a grander scale. He shall come to claim, not one city, but all the cities and kingdoms of the world as his own; and all earth and heaven shall hail him the Universal King. He has promised to come again, and "He is faithful that promised." The predestined hour is fast approaching. The "little while" of waiting is drawing to a close, and then our Lord shall come, and the Eternal God will say to a redeemed world, and an exulting church, "Behold your King!" Not yet have we beheld our Lord.

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

An historic incident in France, connected with the Franco-German war, affords me an appropriate illustration with which to conclude. The prolonged and sanguinary campaign was nearly ended. The German troops were flushed with victory; sounds of rejoicing were heard in their camp. The proud city of Paris, conquered, lay at the mercy of the armies, which, like a girdle of iron, encircled her. About twelve miles from the city stands the palace of Versailles, in which many of the kings of France had lived and reigned. This building had become the headquarters of the conquering army. The states-

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men and warriors assembled there had arrived at the decision that the tough old Prussian king—who had been the central figure of the combat—should henceforth wear the prouder and more splendid title of German Emperor. So then and there, as he stood on the bleeding soil of France, in the ancient home of her kings, the subdued capital lying at his feet: surrounded by the lords and war-captains they brought out the imperial crown of Germany, and, placing it upon his brow, saluted him Kaiser, and swore life-long allegiance to his imperial house.

If you will pardon me for comparing earthly things with heavenly, mean things with things noble and glorious, then I say, we also confidently anticipate the day of complete and absolute victory, when the long and fierce campaign shall end; when every wrong shall be righted, every fortress captured, every foe vanquished, and "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow"; when He who through all the struggle has been the central figure shall stand forth arrayed in glory and might, surrounded by all who have loved and served him; when, enthroned amongst the "sacramental host of God's elect," there shall salute his ears the grateful and triumphant song bursting from a world redeemed and a heaven enriched:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all!

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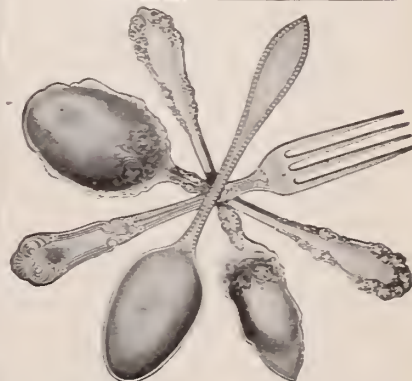
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HEALTHFULNESS.

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.



BODILY health and material prosperity are by no means unimportant matters; wherefore also it is contained in the Scripture, "They asked each other of their welfare."

Jethro, the priest of Midian, and Moses, the man of God, had long been separated. They met at the mount of God, and greeted each other in the wilderness. There they exchanged the ordinary courtesies in no formal fashion, and inquired after each other's well-being. As a matter of fact, each said "How do you do?" Of all God's temporal mercies none is more to be desired than health.

"For life is not to live, but to be well."

It has been wisely said, "Health is the greatest of all possessions, and 'tis a maxim with me, that 'a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.'"

Thank God for soundness of wind and limbs, for haleness and wholeness! May they evermore be used to our Father's praise.

And what if they are denied to us? Provided the fault be not our own we should glory in our infirmity. Heaven always grants sufficient strength for God-appointed tasks, and suffering is service if it be patiently endured. Is it not possible to do something more than "endure" it? Perhaps the good woman who told me that her husband enjoyed very bad health did not mean to say just that, yet I am not sure that such an expression need be written down as a *lapis linguae*. It appears to be a contradiction, but is it necessarily so? It is by no means the only paradox connected with our holy religion. Surely it is possible for him who can be "sorrowful yet always rejoicing" to enjoy bad health. The well-instructed look looks to the "afterward" and to its "peaceable fruits;" it sees beyond the present and antedates the glorious end. It knows that the patience that is wrought by tribulation in its turn worketh experience, and experience, hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. Moreover, 'tis only for a small moment that the ill-health lasts. Only a few days before her death, a dear consumptive, in answer to my inquiry, "and how are you, to-day?" exclaimed, "I'm nearly well."

Yes, "nearly well!" For just without those pearl-built gates

I'll quit at once all sorrow and all sin;

Jehovah-Rophi ever at the entrance waits,

To bid his world-worn children welcome in.

Yes, "nearly well!" One grain to filter through

Time's glass

And I shall be where Jesus lives and reigns;

There I shall never know a loss, nor cry "alas!"

While rapture rare outweighs my previous pains.

The watchmen of the eternal city are ever crying "All's well," and this is true of each inhabitant of Zion, for the former things have passed away. Be cheered, sick friend; thy pains are not permanent; they will soon be past. How glorious it will be to be perfectly well. Does not the very thought of it make you feel just a little better? Yet as I write I lift a prayer that the invalid who reads this page may be restored, if God sees fit. "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

But it was concerning spiritual health that I intended to write, for the soul's welfare should be most desired. Is it not the gem within the casket, the kernel of the nut, the light in the lantern, the king in the chariot? Alas! that the soul is so often neglected. No precautions are taken to safeguard it. Neither doctor nor nurse is summoned to its aid. No kind inquiries are made as to its state of health, or, if they are made, they are resented as impertinent. Should not "How do you do?" include a reference to the "inner man?" Dear reader, allow me to ask after your soul. I know it is a sacred and a private matter, but I would not have you able to say, "No man cared for my soul."

Spiritual health is so easily lost, and so slowly regained, that it is well to examine one's self pretty frequently. Loss of tone in the spiritual system exposes the heart to the ravages of disease; and debility deprives of joy and disposes to despair.

Now, if you were consulting your medical man about your physical frame, he would probably ask you a number of questions so as to discover your symptoms, and he would, perhaps, look at your tongue, feel your pulse, and listen to your lungs. A ministerial friend of mine asked these questions of his hearers—answer them I pray you: (1) What about your reliance upon divine redemption? (2) What about your reverence for the divine Word? (3) What about your trust in divine Providence? (4) What about your conformity to the divine Will? (5) What about your love for the divine Persons? and (6) What about your solicitude for the divine Honor? Searching queries these! What shall the answer be?

The tongue is one index of the internal economy. It tells the state of the digestive organs, and reveals the secrets of the inward parts. One can give a pretty good guess as to the condition of appetite, and even as to the state of the mind, by a survey of the little member.

As to spiritual things, too, it is evident that the tongue is an index. What is in the well of the heart comes up in the bucket of the speech. A clean tongue argues a rightly ordered heart and conscience. But if we keep more closely to strict analogy the tongue—i.e., the speech—will indicate whether or no the faith is strong and active. Of some we read that "the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith." It was with them as if a hearty meal had failed to benefit them because the gastric juice was wanting. It is not the quantity of food devoured, nor even the nutritive quality of it, that makes for health, but the power to assimilate the same. On this also depends in great measure the spirits of the individual. Who can be cheerful and hopeful when the complicated machinery of the system is out of gear? Doubts and fears and depression come of a disordered "inner man." If faith be not in lively exercise, appetite fails, digestion ceases, and depression ensues. It is possible to hear too many sermons, to attend too many meetings, ay, and even to read the Bible too much. It does not suffice to read it; marking, learning and inwardly digesting are still more necessary. A single text a day, reverently received and piously pondered, will build up the spiritual frame far more than chapter upon chapter carelessly perused. More care in this matter of health is needed amongst us. Religious dissipation must be avoided. Oh, for a healthy appetite and a good digestion!

The pulse reveals the condition of the heart. Any abnormal or irregular beat declares the sad secret of the vital organ. It is not difficult to find the spiritual analogy. "Is thine heart right?" is a vital question. "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." I will particularize in one respect only. "What is the state of your love? Do you love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind? Do you love your neighbor as yourself? Has your heart been directed into the love of God? Do you love one another with a pure heart fervently? Do you love the souls of men and seek to save them? Do you love your enemies?"

How hale and hearty he must be whose love-pulse beats in such a fashion. Lord stir the God-lit fires within my soul, that my love and zeal may burn vehemently, and quench the flames which hell has kindled—anger and malice, presumption and pride. Then shall the even pulsing of my heart betoken that my Master has regulated it, and made it beat in unison with his.

The breathing affords yet another clue

to the state of the health. I am to write soon in these pages on prayerfulness. I will not stay to add much on that point. Still, I would put the stethoscope to your breast, to see if all is well.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath
The Christian's native air.

Fellow believer, are your respiratory organs in good working order? Are you inhaling, as it were, the Spirit of God, and breathing out again in earnest supplication the God-given hopes and aspirations? See to this, I beseech you. All is wrong if this is not right.

Long as they live should Christians pray
For only while they pray they live.

When Frenchmen ask each other of their welfare they say, "How do you carry yourself?" So runs their idiom—a wonderfully suggestive one. Transferred to the realm of spirituals it means, "Does your life correspond with your speech, and profession? Are your actions, and your general deportment what they should be? How do you do? for you are what you do." A man's walk often betrays his ill heart. "Actions speak louder than words." Life and lip should correspond. Talk and walk should "register," as the printers say. As face answereth to face in the glass so should daily life and profession tally. Every boy knows that you must whip the top the same way as it is spun. How do you carry yourself from Monday morning to Saturday night? God forbid that we should resemble the Sabbatic river, which is reported to run only one day in seven.

It is especially essential that the Christian minister and worker should "carry himself" well and wisely. Happy the people who could say of their pastor that he preached with his hands and with his feet. His religion was of the practical type. What earthly good is any other?

Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch!
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair
And Saviour, we are such.

Coughs Kill

are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough, neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures coughs.

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We direct special attention to the following remarkable statement.



The late Rev. W. E. Pein, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. W. H. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.:

Dear Madame: I recommend the Moore treatment, have tried it, and know it is: was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured of the very worst cases. By all means get it. Yours truly, W. E. Penn, Eureka Springs, Ark., May 24, '94.

We have reliable assurance that the above statement is genuine and that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician.—Cincinnati Christian Standard.

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SAPOLIO

OVER A CENTURY OLD.

Is the duration of human life increasing? is a question which the scientific world is just now discussing. Apropos of instances of extreme age, the case of Marie Durand, an old French peasant is adduced. According to a recent writer, Marie, (whose portrait is given on this page), is unquestionably over 120 years old. Lady



MME. MARIE DURAND.

Glenesk, in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, says: "M. Bachasson, the Mayor of the town in which the centenarian lived, who wrote to me officially on September 29th, 1885: 'What you have read in the papers is quite true: our centenarian is 125 years old and celebrated the 100th anniversary of her marriage on the 13th of January last,' and again on October 24th: 'I send you the portrait of our centenarian. The date of her birth is September 22d, 1760, and of her marriage, January 13th, 1784.' Not content with this I commissioned a friend to go from Paris to Auberville, where he saw the old peasant herself. It is known that she had a son by her second husband, who died at St. Pierre de Chorraine in 1810 at the age of thirty-three, and two other sons by her first marriage were killed at the battle of Friedland and in Spain. She herself lived under eleven governments, namely, of Louis the Fifteenth, Louis the Sixteenth, the First Republic, Consulate under Napoleon, First Empire, Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, Second Republic, Second Empire, and Third Republic."

He Was Dr. Livingston's Classmate.

One of the best known of Scottish divines, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of the Congregational Church, Glasgow, died recently. He was born in September, 1824, in Glasgow, but spent his young days in Hamilton, where his father was a merchant, who, later on, left his business that he might become a missionary. Young Fergus, while still a boy, began preaching in the villages of Lanarkshire. One of the first texts, was, "For if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" The sermon, preached from a chair in the open air, created a sensation. He has told how his father, "getting wind of it," came home and said to him, "What's this I hear about a green tree and a dry tree?" When yet a boy, Fergus went to Glasgow University, where he had a distinguished career. Among his classmates were Dr. Livingstone and Principal Caird. As a boy Dr. Livingstone had attended a Bible-class held by Dr. Ferguson's father, and young Fergus knew him well. Dr. Ferguson was chosen as the first president of the united body of Congregational Churches. He wielded a facile pen, and is the author of numerous volumes of travel. His principal work was a "History of the Evangelical Union"—the standard work on the subject.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal for the support of the various worthy causes mentioned below:

Mayesville Institute.	Unitarian S.S.
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Miss Smith. 5 00	Mrs E Whittaker. 1 00
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JHP, W Bay City. 25 00	Mrs M L Boies. 1 35
One who sympathi-	LDL, Axton. 5 00
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Prev. ackd. \$316 25	Mrs O Brustad. 50
JHP, W Bay City. 50 00	Total \$204.51
1 Girod. 5 00	
Total \$371.25	Jerry McAuley Mission.
	Prev. ackd. \$10 30
Bella Cooke's Work.	JHP, W Bay City. 25 00
Prev. ack'd. \$5 75	Cash, Paterson. 5 00
JHP, W Bay City. 10 00	Total \$44.30
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Sunbury. 1 00	Women.
One who sympath's	Prev. ackd. \$12 00
Emmons. 1 00	C. Carlisle. 2 50
Total \$17.75	JHP, W Bay City. 25 00
	Jos S Garnett. 3 50
Christian Herald S. S.	Total \$43.00
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Prev. ackd. \$195 45	Work among Indians
J P. Haydenville. 1 00	of America.
Donald McTaggart 2 00	Prev. ackd. \$3 00
Mrs H M Seiler. 50	J P. Haydenville. 1 00
Cash Paterson. 1 00	Total \$3.00
Total \$199 95	Children's Home.
	Prev. ackd.
Am Good Cause.	One who sympa's,
Prev.ackd. \$172 21	Emmons. 1 00
Annie M Anderson. 35	Whitakers. 1 04
M C Saunders. 5 00	I H N. Madison. 1 00
K. Z. Barton. 5 00	Total \$4,919.08
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L A Murray. \$5. (Foreign Missions)..... 6 00	
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J H P. " (Dr Faust's Mission Work) 25 00	
J H P. " (Living Waters Mission) 20 00	

THE ANCIENT TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us in Genesis and Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers see Followed by Deuteronomy; Joshua and Judges sway the land, Ruth gleams the sheaves with trembling hand; Samuel and numerous Kings appear, While Chronicles are wandering here; Ezra and Nehemiah now Esther the queen of mourners show; Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms, And Proverbs teach to scatter alms; Ecclesiastes then comes on And the sweet Song of Solomon; Isaiah, Jeremiah then The Lamentations takes his pen; Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyre Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah; Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come, And lofty Habakkuk finds room; While Zephaniah, Haggai call, Rapt Zechariah builds the wall, And Malachi with garment rent, Concludes the Ancient Testament.

A CENTENARIAN.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, the distinguished English physician and writer, says that seven out of every ten sound and reasonable people ought to live to be 110 years old and would do so if they "took care of themselves."

The fact that there have been centenarians and that some are still living in every country of civilization, is proof that the human machine is capable of lasting as long as Sir Benjamin says it ought to last.

A scientist who has studied the question of longevity for years discovered that coffee drinkers as a rule broke down early in life and seldom if ever reached the 100 mark. He attributed this to the poisonous alkaloids in the berry and at once turned his attention to the discovery of a beverage that would taste the same as the coffee, but be a food instead of a stimulant. He was successful in preparing a number of grains which produce a beverage that has the rich, deep, seal-brown color of Mocha.

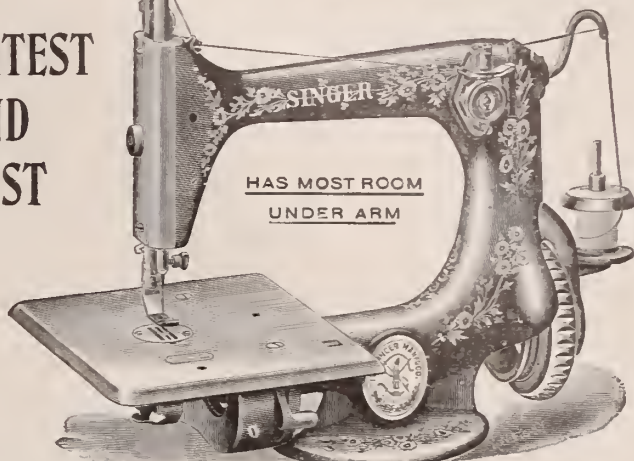
When boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java. This new drink has all of the food properties of the grains and rebuilds the lost gray matter in the nerve centers preventing Paresis and nervous prostration.

A number of the best physicians in the country have made experiments with this new coffee, which is called Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and are now not only using it in their own families but in the cure of patients by the use of Postum in place of coffee.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "I makes red blood," thereon.

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A COMPETENCY THROUGH LIFE ... AND PATRIMONY AT DEATH.

Such is an olive grove in California. Its phenomenal earning capacity is best attested by the Spanish proverb, "An olive grove is a gold mine on the face of the earth," while its permanency is suggested by the Italian maxim, "He who plants an olive grove plants for the centuries a perpetual income." 126 years ago the Franciscan Fathers planted olive groves in California. To-day these same trees are, in size, like the oak, still growing, and still bearing crops, the volume and worth of which surpass ordinary credulity. Time was, in the Mediterranean region, when wealth was counted by olive grove possessions, and it now seems that history is about to repeat itself, and that the scene is to be California. Not until recently did Californians realize that in their soil and climate they possess the same fundamental elements that make possible the culture of a crop in Italy valued at \$120,000,000 annually. Our imports of olives and olive oil reach into the millions each year, and in but a few years California will be able to supply this market. The California olive, prepared as it is, in ripe condition becomes a wholesome food, equaling in nutrition the same weight in beef, and contains, rare medicinal properties. It possesses a delicacy, a fineness and a bouquet all its own, and when once used, the green, woody substitute from foreign parts will be forever eschewed. Consumption of the olive is rapidly developing in our land, and for the California article there is assured a field without limit. To the present practically the entire California yield has been consumed locally, so popular is the berry as an article of food where its merit is known. Limited space forbids the argument as to the profit in its culture, but conservatism would place it in excess of 100 per cent. per annum. As life insurance, an olive grove is the best. As an endowment it excels, by far, any kind of stock, bonds, or shares. Our prospectus, gives this data in detail. Send your name and in turn receive, gratis, an elaborately illustrated booklet, depicting with photographic fidelity, orchard, landscape, and industrial scenes at Maywood Colony. Accompanying the booklet will be a miniature fac-simile of the official plot of the colony, now on record in the office of the County Recorder, of Tehama Co., Cal. This plot shows, at once, the exact manner in which the colony complex of 7799 acres is divided; the system of avenues; the location of the colony village, school, and depot; the line of railway; the lots that are sold, and those for sale, together with size and price of each. From this plot select a lot (10 acres) the location of which you fancy and the price of which you are willing to pay. While the quality of the soil, its adaptation, and the general condition of each lot is published on the plot, it is but human nature for a prospective purchaser to desire, if not prefer, the direct expressed opinion of a disinterested, yet reliable and competent, person concerning that which is about to be bought. This phase has been provided for by securing consent to refer inquirers to Rev. J. E. Ray, C. M. Woodland, and G. H. Flournoy, all of Corning, Cal. These gentlemen are orchard owners in the colony; are thoroughly qualified, both by experience and observation, to pass intelligently on the character and worth of soil; and either, or all, will, upon request, personally inspect any lot of which you may write, and answer such questions as you may ask concerning it. If, to your

inquiry, you receive answers that satisfy you that the land will please you, then take up its purchase by one of the two following plans: Send the amount agreed upon to be paid for, or on the lot, to our eastern office at 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., or to the BANK OF TEHAMA COUNTY, RED BLUFF, CAL., requesting this bank to get for you a Warranty Deed, conveying clear title to the lot, the number of which you will give. Living on the colony is Mr. C. F. Foster, of this firm, who will, upon notice from the bank that deed to a certain lot is desired, deposit same with bank. Your remittance will then be passed to our account, and we will be charged with the service fee. This latter plan secures to you absolute security, and to us is as satisfactory as if the money were paid up direct. No matter how skeptical, suspicious, or cautious you may be; no matter how often your-elf or your friends may have suffered from realty transactions, fairness will force you to admit that, through the examining committee, and the bank, the elements of deception and dishonesty in this proposition are as thoroughly eliminated as is possible. Our business is that of buying land at wholesale and selling it at retail. We have done nothing else for the past six years. The only question that you need consider is—do you want a California home, or investment? If so, secure the foundation—land—now. It will never again be so cheap, for planting and home-building are going on apace, and inside locations are being first taken.

Many of our eastern buyers find it not practicable, for many reasons, to move to and improve their land at once. For them we plant and care for orchards in the most improved manner, and at a price as low as is consistent with thorough service. For \$35.00 an acre we prepare the soil, furnish the trees, plant, prune and cultivate them the first year. For \$12.50 per acre we prune, cultivate and care for trees each year after the first. Terms furnished upon application. Planting season comprises January, February and March. Olives bear first crop 4 years from planting, and in our locality know no pest.

In this paper of Oct. 27th, '97, there was given a general view of the colony. If you did not see it, secure that issue and examine it. Of local condition there obtaining the border views herewith argue more eloquently than can words. River and rail, or rival shipping facilities, are assured by the lines pictured at the top of this page; Summer weather in Winter season is suggested by the orange gathering and family group scenes; fecundity of tree and vine is demonstrated by the 50-pound melon, 5-pound bunches of grapes, and peach tree heavily laden with fruit, though but 36 months old, and fertility of soil is proven by the extraordinary growth of orchards, 3½ years old, shown at bottom of page.

Of Eastern land owners in Maywood there are now over 700. A majority of these, however, are yet in the east, the population of the colony settlement not exceeding 1000.

We invite you to settlement in a valley where Nature is running a "boom," founded on rain, sun and soil; where man is not, as is the squirrel, compelled to earn his livelihood with an eye ear to the stormy days of Winter; where nature is ever helpful and never unkind; where neither sand nor snow storm; flood nor drought; cyclone nor blizzard intrude. Correspondence solicited.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 20.—NUMBER 52.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Old Folks' Sabbath Morning

THE beautiful colored illustration, which appears below, presents a scene that must instantly awaken memories dear to the hearts of very many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This

and supple forms; but the two have grown dearer to each other every year, and the Bible has become to them more and more of a comfort. In its sacred pages, they find a balm for all of life's sorrows. Mem-

Riches cannot add to the zest of our enjoyment of the holy Sabbath calm, nor can poverty detract from it. The dear old mother may be dressed in gingham or in silk; she may have her costly easy-chair

day, and any attempt to lay irreverent hands upon the precious volume. Especially is the Bible precious to those simple, Christian homes, into which the Sabbath comes like a section of "Heaven once



By permission of Tabor-Prang Art Co.

[Ruth 4: 15]

NEARING THE BRINK—AGE LOOKS UP THE PROMISES ON THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE DYING YEAR.

[Isaiah 40: 4]

old, toil-worn pair, who have journeyed through life side by side, faced its trials and sorrows and shared its simple pleasures, are reading together that Book which has become inestimably precious to them both with the advancing years. It is Sunday—the last Sabbath of the dying year. Time has silvered the hair that once was dark and glossy, and bent the once erect

ories of their children—some passed beyond, others living far away from the old homestead—rise up before them on this last Sabbath of the year, and the aged hearts are full and the old eyes moist with tears. As they turn to the good Book for consolation, they linger long over the promises that speak to their weary souls the tenderest assurance of Divine love.

or only a plain old-fashioned rocker—it matters not—for such surroundings cannot affect the true enjoyment of "day of days," the bright oasis of the week, where we receive strength and courage for the onward journey of life.

Sunday and the Book of Books are inseparably associated in the Christian mind, which opposes any invasion of the holy

a week," as a most spiritual poet, Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, has fitly called it:

Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come.
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven our home.
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection,
From earth to things above.

Subscribers: Hurleyville, Pa. 1. Write to American Temperance Society, Readle street, New York about Neal Dow's works. 2. By express.—G. C. Pritchard, Hyder, Mann. 1. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York. 2. Certainly.—Miss L. M. V. Akron, O. 1. The Art Bible with two subscriptions will cost you \$6.50. 2. The Thum Index Teachers' Bible with two subscriptions \$4.50.—D. R. McC., Stockton. See answer to G. C. Pritchard, above.—Marion G. Norfolk, Va. No.—Constant Reader, Clarence, N. J. It is an old household rhyme.—Lucinda M., Bourbon, Ind. Gambling in any form is a vice and sinful, and whoever encourages it, even remotely, is not blameless.—Mrs. A. F. M., Pittsford, Mich. All the letters are pronounced, the "c" being soft.—Ed. G., Montreal Junction, Que. It is purely an encyclopedia.—C. J. Swanson, San Francisco. There are two sides to every question. We presented what are generally known to be the leading traits of his character.—Mrs. Graham L., Haverhill, Ill. No Revised Bible of the kind you wish has yet appeared.—Mrs. E. L. Sledge, Odine, Cal. Send to Rev. E. B. Richards, Inhamhane, East Africa.—Rev. E. Brooksback, Hudson, N. Y. The title "Nothing venture, nothing win" The others are as written.—Mrs. F. M., Foster, Cal. There are many poor who are too proud to let their poverty be known.—Interested, New York. The Good Samaritan Home is at 214 East Fifty-sixth street, New York.—A. Chesterfield, Baltimore. The title was assumed by all the emperors who followed Julius Caesar.—Several Readers. For all information regarding Mormonism as it now exists, write to Gen. John Eaton, The Concord, Washington, D. C., or the Deseret News Publishing Co., Deseret, Utah.

OUR NEXT GREAT EXPOSITION.

It will be Trans-Mississippi and International, and will be Held at Omaha—Some of its Notable Features—Our Own States and Many Foreign Countries Interested.



ALTHOUGH the United States has already had several expositions that have attracted world-wide attention, none of an international character has been held west of the Mississippi. The Californian Inter-State Exposition, held some time ago, was not international in scope, although it was remarkably successful. It has remained for the enterprise of the people of Nebraska to project the Trans-Mississippi International Exposition, which, it has just been definitely settled, will be held in Omaha in the summer of 1898. June 1 has been set for the opening day, and it is confidently expected that in scope and general character the Exposition will be one of the finest ever held in this country. A tremendous amount of energy, enterprise and capital are being summoned to make this a grand and representative presentation of the great West and its resources—mineral, agricultural and industrial. For five months the gates will open upon a magnificent display, in which the whole country and the nations of the world will be invited to participate. The Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, composed of delegates from every State and Territory west of the Mississippi river, by unanimous vote designated Omaha as the

already been drawn, and which will shortly be erected, are structures representing Agriculture, Fine Arts, Electricity, Machinery, Mines and Mining, Manufactures, and a mammoth Auditorium. Illinois, Wisconsin, Montana, Nebraska, Iowa, New York and other States will have handsome buildings on the grounds. The Grand Court will be a superb specimen of architectural design, while the buildings devoted to Horticulture, Dairy, Apiary and Poultry will all be substantial and attractive. Through the courtesy of the managers, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present illustrations of several of the leading buildings, repro-

Among the multitude of attractions are as follows: The Baby Incubator, Irish, Tyrolean, and Moorish villages, Old Vienna, Old English Country Fair, Moqui Indians, Cyclorama of the War, a Scenic Railway, moving

Large bodies of the regular army and of the national guards camp on the grounds. The Indian exhibit will occupy four acres and will embrace 250 tepees of Kiowas, Apaches, and other tribes of redmen.

The construction of some of the principal buildings is already well advanced, especially



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

pictures, etc. Unique mechanical devices, great elevators, electric towers, surmounted by powerful search-lights, and a number of other marvels of science and ingenuity will entertain and instruct the visitors.

the Manufacturers' Building, and that for Machinery and Mines, while work on the Fine Arts, Auditorium, and Girls' and Boys' Buildings, and the Service Building is also progressing. Active operations will soon attend the erection of the United States Government Building, which will occupy a slightly location at the west end of the mirror in the Court of Honor. The Government Building will be ready in time for installation of heavy exhibits early in the new year. The interior of the Auditorium, is arranged with the seats in a semi-circle, facing south. The main floor has a seating capacity of 4,000 and the stage 500. As a whole, the Auditorium will be a most artistic addition to the group of other beautiful buildings on the Main Court. It will occupy a space 136 x 246 feet. There will be two principal entrances, one on the east and the other on the north side, facing the lagoon. Soon the extensive grounds will look like a fairy scene, where the creation of some magic city is in progress. Noble structures, full of bright color and of the most graceful proportions will rise on every hand, and the surrounding grounds will present the appearance of a beautiful natural park, rich in verdure, and dotted with plants and shrubs and blooming *parterres*. The walks and drives will be of noble width. At the east end of the Canal Court will be a group of electric water galleries, which will be visited by boats in the lagoon. The general plans of the designs are unlike those of any previous exhibition, and will constantly present many novelties to visitors.

We are assured by the managers that the most ample accommodations will be provided for the convenience of the multitude that will visit the Exposition. There will be music-rooms, restaurants, shelters, benches, innumerable pleasure-boats, launches and gondolas, rest-rooms, and every accessory that could be desired.



THE PROPOSED FINE ARTS BUILDING AT THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

Exposition City. The area of the Trans-Mississippi region is more than 2,500,000 square miles, and embraces the great granary of America, nearly all the cotton and sugar-producing lands, vast forests of merchantable timber, and practically all the precious minerals produced in the United States.

The Exposition is under the direction of a board of managers, representing unlimited capital. Each department is divided into appropriate bureaus, under the care of experts in their respective branches. By an Act of Congress, passed in June, 1896, the Exposition is recognized as a national and international undertaking, with the right to strike memorial medals, and to receive foreign exhibits free of duty. The Federal Government will have a suitable exhibit and appropriate buildings on the grounds, Congress having made an ample appropriation for that purpose. A number of the States have also made suitable appropriations, and otherwise arranged for representation, and it is expected that during the present winter all the States will follow in the line.

No finer site could have been selected for the Exposition than that which has been chosen. It is within the city limits, and is accessible by several trolley lines and two steam railways. Among the features already projected are several picturesque bridges, entrance arches, with groups of sculptured figures and splendid friezes. A lagoon will be one of the attractions, and upon its waters decorative craft will ply day and night. Among the principal buildings, plans of which have

been deduced from the architects' drawings. They will be of what is known as "staff work," the same material that was used in the Chicago Exposition, and will have the appearance of old marble. It is expected that the attendance at the Exposition will not fall short of 2,500,000. For the entertainment of this vast multitude, many fine amusement features are to be introduced.

Ample space has been allotted for the exhibits, and fully 20,000 square feet have already been contracted for. Among other exhibits on a grand scale may be mentioned live stock—animals wild and tame; horticultural and fruit-growing exhibit, beet-sugar industry, mining and agricultural implements—the latter on a vaster scale than ever before attempted.



THE PROPOSED GREAT AUDITORIUM BUILDING AT THE OMAHA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Sculpture of the Deep;
or, God Amid the Coral Reefs.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., { No mention shall be made of
on the Text: Job 28: 18, - - - - - coral.



HAY do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At Saint Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heckel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again, and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates cannot even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to depreciate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the sea-coasts. No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes his plans for the building of the islands and shores; and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them, cities of them, and continents of them. Indeed, you cannot appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields from battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are its colors. You may find this work of God through the armadas eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and sets the mightiest, and follows the longest. These sea creatures are ever lossy. Now they build islands in the centre of the Pacific ocean. Now they hit barriers around the continent. Indian ocean, Red sea, and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their immensity but no more masonry. At the recession of the tide, you may in some places see the top of their Alpine elevations, while elsewhere nothing but the deep sea comes from the decks of *The Challenger*, *The Porpoise*, and *The Lightning* of the British expedition to announce them. The ancient Greeks employed the coral to adorn their temples and the hilts of swords. In our time it has been used as amulets. The Albertine reefs in one year (1873) had at work and the coral 311 vessels, with 715 sailors, yielding a profit \$365,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious, as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how any one can examine a coral the size of the thumb-nail without reflecting himself of God and worshipping him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon, lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him

so powerfully he cried out to the students "Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate him." Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out: "There is a God, and I adore him."

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets he hangs up for nations to look at; he may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think he has had built for his own delight. In those galleries he alone can walk. The music of those keys, played on by the fingers of the wave, he only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson he alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that he has planted these gardens of the deep to please himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak, these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinæ, and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysopræ may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstasy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand, and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long-continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an out-buttling and an outbranching of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and one thousand miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallines. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations amounting to what vast aggregation? Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundations of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society Islands and the Marshall and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophyte builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer, and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, like seed he God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish you. You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life is compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to America. You go into an architect's studio, and there you see the sketch of a temple, the cornerstone of which has not yet been laid. O, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be

after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they cannot build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you cannot complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in—patience. If thou canst take, through the sea-anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or fifty years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we cannot have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison by false charges, and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said: "The Lord lifted up a standard when the anger was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it." Patience like that of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pursued him to his own door, hurling at him epithets, and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says: "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues; the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all the ages—Jesus Christ: patient under betrayal; patient under the treatment of Pilate's Oyer and Terminer; patient under the expectoration of his assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand it; hold on, wait, bear up.

Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at sixty degrees north and south of the equator, and you find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. Those are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother thirty or thirty-five years of age, their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers. They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day of the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after awhile the wheel of fortune turns up, and the man gets his twenty thousand dollars. Now he has prayers on Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets his eighty thousand dollars. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has two hundred thousand dollars, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his three hundred thousand dollars and no prayers at all. Four-leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than

three hundred thousand dollars. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses two hundred thousand dollars out of the three hundred thousand. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a step-ladder looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the book-case. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile, crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning, and he hears his grandchildren recite the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble, and yet it does a great deal for us. You have heard, perhaps, of that painter who wished to get an expression of great distress for his canvas, and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture, and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to the servant, "More torture," and under more torture there was a more thorough expression of pain, and the artist said: "Stop there; wait till I catch that expression. There! Now I have it upon the canvas. Let loose the victim. I have a work that will last forever." "O," you say, "he was an inhuman painter." No doubt about it. Trouble is cruel and inhuman; but he is a great painter, and out of our tears and blood on his palette, he makes colors that never die. O, that it might be a picture of Christian fortitude, of shining hope!

On the day I was licensed to preach the Gospel an old Christian man took my hand and said: "My son, when you get in a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, send for me, and I will preach for you." Well, it was a great encouragement to be backed up by such a good old minister, and it was not long before I got into a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, and I sent for the old minister, and he came and preached, and it was the last sermon he ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah! my friends, that is what we all want—somebody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Doctor Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "O," says some one, "why cannot God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering my question, you have answered your own. Hot climate for richest specimens of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral fishers going out from Torre del Grecco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say: "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seeming blood scattered all up and down the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Again, I take your hand, and we walk on through this garden of the sea and look more particularly than we did at the beauty of the coral. The poets have all been fascinated with it. One of them wrote:

There, with a broad and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the ocean
Are bent like corn on the upland lea.

One specimen of coral is called the dendrophilia, because it is like a tree; another is called the astrara, because it is like a star; another is called the brain coral, because it is like the convolutions of the human brain; another is called fan coral, because it is like the instrument with which you cool yourself on a hot day;

another specimen is called the organ-pipe coral, because it resembles the king of musical instruments. All the flowers and all the shrubs in the gardens of the land have their correspondencies in this garden of the sea. Corallum! It is a synonym for beauty. And yet there is no beauty in the coral compared with our religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features; it does not give features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homeliest person a heaven that shines clear through. So that often, on first acquaintance, you said of a man: "He is the homeliest person I ever saw." When, after you came to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance, you said: "He is the loveliest person I ever saw." No one ever had a homely Christian mother. Whatever the world may have thought of her, there were two who thought well—your father, who had admired her for fifty years, and you, over whom she bent with so many tender ministrations. When you think of the angels of God, and your mother among them, she outshines them all. O, that our young people could understand that there is nothing that so much beautifies the human countenance as the religion of Jesus Christ! It makes everything beautiful. Trouble beautiful. Sickness beautiful. Disappointment beautiful. Everything beautiful.

Near my early home there was a place called the "Two Bridges." These bridges leaped the two streams. Well, my friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is two bridges. It bridges all the past. It arches and overspans all the future. It makes the dying pillow the landing-place of angels fresh from glory. It turns the sepulchre into a May-time orchard. It catches up the dying into full orchestra. Corallum! And yet that does not express the beauty: "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Fragile were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for their own monument the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world: "Take this channel"; "take that channel"; "avoid the other channel." Animalcules beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus, that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other side; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy, "There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticized by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for twenty-five years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the

folio in his hand and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he cried out, "I wrote that!" The household sat and stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying: "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Beethoven's nine symphonies will be the enchantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century

are better than a mastodon. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red, and out of them altogether I make this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up his jewels.

Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hanging on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American railways, caught him as he was falling between the cars of a flying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. Aggregations of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment come to a bridge they are always commanded to break ranks, for their simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge at Broughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of temptation, aggregations of sorrow, aggregations of assaults, aggregations of Christian effort, aggregations of self-sacrifices! These make the irresistible power to demolish or

said, "She wanted to help me, and she did as well as she could." And so the mother blessed the child, and while she blessed the child she thought of herself, and said: "Perhaps it may be so with my poor work at the last. God will look at it. It may be very imperfect, and I know it is very crooked. He may have to take it all out; but he knows that I want to serve him, and he knows it is the best that I can do." So be comforted in your Christian work. Five thousand millions corallines made one corallum. And then they passed away and other millions came, and the work is wonderful. But on the day when the world's redemption shall be consummated, and the names of all the millions of Christians who in all the ages have toiled on this structure shall be read, the work will appear so grand, and the achievement so glorious, and the durability so everlasting, that "No mention shall be made of coral."

NEW YORK'S *** CHRISTIAN CHINAMEN.

How Converted Chinamen Try to Propagate the Gospel of Jesus Among their Fellow-Countrymen.

If any Christian is sceptical about the value of Gospel work among Chinamen, he should pay a visit to No. 8 Pell street, New York, before pronouncing finally on the subject. On the first floor of that house, which is in a district almost exclusively inhabited by Chinamen, is a room capable of accommodating about forty persons. Stretched across the room is one of those red banners dear to the Chinaman's heart, as the true style of decoration. But this streamer does not bear the image of the dragon, nor the usual Chinese hieroglyphs, but the words in English: "China for God." If the visitor looks in on a Sunday evening, about eight o'clock, he would find this room crowded. In one corner, an intelligent, educated Chinaman is giving a lesson in the Gospel of Matthew to five Chinamen who are familiar with English. In another corner of the room, a Chinaman has a class of three or four, whose knowledge of English is only partial, and the teacher has to eke it out with explanations in Chinese. Here and there is one Chinaman alone, who needs to have a teacher to himself as he is only beginning to learn, and that teacher is generally some American Christian lady. The learners in all cases are eager and quietly attentive, and are evidently grateful for the care and instruction given. Over all the alert eye of Mrs. F. E. Blanchard, the superintendent of the school, is watching, and she is making arrangements for promotion or different groupings, according to the progress attained by the scholars.

This school had its origin some two years ago in the prayers of three converted Chinamen who were concerned for the spiritual welfare of their young countrymen who, on Sunday mornings, were loafing about the corners of Pell street and the neighborhood, learning to gamble and to smoke. Some earnest American Christians, sympathizing with these prayers, organized "The Evangelical Band," and hired the room at No. 8 in which the school is taught. It was soon found that Chinamen who would not enter a church were willing to come to the school and would listen to Gospel teaching. During the past two years there has been an average attendance of forty men, and God has blessed the work. Already thirteen men have been baptized and have united with various churches in the city, and three who have returned to China are now preaching the Gospel of Jesus to their brethren in their own land. The Evangelical Band is deeply grateful to God for this blessing and is now trying to raise funds to erect a mission-house, so that the work might be extended. At least a hundred Chinamen would be glad to attend if there was room for them.



CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN PELL STREET, NEW YORK, CONDUCTED BY THE EVANGELICAL BAND.

will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said: "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the Sandwich Islands." Each one attended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich Islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the corallines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and ver-

to uplift, to destroy or to save. Little causes and great results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket-Bible from a ship in the harbor of Tokio.

Written on the fly-leaf of one of my books, by one whom God took to himself out of our household, were the following words—I do not know who composed them; perhaps she composed them herself:

Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know;
Just as when his mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet waveth but its God doth see;
Think not then, O trembler, God forgetteth thee.
For more precious surely than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye;
E'en thine hairs are numbered: trust him full and free.

Cast thy care upon him, and he'll care for thee.
For the God that planted in thy breast a soul
On his sacred tables doth thy name enroll;
Cheer thine heart, thou trembler, never faithless be:
He that marks the sparrow will remember thee.

O, be encouraged! Do not any man say, "My work is so small." Do not any woman say, "My work is so insignificant; I cannot do anything for the upbuilding of God's kingdom." You can. Remember the corallines. A Christian mother sat sewing a garment, and her little girl wanted to help her, and so she sewed on another piece of the same garment and brought it to her mother, and the work was corrected. It was imperfect, and had to be all taken out again. But did the mother chide the child? O, no. She

The Sunday School

JESUS TEMPTED.

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 9. Matt. 4: 1-11. Golden Text, Heb. 2: 18.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.



JESUS tempted: Jesus suffering being tempted; Jesus tempted at all points like as we are! (Heb. 2: 18; 4: 15.) What an unspeakable view this gives us of what it meant to him to take upon him the form of a servant to be made in the likeness of men! (Phil. 2: 7, 8.) Let us come near with bowed and adoring hearts, as the Scripture opens to us the mystery of our Lord's temptation.

It was immediately after he was baptized that the heavens were opened and the Spirit of God descended like a dove and abode upon him, when a voice from heaven declared, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and then the Son of God was "led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Temptation is utilized by God to prove us whether indeed we yield to him all we are and have and trust him, or whether, in any measure, we rely upon ourselves. Our beloved and holy Lord must pass through temptation that God might prove that it was possible, in a human nature, which was powerless in itself, but indwelt by God, to overcome the strongest temptations of the enemy. The fact that Jesus has overcome is the proof that we also, under the same conditions, powerless in ourselves, but indwelt by God, can also overcome.

The apostle James had learned to know temptation from God's side. He did not think a true child of God was to be commiserated when he was put to the test, but rather congratulated. "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations." Blessed is the man that endureth temptation (James 1: 8, 12). Why is this? It is "the proof of your faith," and he that is tempted and "approved"; he that stands the test and is found to have acted according to God in the Spirit, and not according to man in the flesh (1 Pet. 4: 6) shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. Without temptation there can be no perfection; without examinations in the school of God there is no taking a degree. "Let patience (under the trial) have its perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing (James 1: 4).

The temptation of the Lord Jesus began by forty days' continuous presence of the devil. Some of us have known such times, when we have had to bear the dark presence of the accuser. During these days he obtained almost entirely from food: "He did eat nothing" (Luke 4: 2). Always choosing to rely rather on his Father than on his strength of his own, he would show us, in the strongest way, that it is not when we are strong, but when we are weak that we prevail, because then we are driven so entirely to rely on God alone. After forty days' abstinence he hungered. The tempter saw his moment to take advantage of Jesus when he was in extreme weakness, and said, "If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread."

It was a subtle temptation. The Satan was in reality. He had Jesus to drive away the Father's love in him; why should he not work a miracle on his own behalf? The reason comes out in the wonderful revelation of the chief priests and rulers and elders, when he hung upon the cross. "He saved others, himself he cannot save." The words had been lost and God had been lost to the sons of men by self-reproach and self-consideration. He who was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, should he play into the enemy's hand by ministering to himself? The object of his being was to manifest a life

one with the will of God. Jesus did not trust to himself or his own reason to answer the enemy. Taking the written Word, the sword of the Spirit, in his hands as his only weapon, he said, "It is written. Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," and he remained hungry, but victorious.

How often the enemy tempts men to self-indulgence, to anxiety, to idleness, to intemperance, to envy of others who are better off, by some bodily need! Health, clothing, sight, hearing, or something which it seems as though we could not do without is regarded as a first necessity. The Lord, even in such an extremity as hunger after a forty days' fast, would not satisfy his hunger, but by faith in and obedience to his Father in heaven. The lesson for us is to let God have the care and the disposal of our bodies. He careth for us; it is safe to trust him. Better to be without food, than to fail in obeying and trusting God.



QUARANTANIA, THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE TEMPTATION.

Foiled in his first attempt, the enemy renews the charge, but on another ground. Now he, too, quotes Scripture. He was permitted to take the Lord Jesus from the desert into Jerusalem and to place him upon a pinnacle of the temple, and he said to him, "If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written: He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone." The enemy knows how to quote the promises of God, eliminating everything which can bear upon the responsibility of God's children; he had carefully refrained from quoting the words "To keep thee in all thy ways," and had made it appear that under all circumstances, whatever might be the motives of his actions, the child of God could expect to be kept from danger even when acting contrary to God's precepts.

Oh how many Christians have read the ninety-first Psalm as Satan has quoted it, and, without looking for directions from God, have done rash things as they believed in faith, have cast themselves down from some pinnacle of the temple, and have taken into grievous sins, dragging the name of their Lord into the mire! God is not dependent upon our doing some unprecendented or extraordinary thing that his preserving care may be manifested. He can vindicate his Word without any help from man, and certainly without any help from Satan. Again, the Lord does not trust himself to answer. Jesus said

unto him, "Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The third and last temptation was the most daring. "Again the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and he said unto him: All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Then Jesus said unto him, "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God, Him only shalt thou serve." Jesus "suffered being tempted."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

HOW the Evangelists learned the story of the Temptation does not appear, but it may be assumed that Christ himself related it to the disciples. He must have had a serious purpose in disclosing so sacred an experience. Following apparently immediately upon his baptism, it may be inferred that the wondrous revelation which was made there, accompanied by the Baptist's significant words, produced in his mind a solemn realization of his nature and mission. He would want to be alone, that he might think out his future course and have uninterrupted intercourse with his Father. Such solitude he would find in the desolate region now known as Quarantania, which tradition assigns as the scene of the temptation. In the plain between Jerusalem and Jericho

he came to nourish, not the mere animal nature and he would not use his powers for such a purpose. There have been men in modern times who have encountered a temptation like it in principle. The story is told of a poor engraver who possessed great skill, and who, by illness and other misfortunes, was brought to extreme poverty. His furniture had been sold, and in his bare room there was neither food nor fuel. His wife repined and his children cried for bread. To him came a man with an offer of work. How gladly he was welcomed may be imagined. It was work that he could do, the remuneration would be large, and a part of it would be paid at once to relieve his immediate necessities. What work was it? Only to make a plate of a five-dollar bill, an exact copy with which counterfeit bills could be printed. He refused to put his powers to such a purpose. "I will starve first," he said; "it is not necessary for me to live, but it is necessary that I keep my integrity."

Cast thyself down. The second temptation was the exact converse of the first. In refusing to use his marvellous power to satisfy his physical wants, Christ had placed himself in the attitude of exalting the spiritual at the expense of the animal nature. The suffering of the physical was nothing, if the spiritual was nourished. The suggestion then comes to proceed a step further on the same line and sacrifice the physical altogether. To leap from the dizzy height of the temple roof would still more clearly show that Christ set no value on his body, and would, besides, show his faith in a definite promise. It is easy to see how the harassed mind was working between two extremes. Christ's answer showed that we have no right to wantonly court danger in order to test God's promises. In one of Napoleon's battles, a gun was dismounted by a shot from the enemy. Three of the four men in charge of the gun were killed. The fourth, a stalwart soldier of great strength, took the gun in his arms, and by a tremendous effort lifted it into its place on the gun-carriage. In a moment he discharged it full in the face of the advancing regiment. Napoleon witnessed the deed of prowess, and, after the battle sent for the man, gave him a medal and made him a colonel. A captain in the same regiment, knowing all the circumstances, determined to win promotion in the same way. When the Emperor, at a review, gave the order for guns to be raised from the ground to the carriages, the captain, pushing aside the four men whose duty it was to raise the gun, lifted it himself into its place. "There was no need for you to do that," said the Emperor; "the proper men were there to do it; you might have seriously injured yourself. A man who will voluntarily and foolishly incur unnecessary danger is a fool," and he ordered him to be reduced to the ranks.

All these things will I give thee. Universal sovereignty might be had at a price. All the pain and misery of conflict might be escaped and the end attained by an act of homage. The same temptation has often since come to the Church. If she will compromise, if she will lower her dignity and adopt worldly methods, she may have all the money and power she needs. We are often told that a little diplomacy would help the Church. If John the Baptist had kept silent about Herodias, he might have saved his head. If ministers would let the sins of the rich alone, wealthy sinners would come to church and contribute to its treasury. The third temptation was the offer of a bargain. A famous writer tells the story of a young surgeon slowly and painfully winning his way to fame and fortune, but sorely crippled by lack of money. A banker of notoriously evil life went to him and offered him the loan of a large sum of money. The young surgeon took time to consider the offer. He felt sure of succeeding without the money, but that would involve years of self-denial and privation. On the other hand, by accepting it, he might immediately live in comfort and have the money to proceed with his experiments. But by accepting it he would place himself under obligation to the lender. He accepted, and in a short time he had, to oblige his creditor, put his name to a false death certificate, and being exposed, was disgraced for life. Christ will yet win universal sovereignty, but he will not be indebted to Satan for it.

Why She Became a Deaconess

A Sketch

from Real Life

BY LUCY RIDER MEYER

HOW in the world did you ever happen to become a deaconess, Miss Dent? You could have done so many things."



DEACONESS TAGGART.

succeed in other things they tried."

The gray eyes of the little lady flashed unmistakably beneath her demure, black bonnet, with its broad white silken tie

"I know a lady," she said, "who left a position bringing her nearly two thousand dollars a year to enter deaconess work. And I know another, already a deaconess, who just refused the offer of \$100 a month to leave the work."

"You astonish me! I thought they were just goody-goody sort of women who—except you, of course—"

"No, indeed. We have the best of the land in our ranks. Neither are we all visitors. Anything that any Christian woman can do, and that needs to be done, may be done by a deaconess. We have among us not only visitors, but trained nurses, and kindergartners, and house-keepers, and teachers, and stenographers, and evangelists, and Gospel singers, and pastors' assistants, and editors, and physicians, and managers of orphanages, and superintendents of hospitals, and housemaids, and cooks. Nothing is too high for us, and nothing too low, if only a woman can do it, and if doing it will help anybody."

"You quite take my breath away, Miss Dent. But tell me, how did you come to enter the work? I am really interested."

"Well, I was a teacher, you know. I loved teaching and—"

"Don't you think Christian women are needed in our schools?" was next asked.

"Indeed, I do. But did it never occur to you that Christian women ought to invest their lives, not simply where they are needed, but where they are needed most? The profession of teaching is greatly crowded, and there are thousands of women—Christian women—applying to enter it all the time."

Very many of them have great burdens on them, invalid fathers or mothers, or young children to support. Do you not think that the women who have not these burdens but who are teaching from ambition or just to be busy, ought to leave their places for these others who must have work or suffer?"



A YOUNG DEACONESS.

"Seems to me that sounds rather Quixotic."

"When I came up to the city to take my examination for a city school the last year I was teaching, I was amazed at the number of young women waiting in the examination rooms. It didn't make much difference to me, to tell the truth, whether I got a position or not—only for my ambition and pride."

"But these women, most of them," she added, "seemed intensely anxious. Nearly all had good, cultured faces, but I could not but see that many jackets were threadbare, and shoes were patched. A little pale thing had her desk right by mine that day. She bowed her head on her hands before the papers were passed, and I just felt she was a Christian girl, and was asking God to help her."

"At the time when the questions came, she worked very hard, never looking to right nor left. Her face flushed painfully, and at noon she did not eat a bite of lunch. Then a week later, when we all came back to get our papers and learn if we had positions, she happened to pass the clerk's window just in front of me, and I heard him say, 'Your papers are 98, Miss Wright, but there is no vacancy this year. Maybe next year we can do better by you.' She turned very white and

"Well, I took my school and enjoyed my work, as I told you, but I could not forget that girl. Then there were other things. I knew I was molding character—teaching patience and perseverance with the multiplication table—but I had almost no opportunity for direct religious work. And sometimes when I saw those children's bright faces and thought of their little hearts all ready to receive truth, I simply longed to put my arms around them and draw them all into the kingdom. I used to think I would visit their homes, but there were exercises to correct, and papers to mark, and meetings to attend, until my time was gone. But what capped the climax was an incident that occurred in December. My school was on the border of the 'slums.' One of my children, Eddie J., was a lovable little fellow, bright at his lessons, but scrawny and thin, and looking half-starved all the time. His clothes fitted him outrageously, and finally wore into outright rags. His face was not always very clean, and I remember thinking with a good deal of indignation what a slouch his mother must be! Finally, one cold spell, Eddie was absent for a week, and my conscience finally spurred me up to go and see what had become of the little fel-

"Mother's sick and Bessie's sick too and I have to stay with the children"; and the big eyes filled with tears as he looked toward the door of the other room.



MRS. MEYER READING TO THE SICK.

"May I see them?" I asked. He led me into the little, dark bedroom. I am afraid you will not believe me, but I am telling you the truth. There were two beds in the room, with just space to walk between. In one lay the mother in the delirium of acute fever; and by her side in the same bed lay the dead body of a ten-year-old girl. The mother was quite too ill to notice it. I grew giddy and faint, but by a great effort went into the other room and sat down to think what to do. Something in my face must have frightened Eddie, for he began to cry in good earnest. Poor little laddie—he was only seven years old.

"Bessie has been so since morning," he wailed. "I can't wake her up. And mama talks so queer!"

"Just then there was a knock at the door and who should come in but a deaconess. The children knew and welcomed her. It seems that she had visited them before and was trying to tide them over the winter, but had known nothing of this illness and their present distress. Well, for the next four hours, I was her willing but most awkward assistant. She seemed to know exactly what to do. That's where the value of our training comes in. At a word from her the children hushed their cries. Eddie was sent with a note to the father in a saloon around the corner, which brought him home frightened and sobered. A telephone message to the Deaconess Home brought a basket of clean, white clothes. The body of the dead girl was prepared for the grave, and lay draped in white. A physician was brought for the mother, and with a bath and clean linen, her moanings ceased, and the physician thought she would recover. The rooms were thoroughly cleaned, a supply of provisions was brought in and a meal cooked for the children. You should have seen the poor, half-starved little things eat!"

"Well, to skip entirely over the middle of my story and give you only the end. I watched the deaconess with that family for six months. At the end of that time, if you will only believe it, the father was thoroughly reformed, and, with the mother, was a member of the mission church near-by. He was a good workman and soon got steady work. The family moved to more comfortable quarters. The children were in Sunday School, and my boy, Eddie, quite lost his haggard look. By the way, the man has since been elected on the board of trustees of the church. You see his reformation was thoroughly genuine."

"I don't know, after all, that this answers your question, how I came to enter the work, but as I became acquainted with that deaconess and found how much was the need of work like hers and how few workers there were, my whole soul was stirred within me. She and the little, pale-faced rejected applicant for the school were the means, under God, of my entering this deaconess work in which I have remained ever since."



MISS GREGG



BRIGHTENING A SICK-ROOM IN THE CHICAGO SLUMS.

MRS. MEYER

started to pass on without a word: then she hesitated, and turned back and said rapidly, like one who had learned the words by heart, 'Please do the best you can for me. My mother is a widow and sick, and I am the only support for her and my little sisters.' 'Yes, yes. We will do the best we can,' said the clerk, monotonously. Then came my turn. I tell you I felt mean when I saw that there was a position for me. I had a powerful friend in the city who had used his influence for me, to tell the whole truth. The little pale-faced woman was just going through the door, and a strong impulse seized me to rush up to her and tell her she could have my place. But I didn't. Do you know, I think we miss obeying the Lord a great many times because we have never known any one else to do just the thing he is calling us to do.

low. The family lived in two little back rooms of a house in a wretched street. My little seven-year-old Eddie, himself, opened the door for me. He was paler and scrawnier and dirtier than ever. He had evidently been making some effort at order in the room, which seemed to be kitchen, dining and sitting-room all in one; but the table was covered with cracked and dirty dishes, and the ashes from the stove were littered about on hearth and floor. Two smaller children in the room stopped their play to stare at me.

"Eddie," I said, "why don't you come to school?"

*The incident given in this sketch is one that actually occurred. Information as to the work or how to enter it will be gladly given by the author. Address 3949 Indiana ave., Chicago, Ill. The illustrations are from photographs of the daily work of the deaconesses and have their counterpart in actual life in every city where there is a branch of the order.

The congregation of the Church of the Strangers, of which Dr. D. Asa Blackburn is pastor, has purchased the Congregational church in Fifty-seventh st. and Eighth ave., New York. The church, as we have already stated, is losing its old home through the termination of its lease. It tried to a'rt'n a new home in its present neighborhood, but the value of land there is exceedingly high, owing to its being used for the wholesale dry-goods trade, and the church did not feel justified in paying so high a price as was demanded. The neighborhood in which the church is going to work is even more in need of aggressive work than the one in which it is now doing the two and a half years. Dr. Blackburn has labored for the Church of the Strangers, its members have been added, almost doubling the membership. More than three-fourths of these were added on profession of faith. This fact is an augury of success in the new sphere.



A Cathedral's Bi-Centenary.

LONDONERS have been celebrating during the past few days of the two hundredth anniversary of the com-



ENTRANCE TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

pletion of St. Paul's Cathedral, the great church edifice whose dome towers above the great city, and is the most prominent feature of the landscape as the visitor approaches the busy metropolis. For more than thirteen hundred years the site at the top of Ludgate Hill has been occupied by a Christian church. When the foundations of the present edifice were dug the excavators came upon a layer of graves of Norman Christians, who had been buried in the old churchyard. Below them was a layer of Saxon graves, and still deeper were graves of noble Romans who had died during the Roman occupation. It was found that as early as 579, a church known as St. Paul's, stood on this site, and a Bishop named Millitir celebrated there the praises of King Ethelbert, whose munificence had made its existence possible. Among the curious facts, recently brought to light about the Cathedral, is a memorandum that the Cathedral was the depository of very precious relics, among which were, "A knife that had belonged to Christ; some hair of Mary Magdalene; some of the blood of St. Paul; the hand of St. John, and the hand and jaw of Ethelbert." In spite of the presence of these relics, the genuineness of which was not doubted by the credulous people of those days, there seems to have been a lack of the reverence that they might have been expected to inspire. Among the records of the Common Council of the city is an ordinance "forbidding the carrying of beer-kegs and the leading of horses and mules through the Cathedral." A little later is another order "forbidding the playing of ball, or shouting within the Cathedral, as many valuable windows had been broken by careless players." Still later another order forbade "the playing of nine-pins within the Cathedral, between certain hours, as the noise disturbed the worshippers. In the eighth, tenth and eleventh centuries St. Paul's was destroyed by fire, and in 1666, it was again burned down. It was not until 1675 that the ruins were cleared away, the foundations dug, and Sir Christopher Wren saw the first stone laid of the present edifice. Twenty-two years later—in 1697—the top-stone was fixed on the lantern of the dome, and a great service was held in commemoration. During the two centuries which have passed since then, many notable services have been held within its walls, as when the monarchs have gone there to offer thanks for personal, domestic, or national blessings. Some memorable funerals have also taken place there. The first grave to be opened was that of the architect of the Cathedral, who was buried in it thirteen years after its completion. Since then Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington,

Admiral Collingwood, and a host of men whose names are famous in history have been carried to the great Cathedral and there solemnly committed to the dust. The Cathedral has, also, interesting associations of many eminent men who have preached within its walls, including learned and eloquent American divines. London is proud of its great fane and has enthusiastically celebrated its bi-centenary. Happily, the worship in this magnificent edifice and others like it, is not any more acceptable to God than that which is offered in the humblest log-cabin, but both alike are tested by the purity of heart of the worshippers. It is remarkable that, although we are rightly thankful for the existence of churches in our cities, the ideal city, the city which the Seer of Patmos saw in his vision, was a city without a church.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it (Rev. 21:22).

Mistaken Ownership.

A house in New York City said to be worth ninety thousand dollars was the subject of dispute in the Supreme Court recently. The register showed that it was the property of Sarah A. Knight, of Balti-



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, WHOSE BI-CENTENARY IS BEING CELEBRATED.

more, Md. As it was a desirable property, some inquiries were sent by real estate agents to that address, as to the price the owner would take for it. There was a long delay before a reply was received. Eventually an agent replied in the name of Sarah A. Knight and conducted negotiations for the sale of the property. A price was agreed upon and a deposit paid pending an examination of the title. This was delayed on various excuses, but the purchaser took possession of the property. Then a new claim arose. A lady came forward, declaring that she was Sarah A. Knight, of Baltimore, and the owner of the house. She had received no offer for the house, and had not been a party to the negotiations. Then it was discovered that there were two women of the same name in Baltimore, and a suit was brought in the Supreme Court to decide the ownership. The case was speedily settled. The later claimant had the deeds, while the earlier, who had disposed of the property, had no deeds, but supposed, as an application to buy it was made to her, that some wealthy relatives who are now traveling in Europe had given it to her as a provision for her in her old age. She was speedily undeceived, and the proper owner's claim was established. It must have been a great disappointment to the other woman, who imagined herself the owner of the house. Such a disappointment can never come to the real Christian who is looking for an

inheritance in the world to come. Those who have Christ's nature are unmistakably identified by a new name which he gives them.

I will give him a white stone and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it (Rev. 2:17).

Romance in Congress.

A bill introduced in the Senate on Dec. 15, by Senator Penrose, has a romantic story connected with it. It appears that when the war broke out, a farmer and his wife were living with their two grown-up sons on a farm in Pennsylvania. The elder of the two sons joined the army and went to the front, while the younger stayed at home and worked on the farm to support his aged parents. One night the younger son returning home from his work encountered his brother whom he supposed to be with the army. He had returned secretly and said he meant to desert. His brother pleaded with him begging him not to bring disgrace on the family name and the risk of condign punishment on himself. He begged him with tears to return immediately. The other refused. He hoped to escape and in any case he would not go back to camp where hardship and danger awaited him. The other brother finding he could not prevail resolved on a bold course. He was sufficiently like his elder brother to escape any but a close scrutiny. He donned his brother's uniform and went to camp, and joined the regiment under his brother's name. He was obliged to take the men of his company into his confidence but they, applauding the sacrifice

ter, who was making alterations in the store, removed a partition. Behind it, in a corner, a head popped up. It was the head of a rat. The storekeeper's dog killed it and five young rats, which were with it in the nest. The inside of the nest was lined with currency, which was chewed into small pieces. It is possible to identify fragments of twenty notes of the aggregate value of sixty dollars, but it is believed the lining of the nest represents a much larger sum; men, too, like the rat, have been known to steal money, that their nest might be warm and comfortable; but they have not the excuse which might be made for the rat that they do not know the consequences of what they do.

But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition (1 Timothy 6:9).

A Perilous Ride.

A thrilling story is told by a correspondent of a daily journal. He says that after the fearful storm which carried away the bridge over the Au Sable chasm in the Adirondacks, a single stringer, eighteen inches wide, remained, spanning the gorge. A year passed: the bridge had not been rebuilt, but the stringer still held its place a hundred and twenty-five feet above the roaring torrent. One pitch-dark night a stranger was eating his supper at the inn at Au Sable Forks. The landlord remarked on the darkness of the night and asked the traveler if he had found much difficulty in finding his way. He replied that he had not, as he used to live in that neighborhood a few years before and knew the country well. He described the way he had come, incidentally mentioning that he had crossed the Au Sable bridge. He was promptly contradicted, as every one in the room knew that

no bridge had been there for a year. But the traveler was quite sure. He had heard his horse's feet on the planking and had listened to the roar of the water below. He was not believed, but the next morning the traveler visited the bridge. The sight there made him turn pale and tremble. On the narrow timber there were the marks of the horse's hoofs, showing that he had crossed the chasm in the darkness by that narrow path, which even in the daylight he shuddered at the thought of crossing. He had unconsciously passed through danger that appalled him when he knew of it. Perhaps the day will come when some of the passages of our lives will

appear to us in the same light and we shall see that we were preserved by being led to take the course recommended by the wise king:

Let thine eyes look right on . . . Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil (Prov. 4:25-27).

A New Submarine Boat.

Trial was made at Baltimore, Md., a few days ago of a new submarine boat designed for the work of finding sunken vessels, removing their cargo and raising them. It is a conical craft 29 feet long, built entirely of steel. It is propelled by a screw and has underneath corrugated steel wheels operated by steam. The crew and a few visitors went on board on the day the test was made; the hatches were closed and the vessel descended to the bottom of the river. It was run like a carriage on wheels from side to side of the river and up and down its bed. There was a constant supply of fresh air and no one suffered any inconvenience. A meal of oyster stew and coffee was cooked and eaten while under water. The diver then announced that he was going to explore the river bed. After being down on the river bed for more than an hour the water was expelled from the boat and its place taken by air. The boat then rose to the surface and the party landed, none the worse for their experience. This boat will be very useful for the recovery of property lost by wreck. The principles of its operation may furnish a hint to Christians in the recovery of souls sunk in the degradation of sin. They have hope for success, only as they keep their communication open with heaven. They need the air from above which God provides to all his faithful children to sustain their own strength and vitality.

Your life is hid with Christ in God (Col. 3:3).

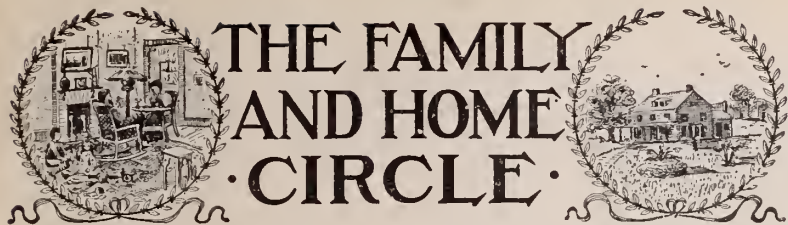
he was making to save his brother from punishment as a deserter, kept his secret. He served honorably to the close of the war, was wounded in action and received his discharge and a pension in his brother's name. The facts have never been disclosed until now. We admire the devotion of the young man who thus took his brother's place, but how much greater ought to be our admiration and love for Him who as our Elder Brother stood in our stead and suffered that we might inherit the blessings he won.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree . . . by whose stripes ye are healed (Peter 2:24).

The Thief Put to Death.

A store-keeper in Brooklyn, N. Y., has for some time past been aware that he was being robbed. Every night when the cash was balanced, there was a shortage. Sometimes it was only one or two dollars, but occasionally it was five. The store-keeper tried various checks, but could not detect the thief. Bills and silver were marked, but though marked bills disappeared, they could not be traced to any of the employees. Silver was never taken, though usually thieves of small amounts prefer coin to currency, as being more difficult of identification. One night the storekeeper and a policeman watched the store till after midnight, and a bill was taken from the till while they were watching, and they did not see it done. The mystery was solved last week. A carpen-

The world is full of to-day of people, strong and faithful, and true, who in their place are doing some of the world's most necessary work, but are yet seldom seen or named. There are few sights more interesting or picturesque than the forger of chains at his work. Not many people have ever seen him at work, and perhaps few who use the chains which he has made ever pause to think of the conscientious, faithful man who made them. Yet from every point of view the man is interesting. He is commonly a big man—a man with strong, well-developed muscles standing out on his bare arms. He has come to his trusted place through many a hard stroke. He knows his business, and he twists the glowing iron, and swings the hammer straight to the point where it will count in turning the link. He works often in a place half underground, usually in a basement tucked away beneath a dinky machine-shed. Sometimes



THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

EASTERN FOOT-WEAR.

Various Kinds of Shoes Worn by the People of the Orient—A Traveling "Cordonnier."

IN Eastern lands, where the dry season prevails during the greater part of the year, the foot-wear generally used is quite different from that usually adopted where changeable seasons and a cold climate are the rule. Among the ancient Hebrews and Egyptians, sandals were almost universally worn, except probably in the hilly parts of the country, where, owing to the greater roughness of the land, foot-wear of a more substantial character was used. There is a great variety in the shape and quality of the sandals; those of the wealthy were made of fine material, the upper part being of cloth or delicate leather, with pointed turned-up toes. Still another sort is of woven or interlaced palm-leaf fibre, or papyrus-stalks, the heavier kinds being lined with cloth.

Some of the nations contemporary with ancient Israel wore sandals, on the inner soles of which were painted the figure of a captive, thus giving almost a literal interpretation to the idea of "treading the enemy under foot" (Josh. 10: 24). Shoes with higher covering, and even low boots, have been found depicted on some of the inscriptions of Thebes, but these are now believed to have been Greek, rather than Egyptian. On the ancient Assyrian monuments, shoes are found pictured as being worn by some of the native princes. In those early days, however, as at present, a very large proportion of the people of the East wore no foot-covering whatsoever.

Among the modern Orientals there is a wide variety of shoes, some of them being almost similar to those worn in Europe and America, while the great majority are modification of the ancient sandal or the modern slipper. All Orientals prefer shoes that afford ample room for the foot, and which can be put off and on the foot easily. Our illustration on this page represents an itinerant mender of shoes at work in a public thoroughfare near Jerusalem. The old man—a native Syrian, probably—is busily repairing a shoe, while his children stand beside him watching the progress of the operation. He will travel a considerable distance in a day, doing odd jobs of mending as he proceeds, and getting paid either in money or food. His is not a lucrative occupation; but it must be remembered that a family can subsist on very little in the East.

Shoes are frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, and in connection with certain usages, they possess peculiar significance. Thus, in transferring land, it was customary to deliver a shoe or sandal (Ruth. 4: 7). To cast a shoe upon the soil was a declaration of occupancy (Psalm 60: 10). A sandal thong was a type of worthlessness (Gen. 14: 23). Shoes were taken off when the wearer approached a sacred place or a temple, or addressed a superior. To this day, an Oriental removes his shoes when he desires to specially honor some one, and a Moslem leaves his shoes at the door of the mosque he is about to enter. To carry the shoes of another person is an act of servitude, and to tie another's shoes is a courtesy paid to high distinction alone.

The Raven's Friendship.

There is a beautiful story, or rather legend, told in Germany about the friendship and fidelity of the raven, which recalls the honor paid to that bird when it was divinely chosen as the bearer of food to the suffering prophet. In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant

of German extraction named Dobry. Without his fault he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and his landlord determined to eject him; and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in sorrow, the church bell pealed for the evening prayer, and Dobry kneeled down in their midst, and they sang:

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.

And as they came to the last verse

When Thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

—there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend—a raven that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones! Dobry was now strong-

shout as loudly as they liked. The Monday following our return we kept as a holiday. In the afternoon the boys and workmen engaged in games, and then came the feast. Dog, monkey, and native food disappeared very rapidly. When it was over we distributed the prizes won at the games—rods, salt, beads, a few knives, and some cloth—things much appreciated by the people out here. Next day, when visiting in the town, some women offered me a native dish made of vegetables, and called banganju. Accepting the offer, I took the opportunity of having a little meeting with them, and they listened very attentively. They did not, however, overlook the fact that I had only eaten part of the banganju. How to finish it was a difficulty, until it occurred to me to invite them to partake of it, which device proved entirely successful!"

That Dear Old Rag Doll.

I remember (writes Maud Ballington Booth) when my darling baby was quite a little mite, just able to creep, I gave her a rag doll, because there was already a son in the family, and other dolls have ways of getting broken more easily than rag dolls. I wondered whether she would recognize what it was. Well, the very moment I gave it to her the baby arms went out, and she clasped it to her breast and kissed it, and showed me the strength of her mother-



A TRAVELING SHOEMAKER AND HIS OPEN-AIR WORKSHOP.

ly tempted. He at first thought he would sell the ring, but he thought again it could not be lawfully his, so he took it to his minister; and the good man, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. And the king sent for Dobry and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year he built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall; and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath this verse:

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light,

A Missionary Wedding.

At a station called Bonginda, in Central Africa, a double wedding of missionaries was recently celebrated, the parties being Mr. Armstrong and Miss Davies, and Mr. Wilkes and Miss Elliot. The ceremonies took place at Equatorville, some distance off, and a very hearty welcome greeted the party on their return. Mrs. Armstrong writes: "Mr. Ellery, who was here at the time, led the cheering, the boys thoroughly enjoying their liberty to

love in her baby heart. From that moment she was inseparable from her rag doll—it was all rags except its eyes. Soon one eye fell in, and I was told that that was the work of my son. But my baby was oblivious to it, and thought just as much of her rag doll as ever. Shortly after the other eye fell in, and with its empty sockets she loved it just the same, and kissed the poor lips just as fondly. Then went part of the clothes, and then one arm, and then one leg, and then all the clothes, until there was nothing left but the old stump stuffed with straw.

It became disreputable, but she would never part with it, and by and by, when nothing was left but the old stump with one leg attached to it, and when no one else would have thought it was a "doddy" at all, she loved and comforted it more than ever, and I would see her in bed, lying with her pink, flushed face against the rag and her arm around it—her "poor, dear doddy." I brought her a beautiful doll in its stead, with hair and movable eyes and fine clothes; but she just dropped it, and would not call it even a doll, and stretched her little arms out for the rag. And as I looked at my baby I said, "Dear Lord, is not that a picture of the mother-love you would put in the soul?"

SOME DAY.

SOME day if we should stand upon the shores of Time,
And looking back our course of life review,
We then shall see the privilege sublime
We here possessed the Master's work to do.
How frail our cares and trials then will seem
That we now think are great and hard to bear.
Life's fleeting shadows passing like a dream,
Will be like mist when we review them there.
The little sacrifices we make here
As preachers, teachers, and workers true,
Are treasured up and some day will appear
Repaid tenfold before our wondering view.

Take courage, then, ye toilers in God's field,
Think not your work is vain, though none
may praise
The work you do, shall some day surely yield
A glorious crown and life of endless days.
Chiltenham, Pa. W. H. MYERS.

Chastising Children.*

CHASTISEMENT (which means to discipline, to refine, to purify, to tone down) and correction (which means to make right, to bring to the standpoint of truth, etc.) must be freely employed and will be hard to endure unless love is in it. The disapproval of God is always on the compulsory method. Witness the effect upon the parent of the effort to subdue an unruly child by brute force. Almost inevitably, at some stage in the process, there will be manifested the most unholily temper on both sides. The blows will become more and more severe, while the so-called "defiance" in the childish face will be a little short of a reflection of the parental "firmness;" and the settlement of the point in dispute turns, not on which is right, as tested by the one unerring standard, but upon who can hold out the longer. This process leads the child to dissemble and skulk, until he becomes strong enough boldly to match force with force; then his course is determined by the proportion of gentler traits which he may have inherited. If he is of a pugilistic nature, he will resist, to the bitter end, that power to which, as a child, he was compelled to yield. If he is too highminded to fight; has inherited loyalty, and cares for a good name, he will, on one pretext or another, as peacefully as possible slip quietly out of the home circle to return only as a visitor. Perhaps he goes with the consent of his parents, who are obliged to confess that it is better for him to go, because home does not seem to be the place for him. Perhaps he runs away, and is lost for years; may be forever. The saloon catches multitudes of such boys out of "good" homes, and every body wonders. But there if no need of surprise; for misappropriated authority is always license to sin.

If the impulse to enforce obedience is prominent, it is because disobedience is expected; and in this case it is not the "unexpected" which happens. To expect disobedience is almost inevitably to produce it. Instead of planning to enforce obedience, and looking for opportunities to do so, it is better so to unite the interests of your children with your own that there shall be small occasion for disagreement.

Organized Home Life.

One great need of many women, observes Mrs. Frances Newton, is the need of an organized home life, that organization which we find in a plant where the leaves and mother elements are, where the father and blossoms gradually unfold one after the other, and where every part is essential to the whole. It seems to me that home life should be every month, every year in the life of the family one of development; that father and mother and children should keep on growing, and not going over and over again in the same old groove, but that every year as it rolls by should find them on a higher plane and as a more perfect whole. I do not think that we can overestimate the value of an organized home life, where every one's duties and pleasures fit into every other one's duties and pleasures.

* From *Studies in Home and Child-Life*: by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry; price, \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Toronto and Chicago, publishers.

LIBERATORS' COLONY

NUMBER ONE.

Caconda, Selected by Heli Chatelain as the Site of the First Philafrican Colony of Emancipated Slaves.

WELCOME news is contained in a letter just received from Hon. Heli Chatelain, who writes from Benguella, an important town on the western coast of southern Africa. Mr. Chatelain has chosen Caconda as the scene of his future labors and the place where he will establish the first of his industrial colonies for the benefit of recently freed slaves. Caconda is about ten days' march from Benguella or six days' by forced marches, and is, from Mr. Chatelain's account, an ideal place for the colony. It has, he says, the best climate in Angola, and the soil is fertile and well watered. The settlers at present in the region are Boer farmers, whose ox-wagons go to and fro at regular intervals between Caconda and the coast, and thus furnish an excellent means of transportation for produce and for the machinery and implements that will be needed for the colony. Eventually, Mr. Chatelain hopes to have an ox-wagon belonging to the colony, and so add to the earnings of the liberated slaves; but that will have to be delayed until the colony is well established and the settlers have become adepts in the art of traveling in that primitive fashion. Should the line of railroad between Caconda and Benguella, that has already been surveyed, become a fact, Caconda will become a most important traffic-centre and its advantages as a site will be largely increased. The Boer farmers have no teachers or preachers, and, therefore, may be expected to give a cordial welcome to their new neighbors.

Caconda also possesses the additional advantages of being in a central situation from which it is easy to reach populous districts lying to the east, northeast, and southeast. There the slave trade still flourishes, and people are being bought and sold daily in all the villages. Our friends will consequently have need of discretion, but Mr. Chatelain believes there is no one who will object to the work the expedition proposes to do, in alleviating misery and witnessing for sound principles. It has long been Mr. Chatelain's hope and prayer that some effort might be made by the Dutch Reformed Churches of America, or some other agency, to reach the scattered Boers of southern Angola. It would appear that, in the providence of God, he has been led to a district which he will have an opportunity, while pursuing the main object which takes him back to Africa, of fulfilling his desire on behalf of the Boers.

During the voyage, Mr. Chatelain gave daily lessons in Portuguese to his young pupils and made considerable progress with his own studies of the Umbundu language. At the party were in excellent health when they arrived at Benguella and were much gratified at reaching their destination without a check or the loss of a single article by the way. Mr. Kamerling, the agent of the American Board at Catombella, met the party on board their vessel at Benguella and gave them a hearty welcome. He and several other kind friends gave Mr. Chatelain the benefit of their advice in the selection of a site and promised him all the aid in their power.

The governor of the Benguella District was exceedingly friendly and promised to give the party all the facilities that the law permitted. In the custom-house, Mr. Chatelain was agreeably surprised to recognize among the officers a number of young men who had been

It is encouraging to learn that Mr. Chatelain's plans have the sympathy of the country and the conditions at Caconda. Mr. Chatelain called on the new Royal Commissioner of Angola, who had been a good friend to him in former years and now

UNDAUNTED COURAGE.

HOW the true servant of Christ meets a storm of persecution abroad and calumny at home, may be seen in a noble letter recently received by the American Board from Dr. George F. Herrick, of Constantinople, formerly of Marsovan, whose portrait was published some time ago. The gallant Christian leader is undismayed by his past and present perils, and is loyal to his Lord in spite of all that is being said of the missionaries in his

own land by people who should know better. He and his colleague are sharing the experience of the Apostle Paul, who had in his time to complain that he had been "in perils



A FISHERMAN OF LOANDA ISLAND.

in his Sunday School while he was laboring some years ago at Loanda. They were delighted to see him back again in Africa and busied themselves in getting his goods through the custom-house, thus saving him loss of time and money. When Mr. Chatelain wrote, he was expecting the arrival of a Boer with a wagon which would carry the party and all their belongings to Caconda.

The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Lea, Mr. and Mrs. William C.

attempted. If your staff of workers is as devoted to the principles of anti-slavery and capable as you say, and if you choose a fertile and salubrious site for your station, it will ere long become self-supporting or nearly so. I am glad that your society is not the representative of any sect or creed. The practical love of one's neighbor, and

gave him a warm greeting. "Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, "so you are again among us. . . . Indeed, your plan is something entirely new, and deserves to be

of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils among false brethren. Dr. Herrick writes:

What is the significance of the tremendous storm which has overtaken evangelical Christianity in Turkey? Is not this, that the work undertaken has taken hold; the onset against sin has shaken the strongholds of error beyond what we were prepared for? Imperial powers have turned their jealous, hostile gaze upon every missionary in Turkey. They have proscribed him; unfriendly emissaries have dogged his steps. Constant efforts have been made to misinterpret his conduct, and so put him in the wrong. Stupendous lies concerning him have been told, believed, and widely published. Repeated attempts have been made, in defiance of treaty obligations, to drive him from the country. Yes, a terrible storm has swept over us. American property in many places has been wantonly destroyed, even the United States Government's representative judged it necessary for the missionaries to retire, for a time at least, from the country. Yes, a terrible storm has swept over us. We will not claim that while in the storm we were never afraid. Alas! we may have to confess that we did sometimes tremble for the ark of God. That storm is past; what is left? Everything is left. Souls have gone swiftly to their rest with God. Some wood, hay, and stubble have been burned; but we stand amazed and awed to see how little there was of this compared to the gold, silver, and precious stones that still hold their place in the building of God. The churches remain, the congregations are larger than ever, the schools of all grades more crowded, and some thousands of orphans are sheltered, fed, clothed, and taught under our care.

If the Christians of the United States fail to furnish their missionaries straw with which to make bricks, then, if the weaker flesh will only for a while support the willing spirit, they mean to "make bricks and burn them thoroughly" without straw. The work now done, especially in the department of instruction, with native co-laborers at our side, is many fold what it was even twenty years ago, and it is no longer done in a corner, but is, with no seeking of ours, the observed of all observers. Everything we do is known in the king's bedchamber. All the better if it gets reported right.

The Klondike Band's Progress.

Letters from various points in Pennsylvania, received during the week, state that the Klondike Gospel Band, which is gradually making its way overland to Alaska, continues to hold successful revival services along the route. At Thompsonstown, Marietta, Millin, Duncannon, Steelton, Bainbridge, and Harrisburg, large meetings were held, many of the local pastors gladly opening their churches for this purpose. Nearly all the pastors interested have given voluntary testimonials showing the result of the Band's visit in stirring up lethargic Christians and bringing sinners to the Cross. Friends have been raised up, and on every hand the Band meets encouragement.



THE NATIVE MARKET-PLACE OF DONDO, WEST AFRICA.

Bell, and Dr. Carl H. Wintsch, besides their indefatigable leader. Dr. Wintsch joined the expedition shortly before its departure, that it might not be destitute of medical care. He had studied in Dr. Dowkontt's Medical Missionary Institute, and was house physician in one of our leading city hospitals. Mr. and Mrs. Lea were well fitted for the special work to be done and had shown their missionary spirit by founding a successful mission in the notorious "Hell's Kitchen" district in New York. Mr. Lea was a graduate of the agricultural department of Cornell, where he stood very high as a student and a Christian worker. To enable Dr. Wintsch and Mrs. Bell to join the party, their expenses out were generously met by the Rev. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain.

enthusiasm for all humanity, is, in my opinion, the true Christian religion." All the party are in good spirits and eager to begin work. Their estimate of the initial expenses had not been exceeded, and sufficient money was still in hand to see them to their final destination and cover the first preliminary expenses. They will need more implements, and as the victims of the barbarous traffic are brought to them, money will be needed to provide accommodation for them and for their support until they are taught how to cultivate the soil. We shall be glad to receive contributions toward the expenses of this most beneficent enterprise, and will duly acknowledge and forward to Mr. Chatelain any sums that may be sent to this office by our readers.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL



A Motto for 1898—Obedient Daughters—John's Wife's Troubles—About Nurses, &c.



OME right in, dear friends, all of you, the more the merrier. A Happy New Year to every one of you. I suppose you feel as I do, that a new year is a good time for beginnings of every kind, for putting away all grudges and malice and all uncharitableness, for being at peace with our neighbors, and in love with our families, and for walking anew in the fear of God. I have been thinking a great deal lately about my dear friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it has seemed to me that we might take for our everyday motto, during 1898, this sweet text, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This would be a very happy world if love ruled it.

Let me give you a word from Thomas-a-Kempis, a word to slip under your pillow at night and into your bosom by day.

"Let not thy heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid. When thou thinkest I am far from thee, I am often nearest to thee. Think not thyself wholly forsaken, though I send you tribulation, for this is the way of the kingdom of heaven."

Thus Thomas-a-Kempis. But from the Word of God, here is something better still. "I will never leave thee, and as thy day, thy strength shall be."

NOW, ABOUT our new department. In FRIENDS IN COUNCIL, we are going to compare our views and submit questions which puzzle us to one another's judgment, for sometimes two heads are better than one, and sometimes a half dozen heads are better than two. For instance, here on my desk lie letters from a good many of you—mothers, daughters, and sisters, and we will have a peep at them together, and at others like them every week.

Where shall I begin? I think with you, dear mother, and your trouble about that sweet little daughter, who does not obey you quite so promptly as you wish she would. As you say, it is very trying, indeed, to have a child argue the case with her mother when she is told what to do or what not to do. There is great difference between children in this respect even in the same household, and a preference for one's own way may indicate an independence of character, which is a desirable trait. As a rule, I think it well to accustom children from babyhood to obedience: teaching them at a very early age that mother knows best, and giving them the habit of obeying without any other reason than this. "Mother says so, my dear, that is enough." But I think it a good plan to leave a daughter of twelve a little margin: to say, for instance, "I expect you to come home before dark, dear, and in winter it grows dark early, so be sure to get home about five o'clock." Direct disobedience must be met, of course, by a refusal to allow the next outing, or some such penalty; but if you exercise tact, I do not think your dear little girl will be inclined to disobey on purpose. And, be careful not to scold her, or to talk too much either to her, or about her. "Least said is soonest mended," is a homely proverb worth practising.

IT IS WORTH sacrifice and self-denial, my dear Southern matron, to earn one's own home, and you and your husband are managing splendidly in paying for yours. This is your day of small things, but courage! the day of larger things will follow in due time. I would not mind, if I were you, doing without a new gown or a hat; I would just wear the old ones and feel independent. One's things always look worse to one's self than they do in the eyes of other people, and I advise you to go to

church and to see your friends in the clothes you have, and think nothing about the matter. Any wooden block can be a dressmaker's dummy. But a dear, sweet woman looks well in anything, if she have a happy and contented face. Think of Enid in her faded silk, and how Geraint fell in love with her!

From your letter, I can see that you are a charming woman, and I am sure you have enough strength of mind to take my advice.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER, with the conviction that you are not welcome in your son's house, I am truly sorry for you, and yet I am afraid that you are just the least bit in the world unjust to John's wife. From what you tell me, I see she is a very good housekeeper, active and thrifty, and she is, I judge, really trying her best to make your life easy and happy under her roof. The fact is that a man's wife and a man's mother, both excellent women themselves, may without meaning it, make life rather hard for the man. John cannot take sides. He loves his wife and he loves his mother, but like all men, he simply hates a fuss in the house. If you have ever noticed, you have seen, I am sure, that a man's impulse in any little domestic friction is always to hush it up and have peace. I suppose that home means peace to men, coming back to it from their hard work, and they cannot understand that women may sometimes love one another and yet disagree.

It would be much better if Mrs. John would let you take some share in the



A PIONEER CHURCH AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

housework, for nobody enjoys being laid on the shelf, and, as you say, you did make bread and pies before she was born. But try not to be vexed if she prefers to do the work without your help, and, as she does not interfere in your room, and John and the children adore you, endeavor, dear grandmother, to be patient. For some of us, as life goes on, the only thing we can do is to "gather up the fragments," and do our best with them.

I SEND MY very special and loving thanks to M. C. T. for her cordial letter from New Mexico. I am sure she is doing great good in her field of labor.

Louise S. asks whether a nurse is paid while learning her profession, and what steps are necessary to get admission to a training-school. A small monthly salary is paid from the first, and application must be made to the hospital with which the young woman desires a connection. There are limits as to age, and some educational qualification is necessary. Of these she can ascertain all particulars by writing to the hospital and enclosing a stamp. A certificate of health from her physician, and of character from her pas-

tor, should accompany a nurse's application. The profession is a very responsible one, and the course of training is severe. A woman needs strength and health to go through it successfully.

A FRIEND inquires for how long a time a widow may bear her husband's name, writing herself "Mrs. Louis Carroll," or "Mrs. James Mackenzie," just as she did in his life-time. This lady prefers the style to which she has been accustomed; she would not like to be "Mrs. Mary Carroll," or "Mrs. Nancy Mackenzie." Either way is right by the canons of good form, and many widows all their lives keep the name of their husbands as their official designation. I think myself it is much better to do this, unless one has some personal reason for wishing the other form.

The son's wife is Mrs. Sylvester, the son's mother in these days bears the honored title of Madam Sylvester. Not "young Mrs. Sylvester," and "old Mrs. Sylvester," which is not nice for the older lady to hear. This answer is for Daisy Belle, who inquires.

Margaret E. Sangster

The Suffering in Alaska.

As was foreshadowed in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several months ago, much suffering is prevailing in the Alaskan mining regions at the present time for the lack of food. This condition is common to the mining-camps in both American and Canadian territory. Our government has already made an appropriation for the relief of the miners and an attempt will be made to reach the camps by the use of Esquimaux dogs, reindeer, and sledges. It is not improbable, however, that weeks, and possibly months, may elapse, before supplies can reach the starving miners. The Canadian authorities are also endeavoring to reach the miners with food. All the latest news from the camps, received weeks ago, is to the effect that the keenest suffering is dreaded after January, by which time it is not unlikely that the scanty supplies will have been almost consumed. Unless relief comes promptly, the gold-fields will become the grave of many a poor miner who had cherished dreams of wealth and happiness as the result of his toil and sacrifice.

At the entrance to the various passes leading to the Yukon district, the snow renders travel impracticable. Whatever route is chosen by the relief expeditions, it will have to be one that holds out some hope to successful effort, which the Chilkoot and the White Pass do not hold out at the present time.

Besides the starving miners, our government has another Alaskan difficulty on its hands. At a recent Cabinet meeting it was decided to send the revenue cutter, *Bear*, to aid in the relief of three or four hundred men who are in the vicinity of Point Barrow in Alaska, and in danger of starving during this winter. It was decided that the reindeer herd at Cape Prince of Wales and perhaps some other points should be taken to Point Barrow for this purpose and Rev. W. T. Lopp, missionary of the American Missionary Association, was designated to take charge of the herd.

The two Presbyterian missionaries, who left New York for Alaska over two months ago, to found a mission in Dawson City, have not been heard from.

Our illustration shows a pioneer Alaskan church at Skagway—doubtless one of many such that will spring up in that region in the future. An effort is being made to secure funds for the erection of a substantial church building at Skagway.

To Found a Mission in Hayti.

C. Jean-Jacques, a native of Hayti, W. T., came to America some six years ago, and studied at Newton Theological Institute, Newton Centre, four years. After graduating he was pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, Woburn, Mass., for three years, and still later of Calvary Baptist Church, of Boston. He recently resigned to go to his home in Hayti to engage in missionary work there. He will conduct an independent church in Hayti, and found an independent mission. Rev. Mr. Jean-Jacques has many friends in this country, who will be glad to hear of his success in spiritual work in Hayti.

FOUND CHRIST AT THE BOWERY MISSION.

MANY of the converts who have been brought to the Saviour at the Bowery Mission are now scattered through the country. At intervals Superintendent Wyburn receives letters from men traveling in different lands,



MR. HUGH CASSIDY.

telling him of their experiences since leaving New York, and such letters invariably refer in most touching terms to their remembrances of the Bowery Mission and its Gospel services.

A few days ago he received a letter from Mr. Hugh Cassidy, a business man of London, England, from which we are permitted to use the following extract:

I came back from America in 1894, and joined the London City Mission last December. Our work is principally house-to-house visitation, also open-air work. We are each appointed a district, and some have mission halls and some not. I have a meeting in Parish Street Workhouse every Sunday. The Mission gives us a supply of tracts and books. My district is from London Bridge to the new Tower Bridge, opposite the Tower of London, down St. Thomas street, down along the Boulevard and the Thames' wharves.

I was born in the North of Ireland about thirty-three years ago; left home when quite a boy; got in with a school of drunkards, and was soon as bad as any of them. In London I got many jobs, but through my drinking habits I would not stay for any length of time in one place. I know what it is not to be sober for nearly two years. Oh, how Satan did drive me!

I came to New York; had a half-crown when I got to Castle Garden; began to drink again; and went from bad to worse. At last my life became a misery to me. One night I walked down the Bowery, not much caring whether I died or lived. I stopped near the door of the Bowery Mission. I heard the music of a hymn, and I ventured in. I saw a picture near the door of a drunkard in different stages, and it had a great effect on me. Soon I heard a redeemed drunkard testify, and he gave a terrible account of his past life. He had been in Sing Sing. There was something in his testimony that I knew was true. He told how God had saved him. And I thought God might have mercy on me. God spoke to my miserable soul on that seat. Peace came; and with the peace, tears. I made a promise like Jacob, that if God would keep me, I should serve him every moment of my life. He did. He saved me then and there. He has kept me nearly six years.

When I was about eight months saved, I was called by God to go through the fiercest trials; lost my work and all I had. God wonderfully increased my faith by sending me in a miraculous way my daily needs. He held me up. I could not state here one-fiftieth part of God's dealings; but he led me by a way that I knew not. I can truly say with the Psalmist: "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."

This is one of many such letters that are constantly being received at the Mission, which show that the writers carry with them, wherever they go, the kindest recollections of the helping hand that was extended to them there in the hour of their direst need. The Mission has truly been a Gospel light-house to a multitude of wandering, ship-wrecked souls. There are hundreds of men in different parts of the world, who date their conversions from the time they entered the Bowery Mission, and who, had it not been for the Mission, of that friendly haven, would have been less sunk in vice and sorrow.

Written Expressly for "The Christian Herald,"
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MISS SIMMS.

(Continued from preceding page.)

Tom came back from the window and sat down. His eyes were suspiciously red. "Dear heart," he said, "how did it happen you came here—in this vile street—to live? What became of your pretty home?"

Her face flushed. "I came here," she answered, "because the rent is cheap. The wheel turned round; things went from bad to worse, and, after the house was once mortgaged, it kept right on slipping until I lost hold of it."

Tom bit his lips. "Have you seen it lately?" "No; I haven't been that way for a good while. It makes me homesick when I go that way."

"And all the furniture, the quaint old mahogany desk and the carved chairs, and the pretty old-fashioned dishes—what became of them?"

Miss Simms arose, with Martin in her arms, and opened a little closet in the wall. "Here are the dishes," she said; "I kept them because they wouldn't have brought me much of anything. The folks did not know their value. The rest of the things went with the house."

Tom understood it all—the losses, the sorrow and the poverty.

"You will let me stay with you until Monday (it was Wednesday), will you not?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, but her face grew deathly pale.

She wanted him truly, but there must be food obtained in some way if he should stay. Suddenly a bright thought came into her mind. She took down a pretty old-fashioned covered dish, and, wrapping it in a paper, started toward the backdoor.

"Where are you going?" asked Tom. "I—I—will be right back," she said.

"See here," he said, taking the dish from her and putting it back in the little cupboard. "I want this dish."

"You, Tom?" tremulously.

"Yes—for Mollie. Can't you send it to Mollie for a wedding-gift?"

"Yes, yes, dear boy, I'd be glad to."

"Thank you," he said, taking her hands again and leading her to her rocking-chair. "Mollie will write you a letter of thanks. She has a craze for old china."

The kind old face lighted up again.

"Mollie shall have them all—every dish," she said.

"That sounds like you—just like you and nobody else in the world," he answered, "but I'll only accept the one dish for Mollie—the rest you must keep. And now I want you to promise me to sit still right here until I come back."

"Where are you going?"

"On an errand for you and me and little Martin."

He was not gone long, but he seemed to have accomplished a great deal in a little while. Following closely upon his footsteps came a colored man, who handed him a tray of food and withdrew.

Bread and butter, hot rolls, a roasted chicken, baked potatoes, celery, cranberries, pickles, an apple pie and cheese, and a pot of steaming cocoa—these were the viands. Miss Simms looked on in amazement.

"Tom," said she, "Tom, there never was anybody else like you in the world."

Tom laughed, but his voice trembled a little as he said:

"We might as well understand now that while I'm here I don't want you to do any cooking—not a bit. I want to visit with you, so the meals will be sent in."

The days seemed to have wings. Tom was out a great deal of the time, and one day he went to the city, returning at night. Monday came all too soon. Tom was out nearly all day. In the gloaming he made a proposal to Miss Simms.

"Let us take a walk," he said. "You and I and little Martin. The mud and slush are gone, so the walking is good."

They went out, the pale-faced little woman with her arm within the stalwart young man's, little Martin beside them.

"Suppose we go and see the dear old home," he suggested. "I have permission to look inside."

"Oh," said she, "I'd love to go inside once more."

"I saw Rachel Stone to-day," he observed; "she is just my age—is she not?"

"Yes, you used to play together, you

know. Poor Rachel! She's had a hard time since her folks died. I'd have helped her if I could. She's strong and willing, but since the factory closed she's been out of work."

"It would be nice if she could live with you, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, her lips quivering. Her heart was full. Tom was going away that night, after which would come—what?

But they were approaching the dear old home. It was early in April. The snow had all melted, and the grass already began to look green. They opened the gate and went in. Miss Simms seemed to renew her youth as she looked about the old familiar scene. A moment later she was kneeling down beside a mound, her face beaming, her eyes aglow.

"Look, dear boy, at the green things growing," she said, rejoicingly. "See, the tulips and the daffodils have sprouted, and there," pointing a little farther on, "are the sweet violets coming up already."

She had for a moment forgotten the struggles and weariness of life's journey. The air was so soft and balmy that it comforted. A sleepy bird was twittering in the branches of a silver-stemmed tree.

Presently the trio went inside.

"I'll light up," Tom said, "then you can see how things look."

"Oh, no; you'd better not, dear boy; the folks wouldn't like it," she expostulated.

But he did; and after that Miss Simms seemed to forget even Tom for a little while. She went about in an ecstasy of joy, touching with almost reverent hand the quaint old writing-desk, the carved chairs and tables, the curious little spindle-legged stands and cabinets. It seemed like heaven to be there once more. There was new paper on the walls, fresh paint on the woodwork, pretty new rugs on the floor.

Presently a door opened, and there stood Rachel Stone, her face radiant.

"Why, Rachie!" exclaimed Miss Simms, "you here?"

"I'm working here."

"When are the folks coming?"

"To night," she said, her eyes dancing.

The old lips quivered; the old eyes sought Tom's.

"We must be going, dear boy," she said, gently. "I don't want to be here when they come." Then she turned to Rachel, saying:

"Rachie, dear, I'm glad that you're here in the dear old place, very glad. I hope this will be a real home to you."

The youth that had seemed to come to her as she bent over the springing plants outside had gone, and Tom, looking at her closely, thought she looked older than ever. She felt old, too.

"Come, Tom dear," she said, groping toward him.

He reached out his strong arms and folded her within them.

"Listen to me, dear heart," he said, lovingly; "it is nearly train-time and I must be going. But first I want to tell you that this dear old home and everything in it is yours once more."

She looked up like one dazed, and gasped:

"Mine? this house mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

She would have fallen, but he upheld her. Leading her to a softly cushioned arm-chair, he knelt beside her and bent his head.

"Say 'God bless you, Tom,' once more," he begged; and her quivering lips murmured, fervently, "God bless you, Tom, dear!" while her trembling hands gently smoothed his hair. Then he arose, touched his lips to her forehead, and said, "Good-by!"

BOY'S COFFEE.

A coffee that will please the young people and satisfy the consciences of their parents and physicians has been a long-looked for object by all well-informed grocers who desire to keep abreast of the times and supply their critical patrons with new and comfortable articles of food and drink.

In this connection, it may be interesting to know that Dr. Howard Switzer, of Brannon, Ky., in a recent letter, states: "The Postum Cereal Food Coffee not only appeals to my taste but to my reason, for I should always recommend a food drink and one that was a natural stimulant. It is exactly the thing for our two bright boys, aged seven and eight, who want coffee three times a day, and now with the introduction of your beverage into our family, they can have all they want without any injurious effects. I shall cheerfully recommend it to my patients."

Another letter from Dr. A. C. Messenger, physician of the Old Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, of Xenia, O., says: "The first case sent to me was thoroughly tried and has been perfectly satisfactory. I distributed packages among the several employees, and have heard words of commendation from all who have used the product. The Steward will order an additional amount of Postum."

It may be stated that Postum Cereal Food Coffee can be prepared in a weak, insipid style, poorly boiled and poorly served and this criticism is also true of coffee which, to the writer's mind, is a villainous compound unless it is properly served, but if Postum Cereal Food Coffee be boiled full fifteen minutes thoroughly, and enough contained in the pot to make it black and rich, then treated with pure cream and sugar, it is a wonderfully delicious beverage.

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How God is Blessing the Gifts of Our Readers to the Advancement of Christianity and the Conversion of the People.

A LETTER just received from Pandita Ramabai will gladden the hearts of all who contributed to the Famine Relief Fund, which enabled this devoted Christian lady to extend her work and gather into her refuges many more sufferers than she could otherwise have sheltered. She writes: "I am sending you an account of the past ten months' work among my famine widows. You will rejoice with me to know that over two hundred and twenty of these famine girls have been converted and have confessed Christ publicly by being baptized. God has more than fulfilled his word, as I understood it a year and a half ago, when this heavy affliction came on my people. I believed that if I gathered the poor creatures in his name, he would enable me to support them and lead them to Christ. I have now two hundred and forty-five Christian girls in my homes. We are going to hold a camp-meeting of our own at Khedgaon, and we shall make it a beginning of our village work there. May it please the Lord to convert hundreds and thousands of the people living around the village! Please pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this meeting. I have never met Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but I wish to thank him for all his kindness in sending us the help from the fund given by the dear Christian people of America. It has saved so many from perishing, and now that the poor girls are coming to Christ for the bread of life, I am sure that God will richly bless him and the kind people whose gifts Dr. Klopsch sent to us."

Rev. George H. Brock, of Nellore, writes: "We paid out to-day the last of the fund so kindly sent us through Dr. Klopsch of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We held a short meeting, at which we explained to the people how it was that Christian men and women thousands of miles away, had taken compassion on them and had enabled us to feed them for so many weeks. We made it clear to them, as you wished, that it was because they loved Christ and wanted to obey him and be like him, that these kind people had sent their money to your paper to be sent to us. The people sent their salaams to you and to the generous donors, one of their leaders speaking for them. In all, we have given help, with your kind remittances, in thirty-six villages. I supplied the men with shovels and spades and set them to work digging wells in their own villages, paying them by the day. Many of the workers were Christians, but some were Hindoos or Mohammedans."

"This was much the best way of helping them, as it not only provided them with food during their time of scarcity, but was of permanent benefit, as they now have a good well in each village, which will be a great blessing to them in this thirsty land. Besides this, your generous help enabled us to distribute food to the aged, the infirm, and the sick, who in this terrible strain must have perished without such aid. Work of other kinds was also done, which we paid for out of the fund, such as the digging of foundations for our schools and sheds. All the materials for buildings were provided by the mission, and we used your fund only for the payment of wages."

"There are about 140,000 persons on my field, of whom about 10,000 are Christians. Many of these were brought in after the famine of 1877. Most of these are outcasts, but we have now several caste converts, and there are indications that a great break is coming among these higher caste people. The work you have enabled us to do will be a great help to us, as the people get a new view of Christianity, by your gifts, as a religion that takes compassion on the poor and needy. I thank you and every contributor to your fund, not only for the relief you have enabled us to give, but for the benefit it will be to us in opening new doors."

Referring to the relief work which by the help of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund he has carried on, Rev. James Smith of Ahmednagar, India, in a letter dated Nov. 6, which has just come to hand, says: "The work which has pleased me most is my weavers' work. I must have saved hundreds of lives by this. Daily the people tell me that they were desperate when I opened my relief work for them. I had one hundred and eleven looms going and fully 500 persons for two months. Over 2,000 people got a living out of this relief work. I have reduced the number of looms to about 100 now and propose to reduce still further during the present month as the people get work for themselves. The very poorest will be kept on for a couple of months more if funds hold out. So far I have sold our saris (cloths) pretty well. The saris are made in the people's houses and when woven and folded are brought for sale. Then they are paid for their labor. I have had more kind words and looks from these weavers, in two months than I had before from all classes in eighteen years. I wish the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could see them and hear their thanks. It would amply repay them for their generous donations. It is so simple and unaffected and entirely free from that cringing servility that invariably follows the giving of alms outright."

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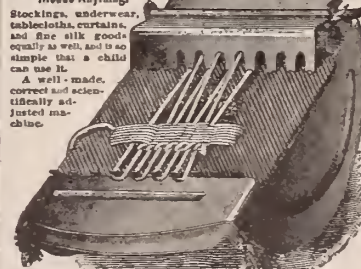
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"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." Don't use

SAPOLIO

THE FLAG OF PEACE.

The United States is the first country that has set a piece of ground solely devoted to peace. This little piece of ground, which is in Mystic, Ct., consists of three acres and has been named "Peace Grove." Last August, Countess di Brazza Savorgnan and her husband, who have for years past been great promoters of peace principles, started the first peace union in this little grove in Connecticut. Knowing that the United States had the largest population and the smallest standing army, it was decided to begin the work there. It is the intention of the promoters to make this an international affair. The first union was inaugurated last August, and the second in Montreal, Can. Others will be started at different points. The emblem adopted by the union consists of a flag of three colors—white, purple and yellow, surmounted by a star. On the purple centre are two hands clasped over a shield, which is intended to bear the emblems of the different societies. Two outspread wings uphold the hands.

Jesus Alone Helped Him.

Seldom have the teachings of the false and the true been more strikingly yet simply illustrated, to the heathen mind, than in the following incident, related by Rev. A. B. Simpson:

A Chinaman has told us the testimony of his conversion, and his acceptance of Christianity. "I was in a deep pit," he said, "sink-

ing in the mire and helpless to deliver myself. Looking up, I saw a shadow at the top, and soon a venerable face looked over the brink and said: 'My son, I am Confucius, the father of your country. If you had obeyed my teachings you would never have been here.' And then he passed on, with a significant movement of his finger and a cheerful farewell, adding, 'If ever you get out of this, remember to obey my teachings.' But, alas, that did not save me, and I sank deeper in the mire.

"Then Buddha came along, and looking over the edge of the pit he cried, 'My son, just count it all as nothing. Enter into rest. Fold your arms and retire within yourself and you will find Nirvana, the peace to which we all are tending.' I cried, 'Father Buddha, if you will only help me to get out, I will be glad to do so.' I could follow your instructions easily if I were where you are, but how can I rest in this awful place? Buddha passed on and left me to my despair.

"Then another face appeared. It was the face of a man beaming with kindness, and bearing marks of sorrow. He did not linger a moment, but leaped down by my side, threw his arms around me, lifted me out of the mire, brought me to the solid ground above; then did not even bid me farewell, but took off my filthy garments, put new robes upon me, and bade me follow him, saying, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' That is why I became a Christian. It was because Jesus Christ did not come to me with theories and speculations, but with practical help in my time of need."

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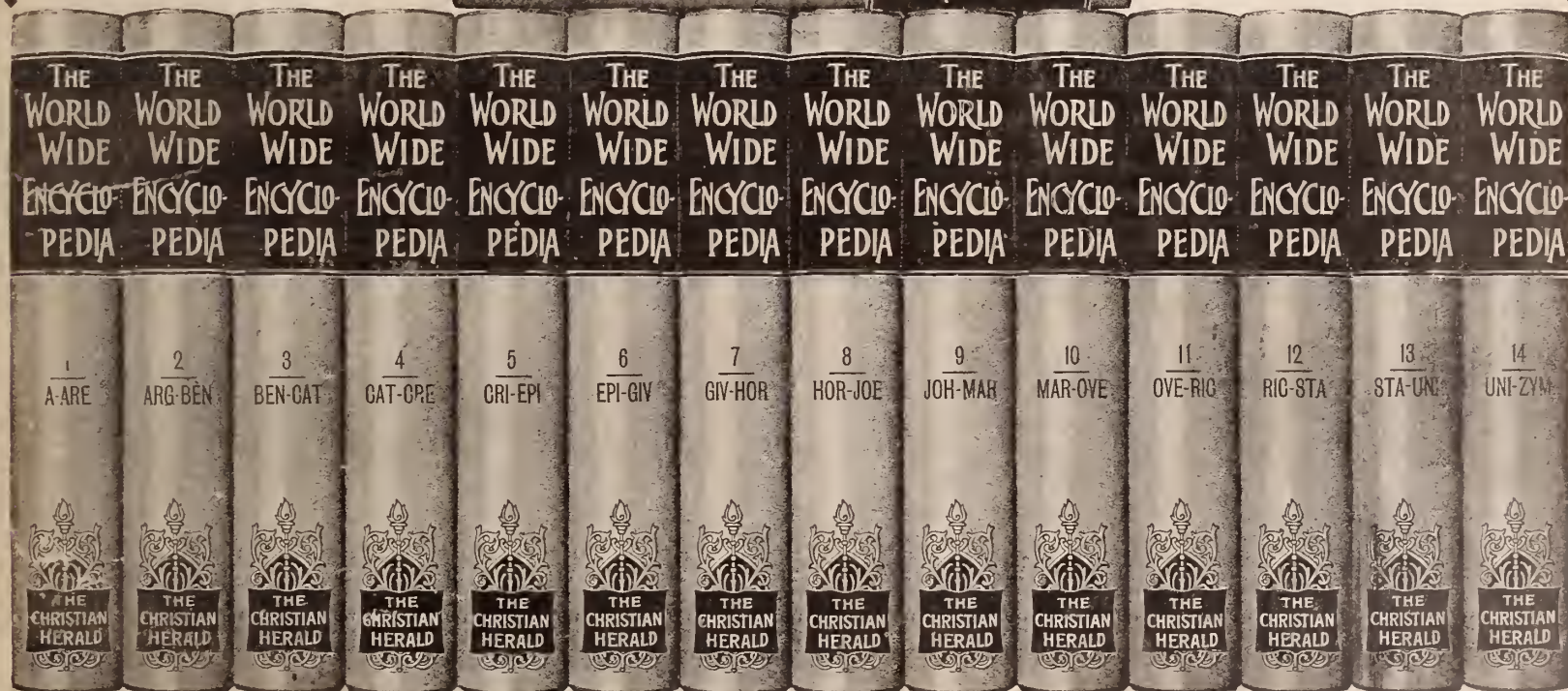
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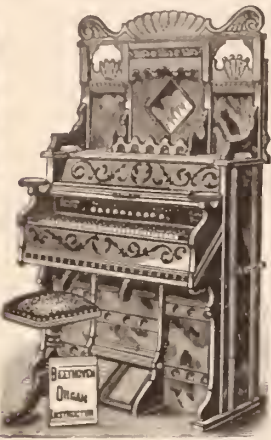
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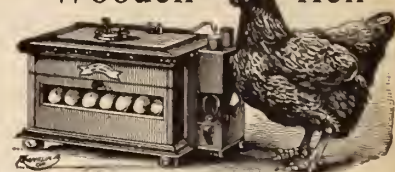
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